

to die for

a savage tale of a wife's need for utter and ruthless control

ruthless adult female domination fiction from
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“To Die For”

Fantastic Tales of Exotic Female Led Fiction

Miss Irene Clearmont

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“To Die For”

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

Dedicated to Ms. Annalisa Urban – Astute, complex, intense. All that a true dominatrix should be.

I can control my destiny, but not my fate. Destiny means there are opportunities to turn right or left, but fate is a one-way street. I believe we all have the choice as to whether we fulfil our destiny, but our fate is sealed.

Paulo Coelho

Suicide is the sincerest form of self-criticism

R Heinlein

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, a time to reap that which is

planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;

A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

Lyrics - The Byrds (taken from: Ecclesiastes 3:1-8)

Part One

The Plan

Uncoupled Couple

“It’s really quite simple, you are bankrupt,” said Jasmine as she leaned back in her chair. “Of course, legally speaking, you are not actually bankrupt until you file with Companies House, but in the next weeks your loans will have to be renegotiated when the bank will call them in and at that point you will have no choice but to file for personal bankruptcy.”

Daniel sighed and made a small movement with his hands that symbolised resignation.

“I should also remind you that you owe me eight thousand pounds as of this meeting and I would be grateful if you paid the bill before you make a move!

“I just need another three months,” said Daniel in a tired voice. “Is there no way that we can delay this until I can prove the concept?”

“Two weeks at most...”

“Shit!”

“Look, this has been going on for a year now, Daniel,” said the accountant as she opened the files in front of her and lifted the top sheet to slide it over to him.

“The loans are a hundred thousand, give or take; outstanding bills are another fifty and that includes my fees. You have two thousand in the company accounts

but owe another thirty in overdue invoices. The mortgage on your house is three hundred thousand and you have maybe another hundred thousand in capital locked up in the house. Of course there is the patent, that could be worth something...”

“Jesus, I’m just a couple of months from being able to finish the software, that’s all I need.”

“Daniel,” said Jasmine. “Well over a year ago, I warned you that this was coming and you said the same then. It’ll be just a couple of months and then the work will be done. Admit it, the whole thing is just vapourware, you’ll never finish, it will always be just two months more.”

Daniel looked at the balance sheet, ran his finger down the line of figures and came to a stop at the final figure. Ninety thousand in debt...

“You have to do this now, before it gets much worse. Find a programming job while there’s still a chance of sorting it all out. We can’t go on living like this, hanging off the edge of a cliff.”

“If I have to sell the patent now, before I can prove that it works, I’ll get just pennies for it,” said Daniel. “It’s worth millions, darling!”

He looked up at his wife and shrugged before pushing the balance sheet back to her.

“You could buy the house, buy me out and then I can pay off the loan and then...”

Jasmine shook her head.

“I have been so careful not to entangle this venture in my own finances,” said Jasmine. “We agreed that this was your baby. Hire two programmers, test the algorithm, write the software to make it saleable and then sell the company. I am not even a director, I have no debt liability, that was the way that you wanted it!”

Daniel looked at his wife and shook his head slightly. Her reminiscences were not quite the same as his. She had insisted on not being part of the project and he had argued that she they should share the risk, but Jasmine had just said ‘no’ in the end and that was that.

“So what happens now?”

“You file the company as bankrupt and then you settle with the bank. As director you will have a personal liability which you will pay off in the next few years and then it will all be straightened out.”

“And the house?”

“Sell it!”

“Jesus, darling, how can you be so coldblooded about this? We sell my home, I go bankrupt and all the while you are sitting on a whole pile of money. You even

have a house that you're renting out. You could buy the house for a good price from me and rent it back or something. Whatever happened to 'creative' accounting?"

"You know that I've always hated the house we live in. There's no way that I want to own it! I hate Wembley, I hate London, I want to buy in Suffolk or Surrey not in the suburbs."

Daniel looked over at his wife and felt a rising tantrum in his mind. This was his dream, the realisation of years of work, the fulfilment of everything that he wanted and she stood blocking him at every turn. Even demanding the payment of a bill that she could delay forever as the senior partner in her accountancy firm.

Her voice became soft, "Darling, you have to face the fact that no matter what I do with my money, this whole wild goose chase is over. The software will never be finished; the company owes far more than it could ever possibly pay and you need to get a regular job, just like I have always argued."

"Maybe if we worked all the hours under the sun, in a couple of weeks we can have something to show the concept," he said. "Maybe a couple of weeks and then I can get some support from one of the giants..."

"Google, Oracle and Microsoft?" she laughed. "You won't get anything from them. They are vultures; they'll just copy what you've already done. They know that you can't possibly take them to court for years and fight this out. That's assuming that the whole idea is even worth anything at all..."

“How long have I got?”

“At most a couple of weeks. After that you will have to file, in fact, I will have to put up a warning flag, I cannot afford to risk my charter. I’ll not have you dragging me down with you!”

“You would do that? To me?”

“Darling, it’s business. When you gave me the accounts, that’s what you signed up for!”

“Doesn’t our marriage count for anything?”

Jasmine pulled the papers together and closed the folder.

“Our marriage has nothing to do with this... but no, you’re right. It counts for nothing.”

“It does, we should be helping each other through problems, that was the vow ten years ago. It wasn’t ‘abandon ship when your husband needs help’!”

“Don’t make this personal,” said Jasmine. “I don’t.”

Daniel threw up his hands and reached over to pull the file to his side. Perhaps if he looked through it he might find something.

“There’s nothing there but debt,” said Jasmine. “If I were you I would wind up the office and then, go to see the bank. They will have no hesitation in calling in the debt when it is due. All that you’ve been doing is to pay the interest, the capital sums come due in two weeks. You have until then...”

Jasmine stood and looked down at her husband. He was so naïve, a fool really. She wondered why she had married him. What had she seen in him all those years ago? A weakling and an over spender!

“Go back to the office, darling,” she said, the word ‘darling’ no longer really relevant. “Speak to the two women that you hired and tell them that they’d better find other jobs. At least be honest with them, they deserve it.”

Daniel stood and looked from the window onto the streets far below. Her prestigious office in the City was just another slap in the face. He wondered just what her bank balance looked like and guessed that she probably had hundreds of thousands sitting doing nothing while he scratched for pennies.

How could he know that he was wrong by a factor of ten?

Unloved Lover

Jasmine left her office with a giddy feeling that put a spring in her step. Just two hours before Daniel had left in despair as another piece of her blueprint fell into place. In a week, she would make the suggestion that he would seize like a drowning man and her grip on him would tighten. Everything was falling into place as planned, after two years of planning, he would die and she would be free to pursue her life without the weight around her neck!

A perfect death, the one that never happened!

She pulled out her mobile phone and checked the time, the assignation was in half an hour, plenty of time to walk, no need to grab a taxi and pay all of that money. Jasmine was obsessed by money, numbers, credit and debit. It was not just that she was an accountant, it was her life. She hoarded and guarded the fruits of her success and gloated over the proceeds like a Shylock. How could Daniel ever imagine that she would ever lend him money on his foolish scheme?

Ridiculous!

As she walked down Strand, her mental wheels ground as she calculated, buying a takeout coffee at the cheapest place and sipping it as she walked. There was real pleasure at watching people around her gazing into the windows of the designer shops and knowing that she could have anything. But she had discovered that it was not Rolexes and Cartier dresses that counted in this world, it was money, security and the reassurance that no matter what happened, she was safe in her bubble.

Safe and superior.

The walk brought her at last to Piccadilly, where Jasmine stopped for a moment and took stock. In ten minutes she had to be at the restaurant just a minute away... how could she best spend that time to her advantage? She took out her phone again and searched for a hotel and booked a room for the night, carefully comparing the prices before plumping for a double room that was the best price in walking distance.

Value for money.

Jasmine had chosen the restaurant, painfully aware that it was overpriced, but then there was an advantage to that too. After all, the woman that she was meeting would be paying this time and that would put a strain on her finances. That was the deal, every other time Jasmine paid the hotel and her lover paid the meal. It was important that she was stretched every time, ensuring that she knew that Jasmine was the dominant partner.

The restaurant was full, so Darleen waited outside, reluctant to sit at the bar and add to the price of the meal. When she saw Jasmine walk around the corner, exactly on time, she assayed a small wave of the hand and crossed the street to the door of the restaurant.

“You are always on time,” said Darleen as she embraced Jasmine.

“Time is money,” said Jasmine.

Darleen laughed her small laugh and led the way into the crowded restaurant. It was almost a small ritual now, the question and the answer. Every time they met it was the same.

They were placed on a table in the window and took their menus. Jasmine ordering a lavish bottle of wine as always, when she was not paying. Darleen almost winced at the price, while she considered the pastas and decided that a starter would add too much to the bill. Jasmine had no such problems. She carefully ordered the most expensive dishes and raised an eyebrow as her lover asked for a small salad.

“You on a diet?” asked Jasmine without sounding very interested.

“Just not so hungry,” lied Darleen.

Darleen wondered who her lover was. There was so much that she did not know about the woman who had seduced her, not even her name. All she had was ‘Jasmine’ and knew that she worked in the City. Of course she was married, the ring on her finger was a clear signal, also she was much older than the twenty-two-year-old Darleen. Jasmine was authoritative, forceful, a woman in charge of her life...

Jasmine smiled and considered her companion. A good choice, she decided. Not pretty in a conventional sense, but attractive none the less. Sexy in her tight skirt and jacket, Darleen was a good ten years younger than the woman who was her partner.

‘The age I was when I married Daniel,’ thought Jasmine.

“I booked the hotel just around the corner,” said Jasmine. “We’ve been there before...”

Darleen nodded.

The hotel was always full of tourists. Of course it was the cheapest one in the area and the rather dowdy rooms were no encouragement for romantic assignations. Darleen reflected on their relationship and wondered how it was that she could not end this relationship. For months now, it had been on her mind. It was not that she did not love Jasmine, in fact there was something good between them, it was just that the whole thing was always tilted in Jasmine’s direction.

Jasmine decided when they would meet, how often, and what would happen on each appointment. In fact, that was the problem! Each meeting was an appointment, not stolen moments, assignations and lover’s encounters. It was if Jasmine just needed the release and had figured out the cheapest method of getting what she wanted!

“How’s work?” asked Jasmine.

The question was another part of the ritual, decided Darleen. It was almost as if her lover was prepared to make small-talk as the price of the relationship. She was clearly not interested in the answers, but Darleen always responded as if she was. This time, Darleen stopped to think about her answer. Something was different this time, Jasmine seemed almost on a high, as if under her normally

impassive exterior she was bursting to laugh.

“As usual, we got new deadlines today. It means that we’ll be working eighteen hours a day, but we’re almost there now...”

Jasmine nodded as the waiter appeared with the first course for her.

“Daniel says that he has started to talk to Yahoo and a couple of the other big companies. So all we have to do is finish off the search engine so that it can show how effective the algorithm is.”

“I was thinking of twice next week,” said Jasmine as she sipped at the lobster bisque. “How about Monday and Thursday?”

“All night?” asked Darleen as she watched Jasmine slowly sip at twenty pounds’ worth of soup before finishing half-way and pushing the bowl away. “I don’t know if I can make it next week. The schedule is so tight that we’re going to have to live in the office.”

“I’ll pay for it all,” said Jasmine as she waved to the waiter to take away the half eaten soup.

Darleen could not help the shock on her face showing and asked, “All, the hotel and everything?”

“I was thinking that three days in a health spa would be perfect,” said Jasmine, moving the goalposts. “I’ve already booked, just get the time off and I’ll treat you!”

Her head spinning with a conflict of emotions, Darleen sipped her wine to cover her astonishment at the sudden fir of generosity.

“Er, I’d have to go sick,” she said. “I mean, there’s no way that I can book the time off.”

“Go sick then, we can get the doctors in the spa to get you a note and then have a great three days preening ourselves and of course...”

Darleen imagined three days with Jasmine and shuddered with repressed excitement. It would be total heaven and so strange, maybe she could use the trip to get to know Jasmine better, surely her guard would be down?

“OK, I’ll do it, though Daniel’s going to be so angry. What with the deadline and all.”

“He sounds like a jerk,” said Jasmine with a smile.

Jasmine blew a small kiss across the table and allowed herself to smile.

“He’s OK, I suppose,” said Darleen as her pasta dish was slipped in front of her.

“But, we’ve been working solid for months with no weekends now, so I’m due a few days for myself.”

“That’s the spirit,” said Jasmine. “A few days in a spa will set you up...”

She smiled again, this time not so much as an encouragement to the young woman who she was using to ruin her own husband, it was more from a feeling of satisfaction that everything was going to plan. All she needed to do was to make sure that her husband’s database specialist geek was missing and it would all come crashing down in a week or so.

“Thanks for this,” said Darleen. “I really need a break.”

“Call it a ‘thank you’ for putting up with me,” said Jasmine. “I know that I’m not the easiest to get along with and I just wanted to show how much I feel for you.”

“I love you,” said Darleen. “You know that I do, but I was starting to have my doubts that you love me too.”

“You know,” said Jasmine, carefully slipping past the question.

“I know that deep down you do, but you never show it really! Sometimes, I feel almost as if I’m just a casual way for you to let off steam.”

“You’re far more than that,” said Jasmine and because for once she was telling

the truth, Darleen accepted it utterly.

The meal came to an end, Darleen suddenly in a bright mood and Jasmine managing to feign something similar. They walked to Piccadilly hand in hand, a rare occasion and Darleen pulled her lover to a shop window and gazed at the jewellery that made up the display.

“I want to get you something,” said Darleen in a rush. “A keepsake, something that you’ll wear to remind you of me all the time.”

Jasmine looked over her shoulder at the modestly priced rings and necklaces and put her hand on Darleen’s shoulder. Another opportunity in the making, she thought to herself.

They entered the store and an assistant quickly had a dozen trays on the counter as Darleen pored over the items. She cast a sideward glance at Jasmine to try to see what she might want, but there was no indication of delight, just her fingers picking up a few pieces and inspecting them.

“What do you fancy?”

Jasmine surveyed the pieces and felt disdain for them. Just outward show, of no practical value at all, she decided. Her hand moved and she picked up the bracelet that she had decided cost the most and picked it up and slid it onto her wrist.

“This one, perfect...”

Darleen paid with her credit card, hoping that she would not go over the limit, but the payment went through and she signed the slip for five-hundred pounds with a shaking hand. It was all of the overtime that she had earned in the last month, a sum that she had intended to put aside for a special wish.

The hotel was as ever, a place where busloads of tourists took weekend breaks, a hotel with no style or luxury, considering that it was in the heart of the capital. Darleen took the proffered key and led the way to the lifts. This was the part that made it all worthwhile. The moment where all of the stress of her relationship with Jasmine dropped away and she could be herself, the sexy little slut that they both needed her to be. She could drop all of her inhibitions and allow Jasmine to use her and abuse her.

Months ago, she had hoped that her lover would make a move and ask her for something more permanent. Abandon her mysterious husband and spend all of their time playing Jasmine’s games, but that moment had never arrived. Instead, it was once a week or so, a pale reflection of Darleen’s ideas of what love with Jasmine could be.

Jasmine led the way from the lift to the room and stood while Darleen opened the door. Once they stepped inside, a whole new dimension would open up between them. One of few words, but a whole world of meaning. It was always the same, Darleen felt a tension as she stepped into the room and Jasmine became something exacting and demanding. A creature that had to be sated in a night; that could last for hours before they held each other and slipped to sleep.

Unfair Affair

The door opened and Darleen stepped inside. Suddenly everything was different, exciting and special. From corridor to room, Darleen moved from being a needy and nervous young woman to the young woman who served her older lover.

“Far enough,” said Jasmine in a stern voice as Darleen stepped into the room.

She followed through and closed the door, dropping the latch and strolling to the younger woman with casual steps. A certain feeling of lust filled her, the joy of getting this young woman to play with for so little cost, the ascension of a power-exchange that was delightful. For months the tuition had been progressing, a small step each time. With an accountant’s precision, Jasmine had added a small step each time, a gradual process that had taken Darleen far along a path that she had determined from the start.

Jasmine walked around her lover and kissed her as she passed the young woman who was standing to attention for her. It was a small concession that would end in next week, she had decided. This might well be the last time that Darleen would escape punishment if she failed to please.

Her steps took her to the rear of the young woman and she gently lifted the hem of her skirt to reveal the stocking-tops that nestled those delicious thighs.

“I hope that you remembered,” said Jasmine as her hand slipped between the walls of nylon.

“I did,” breathed Darleen as the hand slowly lifted.

“Good girl, nice and smooth as well?”

“I did what you wanted...”

The hand was now between the cheeks of that firm ass, it slowly pressed home to tease the clenched hole that was as yet unviolated before finding the soft smooth skin that Darleen had had smoothed to silk with three weeks of the laser treatment that Jasmine had required.

“Good. You have been a good girl.”

As she spoke her thumb slithered into the wet slit and slowly slipped deep inside. Jasmine felt a reaction, a small moan and a clenching of the thighs.

“Open for me.”

With a small quiver of excitement, Darleen relaxed her thighs and parted her legs to feel the thumb moving deep inside her. She quivered in anticipation as the other hand moved around her and sought out the hardening nipples that rubbed the inside of her jacket.

Darleen moaned and Jasmine made a mental note that these silly expressions of lust on the part of the young girl would have to be stopped. She was not doing

this to gratify Darleen, but to make her ready for her own sweet pleasure. To prove that she could have what she wanted, to show her supremacy in the build-up to the real purpose of the assignation. As Jasmine's hands wandered over the taut skin, slowly unbuttoned the blouse and cupped the ripe breasts, she allowed her long nails to course over nipples and breasts before her lover would undress and kneel.

"I love your body," said Jasmine.

The words meant one thing to the young girl and another to the older woman. To one it was an expression of affection, to the other the articulation of possession.

Darleen's feet moved a little, opening her legs, inviting the hands to another visit to her soft pussy. Instead of the hoped-for tease, Darleen felt the hands start to undress her. They slid down zippers, unclipped bra and unbuttoned her blouse to allow the clothes to drop to the floor like rags, leaving her exposed and vulnerable as Jasmine moved around to face her from two paces away.

"Perfect," said Jasmine as she admired Darleen.

Stockings held up by a girdle that pinched in the waist and accentuated hips. Tall heeled platform shoes that made calves shaped and eye-catching, especially since the stockings finished just above the knee. All that Jasmine required for her use, a smooth sex, narrow but ripe breasts that hung a little, the large sensitive nipples making them look a little like the udders of a pretty creature that required milking.

Jasmine reached out and fondled them. In her mind they were the most attractive

part of Darleen. Tender and firm, even though they hung a little in downward pointing cones. Darleen sighed in satisfaction and felt a desperate need to be touched, but dared not move. This was always the time when Jasmine admired her and just touched lightly, as if assaying the value of the goods on offer.

“We must do something with these,” said Jasmine as she cupped one breast and played with a nipple, enjoying the way that it responded and hardened without losing the smooth silky surface that made it so attractive. So unlike her own soft large breasts that always needed support.

Darleen nodded, though she had no idea what it was that Jasmine was musing over. In the last months she had worked so hard to please the older woman. Exercise, waxing and practice in walking in those outrageous heels had filled her time to please her lover. She enjoyed the feel of the nails on her soft skin, teasing and making her ever more receptive. It was almost as if she was a treasured possession to be admired as much as used.

The thought of three days alone next week with this woman brought an almost physical reaction, but Darleen held her ground, knowing that she was only allowed to respond when Jasmine gave her permission. The hands retreated and then a finger came up and lifted Darleen’s chin to allow Jasmine to look into her eyes.

“Like last time,” said Jasmine looking deep, “but with a small refinement that I think will make it all the more exciting for you!”

‘Like last time’, thought Darleen with a small gulp of anxiety.

She had not been keen to allow Jasmine to tie her wrists behind her back when it had been ordered. But the experience had been intense and she put her hands behind her back and allowed her lover to bind them with a silk scarf. Another scarf appeared and lifted to bind her eyes. This was the new touch that was being added to their lovemaking.

Every time, there was something else added, some new twist that made Darleen just a little more vulnerable to Jasmine's attentions. Every time, it added spice and became something that was expected every time. The heels, the waxing that became laser treatment. The stockings that made Darleen feel like a slut to be held up by a girdle that at first seemed more suitable for a middle aged woman, but now was so natural to wear all of the time. Every change in her clothing was to be worn at all times, a small concession to Jasmine's needs.

With her eyes covered, Jasmine began to play with Darleen's body. Coming close; pushing her feet wide with her own. Drifting fingers over the smooth flesh between her legs. Kissing nipples and running her nails to ladder the stockings until there were holes from the calves up. Playing until Darleen looked like a slut dragged from the street, a crack-whore who was available for a few pounds by the hour. The platform heels, laddered stockings and the makeup that was pink and shouted whore. The naked sex and ripe ass, everything that lowered Darleen into the gutter as the woman that played with her enjoyed the fantasy that she never spoke out loud. The fantasy that she had actually paid for the slut who was now hers to use.

Darleen orgasmed.

A touch on her sweet clitoris, a finger that probed, the pressure of her clothed body against helpless nakedness. They all combined to touch off a flame in Darleen that filled her mind with a need to serve the woman who could make her come like a slut with just a light touch.

Jasmine smiled.

This was what it was all about, making the fucking whore hot and ready to please her. Soon it would not be necessary to put in all of this effort that substituted for the money that she was saving. Soon she would have the slut for free! Her mind filled with the thought of lips at hers, a frantic climax that always came first. Usually, it happened on the bed, she lay back and enjoyed the lips and tongue in a fugue of passion.

This time it would be different.

It was time to assert herself a little and use the blindfold as an excuse. The bitch would be on her knees as she served, that was a step in the direction of submission that would be so sweet.

Jasmine sat on the edge of the bed, her legs wide. She pulled her skirt to her thighs before reaching to Darleen and guiding her to the sweetness that she was leaking. She sighed at the first touch as her blinded lover kissed and then licked. She looked down and felt a surge of sheer indulgence at the feel of such perfect service.

There was something missing, she thought to herself as she watched Darleen sip at her. Something that would make this even more exciting. The blindfold followed the contours of Darleen's eyes, silk and smooth. As her lover bent forward, she could see the silken tie that closed her wrists. Perhaps cuffs might be better? Something a little less compromising than a mere bow tied tight, something that really allowed Darleen to know that she was captured and used...

The climax swelled and Jasmine laid back and opened wide to encourage the second... and the third.

Unpaid Pay

It was ten past nine.

“Where’s Darleen?” asked Daniel with a frown as he looked around the small office and saw just the red hair of Jackie over her screen.

“Called in sick,” said Jackie raising her head from her screen for a moment. “She sounded like death...”

“What? Just today I hope?”

“She said that it could be a couple of days...”

“Shit, shit and double shit,” said Daniel. “I need her here, she’s the one that has to build the database, we can’t do much without her.

He plumped down at his own work station and booted up the computer with another rush of profanity.

“It’s Tuesday today and we only have another three days to complete this sample program. On Friday I have the presentation and it has to be ready.”

Jackie leaned on her elbows and looked at Daniel. She had never seen him in such a panic. For months they had been working at this and he had always seemed relaxed until yesterday when he had come in to work and hammered at his keyboard like a maniac, losing his anger on the computer with scarcely a word said all day.

“What’s the rush?” said Jackie.

Daniel shook his head and tried to smile.

“Yahoo, that’s what. I’ve lined up a presentation and it has to go right.”

“Too early, in a week I’ll have the interface done at the earliest, that’s two weeks faster than the schedule, so why the sudden change?”

“Money,” growled Daniel.

“Oh,” said Jackie.

She stayed still and looked at Daniel as if waiting for further elaboration.

“My wife...”

“I don’t understand,” said Jackie.

As he started to speak she interrupted him.

“My fucking rich wife...”

“I don’t want to hear it, Daniel,” she said. “It’s none of my business as long as you pay me...”

“That’s the fucking problem,” he said. “This month’s salary is OK, but after that who knows?”

His hands appeared and he buried his face in his palms.

“I can’t believe how fucking close we are and then this...”

Jackie nodded slowly and tapped a finger on her chin for a few moments.

“Are you saying that if we can’t complete, then you can’t pay me all the overtime? I’ve got seventy hours this month and still another sixty from last month...”

“Of course I’ll pay,” said Daniel, looking up at her. “The money for salaries is laid aside, it’s the bank!”

“It’s the twenty seventh today,” she said meaningfully.

“And?”

“And, if there is no salary in my bank, then I won’t do another keystroke until it’s there,” said Jackie as she started to stand and pulled her mobile phone from her jeans’ pocket. “You owe me five thousand three hundred in salary and another six-eight-fifty-three in overtime... less tax, that’s eight thousand four hundred and ten.”

As always, when it came to mental arithmetic, Jackie could calculate to ten decimal places in her head as if it were normal to be so precise. Her hands flicked over the surface of the mobile phone and then she sighed.

“No money, what’s happening, Daniel?”

“The bank’s just a little slow with the transfer, that’s all,” said Daniel in an exasperated tone.

Jackie pouted and played with her phone again.

“It’ll be in by this evening,” said Daniel.

Jackie ignored him and held the phone to her ear before pulling a face and then

dialling another number.

“Darleen’s not answering.”

“Hmpf, that’s no surprise,” said Daniel ironically.

Jackie spoke again, and then touched the phone before lifting it to her ear.

“Bank menu systems,” she said. “Useless!”

Daniel watched her and felt a pit in his stomach. There was enough money in the account, the payment should be automatic, but a sense of doom took him as he waited while Jackie was placed on hold by the bank.

“Hello, I’d like to make an account enquiry,” she said into the phone.

The answer was clearly for some code as she tapped on the phone after listening to the answer. Then she said, “Last use of my bank card was three hundred and twenty pounds, fifteen pence at the Oxford Street Marks and Spencer fourteen hours thirteen minutes ago...”

As usual, everything that had anything to do with numbers was precise and correct. She asked if a payment was waiting and nodded grimly as she held again while the Four Seasons played in the background.

Finally, the bank helpdesk came back and she thanked him and pocketed her phone.

“There’s no payment,” was all she said.

“It’s supposed to be automatic,” replied Daniel. “I’ll chase it up!”

“Thanks,” she said to her boss. “You do that and then call me when it’s in.”

Her hand went out and she picked up her handbag.

“Jackie, what the fuck?”

She shook her head to move the draping bronze curls from her eyes and started for the door.

“Last month’s overtime not paid, this month the same and my salary. You hired two of the best programmers in the business and now you are not paying. You pay me enough; you pay Darleen fuck all. When you pay, we’ll be back if we haven’t been head hunted. It’s really quite simple to understand. Work equals money at thirty-two pounds and hour, overtime is another fifty per cent on top. For me of course; Darleen gets fifty-four per cent of my salary. Call me if you find my money and if you don’t then I’ll take your fucking algorithm and sell it to the highest bidder!”

“You wouldn’t. Jesus, Jackie, it’s patented!”

“Sue me or pay me, do what you fucking want! Taking this job was a mistake, I’m sick of it all.”

Daniel watched her stalk from the tiny office and felt tears in his eyes. He almost burst into tears of frustration as he looked around the tiny office. He was so close, he knew it, then he would be worth millions at least.

All he needed was a couple of weeks.

If he lost Jackie it would take months to unravel her code and put a new programmer in place. He had to pay her or all was lost.

Then he called his bank.

Unexpected Expectations

Two full days at the spa, two days of luxurious preening, mud baths and massages. Two days of manicures and an intensely close attention that made even Jasmine feel that she had had her money's worth. What was more were the nights. Another bout of worship that placed her at the centre of attention as she enjoyed the close devotion from a Darleen who thought that she had finally made some sort of breakthrough in their relationship.

Jasmine revelled in the attention and actually managed to forget the thousand pounds that she had paid for the two days for them both. Just the thought that Daniel must be going crazy in his office brought a warmth to her soul that made up for everything. She remembered to wear the gifted bracelet the whole two days even though it felt like emotional cuffs on her wrist. Jewellery was just not her thing at all. Such a waste of money, but her forbearance was well rewarded as she took the two silk scarves from her handbag and continued the subtle training that was leading her lover into the dark.

The final piece fell into place on Tuesday morning as Jasmine dropped Darleen's phone into the hot tub of molten clay that they were about to slip into. The phone plopped into the tub as she apologised again and again and promised to buy a new phone for Darleen as soon as they returned to London.

"Don't worry," said Darleen as she had regarded the useless mobile phone. "I always back it up, so all it means is that I'm out of contact for a couple of days."

"I'm so sorry," Jasmine had said. "I'll get you the best, I promise."

And so it went...

Darleen revelled in the closeness and submitted in the sure knowledge that Jasmine was starting to love her while Jasmine climaxed as she imagined how Daniel suffered. When he realised that she had stopped the salary payments as well, he would go truly mad, she smiled to herself.

The two days drifted by until Jasmine even forgot about her husband as she dreamed of the next stage in her plan. She had seduced Daniel's programmer, Darleen. Created havoc in his business that would ensure its collapse; soon the next stages of her little scheme would fall into place.

Her eyes turned to Darleen who was just slipping off the blindfold as she kneeled between her lover's legs after freeing herself from the silk that had bound her wrists. The girl was so naïve, she thought to herself as she imagined the cuffs and chains that she had ordered being applied. Soon she would not have to suffer the bothersome post sexual togetherness that Darleen always seemed to insist on. The girl would remain cuffed and immobile until the next morning and Jasmine could get a proper night's sleep.

The problem was to force herself to take it slow, fight her impulse to take steps that were too large. Introduce each refinement gradually, gain trust and acceptance and then move the goalposts a little and add some new 'play' to their night-time games. She held herself from making a comment and moved to make room on the bed where only the mistress should take her ease.

Darleen crept to move beside her and almost purred her happiness. It was this small moment of intimacy that allowed her to endure the ever increasing

intensity of her willing submission. The feeling of that warmth, draping herself over the fully dressed Jasmine and kissing her occasionally while tasting the fragrance of Jasmine on her lips.

“So good,” purred Jasmine. “You are just such a natural.”

“I love to do it,” said Darleen.

“Mm, your lips...”

Darleen pressed closer and kissed the exposed neck before draping an arm over Jasmine. There was something strangely stimulating about the fact that she was naked and vulnerable, shorn of all body hair and rubbing against the fully-clothed woman who never seemed to get undressed until she was ready for sleep.

“Do you really love me?” asked Darleen.

Jasmine turned her head and planted a small kiss on Darleen’s nose because it seemed to be expected to make some small sign. There was no way that she could love Darleen, she decided. The girl was just too emotional and dependent. Jasmine’s mind ranged free for a moment and she realised that she could never say that she had ever ‘loved’ anyone whole-heartedly and without conditions. Daniel? He was just the man that, for a time satisfied her, a man who never broached either her sexual or mental barriers. He had not even been able to make her share all the normal things that a marriage normally demanded. Money, holidays, home and work. For all the years that they had been together, nothing in their lives was intertwined at all.

The answer to Darleen's question seemed to be just the small kiss and she accepted it and snuggled closer.

"We should do this sort of thing more often," said Jasmine.

Darleen looked up and smiled. Now there was no doubt in her mind that she had achieved a new level.

"Do you want me to arrange something for next week?"

"Er, I can't spend all of that time on the sick," said Darleen.

"Of course you can," said Jasmine with a small smile. "I'll pay..."

"It's really not the money," said Darleen. "It's just that I have to be in the office."

"Tell me," started Jasmine. "I know that you work as a programmer... why do you always worry about small things like the price of a meal when we go out, you must be well-paid?"

"I'm not, well not really... I don't look at the prices."

"Yes you do! Whenever you pay, you always eat salads and the cheapest on the

menu. When we book a hotel and it is your turn, we always end up in some bed and breakfast.”

Darleen sighed.

“I’m saving up, that’s all. I’m paid quite well, but I save every penny.”

Jasmine thought about all of the salary that she always authorised for the two programmers who worked for her husband. Jackie was paid much better than Darleen of course, but still, Darleen was always nervous when the wine was ordered.

“What for?”

“Oh, nothing, just something special for myself...”

The older woman decided not to press too hard. It might give Darleen the feeling that she was allowed to probe Jasmine.

“Well, I’m sure that it will be worth it,” she said.

“It will be.”

They lay for a few minutes before Jasmine shrugged away the naked girl and sat up. She pulled her skirt straight and then leaned to inspect the drowsy Darleen that curled by her side. Her hand traced the contours of breasts and then to the smooth area split by the lips of her pussy. Darleen almost purred and stretched a little to open her legs and make her breasts settle to hand down as she lay on her side.

Jasmine restrained a small impulse to slap them. The moment was almost like an urge to jump from a balcony or smash something that frustrated her. Her fingers flexed as she imagined being able to do whatever she wanted to that body and then she stood up and looked down at Darleen. Her feet slipped into her heels and she felt good, a sense of superiority over the girl who was moving from lover to servant at a slow trickling pace that did not allow the border between the two to be noticed.

“I’m going to the bar,” said Jasmine. “Fancy a cocktail?”

Darleen sat up and smiled. Here was another sign that Jasmine was slowly melting.

“Love to!”

“Then get dressed and we’ll head down. We’ll just be in time for the two-for-one offer on cocktails before eleven.”

Darleen stood and stretched before heading for her suitcase.

“It would be sexier to wear these again,” said Jasmine.

“Oh!”

Darleen looked down at the discarded laddered hold-up stockings and platform heels, the tight mini-skirt and cropped T shirt and somehow felt that she should resist Jasmine. These were her sexy clothes for bed, not for general wear.

“Come on, get dressed,” said Jasmine impatiently as she checked the time on her phone. “We’ve only got a few minutes.”

Darleen gathered up the discarded clothes and started to put on the stockings. Ladders and holes marred their sheer perfection and slipping on the shoes raised her six inches. While Darleen was starting to dress, Jasmine opened her suitcase and took out the girdle that she had brought especially for this moment. She offered it with an outstretched hand and Darleen took it with a small giggle.

“It’s like fancy dress,” said Darleen. “Slut and her strict aunty!”

Jasmine did not have to force a smile of agreement. That was exactly what it was supposed to be! Another small step into submission for Darleen, a little public shaming that would tie her tight to the woman who was moving to control every part of their relationship.

“Perfect,” said Jasmine. “You are my slut-lover and I want all the world to know it.”

Darleen blushed and pulled on the T shirt. It left a strip of black girdle showing between skirt and shirt, a mismatch that was heightened by the words printed on the cropped shirt.

“Take me,” said Jasmine with a laugh. “Perfect for what’s going to happen after a couple of those cocktails.”

Darleen blushed and then followed Jasmine to the bar. Self-conscious and almost embarrassed, she walked a step behind as all eyes in the bar swivelled to look at the mature woman who led her little tart into the sophisticated atmosphere of the expensive clinic’s bar.

“I’m so horny,” said Darleen, leaning forward to whisper to Jasmine as they sat at the bar and ordered the cocktails. “Look at them all, they hate me!”

Jasmine surveyed all the other women in the bar and felt a glow at the haughty and superior looks that were being given to her companion.

“They are jealous of me,” muttered Jasmine. “They would all just love a little whore between their legs, but are too stuck up to ever try it.”

Darleen looked at the slight flush on Jasmine’s face and decided that she was being ironic. The other women in the bar were almost all married, mature and self-assured. There was nothing but acid disapproval on their faces as they turned back to their drinks. She decided to take up the same ironic tone replied in a loud whisper that could be overheard by all.

“I love being your slut.”

Jasmine nodded and sipped her drink.

“You already are,” she said.

Unabated Bait

“Why did you do it?” asked Daniel.

His tone was heated as he built up to the confrontation with his wife accountant.

“Darling, I warned you,” said Jasmine. “There’s no money in the pot. I would have been avoiding my duty to your creditors if I had not paid myself and the other bills. That left no money for salaries. It’s as simple as that!”

“They both walked out, Jackie pulling Darleen by the hand,” said Daniel. “I had to abandon the presentation and now I’ve got no programmers, no presentation and no hope of ever finishing the work!”

“What, both of them walked?”

“Jackie and Darleen. They both walked out on me. Now I’ve got the bank to see and nothing to show that I’m worth investing in. It’s all ruined!”

“Don’t be silly, dear. It was all ruined ages ago when you started this whole silly idea anyway. Just do what I said weeks ago. Go bankrupt, get a proper job and give up this childish pipedream of making millions in a couple of weeks.”

Daniel stood bunching his fists. He was starting to get the feeling that his wife was deliberately ruining him even though he knew that there was no way that she would do such an awful thing.

“Please, Jasmine. Just lend me a couple of hundred thousand, then I can pick up the pieces and straighten out this problem. Please!”

“You know my position,” said Jasmine coldly.

Deep inside she enjoyed his misery. He believed in that dream of his and she knew that it was all just a waste of good money after bad. There was something so delicious about watching him beg and squirm, almost as good as Darleen dressed as a slut while Jasmine enjoyed her blushes of humiliation.

“Then, that’s a ‘no’?” said Daniel.

“Of course it is! How can you ask me to invest in a pipedream? The whole idea is ridiculous and I forbid you to ask again.”

“Please, darling,” he pleaded, “it’s worth millions.”

“I don’t understand how a bit of computer code can be worth so much. It’s not as if it’s something practical like a word processor or a spreadsheet,” said Jasmine. “It’s only a search thingy.”

“Algorithm,” said Daniel.

“Exactly. Anyway, for the final time. No!”

Daniel looked at his wife’s face and for a moment he glimpsed the dislike and innate superiority deep inside her mind.

Then the mask was reassumed and she was frowning as she shrugged and said, “You decide what you want to do, I really don’t care. Go bankrupt or end up in court as a debtor. Pretend to die and collect the life insurance, rob a bank and go to jail, find a job or pan handle in the streets. You choose. Now, I’ve got to get going. I can’t hang around arguing sense into your head, I have a real job to go to!”

Daniel watched Jasmine leave the kitchen and heard the sound of her starting her car. The sounds were so familiar, but this time it was like the first time. She had even failed to say ‘goodbye dear’ as she usually did.

Daniel sat at the kitchen table. A thousand schemes ran through his head, his wife’s words ringing in his head like an echo. They tugged at him as he finally realised that there was no future with the woman whom he had married.

No future at all.

He had to escape to pursue his dream. The problem was, he reflected, that she would never share her fortune in a divorce. The problem was to get enough money to set up again and somehow use her legendary stinginess to help him on his way.

A plan started to form. All he needed was a little cooperation from her to get rid of him.

In the small Citroen that slid towards the city, Jasmine hummed along to the CD that played Bruch's first violin concerto. Two years, she had been planning this moment. From the point that Daniel had first appointed her his accountant of his new company. The life insurance for two million had been suggested by her as an aside. Now, all she had to hope was that her husband was so despondent and off the path, that he would nurture the seed that she had planted.

If it did not, then she would have to be less subtle. But, she reflected, if he was the fool that she thought he was, he would realise that he had to part from her, go his own way and set himself up and he always took the easiest way. The route that led to no conflict, that was his way.

Her cheap little car slid into the private parking space. A pygmy amongst the Mercedes and BMWs that filled the concrete multi-storey, her money was in the bank!

Part Two

The Execution

Her House

Jasmine opened the packages and felt her heart beating. Three large boxes of all the things that she planned to use on that slut Darleen as well as Daniel. She slit open the packing tape on the smallest box and opened it. Inside, in a bed of shredded paper was a long box with an explicit picture of the massive vibrator that was inside. Her fumbling fingers opened the box carefully and tipped to slip the rubber cock into her palm and almost drop it because it was so huge.

A package with the batteries dropped to the floor and she searched for the way to open the threatening black object. At last she managed to get it open and slipped in the batteries before screwing the sculptured balls back into position. The object lay inert, waiting for her fingers to bring it to life. She hesitated a moment and then decided that perhaps she would test it in bed tonight and wait until then before switching it on.

It did not occur to Jasmine that soon she would not have to put up with her lover any more if she chose. No longer would she need the inside-track on her husband's failing business. No longer would she have to distract the young woman from working properly for him. The relationship with Darleen had taken on a dimension beyond her plans and she was starting to enjoy the training that Darleen was responding so very well to.

She laid the dildo to one side and contemplated the other two packages. In one them lay the cuffs, the chains and the other paraphernalia that she needed to replace the gentle silk scarves and blindfolds. Jasmine decided that the smaller one held all of that, it was certainly heavy enough. She opened the other package and immediately chuckled as she inspected the tight hood, and the other pieces of latex and leather that were especially measured to fit Daniel.

A small box, half the size of a shoe box caught her eye. It was satisfyingly heavy and she smiled as she weighed it in her hands and replaced it carefully. That left just one more package, she thought, it would be huge of course, but then there was loads of room in her house to tuck it away until the time was right.

Jasmine had made sure that the occupants who had rented her Edwardian house that she was in right now had been given notice and pushed out, before starting her preparations. She was still living in Daniel's house that she hated, a place that would be easy to dispose of when the time was right. Then, perhaps, she would find a nice place out in Surrey. Green fields and trees, little villages and farms, it would be such a good investment and make her such a fortune as an investment.

She sat back on her heels and contemplated the boxes for five minutes before carefully closing and stacking them in a pile. The dildo, she slipped into her handbag and carefully buried it out of sight. She stood and made a small tour of the house to see if there was anything that needed to be done before the builders arrived.

The weight of the handbag on her arm gave her a small thrill and she considered testing the huge rubber cock before she headed back to Daniel's house, but resisted the urge by leaving the house and locking the doors.

Everything was set, but one thing, the confrontation with her husband. If that went right, then a future of wealth enough to live the rest of life on beckoned with a side dish of piquant revenge.

He would suffer so exquisitely for wasting ten years of her life and Jasmine

would at last have no ties to anyone, no obligations, no reasons to waste money on a failed marriage and able at last to count her millions in the heady knowledge that her financial future was assured.

The car started, the engine coughing slightly, making a protest that it had not been serviced since the guarantee had expired and Jasmine drove the ten miles to the place that she had been forced to call home for so many years.

A Fantasy World

Daniel was waiting when Jasmine arrived. He sat in the kitchen with a piece of paper in front of him and a pen in his hand. As Jasmine came into the room, he looked up and nodded before scribbling a couple of numbers at the bottom of the sheet.

A final accounting that had come to him in the last eight hours, in an inspired, demented plan that would surely appeal to his wife's tight-fisted ideas about money. The problem was, he thought, the problem was the presentation. Somehow he would have to overcome Jasmine's innate sense of legality and persuade her to break the law, but he was sure that if the price was right, she would do anything at all.

"Hi, dear," he said as she entered the room. "I've been thinking..."

"About actually acting to sort your money out?" she asked.

"Of course. I've got a plan, but I'll need your help!"

"I've already told you," she said as she sat at the table and glanced at the meaningless scribbles that seemed to be a list of debts interspersed with dates.

"Not a penny more!"

Since she had never given any money to him at all, Daniel felt that the 'more'

was a little out of order, but he held his tongue and started to explain his plan.

“No, not any money, Jasmine. I don’t need your money and that’s an important part of this.”

As he spoke her indicated the scribbles on the paper.

“I need you to do two things for me...”

“What things?”

Daniel held his breath and then launched into his presentation. The details were not fully thought through yet, but the broad scheme was ordered in his mind.

“It’s like this. I have only two choices, the idea that I’m about to explain or divorce.” Daniel watched her face, but she showed no reaction and did not try to interrupt like he had expected. “A divorce would cost you a great deal,” he continued in a rush of words. “We would have to split everything, even the money that I am sure that you have saved up...”

Now there was a reaction in her eyes. Concentrated hatred, he decided. The threat had been spoken, now he would offer her a cheap way out, make it easy for her.

“Obviously, it would damage your accountancy company and I’m sure that we both don’t want that! What I am going to propose as a settlement is illegal, but it won’t cost you a penny and it will work.”

“Go on,” said Jasmine.

“It’s simple, so simple that I can arrange it all in a week, even before the bank calls its loans in. All that has to happen is, that I die!”

“Do you want me to buy you a gun?” asked Jasmine ironically, doing her best to mask her triumph.

“No, not really die, of course. Do you remember the life insurance policy that you got for the company to protect the loans?”

“Mm, I think that I can see where you are going,” said Jasmine.

“I’ve checked the documents; the policy is worth nearly two million more than my debts. If we collect, then the debts are paid and there is enough for me to disappear...”

“Illegal,” said Jasmine. “Fraud and deception... I am an accountant!”

“True, but the risk really is minimal. You collect the money, pay off the debts, sell my house like you always wanted and then pass the money to me when I get my new identity. It costs you nothing and with a couple of million, I can easily make a new life and disappear from your life!”

“I would have everything,” said Jasmine putting the biggest problem into the discussion for him to see.

There was no use trying to hide the largest difficulty with the scheme that Daniel imagined that he had thought up all by himself.

“True, I’d have to trust you to do it, but on the other hand, if you betrayed me, then all I’d have to do is to surface and drop you right in the shit!”

“Mutual destruction,” said Jasmine. “A fine end to our romance!”

“There’s been no romance for years,” said Daniel, trying to keep his emotions from his voice. “I’ll admit it, we haven’t even made love for two years and I have to admit that I suspect that you’re having an affair!”

“What? That’s ridiculous...” she said before he broke into her denial.

“Really, Jasmine, I just don’t care anymore. You are or you aren’t, I couldn’t give a shit. Let’s just call it quits and make a clean break. It’s better this way. You get what you want. To keep all your precious money and I get what I want, a chance to make a fresh start and do what I want to do.”

Jasmine sat and stared at him. She could not believe how easy this had all been. A few dropped words, a little pressure and he was putting himself into her hands so easily. She could feel her sex turn liquid as she contemplated his scheme.

“OK, then,” she said. “Assuming that we do this, what about the death? Where’s the body coming from? How are you going to ‘die’ in such a way that the insurance company is going to pay up and still survive to collect from me?”

“Oh, I’ve thought that through,” said Daniel. “When you insured, you used the bank where the loans came from. They will be desperate to pay off the loans and will push the insurance company to pay up!”

“Mm,” said Jasmine. “The death?”

“Shark, boating accident, fall off a ferry, I haven’t decided yet.”

“So, no body... but then they won’t declare you dead until seven years have passed,” said Jasmine.

“That’s only the house,” said Daniel. “When the mortgage has paid off there won’t be much anyway, so you can pass me the last few dribs and drabs when it happens. It’s the insurance money that is important.”

“This is not a good idea,” said Jasmine.

“Yes, it is a good idea, Jasmine. The solution to everything and it saves you having to give me a penny of your hoarded cash!”

“That’s the best point,” she admitted.

“No, the best point is that we will split. It’s better for me and better for you. Just

think about it, you can buy that house in the country, do what you want, spend time with that lover of yours, whoever he is. When you get my patent at my death, you can even sell it back to me and I'll finally be able to do what I always wanted!"

"Is this what it's all about? That stupid bit of computer code?"

"Yes, I mean partly," he said. "It's what I want to do, that's all. I'll need to fill my time when I'm dead. It will take a while to get a new identity fully bedded in, so I'll have a year or two to sort it out."

Jasmine shrugged.

"You're right. I have been having an affair, I would like to get you out of my life and I don't want to give you a single penny that I earned off my own back, but I will need to think about this. Give me time!"

"There's no time," said Daniel. "The bank loans will be called in in a week and then it will look so bad. What I think you should do is this..."

Daniel started to explain all the details. Some were already in his head, others made up on the fly, but the plan started to come together. Jasmine acted reluctant and then started to add in her own input and Daniel relaxed as he persuaded her to accept the idea.

Jasmine tried to pay attention to her husband's feverish words, but all she could

think of was that the builders would have to be finished in a week or it would all become more difficult.

She couldn't possibly keep him caged in the front room!

His House

The next couple of days, Jasmine scarcely saw her husband. Occasionally they passed in the house, but he seemed to be spending days and nights on his feverish search for a way to fake his death. She imagined him foolishly approaching dodgy men in East End pubs and wondered if he was going to give the whole game away with silly reliance on some moron he chatted to over a pint. She bit her lip, he would have to reveal his plan to her before it could go into action anyway, so she would have a veto.

Meanwhile she spent her time at the office, checking on the building work in her house and a night with Darleen that introduced her to proper cuffs for the first time.

Darleen stared at the handcuffs that Jasmine produced and had seemed almost reluctant to allow Jasmine to fit them on to her, but she relented and Jasmine rewarded her with an extra climax to show her approval as well as dropping a hint that she was organising another trip for them.

The hints were enough and Jasmine started to look forward to the time when proper punishment and training could begin. The loss of her job, with a stack of money owing had seemed to cause Darleen to become even more reliant and Jasmine worked on the idea that perhaps she would help her lover get over being unemployed, give her a little money and help her find a cheaper place to live.

Darleen did not even look for work, she spent her time thinking about Jasmine and decided that a small pause would be pleasant. She could spend a little of the money that she had so carefully saved and concentrate on moving Jasmine ever

closer to declaring love for her.

At last, Daniel presented his plan.

With a business presentation that anticipated every possible event, he waited in the kitchen for his wife, his heart beating as he reviewed the whole operation. It was not complicated; Daniel knew that simplicity was the best plan. An envelope on the desk had the tickets; five pages of detailed planning lay in front of him and the sound of Jasmine's car coughing to a stop suddenly brought him to the realisation of what he was about to do.

Why not just get a job? like Jasmine had suggested. Pay off the loans, sell his house... After all, it was just a few tens of thousands of pounds. He could work on his project in a cheap flat, bring it together, learn the programming skills to work on his own and in a few years he would be in a position to make his fortune.

His decision suddenly hung in the balance. A quick illegal killing or the slow, painful lawful course? Under his hands the papers beckoned, in his mind the romance of rising from bankruptcy and becoming a millionaire. He was not even sure that Jasmine had bought properly into the idea...

The door to the kitchen opened and his wife entered with a suitcase dragging behind her high heels.

"I popped over to my house and collected this," she said as she parked the

suitcase. “You’ll need it and I thought that spending on something that I already have was just a bit silly!”

It was that small thing that made up Daniel’s mind. That indication of a level of cooperation that had not been evident for years that made him speak the words.

“Thanks dear. It’s perfect, but I’ve decided that I’m not going away!”

Shock registered on Jasmine’s face.

“I have a way to go abroad and never leave the country. I’ll stay at your house for a week or two and then vanish,” he said. “That is if the house is empty...”

“It’s empty,” said Jasmine with a sense of unconcealed relief.

“Good, then it works like this,” said Jasmine’s husband.

“There’s a software conference in Athens...”

He started to expound his plan while Jasmine stood and watched him speak. The man that he would pass his passport to, pay ten thousand pounds to, the man who would go to Athens and then find an opportunity to fall from a ferry and disappear. Meanwhile, Daniel would remain hidden in Jasmine’s house before slipping away to Ireland over the land border to the cottage that he’d rented in another name.

Occasionally, Jasmine nodded agreement, trying so hard to keep her face straight as he rushed through all the eventualities that he had imagined. Then, at last, he came to the part that Jasmine would play in the drama. The insurance, the tangled accounts, the money owed and his wish that somehow she would pay the two programmers their salaries.

“Call it my dying wish,” he laughed. “But, it’s something that I really want you to do. “Taking money from the insurance, that’s just a victimless crime, not paying their salaries, that’s theft!”

Jasmine nodded even though it was a complete waste of money and she would do no such thing!

“I’ll sort it out. What about timing and when do I get to meet the man who poses as you?”

“You don’t,” said Daniel firmly. “Better not to...”

“I insist!”

“Really, Jasmine, he’s not a savoury character at all, even though I know that he’ll do a perfect job because you’ll pay the last ten thousand when it’s done to make sure that he keeps his end of the bargain.”

“More money,” said Jasmine. “You said just ten thousand...”

An expression of irritation crossed Daniel's face.

"It's my money, all costs come from my money, so don't worry about it."

Jasmine nodded doubtfully, this was all far too expensive.

"OK, I get it. I don't spend any of my own money on this at all. It's all yours."

"That's right. A few tens of thousands will make no difference in the long run."

His hand pushed the envelope with the tickets over to Jasmine and then stopped.

"Everything is here," he said presenting the tickets as proof.

"When does it start?"

"The tickets are for the day after tomorrow. There and back, just in time for the appointment with the bank next Monday. It's all thought through."

Jasmine's hand left the handle of the suitcase.

“You won’t need this then?”

“I’ll give the suitcase to him to use... that way if they ask identification of his stuff then you won’t be lying when you say that it’s yours...”

“The day after tomorrow?”

“The flight is at eight...”

A Special Place

Darleen felt the cuffs bite into her wrists, but dared not mention the slight discomfort to the woman who walked around her with one hand on her head.

“I got something else for you,” said Jasmine as she stopped in front of the kneeling young woman.

Darleen’s eyes went to the leather hanging from Jasmine’s hand and saw that it was a padded blindfold that would buckle at the back of her head. She felt a small twinge of claustrophobia at the thought of it being used and then looked up at Jasmine’s face.

Jasmine was clearly in a light and happy mood. Smiling and slightly flushed, she held out the blindfold and showed Darleen the padding that would cover her eyes.

“Much better than the scarf. I bought it especially for you because it will be so much more comfortable.”

“I’m not so sure.”

The change of mood on Jasmine’s face showed her disapproval and Darleen hastened to say, “Of course, I’ll try it... It just looks rather severe, that’s all.”

“It’s what I want,” said Jasmine as she pressed the leather against her lover’s face and buckled the straps. “I’ve got something else for you as well,” she said. “An extra climax for being a good girl, a nice slow fucking that will make you hit the roof!”

Darleen could feel her pussy turning liquid at the thought of how Jasmine was working so hard to please her.

“Oh, please,” she said in a small voice as she heard Jasmine walk around her, touching the blindfold as if it were a talisman. “What are you going to do to me?”

“Make you mine,” said Jasmine’s voice from behind. “Fuck you to a shivering orgasm, take your cunt and make it mine, make you beg for more and, if you’re a good girl, fuck you until you scream!”

Jasmine could see the effect that her words were having on Darleen and pressed a hand into the young woman’s back, between the arms that were held by the cuffs that bound wrists. Darleen pitched forward to rest on the bed, her knees on the floor, her breasts pressing into the coverlet, her legs wide, exposing her ass to Jasmine’s attention.

She leaned forward and stroked between the open thighs from behind, touching ass and pussy, sensing the liquid that was oozing from her sex-puppet.

“Beg to come,” said Jasmine. “I want you to plead for me to fuck you!”

Darleen felt herself slip into her submissive mode. Just a few months ago she would never have imagined that she could be so turned-on by being bound and played with. Now it was so intense that every touch of the fingers that probed sent her towards orgasm with such ease.

“Fuck me, Jasmine. Please, fuck me...”

The hand moved away and Darleen heard Jasmine kneeling behind her. This was the first time that she had been taken from behind and the feeling was so much more intense. As though she was presenting to be fucked in a brothel, as though she really was the slut that she so wanted to be for her lover.

“Please, Jasmine, I love you, I need it!”

Something touched in the hollow of her thighs. Something smooth and wide, not fingers, not tongue or palm, but hard and rounded that pushed through the stream of the juices that ran to her stocking tops. It pushed a little. Opened the lips of her cunt and slid inside to stretch Darleen to the point where she was almost ready to scream. Scream in pleasure or because it filled her so completely.

“Oh, God. Fucking hell,” cried Darleen as the dildo parted her, filled her and slowly, relentlessly pressed deep inside.

“Now comes the part when you come for me, darling,” came Jasmine’s voice, trembling with excitement. “Now the fuck!”

The dildo started to pulse, it shook and quivered as Jasmine's thighs pushed it home. Jasmine looked down, the puckered ass-hole and the black intruder surrounded by tight-pulled skin. She watched it slip in deep and then pulled back a little, fascinated by the way that the young girl's cunt tried so hard to grip it that the lips of the pussy slid with it. Making a ring of flesh that gripped the rubber and stretched the pussy as it had never been extended before.

Now the vibration was a thrusting, now a throb. It pressed hard on the clitoris that swelled and Darleen started to climax, struggling against the thighs that pinned her to the edge of the bed. The same motion pressed into Jasmine, stimulating and teasing without pushing her over the edge.

"I love fucking you," said Jasmine.

It was so seldom that she had used that word and to Darleen it was as if Jasmine had made the declaration that she had waited for so long. She climaxed, shuddering, yelping with the force of it before the dildo pulled slowly out, leaving a void in her mind that so desperately needed to be filled again.

"I love you too," said Darleen, still on the plateau of her high.

Jasmine looked down as the lips of the pussy stretched and could not resist touching, caressing them. It brought a sudden tremble from Darleen as she struggled in the dark of the blindfold as the fingers moved to her puckered ass-hole and stroked her affectionately.

"You are a good little girl," said Jasmine as at last the dildo pulled free. "Now I can reward you with some special news..."

Darleen sighed.

“You’re going to move in to live with me,” said Jasmine. “I’ve decided that you are ready to be my little live-in slut. If you say ‘yes’, then I think that you are going to be fucked again!”

Darleen’s head whirled. At last it was all coming true, at last all she had to do was to savour the pleasure again and everything that she had wished for in the last months would come true.

“Fuck me, my love. Please fuck me...”

The first touch of the rubber sent stars through Darleen’s mind and then once again she felt the thighs press against her and knew that the awaited trip to paradise was about to begin.

For Jasmine, there was the sheer satisfaction that the training was finally moving at a speed that matched her hunger to dominate the slut that she had created from an innocent.

Luton Airport

‘Cameras, they’ll check all the cameras,’ thought Daniel to himself as he looked around the airport buildings. From every corner, on every flat overhead surface, seemed to be an eye that watched the milling crowds who were kissing goodbye and checking the labels on their bags.

At five he had thrown the bag into the car and headed for Luton airport making sure that at least one of the speeding cameras blinked at him. Then into the short term car park where he carefully parked in a space that seemed covered by a camera. By the time that he was outside the airport building, he was nervous and impatient. This was the real moment when Daniel would die. The point where the substitute would take over and his face would fade into the hoodie in his backpack and make his way to his wife’s empty house. The rest was up to Paul...

After lingering for five minutes, Daniel moved around to a spot where there were no cameras and waited.

And waited.

Paul was late!

He looked at his switched-off phone and thought about calling it off. Just switching the phone on and calling Paul would link him to the man that he had chosen, so he played with the inert object and finally slipped it into his pocket to

avoid temptation.

Suddenly, there was a tap on his shoulder and he turned to see the grinning face of the man who was to 'die' for him. Paul stood in shorts and a T shirt, his tattoos clear on his arms and legs.

"Jeez," said Daniel with a sigh of relief. "You're late, in half an hour the gate closes and you have to get through security..."

Paul shrugged.

"The money?" he asked.

Daniel patted the small case, "It's all in here," he said. Also a hoodie and the same pants that I have. Those tats need to be covered..."

Paul nodded and rooted through a pouch in the suitcase and checked the small bundle of notes while his hand was still in the pocket of the suitcase.

"This is going to be fun," he said.

"Yeah, alright. Make a holiday of it, but you need to remember who's paying you. In two weeks you get the rest from my wife..."

"Mission Impossible!"

“What?” asked Daniel.

“It’s just like Mission Impossible. I put on the latex mask, pretend to be you and then pretend to die!”

“This is not some fucking TV program!”

“I was thinking about the films...”

As they spoke, Paul pulled on the hoodie and training pants and then held out his hand.

“What now?” asked Daniel in a fit of impatience.

“Passport and phone of course!”

Daniel nodded and passed them over before slipping his hoodie into the case and pulling out a bright orange version.

“There’s a credit card in the suitcase as well. It has two hundred credit on it, use it in Athens and then lose it. Don’t forget, don’t stay long at the exhibition in Athens. Just in and out; give out a couple of visit cards and then fade away. Then you head for Piraeus and take the ferry, that’s where you switch back to being

you!”

Paul winked.

“And what are you getting from all of this?”

“I need to disappear,” said Daniel. “The reasons are for me to know.”

“Right... insurance money and a new life in the Caribbean.”

“No, there are other reasons,” said Daniel. “Now, fuck off and make sure that you do it right.”

Paul acknowledged the parting, took the handle of the suitcase and headed for the entrance to the airport at a saunter while Daniel watched with a feeling of frustration. The man was close, build and face were similar, but his walk, that was different. Close-up Paul could never pass as Daniel. Luckily there was only a photo in the passport and that would pass muster...

As soon as the grey clad figure had disappeared Daniel slipped into the large building behind. Through the reception of the airline training centre and then out through the back into a carpark where at last he lost his identity and became a man without a name. From there, he looped back in his orange hoodie and rucksack, stepped into a bus and paid cash for the trip to Victoria in the centre of London.

Inside the airport, Paul went fast through the security, found the gate and was

just in time to use his speedy boarding pass to get the window seat where he soon settled down to doze. As the plane sped over the channel, Daniel arrived in Victoria and walked the length of Piccadilly before arriving to catch the train north.

Each step lifted his spirits. Now that he was Mr Nobody, going nowhere with just a cash in his pocket, he was at last free. Free of the marriage that dogged him, free of worries about his business, free to do what he wanted, fuck who he wanted and most of all free to recreate himself as he wished.

The train rattled through the suburbs whilst he read the magazine that he had bought at the station. He changed twice, each time pulling the hoodie well up and heading in random directions until at last he was left with a short walk.

In his pocket was the key that Jasmine had given him.

The house stood as he remembered it. A typical row of Edwardian terrace, three stories high, the street parked full of cars. Two weeks he would be here, until at last he was dead and then he would wander away to wait in some bed and breakfast until the insurance paid out. That would give him time to consider how to create a new identity.

Starting by booking a driving test to get the first official paper and moving on to find a suitable person to take the identity from. From there he would gather the papers he would need until at last he would become Mr Somebody. The man who would buy the patent from a dead man's widow and start on the road to a life of ease.

In A Brothel

The plane landed at Athens. A short walk took Paul across the concrete apron of the airport and he had no difficulty passing customs and immigration to find himself in the lofty concrete halls trying to decide how to get to his hotel.

His plan was simple. Carry out his instructions, then, as himself he would head into the stews of Athens where he had heard that the clubs and bars were just the sort of place where a bit of fun could be had for a cheap price.

At the hotel, Paul registered and had a few drinks before wandering for an hour. The whole place was a ferment as a political demonstration made its way through the streets, watched by lines of armoured police. He headed into the backstreets to find a bar and instead found what appeared to be a brothel.

For a moment he hesitated, the plan was to indulge after the ‘Mission Impossible’ was done and dusted, but here he was and anyway, why not?

The hallway was dim and long, it led to a desk much like some dilapidated hotel, where a fat man sat and eyed him with hooded eyes. Obviously the man had decided that Paul would speak English and opened the conversation.

“What are you looking for,” he said in a thick accent.

“Just a room...”

“One hour - a hundred,” said the man, tapping the counter with his forefinger.
“Unless you want something special?”

“No, nothing like that,” said Paul.

He looked up the narrow stairs to his left and the man said, “Pay first, then you choose...”

Paul reached into his pocket, his hand closely followed by the man’s eyes, and pulled out a five-hundred Euro note. The man nodded and passed four hundred back before pointing up the stairs.

“The hour starts now,” he commented as he always did.

As soon as Paul was on the winding stair the fat man pressed a buzzer under the counter and Paul found the door at the top unlocked. Behind the door was a dingy bar, a line of empty stools where the whores should have been and two large men who grabbed him and quickly wrestled him to the floor.

Paul’s reaction was to fight. He kicked out, catching the knee of one of the men who went down with a howl whilst the other delivered a single kick to the Englishman that connected with the point of his jaw and threw his head back hard against the floor.

For a moment there was silence before the man who had been kicked, managed

to get to his feet and grabbed the hair of Paul's head.

"You'll pay for that," he cried in Greek, but the head hung loose in his hand and he dropped it back to the floor whilst his companion placed a sandaled foot on Paul's back.

"Fuck, you knocked him out," said the first.

Quickly they rifled pockets and the small bag at Paul's waist revealing a bundle of five-hundred Euro notes, wallet, passport and a phone.

"Shit, there's nine thousand here," said the second man. "Four thousand each and a thousand for Zannos."

They rolled Paul over to finish the search before they realised that Paul was dead. Neck broken from the kick, his head lolled and a trickle of blood dripped from the corner of his mouth to the floor.

At that moment Zannos appeared. The fat receptionist took one look at the body and the two discomfited men who stood over the body and pulled a face.

"Fuck," he said. "Get rid of him, leave the passport on him and the wallet."

The first man held out his hand with two of the large Euro notes.

“One of these is ours,” he said.

Zannos took one note and slipped it into his pocket.

“Fucking idiots, I should take the lot for this stupidity!”

“We’ll dump the body...”

“Far away, use the van...”

Her House

Jasmine knocked on the door before using her key. She went into the hallway to see Daniel sitting in the front living room of the house watching the television.

“Hi there, dead man,” she said with a small grin that hid her detestation of the man who lolled with his legs dangling over the armchair.

Daniel looked at his watch.

“I’m probably not dead until tomorrow,” he said in a jovial voice.

Jasmine looked him up and down and then plumped herself on the sofa.

“Whatever,” she said.

She restrained herself and remembered the large boxes that she had parked in the outhouse in the small garden. The six pieces that would make up the cage where she would keep him! All she had to do was keep him here for a few days, until she could report his disappearance and then the fun would begin.

“Found everything?” she asked.

“Yeah, thanks.”

It seemed to her that Daniel was in the best spirits that she had ever seen since he started his business. Cocky and self-assured he turned back to the television and watched the football, pointedly ignoring Jasmine.

“You shouldn’t be here,” he said.

“It’s my house, what’s suspicious about me coming here?”

“Better not to. All you have to do is pay Paul and then I disappear.”

“Except when the insurance money comes in...”

“Except when the insurance money comes in, of course,” said Daniel.

Jasmine nodded and passed a small mobile phone to Daniel.

“This is in case anything happens.”

“It won’t,” he said.

“I want to see you before you go,” she said plaintively.

Daniel looked around and asked, “Why?”

“Closure,” she said. “Let’s not finish hating each other...”

“It’s you that broke us up,” said Daniel.

“Whatever you think...”

Her mobile phone rang and she pulled it from her pocket, checking the screen to find that it was from a number not in her address book. Daniel turned back to the screen just as Arsenal scored whilst Jasmine answered the phone.

“Hello,” she said. “Jasmine Jamison.”

The voice at the other end of the phone coughed briefly.

“Evening, Mrs Jamison,” said a stranger’s voice. “This is Detective Inspector Jane Smythe speaking. I understand that your husband is presently in Greece... Athens to be exact?”

“That’s right,” said Jasmine as butterflies started in her stomach.

This was all too soon, what had gone wrong?

“On a business trip I presume?”

“Yes, that’s right...”

Jasmine looked at Daniel watching the replay of the goal, his attention wholly on the screen.

“I have the sad duty to inform you that an hour ago, the Greek police reported to us that they believe your husband has died in suspicious circumstances...”

Jasmine was silent. What on earth was going on? she wondered.

“The Greek police are investigating,” said Detective Inspector Jane Smythe, “but, they have reported that your husband’s passport was on the body of the man that they found. Of course, the identification of the body is not formal. You may be required to go to Greece to identify the body...”

“I don’t understand,” said Jasmine as she stood from the sofa and made her way to the hallway so that Daniel could not overhear the conversation.

“We will send an officer to guide you through the process,” said the Detective

Inspector. “When would be a good time?”

“Er, in a couple of hours I can be home,” said Jasmine, feigning a pained tone of voice.

“Good. As I said, the identification is not certain. Please send your husband’s number and we can locate his phone for the Greek police. Also it may be that he is the victim of a mugging in which the mugger is the dead man, however, in these cases the first identification is almost always correct.”

“Oh my God,” said Jasmine.

“The officer will visit in two hours and then we can arrange counselling and the identification...” said the policewoman in a less business-like tone. “I am so sorry to have to inform you of this, but you should steel yourself and possibly call a friend or relative to be with you...”

“Thank you...”

The call ended and Jasmine stared at the phone with disbelief. The first thought was that the plan was already breaking down, the following one the realisation that sheer luck was about to make everything perfect if she could just handle the role of grieving widow with conviction. Her eyes went to Daniel, slouching on his armchair, looking up at her with a look of irritation.

“I have to go, something’s turned up...”

“Just call me when the news breaks,” said Daniel reaching down to pick up a can of lager.

“I’ll be round.”

“No need, just call. There’s nothing to discuss.”

Goodbyes

For two days, Daniel ate and slept in his wife's house. He slept on the folded down sofa, unwilling to sleep in the bed that she had used. He found the fridge that had been filled and the cupboards full of the crisps and snacks that he loved and watched the television almost day and night, a feeling of tension in his stomach. Any moment, the call could come and then the next stage would begin. Then the insurance money and at last all contact would be broken.

His brother, his parents, his friends. All would be walked away from, he would abandon them all and be truly self-sufficient. The waiting for that moment to come was almost unbearable, but his plan was forming and he was eager to get underway.

Sitting in amongst a circle of empty snack packets and next to a waste paper bin full of empty cans of beer, Daniel was roused from his reflections by the sudden presence of Jasmine standing at the door to the living room.

"Slob," was her first word.

"In heaven though," his reply.

"Well, I doubt that considering that fraud is probably a sin to send you to Hell," she replied ironically.

“I told you to ring me,” said Daniel, turning to look at the woman standing framed in the doorway.

“I told you that I’d come round...”

He looked at her and realised that Jasmine had not looked so attractive since their wedding night. Arms behind her back; the tight pencil skirt, seamed stockings and loose blouse were just the start. Obviously, Jasmine had put great effort into their last meeting. The make-up was a little severe, but well in-tune with her severe face. Hair pulled high into a bun wound with plaits, freshly blonde. The whole outfit was black, from the stiletto shoes to the bow of the ribbon that topped it all. Even her glasses were black framed.

“You look as if you’ve just come from a funeral,” he said.

“You could say that, I suppose. Your funeral actually...”

“It worked?”

“It worked.

Jasmine smiled at the thought that she had just come from identifying Paul’s body as Daniel. Dressed in black like the widow she was, she had even managed a few tears as she stood by the body on the gurney in the hospital before signing the forms of formal identification.

“And, what’s the news? How did he do it?”

“Fell from a ferry,” she lied. “Of course the body was not recovered...”

“Thank God for that,” said Daniel, picturing Paul falling and then pretending to drown as the ferry lurched into the distance as he swam to shore to disappear and become Paul once more.

He imagined the shocked faces, the films taken by the phones in the hands of all those holiday-makers and the police launch that arrived to find a floating passport.

Daniel stood and started to pick up the empty crisp packets and toss them into the bin full of cans.

“No need,” said Jasmine.

Her arms moved and she revealed a bottle of cheap bubbly and two glasses.

“I thought that a little drink was in order,” she said. “A goodbye glass, so to speak.”

Daniel looked at her with dislike. Jasmine was the only thing between him and freedom. When he shed her, it would all be over. Even the insurance money was no big deal. The money that he had in his pockets would be enough... Perhaps

he would even leave her with the loot? The idea seemed attractive if it meant that he would never have to see her again, the advantage being that it would close her lips forever, no matter what.

“OK, one glass,” he said. “But, then I’m off.”

“I was thinking of perhaps something more as a goodbye.”

“We haven’t slept together for years,” he said. “It’s a little too late for that! Anyway, sharing you with some stud that you picked up in the gutter is not to my taste.”

Jasmine shrugged.

A strange reaction from her, he decided. She usually had a tantrum when she didn’t get her way.

Daniel’s wife passed him the bottle to open and placed the two glasses on an occasional table. He popped the cork and poured both glasses half full while she stood impassive before picking up the glasses and passing him one.

“To a life to die for,” said Jasmine.

The toast brought a smile to Daniel’s lips and he downed the glass of cheap Prosecco with relish. Jasmine was so cheap, he thought. Even when she

celebrated she saved...

“I can drink to that. Very clever, Jasmine.”

She leaned forward and kissed his cheek and took the empty glass from his hand holding her full glass for a moment before putting it down.

Daniel felt dizzy, felt a strange emotion in his mind. A feeling of incoherent sensation that focussed on Jasmine’s smiling face. The sentiment overwhelmed him, a tear spilling from his cheek as he put out a hand and felt her support him.

Jasmine pulled back her hand and watched her dead husband fall to his knees to fall on all fours at her stilettoed feet. For a moment, he tried to mumble something before looking up at her and then his elbows gave and he pitched to fall senseless.

She was glad that he had not taken up her offer. Having him fuck her left a sour taste in her mouth, but it might have been necessary to get him to take the drug.

Better like this!

One of her pointed stilettos moved. It brushed his parted lips before settling to the carpet under his cheek to lift and tip his face up so that she could see the closed eyes. Now Jasmine had hours to get everything ready.

In fact, she reflected as she started to undress him; she had the rest of their lives to play with him and find out what it was like to totally own her dead husband.

Part Three

The Realisation

Oubliette

Funerals attract rain.

The sky weeps in sympathy with those in black as they stand around a hole where their memories will be interred in a decorated box. All that is left is a fresh mound and two dates on a stone. In the case of Daniel Jamison even the stone did not speak about the man who lay under it.

Jasmine stood under the umbrella held by her father-in-law and watched the coffin lower into the grave. Water dripped from the spokes of the umbrella and felt nothing but satisfaction as the first handfuls of earth were tossed into the gaping hole with a wet sound. Around the grave was Daniel's family, two brothers, a sister, various undetermined uncles, aunts and friends. Of her family, she was the only representative.

Her heels sank into the wet earth as the small congregation huddled and then walked slowly to the cars that would take them to her house for the memorial buffet, just a few words exchanged. Then the workmen arrived to cover the coffin and seal her secret into the ground forever.

Jasmine felt an upwelling of exhilaration as she sat next to the two brothers in the limousine. Greg's hand rested on her stockinged knee in comfort and she leaned a little in to him, savouring the musky aftershave that filled the compartment. She looked out of the windows of the car, her thoughts dwelling on the assignation with Darleen in a few hours as well as the amusing interlude that she had planned for her husband. His hand on her knee gripped a little and she closed her legs to trap the fingers, resting her cheek on his shoulder.

At last, the car pulled up outside the Edwardian terrace and Jasmine led her guests into the house, greeting each with a peck on the cheek and a few well-chosen words of commiseration. The kiss from Greg almost touched her lips and she had to turn away a little to avoid an indecorous contact.

Greg had always been just a little too intimate.

The buffet was well presented, the twenty or so guests milled through the house that had never been Daniel's home until now, Jasmine slipping through the throng, touching arms, hugging relatives and ensuring that the flutes of cheap Champagne were all kept full. Many of them were just faces that she recognised, but could not place exactly in order. This one an aunt, that one a cousin of her late husband. She held herself straight and played the grieving widow in black to perfection, uttering words of courage from behind her veil before she found Greg blocking her path.

"Of all places, in Athens," he said. "Whatever took him there?"

"Some conference," said Jasmine. "Software development, I suppose."

Greg shifted a little to stand square to Jasmine. His hand reached out and he held her upper arm with a firm grip. At twenty-five he was the youngest brother of her husband and many years younger than the woman that he was touching.

"We have to stay in contact," he said.

“Of course, dear,” said Jasmine smiling a little at his obvious fascination with the widow of his brother. “What are you doing now?”

“Oh, I am sitting the final exams in a few months and then I suppose that I’ll find a graduate spot. Shipping law... not so exciting, but it has a future.”

There was a moment’s pause as he hung his head and looked directly into her cleavage before admiring the narrow waist and wondering how it was that his brother had always complained about his attractive wife.

“Well, I wish you success in your exams,” said Jasmine, amused by his obvious and indecorous desire for his brother’s wife so soon after he had been buried.

“Thanks, It’ll be a breeze. So, what happens to you now?” he asked trying to probe a little.

“My life is taken up by my firm,” said Jasmine, “but, I suppose that I’ll also be busy with sorting out the aftermath... Daniel’s company was not doing so well, it will take a month or two to sort out the mess.”

“I am one of the executors of his will,” said Greg. “I’ll make sure that the matter is brought to a close as soon as possible.”

“Thanks, that will help.”

“We should meet up soon to discuss the will,” said Greg as he finally managed to make his move. “It’s not complicated, but it will need a little discussion.”

Jasmine smiled as his eyes turned downward again and admired her décolletage and she planted a peck on his cheek. She could feel the small key half-buried there at the end of her gold necklace and decided that it was time to escape and have some fun.

“In a week or so, I will have time. Call me,” said Jasmine.

“I’ll call.”

The commemoration would last a couple more hours, decided Jasmine as she headed to the kitchen. Time to pay a visit to her dead husband. Closing the kitchen door behind her, she pulled the key free and unlocked the small padlock that led down to the cellar. She opened the door to smell the fresh plaster and wood and bolted the door behind her.

Each step descended was mounting exhilaration. The stairwell was as yet unfinished, the walls needed tiling and the bare concrete of the steps need the steel treads that she had ordered, so that every step of her heels would be heard by the captive in his confinement. A barred gate filled the entrance to the cellar, behind that a steel door that opened to her key.

A bright light blinked on as Jasmine opened the door and she stood and surveyed the tiny room with satisfaction. Against one wall was the cardboard packing for

the steel cage that took pride of place in the centre of the room. A single comfortable armchair sat facing the empty cage and the padded box that concealed the lavatory took up the far corner. White-painted brick walls with rings embedded in their surface closed in the cellar to become a small box. A tiny steel door revealed where the punishment cell formed a tiny hollow space where the dead husband waited for her attention.

Jasmine sat on the armchair and pulled out her mobile phone. The long black dress rode up a little to her ankles, revealing the tightly laced knee-high boots and their arching heels. She imagined the guests above. Grieving parents, tearful aunts and uncles and the brother that lusted after the widow of his brother. That thought sent a shiver down her spine and she opened her legs a little as she flicked a manicured nail over the surface of the phone and looked at the man curled in the space that barely fitted him, his eyes screwed shut against the bright light, his knees tucked into his belly so that she could not see the fetters that constricted him.

A touch of the screen and the light slowly turned to red, making a lurid picture of her captive. Jasmine played with the phone, making lights change and switching on the feed from her bedroom making the light of the small screen over his head contrast to the blue that now filled the cell.

A shame that I did not put in a feed from the lounge, she thought. Daniel would appreciate the gathering in his honour. Jasmine watched as the head turned and Daniel's face looked up at the little screen. Jasmine could not see it, but she knew that it showed a view from over her empty bed, a touch of banal normality that could be turned to good effect when Darleen came round to visit tonight.

Bored with her game of changing the colours, Jasmine placed the mobile phone to the side and opened the waist high steel entrance to the cell. All that now separated man and wife was the small barred cage door in a steel frame. Daniel looked plaintively at her, the gag over his mouth leaking spittle and she crouched

down to look at him.

“It’s your funeral!” she said, “and I thought that it would be nice to pop down to see how you are doing here in my little den while above your head the grieving widow is consoled by your family and friends.”

Daniel tried to speak, but the only word that Jasmine could make out was ‘please’, the rest being an incoherent babble that accompanied a fit of coughing that was close to sobbing.

Jasmine’s tone turned conversational, “Greg has the hots for me, a naughty little boy who doesn’t know what he’s getting into. Perhaps I should allow him to fuck me? I don’t think that he’ll take much persuading!”

Daniel cried out, a forlorn noise from his throat that broke to sobs as Jasmine slowly opened her legs and slid her long dress up her thighs. The blue light streaming from the cell made a lurid show of stocking-tops and boots as she squatted and revealed the naked triangle between her thighs.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure that you see every moment,” she said with a smile. “Then tonight my little pet will be here to entertain you as well.”

Her hand moved between her legs and opened the slit of her cunt wide, garish in blue, the flush on her thighs changed to a deeper hue.

“We’ll take our time; nice and slow. We have all the time in the world to play.”

Her middle finger crooked to press her clitoris and manipulated it a little and the juices of her exhilaration slowly gathered to run to drip from the cheeks of her ass to the tiled floor. Daniel could not take his eyes from his wife, but it was her face that he watched as she slowly massaged herself to climax. The smile broadened as she discovered the pleasure of her utter dominance and came with small grunts and shook as she balanced on her heels.

“Oh, that’s better, so much better,” she breathed. “The best sex we’ve had in ages, darling. We’ll do this more often, but now there are guests to be attended to...”

The door closed with a clang and Daniel heard the heels click on tiles as Jasmine moved around the anteroom to his private hell. The light switched back to bright piercing white, the screen over his head showing the huge bed and a slight glimpse of the window on to the street.

Jasmine straightened the cardboard and then went to admire the cage that stood on a low plinth in the centre of the room. The front end could fold down, the lid with a round opening that closed when the door was up. She leaned down and pulled up the wooden sides one by one. Each single slab of mahogany could be lifted on hinges to turn the cage to a box that extended a foot over the top of the cage. Three of the sides were simply a case of lifting until the catches caught. The fourth was jointed to make a lid to close the top. It took a moment to figure out the best way of lifting the awkward lid into place, but when she was done the cage had gone to be replaced by a polished piece of furniture.

Jasmine rested her hand on the padded top of the box and patted it with satisfaction. Having the pieces made especially for the cage had cost far too much, she decided, but then every part of her playroom had been expensive, from the building work to the doors. The only way to recover the money would be to make regular use of it all to spread the depreciation over time.

A final pat on the soft leather padding and she decided that she should not linger or her absence would be noticed. There was one last little pleasure to be taken. Her hand slid over the mahogany panel that covered the place where the cage door was and pushed to open the glory hole that was the final touch that made this box perfect.

Of course, she would need a willing man to use it, a man who had the same interests as she did...

Jasmine pushed her slim hand into the revealed hole, careful not to catch her bracelet on the catches where the mouth in the hood would be fixed and managed to feel the collar welded into the cage where Daniel's neck would be caught. Her imagination raced and she imagined that he was already there, waiting for a cock to be pushed into the darkness of his mouth before she withdrew her hand and slid the small hatch closed and turned to leave.

The kitchen was occupied by a small group of grieving relatives when Jasmine returned. They were startled by her appearance as the door opened, but she passed off her visit to the cellar with a small shrug.

"Just checking if I have more bottles," she said as she moved to mingle with the guests and reassume her 'grieving widow' persona.

At last, the gathering broke up.

Each guest leaving and hugging Jasmine as they left, Greg lingering a moment too long.

“Next week,” he whispered.

“Of course, stay in touch...”

Bedroom

It took Darleen half an hour to find the house. There were no numbers on most of the doors and the street was long. At last she stood before the door and knocked.

It seemed an age before Jasmine opened the door and she felt a sense of relief that she had found the correct door at just the second try. Jasmine ushered her in and kissed her quickly on the lips, closing the door behind her lover.

“You own all of this house?” asked Darleen with a look of amazement. “It’s huge.”

“I’m just in the process of moving in,” said Jasmine and guided Darleen into the living room.

The whole place was a mess. Discarded plates heaped high, half empty flutes of Champagne and half empty plates with food piled on a table on the centre of the room.

“I’ve missed a party,” said Darleen looking over the disorder.

“A funeral banquet actually,” said Jasmine.

Darleen looked around and realised just how little she knew about the woman

that she slept with. All of their contacts were intimate, sexual, nothing of Jasmine's day to day life had ever been exposed apart from small inferences and snippets. In fact, all that Darleen knew was that Jasmine was married, well off and worked somewhere in the City. Even her age and birthday was a mystery.

It seemed that, for some reason, Jasmine was inviting her in, rewarding Darleen's patience and providing an opportunity to learn more about her.

"Funeral?" she asked cautiously.

"My husband," said Jasmine unexpectedly.

"Oh!"

Darleen did not know what to say, the reply was so unexpected. For a moment, she was in shock before she realised that perhaps this was the reason that Jasmine was opening up.

"I'm sorry," said Darleen.

"No need," said Jasmine in an offhand tone. "These things happen!"

Darleen lowered her bag to a chair before sitting herself on the sofa.

"You don't seem all that upset," she said at last.

“I’m not! First a little preparation. This place needs clearing up and you can find out what I have planned for us both! In the long term.”

‘In the long term,’ thought Darleen. ‘In the long term!’

Darleen’s head whirled. All of a sudden everything was moving so fast. A week ago Jasmine had told Darleen that she wanted her to move in, now it seemed that the moment had arrived. Her heart started to beat faster, she looked up at the woman that she loved and realised that events were moving at a whirlwind pace. Months of doubt and patience on her part were being rewarded with sudden change.

Jasmine stood and looked down at Darleen and offered a hand.

“Come on, let’s get a move on and it will soon all be cleared up.”

Darleen was led upstairs to a huge bedroom and here she became breathless with excitement. The room was larger than the whole flat that she shared with two others, a magnificent bed, all decked in chintzy pink.

The lens of an unseen camera poised over the bed watched Darleen sit on the edge of the bed and start to imagine playing their games on this huge soft stage. In the cellar, behind bars and doors of steel, a man saw movement on a screen and cried out as he saw the young woman perched on the pink. What was Darleen, his programmer, doing upstairs with Jasmine? What on earth was going on?

In the bedroom, Jasmine went into her walk-in wardrobe, while Darleen self-consciously sat on the bed. Her head was whirling with what she had learned so far. The realisation that Jasmine had no partner, no husband in the way, left her breathless with the possibilities that were opening up.

Jasmine returned with a large flat box in her hands and came to sit on the bed next to the breathless young woman, the box on her knees.

“If you want to come and live with me...” started the older woman.

“God, yes!” said Darleen.

“As I was saying before you so rudely interrupted me,” said Jasmine in a severe tone that made Darleen blush. “If you want to come and live with me, then we will have to reach agreement about a few small points.”

Jasmine smiled, gratified that Darleen did not interrupt, but just sat with her hands on her lap, waiting for Jasmine to arrange her future.

“What I am going to offer you, is to live here as long as you can follow the rules that I set.”

Darleen nodded. She scarcely heard the individual words, her mind was in such confusion and ecstasy. She knew Jasmine and was expecting to hear some arrangement about rent and the division of costs, but what came next almost sent her into a thrill of bliss.

“Rent-free of course,” said Jasmine. “I know that you don’t have a job at the moment and I have decided to pay you an allowance if you are prepared to do a few things around the house for me.”

“Er, you don’t want me to work?”

“Of course not! I want you here all the time for me, ready to play and have fun whenever the mood strikes...”

Darleen turned to Jasmine and kissed her cheek. Her hand drifted to her lover’s knee under the box and she felt the hard metal of the lace-hooks on the boots that Jasmine was wearing.

“Oh God, yes,” said Darleen.

Jasmine kissed her on the lips.

“We have to sort out the allowance...” said Jasmine, true to form.

“Anything!”

“OK, I have an idea. I’ll open a savings account for you. You can put in all of your savings and I’ll pay in a monthly amount, let’s say three thousand a month.”

“So much?” said Darleen, realising that this was more than she had ever saved.

“On top of that, you can have another five hundred a month for all the bits and pieces that you need.”

Darleen was astounded at Jasmine’s generosity and nodded agreement dumbly.

“Then there’s one more thing,” said Jasmine. “Just a small thing that I want you to do.”

“What’s that?”

“Give you a special present!”

Darleen watched as Jasmine’s hands closed on the box on her knee and started to lift the lid. This was the first real present that she had had from Jasmine and excitement filled her to the brim. At last, the tide was turning...

The box opened to reveal tissue paper covering pink and pastel blue lace, but first, Jasmine’s hand dipped in to pull a pair of elaborate shoes from the box and pass them to Darleen to hold. Pink and shiny, with high platforms, the stilettos were the most ‘fuck me’ shoes that she had ever seen. High ankle straps with tiny decorative padlocks, clear plastic platforms and curved heels that were an impossible length.

Before Darleen could formulate a reply, the tissue paper parted and Jasmine held up a dress covered in lace with a pretty little apron stitched to its front.

Down, deep in the oubliette, Daniel watched the conversation and heard every word. He could see the triumphant mask on his wife's face and knew that a trap was opening beneath the feet of the naïve young girl who was busy expressing her pleasure at being given the fetters that would lock her into Jasmine's embrace.

Up in the bedroom, Jasmine was holding the dress up as Darleen eagerly undressed. She kicked off her trainers and jeans, stripped off the cropped T shirt to expose her pointed breasts and took the dress from Jasmine's hands to slip into the dress. Jasmine reached out to touch the smooth nipples and pinched them lightly. They were so nearly perfect, just far too small to hang the way that she imagined that they should.

Darleen as a maid was just the first step, slowly she would be edged into exactly the role that Jasmine had decided upon. It would take time, she reflected, but then there was all the time in the world to create the lover that she wanted. Bit by bit, the girl would find herself being led to the place where she was going. Jasmine pulled back her hand and reached into the box.

"These as well," said Jasmine passing a pair of white hold up fishnet stockings. "I have to get a few more bits and pieces, but it'll do for now!"

Darleen slipped her feet into the shoes and bent to do them up. An emotion filled her that almost brought her to tears. Joy at the sudden turn of events and a lascivious sensual bliss that brought colour to her cheeks as she turned on her

heels to show off the short dress to advantage.

“Perfect,” said Jasmine with a smile. “I like it so much that I think that I’ll make it a condition that you wear the dress all the time. Then we can get some other clothes as well...”

Her hands delved once more into the tissue paper on her knees and pulled a long and wide leather strip from the box. She curled it in her hands and reached up to buckle the studded pink collar on Darleen’s neck and then rotated it to allow the word ‘slut’ to be displayed at the front.

“The collar stays on when you’re in my house,” said Jasmine. “That way you’ll never forget what I feel for you!”

It was so close to a declaration of love that Darleen leaned forward and kissed Jasmine on the lips.

“I love you,” said Darleen. “I am so happy!”

“So am I,” said Jasmine.

Cellar

Jasmine trod down the steps, enjoying the sharp sound of every click of her heels on the metal plates now fastened to the treads. In her hands, a box with all of the extra items that she had ordered a week ago. A few days' ago, the builders had arrived and finished off the work with sly knowing smiles when they saw the cage, not knowing that the locked cavity in the cellar walls held a man who was so tightly bound and gagged that he could not even attempt to be rescued from Jasmine's grip.

The door opened with a clang allowing Jasmine to step into the room and enjoy the sight of her husband helpless in the cage. Shackles and chains held him fast, his neck trapped in the roof of the cage, legs apart, balls and cock dangling between his thighs as she placed the package on the floor and picked up a quirt from the bin of canes and strolled to face him.

“Darleen is just getting her things,” she said. “She moves in tonight...”

She bent the rough leather lash in her hands and then unbuckled the gag that filled Daniel's mouth.

As soon as it was out, he spat a word with all the venom that he could muster.

“Bitch!”

“You are so right, my dear! I am a bitch. In fact, I am discovering that this whole new way of living my life is far more appealing than I ever imagined. On the other hand, your opinion counts for nothing at all, because you are dead and the certificate to prove it will be in my hands in just a few days.”

Daniel licked his lips and did not reply. Every night he had watched the giant screen, now attached to the wall facing him, as his wife had played with her new maid. He had heard the whispered words of affection from the young girl who submitted to being stretched on the bed whilst Jasmine fucked her, spun her climaxes to hours of bliss. That was before she took her own pleasure from the fettered maid as she looked up at the hidden lens of the camera that revealed it all to Daniel. He could see the progression, the slow encroachment and temptations that were bending Darleen slowly to her new role.

“Tonight will be special,” said Jasmine with a small swish of the leather in her hands. “Just make sure that you keep your eyes on the screen!”

“I’m thirsty,” said Daniel, licking his dry lips.

“Oh, I’ll sort that out in a moment. First, there’s something that needs to be done. I really have to add a little more guarantee that you are easy for me to handle. Can’t have you trying anything...”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Oh, I think that you already know the answers to that question,” said Jasmine. “There are so many reasons! The money, dislike, a need to control and dominate and then there’s my newly discovered pleasure at guiding poor little Darleen to

become a slave to her love for me! Most of all, though, it's the money."

"You are becoming twisted!"

"Am I? Be careful, darling! I don't have an endless reservoir of patience for your insults. I have yet to decide the punishments for disobedience and you are in rather a poor position to test my patience. I've just finished a period; you really don't want to annoy me. A few thanks might be in order..."

Jasmine ignored the look on his face and sat in the armchair, making him turn his head to see her.

"I haven't told you, have I?"

"Told me what?"

"How it is that I have managed to get your death certificate so easily, of course."

Daniel grimaced and looked away, but there was nothing he could do to avoid hearing her voice.

"It seems the man that you found to fake your death did far better than either of us could have imagined," she started. "He went to Athens, just like the plan, but then he was mugged in an alley, because they found his body with your passport and I identified him as you. One tiny little bit of luck and suddenly the whole plan became effortless."

Daniel started to cry and Jasmine felt a delicious sense of need between her legs. There was no resisting it and she lifted her legs to slip them over the arm rests of the chair and lean back. Her hands played between her thighs, slipping a finger deep inside, teasing the melting flesh as she revelled in the sobbing helpless man whose death was giving her a perfect life.

The sobs faded, Daniel had reached the end of his tether as Jasmine climaxed with small shudders, keeping herself on a peak with slow strokes and touches that left her gasping with gratification.

“So, you see. Here is no hope for you at all, dear,” she said at last. “You are going to spend the rest of your life being my dirty little secret, my little hobby. I have decided that the house in the country is not practical. I will look after you and you will learn to live out my fantasies for real. It’s all a bit Edgar Allen Poe, I suppose, just be glad that I don’t have it in mind to brick you in forever!”

The man in the cage shifted position a little, reminding Jasmine of the box that she had set down earlier by the cage. She moved to open the box and pulled a tangle of straps, leather tubes and fetters from it, puzzling out the pieces and laying them neatly on the floor. At last she seemed satisfied that everything was complete and moved close to the bars.

“It’s incredible that all this stuff is on the Internet to buy,” she said conversationally. “There must be hordes of people who play these games for real because otherwise how could there be so many shops selling them?”

Daniel looked at the strange leather contrivance in her hand and felt a surge of fear. It was not the situation, it was not what she was going to do, it was the cold,

unemotional way that Jasmine was disciplining him without a seeming care in the world. He knew that any word that he said would make her replace the gag in his mouth and restrained himself from uttering a word.

“OK, let’s see now...”

Jasmine took the leather and curled it into a cone so that the buckles matched before slipping her hands between the bars. Daniel could not help himself, he pulled back his arm as far as he could and a look of vexed irritation altered his wife’s face.

“Touch your neck,” she said. “There are things that I can force you to drink that you would regret!”

She held up a funnel in front of his face, the narrow end of which poked through a rubber ball that was clearly a gag that could be inflated to fill his mouth.

“Don’t make me use this yet!”

Daniel folded his elbow and touched his neck as instructed, while Jasmine reached through the bars of the cage to wrap the leather around and buckle it tight.

“There, you see. You can do anything if you try!”

It took ten minutes for Daniel's wife to attach all four pieces to her husband, after which she unclasped the chains to wrists and ankles, satisfied that he could now only move on elbows and knees and no longer needed to be attached to the cage to keep him helpless.

"That makes it all a lot easier," she said as she took the funnel and approached his face.

"You promised, please, no, please, Jasmine..."

Jasmine started to laugh and slapped her husband's cheek.

"Open wide..."

His mouth clenched closed.

"Perhaps you don't understand, dear," she said sweetly. Open wide or I shall show you how this is used!"

She picked up a long glass dildo from the floor and moved it suggestively.

Daniel opened his mouth wide, his eyes once again filling with tears as Jasmine pushed the bulb into his mouth and inflated it before adding a strap to hold it tight.

“See? That was easy, but because you’ve been a naughty boy today I’m going to test this anyway!”

The dimpled glass rod was lifted so that he could see it past the funnel that almost completely blocked his vision.

Daniel stumbled in the cage, moved forward to get out of his wife’s reach as she moved to the back of the cage, but those few inches were not enough to escape the fingers that coursed through the cleft of his ass.

He yelped with fear, expecting the glass to be shoved into his vulnerable ass, but Jasmine just started to laugh and giggle as she came back around to speak to him again.

“Don’t worry, I’ll use it, just not quite yet! Now then, you are thirsty, let’s see what we can do about it.”

From her squatting position she stood and lifted the front of her dress to expose her naked sex. Daniel could not see properly, but the thighs closed in to nestle the funnel between her thighs and he started to whine piteously.

He heard liquid and the funnel deposited clean fresh water into his mouth with a gurgle as Jasmine emptied a small bottle of mineral water into the soft rubber cone.

“You see, darling. Not everything is as bad as you imagine! I am your wife and will look after you. From now on, disobedience will be matched to suitable punishment. Do you understand?”

Daniel managed to nod, making the water pour faster as he swallowed it gratefully. Jasmine smiled and patted his head before disappearing around the side of the cage. Carefully she lifted the mahogany panels one by one, enclosing the cage, sealing Daniel into a darkness that was almost total.

When the bolts were slid into place a hole opened in front of his face and Jasmine squatted to look inside. With a twitch of the hand she pulled the soft funnel from the gag and allowed it to fall inside the cage before producing the glass dildo and inserting it through the hole in the rubber gag where the funnel had been.

“There, suck on your dummy and make sure that you keep your eyes on the screen.”

When she moved from his vision, he found that he could see the screen. For a moment Jasmine moved around and was in view, before he heard the door of the cellar opening and closing as she returned to a world that he was never going to see again.

Boudoir

Older women!

Experienced, attractive, sure of themselves and in need of a good fucking! MILF and wet for a young man to show them what it meant to have a real man in their beds. Greg knew when a woman wanted it and he was just the man to fuck her round ass and make her squeal with appreciation. Jasmine was the fifth, or was it the sixth, because Greg had discovered that he seemed to have a natural ability to make them so grateful for his youth and his fat cock.

Jasmine fitted the bill exactly, he had decided. Ripe and needy, sexy and hot, exactly the sort of bitch that would be grateful for a little rough sex with a young stud. The sort of slut who would take him deep in her throat and swallow when he gushed. The fact that she was Daniel's widow just made the whole exercise even more exciting! Greg had fancied bedding his brother's slut years ago, now there was a real chance that with a little coaxing she could add another notch to his belt.

Impatiently he waited under the huge sign in Leicester Square in the centre of London, ready to take her for the ride of her fucking life. In his imagination, Greg imagined the tears as he screwed her to the bed, the recriminations and doubts that would make the whole thing so much sweeter. The very fact that she had agreed to meet him and go for a meal was proof in Greg's mind that Jasmine would be pinned by his fat cock before the night was out. Vaguely he knew that she had some sort of high power job in the city, but surely she would be in awe of the young man who was about to take his higher examinations at an age when most young lawyers were still wet behind the ears.

Ah, there she is, he thought as he recognised the full figured woman walking towards him. Not a face that could be described as beautiful as much as haughty or perhaps striking. On the other hand, the full breasts promised a great deal and the long legs that supported the rounded hips and narrow waist promised yet more. Almost a shame that he had to go through all the preliminaries, he thought.

As Jasmine approached, she smiled to see the casually dressed young man standing so impatient. He was not at all like his older brother, Daniel. No hesitation and self-doubt here, he was all gym-ripped and tanned, masculine and ready to show it. A small shiver ran through her in anticipation. It would be so piquant to be fucked by this arrogant stud while Daniel watched every stroke of his cock reaming her pussy to make her come.

“Hi,” she said. “Been waiting long?”

“Nah, just five minutes,” said Greg as he sized her up and suddenly realised that, in her heels, she was taller than him.

“Good. I’ve booked a quiet little place around the corner and you can tell me all about the will and the rest of it...”

Greg felt that somehow he had got off on the wrong foot. She did not seem at all upset about his brother’s death, what was more, tonight she wore red and not black, even the boots that she wore almost glowed with the pillar box scarlet of the patent leather.

She casually took his hand and pecked him on the cheek before leading him to

Gerrard Street and into a Dim Sum restaurant where a pretty waitress soon took the order.

“I come here all the time,” said Jasmine, somehow emphasising the word ‘come’ with just a hint of a suggestive smile. “Sorry that it took a week to arrange this, but you’ll appreciate that I have been running here and there trying to sort everything out. Now then, tell me all about the will. What’s the difficulty?”

“Oh,” said Greg. “There’s no difficulty! Probate should take just a short time and you are the only beneficiary. It’s a piece of piss really.”

A smug look came over his face as though she should be grateful to learn this important fact.

Jasmine leaned back and started to stand.

“Where are you going,” asked Greg.

“I’m off home,” said Jasmine as the food arrived. “Have a nice meal.”

Greg’s mouth opened in shock. He had never had a reaction from one of his targets before. They usually hung on his words, admired his pecs and were desperate to road-test his cock.

“Why? I mean, what’s the matter?”

“Young man, did you really think that you could get me here with a cock and bull tale about Daniel’s will and then spend the rest of the night trying to get me drunk so that you could slip your fingers into my knickers?”

Greg looked at the smile on her lips and realised that he had just one chance to fuck her, but what he said next had to be so right for her. For a moment he considered something romantic, but the words that slipped from his lips caused Jasmine to start laughing and she sat down again.

“There’s better than my fingers!”

“Good, now I’ll just have to find out,” she chuckled. “Come on, eat up, we haven’t got all night!”

The whole of the start of the evening was so outside Greg’s experience that he was almost overwhelmed. They ate, he paid. She insisted on cocktails, he paid. Then she took him to her car and he marvelled at the tatty little thing and tried to assess if the tale that he had heard of her job was after all, just a lie.

The ride back to her house was driven at a stately pace as Jasmine saved on petrol and took her time. It was also slow because she figured that the longer it took to get home, the tenser and less cock-sure the young man who sat next to her would be. By the time that they arrived at her front door, Greg had realised that he had to be careful with Jasmine. Whenever he made a boasting reply to her questions she started to laugh and occasionally made a sarcastic comment that left him feeling as though he had just failed to impress his brother’s widow.

Greg followed Jasmine into the front hall and expected her to turn to him for a

long kiss before they went upstairs, but instead she disappeared into the kitchen and heard her boiling the kettle and pottering around. Curiously he followed her and found that she was indeed making coffee and there seemed no opportunity to initiate any sort of intimacy.

“White or black,” she asked as she made an instant coffee with no hint of shame.

“Black, no sugar,” answered Greg

“Can you guess what I want?” she asked as she poured the kettle into her own cup.

“Er, white with sugar?”

Jasmine turned to face the young man with the steaming coffee in his hands and started to giggle.

“That cock of yours!”

With his hands holding the mug she reached out and patted the swollen lump in his trousers and then slowly pulled the zipper down to allow his erection to spring through the opening into her hand.

Greg almost spilled his coffee and yelped as her hand pushed with a savage stroke on his cock that made it fill her hand and squeeze a drop of precum from

the bulbous tip.

“Fuck?”

Greg nodded and allowed her to lead him into the hallway towards the stairs. As he passed a small table he ridded himself of the hot mug and then allowed himself to be led up the stairs into a bedroom with a bed that was larger than any that he had ever seen.

Her hand moved roughly over his cock as Jasmine manoeuvred her husband's brother to step back and fall onto the soft pink coverlet, his rigid cock still well under her control.

“Pants off, boy,” she ordered.

His hands fumbled at his belt and then tore off his jeans. He prayed that her lips would slip over the head of his prick, but it seemed that Jasmine had other ideas and she simply slowly ran her palm up and down his prick, making it stand so hard that it felt like the glass rod embedded in her husband's gag.

As Greg struggled to slip of his T-shirt, Jasmine mounted him and fluttered her skirt with her hands to cover his thighs as she sat with his cock pressed hard on her groin. Now her weight and the friction of her skin held him tight and rigid, the hard heels of her boots curving against his calves to score the skin.

“Say please, Greg!”

“Christ yes, please!”

“That’s good, now you get ridden!”

For a moment she kneeled and then she sat again, taking his thick cock in one motion that almost brought Greg to climax on its own. The experience was unbelievable as the bitch who had mounted him started a strip tease as she smoothly ran up and down the length of his cock.

The strip added more than Greg could imagine.

Jasmine brushed his helping hands away and slowly stripped off her blouse and bra to have her breasts tumble into sight of cuckolded husband and the eager eyes of his brother. He reached to touch, but the expression on her face stopped his hands in mid-movement.

They dropped by his side.

The skirt was next, high and tight it was removed as the zipper opened the side to reveal her rounded ass, the thong pressed to one side and the narrow waist that he had admired as they had met. The junction of the pillar of his cock and the stretched lips of her cunt flowed with her juices as she slid up and down the pole without breaking stride.

“More,” cried Jasmine. “Fuck me properly, you’ve got the cock to do it, so make

me scream, bitch!”

Greg’s hips started into motion. Thrust on her down stroke, pulled down as she moved up. It deepened each stroke as Jasmine’s nails descended and drew long savage scratches on the sculptured muscle of Greg’s taut torso. From collar bones to waist, she tore at him, screaming for more from him as he struggled to fuck her hard enough to end the agony.

She came.

He came.

Jasmine sat hard on him, all her weight pinning him, the rough metal heel-tips of her boots pressing in and yelped as he pressed into the very depths of her and came.

The pressure on her clit against the root of his cock brought her to a shuddering halt and she raised her hands to lick the nails where drops of his blood hung like dew.

Now at last, Greg could feel the agony of the gouging nails. Now that he had gushed deep inside, the searing pain of the fuck became apparent and he realised that the hell-cat sitting on his shrinking erection was more than wild, she was dangerous.

Still on top of her ride, Jasmine threw back her head and reached for the small

bedside cabinet by the bed. Her hand scrabbled for a moment and then pulled a packet of pills from the drawer before she popped one from the packet and passed it to his lips.

“I want to fuck all night, Greg. You’ll need a little help!”

His lips parted and he swallowed the blue pill, a bitter taste in his mouth, a steel rod in his cock. There was no way that he was going to allow her to beat him. He, Greg would show her that he was able to keep up with anything that she did.

His manhood demanded it!

Maid's Quarters

Darleen returned to the house with boxes in her arms and a couple of suitcases and her treasured laptop. She did not have much, but what she had was vital to her life. The laptop was her channel of communication to friends and distant acquaintances. The suitcases held the casual clothes that she habitually slobbered around in and the bundles of books were a mixture of romance, fantasy and hard core SQL language-instruction manuals.

She emptied the car box by box and piled up all of her belongings in the hallway to be taken upstairs later. It had seemed strange leaving the house at all, that morning as she had taken a taxi to move her stuff out. At the old place, the girl that she had shared with, the girl that always complained about her constant typing and the watching of repeats of 'Friends'; that girl had almost wept as Darleen packed and left because now it meant that she had to pay all of the rent and that she would no longer be able to steal from Darleen's side of the fridge.

Darleen was alone in the house for a few hours, but as soon as all of the boxes and other bits and pieces had been moved into the room that Jasmine had given her, she got changed into the little dress that she had been gifted. It was only right, Jasmine had set the rules and after all, it was her house. The dress was short, it barely covered where stocking met thigh, leaving the hems and seams of the white fishnets to show underneath. Then there was the fact that there were no knickers to go with the outfit. It left Darleen feeling strangely turned-on as well as supremely vulnerable to Jasmine who just loved to tease. Darleen tottered around on the heels and decided that she really had to get used to their height. Jasmine loved the sexy shoes and Darleen would just have to learn to walk without twisting an ankle.

Once she was dressed the collar showed again. On her trip outside to move all of

her things, Darleen had covered the collar with a roll-neck sweater when she realised that Jasmine had forgotten to unlock it last night. She looked in the mirror at the word that was engraved on the small metal plate at the front.

There was something sexy about being labelled a 'slut' and Darleen felt grateful that Jasmine had not had 'bitch' written on the tag. How could she know that a new tag was already engraved and waiting to be added to the collar, the word 'cow' in bold capitals?

Darleen started to clean up a little. The task was onerous in the uniform that she had been given, especially the shoes, so she kicked them off in the hallway and went about her tasks in stockinged feet.

Starting in the bedroom, Darleen first tied back the curtains properly before she turned back the bed to discover stains on the under-sheets that were clearly the result of sex. Blood smears on the coverlets, dark ringed stains on the sheets, the only possibility that seemed to be possible was that a man had fucked in the bed! Darleen tried to recall if the stains had been there at her last lovemaking with Jasmine, but she was fairly sure that she would have noticed them.

Her heart sinking a touch at what she had found, Darleen's spirits soon picked up and she started to do a few chores in a haphazard way, not fully realising that Jasmine would expect perfection even on the first day of her service.

For an hour, Darleen pottered around before she attended to unpacking the boxes and laying everything in neat piles. The size of the house gave her a sense of satisfaction. There was so much room that the two lovers would not be tripping over one another and could find space without a problem. All she needed was the WiFi password and she could go online and check her Facebook page.

Living the dream was going to be fun.

As the afternoon faded to evening, Darleen sat in her frills and watched a little television. Absorbed in a current affairs program she did not hear Jasmine's car arrive, the opening of the front door was the sound that told her that Jasmine had returned.

"Hi," said Darleen as Jasmine entered the room.

Dressed in her work suit, Jasmine stood in the doorway with Darleen's shoes in her hand. She nodded to the girl lounging on the sofa and then walked slowly into the kitchen without a word. Darleen felt disapproval and slowly got from the sofa to follow her.

"Good day at work?" asked Darleen as she watched Jasmine open cupboards and inspect the kitchen.

A hand extended and offered Darleen the shoes.

"I told you that one of the conditions of living here was to wear these..." said Jasmine in a harsh tone.

"Sorry, but they are a little uncomfortable around the house," said Darleen with a sinking feeling at the frown on Jasmine's face.

“Put them on and don’t argue,” said Jasmine.

As she turned she smiled, but the emotion did not reach her eyes.

Darleen hastened to slip into the shoes and did up the buckles on her ankles, puzzled at Jasmine’s critical mood. She stood, uncertain of what to say next, not wanting to irritate her lover further, so it was Jasmine that next spoke.

“I have bought some better little padlocks for them,” said Jasmine.

In the palm of her hand were two tiny brass padlocks that Darleen took and clicked on to the anklets to fasten them.

“In future, you will always wear them in the house,” said Jasmine. “Now then, finish cleaning the kitchen and then you can make us a little supper. I have to check something in the cellar, it’ll just take a few minutes.

Darleen looked around the kitchen and could not see what needed to be done.

“What do you want?”

“Just a coffee and something light,” said Jasmine as she pulled a small key from between her breasts and opened the door down to the cellar. “In a moment we can discuss the living arrangements and the money.”

Alone once more, Darleen moved around the cupboards and straightened the contents. At least the high heeled shoes allowed her to reach up high. Next was the coffee. She started to rummage through the fridge, making two small salads and arranging other items on the kitchen table as the coffee brewed.

Was Jasmine upset with her? she wondered. Perhaps it was just the shock of her moving in? It would take time for the older woman to adjust, she supposed. Especially after the death of her husband. The door to the cellar reopened and Jasmine reappeared before taking one of the stools at the kitchen table. She opened her handbag and took out some papers and arranged them whilst the pretty maid arranged the table silently.

“I’m sorry,” said Darleen, “if I upset you about the shoes, I just had such a day moving everything and...”

“Never mind about that,” said Jasmine. “Serve the coffee and then we can discuss a few bits and pieces.”

Darleen did as she was told and sat opposite Jasmine.

“First the money,” said Jasmine. “This is a high interest account. Close your own and put everything into it.” She pushed a paper over to Darleen and her finger rested on the line at the bottom. “Sign there please.”

Darleen signed.

“You will see that the account has started with three thousand for this month,” said Jasmine. “That means that you don’t need a job because I have set up payments every month.”

Jasmine pulled back the paper and then pushed another over to the collared maid.

“This is just a little legal arrangement about you living here. Since I am employing you, it describes your work for me and so on. I will have to pay tax and social security on your salary, so this sets up the rules of your employment.”

Darleen pulled over the form and started to read. The heading was, ‘Contract Of Employment’ and underneath it started with the words, ‘Miss Darleen Wilson is contracted for an indeterminate period as personal maid and domestic with a given notice period of six months.’

She carried on reading, noticing those waves of disapproval emanating from the woman on the other side of the table.

“It’s a standard contract,” lied Jasmine. “Safe to sign!”

Darleen stopped at the point where compulsory wearing of a uniform was required and looked up. The pursed lips caused her to pick up the pen and sign.

“Good,” said Jasmine. “Now, there’s just one more thing. I need you to sign

this...”

Her hand pushed over another form filled with dense writing. At the bottom were two signatures already appended and the heading was printed ‘Lasting Power of Attorney under the Mental Capacity Act 2005’. Darleen looked up at Jasmine and a questioning look on her face prompted Jasmine to say, “It’s just a little insurance for me, darling. If you live here, you have certain rights of abode, I just have to be sure that you can’t dispute the ownership of the house and so on...”

“Who’s this?” asked Darleen, pointing to the two signatures.

“Just witnesses, to save time,” said Jasmine.

“They are both doctors...”

“Just friends of mine,” said Jasmine with a smile. “Once you sign we can get on with our lives and start having fun.”

“Oh,” said Darleen as she hesitated with the pen over the line at the bottom. “It’s not needed; I would never trick you!”

“I don’t think that you would, dear,” said Jasmine, “but I just have to be sure.”

Darleen signed and pushed the paper back to Jasmine.

“Good, that’s excellent. Now you live here officially! We are a couple.”

Darleen felt the heavy mood lift and sipped her coffee.

“All you have to do is keep the house spic and span, that’s what I’m paying you for, don’t forget to sort the money out and close your accounts. I will pay the other money in cash, so that you won’t need a bank card for the few little things that you will need.”

“I can always keep them open,” said Darleen meekly. “It might be useful, you know, for my credit rating and so on.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll sort that all out,” said Jasmine. “Now then, I think that we should go upstairs and play a little. Just pop up and change the sheets on the bed and I’ll be up in a few minutes.”

Darleen stood and wobbled on the heels for a moment. She felt self-conscious and awkward.

“There is a question,” she said.

“What’s that?”

“Which room is mine? I need to move my stuff in.”

“I’ll show you when I come up. Now you just pop along and change the sheets.”

Darleen thought of the stains and blood on the sheets.

“Last night? I mean, was there someone here?”

“Of course not, darling. Are you getting jealous already, you’ve only been here five minutes? That’s not the way to start the first day here!”

“It’s just that...”

“I finished my period last night,” said Jasmine offhandedly. “Now don’t be silly, why would I need to fuck someone else when I have a cutie like you for a maid?”

Her hand reached out and lifted the frills of the dress and Jasmine inspected the dripping slit that swelled to her touch.

“You are here to please me, if you do that job well enough, then I won’t need anyone else, will I?”

“I suppose not!”

Crypt

“How are you enjoying your death?” asked Jasmine.

Daniel crawled a pace and looked up at the woman sitting on the armchair. Her strong thighs were wide, her ass naked on the cushion, her stiletto heeled Oxfords rested on their spikes. She had allowed him from his cage, and for that he was grateful. The cane in her hands bowed as she flexed her wrists before she laid the bamboo rod on her knees and looked down at him with a smile.

It seemed that the question was rhetorical, spoken for the sake of making him suffer and he guessed that any answer that he gave would be wrong, so he stayed silent and waited. Daniel guessed that he had been in the cellar for weeks now. At seemingly random intervals, Jasmine visited and teased him with small snippets and hints of her outside life.

“Now that Darleen is my little maid and that conceited brother of yours is in my bed, I can concentrate on moving them both along and teaching them their duties. Making my life one of sheer bliss!”

Daniel remembered the nights that he had spent watching Jasmine play with them both and shivered. How had he never come to see this part of her during their years together? Never realising that she was a psychopath, a malevolent sociopath? There had been clues, but he had missed them. Her attitude to money, the ways that she had kept him out of her life even as they lived together. The lack of sex in the last years and most of all the way that she never made any compromises in her life.

Now he was bound like an animal in her especially created cellar, watching Jasmine slowly create a new life in which she was the utter centre of everything. The young man who found her overwhelming despite his self-belief, being ground down. The young woman who against all rational logic still thought that she only had to wait long enough and Jasmine would say the words that she longed to hear. That her lover had no other...

“They are both just weaklings,” mused Jasmine. “Just like you are a weakling.”

The words seemed to excite her, pull her from her reflective mood as her hands moved to open the lips of her cunt to reveal a sticky mess that was oozing from it, Greg’s deposit from last night’s night-time games.

“Here,” she said as her finger moved through the come and her juices.
“Something to thank me for...”

She had gathered the ooze and her hand extended to his lips.

“I have decided that it will be better for you to stay chaste. It’s for your own good, you can watch and get all horny, that’s why I am not going to geld you. Of course I will never allow you to touch me, that would be so wrong. On the other hand...” The finger brushed his lips and Daniel kissed it, lapping the fragrant slime with his tongue. “...there will be times when the leavings might be available for my caged piggy.”

“Please, I want to serve you,” said Daniel.

“Of course you do,” smiled his wife. “What man wouldn’t want to please me? But, you can serve me best by being here for me. A muse to help release my tensions. My lusts.”

Her fingers dipped idly into the lips of her pussy and glided over the swelling inner lips. Massaging them and making her gasp a little as she enjoyed the moment.

“I have a bit of a problem,” she said. “You understand Greg... You know him so well.”

Daniel waited for her to continue, but she did not reveal what was on her mind. She just slowly frigged herself, relaxing while her half closed eyes contemplated her pet. When the climax came there was further gush of liquid from her, it pooled between her thighs on the leather of the armchair, a dribble slowly progressing down the cushion at the front.

“Lap it up, piggy!”

Daniel moved to between her thighs. Now that he was so close to her he could almost feel the heat from her cunt. The scent of pure sex that filled his senses. He was tempted to touch, but the bamboo rod that rested on her stockinged knees held him from acting on his thought and he lapped at the cushion and slowly cleaned the leather.

“Good little boy,” said Jasmine watching him intently. “I really think that you need to get some nice fresh come, still warm from the cock that it just spurted from. I’ll have to see what I can do about it.”

Daniel moved back and craned his neck as his wife slowly stood to stand before him with the cane curved in her hand.

“You’ve been a good piggy,” she said. “That means that three strokes should be enough for the day. A fitting reward...”

The hem of her skirt brushed his face for a moment as she stepped around him, a waft of her perfume and the scent of come passing his nostrils as she went.

The tip of the cane touched his erection and balls, poking them and causing him to flinch.

“Just think,” said Jasmine. “I could give you the little wank that you so desperately need. Would you like that?”

He nodded and looked down at the shiny leather of her heels. The tight laces, the way that the stockings bagged at the ankles. He imagined her fucking him with those sharp spikes and the thought made his cock quiver in anticipation.

“Of course you would. Maybe, one day I’ll do it, if I’m in the mood, but today is not that day!”

The cane swished and cut a red line across his ass.

“That should purge those naughty little piggy thoughts,” said Jasmine. “No

fucky-fucky for my little piggy...”

The second stroke went on top of the first making the husband squeal and shudder.

“Of course, maybe you’ll learn to come when I punish you,” she tittered. “I might allow that. It would be so sweet; so why don’t you try for me?”

The third cut of the cane was vicious. Flaying the naked back lengthways with sudden sharp force.

Daniel saw the tip of the cane come to rest on the floor in his vision. It flexed for a moment and her feet stepped into view. He regarded the shoes, black and elegant, covering her feet to the ankles, laced tight with metal hooks, shaping her feet making him feel almost as if they, not Jasmine herself, were punishing him.

He hated them and loved them.

“Now then, run along to the hole,” she said.

The cane tapped his ass gently and he slowly turned on all fours to head for the open gate of the place that he feared.

“Tonight my little maid is going to meet your brother, so make sure that you watch every detail. I will test you when I come down tomorrow morning.”

He backed into the hole and saw the bars swing closed. Her manicured hands closed the padlocks and then she squatted to look in at him.

“I quite forgot,” she said. “There was something else. I have sold your house and the insurance money has been paid, but something else happened that I really didn’t expect.”

Jasmine’s hand moved to the solid steel door that would close out the world and leave just the pink light that she had chosen. That and the bright little screen that showed the maid making the bed far above. All he could see was up her skirt, the bunched muscles of the thighs, the tops of the stockings and the naked cunt that leaked his brother’s seed.

It dripped, stretching to spatter the floor.

“That silly program that you did, the search algorithm thingy. Today I signed the contract and you’ll never guess... it was worth millions! Just think, you could have sold it at any time and then you’d never have been in all of this trouble! Just think on that as you watch the lesson that I’m going to teach my two other slaves!”

The door closed with a loud clang.

The padlock clicked closed.

Part Four

The Completion

Lounging

Jasmine was satisfied.

Three months ago she had been waiting with bated breath to see if the idiot hired by her husband had done what he was paid for. Now she was rich beyond all of her wildest dreams and more, the young woman that she had used to manipulate her husband had proved to be pliable and so needy that she suffered almost any indignity as she slid into servitude. As for Greg, well he was well under her thumb! From being a self-assured misogynistic pursuer of mature needy women he now supplied what her husband had never been able to give her, the simple satisfaction of his misery as every small humiliation and abuse was piled on the previous one.

She stretched on the sofa in the living room and kicked off her heels to watch them tumble to the floor. As soon as they were still, Darleen's hands straightened them, loosened the laces and stood them neatly awaiting her feet.

"A brandy, please," said Jasmine to the maid.

As Darleen hastened to fetch her mistress' drink, Jasmine turned her head to watch the little cow hurrying to fulfil her request. The last two months had brought changes that outwardly seemed trivial. The dress now was open at the front, cut away with a pretty lace edging that exposed the breasts and allowed them to be enjoyed all the time.

They hung like firm cones, the nipples smooth and tempting, the flesh so sweet to squeeze and molest.

The skirt was shorter now. Darleen's pussy peeped from under the hem and the tight fishnet stocking tops were fully visible. The best touch, reflected Jasmine was the stern white girdle that pinched the young woman's waist to a slim twenty inches. It flared her hips, made her thighs seem plump and tempting and accentuated those delicious breasts so agreeably.

The brandy glass appeared and Jasmine took it from the lace gloved hand and sipped, enjoying the heady fumes before she sipped.

"A massage," said Jasmine to her maid.

Her feet twitched and she stretched her legs as Darleen kneeled to gently fondle her feet. Jasmine closed her eyes and relaxed back as she considered the next move in her little game.

Every night, the maid was locked into her room to allow the occasional visit from Greg. What had to happen now was to bring them all together. Piggy in the basement, the slut maid and the lover with his needy cock. In a sense it would be the culmination of everything, getting them all to serve together in harmony while she enjoyed being the centre of attention.

The hands on her feet pressed their thumbs into the arch of her foot and Jasmine sighed with contentment. It was still necessary to continue the encouragement that she used, but soon that would fall away and Darleen would become nothing more than a pretty piece of furniture in the house.

Greg was the problem!

He lived miles away, had finished his exams and was now working for a legal firm in the City. Too independent by far, he needed to be reined in and brought to heel! Perhaps Jasmine could get him working for her, there was a constant need for barristers and solicitors and that would allow him to be under her supervision all of the time.

It would be terrible if he started to lose his addiction for fucking Jasmine and decided one day to walk out without her having some sort of firm grip on his fat cock!

Jasmine's mind ranged over the possibilities.

She opened her eyes to see Darleen, her face close to the manicured toes as she slowly worked her way from ankles to toes and then back along the soles with the occasional kiss to the hooked nails that nestled under the loose stockings. Jasmine watched the plump, taut hanging breasts swing and then took in the over-the-top femininity of the maid who served her. Lace and pastels, sheer satin and small roses and bows.

Her mind put the two ideas together and she mused on the idea. Feminising Greg was certainly possible, it might take months, but there were ways to move him from hidden knickers to frilly dresses. The problem was; Jasmine already had a little maid, what she needed was a stud ready to service her at any moment.

A man that at least thought that he was masculine even if she had gelded him mentally already.

Even though the idea of feminising him appealed, she dismissed it at last. After all, it was his cocky masculinity under her claws that was the joy of the young man. What she needed was another way to guide him, lock him in and make him hers, never to escape.

“Enough, dear,” she said. “My shoes please.”

Darleen nodded and kissed the toes one final time before slipping the shoes back on to her mistress’ feet and lacing them tight.

“Tonight you will need your sleep,” said Jasmine to the waiting maid. “Make sure that you get to your room nice and early at eight because a guest is coming.”

“Yes, Jasmine,” said Darleen.

Using her name was something else that would soon have to be discouraged, thought Jasmine. It was too personal, but the words ‘Miss’ and ‘Mistress’ were also not suitable. It might be better if the little cow never spoke. It was certainly an idea, but on the other hand there were still months of grooming ahead before she was fully trained so it was not something to get irritated by!

“We need to discuss something,” said Jasmine with a small smile and a squeeze of those ripe breasts.

Darleen smiled back and blew a small kiss.

“A month ago, you told me that the reason that you were saving was to indulge yourself by improving your figure. I have decided that it’s a good idea and we really need to decide when to have it done.”

“I’m not sure if I still want that,” said Darleen. “Before I met you, I dreamed of a little cosmetic surgery, but now that I don’t have any boyfriends I think that I’m over it.”

“Not even for me?”

“I thought that you were satisfied with me...”

Darleen’s hands went from her narrow waist to her full breasts, tweaking the nipples as they went.

“Isn’t this what you want from me?” she asked.

“You are gorgeous,” said Jasmine.

Darleen blushed and a shy smile came over her face.

“That’s so nice of you to say!”

“Perhaps just a little adjustment would make you perfect and then I could love you like you deserve!”

The words ‘love you’ caused Darleen to have to steady herself. Was this the moment? The moment when the woman that she adored would finally admit that there was so much between them?

“A touch here and there,” said Jasmine reaching to cup a breast with her hand. “Maybe a little tattoo that could show me that you belong to me alone?”

The idea had never occurred to Darleen and she wondered how she had never thought of it before.

“Ooh, I could put your name on my shoulder,” said the young woman. “A little heart and some special words...”

“Something like that,” said Jasmine. “That’s a wonderful idea. But, if you were just a little larger...”

Jasmine’s hand pinched the nipple to show what was in her thoughts.

Darleen looked down and nodded.

“Just a little bit, I suppose. If it makes you happy.”

“That’s a good girl,” said Jasmine softly. “You so know how to please me!”

“OK, I’ll do it. For you.”

“It’s all arranged,” said Jasmine. “Tomorrow you will be picked up and in a couple of days you’ll be back so that I can admire how much you love me.”

The suddenness made Darleen almost cry.

“There, there. It’s not so bad! You’ll be back here in no time at all and never have to leave again. I promise!”

Darleen nodded mutely and sighed as the fingers of her lover played with her breasts.

“I have already decided everything for you and found a few words to add to your perfect skin,” said Jasmine. “When you get back, we can celebrate with a night that will make you mine at last!”

Tears of joy rolled down Darleen’s cheeks and she leaned to kiss one of the hands that teased her breasts.

“Remember, eight O’clock to bed, like I said. Then in the morning you will have to dress to go outside. I’ll leave a pair of shorts and a T shirt to go out in, it would not be right to send you in your uniform.”

It was the first time for a month that Darleen had been permitted to leave, thought Jasmine. This would be the very last time. For three days, while Darleen was in hospital, Jasmine could concentrate on Greg, then, in a month both he and the maid would be ready to be introduced to each other.

That would just leave Daniel to be added into the mix. An altogether trickier proposition.

Jasmine would think of something, some way.

A trickle of lubrication wet her thighs.

Swaying

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” cried Jasmine as the cock ravaged her cunt.

Greg’s hips swayed back and forward as he knelt on the floor between Jasmine’s open thighs and pumped into her with a will. She sat on the bed, propped on her hands watching him plunge through her, his hands frantically massaging her clitoris to bring her to the climax that she demanded from him.

“Oh, God, I need you, baby,” she shouted.

Greg heard the words and flinched. It was always now, just before the peak that she clawed him to ribbons, forcing him to come deep inside her, but this time was different.

Jasmine gasped in lust and pulled him close to her. A strong grip that pressed his prick deep as she allowed herself to slide from the bed a little and mount his cock when he sat back.

Now she was on his lap, spiked hard on him, her hands pressing his face to her breasts, holding one of the soft globes to allow him to suck and bite at her had nipple as she climaxed, squeezing the come from him with a final pressure of all of her weight.

It gathered, something clicked deep inside and he released spurt after spurt, a

fountain of come that filled her cunt and emptied his balls of every last ooze.

“Fuck, Greg, that was so good, baby,” she sighed. “Like a stallion for me, I so needed to be filled with hard cock!”

Greg panted and twitched in his vinegar convulsions, the ones that always made him gasp and push again even though the feeling was like an intense tickle that forced the very last drop from him, deep inside.

She lifted from his lap and kissed him on the lips.

That was new for him as well! First the fuck that did not punish him as he came, next a lascivious kiss with her tongue probing his mouth. Then she lifted from him and lay back on the bed to prevent his come leaking from her hole.

“That was so good, Greg,” she breathed again.

He had to admit that he felt the same way and slowly moved to sit on the bed beside her and then drop down to lie, his face turning towards her flushed cheeks, feeling the warmth of her climax and watching her shuddering return to earth.

“You are such a good fuck,” he said.

Jasmine’s face turned to his and she kissed him and a hand slithered down the muscles of his torso to take his half erect cock in her hand.

“It’s this that makes it,” she breathed.

Her hand pulled at his cock and then cupped his balls.

They lay, exhausted. Silent, each in their own private thoughts before Jasmine slowly sat up and started to play with the shrunken prick. She closed her thighs to hold in the come that was intended for her husband and slowly worked to bring her lover to hardness with gentle caresses and closing her forefinger and thumb around the base of him to trap the erection and build it up.

“More?” she asked.

“Soon,” he breathed, turning to look at her.

Jasmine was still a mystery to him, even after months of frantic fucking. Sometimes ruthless, adding the Viagra to the mix, making him fuck like a machine, other times, like tonight she was almost gentle and persuasive. Greg could never figure out the mood, but he knew in his heart that this was coming to an end. The constant sex was exhausting him, she was draining every drop of come and then every erg of energy in his frame.

Some mornings it was almost impossible for him to drag himself from his or her bed and go to the office, but the addiction to her games kept him coming back. Each assignation was a little different, but he was getting bored with her neediness, her domination of his cock and his mind. Greg decided that he need to escape! There was nothing special enough to keep him in her arms.

“I have a new game to play,” she said in a coquettish voice. “Something kinky and special...”

“Mm,” he sighed as he wondered what new sex toy she was about to produce with a fanfare. “What toy?”

Vibrators, handcuffs and the rest. She had done it all...

“Not a toy darling, well actually it is...”

He turned to face her sitting form and felt his arousal regained as her hands played on the slick tip of his prick.

“What is not a toy and a toy?” he asked.

“It’s not a riddle, darling,” she said with a sudden grin. “It’s something that I know you’ll love to do!”

“And?”

“There’s a girl that wants to join our little games!”

The suggestion caused Greg to become alert suddenly. Three in a bed, now that sounded appealing.

“Who is she?” he asked, the interest showing on his face.

“Wouldn’t it just be better to meet her?” asked Jasmine.

“Depends.”

“On what?”

“If I fancy her, of course. Another woman might make you jealous!”

“Not if I selected her.”

“Are you paying her, then?”

“No, of course not,” lied Jasmine.

“OK then, tell me about her.”

“She’s young and got a fantastic figure. Sexy and just a bit kinky. In fact, she’s a lot kinky!”

“So are we,” said Greg.

“Not like this little slut,” laughed Jasmine.

“You’ve slept with her?”

The tone was accusatory.

“Of course my little stud! How else would I know?”

The revelation did not seem shocking, coming as it did from Jasmine’s lips. He felt a twinge of envy and then leaned to kiss a nipple.

“So tell me about this kinky slut that you want me to fuck,” he said as his lips lifted a moment.

“She’s into all that BDSM stuff, really into it I mean.”

“I can’t see anyone make you submit,” laughed Greg, “so she must be submissive.”

“A perfect little cow,” said Jasmine.

“So when do I get to fuck this slut of yours?” asked Greg.

The whole idea was starting to appeal. Three in a bed, one of them cuffed and used, while he fucked under the direction of his MILF girlfriend. His cock hardened and jerked as Jasmine started to prepare Greg for the next bout.

“In a month!”

“Why so long?”

“Because, she’s away at the moment. When she gets back, then I’ll tell her that you want to fuck her and we’ll arrange a night that will make everything so far seem like a quick wank!”

Greg’s hips twitched as the nail from Jasmine’s thumb pressed home on the swelling tip.

“There’s something else as well,” she said as she slowly gripped his cock and pushed down to stretch him to his full ten inches. “Something that I can arrange for you.”

Greg gasped as her other hand squeezed his balls while she leaned down and kissed him.

“Jasmine, Jesus, that’s so good...”

“I can get you a job in my office...”

“I already have one, intern.”

“This will pay Fifty-K a year and bonus...”

“You just want to fuck me on your desk,” he moaned as Jasmine got control of his cock and rolled over to mount his thighs. “You kinky bitch!”

“Your bitch, darling. The one that needs you cock inside her needy cunt.”

The thought of what she was offering was like an aphrodisiac.

Jasmine sat on his cock and rolled her hips, making him feel every inch of the muscles that she clenched onto him. His thoughts went to the idea of the girl that his lover was prepared to amuse him with and he thrust deep, making Jasmine gasp and ride his hips like a steer.

Her hands pressed on his chest, he could feel the nails bite, but the claws of the cat on his cock stayed sheathed as she found that rhythm that would make him gasp and never quite climax until she decided that the moment was hers.

Using

“Here, you don’t need this anymore,” said Jasmine as she fumbled with the clip at the back of the bra. “It’s time to see how they look in your new uniform.”

Darleen felt tears in her eyes.

She stood in her mini-skirt and stockings as Jasmine moved behind her and started to loosen the bra that she had had to wear for two weeks. The bruised feeling had gone, but the weight made her uncomfortable and she knew that what had been done to her went far beyond what she had understood from her lover. The small written declaration and little heart on her arm was just as she had wanted, but the itching rawness on her back told her that something else had been added even though Jasmine had told her that it was a surprise yet to come.

“Now, I’ll be gentle,” said Jasmine as she held the closure of the undone bra in her hands.

The excitement in Jasmine’s voice was palpable, but it did not really comfort the girl who knew that the size of her was a terrible distortion of her previously perfect figure. The tears streamed down her face as the bra loosened and then fell off and Darleen dared not look down at the new breasts that hung with such weight.

Jasmine took two steps around her naked and sobbing maid. Now she could see what had been done she put her hand to her mouth and gasped with pleasure.

The shape was the same, taut cones with large smooth nipples that hung down with such a tempting aspect. The difference was just the size. Formerly they had hung just a few inches, bobbing deliciously at every movement, now the nipple hung to waist, like smooth human udders that just begged to be milked.

“Oh, they’re so perfect,” said Jasmine with a warmth that made Darleen open her eyes to wonder at the delight on the older woman’s face. “Just like we wanted!”

Darleen looked down and saw the expanse of smooth skin, the huge pink nipples that seemed almost as big as her breasts had been a month ago and her hand instinctively reached down and felt the skin with her fingertips.

“They’re huge,” sobbed Darleen as she explored her breasts gently. “I never knew that they would be like this...”

“It’s exactly what I wanted,” said Jasmine. “If you are going to be an ungrateful little cow about it, then I will get angry with you!”

Darleen took a minute to get over her fit of weeping before she looked at Jasmine and tried to assuage her irritation.

“No, really. I’ll get used to them and if you want this then I want it too!”

“That’s better,” said Jasmine. “Now I suppose that I can allow you to see the special picture that I had put on your back?”

Darleen nodded while Jasmine stalked off to get a mirror. She stood there and explored her breasts. Of course she had known how large they were, after all, she had spent a month with the bra on and the weight of them always seemed to pull her so forward that she had trouble on her heels. Her glance turned to the mirror over the mantelpiece and she saw just how outsized they actually were.

Unsupported, they hung like huge soft fruit, the nipples distended and stretched, enormous and pulled tight, forming cones that her palms could scarcely cover.

She wondered why Jasmine had wanted this, but the excitement in her tone had been clear and for that she would learn to love them.

Jasmine came back with a mirror and stood behind Darleen before she held it straight so that the young woman could look forward into the mantelpiece mirror and read the message of love that had been put on her back.

At first she could not make out the huge pattern that had been put on her back, then she realised that the top was just a few words in curly cursive script.

‘Property of Jasmine Jamison.’

Underneath was what seemed to be an address and the stripes of a bar code.

“I like yours as well,” said Jasmine as her finger traced the heart that was overwritten with the words ‘Forever for Jasmine’. “But, mine is much more

definite...”

Darleen looked at the rapture on her lover’s face as she admired the words written on her back and shuddered slightly. For the first time she felt as though she wanted to leave. Run away and escape what the woman that she loved was doing to her. It seemed that Jasmine sensed the feeling and she smiled wickedly and nodded.

“You want to go?” she asked.

Darleen nodded dumbly.

“Is pleasing me just a little so very difficult for you?”

“Please, Jasmine. It is so difficult to be yours. So very difficult.”

Jasmine nodded.

“Of course you can go,” she said. “Whenever you like you can give notice. That was our contract.”

“Please,” wailed Darleen. “Please let me.”

“Just give me the six months’ notice that you signed for and I’ll get a doctor to examine you!”

“A doctor?”

“Of course. You will have to prove to him that you are mentally fit to be released from my care, dear. Of course you won’t get a penny from me, all your accounts are mine to spend and the clothes that I’ve so kindly given you. You’ll be walking out without them as well.” Jasmine’s voice changed pitch. “How dare you treat me like this?”

The last phrase was almost a scream and Darleen flinched and looked around as if to see if she could scurry to find a way from her owner’s anger.

“I didn’t do anything,” wailed Darleen.

“I gave you everything, I paid you so much, I allowed you to make me happy and then I simply did what you wanted and now you accuse me of such terrible things.”

“I’m so sorry...”

“Well,” said Jasmine, sensing that Darleen was crumbling and falling into her grip totally. “If you want to stay, say it now, tell me that you are mine like the label on your back. Go or stay, make up your mind. Now!”

“I want to stay, please let me stay! Please, please, I’m begging you Jasmine.”

“Go to your room, put on the nice new uniform that I got for you while I decide what happens next,” said Jasmine in a hard tone. “You have hurt me and that needs to be put right, so go upstairs and decide what you can do to make me feel as though you deserve to stay!”

“I’ll do anything... please, you know that I will!”

Those magical words were music to Jasmine’s ears.

Darleen tottered on her heels and sobbed as she headed up the stairs, hurrying to do as she was told.

Dominating

‘Tonight’s the night,’ thought Jasmine as she slowly climbed the stairs.

Each step was a physical movement, all the others had been completed and now just needed bringing together. All the pieces were on the board, it was just a case of making a few moves and the game was won.

She considered what to wear. Normally, this was not a concern, it did not matter, but tonight it was important to make the right impression, mark the events as important and wear something that would mark her as the woman who commanded her puppets to perform.

She walked into the bedroom to find Darleen waiting as instructed. The sight of the broken doll on all fours gave her a small tight feeling of satisfaction. Since that evening a couple of weeks ago the girl had finally resigned herself to the role that Jasmine had chosen for her. Occasionally she was permitted to be a maid, when she had been a good little cow, most of the time she was simply an adornment, a pet that followed Jasmine around the house and was there when she was needed.

The uniform had been chosen for her position as the personal pet of the woman whose name was inscribed upon her back was not elaborate. A simple tight skin of stretchy spandex that formed a single piece. Of course, the lacy frills that wound around it softened the outline, but the simple bags on her hands and the high held white stilettos forced her to crawl with those delicious breasts almost trailing on the floor. Simply, they swung from her chest, nipples brushing the carpet, the small ribbons that were twined around the nipples giving a cute look

to the girl who no longer had thoughts in her head but to please the woman who ruled her every breath.

Jasmine ignored her pet and stripped off her work suit. The tight tube of the skirt, the grey stockings and the blouse and jacket. She tossed them to the ground and Darleen carefully crawled to attend to them.

“Red stilettos, black fishnets and the corset,” said Jasmine as she dropped her blouse to the floor.

While Darleen moved to obey, she slipped into the bathroom and carefully shaved herself. Best to be smooth and attractive for Greg. Every detail had to be correct to bring him past shocks and misgivings, lure him with pure sex into performing his role in the finalising moves of the game.

Jasmine pulled her hair into a bun and clipped it tight, adding a black ribbon to hold the hair in place before she started on the makeup. A little severe, with touches of delicate pink around the eyes.

In the bedroom Jasmine found everything ready and sat to pull on the stockings. She loved the rasping close feel of them and smoothed them before slipping on the modest heels that she had chosen. The corset slipped on and she pulled the laces tight, starting at the top and working her way down to tie them off in a loose bow that would trail enticingly over her ass. There was just one last piece to add, the finishing touch so to speak.

The diaphanous net robe wafted around her, creating a black mist of gauze that allowed peeps of her breasts and pussy, stockings and heels without being naked.

Jasmine admired the look in the mirror and mentally counted up the cost of the clothes. Amazing, for just a couple of hundred pounds she had created a look that should cost thousands.

She stood and admired herself before putting a hand down and stroking the head of her pet affectionately.

“Would my little cow like to be fucked tonight?” she asked.

Darleen looked up and kissed the hand that stroked her. She had not been in bed with her owner for a week and it seemed that the period of Jasmine’s irritation with her was coming to an end.

“That’s good! I have decided you are going to meet someone special...”

“I love you,” said Darleen, trying to understand what her mistress meant, but there was no further word and she followed Jasmine from the bedroom on all fours.

As Jasmine started to descend, she looked back at Darleen.

“Stay in the bedroom. Make yourself ready, because soon I will be using you!”

Darleen watched from the top step as Jasmine floated down the stairs and disappeared into the lounge. She had meant what she had just said, she decided,

she really loved the woman who had been so kind to her.

In the lounge, Jasmine fixed herself a drink and adjusted the long robe and made sure that the seams of her stockings were straight. She took a deep breath and went to the window just in time to see Greg climbing the steps to the house.

“Darling,” said Jasmine as she opened the door. “Come on in, tonight’s the night for the real fun to begin.”

He smiled and kissed her and then followed her into the lounge.

“Drink?” she offered.

“Scotch,” he said as she sat down in an armchair and watched Jasmine, admiring the attention that she had paid to herself.

Her clothes were always sexy, a little dated and unflattering, but this time she had become the older women that he longed for. Jasmine passed him the glass and then sat down to curl her legs on the sofa.

“How’s the office?” she asked.

“Fine,” said Greg with a smile. “Some of those secretaries are so horny! Thanks for the word you put in!”

“No touching them, your cock is mine only,” said Jasmine sternly and then began to giggle while he raised his glass.

“You look so good, good enough to eat!” he said.

“If you like!”

Greg relaxed as he realised that she was in the best mood that he had seen her in for weeks. The tension had faded and she was sexy and perfect to fuck.

They sipped in silence before Jasmine slowly unwound from the sofa. She stood and rearranged the gauzy robe, allowing him a full view of her figure as she did so. Another rarity, he realised. She always seemed to remain clothed while insisting that he was naked. No accounting for older women!

“Are you ready to meet my little friend?” she asked.

“Jeez, I thought that you’d never ask.”

Jasmine put down her empty glass and took his hand.

“There’s just one rule to remember,” said Jasmine as she kissed him lightly on the lips. “Little Darleen needs coaxing, be gentle with her this time!”

“This time?”

“When she gets used to the whole idea, we can be a bit rougher, but for now, it’s a strict rule!”

“As you like.”

His cock stiffened in his trousers and Jasmine stroked it through the cloth.

“I think that you’re ready to fuck her...”

Greg led the way up the stairs and turned to meet her at the top. In her hand was the short coil of a whip and he smiled, but inside he felt so strange being led to a threesome by this overpowering woman who had been married to his brother. It was like a dream coming true, every step had led him here.

Jasmine opened the door and Greg walked into the familiar bedroom to find a strange creature on all fours by the bed. Collared and dressed in a mass of tight lace she looked like some sort of plaything. He could see her naked ass, the huge breasts that draped to the floor and the look of fright on her face.

“This is Greg,” said Jasmine soothingly.

Her hand showed the pet the coiled whip and then she continued.

“If you love me then you will love Greg,” she continued. “He wants to see what you can do for him, so I think that I’ll let you two become better acquainted and make sure that he doesn’t hurt you.”

A look of fright came into those eyes as she looked up at him and then she shrank and mewled as he slowly undid his belt and pulled down his trousers to reveal the huge cock that curved from his belly.

“All you have to do is make him happy,” said Jasmine.

She sat down on the bed and watched as Greg, now naked, circled the helpless little girl. He reached down and touched her hanging breasts as if to see if they were real before running his hand down the exposed back where her ownership was proudly displayed.

“She’s mine,” said Jasmine unnecessarily.

“I can see that,” muttered Greg as he moved to Darleen’s rear and inspect the melting hole that he longed to use.

Darleen tried to crawl forward towards Jasmine, but she showed the coil of leather in her hand again and she stopped looking into Jasmine’s eyes piteously. For a brief moment, Jasmine felt a moment of pity for the bitch before she smiled and extended a stilettoed foot for Darleen to kiss.

The sight of the lips on patent leather caused Greg to grip his cock and he

kneeled behind the beautifully smooth ass that was presented to him. He remembered his lover's words and chose that ripe and inviting cunt.

Darleen shivered, but her attention to the red shoes did not falter as the rigid cock met the lips of her pussy and slowly pushed into her. She rocked back and forth as she imagined was expected and then cried out as balls slapped on her clitoris and the fuck began.

Above Darleen was the smiling face of Jasmine as the cock pushed in and out, reaming, opening her as Greg grunted and enjoyed the liquid pussy that had been offered by Jasmine. It was not difficult to come, he held himself back as best that he could before spurting deep inside and enjoying the sudden grip on his cock as she too climaxed as her tongue lapped at her owner's heels.

"There, there," said Jasmine patting the head by her feet. "That was good wasn't it? Would you really like to please my friend for me?"

Darleen looked up and nodded.

Jasmine clapped her hands in encouragement and made a small motion with her hand that brought Greg to slip from the fleshy sheath and sit back, kneeling with his hands resting on the floor. Jasmine slowly stood and winked at Greg before hooking her finger into the pink collar marked 'cow' and giving a small tug to lead her pet to her next duty.

When the soft lips slipped over his cock, Greg was in heaven. Never had he imagined this level of erotic fucking. The girl who wept as she cleaned his cock and licked it spotless with the lapping of her tongue and took him in to swallow

the last drops was so perfect. He could feel himself stiffen in her hole and put a hand on the back of her head to hold her while he felt his hips lift, forcing his massive prick deep into her throat.

Darleen started to struggle as her breathing was cut off and her relented to allow her head to lift, a grateful look in her streaming eyes.

“She’s perfect,” said Greg.

“Of course, but that one’s for me!” said Jasmine as she pushed the crying pet to one side and slowly sat on his lap, her cunt swallowing his cock with a single smooth motion.

She lifted and pushed his lips to suckle her breasts as she settled to the lifting of his hips. Her hand dropped the whip and she took a handful of Darleen’s hair to pull her face down, deep into the cleft of her ass as she leaned forward.

The first touches of the pet’s tongue were heaven and Jasmine gasped with an overwhelming lust. This was exactly what she needed, an acquiescent man fucking her whilst the pet that she had created served like a whore.

Jasmine almost came at once. The climax was unstoppable, months of foreplay had brought her to this, now it was at last reality. She clawed at Greg and shuddered as she orgasmed and then felt a further kissing at her ass and came again, and again in bursts of sheer bliss.

Greg almost cried out as Jasmine lifted from his lap, his prick stood like a tower as she pulled free and he almost had to control himself not to just take the ass-licking pet and push her hard on his need.

“Darling, don’t worry, there’s’ so much more for you,” said Jasmine with a small smile. “I have something that will make you so horny that you’ll come the hardest that you ever have...”

She stood and offered him her hand.

Greg looked at Darleen crouching on the floor and said, “With her?”

“No, darling, there’s something even better, if you can trust me.”

Jasmine patted Darleen on the head and pulled a chain from beneath the bed to snap it on to her collar. Greg watched and then jerked his head towards the snivelling pet that she had just chained.

“Who is she?”

“Don’t spoil the fun with your silly questions! The only answer that you’ll get from me, is that she’s the cow who is being trained to make us come all night and every night.”

His cock lifted and Jasmine stepped close to enfold him in her arms.

“Baby, all you have to do is follow me... obey me. I will take you places where every fuck will be glorious. That’s what you want, isn’t it, to please and satisfy me with that monster cock of mine.”

She moved away from him and took the tiny key that hung between her breasts, holding it up for him to see.

“Come!”

They left Darleen by the bed, come dribbling from her swollen pussy and lips and Jasmine led her man down to the kitchen and unlocked the door.

“This is my secret place,” she whispered. “The place where someone waits to be speared on your cock.”

Greg stopped half way down the stair. The bars of the door were plain and a questioning look came into his eyes.

“Who are you?” he asked.

Jasmine laughed and leaned to take his cock in her hand.

“I am the woman that needs a strong man to satisfy her, a man who can fuck all night, a man that knows that if he obeys her whims he will be cared for and always have cunt sliding the length of his thick cock.”

The shadows cast over her face gave her a demonic look, half passionate, half frenzied, as though the thrill of her control had raised her to a place where none could oppose her. Greg watched her open the door and step into an intense light, a blinding, searing radiance where her Jasmine's fluttering robe cast her sumptuous body into stark relief.

He too stepped into that brilliance to find a room in reflective white. Bright light, and white tiles that shone and cast every detail into stark relief. In the centre of the room a huge box, like an altar on a low plinth, a place of worship. In one corner a tiny door riveted like the entrance to a wood oven, the giant padlock hanging open on the massive bar that held it closed.

What is this place? wondered Greg.

A brightness that seared the eyes, a woman in a fit of intense pent-up excitement, almost orgasmic bliss. Upstairs, a woman chained, leashed to the bed, a decadent affair that was moving towards a place that Greg could not imagine.

Yet!

Jasmine was in a frenzy of lust, she needed to see the fruits of her plan turn at last to solid reality. She moved to the mahogany box and lifted herself with a small fluid movement and reached down to slide open the aperture between her hanging legs behind which a man waited to be fucked by his brother.

Greg saw. He saw the hand sized opening slide, behind it the smooth sculptured

latex of a face with mouth wide to receive a cock and, on either side, the parted legs of Jasmine, her cunt streaming, a madness of unnatural desire on her face as she opened her arms and he took the steps that would make him hers.

He could not help himself, he had to be between those thighs. He had to fuck this new pet that she had obviously created from a young woman. He had to slip his cock into that wide open mouth and pound that throat that took the place of Jasmine's cunt. Touch her breasts, fuck her substitute hole.

Make her come for him as she craved.

He needed her as much as she needed him, she was the pure fuck that he had dreamed of, the unadulterated naked ache for sex in his brain. His lips touched hers in a long kiss. His hands cupped her breasts and teased them, played with the stiff nipples as her arms gathered him in and her long nails bit tightly into his shoulders.

In the dark of his boxed cage, Daniel sobbed as he imagined the scene in his cell. The scraping of his wife's heels on the sides of the box as she lifted her shapely legs and opened them for his brother. The small grunts and pants, the muffled words as she encouraged him. Just a few inches from his open mouth her hand taking Greg's cock in her hand and then directing it to the soft hole that was the substitute for her cunt.

Daniel felt the tube between his lips move and tried to block the entry of the smooth ram that was pressing inwards, clamped his jaws on the plastic of the tubed gag and struggled to resist being fucked, but to no avail. A slight caramel-salt taste of the precum and then it pushed home to choke him. It withdrew before pressing again while small sobs filled his head and female cries of elation told him that Jasmine was ecstatic at the fucking that she was commanding.

The tip of Daniel's tongue pressed against the intruder, feeling every throbbing vein, as it took up a rhythm and neared its zenith. Every thrust accompanied by a groan of pleasure, every stroke nine inches closer to the inevitable climax. Daniel choked on his own torment as much as the thrusting cock and felt a spasm, a tremor, the forewarning of the spurts to come.

Greg felt the pain, the blood running in warm trickles, the terrible agony as her nails carved down and pulled him to her. Felt her hand for a moment, guiding him to the hole she offered. He knew that she was wrong, mad even! He knew it, but his cock filled him with an intense need and slipped into the opening where a smooth tube guided the eager tip over the teeth that tried to bite, the tongue that sought to block until his prick fucked the throat of Jasmine's husband, pushed deep until at last his belly was flat against the wood and her swollen cunt.

Jasmine's legs wound over Greg's hips, dug the red heels into the cheeks of his ass, forcing him closer, though he had reached the limit. Jasmine screamed in abandon, lifting and lowering her hips to rub hard against his abs until she came as his cock erupted deep inside her other cunt as he thrust deep, again and again, into the welcoming tight aperture of the slut whose tongue worked so hard to make him come.

Spouted and jetted come deep inside on the out-stroke.

Drenched tongue and the mouth that was violated.

Poured from him like a fountain of come.

He screamed in satiation and wept.

Jasmine revelled in intense glory.

“I love you,” he screamed.

She knew it was so true.

She loved him too.

The End

But read on, for there is more!

A SMall Note

Dear Reader,

Several years ago, 2012 if my memory serves me correctly, I wrote a small story a lá E. A. Poe. A man is in the cellar and recounts how he got there in pain and betrayal. In a mist of confusion, terror and revenge he recounts his tale and then, comes his wife who intends to use him as a whipping post and as a tool for her lover.

That story, 'The Stair', was a fulcrum moment of my writing. A minor revelation. I discovered how much pain and tension could be packed into so few words and how horror and female domination could occupy the same mental space.

So here we are today, four years later, and the same theme inspired me after I re-posted the original on Facebook. I was inspired; wrote like a succubus in heat. In just five days I had written almost a novel, inspired by the madness of the woman who has to control, has to demolish and abuse. The plot unravelled like a ball of string falling into the Abyss. It had to be written. Jasmine has to bend others to her will until at last she gets the man that she recreates in her own image.

You have read that smeared ink, that lifeblood on the page, now here is the original tale for you to judge. Below the list of some of my other writings. The only editing that I have done is clean up a little of the grammar.

The caged man must suffer again.

Love,

Irene.

The Stair

By

Miss Irene Clearmont.

© 2012 (The Stair) - Miss Irene Clearmont

There is no coming to consciousness without pain - Carl Jung

The only antidote to mental suffering is physical pain - Karl Marx

The Dress

I awoke to the sound of her heels on the stair. It must have been the creak of the door that actually woke me, but it was the click of metal on the terracotta tiles that brought me to.

The faint light from the open door surrounded her slender form like a glow to my light-starved eyes. Her face had that enigmatic smile that she always wore when she entered my little kingdom and looked down at the husband that she kept for her private use and torment in the cellar beneath the house that we had bought together.

As I looked through the bars of the cage I could see that tonight she was wearing that long dress that I had bought for her. The one that we always called the 'hope and charity' dress because it was for charity events that it was intended. Smooth silk, unadorned and flowing like liquid over her slim figure.

At last she stood before the cage and passed a hand over her long curls. It was a little habit of hers that used to so enchant me. Now it left me breathless with desire. How I longed to return to those simple days when every instinctive move of her body and head was a signal of her love for me.

The love that had turned to hate.

Maybe not exactly hate, more distaste...

“Darling,” she said, “I just thought that I’d look in on you for a moment before I went out. It always fills me with such joy to be able to keep you up to date with my love life.”

I nodded but the gag in my mouth prevented words of contrition tumbling from my lips.

Her slender hand moved a stray curl from her cheek as she spoke.

“Do you remember Ken Halderwell?” she asked rhetorically. “Well we have arranged to meet tonight and then perhaps go to the theatre. Who knows what will be happening after that, though I think that the fact that he has booked a room at the Savoy may well mean that I won’t be back until tomorrow.”

I tried to speak but only a whimper issued from my lips.

“Oh, darling, are you hungry or thirsty?” she asked in a mock concerned tone. “Perhaps we have time for you to drink a little?”

I tried to shake my head but she just ignored the movement and turned to get the tube from the hook on the wall. When she had attached the tube to my gag her hands closed the covers over my eyes and smoothed over the leather with a firm motion to make the Velcro take grip.

“That’s better. You know that you are not allowed to see my body any more, not

since you decided that there were other women besides me!”

I heard her slip off her dress and then a slight tugging at the tube as she got herself comfortable. I tried to move my head but she had already hooked it with a ring at the top of the cage where I crouched as the first of the liquid entered my mouth.

I heard the water leave her body and pour into the funnel and her sigh of release as she enjoyed relieving herself for my benefit. As I struggled to swallow she chuckled to herself.

“That’s so much better now. I really didn’t want to go out with all that inside me. I will feed you tomorrow and tell you all about my adventure, so get yourself in the right frame of mind because I would not want you to cry again like the last time.”

I heard the click of her heels on the stair, the slight creak of the door and the turn of the key in the lock and then I was alone in my darkness.

The Plan

The house was paid for, the car was paid for, but the rest of our lives was a mass of bills that we paid as they became due. I suppose that is one of the consequences of working for a software firm. The money arrives in gushes as the work is finished and the salary is paid in bonuses and shares in the software.

If it sells, then you are rich.

If it bombs, then it's nose to the grindstone.

After a year it became clear that the company was going to fold with huge debts unless it was bought out by one of the larger sharks in the pool. My share of the company was twenty per cent. That meant that I had a fifth of the profit and a fifth of the debt! The trouble was that the debt was eight million and the profit was measured in hundreds of thousands.

It was my wife, Eve, my lovely wife who came up with the insurance scheme as I sat one evening trying to make sense of the company accounts.

“Life insurance,” she had said as she looked at the balance sheet that I had sketched out on a piece of A4. “We transfer everything into my name, we insure you for a load of money and then you die!”

I looked up at her, shocked.

“I have to die to get us out of our money problems?” I asked incredulously.

“Don’t be silly darling. You don’t die, you disappear and then I claim the insurance. We hide you abroad or in the cellar and wait until the money comes and all of the company debts are declared invalid due to your death.”

“I’m not sure if that’s a good idea, Eve,” I said doubtfully. “How long does it take?”

“Seven years. But that is seven years abroad, darling,” said Eve seriously. “You will find work under an assumed name and I will guard the fort and visit all the time!”

“I’m not sure,” I replied.

But the idea took root as the debt mounted. We arranged the insurance, a sum of six million with payments of five thousand a month.

“At this rate we will have to move in the next three months,” I said. “There is a panic at the firm because we only have enough money in cash to operate another six months. After that it’s bankruptcy and the end of it all...”

“Then we should really get a plan together and decide how you are going to

die!”

“Abroad, on holiday? Perhaps if we go to Greece or somewhere that the police are not too efficient?”

“So we send someone in your place. Then he disappears and then travels back under his own name. Then we sit it out.”

That was the plan.

Simple and rounded.

There was no great problem finding someone to go abroad for ten thousand, but first we had to prepare a sort of priest hole for me to hide in, at least for a month or two.

Our old Victorian house had two cellars. One was entered from under the stairs and formerly served as a larder and wine cellar. The other was the small coal cellar that was at the front of the house. A door in the kitchen led down the steep steps into a dirty space that was high enough to walk in but was really only four by four yards in area.

It had one advantage, the door could be concealed behind a fitted kitchen unit that slid aside and the lack of windows did not betray its presence.

I am not much of a handyman, a do-it-yourself guy. I am happier with a computer keyboard than a screw driver, but I cleaned the space out, tiled it over and fitted a sink and small toilet ready for my stay in hiding.

I went on holiday.

Actually I bought the tickets for the ferry and trains and then passed my passport to my wife.

“Tomorrow night you move into the cellar, honey,” she said, “and then we begin the plan. Three weeks wait and we will go on a holiday together and escape for a while we figure out how to pass the seven years! I was thinking the south of France, but perhaps Spain is a better idea?”

That day a delivery van arrived and dropped off a massive box. My wife got the deliverymen to take it down to the cellar for an extra twenty pounds’ tip.

“What the hell is that?” I asked.

“It’s something special for you to help you pass the time while you are in our little priest hole. We will open it tomorrow night when we move all the other furniture ready for your stay.”

The next day I went to the office and tried to behave normally. I must have succeeded because we went for a quick drink at a local bar before driving home.

She was waiting for me in her sexiest dessous.

“I think a small drink is in order and then you will spend your last night on earth in heavenly company,” she joked. “I think that you should have a last meal and a last fuck before you die!”

She poured me a whiskey and I sipped it whilst admiring her exquisiteness. In a corset of red satin, sheer stockings and high heels she was a picture of all that I desired in a woman.

I laughed at her joke.

I should have cried.

The Cage

I awoke with a terrible headache. I could not remember what had happened after the drink. I opened my eyes, but I was in the dark.

It was pitch black.

I stretched out a hand and found cold metal. I knelt on the hard wood on which I was lying and hit my head on a low ceiling. It did not take long to realise that I was in a cage, a prison that was not even large enough to lie in. Metal bars fenced me all around, through which I could just pass my hands to feel that the cage lay on a cold tiled floor.

The thumping of my head subsided as I lay still wondering what had happened.

There was a creak of a hinge and a little light entered the room from the top of the stairs. I looked up and realised that I was in the cellar that I had, myself, prepared.

A pile of cardboard lay leaning on one wall and I recognised the box which had been delivered had contained this cage. With a click of her heels my wife came down the stairs. She was still dressed in her dessous, a picture of pure allure.

“What have you done?” I cried out to her. “Why?”

She just smiled and flicked her hair.

From her décolletage she pulled a small piece of paper and waved it in front of the bars of the cage.

“Do you know what this is?” she asked lightly.

I looked at the paper and recognised the logo at the top of the paper. ‘Hotel Thistle’.

“It is the receipt for the hotel where I stayed just three weeks ago,” I said as I looked into her eyes.

“Might I ask who you were with?” she asked in a sweet voice.

“Ken Halderwell of course,” I replied hoping that the lie would pass muster.

“Oh! Ken?”

“That’s right, honey. We had our meeting with Logical Software Solutions in Manchester and that’s where we stayed.”

“But, there is a little problem, honey, with your story,” she said.

“Mmm,” I replied.

“Ken was in London that day because I bumped into him and his girlfriend in Harrods, so I ask again. Who were you with?”

“Honey, please let me out of here and we can discuss this through.”

“What is there to discuss?”

The Hood

The next time that she came to the cellar she was in her jeans and a loose knitted top. In one hand was a large shopping bag, in the other was a box cutter. She wore flat soled trainers and her hair was pulled back into a long plait.

I looked up hopefully as she came to the cage and kneeled just out of reach.

“I have decided that I am going to enjoy punishing you for your little indiscretions, honey,” she said as she pulled a metal dog dish from the sack. “You see, I have been checking through more of the bills and credit card statements and I now realise that my suspicions were right. My little hubby was having an affair which seems to have been going on at least a year or two. What do you have to say about that?”

“I am so sorry...” I started.

“Not as sorry as you are going to be!”

“I love you and only you!”

“Is that so?” she said as she pulled a loose black leather bag from the shopping bag. “Then put this on! If you love me.”

She stressed the word 'love' with a smirk.

I took the leather from her hands and with dismay I realised that it was a sort of hood.

"Please, put it on and then I would like you to wear this as well," she said as she drew a ball gag from her bag. "I am of course saying 'please', but what I mean is that if you do not immediately put on the mask I will be forced to use a bucket or two of cold water to encourage you. Honey!"

I put on the mask and took the gag in my hands.

"Is this really..."

"....necessary?" she asked as she finished the sentence for me.

"Of course it is! You will find that it will all go a lot smoother between us if you have nothing to say. After all, it has been lies all the way for the last few years so silence is better I suppose!"

I tightened the gag, forcing the ball into my open mouth.

"Make sure it is nice and tight," she said.

Then she stood and went to the top of my cage. I thought that she was going to open the sort of lid that was in the centre of the top but instead she clicked a switch.

I heard a regular clicking noise every few seconds, a sort of switch or relay that repeatedly clicked and switched.

“That is an electrical relay,” she said. “If I find you being obstreperous than I will leave it switched on; so that whenever you touch the bars of your little cage you will get a small shock. How small depends on my mood, how long it stays on for is also up to me. I would advise you that I am on a period right now and am not feeling in a very forgiving mood!”

She turned and started to cut the cardboard box into smaller pieces. She worked patiently and swiftly to remove all the cardboard. Then she returned from the house with other boxes that she opened to reveal a set of do-it-yourself cupboards from the local hypermarket. As she put them together she talked to me.

“I need a place to put a few things that really are better not stored in the house, the tools of my revenge so to say,” she said. “Then comes the soundproofing for the door and finally a few more slight alterations that will make my life easier and yours considerably more arduous.”

Finally, she was finished and she went upstairs and closed the door. I was all alone in the dark. I loosened the gag a little and tried to decide how the fuck I was going to get out of this mess.

It was true!

I had had an affair with a woman that I met on a business trip over a year ago. I had slept with her and a couple of others as well. But I had never really expected that it would be, discovered. I had not realised that Eve would take such a terrible revenge. Now I was isolated in the dark, serving solitary with a misused woman as gaoler. Worst was, they would be searching for me in Greece and soon no one would believe that I was even alive!

The Machine

It is a year now, or maybe three. Maybe more! I cannot get a grip on time here in my cage. Eve, my gorgeous wife no longer tells me the date, day or even the time. I am her hobby. The revenge has not yet run its course and she enjoys having a prisoner in the cellar.

Bit by bit she has gained mental and physical control of me. Chains and gags, cuffs and blindfolds. It was obvious that she had been shopping in a sex shop when she came with a collection of items that she could insert into me.

I tried to cry out when she pushed a huge dildo into me, but she just laughed and stroked my cock until I was as hard as a rock.

“Look who likes to be fucked like a little girl,” she said as she switched on the vibrator and slowly milked me with a gloved hand.

“Again?”

I tried to say no but she would not hear.

I felt her attach something to my raging prick that started to move and milk me as the dildo in my rear pushed and bucked with mechanical ardour.

“That’s so much better,” she said as she closed my eyes. “Automatic love from this automatic pussy will keep you satisfied!”

I heard her switch on the electric current in the cage. That evil clicking sound started, warning me off touching the bars of my world. Now I was temporarily unable to see and if I moved a few inches I would be shocked as well.

“I have something special on order for you, my dear,” she said. “When it comes, you will really be fucked properly. The machine I have ordered can run forever, because it has no batteries, it runs from the mains. It is diabolical what they sell on the Internet, you will just love it, honey!”

I whimpered as I heard her steps on the stairs.

The clicking of her heels and then the closing of the door.

That next visit she started to make me drink from her body. Always I was blindfolded, never was I allowed to see her naked, never once did she use me to service her. She fucked me and made me come for her, Eve occasionally punished me with a crop...

I was bound and fastened like an animal as she admired her work. She introduced me to her latest toy, a simple fucking machine that she could use to make me suffer all night and all day. With a steady whine the disk rotated and pushed a huge simulacrum of a penis into me while I lay helpless in my cage.

The Lovers

“Darling,” she said. “It was wonderful last night; Ken is such a considerate lover.”

Eve sat in front of the cage on the small easy chair and crossed her long legs with a sweeping motion. Her hand tended to her curls for a moment as she recalled her evening with my former colleague.

“First we went to a lovely restaurant in Soho. Italian, and so sophisticated. He has such good taste in wine, honey. We had a perfect bottle of Rothschild with a dinner that was to die for. Escallops, mussels, black tagliolini with squid. Dreamy!”

There was a light in Eve’s eyes that spoke of rapture as she described the evening.

“I thought, in my innocence, that we were going to go to the theatre, but Ken is so clever, he took me to one of those erotic clubs that infest Soho. It was so sleazy, expensive, but a real treat. Darling, you are missing so much by being here. On the other hand, it’s entirely your fault, isn’t it?”

She reached for her little clutch bag and pulled out a packet of cigarettes and lit one of the slim pink cylinders with her Dunhill.

“I have never been groped under the table before, darling, but it was all so dreamy. You know that all the girls who served in the club wore latex? It was outrageous, but so, so erotic. They had such a naughty show with women and men who do things that I would never have dreamed of doing. Ken Halderwell is so very kinky, he really is into all that bondage stuff and I must say that it pretty much excites me too!”

She took a pull at the cigarette and eyed the tip for a moment as though it gave her the inception of an idea.

“So, after climaxing under the table twice, we went to the Savoy. It’s wonderful there, so perfect, so still and like a fantasy. Of course I had to allow Ken to fuck me, honey! How could I reward him otherwise for the wonderful night?”

She brushed a stray curl and held her hand up, fingers outstretched, to admire the manicure. Strawberries and roses hand-painted on those long sharp nails.

“Ken Halderwell is certainly well endowed, darling, and he is not embarrassed to use it either! I am sure that you are so glad that he serviced me properly. He showed me how to sit on a man’s face and extract the most pleasure from every lick of the tongue. After climaxing so many times that I lost count; I let him show me what he wanted and gave him something special! It is the first time that I have allowed a man to take me from behind; anal sex has never really interested me until now. It was so good, so fulfilling and filling if you get my meaning. He used a pair of handcuffs on me and I used them back on him. We must have played all night.”

The cigarette was finished and she dropped the stub to the tiles and crushed it with the pointed heel of her stiletto.

“Darling, honey? Is that a tear in your eye? Well never mind. I have some very special news for you. Ken Halderwell is coming round here in an hour to look at you. Now that the coroner’s court has declared you dead I am at last a wealthy woman. There is another little twist, lover, because Ken has also been made rich by your death. He now owns all the rights to that software patent that you both had and it seems that everyone wants to use it!”

I felt my body shake with the hopelessness of it all. Eve laughed and enjoyed my distress.

“Ken says that there is nothing more erotic than another’s pain, and he might just be right. I mean, honey, you are crying and I am feeling horny!”

She slowly pulled up her dress to her waist. One hand slid a finger into her naked slit while the other held the dress up so that I could see every detail of Eve frigging herself to my suffering.

No panties just smooth flesh... and Ken’s come dripping...

It was the first glimpse that I had had of my wife’s pussy in such a long time. I had dreamed of that milk white skin that folded so neatly over the lips of her cunt. Dreamed and longed for it.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she gasped as she orgasmed and then let the dress fall.

“Ken has proposed to me. Now that you are dead, the widow can marry again. I

have not decided if I shall say ‘yes’, but he is certainly an intriguing lover. He says that you will make an ideal ‘fuck puppet’, but I am not sure exactly what he means. I am eager to find out and I am sure that you are too. I don’t think that it sounds too much fun for you though, honey!”

Eve stood and looked at her high stilettos speculatively as if puzzling something out. A wet patch on her dress showed at her thighs, it marked the centre of her excitement at discovering that there might be just so much more possible for a woman with a husband who no longer existed. Or maybe it marked where Ken’s juices were leaking out of Eve’s cunt.

Her foot extended to push the shoe into my cage.

“Kiss it, honey. Ken will be here soon to fuck me again and look you over. It does not look to good for you, my little fuck puppet because he wants to start by showing me that a simple caning can reduce a man to a shuddering, eager slave slut.”

“He told me that the spasms of a slave in agony are a unique gratification when the slave is serving orally. He says that pain is the best lubricant for service.”

“There is no coming to consciousness without pain.”

The Final End