

Unbroken Induction.

An everyday **Adult** domestic tale of female domination and mind control.

by

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Synopsis:

They are an ordinary couple... Bernard is a small businessman who is bored of sex with his plump wife Mary. Mary, on the other hand, is frustrated and seeks sexual solace on the Internet. There she finds films, ideas and obsessions that make her long for a rather different approach to her sexuality. Then follows a strange event at a stage show that causes Bernard to become easily influenced by Mary and her wicked friend Evelyn. Evelyn the loner. Still single as well as being the teenage seducer of Mary many years ago; she has an agenda, an agenda that is a limitless gluttonous feast of lust at anyone and everyone's expense...

Chapters.

Setting The Scene.

Stage Fright.

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Writing The Script.

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Setting The Scene.

The match was over and now, after all the beer and snacks it was time for sex!

Bernard watched his wife enter the room and felt a feeling of emotionlessness boredom. Even though she had spent all of the second half of the match preparing for this, *he* was really just not interested.

Not at all...

Sex had become a duty, just an bore to Bernard!

All he wanted was to go to bed and sleep. Sleep until late on Sunday morning.

Of course there had been a good time! Years ago, when it was all they could do to keep each other's hands from touching each other's flesh in public. Those days when he had fucked her for half an hour before he finally allowed himself to climax as she writhed under his pumping prick and screamed blue murder before he drove deep and pinned her struggling form on the bed.

But those days were gone...

So, it was with a feeling of disinterest that he followed her to the bedroom to perform his duty. Mary was dressed to kill. Stockings

and corset, handcuffs dangled from her waist and the heels were so high that she could only wear them in bed.

“Come on darling, let’s do something different...”

‘How often it had started with those words,’ he thought, ‘and how often it had ended with a squib as he lay on her and did his duty.’

With a bored glance at her, he undressed and threw his clothes in an untidy heap on the floor. His lack of interest showing in the flaccid state of his cock.

“I just want to put some spice into our lives. I want so much, I need so much,” she pleaded. “I want you to suck my pussy and ass, I want to writhe and climax like a train. I want to be fucked and tied. I want you to be helpless at my feet, I want you to come in a fountain that stains the ceiling.”

“We have never done any of that...”

“I know, Bernard, and that’s why I want it so badly! Our sex was always so straight, so direct,” she said as she ran her hand to his prick. “It was great in our twenties, OK in our thirties, but in our forties I want to go somewhere, develop, grow and experience all that lust again!”

He looked down and saw her hand cupping his balls. He saw the soft cock fall to point at the carpet. Bernard could not, would not and did not get an erection.

Tears came to her eyes and she wiped her gloved hand over the drops, making the makeup smear and change from erotic bitch to smeared grey in the candle light.

“Is this how it’s going to be?” she said as she stopped herself sobbing. “Is football, the pub and the occasional holiday in Cornwall going to be how we pass our time?”

Bernard grimaced and slipped into bed.

“I really am not in the mood for this conversation,” he said.

“You are never in the mood! All you ever do is avoid the discussion. I want to find the problem. Is it me? Am I just no longer a turn on? What has happened to the nine inches of cock that you used to push into me? Where has it gone?”

A soft snort came from Bernard and she realised that he had actually drifted off to sleep as she had spoken. The ultimate disrespect, the definitive show of complete and utter indifference.

With a sigh Mary wiped the last tear from her cheek and left the bedroom. Her heels clicked on the floor, her hips swayed and her large breasts swung, but she was alone. There was no man to beguile, no husband to lure, no lover to cheat with. As far as sex was concerned, Mary was all alone with her thoughts, lusts and desires.

She switched on the computer and waited while the screen lit her with an eerie glow. This was it then! Sex sites full of delicious men

and women who enjoyed their lusts twenty four hours a day at the beckoning call of the mouse.

She logged on and surfed.

Her left hand between her thighs and her right controlling her passage from one site to the next as she gorged on fantasy and was exposed to all the things that she desired, without ever becoming a participant.

Exposed, tempted and excited.

Contaminated and corrupted.

But debased on her own as her own fingers ploughed her furrow..

Stage Fright.

The theatre was crowded, every seat taken with an expectant public who had paid to enjoy a show which promised to be sheer amusement at the expense of others!

Mary and Bernard sat in the front row, looking up at a stage that was at eye level. The curtain was down and the audience was settling down, mumbling, muttering and still sliding into their seats.

“This should be good,” said Bernard with a whisper. “It’s such fun to watch this sort of stuff! All these idiots making fools of themselves for our amusement.”

Mary snorted at his rather boorish comment: "I really don't why I came with you tonight, I hate all this rather childish hypnotism stuff, it's all a sham anyway! I should have gone to Evelyn's, she's more entertaining."

"Your best friend Evelyn is poison," mumbled Bernard under his breath. "I hate the bitch!"

Mary only caught the words 'friend' and 'bitch' properly. Then she figured what he had said and her lips pulled into a tight line. He would regret that! She would make him pay for saying that about the friend that she loved so much.

Mary thought back to the times long before she met Bernard, the times when the first fumbles in the dark had been with Evelyn as they discovered sex together without the insistent pressure of some boy, with hands down knickers and kisses that felt so wrong and so delightful as they climaxed in each other's arms. Evelyn was a sort of 'first love' for Mary, a reference point on the road to adulthood and a simple time that she longed to return to.

The music started, the lights dimmed.

A brassy fanfare.

The curtain raised and the show began.

Michael Bowswill came onto the stage and bowed. After a few of his rather blasé comments and a few weak one liners, Mary switched off

and took a sly look at the man beside her. Not Bernard but the hunk on her right.

Bernard seemed entranced with the whole show thing, his mouth was open slightly and he laughed at every one of the weak jokes that were the introduction to a show that promised to be so banal that she could not help but suppress a yawn.

'Whatever happened to the intelligent, forceful man that I married,' she thought. *'He's become nothing more than a sad couch potato.... Shit! I should have stuck with Evelyn, at least she knew how to make a girl shiver and orgasm with a yell!'* Mary suppressed a giggle at that thought and started to think about all the fun that first-sex had been.

With her thought running in that vein for five minutes she jumped when the woman behind her tapped her on the shoulder. Suddenly she realised that Michael Bowswill had invited her and Bernard to come onto the stage!

For a moment she hesitated as the audience laughed at her discomfiture. Bernard stood and took her hand and in a daze she followed him onto the stage.

"Front row seats are always dangerous," said the hypnotist with a sly laugh as the couple came self-consciously onto the stage and introduced themselves.

When he found out that Bernard owned a large plumbing and hydraulics company he raised a few toilet laughs before he turned to Mary.

“So, Mary, what is the most irritating thing about your husband?”

For a moment she was so tempted to say that he was a complete bore in bed, a limp uninspired lover with no imagination and no taste for the exotic. With all the audience and Bernard waiting she simply said, “Bernard smokes!”

The hypnotist laughed as though this was the funniest thing in the world and turned to ask Bernard the same question.

Bernard smirked and said; “Mary doesn’t smoke!”

The audience thought that this was a very funny riposte and took a moment to stop clapping and laughing.

“Then let’s see what I can do!” said Michael with a flourish.

This was the real meat of the show. Audience members were chosen at random from the first two rows and then hypnotised, humiliated or perhaps cured of some character defect or addiction. Smoking, overeating and suchlike. With a flourish Michael pulled a gold coin from his pocket. He decided that Bernard was more susceptible to the induction and began his little routine to pull him into that trance like state where he would be almost unconscious.

A few words, a slow movement that had a slight rhythm. He felt Bernard slip into a state of dulled awareness before he began with Mary. She was so much more resistant, he felt. She fought the gleam and movement of the coin, she tried to fend off his voice, but in the

end he was satisfied that both of them were deeply under. Induction had been achieved, now suggestion would commence.

He made Bernard obey a few simple commands and then tried with Mary, but even though she had fallen into a state of hypnotic suggestion she was hesitant and insensitive to his touch.

“Bernard, cigarettes are so bad for you, they taste so bad... bitter, sour and you can not help retching at the taste.”

His soft voice soothed and flattered as the patter dripped like honey. He got nodded agreement as he worked on Bernard with a sure touch and then moved to Mary. Now he was doing the opposite. The sweetness in his voice told her that smoking was ‘the gentle art of smoking’. That smoking was sexy and strong, that smoking cigarettes were sexy, erotic and exciting. Women that smoked were rulers of their fate. That there would be rewards...

Finally he was satisfied that both would play the game, he relaxed and brought them back to induction without freeing them from the hypnosis.

With an audience that laughed at his every little sly smile he offered a cigarette to Bernard who refused it with a sour face. As he turned to Mary she reached out and took a cigarette from his hand and searched her handbag for Bernard’s lighter.

She took a deep pull and felt the taste and rush of the nicotine whilst the audience clapped and laughed in delight. The moment of that

first pull as she filled her lungs felt so dreamy, almost an erotic push, strong and sexual.

Michael Bowswill took a bow and put his arms about Mary and Bernard's shoulders so that they could bow too. Somehow Mary felt assaulted, her mind was a mass of contradictions and questions. She had her cigarette, why was the audience laughing? With a quick movement she slipped from the hypnotist and pulled Bernard by the hand.

Her intention was to get to their seats and figure out what everyone was finding so amusing. She tugged Bernard away from the surprised Michael and led him to the steps at the side of the stage.

The audience laughed and clapped.

Now she had two directions, back to their seats or up the aisle and out of the theatre. She cast a glance at the hypnotist who was following behind them and decided that she wanted to exit.

Leave.

She had to go, she had to finish her cigarette, she had to clear the daze from her mind in the fresh air, her thoughts fell like stones from the sky and confused her.

She tugged Bernard, who seemed in a daze and led him out.

"Wait!" called Michael. "I need to release you from the suggestion..."

But his call was in vain and Mary led her dazed husband out of the Theatre into the fresh air of a Birmingham street.

"I'll drive," she said as she searched for the keys in his pockets. "Give me the car keys."

Bernard looked confused and then passed her the keys.

For a moment Mary was overcome by a strange feeling. Bernard always insisted on driving, he preferred it to having a drink when they went out and here he was just meekly passing the keys to her!

"Follow me," she said.

The fresh air had woken her up so she took a cigarette from her bag and lit up as she led the dazed Bernard to the car. She felt a fog in her mind, the tattered remains of the induction that had not been cancelled, the suggestions that lingered and gathered around her consciousness without quite becoming real enough to focus on.

As she drove them she looked at Bernard. He seemed fixated by the movement of traffic, almost as if he were almost half asleep. His mind was out of phase, self-will had slipped to one side and suggestion had reasserted itself. His wife, Mary, she would look after him, she knew what to do, she always did.

"I'm going straight home," she said as she flicked the ash from the open window as the car stopped at the traffic lights onto Haden Way. "That's OK isn't it?"

“Of course,” mumbled Bernard.

The trip was fast and smooth. King’s Heath was just ten minutes from the centre at this time of night and the open window and the cigarette freshened her mind. Every now and again Mary cast a glance at Bernard who was not his usual self. Normally he would be complaining that she had taken him from the show, that she was driving too fast and that he needed a cigarette.

The thought brought her back as she looked in her hand and then at Bernard. Surely he smoked and she didn’t! On the other hand... It was all so confusing! No, she smoked and he hated it, that was right.

At last they were home.

She led Bernard to bed as though he was drunk.

‘Maybe he is!’ she thought as she closed the door behind her and lit her fifth cigarette of the night. For a minute she stood by the door and tried to get her thoughts together. It was not that she did not remember the show, it was just that it was all in a haze, a fog of misperception and confusion. Like a telescope looked into from the wrong end.

Mary slipped off her dress and blouse and sat down at the computer. Her intention was to check her E mails. Her actions took her to her most vivid porn sites.

Within five minutes she had orgasmed twice. The flickering screen, the vibrant colours, the hypnotic clicking and the moaning of the

women. She watched a woman mistreat a man. She saw a woman sliding in ecstasy over the face of a female victim. Mary became entranced by the bright black latex, the oil that lubricated the sex, the clink of the chains and the lascivious, decadent enjoyment that filled the porn stars as they danced for her and filled their cunts with pricks, hands and rubber.

It was all so entrancing and enticing, it was all just training for her confused state of mind.

She woke first, that was a given. Mary always woke up first.

Mary made a coffee in the kitchen and sipped it as she wondered at the feelings that coursed through her head as she lit her first cigarette of the day. As she stubbed it out, Bernard traipsed into the kitchen and wordlessly made a coffee for himself.

“Take out the rubbish, dear,” said Mary.

It was one of her little obsessions that the kitchen bin had to be emptied every day. Normally she asked him to empty it out and then found herself with the bag and the dustbin lid in her hand as he read the paper and sipped his coffee.

“Yes, dear,” he mumbled as he pulled the bag full of refuse from the bin and went outside to do her bidding.

As he went, she felt a slight satisfaction to see him so docile. Nice that he actually did what he was told for a change! When Bernard returned he took the paper and sat with coffee in one hand and gave her a small glance.

“I feel a little woozy,” he commented as he flipped through the pages.

“The coffee will sort that out,” she replied. “Today we have to do some shopping and then I have to prepare for tomorrow.”

“What’s on tomorrow?” he asked.

“Evelyn is coming over and I have to cook the Sunday roast.”

“Oh, good,” he replied without the usual comment that he made under his breath.

“We’ll go now while the shops are still empty,” she said.

Without a word, Bernard folded the paper and left the kitchen. Mary heard the sound of him finding the keys and then pulling on his jacket and checking his wallet. She shook her head in a small flick of disbelief and hurried to join him. Never had he jumped to her suggestions so quickly.

“I’ll drive!” she said.

He tossed the keys to her and stood by the open front door as she pulled on her shoes and found her hand bag. This was another first!

The bins, the shopping, no protest or attempt to escape her friend and now he was just tossing her the keys as though it was the most natural thing in the world.

As she drove to the local supermarket she wound down the window and lit another cigarette. It helped her concentrate on wondering what it was, that had happened between yesterday and today, that seemed to have caused a small change in her husband's attitude to her.

The show last night?

Mary realised that her memory of the show was rather hazy, she knew that they had got back early, but the details escaped her.

"Do you have to smoke so much?" asked Bernard in a small voice.

It sounded as if he had been summoning up the courage to comment all the while and not until she had flicked the remains into the traffic had he dared speak.

"I like it, so you will just have to live with it!"

There was a silence from her husband at her rather peremptory reply and then he spoke: "If you like it..." He paused for a moment before continuing, "then by all means."

The supermarket was already half full and Mary trailed around the shelves deciding what to toss into the trolley that Bernard was pushing behind her. Of course, normally he passed the trolley to her

and then checked out the magazines, DVD's and the electrical gadgets that were on display.

This time Mary told him to follow her and not comment as she struggled to decide whether a capon or a duck would make the best roast for the Sunday.

Just two hours later she was driving them home again. It was almost a strange feeling having Bernard as a passenger instead of at the wheel, but she enjoyed every minute.

The sound of the end of the first half of the football match wafted into the kitchen from the lounge where Mary was making the stuffing for the huge duck that she had settled on. Fresh orange, minced pork with fresh Basil and then chopped pine nuts. She hummed as she worked and kept half an ear out for the start of the adverts that would allow her to call Bernard from the screen for ten minutes help in the kitchen at half time.

“Darling,” she called, “just pop in here for a minute and do the washing up.”

Bernard came and silently did the washing up, stacked all the tools of the vast meal that Mary was working on and then dried all the plates.

In the lounge she could hear the commentators come back on again as the match was about to restart.

“Peel the potatoes as well, there’s a love,” she said.

Now she would test his fortitude! Now she would find out the limits of his new attitude. Now she would find out if he was just fooling around.

Mary had started to think that Bernard was playing some sort of strange mind game with her. The last few hours had been an almost out-of-body experience. Gone was all the bickering that went hand in hand with a bored look on his face. Gone were the half breathed comments of which just one word was enough to make her temper boil. Taking him from his beloved footy would really test him...

“Yes dear.”

Bernard took a pan of water and all the potatoes and started his chore. Each peeled potato dropped with a splash into the pan as the next was taken up.

The commentary from the TV in the lounge indicated that United had scored against Wanderers, but Bernard continued his work with a level of concentration that was normally only given to Play-Station games.

Mary watched and shook her head in amazement as she watched the last potato hit the water and her husband stood. He headed back to the front room and came to rest on the couch with a beer in his hand.

“Darling, turn over the TV, the ‘Sound Of Music’ is on ITV, could you change the channel for me?”

Now she was really pushing it!

For a moment there was silence from the lounge and then:

*“Oh, I must stop these doubts, all these worries
If I don't I just know I'll turn back
I must dream of the things I am seeking
I am seeking the courage I lack...”*

Mary heard the words of her namesake singing and relaxed. Something was going on, of that there was no doubt, something was going on...

“It’s OK, darling, watch the football if you want,” she shouted to Bernard.

The song played to the end and then there was a change as the football came back on, the brief pause being the most potent signal of all that something had happened.

But, she was damned if she knew what!

Saturday was not the night for sex!

Friday night was the night that Bernard lay on her, if she was lucky.

Mary sent Bernard to bed early and sat at her computer. Her fingers hovered over the keyboard as if unable to decide what letters they should strike. In the end she decided that she had no idea how to even begin a search for help with Bernard. What does one call total obedience? Is it a medical condition, a mental problem, an advantage or is it just a joke that he was playing on her?

That was the problem...

What if it was all some grotesque jape that he was playing on her just to see what she would do? On the one hand she longed for him to stay like this; on the other was he just waiting for her to demand something outrageous?

Maybe he was waiting for some sort of sexual command?

Then he would laugh at her and snigger about how he had fooled her. About how her sexual demands were perverted or just plain egotistical.

And she would die a little inside because she had revealed her needs and he had just laughed at them.

That was something that Mary just could not face, something that was so much worse than all the whingeing and pathetic lazy behaviour that he had shown in the last years. All that, she could live with! Humiliation and shame, that would be too much!

So she thought about it and then decided to follow her usual course of a midnight moment of indulgence and she started to surf with a deviant query in the search engine.

Tonight her mood was for film. Moving, flickering images of women who rode their men and men who performed at a woman's behest. Her search became intense as she flicked through a site that promised reams of films sorted by taste and size, popularity and date. It was not enough to have the search terms in your own head. The site provided a list of words in alphabetical order that filled the screen with its presence.

A was for ass.

B was for bondage.

C was creampie.

D was for dildo.

... and so it went.

Mary gazed at the menu and chose her sexual meal carefully. Her favourite piece of film. Viewed a dozen times and eagerly lapped up.

She watched the woman in latex and tights who slid over a fettered man at the orders of a strict looking Madame. There was no understanding the words, it was all in German, at least it sounded like it! The language of command! But, as the Madame ripped the tights from her trainee's plump ass and showed her how to slide over the man's lips to get a massive orgasm, Mary came with little shivers and grunts of lust. Backwards between ass and slit as she moved at the behest of her Madame. The film ended like most, a sudden cut to an advert for a contact site and the sound stopped in

mid-word just as the strict woman seemed about to mount the man's rigid prick as she undid her costume.

Once again Mary watched the film. Now she was having the same starter and main course, but the images were so very addictive. The heels on either side of his head as she sat on him, the plump trainee who was helped by a woman in tight latex that could have been old enough to be her mother. The way the camera caught the moment when the male victim was forced to satisfy the woman who was perched on his face. His helplessness as his face and mouth were plundered for all that exquisite pleasure.

It was all about control and satisfaction. Female gratification no matter what the man wanted.

The heady mix that she was becoming addicted to.

Safety Curtain Raised.

Evelyn hated Bernard, of that there was no doubt. No doubt at all! Every word that she had for him was, at least, dripping with sarcasm. It was a constant conflict of wills in which Mary wore the blue helmet of the UN peace keeper trying to make sure that Bernard and Evelyn, kept away from each other's throats. That was always the way that it was when Mary brought the two people who she was closest to, together.

So often it took all the enjoyment out of those visits, that role of peacekeeper. It was not just Bernard, Mary had to admit that Evelyn had an acerbic tongue and a way of provoking the man who had

taken Mary from her. Of that there was no doubt, friends together in everything, twins of the spirit whom Bernard had parted.

So Evelyn arrived with the usual acid humour to find that Bernard was working in the front garden, pulling the weeds from those endless rose beds and clipping the high hedge that sheltered the house in its embrace.

She said her sarcastic 'Hello' as she passed and entered the house and strolled into the kitchen to find her best friend sweating over the duck and all the other items that were on the menu.

"Hi, Mary," said Evelyn as she embraced Mary. "How did you manage to get lazy-boots into the garden to do some work?"

"Don't start, Evie," said Mary using her pet name from twenty years ago, "he's been as good as gold the last two days and I don't want it disturbed..."

"What the hell does that mean? Good as gold?"

"It means that he done everything that I've asked him to do without a murmur. He even switched off the football and drank lemonade instead of beer!"

Evelyn made a sign of dramatically wiping her brow and tilting her head back.

"What triggered off this sainthood then?"

“Ever since we went to see that Michael Bowswill road-show, you know the hypnotist who mixes a sort of shite bonhomie with a fake act that purports to cure people of their hang ups and so on...”

“So what happened, I thought that you told me that you both walked out halfway through?”

“Yep, that’s right, one minute we were on the stage and the next minute we were driving home, or at least I was. That pretty much all that I remember really...”

Mary flipped the oven open and checked on the duck.

“You don’t suppose that dick-brain there was hypnotised do you?” said Evelyn.

“I suppose that’s possible, but for some reason I just seem to have had a different reaction,” said Mary. “Maybe it’s a woman’s thing, or maybe it is because I hate that fucking twat of a hypnotist and his puerile jokes so much?”

Mary turned back to the cooking as Evelyn went back into the back garden and called out to Bernard: “Come in immediately, Bernard.”

Bernard turned and nodded and then, wiping his hands, he came back into the house expectantly.

“Go upstairs and get changed, Bernard,” said Mary as she turned from the oven.

He headed up the stairs with a friendly, "Just a moment," and disappeared from view.

"Sit down there, Mary and tell me all about Friday night. I want to know everything so miss no details out at all."

"It's just a haze," said Mary. "I remember Bernard parking the car, it was hell to find a place. I remember mentally wandering in a daze when that hypnotist started the show and then... and then I remember us leaving the theatre and driving home. Bernard seemed almost ill and not his usual self and then, well that's it really I suppose."

"But you were on the stage?" asked Evelyn. "I mean actually on it, not just a spectator?"

"I think so, in fact I'm sure so..."

"So I think that Michael Boswell hypnotised you both and something happened!"

Mary turned back to making the meal and tried to remember the details of that night, but she came no closer to making the ends meet the middle.

The meal was eaten in silence. Bernard was polite and quiet and Evelyn just enjoyed the strange atmosphere at the table. Mary quiet and reflective and Bernard passing the salt, pouring the wine, carving the bird, clearing the dishes and then washing up

afterwards. All of it without either a murmur of protest or a single ironic comment.

Writing The Script.

Mary looked at Bernard lying in bed asleep. He seemed so peaceful, at rest and totally relaxed. So often he tossed and turned in bed and kept her awake. She stood there with a steaming mug in her hand and dared herself to carry out her little plan.

In her head she had an idea, to find out just how far she could go with him. She sensed that the obedience that seemed so secure was in fact just a thin sheet of ice over his former self. Mary knew that she had to walk carefully, creep across the ice without breaking it and let it become his nature. In her head she imagined herself creeping step by step towards getting the husband that she really wanted. The question was, how to proceed?

So she had resisted her Internet sex site roaming and instead read page after page about hypnosis, suggestion and how it worked. He seemed to be in a suggestive mode, the part that was known as induction. The state that allowed access to his impulsive mind. If she could just hold him there she might be able to cast him deeper under its spell.

The problem was other people! So far he had only been in contact with Mary and Evelyn, but when he went to work to run his business he would suddenly be exposed to all those other people who might break him from the spell of hypnosis.

Mary tapped him on the shoulder and woke him gently.

"My dear Bernard, you look like you're coming down with a spot of influenza," she said in a gentle voice. "Here have a drop of this, it will make you feel better."

Bernard reached out and took the mug and looked at it.

"It's a cold remedy, a bit of Scotch, lemon and hot water with honey," she said as she waited to see what the reaction would be.

"Am I running a temperature," he asked plaintively. "I think that I've got a bad cold."

He sipped at the mug and smiled at her.

"I'm not sure that you should go to work," she said. "In fact; do not go to work, call in and take a couple of weeks off. I'm sure that they can cope at the moment without you and you really have to get better before you go in."

Bernard looked at Mary, then the mug and finally seemed to make up his mind.

"You are right," he said slowly. "They can manage without me at the moment."

"Here's the phone," she said as she produced the handset from the lounge. "Call Jack and tell him that you need a two week rest, especially since you feel so tired."

Bernard took it from her and dialled the number as Mary left the room with the ghost of a smile on her face.

"So what do I do next?" asked Mary. "I have managed to keep him in bed with the flu and I tried the coin, like I saw on the Internet film of Michael Boswell, but I have no idea if I am doing the right thing."

Mary could hear Evelyn make a small sound at the other end of the phone as if she was thinking. Finally she answered, "I think that you have to keep layering suggestions while you try to get back to that inductive state."

"That's what I'm doing," said Mary, "but I have no idea if it's working!"

"Is he drowsy?"

"Not just drowsy, I thought that getting him a little tipsy would help as well, so I keep topping up his cold cures with rum and scotch to keep him there."

"Do you want me to come round?"

"I was sort of hoping you would," said Mary. "I need some help, I think. I need to get on the Internet again and look up some more things and it would be such a help if you came over to help me!"

"I'll be right there," said Evelyn. "It's sort of fun really and I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Listen I've got to go now, I have to keep talking to him and trying."

"Half an hour," replied Evelyn as she put down the phone.

Mary went back upstairs to see how Bernard was doing to find him fast asleep. Her hand went to his brow to feel his temperature. There was no doubt that he was running a high temperature. Was that all the alcohol or was he actually getting the flu symptoms because of her suggestions?

She picked up the coin that she had been using as a focus for her amateur hypnotism and played with it between her fingers. As she did so she wondered if it was right to involve Evelyn in this. Somehow she still saw an Evelyn that had declared her love twenty years before and not the grown up woman of forty who now occasionally came round for a social visit. Now she was older and not so sweet, but still, she was a best friend...

Bernard woke and watched the coin in his wife's fingers. It moved slowly and took all his attention. He did not notice Evelyn in the background holding her hand over her mouth as she watched Mary make another attempt to lure her husband back to the place that he had been on that night in the theatre.

"Bernard," she said in a soft voice, "you want to help me. You really want to help me to be happy. You are feeling unburdened, free and complete."

The coin moved slowly and drew his eyes with it as it circled his face. Mary smiled and blew a small kiss to him as she spoke.

"It is all so easy. I will help you to be comfortable. I will help you be content and secure. What do you feel?"

Bernard smiled at his wife and seemed to relax. His eyes half closed and his shoulders dropped. His head rested into the pillow.

"I need you," he murmured. "I feel so tired."

"I know that you need me, darling," said Mary as the coin drew his eyes. "You need me to help you. You need me to order your life. You need to follow me and please me. I will help you by telling you what to do."

He looked from the coin into her eyes and smiled.

"I need you," he said in a faint voice. "I need you..."

His voice drifted, but he was not asleep, he was just staring into her eyes and smiling.

"Who is going to look after you, darling?" she said.

"You are," he replied. "Please!"

"Of course I am," replied Mary. "You will follow my directions and then everything will be perfect... Just hear my voice in your sleep!"

Bernard seemed satisfied and his head drooped to the side and he fell asleep with a small yawn.

When he did so, Evelyn passed Mary her music player. Mary fiddled with the iPod for a moment and then slotted it into the small speaker that she had placed by the bed.

Mary's voice drifted from the speaker. A single sentence that repeated again and again, making a background whisper that would infiltrate his sleep and fill his mind as he rested.

"Follow all my wishes and you will be content. Follow my wishes and you will be content. Follow my wishes..."

The two women left the room and went down to the lounge.

"It seemed so much better that time," said Evelyn. "I don't think he even noticed that I was there at all."

"I suppose that I'll just have to keep it going, but when do I stop and start testing the effects?"

Evelyn started to laugh and sat back in her arm chair.

"Why do you worry so much?" she said as she smiled at Mary. "The last couple of days he has already been under the spell, this is all just icing on the cake. In fact I'm not sure that what we are doing has much effect."

"So what does *that* mean?"

"I think that it's quite simple really," said Evelyn in a serious voice. "I suggest that you do not risk ordering him to do things that you know will cause him conflict. I think that you have to slowly turn him, move him in your direction bit by bit. After all he did occasionally wash the dishes and mow the lawn. Just work on it by one step at a time and see how it goes. By all means try what we did today as often as you like, but I think that for some reason that we'll never understand, his mind slipped a gear a few nights ago and he is as ready as he'll ever be!"

Mary looked doubtful and reached for a cigarette.

"When did you start smoking?" asked Evelyn.

"I always have," replied Mary as she lit the cigarette.

"Oh, right," said Evelyn. "Of course you have."

As she drew from the cigarette, Mary felt suddenly sure of herself. She had Bernard in her grip, she felt a small stirring of sexual thrill and watched the tip glow as she pulled a breath through it.

"What about us?" asked Evelyn. "I mean, I sort of get the feeling..."

"I'm not sure that I can live in the past," said Mary. "What I want from Bernard, what I want from life is just to be selfish. I want to satisfy myself for a change. I want to do the things that I want to do and not all the stuff that others expect and want from me."

"So what do you want from me?" asked Evelyn. "How do I fit into the life of the new Mary?"

It seemed that Mary missed the slight ironic touch in the question.

"I haven't decided yet, but I will"

"I still love you, Mary," said Evelyn. "Despite all the years and a few other people between, you are still what I want."

Mary stubbed out the cigarette and reached over to her friend and former lover.

"Truth or dare?"

"Truth, always the truth!" replied Evelyn.

"Then look at this," said Mary as she led her friend to the computer. "This is the truth and the reason that I haven't decided what happens with us."

A minute later a mute Evelyn watched Mary's favorite film.

The screen showed a naked man laid on a steel topped table.

His ankles and wrists were fastened with straps so that he lay with hands by his side. For a minute the camera simply roved over his

body and explored his rigid cock with a tight steel ring at its base. It followed the contours of his body and inspected the straps that bound him. After the inspection a sound was heard. The clicking of high heels on a bare ceramic floor as two women entered the room through the steel door. One woman was older, perhaps fifty five. She had severe features that were made even stronger by dark lipstick and long lashes. Her body was enclosed in a tight shiny dress that covered her from neck to ankles allowing only occasional glimpses of her stiletto heeled boots. In her hand was a wicked looking cane that had been dyed red. The second woman was perhaps twenty. Plump and large breasted with a round pretty face that was heavily coloured with pink lipstick and lighter shades of reds and lilac. She wore a short skirt that flared over her hips to show that she was wearing tights, no panties and very high heeled black patent pumps that were locked to her ankles by straps that carried small padlocks. Flared over her waist was a corset, also in shiny black, that finished just short of her large soft breasts. The older woman led the younger to the table and spoke in a language that Evelyn could not understand.

"It's a German film," said Mary.

Evelyn looked at Mary and saw that she was almost entranced by the film. Her eyes followed every movement and nuance as it flickered on the screen.

"Where did you find it?" asked Evelyn.

"I found a short part of it on the Internet weeks ago and wanted to see the rest, so I paid and downloaded it in high definition," answered Mary.

They turned back to the screen and watched as the younger woman climbed onto the fettered man and lowered her ass onto his helpless face. As she did so the older woman said something and then gave the man a stroke of the cane on his thighs that seemed to land dangerously close to his prick. The older woman seemed to be controlling the action. She made a turn around the table and the camera zoomed in to show that the man was trying to satisfy the younger woman with lips and tongue, but the tights foiled all of his efforts. With casual strength the older woman ripped the tights asunder to reveal that the younger woman was not just waxed, ass and pussy, but that she had small silver rings embedded in the flesh of her cunt. The older woman returned to the man's prick and took it in her gloved hand. Now, as he licked and slaved to please the plump woman who settled hard on his face, the older woman rewarded him with a slow hand job. Almost casual, halting every few strokes, it was reward *and* punishment, not allowing him to come as he reached his tongue deep into the young woman's huge ass and brought her to a climax. The younger woman's heels closed on either side of his head and held him steady as she began to slide forwards and backwards in a frenzy of pleasure and sheer lust. The film ended as the fettered man came as the young woman screamed in German and finally put her whole weight on the man's face, forcing him deep into the deep cleft of her ass. For a few moments the camera closed in and then lingered on the slave's tongue probing the tender ass hole of the plump young woman, fucking it as deep as

it could go to her moans and lustful groans. The screen faded to black.

"And so, which one are you? asked Evelyn.

"Both," said Mary. "You said you wanted truth and this is the truth of what I want. I want my husband to beg to lick my ass. Then I want him to lick and kiss it before making me come like a whore on his face. I want him to have to give me all the pleasure that he has denied me over the years, by force. I want to be able to punish him and then make him pay a penance by serving me like a slave in the house and outside. I want to enjoy a husband whose place is at my feet."

"Jesus, Mary," stuttered Evelyn. "Now I can see why you are trying to make sure that Bernard stays hypnotised! Do you really think that you can manage it?"

"If I have enough time, if I plan carefully move by move and if I really want it. So now I am going to ask you a question..."

"Ask away!"

"Truth or dare?" laughed Mary as Evelyn fell into the trap.

"OK then, truth!"

"So which woman do you want to be?"

Evelyn started to laugh. Mary had not allowed for the fact that Evelyn might not want to be either woman or that perhaps she felt that the role of the man shackled to the table and used might be more her fantasy. She shivered at this side of Mary that she had never seen before. A direct, hard and forthright side of her that was almost a revelation.

'And what about that film?' she thought, ' sheer porn... but more than just a little exciting in a deviant sort of way!'

"Oh, I think that the older woman with the cane would suit me nicely," she said. "Does that mean that you are casting now for the various roles in this film?"

"Only if the film gets to be made," said Mary. "But I'm sure it will!"

"If you are the other actress, Mary, then I'll take the role willingly. It always used to be me that led our little teenage adventures in my parents' empty house, but I can see that this time it's your turn to lead!"

Mary hugged her friend and left a lingering kiss on her lips.

"I think that with just one more actor the cast will be complete."

First Rehearsal.

Bernard still felt a little under the weather, not surprising considering that he had been in bed now for three days. In all that time he had been plied with Mary's famous cold remedy, he had

slept it off and been sleeping a deep dreamless sleep. Mary had really looked after him well, she had brought him meals and drinks as well as entertaining him.

Exactly what films, music and little chats she had given him were just a little indistinct. For instance last night... last night he had watched a film that had been something about women and prisons, or something like that, but the plot was difficult to recall, he just remembered that there had been something about sex and the heroines had won in the end.

He sat up in bed and looked around, something was different in the room, but he wasn't sure quite what. The curtains and all the furniture was the same. He moved in the bed and realised that he was not wearing his pyjamas, he was naked. He decided that he liked the feeling of the stiff fresh sheets on his skin as he tried to identify the feeling that he had just had. It was like catching a glimpse of movement from the corner of his eye without being able to identify what it was that had moved.

He picked up the book that lay face down, but open on his bedside cabinet and realised that there was no longer a clock by the bed. The book seemed familiar and strange all at the same time. He looked at the title, 'A Guide To Male Service' and then turned it over to look at the text. Bernard read a couple of sentences and realised that he had been reading the book and knew where he was up to. He still felt a little curious and turned the book to read the back cover which explained that the book was for 'all those men who longed to serve, but needed advice on how to be a perfect husband!'.

He put the book back down and promised himself that he would continue later. Now it was that he realised what he found strange, it was the pictures on the walls. They were all erotic prints! He was so sure that the one by the door had been a landscape, but maybe his memory was playing him tricks, like the book that he was reading. Now it was a black and white print of a man who crouched at the feet of a woman who looked down at him with benign sufferance and bent a crop in her hands.

Bernard felt an erection grow as he looked around the room and realised that all the pictures on the walls were similar photos etchings or seemingly the elegant front covers of magazines. He lifted the pink frilly covers and looked at his prick. It bobbed and begged for attention, but he knew that it was not his place to touch himself. Mary would be so angry, he decided and so he called out for her.

He heard an indistinct call from outside the door and was surprised when Evelyn, Mary's best friend came into the room with steaming mug on a tray.

"I brought you a little of Mary's cold cure for you, darling," she said as she put the tray in front of him.

Rolling around on the tray were three little pills that Evelyn gathered in her hand and passed to him.

"These are just what the doctor ordered," she said. "Keep taking the tablets now!"

Bernard nodded and swallowed the pills and followed them by some of that lemon tea that had a distinct taste of rum, a strong whiff of alcohol.

"I still feel a little woozy," said Bernard. "Where's Mary?"

"She's just out for the day because she has a few things to do and buy in London. I promised to look after you and she gave permission."

Bernard nodded as though it was normal for the woman that he had disliked and felt so much insecurity about to look after him when he was ill.

'Then there is that dress,' he thought, 'that looks like plastic or rubber.'

'But, if Mary approves... then it will be OK.'

As soon as he had finished the mug of the potion that the two women had dreamed up he handed the mug back to Evelyn. She took it and smiled as she watched him slip into a semi wakened state as the drugs and the alcohol took its toll of his system.

Softly she switched on the recording of Mary's voice and adjusted the volume until it was just a background sound that murmured and washed like waves against his consciousness.

Her hand slipped under the covers and slipped over his rigid cock.

"Are you going to be a good boy for me then?" she asked as she started to massage his prick. "Come for me now!"

Her hand jerked down and pulled him to full stretch in one firm movement. Bernard gasped and spilled his come over her hand with a gush. Evelyn cooed like a small girl and pursed her lips.

"Very good, Mary is so pleased with you. She loves you so! Evelyn has everything under control, she will look after you. She will look after Mary too."

Bernard slumped to the pillows and closed his eyes fully. His head was whirling and his prick was drained. All he could hear was a subliminal message that invaded his consciousness and the praise heaped on him by his wife's best friend. He did not see Mary appear at the door to the room. Her hand was over her mouth to hide her amusement, but her husband was already asleep.

Evelyn pulled her hand from under the covers and signalled for Mary to enter the room. She pulled a handkerchief from her décolletage and mopped up her friend's hand carefully. Then she stood and waited for Evelyn to tell her what should happen next.

In his awakening daze and his deep induction Bernard had missed so much of what was around him. The pink laced bedding had been noticed, but the rubber sheet that he was lying on had passed him by. Evelyn he had recognised, he had even recalled her name fleetingly as she had entered. That she had been dressed in a latex dress had somehow not been very obvious to the drugged husband, the red cane that she had laid with the tray on his knees, the steel

heeled boots and the hair in a severe bun were all missed by his sleepy eyes. The fact that the pictures had changed, *that* he had noticed. That Mary wore pink and frills, that Evelyn was always in the background was missed. That Mary looked tired as the week drifted on, that she smoked more and more...

He slept on in his drug induced stupor. Tended to by a wife who was intent on recreating him and a woman who was intent on replacing him. Gradually the world in which he lived was changing around him. Items and familiar objects were fading from view and being replaced with other objects and patterns of behaviour that would make a false past real and a servile present solid.

A week had passed, seven days of sleep and induction. Seven nights of subconscious influences and strange events that filled his mind with false memories. Already he had watched more pornography in the last week than Bernard had seen in the rest of his life put together. As each film was watched, with Evelyn, she had pointed out his role in the film, told him the part he was playing as she passed more pills and poured more rum. Mary stood by and watched his mind being gradually overwhelmed. It was an almost hypnotic experience for Mary. Occasionally she looked at her hand when she reached Bernard's room to deliver the pills and the drinks and her hand was empty of pills and the glass was empty. She acted on Evelyn's behalf, she was the effectuator of her husband's training, Evelyn just sat in the shadows and kept her fingers on the cords that ran to her puppets. What the stage show had started was slowly being completed by Evelyn, the *eminence grise* who slipped into her new role like a manicured hand into an opera glove.

Hypnotism was making way for sexual mesmerism writ large.

Opening Curtain.

"Bernard, you are feeling much better now," said Mary as she spoke the cure for his flu in just seven words.

He looked up and saw her towering over him, she was smiling as though she was privy to some secret that he could never know. In her hand was a cup of coffee. Mary was dressed in pink with small plaits and pink lipstick.

"Sit up, Bernard and drink your coffee or else you'll be late for Evelyn!"

He did as he was ordered, it would not do to be late for Evelyn. he shuddered at the thought of being so foolish. A slight nagging doubt lurked at the back of his mind though, a small feeling that there was something that he should remember, but the thought escaped him like a wisp of smoke curling through clutching fingertips.

"Get out of bed, Bernard and stand in the corner to wait for me," said Mary, still with that small smile lurking on her lips. "Evelyn needs to have a word with you, she will be here in a moment and she is not in a very forgiving mood this morning!"

With a small stretch, Bernard climbed out of the bed and stood naked in the corner. It seemed like the most natural thing in the world to him. As he stood he noticed that the picture in front of his eyes was in fact a photograph of Evelyn and Mary. Both were naked

and entwined around each other in a massive bed. Evelyn looked mischievously at the camera as her lips suckled at Mary's breast. Mary had a small tasselled whip in her hand and a look of ecstasy on her face. Lips open and eyes nearly closed. Her legs were open showing her precious pussy to the camera. But, though Mary had the whip, the charisma was all Evelyn's. It was she that dominated the picture and filled the lens.

And that was as it should be!

As usual, whenever he saw the picture, Bernard started to get hard until he nearly touched the wall. He remembered taking the picture almost a year ago. At least he was there when the picture was taken. Or had he pressed the shutter? Or was it two years, as Mary had first fallen in love with Evelyn? No, it was just a year ago, he was sure, just as he had begged Mary to stay, despite the love affair! No, wait, she had begged him to stay, or something like that. Anyway, they were so happy, the two girls and Evelyn really was a veritable Queen of the bedroom, so Mary admitted. Or rather he was sure that she had!

His thoughts ran along split lines, sometimes separating occasionally converging to confirm his memories, likes, dislikes and fetishes. In the background, like a pervasive wallpaper in a Victorian house that runs from room to room, were Mary and Evelyn. Mary, his love. Mary the mistress, Mary the lover and Mary who ran his life with just a flick of the finger. Mary the little girl who was so sweet and delicious, his one true love. Entwined in the arms of his one true love was Evelyn. She who was obeyed! Evelyn was harsh, Mary's lover and controller. It was she who decided if Bernard was allowed

a treat or not. Bernard dared not even look into her eyes, he knew that he must not unless she permitted it. It was Evelyn who resolved punishments, rewards and routines, but he loved her too because she treated Mary and him so fairly, she was so even-handed considering that Mary was her lover and Bernard was merely Mary's husband.

A voice disturbed his reverie, but he knew better than to turn from the wall and the picture that had brought a flood of affection and memories to his breast.

"It's time to get up, Bernard," came Evelyn's stern voice. "Before you are allowed to do the housework I think that you should have a small treat."

His prick regained its hardness as she spoke because these were always the words she used when she had some small sexual favor in mind. Treats were always rationed, she was so fair with them.

"You are allowed ten strokes," came Evelyn's voice from behind him. "I shall count and you will turn to face me so that I can see that you do not cheat."

Bernard turned. He knew better than to look in her eyes! That would be a disrespect that Evelyn would not appreciate. He simply stared at her shoes and circled his standing cock with fingers and thumb of his left hand as he had been taught. Ready for her orders.

"One," said Evelyn.

Bernard slid his hand down the length of his prick. Now he would find out if Evelyn was pleased with him or not. If she was she would allow him a little time for each pull, if not then the countdown would be fast and irregular.

"Two."

He gasped as he pulled again. Evelyn was going slowly and it was heaven. Bernard could feel his fingers grip his cock, feel how he almost reared up as the circle of his fingers reached his balls.

"Three."

His eyes were caught by her shoes. Oxfords with the laces at the sides, heels high and shapely, the leather patent in deep blood red and black. Her ankles were covered by the pattern of her stockings and the red cane was planted point down between her legs.

"Four."

He saw the cane flex a little as she moved position slightly. The tip of one foot tapped on the carpet and he allowed his eyes to slide up her legs. Bernard knew that he could look up almost as far as Evelyn's waist without causing offence.

"Five."

The pressure in his head from being allowed such a slow and luxurious reward made his breath come in pants. For a moment he closed his eyes and he saw the faded images of all the pictures and

films that he had been spoon-fed in the last weeks. Not as a solid recollection, more as a mood, a mental climate as he was led to the place that Evelyn decided. The place of scarifice.

"Six."

Bernard at last looked further. His eyes slid up her calfs to the hem of her tight skirt. A lace curtain in black that delicately ended the skirt in dark blue calfskin that shaped over her thighs and smoothed to between them just hinting at what lay between her delicious legs.

"Seven."

There was a tinge of ice in the voice. Bernard hurriedly looked down again at her shoes. Perhaps she had noticed his upward creeping gaze. There was excitement in that, but he knew that when he was rewarded he had to concentrate on her shoes and feet. That was the rule, that was how it had always been...

"Eight."

Now he was starting to feel that insistent pressure. He knew that he had to climax on the tenth stroke, not before and certainly not after. He had to make sure that he got none of his come on Evelyn, that would just lead to punishment. This was a special reward so he had to get it right.

"Nine."

The moment was close. The shoe moved slightly to the left. It allowed him to see that heel. It made the patterns on the silk of her ankles dance and shimmer. His hand trembled with the tension and the control. Hers and his, his self-control and her simple power over him.

"Ten."

A slight rush from in his belly, like the opening of a tap. The semen gushed from him in a single rush that pooled the carpet between her shoes. Bernard sighed and groaned with the release of tension. Timing was so important for Evelyn, he had to come at command, and the word of command was always the last number counted.

The tip of the cane nearly dipped into the small pool of come, it hovered and then came to rest by one elegant turned foot. For a moment he thought that Evelyn was annoyed for some reason, there was a tinge in her voice, a tension or a dissatisfaction despite his performing so well.

"Mary has some papers for you to sign," said Evelyn. "When you have cleaned up to her satisfaction you will sign and then come downstairs."

Bernard nodded and watched the come slowly soak into the carpet as Evelyn turned and left the room. He watched her shoes as she left. he knew that Mary would report him if he dared look up at Evelyn's legs or ass. It was not that Mary was Evelyn's pet or just trying to score points off Bernard, it was just that she was doing as she had

been told! That was something that Bernard could appreciate. Mary just *had* to do as she was told.

Once Evelyn had left the room he looked up and saw how Mary was watching him to see if he made any mistakes. A slight sly smile danced on her lips as she contemplated blackmailing him by threatening to tell Evelyn that Bernard had looked at her swaying ass as she had left the room. The power was delicious!

"Well done, Bernard," said Mary, "now clean up your mess first, we have a few things to get through this morning."

When he came from the bathroom with the damp floor cloth in his hand he found that his wife was now standing where Evelyn had stood. Her feet in the pink house-mules were planted in the exact same spots, just the cane and the stockings were missing.

'Of course,' thought Bernard as she scrubbed the carpet, *'Evelyn would never allow Mary to carry a cane!'*

He smiled as he came across the illicit thought. It was so true, Evelyn never allowed Mary to carry out any corporal punishment, in fact Mary was never allowed to wear boots, or any symbol of dominance. She was always dressed prettily, lacy and spotted pink, white and pastel blue with bright make-up and coloured streaks in her hair. Pretty short socks with those frills that were at the ankle. Skirts that puffed out and hair either in bunches or short plaits. Mary was cute, Evelyn was dark and Bernard had the privilege of serving them both.

Bernard felt as though he had stumbled across some inner secret, a realisation that though his wife was far above him in status, she herself was far below the level of Evelyn. He finished scrubbing when he saw his wife give a small nod and tossed the cloth into the washing basket.

"Good, then Evelyn wants you to sign these," said Mary as she passed an envelope to Bernard. "She said, not to worry, these are the last that you will ever have to sign!"

Bernard pulled the papers from the solicitor's envelope and signed where the crosses marked the lines at the bottoms of the sheets. As he did so he wondered what Evelyn would do with all the money that his business was being sold for.

'I'm sure that she will spend it wisely,' he thought as he signed the paper from the bank and then the one from the solicitor.

The last five sheets were just blank pieces of paper with his name under a line at the bottom of each sheet. Bernard signed them all with his neat copperplate hand and folded them before slipping them back into the envelope.

"Excellent, Bernard. Now air this room, tidy it properly and make sure everything is perfect. Do it properly because Evelyn said that she might check up on the quality of your housework today and she would be annoyed if you did not do a proper job. I will not be happy if she is in a temper, because tonight she promised *me* something special."

Mary left and Bernard watched her go. Bare legs and short socks, hair in plaits with pink feathers tied into the ends, plump ass and short skirt, it was all so essentially right. All so 'in place' and perfect.

He began by having a shower and performing the small toilet routines that shoehorned him into the routines of the day. Then he collected all the tools, brushes, cloths and cleaning materials and started his work. From top to bottom, from side to side. Every corner attended to, every piece of furniture moved and cleaned under. The routine was exact and meticulous. It was not because Evelyn might check his work that he was so careful, it was because he had been told to do a perfect job and following orders was both natural and satisfying for a man that loved his wife and feared her lover.

Command Performance.

It was up to Mary to prepare for Evelyn's special treat. As she stood in the kitchen and smoked her only permitted cigarette of the day she wondered how her mistress and lover was spending the day. She knew that Evelyn was tied up in all of those little tasks that went with the sale of her house. Solicitors, building inspection and showing the prospective buyers around her house. Mary looked at the half smoked cigarette and decided that she would treat herself and smoke it all in one go. There was nothing quite like the luxury of doing what she wanted when Evelyn was not there!

With a sly look into the packet she counted that there were thirteen more left. Evelyn had given her the packet just a week ago and Mary had been told that she was allowed just one a day. She hoped that

Evelyn would allow an extra one at the weekend, but it was unlikely as her lover did not want her to overindulge! It was the same at meal times. Now that Mary was on a diet to reduce her waistline she had to watch Evelyn eat all the food that Mary cooked whilst she was allowed just a small salad and a glass of water.

"When your waist is less than twenty two inches then we'll go on a shopping spree and buy you some beautiful new clothes," Evelyn had said as she had patted Mary on the head. "Until then a diet and exercise is the rule."

As Mary was preparing the evening meal she heard the car pull into the driveway. A twitch of the kitchen blinds allowed her to see Evelyn step out of the car with all of her bags and walk to the front door. She looked so desirable and attractive, thought Mary as she sadly looked at her own plump figure. Evelyn was right, she decided, she really did need to lose some weight to reach the figure that *Evelyn* had decided would be right for her.

Narrow waist and curved, rounded hips. Large breasts and slim arms. Mary imagined herself as she would be and felt a glow of pride that she was making herself attractive for her lover.

Evelyn looked into the kitchen in passing and put down her bags.

"Put these in our bedroom and lay them out on the bed. I shall be taking a shower and then checking on Bernard," said Evelyn.

Mary made sure that everything was in order and picked up the bags. She wondered what Evelyn had bought for herself today.

Already she had a wonderful collection of designer clothes and shoes, but Mary was certain that these would be just perfect too. Evelyn had such good taste!

Evelyn luxuriated in the shower for half an hour and then came into the bedroom to find that Mary had laid all of her purchases neatly on the bed. Her fingers ran over the smooth silk of the evening dress and then moved to pick up the shapeless latex costume that she had bought for tonight.

Now that her control had been asserted she needed to reinforce her grip by pandering just a little to Mary's little fantasy. Tonight Evelyn would set the seal on her dominance and start her new life as the mistress of the couple that had fallen into her power.

Weeks of patient coaxing and reinforcement, nights of pure lust with Mary. It was all very well reliving the affair that she had had with her friend all those years ago, but the here and now of ascendancy was almost intoxicating. A little punishment here, some guidance there, words of control and counselling brought results that filled her with satisfaction and excitement. Never had she thought that Mary would fall so rapidly under her spell. The after effects of that induction had lingered and given her a leash to Mary's neck.

Because Evelyn was following a path that Mary wished to tread, the control was easy and natural.

Evelyn held up the latex suit and admired the sheen of the rubber. Her fingers unzipped the closure that ran from the back of the neck down the back to her waist to meet the one that started at the front

just above the crotch. For a minute she played with them and smiled with pleasure as she realised that she would look fearsome in the single piece suit, a sexual predator. Exactly the superior look that she wanted for Mary, exactly the right tone for Bernard. Strict, uncompromising and dominant.

"Mary!" she called. "Come up here now!"

A moment later there was the sound of Mary hurrying up the stairs to her command. As usual Mary was dressed in her pink and blue short dress, looking cute and vulnerable for her lover. Hair in two little bunches tied with pink ribbon, short white socks and kitten heeled mule slippers.

"Help me try this on," said Evelyn as she handed the shapeless costume to her maid in waiting. "I had it specially made so it should fit perfectly."

Mary held up the cat suit with indrawn breath. She trembled with excitement that Evelyn had bought something that was so erotic! As Evelyn stepped into the mass of soft latex she filled it with her form. Suddenly the shapeless black skin was filled with Evelyn's slim figure. It moulded every curve, her hips, her small breasts and her long legs perfectly. One zip was closed from the front. It ran from just over the perfectly smooth skin of her pussy, under her thighs until Mary left the zip runner just above the start of the delicious crack of Evelyn's ass. The other zipper engaged at the neck and swept down to meet the first. As it closed, it gathered the latex, stretching it and forming it over her skin to leave a new, perfectly

contoured integument that begged hands to smooth all the last wrinkles away.

Evelyn smiled at the way that Mary was drooling over the new skin that she had grown. It was almost a delight for Evelyn to see how Mary was entranced and stimulated. Her breath was almost a pant and she cooed over the black latex as her hands massaged it into place.

"Please, Evelyn," said Mary breathlessly, "can I open the zip?"

Her hand gripped the small chain that hung from the closure that dangled from Evelyn's ass and waited for permission. One small pull would open the rubber like a flower to reveal the smooth flesh below.

"Not yet, darling, I still have to put on the rest of the outfit."

Reluctantly the hand retreated and Mary looked up at the woman that she adored. On her knees at her lover's feet. For a moment there was a small look of disappointment as Evelyn pointed out the shoes and gloves that she wanted to try on with the suit.

The latex finished with a narrow red edge just above the ankles. Below that were the straps of the stilettos that Mary buckled onto Evelyn's feet. Next came the gloves, seamless lace that frilled above the wrist where the black of her latex skin began.

Black lipstick, red eye-shadow and long lashes. Pale foundation powdered on her cheeks and her hair pulled into a tight bun. Evelyn was ready and Mary was almost breathless with anticipation.

"Pass me the cane," ordered Evelyn, "and follow me."

With the cane resting against her thigh Evelyn led Mary to Bernard's door. She turned the key and the two women entered. One a stern sexual goddess, the other a flouncy girlish tart.

The room was perfectly neat. Bernard stood to attention with downcast eyes that dared not look either woman in the face. All he could see was those high heels, the toes that peeped through the front, the high straps that bound the leather to Evelyn's ankles and the smooth latex that covered her long legs. He noticed the cane that twitched and lightly tapped her leg as though impatient and then rested point down on the carpet.

"Inspect the room," ordered Evelyn to Mary. "Dust, bedding smooth and unwrinkled, drawers tidy and neat and every speck of dirt removed from the carpet."

As Mary systematically checked the room, Bernard waited with baited breath. he hoped and prayed that it was all perfect. He had spent long hours making sure that there was no blemish before finally settling down with the book that he had been asked to read.

"The curtains are not straight because one hook is loose," said Mary to her mistress as she checked the windows. The windows show

fingerprints here and here. The lace on the pillows is not ironed and the lampshade is not straight."

Bernard bowed his head a little deeper and prayed that his wife would not find further fault with his attention to detail.

"Not all the hangers are in the same direction," continued Mary as she flicked through the wardrobe, "and my husband has not ironed his lacy knickers."

Finally the check was complete. Mary ticked off the problems on her fingers. The count came to nine small problems that seemed like an endless list to Mary's husband.

The cane slapped that slim ankle with an irritated twitch.

"Touch your toes," said Evelyn. "A single stroke will suffice for now, after which you will attend to all of the problems and then report to my room."

The stroke was a light one, it stung his ass and forced a small cry from Bernard, but Evelyn was still being careful. Until he was completely and hopelessly under her control and she could be sure of it she did not want to use more than token corporal punishment. Later when she was sure of her power she would thrash him properly and make up for all the restraint that she had had to use, but for now it was Mary that she was luring and with a taste of her deviant fantasy.

Half an hour later, Bernard arrived in the bedroom of his wife and her lover. Both were waiting for him, Evelyn in her latex and Evelyn naked except for a tight corset and high heeled shoes. Bernard looked at the small strip of clipped hair above her pussy and shuddered with desire.

Evelyn's voice was strict, clipped and overpowering: "I want you on the bed, face up and now!"

Bernard lay on the bed. He crawled on and then lay and closed his eyes to avoid annoying Evelyn by looking at her face inadvertently. His pulse was drumming in his veins, his body shook with excitement and his prick stood pointing at the ceiling with anticipation.

There was a sound of movement as Evelyn guided Mary onto the bed. She felt a small twinge of excitement as her first experiment with her slave-couple began. She controlled the sex, she controlled the two actors and she was free to take what she wanted as she wanted it. It was a delicious feeling of power as she watched Mary kneel on her husband at her command. Evelyn settled Mary's dress and looked at the small tableau that she was creating.

Bernard, hands pinned under his ass, prick pointing and throbbing as he opened his eyes to see his plump wife towering over him, facing him and pinning his body to the bed.

Evelyn reached the cane and touched Mary's breasts with the tip.

"I want to see them," she said, "now!"

Mary undid the buttons of her corset and allowed her breasts to cascade. The nipples were distended and pointed down as they settled to hang in full view. Bernard swallowed, all he could see were those breasts, the tightly bunched nipples and the tip of the cane that stroked each one with a hard kiss of small taps.

Evelyn could feel herself becoming excited. Soon she would take that prick and make it hers, but for now she had to let Mary surrender to the fantasy that she had dreamed of for so long.

She made a small circular motion with her hand and Mary turned to face her husband's prick. Mary's head was full of her own blind lust. She knew what was coming next and loved the feeling that she was suddenly and unexpectedly part of her own special wet dream. Her ass poised over her husband's face, her slit dripped with anticipation and her breath heaved in small pants that made her breasts shudder with the lust of the moment. All she needed was a command. *That* was such an important part of the fantasy. She felt the tap of the cane on her nipples and then a delicate touch as Evelyn ran her finger through the dripping matrix of Mary's sex to prepare for the orgasms that were about to arrive.

"Ride him," was all that Evelyn said; it was all that Mary needed.

Mary lowered herself onto that upturned face. She snuggled back and covered Bernard's face as she held herself open with the palms of her hands on the cheeks of her broad ass. Her stilettos nestled in on either side of his head, just like in the film. They barred his escape with heels as bars and uppers pressing him from both sides.

She felt a tentative lick and climaxed. It was so much better than she had imagined and Evelyn had given it to her. As Mary sank and swallowed her husband in the maw of her sex, she felt a heat spread over her breasts, a hot flush of lust that filled her with a yearning to feel her husband service her forever.

As Bernard licked and kissed Mary, she was taken to new heights of passion and consummation when Evelyn slowly opened the zipper on her latex suit. Evelyn tugged the small chain that dangled between her thighs and gradually pulled the slit open. Her flesh welled from the tight rubber and bulged out as the zipper slowly exposed her pussy. Evelyn's flesh, smoothed and oiled seemed like an extension of the latex, the ridges and lips of her cunt, shaved and slick, opened like a flower as she slowly positioned herself over Mary's husband's upright prick. She was going to enjoy him while he was forced to ream his wife with his tongue.

This was the planned climax, as Evelyn cuckolded Mary with her permission, more than her permission, her complete assent. Mary felt another climax coming. Just another small increment in the steady excitement as Evelyn smiled and leaned forward to kiss Mary's lips. As she did so, she slipped down an inch to take the broad tip of Bernard's cock into herself.

Then she leaned back and, while Mary watched goggle eyed with lust, Evelyn swallowed his pick in one smooth motion.

"God, you bitch!" said Mary, "You're fucking him!"

"It's what I want," said Evelyn, "and I get what I want. I am a bitch..."

Mary blew a kiss to her lover and slid forward a little. For a moment Bernard was presented with the opportunity to breathe before Mary's ass closed his mouth and demanded attention from his tongue.

By the time that he was probing Mary's asshole with his tongue he was starting to come. His thighs clenched and pushed up against Evelyn who was now riding him with smooth motions of her thighs. The tip of the cane hovered over Bernard's torso for a moment and Mary thought that Evelyn was going to cane her husband while he performed for them.

Instead, the tip of the cane pushed into Mary's slit and slithered a few inches along those swollen lips. It pushed against her clitoris and rubbed back and forth as Bernard's tongue pushed deep into her in desperation.

Bernard was losing consciousness, unable to draw breath, held fast by the broad, shapely ass and held still by the demoness that was riding his prick and making him want to scream. That push into his wife was his last signal and it made her lift for a moment in startlement, allowing him to breathe just as she came a final time. Her mistress' cane sliding through her cunt, her husband's tongue penetrating her ass and the sight of Evelyn in utter abandonment riding that cock in the slick erotic latex suit.

As Mary slowed and shifted backwards to allow Bernard to attend to her clitoris, the cane flicked across and cut a stripe across Bernard's

lower ribs. Bernard heaved in agony and ecstasy and came with a gush into Evelyn just as he withdrew to allow her fingers to bring her to climax.

Her plan had been that Bernard would be used, Mary would be sated and she would frig herself to orgasm as she caned Bernard, but he had come. Some of his semen gushed from her over her hands as she dropped the cane and pushed her fingers deep into herself as the captive cock slithered free. In front of her eyes Mary was pulling at Bernard's nipples to encourage him, taken completely by lust and a desperate need, she wanted to squeeze yet more pleasure from the suffering husband. The sight of Mary in heat and the fingers that reamed her own sex brought Evelyn to a shuddering orgasm that peaked just as Mary leaned over and kissed Evelyn on the lips. Bernard's shuddering breaths could now be heard issuing from between those powerful thighs.

Their tongues touched for a moment as the intense release of the climaxes receded.

For a moment Evelyn felt more than just a warmth for Mary, she felt enveloped in a mist of love and appreciation. The feeling slipped from her as she realised that she always enjoyed the feeling of power more than the moments of love.

"Thank you," said Mary who could not deny her affection for Evelyn.
"It was perfect!"

"For you, darling, for you," came the reply. "Your husband came inside me without my express permission, he will be punished and you are going to watch me do it."

Mary looked at Evelyn and then at the cane that lay abandoned on the covers.

"No, there are other ways and *only* I am allowed to cane him," said Evelyn. "Watch and I will show you what happens next in that film, what happens after the cameras stop rolling and the game becomes real."

A signal from Evelyn's hand and Mary reluctantly climbed off Bernard. His face was slick with her juices and he was still panting from the climax that he had experienced.

Evelyn stepped off him, leaving a limp prick that slumped between his thighs. She took the position that Mary had just vacated, then she leaned over and took the cane in her hand and laid a single stroke along his thighs, close to his flaccid prick.

"Drink it all," she said to him as he closed his eyes to avoid her gaze and her anger.

His tongue hesitated and then parted the lips of her sex to allow a gush of his and her liquids to be drunk by his lips. Mary watched in silence as he licked his mistress clean, as his tongue roved over her smooth flesh. He was not trying to excite her, he was doing what a perfect little husband should do and lapping her clean and swallowing everything that she gave him.

Evelyn smiled at Mary, a small sly smile that told Mary that something was about to happen, something small, but significant. She watched in fascination as the tongue licked and massaged before Evelyn slipped forward and uttered a satisfied sigh.

Now there was a dripping stream of clear liquid trickling from Evelyn, a steady small waterfall that dribbled in an unsteady flow into his open mouth. He opened wide and gathered it all in, he drank from her while she allowed the flow to increase until he had to close his lips on her cunt to make sure that he did not miss a drop. Now she was pushing to expel all that water in a rush that he had to drink before it could overflow.

"I own him now," breathed Evelyn. "I own you too, but *you* I will cherish."

She sighed as the flow came to an end and she allowed Bernard to kiss the last drops from the lips of her pussy.

Mary felt a tear come to her eyes as she heard Evelyn say 'cherish'. It was more than she had hoped for, far more. That Evelyn had fucked her husband and made him drink from her was irrelevant, all that was important was that Evelyn was satisfied with Mary, satisfied and sated.

Evelyn climbed from Bernard and pulled closed the zipper that sealed her sex. The first act was complete, unlimited acts would now follow. Soon she would make him do things that would *fully* debase Bernard and reduce him to a sexual glove-puppet. Ideas popped into

her head as she looked at his helpless, prone body. She and Bernard's wife would soon start searching the Internet for films and stories that they could act out for real.

Pain, pleasure, agony and sweet climax. It was all here waiting to be tasted in unlimited amounts, just at the click of a mouse.

Just a question of finding the parts to play. The actors were now ready to learn their lines and play their parts to the bitter end.

The End.

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