

# Valerdictions

Tempted, cuckolded, restrained,  
punished...

... by his wife

It has only just begun!



An **ADULT** female domination novel

from the sharp pen of

Miss Irene Clearmont

# **Valedictions**

**An Exotic Tale of Female Led Fiction**

**By  
Miss Irene Clearmont**

**Copyright © 2019. All rights reserved**

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.  
For information contact:

First Published: 2012

By FDC Publications  
All rights reserved  
© 2019 Miss Irene Clearmont

The right of Miss Irene Clearmont to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

For publisher information contact:

FDC Publications  
[www.femdomcave.com](http://www.femdomcave.com)  
Email Comments: [comments@femdomcave.com](mailto:comments@femdomcave.com)

For author information contact:

Miss Irene Clearmont  
[www.MissIreneClearmont.com](http://www.MissIreneClearmont.com)  
Email Comments: [Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com](mailto:Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com)

# Valedictions

By  
Miss Irene Clearmont

## Part One

“The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.” *Oscar Wilde, 1891*

“So yield!”  
*Miss Irene Clearmont, 2012*

## Prologue

The hand that rested on his knee moved slightly. The distance that it covered was not more than a few inches, but the movement was certainly suggestive. It gripped his thigh for a moment and then relaxed before withdrawing.

“Frank,” said his wife with a reassuring smile, “you know that I’ll only be gone two weeks on this training course. It’s not really that big a deal.”

“I know, darling. I know it’s a pain, but I suppose that I can start looking for a house without you and then when you come back, we’ll search together.”

“I’m sure that you’ll find something. Don’t get so uptight about finding somewhere!”

“It’s not that, I just can’t stand living with your mother and I really wish that you could put it off until we have moved out.”

Sue sighed theatrically and turned to face him. As she turned to him her face passed through a gamut of expression. From distaste, to sneer to pleasant smile. It was a private transformation, one that she had practiced often over the last few months as her mother had been proved right. She knew that she was revealing too much should anyone ever notice it: regret, gradual dislike and boredom; but until now only Harriet, her mother, had spotted that expression and for the moment her lips were sealed.

“You know how much money it’s saving us to live here even though we have to pay Mama in rent? In a month or two we will have our own flat and all this will be behind us.”

“It’s just that...”

“Not all of this again,” she said. “You know that the walls of this house are paper thin. I just can’t bring myself to make love while my mother is in the next room.”

“I know that it’s difficult with Harriet in the next room,” he started, “but I’m sure that we can manage a little silent sex, under the covers and with muffled moans.”

“It’s the thought, not the noise. Knowing that she knows,” she retorted. “Well, then, we could at least go to a hotel for a couple of nights.”

“Darling, every dollar we save is a day closer to buying a flat.”

“I know, but it’s been six months now and I really need...”

“Is that all I am to you? A tight place to put your cock? I thought that you loved me!”

Frank bit his lip and did not let the reply that filled his mind, escape. It was now six months since the honeymoon; it had been like a jail sentence. All that time they had been scrimping and saving

to raise the deposit on their dream apartment and all that time they had not once made love. The walls were too thin, her mother would notice the stains on the bedding, she did not feel 'up to it'; fucking in her mother's house was such a turn off. These and a dozen other excuses were like a prophylactic barrier between them and he was starting to suspect that his wife was avoiding him. On the honeymoon it had been so different! Sue had rampaged between the sheets like a woman possessed. That was for just two days though! Hungry for his cock, desperate for more and eager to fuck like there was no tomorrow. Then they had moved in with her mother! Sex had ended with a sigh and 'real married life' had begun. At first, he had imagined that the thirty thousand dollars that they had saved before the wedding would be enough, but Sue wanted more.

"We need at least fifty thousand before we buy," she had said, condemning them to an ever longer stay at her mother's. Frank pulled a smile and planted a small peck on his wife's cheek.

"OK, I'll start looking and by the time that you come back I'll have a dozen places to show you."

"It has to have three bedrooms," she said, "and a big kitchen. I like large."

"Don't fret, darling," he said. "I promise you that I won't sign anything until you get back and you get to make the final choice."

"A view, Frank. It has to have a good view!"

## First Time Buyer

“Are you going out yet again?” asked Harriet. “I am starting to get the feeling that you are desperate to get out away from me.”

“Of course not,” said Frank to his wife’s mother. “It’s just that I promised Sue that while she was on her course, I would start the search for an apartment and get the feel of the market.”

“Perhaps I should come along? It might be useful for you to have a second opinion.”

“No thanks, I’ll manage.”

“I can drive you,” she offered as he put on his coat. “It’ll make it so much easier.”

Frank looked at her and shook his head.

“There’s really no need.”

“Of course, there is,” she said, in a firm voice as she reached for her own coat. “I would love to come along and I’m sure that I can contribute. More than you give me credit for! I’m sure that Sue would want me to go with you.”

The journey to the real estate agency to pick up the keys was just ten minutes, but the drive across town to get to the property seemed to take an age as far as Frank was concerned. Harriet chattered all the way, pausing only to touch up her heavy makeup in the mirror every time that they were held up at a red light.

By the time that they got to the apartment Frank was gritting his teeth and wishing that he had been able to refuse his mother-in-law’s offer of help, but he just gave in to her every time. They wandered around the bare rooms trying to imagine what it would be like furnished, Harriet admiring the view as Frank paced the rooms to get a rough measure of their size.

“It’s such a shame,” said Harriet.

“What is?”

“You and Sue not getting on so well, even though you have not even been married a year yet.”

“What do you mean? We love each other!”

“Then why do you never make love?”

The question came so out of the blue that Frank was lost for words. “I never hear you fucking!” she said. Frank blushed and turned to face Harriet. “It’s you!” he said. “You are always there.”

“Darling, don’t be so silly,” she said. “Sue knows perfectly well that I don’t mind. We discussed

it when you both moved in and I told her quite categorically that a little night-time noise was not at all a problem!"

"I don't want to talk about it," he replied weakly. "It's private!"

"You must be so frustrated," she continued. "Six months without..."

As she spoke her hands moved to the top of her skirt and started to undo the zipper whilst a coquettish smile crossed her face.

"Harriet, really! I don't think, I mean I don't need..."

"Of course, you do and now is the perfect time for me!"

The skirt dropped to the floor with a rush to reveal her stockinged legs. For a moment Frank held his breath in a fear of indecision. She stepped forward out of the pile of crumpled cloth as she began to unbutton her blouse. "This is not right," he said, as he realized that she was not wearing panties! "Stop!" To Frank, his mother-in-law had always seemed more of a force than a person. A bit prim perhaps, a little distant, certainly, but he had never really thought of her in any sexual sense. Harriet just *was*! Now he was staring at her naked sex, bare and exhibited. The smooth shaved skin of her sex, the crease of her pussy, all were on show as her blouse dropped and she ran her hand from her belly to her thighs with a lascivious motion.

"You just need something that I can give," she purred. "That you want from me and I *want* to give you!"

Despite his feeling of horror, he could feel his prick swelling, rising in response to her short strip show. At forty-five she was still an attractive woman. Plump perhaps, but nevertheless pleasing to the eye. Satin bra, lace and revealing, tanned and smooth skinned. A terrible urge took him, a feeling that this woman was both attractive and repulsive, magnetic and at the same time repellent. "Let me help you."

Her hand extended to his shirt and started to undo the buttons one by one with small flicks of her thumb. Frank stood like a rabbit paralyzed in the headlights of an oncoming car. Knowledge of his demise fluttered in his brain at the same time as he was terrified of his need. Once again, he could just not say 'no'. Her nails traced a line from neck to waist and then rose to flick and then grasp his nipples. He looked into her upturned face and saw only the pout of those luscious lips. He was drawn into those lips, pulled by a gravity that he could not resist.

"You know that you need me," she whispered.

When she said 'you' he just saw the kiss of those lips as her hand slipped into his clothing to grasp his prick. Frank grunted as her fingers encircled him and then he felt his thighs clench and thrust in time with her movement. "Sue really should take more care of you," she said, as she stripped him of his trousers. "Six months of chastity is too much for any man. Far too much." Surrender! It had already gone too far to stop! Frank felt himself undo her bra and let her breasts

fall. He felt his hands move of their own volition to that place between her thighs. There was no control to be salvaged from the tattered remnants of his fear as his fingers slipped into her moist pussy eliciting a small moan from his mother-in-law.

He was already under her spell. Her hands presented her breasts for him. They cupped them and lifted to present the gathered nipples for his attention. "No hands!" she said, as he lowered his head. "Lips." He sucked her in and teased the engorged flesh with his lips and tongue. Harriet gasped and pushed slightly towards those lips. "Bite me," she panted. "I need your mouth." His teeth grasped her and bit gently.

All the while her hand played with his prick. It ran the length from root to tip and then gently scored him with her nails. It pulled him back, stretching him and making him thrust and then it pushed to the summit and rubbed the engorged tip, spreading a small drop of slithery oil that had poised like a dew drop at the opening. "I need you inside me," she said.

His hands circled her and his knees bent; to pull her pussy to poise over the tip of his cock, but her hand made sure that he could not enter. "Not your prick, darling, I want the service of your lips. Eat me!" Her hands moved to his shoulders and pushed him down to his knees until his sight was filled with the pouting lips of her sex. For a moment he hesitated and then her legs opened a little. She stepped forward and planted herself firmly over his mouth. Frank felt his head being pushed back until he was looking up her body. He could see her hanging breasts and beyond them her rapturous face as she enveloped him in her thighs, one of those pillars on each side of his head, trapping him. "That's better, lover, make me cum!"

Her thighs closed over him and her weight pressed him down until he started to fall back to the floor. Frank felt the rough lace of her stocking tops as her thighs slid over him. Her hands drifted down to her sex, brushing nipples on the way before they opened her up like a flower. All the while she bore down on him, whispering words of encouragement as Harriet forced her daughter's husband to the floor, to lie beneath her thighs, enveloped by her famished cunt.

"Close your eyes and think of my pleasure, Frank, nibble me." He closed his eyes and thus failed to notice her slide her phone from her pile of clothes and take a single photo of him serving her ravenous cunt with his mouth.

Frank slid the tip of his tongue over her, pushing that small fold of sensitive skin back to reveal a clitoris that was swollen with lust and desperate need. He tickled it and then lapped at her as a steady flow of her juices filled his senses with her perfume. "Now fuck me!" she cried as she slid forward over him. He pushed his tongue deep into her as he felt a hand close on his prick. It held him tight, it squeezed and pushed, it scratched and stretched him to his limit. Frank struggled to breathe and for a moment she lifted to allow him a small gasp of perfumed air. Then she closed over him again, trapping him in the world of her sex. Soft and yielding, flowing with her passion, sensitive and sucking. She rode him to climax whilst denying him the same as she leaned forward, extending her hands towards his cock. Her hand slapped his raging prick and then scored it with her nails that started at the tip and gouged him from root to nipples with her razor-sharp nails. Finally, she screamed. A sound of released pent passion that echoed around the empty room like the cry of some jungle creature. Her weight bore down on him as Harriet



ground every ounce of pleasure from the man who was still lapping at her. His arms flailed and she captured his wrists before she finally raised herself a little to allow him to breathe. He looked up at her in expectation. Now that she had assuaged her passion with his tongue, surely, she would reward him with a fuck. He saw her smile and the small flickering lick of her lips.

“Please,” he begged.

“Please,” she mocked. “Please what? Please who? Me?” she said, as she mimicked his pleading.

“No, please fuck me!”

She looked at him and her hand released his wrists. One of them fluttered down between her sex and lingered on his lips for a moment before pushing into his mouth. It collected some of the dampness there and then disappeared into her pussy with a gentle stroking motion.

“That would be so very wrong, Frank. After all I am your mother-in-law! Perhaps next time! I really have to get used to that strange deviant idea. But, it’s nice of you to ask!” As he begged her, her own fingers brought her to another small climax. A lesser peak stimulated by the whine of his voice and the motion of her hand. “No, not today. Perhaps another time.” She lifted from him and laughed when she saw the scratches that she had inflicted. They ran in three strokes of four, from prick to chest, from thigh to balls and the length of that now relaxing cock.

“I hope that you heal quickly,” she laughed as Frank ran his fingers over the scratches. “If Sue sees them, she won’t be best pleased!”

“Jesus,” he said, as he looked at the small beads of blood that welled from those scratches.

“What have you done?”

“I always mark my territory,” she laughed as her hand slithered in and out of the crack between her legs. “I’m coming again and again.” She gasped and opened herself wide as one hand dipped into her and the other caught a nipple and rolled it hard between finger and thumb. Finally, her legs trembled and she gasped with lust as she watched the shocked look on her son-in-law’s face.

*‘The first move in my little game has been taken,’ she thought, ‘the next moves will be when the real fun starts, God I so love playing these games! Frank is really such a wimp. He just lacks any backbone.’*

Frank started to button his shirt and then grimaced as small patches of red blossomed like spring rose buds through the cotton of the material. “You shredded me, you bitch!”

“And you reamed me with your tongue,” she laughed as she stopped trembling. “I’d say that you were fucked!”

“By you,” he answered as he pulled on his trousers. “I’m just left with a hard on and the marks of your nails.”

“Don’t be so fucking whingey, Frank. How do you know that we’re finished, anyway?”

“Of course, we are finished! I’ve had enough and so have you, you whore.”

“Frank, darling Frank. I think that *I* decide when I am finished, *not* you. I would hate to have to tell my dearest daughter that you didn’t come up to scratch!”

“Are you blackmailing me?” Harriet started to laugh. Not a pleasant sound, more an evil victorious laugh that brought a touch of cold to Frank’s skin. It was the laugh of a woman who knew when she was winning, who knew that she had nothing to lose, but her victim had no way from his dilemma but to surrender. “Of course, I am, but blackmail is such an ugly word. I prefer to call it the ‘application of a little social pressure’!”

He stood there and looked at her as though he could not believe what he was hearing.

“What about Sue, my wife and your daughter?” he asked. “That was your decision, my dear Frank. You chose to stick your tongue deep into my pussy. You bit my breasts and it was you that brought me to this empty flat for sex.”

“I did not!”

“But that’s how it turned out, so it must have been your intention.”

“I’m sorry, but there’s no way.” She laughed again before answering.

“So nice of you to apologize,” she said, as she twisted his words. “Of course, we will do this again. How about now?”

“Please Harriet, don’t do this.” he begged. “How can I ever explain this to Sue?”

“If you behave yourself, I won’t tell her.”

“Blackmail.”

“Call it what you like, Frank. All I want now is a nice apology. Properly served with the right amount of respect and a big helping of humble pie!”

“What am I apologizing for?” he asked plaintively. “Calling me a bitch and whore, of course! What else?”

“OK. OK, I apologize. I’m sorry,” he said.

“Not really good enough,” she answered. “First of all, you don’t mean it. Secondly you are looking down on me and thirdly I want you properly naked when you apologize, to emphasize that you are asking *me* to forgive *you*! There is always a lesson to be learned with every apology.”

Frank looked at her. Legs slightly opened, a stance that radiated authority. Her breasts hung low

and her pussy still dripped from that last orgasm. The look on her face was stern, hard almost, and suggested that she was enjoying the clash, and at the same time confident of his submission.

At forty-five years she was almost twice his age but she radiated sexuality and erotic confidence like a movie goddess.

He sighed and undid his shirt and pants and dropped them to the floor.

“That’s better, the first condition is fulfilled.” Her fingers moved to play with her nipples and rolled them firmly in anticipation. Frank got onto his knees and looked up at her smiling face. “How would you like me to phrase the apology?” he asked. Was it irony, sarcasm or perhaps even heartfelt? She could not tell, but it really did not matter to Harriet. All that mattered was that she was coercing and molding her daughter’s husband as she twisted him around her little finger. That feeling was exquisite. Truly a pleasure that was almost palpably sexual, lustful and just a little deviant. Just wait until her friend Emma heard this tale!

“I would like it to be sincere, abject and subservient. Then I might forgive you and not kick you out of my house immediately!”

The threat was potent. It overcame his mind with fear and he bent to kiss her shoes as he apologized.

“Please forgive me for insulting you, Harriet,” he said between kisses. “I promise that I will never call you anything like that again. I apologize and hope to be able to make it up to you.”

“See,” she said, as she looked down. “That was so easy. Perhaps too easy? Tomorrow and every day until Sue comes back you are going to apologize to me. Just like that. Then I might forgive you! Until then, get dressed and come with me.”

## Second Wind

Nightmare descended and filled his thoughts with trepidation. Guilt, weakness and lust all fluttered through his mind, combined with self-righteous anger that it was not all his fault.

Frank and Harriet drove home in silence. A silence that was filled with a terrible sinking feeling for Frank. Somehow, he had allowed his weakness to surface and become the prey of the terrible woman who sat next to him. As she preened herself in the mirror, he felt a weight in his stomach that threatened to overwhelm him. They arrived and entered the house. Her house. Frank expected her to make some comment, give some order to him, but she simply went into the kitchen and started to prepare a meal.

*'Is that it?'* he thought, as he watched her start chopping onions and pulling things from the fridge. *'Has she had her fun and now is ready to forget what happened?'*

He changed his shirt and looked at all his scratches in the bedroom mirror. The damage was not as bad as he had expected, now that he had cleaned up. The wounds had closed and he felt that in a week there would be no sign of her assault to be seen on his flesh. Already the events of that morning were fading to become a strange dream that could be forgotten. The meal was another anti-climax. Harriet seemed to want to only talk about the apartment that they had seen and not a word of the frightening episode raised its head in the conversation.

Frank retreated to his office and started work. Freelance advertising copy writing for a cosmetic firm was his present project. Drawing all the strands from past campaigns and making sure that those hooks were present, all the while adding new slogans and text. It required concentration and focus, so he put on some quiet music and reviewed his emails and all the work that his team had so far produced. As he worked, coordinating and compiling the text and the editorial advertising that would follow hard on the heels of the campaign he could hear Harriet doing the housework. The distant buzz of the vacuum cleaner disturbed him with its presence, but was reassuring as his mother-in-law pursued her normal daily routine.

He worked in the small dark cubbyhole that was really his office and started to review the photos that would go with the copy. It absorbed him, this work. Less an artistic endeavor than a creation of a complete whole that was drawing together the patient work of the three other members of his team.

After a while he stopped and decided to take a small time out. His screen came alive with the real estate websites that he always kept an eye on for new apartments. He scanned a couple and printed a few of pages as interesting follow-up possibilities. As he did so he felt a presence behind him. He turned to look up to see Harriet staring at the screen with pursed lips. "Please don't creep up on me like that," he said in a low voice.

"I just wanted to see what you were up to. After all you have been working for five hours now and I have made a small snack, if you are interested?"

"I was just taking a look to see if there were any new apartments on the market. It's two days

since I last had a look.”

“I thought that you might be surfing porn!” she laughed.

“No. Just real estate,” he said, as he gritted his teeth.

It was so difficult. On the one hand he wanted desperately to shout at her and tell her to leave him alone. On the other hand, he was filled with embarrassment, a feeling of total shame that he had stared up at her naked breasts as he had lapped between her thighs. He had seen her as he should not have, he had been so desperate to climax and so let down when she had denied him! Aroused, disgusted, eager, repelled, fervent and subdued. All of these feelings were like a welling tide of confusion that left him panting for more while at the same time he was reeling in horror at what he had done. “OK then,” she said lightly. “Come down to the kitchen and grab something to eat. Are you finished with work for the day?”

“Yes...”

“I thought that we could watch a film together.”

“I’m not sure that I want to...”

Frank could feel that helpless feeling, slip over his mind. Somehow, he could just never say ‘no’ especially to Harriet! He always hedged his answers and allowed others to walk all over him. “Well, I have the perfect film, Frank,” she said, as she ignored his uncertain refusal. “We’ll grab a beer and settle down and I promise you that I won’t bore you with my choice.”

“OK then,” he said, as he gave in. “But I have to be up early for a video conferencing meeting tomorrow morning, so I really have to get to bed early.”

“Fine,” she said over her shoulder.

He heard her go down the stairs to the kitchen and somewhat reluctantly he switched the computer off and followed her. ‘*Why the fuck do I always give in to her?*’ he thought, as he picked up a plate of sandwiches and headed into the living room with beer and plate in his hand.

Harriet was bending over the DVD player. Her skirt was pulled tight over her ass and allowed the suspender clips to bubble up just above her hem line. The lower edge of the lacy tops of her stockings were just visible and so was the fact that she was not wearing knickers, but was wearing high heels in the house.

Outrageously high needle-like heels. Frank felt a slight stirring, a gathering of lust that made his cock just a little harder. At the same time, he felt the feeling in his stomach that had bothered him in the car earlier that day. Was she planning some further outrage, more blackmail? She sat down and took the remote in her hand.

“I think that you will like this one,” she said, as her manicured nail pressed the ‘start’ button.

Frank wondered what she had picked. They only had a few films on the shelf, most of which were his wife's romantic escapist films about women who always found the perfect man and lived happily ever after. Sheer drivel, in his opinion.

He took a sip of his beer and a bite of a sandwich as the film started.

'Latex Cuckold Slave Hell II' announced the menu in bold red letters on a flashing yellow background.

"What the fuck?" said Frank as he almost choked on his sandwich. "Actually, I prefer the first one in the series," said Harriet, as she drew her legs onto the couch and tucked her heels under her ass. "This is a little 'over the top', but the production values are high, the women are certainly attractive and the cuckold slaves are really put through their paces."

"Harriet," said Frank in a shocked voice. "I can't watch this. Or rather, I'm not going to watch it!"

"Don't be such a fucking prude, Frank. Of course, you can watch it! It might even help your education a little. I don't even mind if you have a wank when the grand climax comes at the end!" she added without seemingly noticing the puns that she was making. Frank started to get up from the couch as the film started. "Frank!" said Harriet in a stern voice.

He hesitated and then decided that he had had enough. "This little game of yours... I'm not going to play. I refuse! Bitch!" Harriet took the remote and stopped the film with a flick of the wrist. "You just don't understand, do you? This is not a game, Frank. This is for real! Now sit down like a good boy and watch this film with me, keep me company and show a little willing!"

"You can't blackmail me," said Frank thinking of the fact that the scars of their 'adventure' would have faded in a week and it would be his word against hers when his wife returned. "Of course, I can," she said.

Harriet reached for her phone and flicked the screen with her fingers. With a satisfied sigh she passed the small screen to Frank. There on the screen was a photo. The objective looked down into the nest of Harriet's thighs. Just visible between those thighs was Frank's face, eyes screwed tight as he serviced his mother-in-law with his lips and tongue. "So, you see that for every action there is an opposite and equal reaction. You feel repulsion, but it turns out that you are forced to attraction." Frank made as if he was going to refuse to pass the phone back to her waiting hand.

"I have already downloaded them from the phone to my email address," she commented as she plucked the phone from his hands. "There are no 'negatives' to destroy for this rather explicit picture!"

Frank sat back down with a resigned look.

"Now you have to apologize again, darling. That's the second time that you have insulted me. *Again*, you used that word for me. The one that's soon going to describe *your* role in our little

understanding.” Her right foot came from under her ass and moved to his lap. The signal was clear, the intention obvious and Frank bent to kiss her foot and apologize as she had taught him. His lips touched the sole of the stiletto and she moved slightly to press the tip of the heel between his lips. “Frank, Frank, you never learn. No wonder my daughter is flitting off for weeks at a time. Why are you still dressed?” He looked at her. Her face was adorned with a smile that might just have been a leer. Superior and aloof.

Frank undressed without a word and repeated his apology.

“Now that you are ready to watch the film, settle in and enjoy!” she laughed as the screen came once more into motion and the epic began to play.

The film was a collection of female-dominated violations and rapes that merged from one shocking scene to another. A wife and her muscular lover misused a man who was supposed to be the husband. She was smooth as glass in her violet and pink latex skin; the lover was naked and supremely endowed. The sex was viewed in close-up as the audience were permitted to watch with the husband as the lover and wife sucked and fucked before forcing the husband to serve with lips and tongue as the lover’s huge erection ploughed the screaming domina lover, bringing her to one climax after another as her hands held her servile husband’s face to the point of junction.

As Harriet avidly enjoyed the film, she kept Frank attending to her stilettos allowing him occasional glimpses of the screen from the corner of his eyes. With approval she noted Frank’s erection that stood to attention and enjoyed the byplay of him sucking her heels while onscreen the wife and her lover parted to allow the lover to spurt his cum onto the husband’s lips.

Finally, the film was over and Harriet stretched her legs, one across Frank’s lap, the other resting on the floor.

“Would you like to see it again?” she asked as she licked her lips.

Frank shook his head. Somehow, he was being sucked into his mother-in-law’s deviant sexual dream and he could not see a way to wake up and escape.

“Tomorrow morning, I expect breakfast in bed. Make sure that it meets with my approval!”

She stood and smoothed her skirt with a small brush of her hand.

“Pancakes, coffee and fresh pressed orange juice,” she said.

The door closed as she left the room and Frank was left sitting staring at the screen of the TV that showed the menu of the film. The background picture of the glossy clad wife with her husband curled at her feet and the muscle-bound lover behind her, hands supporting her oversized silicon breasts.

\*\*\*\*\*

Frank picked up the tray with both hands and headed upstairs. The coffee steamed and the smell of the melting butter and maple syrup filled his senses. He knocked on the door and wondered if here would be some evil surprise waiting for his arrival. But the room was still and dark and he could see Harriet drowsing on the bed like a leopard that relaxes in the sunshine after making a kill and eating its fill. She smiled at him and pulled herself into a sitting position so that he could place the tray over her lap.

“Very good, Frank. Just perfect in fact,” she muttered as she sipped the juice. He turned to leave without a word. “Wait here until I have finished, Frank,” she said, as she cut into the pancake stack. “I might just need something else.” He watched as she primly cut the pancakes and ate with relish. The sheet slipped down and revealed her breasts as she ate, but she did not think to cover herself. Finally, the plate was clear and the coffee was finished.

“Very good, I must say. Please take the tray and then come back. I have a small job for you to do.”

Frank could almost hear the heartbeat in his ears as he returned to the bedroom after dumping the tray in the kitchen. *‘How is this happening?’* he asked himself. *‘Why can’t I just tell the cow ‘no’ and escape?’* The answer was that pictures! Or was it that at some deeper level she was connecting with his persona? He felt his prick rise in his jeans and almost held his breath as he entered the room.

Harriet was still curled up under the sheets, her breasts covered now and the curtains had been opened to allow the morning light to stream into the feminine boudoir.

“I would like you to lay out my clothes, Frank,” she said. “First, a woman always chooses a skirt or dress before matching it with a suitable top.”

Her voice had a matter-of-fact tone to it as she told him which wardrobe to open. That she had been a teacher in a boy’s only school until a few years ago was probably the reason for the practiced authority that she wielded. That Frank was an uncomplicated man who was perpetually unsure of himself was possibly the reason that he fell so easily under her spell. Finally, of course there was that whip that she held in her hand, the evidence that his tongue had been where it should not have been.

He pulled out the pencil skirt that she directed him to and laid it at the end of the bed.

“Now, with a red skirt, a white blouse would be nice. No other colors, just a bit of lace on the collar.”

Harriet directed him to the blouse that she had in mind and then asked him if the combination was suitable. The questions were more rhetorical than otherwise. A question that needed no answer.

“What do you think? White and red with plenty of cleavage?”



“Mmm,” he answered, wondering at the ritual that he was being forced to participate in.

“Good, then we have to choose the right bra and dessous,” she continued.

He laid stockings, panties, corset and bra by the other clothes as directed before telling him to line up three pairs of shoes.

“The red stilettos that I had on yesterday, the white low pumps and the black heels with the red bow,” she said, as he selected the shoes and lined them up. “Which do you prefer?” Frank realized that this was perhaps a test. A chance for him to tell her something, perhaps. He remembered something that Sue had once said when he complained that she never wore her high heels when she went out for the evening.

“Are you planning to go out?” he asked.

“No!”

“Then it has to be the ones that you wore yesterday.” She smiled in approval. Somehow, from being a mother-in-law yesterday morning, Harriet had become his mistress just a day later. Yesterday, she had been the woman that he had longed to escape from; that wish was still close to his heart. Today she was the woman that he could not flee, no matter how he struggled to resist.

“Good,” she said. “Now I am going to teach you how to dress me!”

She climbed out of the bed and stood with one hand on the bed post.

The sight of her filled him with alarm. Naked and threatening. At the same time attractive and a compulsive magnet for his eyes. His cock responded, pointing to the magnetic north of her sex. “I am going to have a shower first. When I return you will be waiting with a fresh coffee, naked and ready to learn how I like to be dressed. Lay out the clothes properly on the bed, get my coffee, strip and be ready to serve!”

Harriet turned and retreated to the en-suite shower whilst her new found servant hurried to do her bidding. Frank was relieved that she was not going to prise more sexual service from him. All last night he had tossed and turned in his mental agony as the awful and prescient scenes from that dreadful film flickered in his mind’s eye.

What was *not* plain to him yet was that every order that she gave was sexual, every action was to have carnal overtones. Every breath that he would take was to be performed for her. He was making that typical male error of believing that sex had only to do with fucking.

By the time that she emerged from the shower, primped, preened and smelling of soap and talcum, Frank had done his best to do as she had asked. Ordered, actually!

Frank made the bed. During the course of pulling the sheets tight and plumping the pillows,

Frank had found a vibrator under her pillow that put his own hardening prick to shame in every way. Longer, wider and stippled with small bumps that would massage every nerve ending. For a moment it came alive in his hands, throbbing with a low sound and then ripples ran along its length as the tip rotated slowly to finish off the effect.

Next, he had carefully laid out the clothes and placed the fresh coffee on the bed side table. Last of all, and most reluctantly, Frank had undressed and placed his clothes in a neat pile at the end of the bed. "First the stockings and suspenders," she said. "Knickers next and then my bra."

Harriet sat on the edge of the bed and sipped her coffee as Frank rolled the stockings over her legs and then smoothed them down. "The seams, Frank, and the toes. Get it right!"

He tweaked them until it was clear that she was satisfied and then clipped on all the closures that hung from the girdle that she was going to wear as a suspender belt. "First, do all the suspenders and then comes the panties," said Harriet, as she watched him clip the suspenders to the lacy seams of the stockings. "I like to be able to take them off without having to undo all the suspenders."

As Frank pulled on her scanty panties, he found himself face to face with her sex. Shaved or waxed closely and smooth as silk. The pouting lips beckoned him and he was so tempted to kiss them that he had to shake himself from his reverie and slide the flimsy lace to cover her.

Finally, it was nearly over. His erection proclaimed his weakness, but Harriet was fully dressed with her son-in-law kneeling naked at her feet.

"Very good for a first time, Frank," she smiled. "Every morning it will be the same. Breakfast, shower, coffee and helping me getting dressed. Occasionally, I might think of other little tasks for you to do, but for now that will be the routine."

"Can I ask a question?" said Frank. She nodded a somewhat *regal* assent. "What are you going to tell Sue?" he asked, heart thumping in his chest as she considered her answer.

"I haven't decided yet. We'll just have to see in a couple of weeks or so, maybe, if you behave, I won't tell her and it will be our little secret."

A plaintive look came over his face and she extended her hand to stroke his cheek.

"Be a good boy and I am sure that it will be all OK!" she laughed. "Just do as I say and we will just get along fine."

The very tip of her shoe slid forward and slipped between his thighs to touch his prick. Frank jumped in shock at the contact, but his cock twitched up as it reacted. "Not now, Frank! You may go." Harriet dismissed him with a small twitch of her hand and watched him gather his clothes and leave the bedroom. As he did so the phone rang and she followed his naked form down the stairs to collect the call. She took the phone and turned to face her son-in-law. Her finger pointed at the floor and he stopped to stand beside her.

“Hi Sue, yes I’m fine,” said Harriet, as she looked at Frank. “He’s here if you want to have a word.”

There was a pause and then Harriet answered. “No, he’s been no trouble at all; in fact, we had a lovely time watching a film last night together. I’ll pass you over.”

She passed the handset to Frank, who found that he was talking to Sue on the phone, but standing naked under the gaze of Harriet.

“Darling,” said Sue, “how is it going with the search for an apartment?”

Frank tried to keep his voice steady as he replied, but Harriet had stepped up close to him and her body pushed him with his back to the wall.

“Nothing yet,” he replied, as he felt Harriet’s rough clothing press and hold him to the wall. “I went to one with your mother. It was fine!”

“Well, done,” came Sue’s reply, “it shows that if you just relax a little and try to please her, she will be eating out of your hand in no time!”

Frank felt a hand close around his prick and almost gasped with surprise as Harriet began to massage him with one hand while the other moved up his chest to close around his throat with a firm, but gentle, grip.

“I really don’t think so,” said Frank as he felt himself being slowly jerked off by the woman whom he had just been kissing the shoes of.

“Nonsense, Frank. My mother just needs to feel wanted and needed.”

Frank tried to change the subject. “How’s the course?” he asked. “Going OK?”

“The hotel is great, the course work is easy and my boss turns out to be pretty good as a lecturer. I really hope that it will lead to a promotion and he says that my practical work is good, but that my oral work is better!”

“Sounds good honey,” said Frank as he felt himself near a climax. There was something so awful about what was being done to him, awful and delicious all rolled into one. He was coming, climaxing under that steady movement and still trying to talk to Sue as if nothing was happening.

“I hope that you have been busy with that new contract, you know, the cosmetics one,” she said. For a moment there was a pause and then Harriet pressed him hard against the wall and brutally brought him to a fast climax that made him gasp with shock as his prick spurted across the hallway under her direction.

“Listen honey, I have to go now, Des is waiting for me to meet him for some deep coursework analysis, love and kisses and to my mum as well.”

Frank barely had time to blurt an, “I love you,” before Sue closed the line. ‘Des,’ he thought to himself. A week ago, her boss had been referred to as ‘Mister Lee’, now he had become ‘Des!’ Harriet put a finger in her mouth and licked it before the same finger was presented to his lips.

“Frank, that was such fun! Now run along and get dressed, I’m sure that there’s plenty to do.”

“Harriet,” he started. “We should not be doing this.” He just could not think of any other way to express himself, of any other way to escape.

“I can do what I want, I’m single,” said Harriet with a sniff. “It’s you that is having an affair!”

“This is not an affair, Harriet! It’s blackmail. It’s coercion. It’s you taking advantage and playing games with me. It’s you destroying my marriage, in fact it’s just loads of things, but an affair it is not!”

“Now that was not nice,” she said, with a frown. “I do what your little cock is crying out for and you tell me off! If you didn’t want it, why the fuck didn’t you push me off? Why are you naked? Why did you have a hard on? I’ll have a proper apology and then we’ll talk no more about it.”

Once again Frank found himself at her feet begging her indulgence while she looked down on him with a superior smile. Once again, he was bent just a little more without *quite* fracturing and breaking. Once more he had words of contrition on his lips to be followed by the smooth leather of her red stilettos.

Frank was in a fast, descending spiral.

### Third Time Lucky

Two thousand miles away, in Reno, Nevada, a hotel bathroom echoed reverberated to a man's groans. He stood with his back to the tiled wall in the shower as Sue relaxed her throat to let his massive cock slide until his balls hung against her chin. The hot water cascaded over both of them as she swallowed him whole and made him gasp in pleasure. Such dirty, clean fun!

As he cried out over the noise of the splashing water and came deep in her throat, Sue looked forward to being spitted fully on that huge cock. Now that she had tamed it and slowed him down, he would be able to lazily fuck her for so much longer before being able to cum once again. That time, deep in her tight and willing pussy.

Her boss had dreamed up this fuckathon, suggested it and paid for it, the longest that he had ever stayed with one girl! A couple of weeks in Reno, fucking, sucking and indulging every sexual whim and all it would cost was a promotion that the sexy slut was deserving of anyway! But Des liked know his female staff inside out! He liked to split them lengthways on his prick and those who were best of all were the desperate married ones who loved his long thick black cock and just could not wait to have it widen them and fill them with all that pumped-up muscle. Then he loved shaking the husband's hand and squeezing. He loved the fact that all those whores went dizzy as they swallowed his cum and then were perpetually desperate to be fucked again. To drink at the deep, deep well of Des. He loved the never-ending jealousy in the office and the way that all those sluts longed to be taken to his villa to be fucked. Once or twice in pairs to perform on the end of his prick. But, best of all it was when the husbands realized that their wives were addicted to sliding on and off his meat; that was the moment that he relished. The moment that those cuckolds realized that they would spend the rest of their married lives being just second best, just being the little jerk off that rattled in his wife like a finger in a pool pocket. That moment they realized that their wife was spoiled forever. Every time the wives opened their legs, they would dream that the cock transfixing them was the mighty ram of Des. Every time that they rode a man, they would compare him with the man who filled them the most. Full.

\*\*\*\*\*

Frank stood feeling almost foolish. This was the third breakfast that he had brought and each time Harriet had sent him back down to the kitchen to get it right. The first time had been when the bacon was not crispy enough; the second because he had poured too much syrup over the pancakes and the third time was because the coffee 'was just not strong enough'.

There just was no pleasing the woman! Finally, the breakfast was accepted and he stood by waiting to tell him what clothes to lay out for her.

"It's important," she said, between mouthfuls, "to get it right. A good breakfast is one of the things that I *so* love and *this* is now a good breakfast."

She glanced at him while she spoke and pointedly looked at his cock that hung between his thighs. Frank nodded and blushed. The pink spread up his neck and over his face as he avoided her glance and tried not to look her in the eyes. "I have decided that I am going to meet some of

the girls for a meal at twelve,” she said, ignoring his blush. “I want you to select my clothes with that in mind.”

“You want me to choose?” asked Frank without looking up. “Count it as a reward, my dear. Bear in mind that I have to look my best and be sexy, but restrained. Blue would be my choice, but I’ll leave it to you! Emma likes blue, I have no idea what color that young nosey bitch Kelly likes.”

With that she put the tray aside and climbed out of the bed. She was wearing a pink nightie, lace and satin that clung to her generous curves.

“Don’t make any mistakes like you did with the breakfast,” she added, as she closed the door to the bathroom behind her. As soon as he heard the sound of the water in the en-suite, Frank carried the tray to the kitchen and returned to complete the task that he had been given. After making the bed he opened all the doors of the three wardrobes that filled the wall and flicked through the hangers.

Finally, he found a blue dress of sheer material that shimmered in the light and laid it neatly on the bed. Then he tried to decide what underwear she would want to match it. The bra was easy because he found a blue and black satin corset that matched the dress and also stockings in light blue lace. Last of all he looked at the shoes that were arrayed on the racks at the bottom of the wardrobes. Most of them had high heels, but the only pair with a touch of blue were patent black with small bows on the uppers. He parked them carefully on the floor under the draped dress and surveyed his choice.

Everything seemed to be in order so he turned back to the wardrobes to close them. As he did so he noticed an inner cupboard in the far right that was closed with a catch. The padlock was open. Without thinking he opened the door to investigate further, sheer curiosity overcoming the feeling that he was not supposed to open this inner door. *‘More clothes,’* he noted, as he looked at the nondescript grey plastic bags that covered the clothing items that hung from the rail. An expensive camera and lenses sat next to shoes that had no soles to speak of. Heels so high that the tips of the toes were all that would touch the ground when they were worn. A drawer nestled at the bottom of the space and he slid it open to look inside.

Soft rubber bags seemed to fill the drawer and he picked one up to see what could be inside. As he did so it unfolded in his hand and draped almost to the floor. Suddenly it was clear that this was a stocking! Soft, shiny, with a tactile feel of rubber. Hurriedly he folded it and went to place it back in place. It was then that he noticed the pile of plastic DVD cases that were under the kinky rubber wear. He pulled out the top one and turned it in his hands. *‘The Training Sessions’* proclaimed the big bold title line, *‘starring Mistress Evelyn, the Queen bitch of Hollywood’*. The picture was rather more explicit. A plump middle-aged woman, naked but for heels and smooth latex stockings held a cane bent suggestively in her hands. She stood with legs apart, showing the parted lips of her sex from which hung rings and bells while a naked cuffed and gagged man lay at her feet in obvious surrender.

Frank swallowed with a nervous look at the bathroom door. The sounds of the shower were still coming from behind the door so he turned the case in his hands to look at the back. It was

plastered with small photos that showed the same woman in various positions, either caning her male victim or in a position that looked as though she was fucking him. 'Evelyn shows just how hard she can be when she trains and breaks a man to her will,' proclaimed the text in big bold yellow letters. Frank was about to read the rest, the small text description, when the sounds in the bathroom ceased and he hurriedly replaced the box and put the latex stocking back on top of the DVDs. He just had time to close the door to the cupboard and the wardrobe as Harriet opened the door and came back into the bedroom.

She glanced at the contrite look on his face and then turned to the clothes that he had chosen for her. "Very good," she said, in a clipped voice. "But you have forgotten something!"

Frank looked at the clothes and suddenly realized that he had not laid out any panties. "Sorry," he muttered and went to the wardrobe where all her underwear was to be found. "Do you think that I am going out to meet my friends without any knickers on?" she asked in a sweet voice. "That would be more than just a little suggestive on your part."

"No, I forgot to get them."

"Well, otherwise, I suppose that you have chosen well."

He found a pair in dark blue with black lace adorning the leg openings and presented them for her approval.

"Fine, a good choice. Next time you make an omission like that, you'll be wearing them yourself!" she said, as she took them from his hand.

As he knelt to offer the stockings for her to put on, she continued: "After our lunch we will be coming back here for a coffee. I expect that you will have coffee and cake ready for us and the house in order." He smoothed the stockings on and helped her lace the corset that he had chosen. "But I have loads of work to do today," he said in a small voice.

"Frank, you really are trying to be difficult, aren't you?" she asked rhetorically. "You will find time for your work when I am not here. The rest of the time you are at my beck and call!" She slipped on the dress and then slid her feet into the stilettos that he had chosen.

"But I have to be available the whole working day for the team on the project," he said.

"I am sure that we can divide your time properly, on the understanding that my needs are paramount. Anyway, I am going to decide when you are available for things other than my own use." Frank hung his head and thought of the picture that resided on his mother-in-law's mobile phone. He thought of the scratches and gouges that she had inflicted with her nails and then he saw, in his mind's eye, the cover of the DVD that he had seen. The woman, large breasted with a wicked cane in her hands could have been Harriet, the man at her feet that could have been him.

"This is so unfair," he muttered, as he opened the door for her. "No, it's not, Frank. You are to blame for your own predicament," she said, as she turned to face him. "If you think that you can

‘love me and leave me’ then you have another thing coming. We now have something special that binds us together. All I want from you is a little respect and obedience. I don’t think that that is so unreasonable in the circumstances! You are doing quite well at the moment, don’t spoil it now!”

“When Sue gets back.” he said.

Somehow, he was on the point of tears as he imagined his wife arriving and her mother showing her the pictures and the tale of the events of the previous weeks. His lips trembled and he blinked back the one tear that had gathered in his eye. “You’ll have to cross that bridge when you come to it,” she laughed. “For now, you just have to hope that I consider your service adequate enough to make me keep our little secret to ourselves!” Frank just hung his head as Harriet went downstairs to get her coat.

“Make sure that everything is ready at two O’clock for when I get back,” she shouted up to the naked man that looked down at her from the balcony.

“It will be,” he said in a low voice. “I promise.”

“Good!”

The door slammed behind her leaving Frank to go to his room to get dressed. As he did so he almost wept with frustration at this terrible situation. A couple of days before he would have laughed at the predicament that he was in. Now he could almost have cried.

\*\*\*\*\*

Frank sat down at his computer and logged onto the team network. Alice and Steve were already logged on and he joined in the discussions online. For about two hours he filled in some gaps and worked over some text before signing off. The time was one O’clock and Harriet would be back in an hour and he had to make coffee and cakes and God knew what else.

He toured the kitchen and realized that there was not enough freshly ground coffee in the house, no cakes, no biscuits and indeed nothing else that might be acceptable to the rather critical Harriet. With a curse under his breath, he headed out to the local store and wondered how many people would be coming to this afternoon coffee.

In the end he decided that four, plus Harriet, would be a good calculation and he bought cakes, coffee and some other bits and pieces with that in mind. By the time that he got back it was ten to two so he rushed around and tried to make the table presentable.

A car drew up in the drive, Harriet’s BMW.

Frank dashed around like a mad bumblebee. With one hand he poured the boiling water into the coffee filter, with the other he loaded cupcakes and slices of chocolate cake onto a plate.



The door opened and he heard Harriet's voice inviting in her friends.

"I don't think that you've met Frank, have you?" she said, as she opened the door to the kitchen and entered with two other women in tow.

One was his mother-in-law, Harriet, the second was a larger, older woman in a rather tight skirt that looked to be about the same age as Harriet. The third was perhaps ten years younger and dressed casually in jeans and a sweatshirt. She wore her long blonde hair in a plait that ran down her back almost to her belt.

Frank recognized them both from his wedding, maybe, but that had been the last time that he had seen them, so he had forgotten the names.

"Hello Frank," said Harriet. "This is Emma," she introduced the older woman, "and this is Kelly, I'm sure you remember them," she said, as she introduced the younger woman whose huge breasts filled Frank's vision. "This is Frank, my son-in-law. He has kindly offered to serve us a small refreshment, so while we are waiting," she stressed the word 'waiting' with a distinct disapproval, "we shall sit in the living room where it will be served." Frank shook hands with both women and tried to smile, but he knew already that he was in trouble and that this 'small refreshment' would be a trial for him and another chance for his mother-in-law to get him to dance to her tune.

## Back and Forth

Sue bent to touch her toes and Des lifted her skirt. She felt his hands smooth over the rounded flesh of her ass and then the thumbs dug in towards her ass hole. A rush of excitement and apprehension filled her as she wondered if today would be the day that he would fuck her tight and virgin ass. He had promised and she had to admit that the thought scared her. He prised the cheeks of her ass open and Sue felt the warmth of his cock nestle and press lightly against the closed door. Then it slid down and poised over the slick entrance to her pussy. She felt a slight pressure and then his hand grasped her hips as he slid into her with a twitch of the hips. As she grasped her ankles, he fucked her from behind with a slow rhythm that was like a piston in an engine. Steady, constant and deep. Sue gasped and almost cried out in pleasure as Des changed the angle a little to allow his cock to rub along her pulsating clitoris, as it slid in and out of her cunt.

Then he grunted, a small sign that he too was approaching his climax. Sue gasped as he speeded the action and reamed her with a will, as he looked down at her ass and enjoyed the sight of his black flesh sinking into the pink of her pussy. Complimentary contrast, his almost black and her pink-pale whiteness.

That thought in his mind, he came in a rush. A surge that made him thrust with a quiver until she had squeezed every drop from that delicious cock.

He slapped her playfully on the ass and guided her to suck him. Des was in that moment of sheer sensitivity that demanded such a delicate mouth and tongue to savor his every drop. Sue was up to the task and she massaged him gently and then sucked the last of the juice from him and then kissed him lightly with her tongue.

“I was scared that you were going to...”

Des laughed a little and took her face in his hands. “If you don’t want it, then just tell me!”

“I do want it; I am just scared that it will hurt. So much,” she whispered.

“You will love it and so will I,” said Des. “I love fucking you! More than any other woman that I’ve fucked. More than any man. I love watching my prick disappear into you and I love the way that you taste me after I’ve fucked you. I think that your tits are fantastic and I just love every bit of you. I long to push into your ass and make you squeal with being filled by a real cock.” Sue looked up at him as if she was able to read the truth or lie on his face. All she could see was honesty, but she knew that Des was a man who jumped from one cunt to another in an everlasting search for his own pleasure.

It was not as though he did not care about the woman that he was fucking; it was just that her pleasure was incidental, just a twist of extra pleasure for this extraordinarily sexual man. ‘*He really means it,*’ she decided. ‘*He really thinks that I am the best fuck he has ever had! I wonder if it is always like this, that each of us is better than the last. Perhaps I am really just another single bowling pin on his way to a perfect score of three hundred?*’

In her hand he was getting hard again, swelling until her finger and thumb could no longer touch. She pushed at it and marveled at the way that it still grew until it was like a cannon pointing into her eyes. A fearful weapon that could split a woman.

“How many *men* have you had then Des?”

“Just three or four,” he smiled, “even though they have cocks of their own they don’t know how to service a real one! I love it when they cry in the wife’s face as I show them what I gave just gave their loved one.”

“You fucked your lover’s husbands?”

Sue’s mouth opened wide and the fat end of Des’ prick pushed between her lips. For a moment it hovered there, on her tongue before he gripped the back of her head, wound his fingers through her hair and pushed deep into his lover’s throat.

“I love fucking small men, men who have already lost the respect of their wives and girlfriends. A little demonstration of what I can do is never out of place.”

As he spoke, he slowly fucked her face. Alternately choking her and allowing her to catch breath before sliding in to inject his seed deep into her in a surge of cum that she felt even though it was so deeply planted inside. As Des’ cock pulled free of her mouth, dribbling a line of cum to her lips from the tip, she licked her lips and said: “I would love to see you fuck Frank, my husband!”

“I only do genuine requests,” laughed Des. “If you don’t ask, you don’t get! If it’s what you want then of course I’ll give him a little taste of a real man’s cock.”

He pulled at her until she stood and then with a laugh, he pushed her backwards to fall across the bed with a small cry of shock. He fell onto her and parted her thighs by pulling at her ankles as his face buried deep into her sex. Sue thrashed on the bed as he sucked her in and licked her to climax after climax. The fantasy that took her to new heights was a film that ran in her imagination. Frank bending to be fucked and then being required to allow that prick to slip into his throat as it did in hers.

Why this excited her, she could not say. How it was coming to happen, she could not say. When it would become reality in the flesh, she could not say.

When, not if!

As she thrashed on the bed in the grip of a whimsy that her husband would become a fuck doll for her lover she orgasmed again and closed her thighs to grip her black lover between those twitching pillars, before suddenly gasping and screaming, as her mind’s eye saw Frank becoming the fucking sex slut that she wanted him to be.

\*\*\*\*\*

“He seems a bit of a douche,” said Emma, as Frank retreated from the kitchen. “I remember at the wedding how he stumbled over his speech and then forgot to thank the bride’s mother.”

“I *told* Sue not to marry him,” said Harriet, as she poured the coffee. “You need someone with more decision, someone more purposeful, I told her, but she had her eye fixed on him and she always gets what she wants! At any rate they are saving for a house now and I suppose that at least he is a good earner.”

“So, where’s Sue at the moment?” asked Kelly.

“She’s on a course, something to do with her work,” said Harriet. “Well, that’s what jerk-off husband thinks! Actually, she is in Reno with her boss. A guy called Des who I am reliably told has more equipment than a dozen Franks.”

“So, you’re all alone with little Frankie?”

“He does as he’s told!” laughed Harriet. “In fact, I am starting to see reasons why Sue might have married the little guy.” There was a pause while Harriet served the cakes and sipped her coffee. Kelly passed a meaningful look and a wink at Emma and then laughed. The laughter became general as Harriet smiled.

“You’re not having an affair with him, are you?” said Kelly. “When the cat’s away the mice...”

“I think that you know me too well,” said Harriet primly. “But in this case, I wouldn’t grace it with the word ‘affair’. That suggests a romantic liaison of naïve lovers. This is more of an ‘arrangement’ than an ‘affair’.”

“How are you going to avoid Sue finding out?” asked Kelly. “I mean you all live in the same house for Christ sakes.”

“I haven’t made up my mind yet,” answered Harriet with a grin. “In fact, now that I think about it, I may not bother hiding it!”

“Harriet! Really! You are a terrible old witch,” said Emma with a dismissive shrug and a shake of the head, “I remember when you came running to me for advice because your husband left you.”

“Well, that was just a little different,” said Harriet. “He fucked off because his family poisoned our marriage and I was sick of his demands!”

“That’s not quite true,” said Emma. “I remember quite well the circumstances and I must say that you were just a little to the left of being the perfect wife!”

“Ooh, this sounds more like it,” interjected Kelly. “I love a bit of gossip, do tell!” Emma cast a glance at Harriet as if to ask permission to tell the story. Harriet just smiled; a ‘yes’ seemed definite. “About ten years ago, George, that was her husband, got into the ‘swapping’ scene.”

“He was an asshole,” interjected Harriet. “I know that!” replied Emma. “OK, he was an asshole, but you went along with it!”

“James, my jerk off hubby, just wanted to fuck around and persuaded me that it would just be ‘a bit of fun’ to try something different,” said Harriet. “Turned out that he was into all that bondage stuff,” continued Emma as she continued the story and ignored her friend’s interruption. “Harriet decided that it was fun, but that was where the trouble began.”

“It was being in charge that I loved, you know, the one with the whip in her hand!” laughed Harriet.

“If you are going to interrupt all the time then you can tell the story!” said Emma in a severe tone. There was a pause before Kelly spoke: “So tell me, I don’t care who tells me, I love this sort of stuff!” Emma frowned at Kelly and pursed her lips, but she did not notice.

“It turned out that James and I had a slight conflict of interest,” said Harriet. “We both wanted to be the one on top and James found a willing little sex puppy that suited him better than me!”

“You’re forgetting that you found a bitch as well,” laughed Emma. “Me!”

“So, what happened?” asked Kelly. “Well, Harriet was involved in a scandal with the school director where she worked and James put in for a divorce.”

“You lost your job?” asked Kelly breathlessly, even though she had the story from other lips that had been so very prim and disapproving.

“His wife, who had ignored all his previous affairs, suddenly decided that she would expose him just because of the small caning that I gave him!”

“Harriet, that would be the time you put him in the accident and emergency department of the local hospital. You have also forgotten to mention that you decided to cane him in his office and that the janitor found him handcuffed to the desk and had to call the fire brigade to cut the cuffs off him.”

“So anyway, James’ family started to complain about the publicity and how their grocery business was suffering from the publicity so he went for a divorce.”

“That was when Harriet told George that she would expose his own nefarious activities if his lawyer didn’t agree to a fifty-fifty divorce,” said Emma. “The result was that Harriet got Sue, she was about twelve at the time, and half of the money.”

“And the house,” laughed Harriet.

“And the house!” continued Emma. “Where, of course, she lived happily ever after!”

“And James?” asked Kelly. “He’s still paying alimony, but he can afford it,” said Harriet with a

laugh. “You really have a juicy past,” said Kelly to Harriet. “What happened next?”

“Nothing really,” said Harriet with a sigh, “and that was the problem. Being a single mother pretty much put the brakes on and the few partners that I found after the divorce all turned out to be horrified when they realized who I was. The ‘School Madame’ the local papers called me!”

“It must have been difficult,” said Emma, “I mean with a reputation like that and no job?”

“I get along,” said Harriet, “and now that Sue is adult and about to move away from home, I suppose that at last the time has come to get back into the swing of things again.”

Kelly sat back in her chair and looked at Emma. She had a sly smile on her face, a sort of ‘cat got the cream’ smile that told Kelly that there was a great deal that had remained unsaid in the telling of the tale of Harriet’s scandalous behavior. She had only known Harriet and Emma for a couple of years. She had read all the newspaper articles about Harriet, and had been fascinated by that aura of malicious gossip and outrage that hung over her like a thunder cloud.

Somehow, she felt the moment was right for the question that she had longed to ask so she turned to Emma and said: “So you two are lovers then!”

Harriet started to laugh. “I just wondered.”

“I suppose you could call it that,” said Emma, as she joined in with her friend’s loud guffaws. “I think that we could better describe ourselves as the terror of the local bondage scene.”

“The list is long,” said Harriet, in between bursts of loud laughter. “There is a bit of a trail of striped asses.”

“...and a few well-trained men that regret the invention of the digital camera,” added Emma.

“And Frank? Is he becoming a victim as well?” asked Kelly.

As if to cue Frank opened the kitchen door and popped his head round.

“Is there anything else that I can get you?” he asked. “We are fine, I was just about to show my friends a few photos,” said Harriet, as she laid her mobile phone on the table. “Interested?” Frank’s face fell. “You wouldn’t?” he asked. “Would you?”

The question sounded more like begging to Emma and Kelly, like a scared child.

“Get out, Frank and make sure that you do not disturb us again unless I call for you,” said Harriet in a sharp tone.

The door closed and the three women started to laugh.

“What is he so afraid of?” asked Kelly. “After all of that story, you have to ask?” chuckled

Emma. “Harriet has some little blackmail scheme going. I would guess that she caught him wanking and has the proof in her phone.”

“Better than that by far,” said Harriet, as she unlocked the phone and showed her two friends the picture that she had taken. “Is that you?” said Kelly with an indrawn breath. “Those stocking tops?”

“Of course, it is! Frank is just possibly the man that I’ve been looking for!”

“Shit!” said Emma. “How long?”

“Since the day before yesterday.”

“Harriet! When Sue finds out...”

“Emma, I’ll take him off her hands and she’ll be glad!”

Kelly took the phone in her hand and looked at the photo carefully. After an inspection she gave it back and commented: “Is he licking your ass?”

“Not yet, but that’s next on the list!”

## Fifth Column

“You have been poking about in my bedroom,” said Harriet to Frank. “In my private things.”

She looked down at him as he kneeled in front of her and pursed her lips in disapproval. He hung his head and continued painting her toenails as her feet rested in his lap. “I have not!”

“Don’t lie to me, Frank. I know that you have been in my private cupboard in the wardrobe. I can tell!”

Frank changed tack and became defensive: “You told me to prepare your clothes this morning and I had to search all of the wardrobes.”

“That’s no excuse for *prying*.”

“It’s not an excuse, Harriet, it’s an explanation,” he muttered as he lifted her foot and started to work on the left one. She looked down at him and felt a glow of exultation. Here they were, just four days after her daughter had left and already her son-in-law was cowed so much that he sat naked as he painted her toenails and felt nothing but fear and awe in her presence.

*‘Is he really so afraid of that photo,’ she thought, ‘or have I tapped some inner vein of submission that he secretly enjoys?’*

“Maybe we should watch another film tonight?” she asked in a reasonable voice. “I so enjoyed the last one and you obviously want to please me so...”

“Please, don’t do this,” he muttered.

Her hand extended and she put her fingertips under his chin to lift his face to look at her. “Stop whining, Frank. Just enjoy the feeling of helplessness! Do as you are told, it’s really quite simple, you don’t have to think, just obey!”

“You showed them the photo, didn’t you?”

“Of course, I did, they are my friends and I wanted to amuse them!”

“You’ll show it to Sue as well, won’t you?”

“On that I am undecided, Frank. It depends on your behavior.”

He finished her left foot and sighed. Since that afternoon he had cleaned the house like some sort of maid, he had cleared the debris from the visit of her friends, he had done the ironing and gone to the store to fetch the groceries and he had fetched her a take-out pizza and watched as she ate it, ready to serve the bitch if she needed anything else.

It was becoming clear to him what Harriet wanted. She wanted a domestic servant, a man who drudged around her huge house and made her life easy. Cooking, ironing, shopping and other



tasks. The time that he needed to dedicate to his work, in the small office, was shrinking and the 'creative' time that he needed to do that work was gone, swallowed in a mass of domestic jobs that had no end. Already she had mentioned the fact that the cellar had to be cleared, that the garden needed attention and that there was redecoration to do.

"I think that they're dry," he said, as he risked touching the black enamel on her nails with a light fingertip.

Her response was for the foot to lift so that she could see the quality of work that he had done. "Put my shoes back on," she ordered.

A couple of days ago, when this had all begun, she had used the word 'please' quite often. Already that word was but a fading memory and his duties had become a service that she had the right to expect.

He slipped on her heels and she inspected the way that the black nails peeped from the open toes of the shoes. '*Gold and red would have been better,*' she decided, as she allowed her feet to fall, spike first, into his lap.

The sole of her right shoe pressed against his erection and the spike pressed its rough tip into his balls. "Do you like that?" she asked as she moved closer to pull him in tight.

Frank nodded. It was the truth! He did like it, even though the threat of the metal tip of her heel made him shudder with fearful anticipation. "Good, then I'll continue if you ask nicely!"

The movement stopped and Frank looked up at her. Stilettos to stockings, stockings to skirt, skirt to lacy blouse and then the deep crease of her breasts. Finally, that slight thin-lipped smile that was more expectancy than humor.

"Please, Harriet, please..." Frank found that he wanted to beg, but somehow, he could not find the words to express his need. It was so difficult to ask her to ask for it, not the begging, that was not difficult! It was the crudity, the words for the act that failed him.

"Don't be shy," she said, as the foot moved and slowly started to roughly slide up and down his straining cock. "Just say: 'Please fuck me with your heels' and I will do it!"

"Please. Fuck me with your heels!"

"There, that wasn't so difficult was it? You just have to get used to our little arrangement and then it will all be so easy for you. Just a few chores every day and then you will be rewarded with an odd small moment of pleasure." The other foot lifted and presented itself to his face as she ground him under her heel and forced him towards an inevitable climax. He lifted his hands and did what she required. He held the shoe and kissed the sole of her left stiletto as the right pushed him ever further towards climax.

"I just want you to treat my shoe as if it were a lover," she murmured as she felt her own

excitement mount.

As he kissed the sole and then pushed his lips over the slim heel, she pressed her other shoe into his prick and then twisted to score him with her heel. He cried out and then she saw his prick twitch as the first spurt of his climax splattered over his belly and the open toes of her stiletto.

“That’s better, Frank,” she said, as she watched his cock pump the rest of its’ cum, to dribble between his thighs. “You see what asking politely does?”

“Thank you, Harriet,” he said, as her left foot left his lips and came to rest on his thigh.

The heel pushed hard on his skin and he winced. Then she used the heel to score a scratch from the crease of his thigh to his knee.

“It all has its price, everything has its price,” she said. “Learn to pay it, suffer just a little, and I will show you how to please me.”

He looked up and saw that she had her phone in her hand! He saw the look of approval as she looked at the photos that she had taken of him cumming onto her shoes.

“Next time we will do a little film,” she said, as she sent the photos to her E mail address with just a couple of flicks of her fingers on the screen. “Film is better.”

She turned the face of the screen so that he could see the picture with his lips on her heel, his eyes were screwed closed in orgasm and his hands holding her shoe devotedly, in sexual bliss.

“Talking about films, I have a very special film for us to watch. It’s called ‘The Training Sessions’, do you fancy watching it with me?”

Frank knew that was not allowed to say ‘no’, but he still could not bring himself to say ‘yes’ so he prevaricated: “What’s special about that film?”

Harriet bent forward to put her face close to his. The slap caught him unawares. It came from the right, from outside his peripheral vision and made his head ring.

“Frank, just say ‘yes’, it’s so much easier that way. So, would you like me to put on the film?”

He looked at the hand that had just slapped him and then into her eyes.

“Yes, Harriet.”

“You see? Now we are moving forward again. You are learning to obey and I am guiding you gently as we go along. Now, go upstairs, get the DVD and I’ll get comfortable while I wait.”

The film started with Mistress Evelyn walking down a mid-town street. Wearing a long fur coat and stockings she held a cane in her hand as she walked. Soon the coat was off to show the harsh

corset beneath and the heels were exchanged for long boots. It was then that the two viewers were introduced to her victim. A man, who would first be punished, then fucked and finally he would get to serve and show her devotion with lips and tongue.

As the film ran and the cheesy music was overlaid first, by the painful sound of a cane meeting naked flesh and then by the satisfied moans of Mistress Evelyn herself, it was clear that Harriet was enjoying every moment. Finally, came the culmination of the film as Mistress Evelyn fucked herself with a rubber cock while her abject slave served her with his tongue. Somehow, Frank became erect again even though he knew that Harriet longed to replicate the scenes with him as her puppet.

Even though he knew that it would happen and that he would surrender to it!

Resignation filled him as he realized that more and more film and pictures of his own degradation would be taken as he headed deeper into her grip, but he just could not stop it! He could not resist each small incremental movement that took him further into the power of the woman who sat next to him and enjoyed the most depraved porn that he had ever seen.

And he was not sure any more that he wanted to!

## Sixes and Sevens

“Des?” said Sue as she turned on the bed to face him. “Yes?”

“I’ve been thinking,” she said.

“What about?”

“I was wondering if you didn’t really fancy settling down,” said Sue. She saw the look on his face, a mixture of disapproval and boredom and hurriedly continued with the little speech that she had been mulling over for a few days.

“What I mean is that you need a woman who can really cater to your needs and tastes. A woman who doesn’t mind sharing you with others and one who loves sex at the times when you want it!”

A smile crossed his handsome face and he blew her a small kiss. “You mean I need a woman like you?”

“Yeah, exactly,” she said, in answer.

“I’m no man to get married,” he said, as he reached for her and pulled her to him.

“I know that of course and I’m married myself.”

“Mmm, whatever happened to that then?”

“I only married him because my mother objected so much,” she said. “The honeymoon was OK, but after that I must admit that I realized that I had made a big mistake!”

Her hand reached for his growing prick and grasped it tightly.

“Actually, the mistake was big, but the cock was small,” she grinned. “This is much more like it!”

He pushed into her hand with a small thrust of his thighs and then his hands grasped her hips.

“I think that you need another injection,” he said.

He rolled onto his back and lifted her with his hands so that she found herself sitting astride him with his long stiff cock pressed against her back.

“Do you still want me to fuck him?”

“I’d just love it,” she murmured.

“Then you’d better find out what it’s like,” said Des with a smile.

“He reached to her flowing sex and then pushed his fingers beyond to spread the oil of her anticipation over the tight hole that was his target.

Sue looked down at him and shuddered. It was a moment that she had both dreaded and longed for, the moment when he took her and stretched her for his own pleasure. “Just relax,” he said. “Just slide onto me slowly and allow me in and it will be fine.” His arms lifted her and her shaking thighs flexed to place the tip of his prick poised at the tightly closed rear entrance. “Let me in,” he muttered as he allowed her weight to bear down and the tip of his cock pushed with ever more insistence into her.

There was a moment, before the rosebud opened, when Sue thought that he would never be able to push his way into her and then suddenly she parted. Hung for a moment and then relaxed her thighs to lower herself onto him with a slow fall.

A fall of just ten inches, a slide down a tall pole that impaled her as it forced its entry.

She felt a moment of panic as he opened her wider and wider and then relief as he slid into her and his hands slid to her pussy and parted her with strong fingers. “God, you’re huge,” she gasped as she finally sat on his thighs. “It’s good, but I can’t move!” His hand massaged her clitoris and then the prying fingers moved to enter her. Now she was fucked in two holes, filled and gasping with apprehension as he pushed her up with his hands and then lowered her to be spitted again.

“Come on, Sue, fuck me slowly, you tight slut.”

She regained her composure a little and started to move up and down, but in the end, she lowered herself onto his body and kissed his lips. That allowed him to slowly fuck her with just a small move of his hips. His fingers explored the stretched ass where the two were joined and then moved to massage her firmly and occasionally push deep into her cunt.

“Oh, shit, Des, I’m cumming!” She could not move, but he did all the movement they needed to climax together in a rush of gasps and moans that filled her ears. He climaxed, the tightness of a virgin and the vulnerability took him more than just a step over the edge. For Sue, it was the feeling that he filled her like she had never been filled before, filled her and frigged her, spitted her and impaled her ass on that gorgeous black cock. She shuddered and the slowly slipped forward to free herself of the intruder. As he finally slipped out, she felt his cum seep from her closing ass. A slick that dripped from her; back onto him, that dribbled from her ass, along the edges of her half open pussy until it pooled on his cock and belly. “That was so good,” she sighed as she kissed him, “so powerful, I have never been filled like that before.”

“You did well, Sue,” he said with a grin. “Tight and deep and you took me all. Your ass is just so tight and perfect.” They lay in the haze of almost slumber as they rested from their bout. Thoughts turned in Sue’s head as she imagined how it would be to take this fantastic lover home with her. How could she manage to snare Des? In fact, how many other women had imagined that they could capture this perfect fuck machine? As she let those thought swirl through her mind, she wondered what to do about Frank. The whole idea of him being cuckolded by Des was

just such a huge turn on. Further down that road of exiting fantasy she imagined Frank being held down by Des and her.

She imagined herself laughing as Des thrust home and filled his ass as he had just filled hers. Then they would flip him over and they would fuck over his face and allow all that juice to spill over her husband. He would look up and see those heavy balls swinging as his giant prick slid like a piston in her cunt. Finally, in her fervid imagination, Des slid from her just before he spilled. She would bend down with an evil smile on her face and hose Frank's horrified face with all that streaming cum. The dream faded into a mist of Frank licking up all of those emissions as she and Des kissed and fell into each other's arms. Her consciousness returned to the present. Her hand slipped to her pussy and felt the smooth flesh that parted to allow her fingers to furrow through that slit.

"Honey, do you need more?" asked Des. "Fuck me, Des. I will always need more of you. Fuck me until I scream and then fuck me more!" He rolled over his little willing whore and pinned her with his hands and ankles. His thickening cock threatened her for a few moments as he poised to swoop down and take her cunt in one swift thrust.

"Promise me that we will fuck my undeveloped husband. Promise me that we'll cuckold him in front of his eyes and punish his lily ass."

Des looked into her eyes and for a moment saw a woman who was ruthless in a cruel way that he could only marvel at. Driven and extreme in her needs, severe and radical in her demands. She would not stop at some perceived point of another's suffering. Sue would carry all with her or die trying! She was the woman he had been looking for, the one that knew no limits, the one that had no boundaries. He allowed himself to be carried with her. "I promise, I like unwilling men and willing women. I may have just found the perfect couple, though I have yet to see what Frank has to offer." He drove his thighs forward and pressed home, deep into Sue with a sharp push that forced the mattress down with his weight. "Fuck!" screamed Sue as he shafted her. In her head Frank's lips closed over her clitoris as she was fucked.

Fantasy and reality were slowly starting to correspond like the moon sliding over the sun, but Sue's fantasy was that the eclipse would be eternal. The lover's umbra would place Frank's life in perpetual shadow!

## **Eighth Amendment**

Emma arrived earlier than Harriet had been expecting. That meant that Frank was not ready, but still in his little office hurrying to complete all the advertising copy he was working on.

So, the doorbell rang and Harriet had to open the door herself!

“What do you think?” asked Emma as she slid to one side to reveal the brand-new red Mercedes SLK standing on the driveway behind her.

“It’s beautiful,” said Harriet, as she gave her best friend a small hug. “Red is *so* your color, darling.”

“I know,” said Emma with a smile. “George bought it for my fifty-third, he’s *such* a darling, he always knows what I want and best of all he delivers! Of course, he has no choice, but I do like to pretend.”

“You’re early,” said Harriet. “It’s sort of spoiled my surprise for you, my little present for your birthday, but I still have a present for you!”

Emma laughed and leaned forward to kiss her friend.

“I wouldn’t spoil your surprise for anything. I’ll tell you what,” she said. “I’ll go for a drive in my new sports car and then I’ll arrive at the time that we agreed.”

“OK, then,” said Harriet. She glanced at her watch and said: “I’ll see you in just half an hour. Just ring the bell when you arrive!”

Emma took a small bow and theatrically slid into her new car and then pulled one stilettoed foot slowly in before closing the door with a thud. The car sped from the drive with a wave of Emma’s hand and Harriet hurried inside to prepare her little surprise. An hour later the small red car drew up to the front door and Emma slid from it with an almost reluctant air. The car made her the Queen of the road and she almost resented having to leave its luxury. Still, she felt some excitement at the surprise that was about to be thrown at her by her friend, Harriet. It had to be something to do with that useless son-in-law of hers, she decided. It was now a few days since she and Kelly had been served coffee and cakes by Frank and she had seen the new photos that Harriet had sent her by phone.

Naughty!

Actually, much more than naughty, but Emma had long got over any prudery, at least where Harriet was concerned. Harriet attracted scandal like a bee collected nectar, in large amounts and she was so unaffected by other’s attitudes towards her.

The sight of him cumming all over what was obviously Harriet’s feet had made Emma laugh aloud when she got the Email. Her boyfriend, George, had just smiled and passed her the keys to

her new car! He often found himself overwhelmed by such an open attitude to things that most others would have considered sheer unacceptable sexual deviancy, but after all he was not her boyfriend because of any normal love or attachment, he was hers because he belonged to her in ways that gave her more of a hold on his young body than just the lust that he felt for her. Emma's grip was more than just that! Emma rang the bell and waited.

She was half expecting a naked Frank to open the door; after all it was pretty clear that the young son-in-law was being wound onto the reel of Harriet's fishing line. So often the pair of them; Harriet the Queen of ruthless sexual invention and Emma, the Baroness of agonizing love; had performed their little passion plays of blackmail and deviant coercion with some man who had, at first, been a willing player and then become embroiled in aberrant and unwilling games.

Those self-assured men always thought that they could escape unscathed, but they always succumbed! Silk scarves that led to ropes. Ropes that led to fetters, fetters that introduced tight chains and finally blackmail photos that led to a steady income! Never *too* much to pay, never *quite* past the point of desperation, never pushed to that desperate height where exposure was the easiest course. All the while, the scent of scandal drifted by their victims hidden in their boring marriages and routine lives and the two middle aged succubae simply sucked them dry.

From deep in the house, she heard her friend call for her to enter.

The door was unlocked and Emma pushed it open to wander into the living room and find a scene that struck her as both amusing and bizarre. Frank stood in one corner of the room, naked and with a huge erection wobbling from his thighs while Harriet sat on the sofa with a drink in her hand and a cigarette dangling from the fingers of her other hand. For a moment she stood in the doorway and took in the scene before Harriet waved her in. "Meet Francine," said Harriet, as she put down her cut crystal glass on the small table by the sofa. "She is my new pupil, a girl that needs to be given a little extracurricular instruction in manners and comportment!"

Harriet turned to Frank and said: "Get a drink for my friend and then go upstairs to fetch the two gifts that are on my bed."

Frank hung his head in embarrassment. He shuffled forward to the collection of bottles and glasses that sat on the sideboard.

"Williams over ice," ordered Emma as she sat down next to her friend.

"You nearly spoiled my surprise by arriving early," said Harriet with a grin. "Francine here is going to show us what she has learned in the past two days, but first we are going to have a small brunch prepared by her."

"Sounds lovely," said Emma with a grin as she took the proffered drink.

As Francine slipped out of the room to do Harriet's bidding, they clinked their glasses together in a small toast.



“Happy birthday, Emma,” said Harriet, as she kissed her friend. “I have two presents for you. One that you can unwrap and the other that is just a twinkle in my eye. I’ll tell you all about it over our meal.” Emma sipped the smooth bourbon and felt a small rush of tenderness for her friend.

“Darling, you didn’t have to...”

“Of course, I did,” said Harriet. “You deserve it!”

“He, I mean she, seems to be coming along nicely.”

“It’s just a bit of fun really,” said Harriet. “Frank into Francine seemed an amusing diversion and it is amusing to bend my son-in-law around my little finger like this.”

“Don’t you think that it might be just a little close to home?” asked Emma. “I mean, Sue! After all he is her husband and you could be treading on dangerous ground?”

“Sue?” said Harriet. “Now there’s a story, but I’ll tell you later.”

Francine padded back into the room with two gorgeously wrapped presents, boxed and laid them carefully on the occasional table.

“This one is first,” said Harriet, as she pointed towards the smallest present. “It’s a personal gift that I’m sure that you’ll love.”

Emma slowly unwrapped the present and gasped when she saw the brand name on the leather box within. “Oh, Harriet, you are more than generous,” she said, as she opened the box to reveal the Rolex inside. “Thank you so much, I just love it.”

Emma turned the watch in her hands and then noticed that the back was engraved with a dedication. *‘My only true friend and lover’*, it read in flowing script. “It’s perfect,” she said, as she slipped it onto her wrist. “Now I can’t wait to see what the other present is!” Harriet handed her the other present. A square box that was just an inch deep and about eight inches across. “Are you sure that you want to unwrap it now?” said Harriet. “It is just a part of the second present really and goes with the idea that I have!”

Emma turned the box in her hands and then decided to open it. Inside was a flat plain cardboard box with no markings.

“I love the guessing,” she said, in a breathless voice. “I just can’t imagine what it could be.”

She slipped the lid off the box and laughed.

“It’s a collar,” she laughed. “I guess that you are not buying me a dog so it has to be for someone special!”

Harriet had to laugh at her friend's guess.

"Of course, it is," she said. "I'll give you one clue; it's not for Francine here. She belongs to someone else, but I figured that if I get to have a little pet, then it is only right that you get one too!"

"You are beyond wicked," said Emma, "but I am not sure that my boyfriend would appreciate your gift!"

"We'll see," said Harriet, as she stood. "Any way he has to accept whatever it is that you want! Francine, we'll eat in the kitchen, so make sure everything is ready."

Francine nodded and headed for the kitchen in a hurry and the two women heard the rattling of cutlery and plates.

"It didn't take you long at all to get him under your thumb," commented Emma as she finished her Bourbon and swirled the ice cubes in the glass, "and is he constantly hard?"

"She now, darling, she! There are little blue pills for that," said Harriet. "It lasts about six hours for him, but of course he still needs a reason to get hard."

"I thought that they worked no matter what!"

"Francine has a hard-on because she is excited; all those pills do is to make it easier to keep going for hours at a time."

"Does he know that you are dosing him, or do you slip them into his cornflakes?" asked Emma with a giggle.

"She! Francine is not Frank!" said Harriet, "She does as she is told."

The two women headed for the kitchen and found Francine taking the warmed plates from the oven.

"What have you made us," asked Emma with a smirk as Francine pulled back a chair so that she could sit.

"Ravioli with cream and nut sauce, followed by a fillet of carp under almonds, fresh basil with fresh spinach," she said, as she helped Harriet to sit.

"Sounds ravishing," said Emma to Harriet. "I had no idea that she was such a perfect chef."

"Compliments after the meal, if you don't mind," said Harriet, as she watched him serve the first course. "I made a small cake as well," said Francine as she served the small bowls of ravioli, "a birthday cake."

“That’s very thoughtful of you,” said Harriet. “Now wait here with the wine while we eat and not another word!”

“Now that we are eating, are you going to tell me about that second present?” said Emma, as she took a small bite and savored the pasta.

“Of course, my but you are eager.”

“So, who is the collar for?”

“Do you fancy a guessing game or do you want me to tell you?” Emma looked at the ceiling for a moment and then lifted her wine glass.

“I think that I would like you to tell me,” she mused. “I am sure that I can’t guess and I am also sure that you are going to shock me with your choice of man.”

“Darling, you were right not to guess, because it is not a man at all. I was thinking that *Kelly* would be excellent for you! Your boyfriend would appreciate and use the gift, you would have a perfect pet and we would be rid of her prying little nose!”

“You never really liked her, did you, Harriet?”

“Oh, I liked her, in fact I almost fancied her, but the last time we went out she was asking so many questions and I was thinking that it was not as much fun being able to talk freely without having to worry about what I say in front of her.”

“Well, she is a bit of a naïve bore,” said Emma, “and I must admit that I like the idea. No, scratch that, I love the idea! But... she is a woman and even though she seems tickled by the scandal that surrounds us both, I think that it will be difficult.”

“I’ve got a plan, a collar and a willing helper, so how can we fail? The collar is just the tip of the iceberg. You should see all the electronics that I’ve ordered to go with it,” laughed Harriet as she finished her plate. “Francine here is possibly the worm on the hook, I’ll hold the rod and you can cast the line.”

She looked back at the man standing behind her and tutted that Francine’s prick was not standing perfectly horizontal. Her nails tickled the sensitive tip and it perked to the required position. “I think that we are ready for the fish,” she said, as she turned back to her friend. “So far you have done well!”

“So how about we go for a small turn in my new wheels, after the meal, and we can spend a little time discussing your plan.”

“Are we going anywhere in particular?” asked Harriet.

“There is someone else that you will have to talk to first before I can say ‘yes’ to you,” said

Emma, “though to be honest, George does what he’s told! I just like to leave him the *impression* that he has *some* say in his own life.”

“Is that a problem, I mean with your rich captive lover?”

“Well, he likes to think that he is as straight as straight can be, but I know his little hidden kinks. It’s just that I love my little vanilla love affair, even if he is forced to take part. Such a nice separation between my kinky female friend and lover and the man who brings me down to earth with roses and continual little gifts.”

“OK, it’s a deal, I have far too much respect for you than to risk our deviant friendship over some slut, but promise me that if he does not like the idea then we’ll get the collar on her anyway and milk her like the rest of them. I don’t care if it’s just a hundred a month; it’s just too much fun to miss!”

Emma gave it some thought, but not *too* much, before:

“OK, then, but since she’s *my* birthday present, I get to keep all of the income! “Of course. Now taste this fish, it’s delicious.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“How is it going?” asked Harriet. The phone was cradled in the crook of her shoulder as she closed the kitchen door to prevent Francine overhearing the call to her daughter.

“Great Mama,” came the answer. “It’s the best holiday that I’ve ever had!”

“And the weather?”

“Mama, we’re in Reno, there is no bad weather here! Not that we see much of it from the bed!”

“I can imagine.”

There was a silence for a moment before Sue asked: “How’s Frank? I mean he’s not getting in your way, is he?”

“Not at all, darling, why do you ask?”

“It’s just that Des and I are hooked up so well together that I wondered.”

“What the fuck is going to happen when you get home and Frank starts to get in the way of your little vacation affair?” said Harriet, completing the sentence for her daughter. “I know that... I mean that I am sure that you, with all your experience. Ah, I think that you might...”

“I told you not to marry the little jerk-off and you just ignored me!”

“That’s not fair, Mama. You said, and I quote, ‘he has no money and no chance of ever making it big time, if you marry him, you’ll regret his lack of imagination’.”

“Well, I was right, and the more that I get to know him the more that I realize that ‘jerk’ describes him to a ‘T’. Was the honeymoon the last time you fucked?”

“OK. OK, you win. I apologize! Now that I’m on my knees, how about some advice!”

“Leave it to me!”

“Mama, please don’t tell him about Des!”

Harriet started to laugh. She had seen Des from a distance when she had come to pick Sue up from her office and could imagine what the attraction was for her daughter. She knew whom she would prefer on top of her.

“Why not? That would be the best way of clearing his sorry ass out of my house.”

“Because, because I want to do it myself!” It was clear that Sue was her mother’s daughter, direct at getting whatever she wanted. Harriet laughed at the thought and then answered.

“What are you up to?” she asked. “You’re not the only one with a trick or two up your sleeve, Mama. I just thought that it would be so sweet if Des was there when I told Frank to fuck off. Or perhaps told Frank to stand straight in the corner, to watch and learn how a real man fucks!”

“Does Des know what you are planning?”

“Of course, and he thinks that it might be fun as well!”

“Is that all you’re up to?”

“You’ll see.”

“I can help, you know. In fact, whether or not you like it, I have an idea that I might just play around with.”

“Mama, I’m back in four days, you don’t have to do anything!”

“I know that I don’t *have* to. I just think that it would be nice to set the stage.”

“Shit, Des said that I shouldn’t tell you and he was so right.”

“I am starting to like Des more and more. Just make sure that you come back a day early from Reno and there’ll be a surprise waiting for you in the house!”

“If you think that I’m coming home early from the best fuck in my life, just for Frank, you are

going crazy.”

“So, I’ll tell him that you are returning a day later, then, and you turn up on time. I wouldn’t want you to miss any fun with Des!”

“Fine. There’s something else important to tell you as well,” said Sue.

“Mm, what?”

“I got that promotion. In fact, Des says that he’s going to put me on the management fast-track as well.”

“That’s great news, Sue darling. It really sounds as though you two have hit it off”

“More than I dared hope for! Listen, I have to get back to bed now, Des just called.”

“Don’t give him nothing to look forward to when you get back,” said Harriet. “Always have something else to keep him on the line with.”

“That’s just what I plan to do,” came the reply.

“Love you,” said Harriet, but the line was already dead as Sue headed back into the hotel suite’s bedroom in her high heels where Des was waiting for her.

## **The Whole Nine Yards**

“Where’s Frank,” asked Kelly as she entered the living room. “I half thought that you might introduce us.”

“He has gone to do some errands for me,” said Harriet, as she went to the sideboard and poured three drinks. “He’ll be back later and you can find out what a perfect slut he’s become then!” A large whiskey with a little coke for Kelly and two small whiskey’s for Emma and herself. “Are you sure that you want to go through with this,” asked Emma as they settled down. “I mean you really have to have a mercenary should to do this sort of thing!”

“That’s not all,” said Harriet. “The reputation that you may get will be like ours, untouchable and social pariah. There is no way that it doesn’t get out, despite any precaution. The trick is just to ignore all the stares in restaurants, supermarkets and on the sidewalk. Are you sure that you can manage that?”

“It’s not that we don’t need help sometimes,” broke in Emma seriously. “We are both getting a little old for this game and an attractive woman like you can make a fortune. The problem is that we just love you too much to want to involve you. After all, you are probably already the subject of gossip, just for being with us occasionally!”

“No,” said Kelly. “I’ve thought it through and I love the idea and I really am committed. I really just love the idea.” Kelly smiled inside and thought how easily she had managed to keep these two female demons from all of her other social activities. Her contact with Harriet and Emma was in an isolation cell, there was no risk. No risk at all. This would be no different. Just another bit of fun with the girls that made her ‘secret’ life a little spicier! “When we first teamed up,” said Harriet, “we just fitted like a glove together, how do we know that you’ll fit without risking losing a victim?”

“Well, then, just test me and find out!”

“Mmm, that sound like fun,” said Emma, “but we have to know a bit about you first.”

“We’ve known each other three years now,” said Kelly. “Surely that’s enough!”

“OK then,” laughed Harriet, “let’s start with some questions. For instance; have you ever fucked with a woman?”

Kelly swallowed and pulled a slightly uncertain smile. “I had a brief affair with another girl in college,” she said, “so the answer is ‘yes’ then. It was a positive experience I suppose!”

“We don’t care about positive and negative experiences, just who wins from them. Next question,” said Emma. “Ever actually tried bondage and how far did you go?”

“My husband was pretty keen to tie me up and fuck me,” came the reply. “We got to me being gagged, but I wasn’t that keen on it.”

“How about fetishes?” asked Harriet. “Rubber, leather, heels and toys?”

“Fine by me! I would not be trying to join your little conspiracy if I was afraid of a bit of kink! Never tried them, but I would love to.”

“How about as the boss? I mean can you make a man serve you and force him to submit? How about the other way round?”

“Of course,” said Kelly with a sniff, “there’s no problem there!”

“Fancy going upstairs, now?” asked Harriet. “I mean if we don’t try you out then we don’t know do we?”

“Now?” asked Kelly wide-eyed.

She felt a hand clasp over her knee and another, from Emma, took her plait and wound it around until it was like a handle on her head.

“Now!” said Harriet in a sharp voice. “If you want to try it then you have to taste it. Today you can be the perfect little bed slut, tomorrow we’ll test you as the Mistress of the bedroom.”

“I’m not...” stuttered Kelly. “Now or never!”

“OK, now,” said Kelly, as she felt the hand slide up her thigh and her head being twisted to face Emma. Emma smiled and pursed her lips.

“Just to be clear about this and so that we don’t misunderstand each other there are just a few rules to follow. Rules are very important; they define your position and lay the limits of the game. I live by discipline and rules; I control everything in my life with exactitude, to the minute, to the degree. So, when you ask me what the rules are, I will say that they are in my head, they are yours to explore learn by experience and then obey!” Harriet laughed and looked at the slightly worried look on Kelly’s face. “The first rule is that there are no ‘safe words’ and such,” said Harriet. “This is for real and you have to realize that from the start. The second rule is that you obey all commands until the scene finishes. You are nothing more than a toy that can be punished for breaking any rules. Do you understand what you are getting into?”

“Yes, yes, I agree, Harriet. I understand.” Emma placed a kiss on Kelly’s lips and for a moment pushed her tongue into the younger woman’s mouth.

“The third rule is that we decide when the game is over, not you! Every action has an opposite and equal reaction in *our* world. If you do not obey, if you try to beg to escape, if you are rude or try to resist, then you will be punished and we are *not* known for being soft on our victims.”

“I agree, I agree,” said Kelly breathlessly, as her arousal began to fill her mind with a haze of lust.



It was clear that she was excited as well as naive because when Harriet's hand slipped past the gusset of her panties, she found a wet slit, that promised endless delight. For a moment, she slithered her finger through her friend's cunt before running her soaked fingers through the mass of pubic hair that sprouted from her mound.

"Upstairs then," said Emma, as she guided Kelly by her hair.

Kelly stumbled up the steps, half falling, half guided by the fist that had wrapped her plait around itself.

"What game are we going to play?" asked Emma to Harriet.

"Your choice, your slut," replied Harriet. "Collar?"

"Later, it's the second thing to do," came the cryptic reply.

Emma held the plait high while Harriet stripped Kelly of her clothes. For a moment it looked as though Kelly would start to fight as Harriet grasped the hems of the dress at the shoulder and ripped down in one smooth motion, tearing the cloth at the seams and exposing Kelly to the gaze of the two women that she was so eager to impress. Harriet's and grasped her red lace panties and made as if to rip them off.

"Please, no!" squeaked Kelly. "They cost a fortune." Harriet started to laugh. It had been so easy to trick the bitch to start to protest and start to apply the 'rules.' Of course, as for rules, there were none. End? There was none, because it was going to last forever and as for becoming the dominant one at some point; that was ridiculous. Impossible!

"The gag," said Emma. "She has to learn not to protest!" Harriet opened the wardrobe and searched through the drawers while Kelly held her breath. She could not see what it was that Harriet brought out, but silk cloth dangled from Harriet's closed fist as she moved to the rear of Kelly to fit her first gag. "If you need to say something then wait until we give permission for you to say it," said Harriet. Kelly felt her friend's hands slip around her neck and then raise, but what was in those hands was out of her sight because Emma held her head to look up. "Open wide," said Emma, "as far as possible, Kelly." As soon as she opened the gag was slipped in and the two silk bands that were attached to it were tied tight around the back of her head. Kelly had expected some sort of silk knot or perhaps a ball shaped object but what had been put in her wide-open mouth was a ring. It was held in place by the two silk ties and held her mouth wide and un-closable.

"That's better, my dear," said Harriet, as she returned to Kelly's panties. Her hand wrenched and they tore off with a snapping sound and left a red mark on Kelly's thigh where the lace had scratched its way before snapping. "'No' is a word that is not allowed," said Emma. "That's a rule." Emma allowed Kelly to look down as Harriet returned to her wardrobe to look for another item. She returned with a pair of cuffs and proceeded to fetter Kelly. Somehow, this no longer seemed like a game to Kelly. She had known in her head that they would tie her up, but she had imagined a light blindfold and silk ropes that would stretch her out on the bed until they made

her climax with some vibrator or perhaps an intimate massage.

A delicate climax, a soaring orgasm as she was explored in bondage. That was her vanilla idea of what this was all about. The actuality was not brutal. Yet, it was overwhelming, disconcerting and exiting all in one rapid breath. There was something about 'going too far' that thrilled and elevated her erotic distance from the solid ground of reality. Emma relaxed her hand on the plait and passed a white box to Harriet. The box was opened to reveal a collar that looked like a wide dog collar except that every inch along the leather there was a steel ring that dangled from a steel grommet. The collar was fitted and Kelly gurgled.

The words that she wanted to say did not emerge as spoken English they just sounded like a random collection of vowels that tumbled from the open mouth. "I think that the gag has not taught her a proper lesson. Perhaps we should show young Kelly how it works," said Emma. As she spoke to Harriet her hand slipped to the gag, her hand tightened in Kelly's hair and the ring grew in diameter as she rotated a small portion of the ring. It grew just a few millimeters in diameter, but the effect on Kelly was immediate as her jaw was forced down at the behest of the evil implement. "Better," said Harriet, as she tied a silk scarf around the chain between the handcuffs and threaded it through one of the rings that dangled from the back of the collar.

She pulled the silk scarf tight slowly and Kelly felt her wrists rise up her back until the force made the backs of her hands touch and her elbows were gradually pulled into her sides by the force. When Kelly thought that it would go no further, Harriet pulled another inch or two until she was satisfied that Kelly had absolutely no use of her arms.

"You can let go of her hair now, Emma, I think that she's almost ready for our use," said Harriet. "Look at the size of the bitch's tits. She's like a melon patch, the slut. They are fucking massive. Are they real?"

Kelly nodded and looked down to where Harriet's hands were massaging and squeezing her breasts.

"I think they are," said Harriet. "Perfect for us, I think! I love all that pillowing soft flesh, those massive nipples and the deep warm valley between. I know that it's a bit naughty, but enormous breasts are such a trigger for me." Kelly felt a small slap on her ass from Emma and tried to find a position where her arms could get comfortable and her mouth would stop dribbling. The saliva dripped from her open mouth onto her large breasts. Then it trickled down her belly to eventually get lost in her pubic hair. Emma walked around her victim, her birthday present, and ran a finger over nipples and face with delight.

This was the first woman that they had treated to their blackmail scheme and it was so much better than she had expected. Somehow, knowing the victim gave it such immediacy, such exciting suffering. Such immediacy. Men were always so pent up and resistant to showing their weakness. It made the moment when they broke so delightful, but it was the obvious distress and slow torment of Kelly that really allowed Emma to realize that no matter what, *she* could never be the slave. She had to be the mistress, the top, the woman who inflicted the torment, the Baroness of wretchedness and the Marquess of distress.

“I think that there is still a little more work to do before she is ready for that moment of realization, when the curtain of self-deception falls away.”

Harriet and Emma pushed their new victim onto the bed and prepared her for the photo session that was about to begin. Kelly’s feet were forced into a pair of ballet boots that were joined at the ankles by a bar that kept them widely spread. An electric shaver was applied to all of her body hair and then Emma carefully cleaned her ass with a soapy cloth, ridding the soft skin of its hair with cold wax strips. Half an hour later, the session really began in earnest. The two older women, fully dressed in their street clothes and with a cold efficiency, systematically photographed Kelly in poses that could have been the product of a professional photographer. They changed her position time after time and added small touches that would make the photos more stimulating should they ever wish to offer them to a buyer.

“After all, it is the pictures of helpless women that make all the money, so we would be foolish to ignore another financial angle.” As they worked their victim started to realize what it was all about. How had she been so naïve? How could she be so stupid as to allow these two wicked women to get their sharpened claws into her flesh? She tried to cry out but for all of her noise the gag was just widened each time until her jaw felt cramped and she finally realized that there was no limit, Harriet could break her jaw if she had the inclination.

Kelly cried, she wept and her body shook with the gusts of weeping as she was repositioned time and time again. Hundreds of pictures were taken as her breasts were bound and unbound, her face was detailed in close up, tears and smeared makeup and her ass and pussy were photographed from mere inches. Finally, it was over, that first taste of terror and they discussed her as if she was not there.

“After all we might need some more,” said Emma, “and there was still your little idea of having Francine fuck the slut as a film.”

“I think that on balance that would not be a good idea, Emma,” said Harriet, as she took a few final pictures of all the smeared makeup and tears that plastered Kelly’s face. “First of all, it would give Francine the wrong idea and second since Kelly is my gift from me to you, I really think that you should be the first to fuck her!”

“You are so right, Harriet! Why on earth didn’t I think of that?”

“Because you only ever fuck me, dear, and get fucked by that slimy boyfriend of yours. You have to get used to the idea that you will soon be the owner of a delicious soft female fuck puppet.”

“*Of course*, if you do a *few* little things for *me*,” said Emma to Kelly as she left, “*we could* consider letting you have the originals!”

The offer of hope to Kelly twisted the rational path of her thoughts. Of course, there were no ‘originals’ where electronic photos were concerned, but she let that pass her by in her panic and seized on it like a drowning woman will clutch at any straw that is in reach.

The voices faded as the two women went to the computer and started to review the pictures. Kelly was left to drool onto the bedding, her nipples sore where the clamps bit into the tender flesh and the lips of her pussy raw because of the tight straps that passed from front to back to make her reveal the inner secrets of her cunt for the inquisitive camera.

Her pussy was more than smooth. It was glazed with the lubrication that her two wicked friends had smoothed on. Hairless, it had become just like a latex model of a cunt, pink and rosy the slick flesh of her mound recurved into a fold that then rippled until at last the eye was drawn into the blackness of her cunt. Smooth like a split peach that oozed its juices onto eager lips. Worst of all the physical agony was the cramp in her arms that were now almost numb with having been progressively been pulled tighter and tighter until at last, her fingertips had touched the collar that had been strapped around her neck. That was the physical damage, just a little bruising, sore arms and stretched thighs. The mental damage was worse by far.

Until the hood had been pulled over her head, she had been able to see the restrained glee with which her two 'friends' were disassembling her and stripping her of all dignity. They laughed at her charity work; they mocked the fact that she would lose her job; they insinuated that these pictures would be placed up for sale and that Kelly would be ruined. Now she was alone in the dark of the rubber mask that fitted so closely over her features that she was almost recognizable through the black outer skin. The mouth had, mercifully, been left unzipped and she could gasp as she wept tears of futility. She had wanted to join them in their play with others; she had wanted to become part of their 'club'.

Kelly had succeeded, more than she could have hoped! She was about to become a part of their world in an intimate fashion that she could not imagine. A birthday gift, a puppet, a source of amusement that would provide endless pleasure for her new owner.

Emma.

## Harriet & Francine

The project was nearly finished. With a massive effort Francine had pushed the team that she had been put in charge of into creating the whole project framework inside a week. She signed off with a weary sigh and realized that Harriet had pushed her into creating the best advertising copy that she had ever written. There might well be a bonus, but the way things were going at home she might never get to see it. She stood and watched Harriet's car pull up in the driveway and hurriedly slid her feet into her shoes so that she could dash downstairs and open the door. Every moment of her time was taken up with Harriet's presence as long as she was at home. The rest of the time was a series of allotted tasks that Harriet used to keep her occupied while she was out. It was only by skimping those tasks that Francine had managed to finish her work project. Now, Francine had the month off that she had arranged in her diary a few months ago. Originally the hole in her schedule had been created to allow her and Sue, her wife, to go house hunting.

That was something else that was fading fast. That vain hope of Sue not seeing that photo, or indeed all the rest of them. Harriet, the mother-in-law, had Francine thoroughly in her grip. The last week had seen Francine start to realize that Harriet was not intent on breaking up her daughter's marriage to the man that she disliked and had no respect for. No; slowly it was becoming clear that Harriet had another goal in mind when she took that photo on the floor of the apartment that she was checking out with a view to buying.

Harriet wanted a little boy to boss around, a man who had become a girl, a tribute to her blackmailing skills. Or perhaps she wanted to get her daughter to see what a hopeless and unfaithful husband she had married against all the advice of her mother? The shoes that Francine wore were uncomfortable; three-inch kitten heels in black, with rounded toes and small belts that rounded the ankle. They contrasted with the socks that she wore on her shaved legs, white over-the-knee socks that ended just short of the hem of the short grey skirt that she wore with the white blouse tucked into it. Harriet had been a mistress in a boy's school all those years ago. Now she was busy creating a man who was nothing but a helpless girl under her intense tuition. A strange and devious hobby that required an unwilling son-in-law.

Francine almost fell at the corner of the stairs and made it just in time to open the door. Out of breath with fear rather than anything else Francine looked down at her shoes as she had been instructed and hoped that her mother-in-law would approve of her appearance.

Harriet looked stern and her hand lifted the skirt to look at Francine's naked prick. It was just hardening and starting to stand to attention the way that Harriet liked it to be. The Viagra made it ready to jut at the slightest thought that aroused her son-in-law. If it was not erect it meant that Francine had not been thinking about the right things. Harriet's hand slapped the flaccid cock backhanded. "Did you watch the film like I instructed?"

"I did, Harriet," said Francine.

"So, what did you think of Kelly then?" Francine was caught out by the question. She thought that Harriet had put a copy of 'Rubber Sluts III' in the DVD player, a film that she had now seen three times and could easily pretend to have watched. Suddenly she was on the spot for lying, as

well as just not doing the chores that Harriet had set. Francine could not remember a 'Kelly' in the film and suddenly felt real fear.

"I'm waiting!" she said, as she folded her arms. "Ah, Harriet," Francine said with a slight hesitation. "Kelly is an excellent mistress!"

"Is that so, Francine?"

"Yes, she is so hard."

"Which punishment did you like best then? The oral scene or the caning?"

Francine felt as though this was a trick question. Had she managed to get away with her lie or not?

"The caning was the best?"

Harriet closed the front door and beckoned Francine to follow her up the stairs. *She* strode on her heels as though she had been born in them whereas Francine struggled behind trying not to trip. "Stand still!" Francine stood stock still in the middle of the room and waited to see what Harriet had in mind for her. Francine's mother-in-law lifted that short grey dress and looked at the erection that was now starting to harden. It seemed as if Francine was finding the anticipated punishment an erotic experience.

"Hold your skirt up and I will show you what I think of your pathetic lies," said Harriet. "I have decided to unplug your computer and I will have to take it from the small office. In that room you will plan your days serving me. You will hang up a chart that shows merits and demerits for good and bad work. Also, there will be a chart that shows your duties exactly. Listed in detail, everyone. You will also move a small camp bed into the room for now, until I manage to find a better solution for your sleeping arrangements. There is no doubt that a sissy jerk-off like you cannot be in the same bed as my daughter."

The tirade finished with Harriet almost shouting in her son-in-law's face.

"Do you understand?"

"Please, Harriet, I have to be able to work, I need the computer," whined Francine. "Please don't take it away!"

"I asked you to do just one simple thing," said Harriet. "That's all, just a small task. Just watch a film for me, I said. What did you do? You allowed yourself to be distracted by your 'work'. You allowed yourself to put your needs before mine and that will not do." Harriet moved even closer to Francine. She took Francine's prick in her hand and smiled wickedly. This was one of the best moments in her familiar territory of blackmailing men who were in her clutches. The moment when she took something away that made them independent of her. Be it a girlfriend, a job, wife or their money she always took in stages, in down-payments. Something for something, by

unreasonable bargaining that always ended in her getting it all. She had already planned this conversation, just waiting for the moment when Francine was in too deep not to give in to her offer.

It was the mathematics of blackmail, the integration of understanding in tiny increments of area that intruded under the curve of blackmail. When the line was finally drawn across the axes it would bisect and force full submission. The hand on her prick stroked Francine gently, clouding her thoughts and giving her the impression that she might just be able to wriggle out of Harriet's grip if she just played along with her demands.

"If I give you two hours a day at the computer what do I get in return?"

Francine could not help herself thrusting into that insistent hand. It was a natural impulse that was beyond her control.

"Anything," breathed a helpless Francine who was in the grip of an excitement that was new and oppressive all in the same breath. "I'll do anything!"

"That's better," Harriet whispered in her ear. "I don't want much, I'm not unreasonable! Let me think."

The hand became insistent then stopped as Emma sensed Francine was closing in on a climax. Then the hand played with the sensitive tip of Francine's erection and stroked her balls gently, cupping her and drawing her to the mother-in-law. "If I let you keep the computer, I will be going back on my word and that means a lot to me," said Harriet. "So..."

The hand began its work again, but slowly, as though Emma was preoccupied. "How about if you were to wear your little uniform for me twenty-four/seven," she suggested. "I mean, it's not too much to ask and you do look *so* cute as a little school girl. It is such a turn on!"

Her red lips closed over Francine's and she kissed her victim slowly as she built up the pressure again.

"You would still have to organize your day for me, though. We would work on a routine for you and leave spaces where you might be allowed to use the computer."

The 'might' never reached Francine's conscious thoughts, just the hand that had brought her so close to climax and the thought in Francine's mind that she had won a small victory and managed to prevent Harriet taking the computer. It never passed through Francine's thoughts that she could stop her mother-in-law, that she could just say 'no' and be damned, photos or no. That was the subtlety of Harriet's attack on Francine's independence. She shaved her victim's freedom by degrees and small increments that separated the dupe from reality, but always left a little hope that mistress might relent. The small battles were often won, the campaigns never were. Harriet pulled Francine to her and brought her to climax. A slow rhythm that made the prick give up its yield in a dribble that greased her palm and made the after-strokes slick and rewarding to her sensitive cock.

Francine almost collapsed in the arms of her tormentor. Somehow, she had managed to get Harriet to relent and take a step backwards. Francine had managed to force her wife's mother to give her what she wanted. So, it seemed in the deluded son-in-law's head as though bargaining with the devil might bring results. "That was so good, Francine. Perhaps you are right after all and I have been just a *little* too harsh with you. I promise that, when Sue comes home, that I will tell her what a good girl you have been. I hope that you know how to say thank you!"

Francine looked into her eyes and saw, not the mother-in-law who was twisting her round a little finger, but a mature, considerate lover who kindly wielded the authority over her that Francine needed with a knowing hand and a kiss that meant so much.

She got onto her knees and kissed those feet. "Thank you, Harriet, you are so considerate." Harriet looked down on the failing man who had just surrendered another small part of life to her control and smiled in satisfaction. It was time to make another concession that would suck him further into her clutches.

"Darling, Francine, call me 'Mama'," she said, in a gentle voice. "I will look after you and help my daughter to realize what a good husband she has."

"I love her, Mama," said Francine.

Somehow, it just felt natural to call Harriet by her new title.

"I know that you do and that is what we will explain to her. Sue can be so unreasonable sometimes. I should know, after all, I am her mother! I will tell her that you need her so much and that she has my permission to make love whenever she wants and does not have to worry about us sharing my house. I'm sure that she will listen to me!"

Francine's tongue reached between Harriet's toes and pushed to massage them as Harriet spoke.

"Just say thank you again and then we can discuss your work routine and the set of small tasks that would please me so much."

"Mama, I love you too," said Francine as she looked up at her smiling face. "I so need you both. Thank you for understanding me."

"Of course, you do, Francine," she said, in reply to her devotion. "I love you too, so let's sort out the details of how we are going to find the time to let you do your silly 'work' as well as fulfil your other, more important, tasks."

\*\*\*\*\*

Francine's small office was full. Since they had put the small wardrobe into the room and moved the desk so that she could see the screen at a glance as she walked by. The door had been removed because it took up too much space and the narrow folding bed had been pushed under the window.



*‘Still, it is my space,’ thought Francine, as she surveyed the room. ‘I can do my work and when Sue gets back in two days, I will be allowed to move back in with her, into our bedroom. Then things will return to normal because Mama cannot expect me to dress like this when Sue is here!’*

On the wall hung a large chart that Harriet and Francine had hung there. The week was split into days and the days into twenty-four half-hours. So far there was no routine written in those spaces, but Harriet had a set of colored markers in her hands and was clearly deciding Francine’s routine in her head before she started to organize that servile life.

“I need about two hours a day,” said Francine, “and perhaps another hour in the week to do the finances.”

“What finances would they be then?” asked Harriet as she turned to Francine with a puzzled look on her face.

“The household, Mama,” said Francine reasonably. “Bills, income taxes and the funds where our savings are invested.”

“Mmm,” she muttered as she glanced at the huge chart. “I think that that is a chore that I can manage for you. I am glad to be able to help! I’m not sure if you should be worrying, your silly little head about such serious matters.”

“I’m not sure.”

“Darling, Francine, I am sure that you will be glad to get an extra hour for your work, that is so much more important. After all it is for me.”

“But...”

“I won’t hear another word. My mind is made up! I’ll do it all for you and it will perhaps allow you more time for chores.” Francine tried to manage an insouciant shrug, after all the main battle had been won. “OK, then Francine,” said Harriet, as she took a green marker and approached the chart. Let’s start with the hours that you need for your work and build from there.”

This was more like it! Francine had thought that she might try to split her two hours a day into small slices of half an hour without understanding that she needed her time in large chunks.

“Green is for you,” she said, in a firm voice, “unless you prefer red?”

“Green is fine,” mumbled Francine wondering about the significance of the colors. “Good! Then that’s settled. Two hours a day is fine. Are mornings or afternoons better?”

“Uh, I suppose mornings,” said Francine trying to sound firm. “Mornings it is then” she said.

“After nine I suppose, perhaps nine to eleven?”

“Yes, that’s great, thank you Mama. It’s exactly right,” said Francine as she wondered how she

could rearrange the team schedules to fit those two hours since so many of the dispersed team lived in the other parts of America. Harriet took the pen and blocked off four segments of every day except Sunday between nine and eleven.

“As long as you understand that this is purely provisional,” said Harriet, as she finished with the green pen. “It can always be rearranged if we need to. I may need more of your time, but at the moment I think that we can squeeze in the two hours that you say that is so important.”

Carefully she placed the green marker on the desk before she took the red marker.

“Red is for me,” she said, as she carefully inspected the chart. “If you have two hours a day for yourself than it is only right that I get the same!”

It all sounded so reasonable.

Swiftly she marked two hours from ten to midnight every day, including Sunday. For a moment Francine considered saying that Harriet had marked fourteen hours against Francine’s twelve, but on the other hand she had been so flexible and there was no reason to tip up the apple cart when it was all going so well. The red pen was placed on the desk and she took up the blue one.

“Blue is for small tasks that need doing, but have no category,” she said, as she marked two hours a day in the afternoons in blue. “Then there is Sue to think of. I am sure that she will need some of your time and I am not so strict that a wife cannot enjoy the attentions of her husband when she needs them.”

The blue pen joined the other two on the desktop as she took the black one in hand.

“This time, marked in black is for all the things that have to be done around the house as well as those things that I would like you to do for me personally.”

Rapidly she blocked off all the rest of the time from six in the morning up until the red blocks prevented the evenings being taken.

“I will write in each area the task that needs to be done at that time. Washing, ironing, hand wash, kitchen, meals, dusting, vacuuming, clearing up, washing up, garden, car washing, painting the outside of the house, personal grooming, bathroom duties, floors, lawn mowing, as well as looking after some little details like manicures and pedicures for me, my hair and of course making sure that all of my clothes are repaired, darned, hand washed and pressed.”

Now Harriet took a ball point pen and started to fill in the spaces with Francine’s routine.

As she worked, she said: “I prefer all my clothes to be hand washed, rather than the machine, with each item done separately and I’m sure that your wife will like you to do that small favor for her too. Also, I want my shoes to be dusted, polished and cared for properly at least twice a week. Then there is the cooking. All fresh ingredients are so much better, even though it takes a little more effort.”

As she spoke, she filled in all the slots to leave a mass of close writing in all the half hour slots. For a moment Harriet looked at it thoughtfully and commented: "It may well be that I have allocated the times without being exact, we'll agree to this then and then move the tasks a little as it seems necessary or I think of other things that I've forgotten."

The green areas now looked forlorn amidst the mass of script and other colors; they looked as though they were simply free time that she was granting him as a reluctant favor. They looked almost unreasonable.

"Is that OK then, as a first try?"

"Yes Mama, thank you."

The whole exercise had taken a full hour to do and Harriet smiled as she surveyed her work.

"This starts tomorrow. A day before Sue gets back. I'm sure she'll be impressed that you are trying to be a good husband. Of course, if you agree to all this work, and I will admit that it is quite a lot, then I will stop charging you and Sue rent to stay here! That will allow you to save so much more towards your new home."

Suddenly, another concession. Harriet was being so kind!

"Now," said the mother-in-law, as she turned to her victim, "we have a few small things to sort out before tomorrow. Just wait a moment."

She left the room and Francine to her thoughts and went to the kitchen. When she returned, she had a roll of black refuse sacks in her hand. She tossed the roll to Francine and stood with hands on her hips.

"I understand that this room is rather small," she said. "I think though, that we can make you a bit more room and help to fulfil the promise that you made earlier, that you would dress for me the way that I want."

Francine looked at the sacks and then gradually pulled one off the roll.

"What do you want me to do?"

Francine's head was still spinning from the gale that had rearranged her life, as well as the thought that the three hundred in rent that had been paid would certainly help her and Sue's savings.

"Put all your clothes in the bags and tie them up, while I clear out a few other bits and pieces that would just clutter up the room," said Harriet, as she took the peeled off bag from her hands. "All of them, Mama?"

"Of course. You will notice that I have decided to still do some of the chores, for instance the

shopping, making sure that the cars run as well as going to the bank and such. That means that you don't have to waste time going out and can really look good for me twenty-four/seven, like you agreed." Without giving Francine time to reply she opened the bag and started to fill it with paperback books and small items that lay on the shelves. "I will pop down to the charity shop when we have finished and dispose of all of this," she said, as she slipped the stamp collection and some baseball trophies into the bag. "I'm sure that they will be so grateful."

Francine opened the wardrobe to find that all of Francine's clothes had been tossed into the bottom of the space while some new clothes hung from the rail.

"I have bought some other bits and pieces for you, that are not hanging there yet," said Harriet, as the album of baseball cards joined the contents of her sack.

Francine looked up at her mother-in-law and felt tears come into her eyes. She reached for some of the jeans and T shirts that lay crumpled and noticed that ties, shirts and suits were all in the pile.

Harriet put a hand on Francine's head and stroked it. "You did promise me," she said, in a sympathetic voice, "and I find it so gracious of you to dress to please me."

The first clothes reluctantly went into the bags and then suddenly it was easier, just routine. Harriet watched Francine push all that self-indulgent masculine attire into the bags and felt a tremor in her belly. This was so exquisite, better than all of the men that she had ever pushed into a corner. With them it had always been about making them pay in cold cash, with Frank it was so much more intimate. She had never been there to manage every moment of stress and mental torture. Making himself destruct a life at her whim and then filling the empty space with her unlimited needs.

"Well, done," she said, as she closed the last bag. "Now help me carry them to the car." She carried the bag with all of Francine's private life and hobbies while Francine carried the four bags that contained the clothes. '*The clothes maketh the man,*' she thought, with a small gloat. '*No clothes, no man!*'

The bags filled the car trunk and the sound of it closing was like the sound of a prison door closing on a lifetime captive. As they left the car port Harriet turned and gave her willing victim a kiss on the cheek. Francine blushed with the reward and her heart was filled with a strange sense of loss and gratitude.

"You are such a good girl, Francine," said Harriet with a smile at him. "I think that tonight I am going to reward you with something special!" Francine smiled shyly in return and felt her prick rise to lift her short dress.

"If you manage to keep this until tonight," said Harriet, as she fondled him rigid, "then your reward will be what you want from your Mama. She will allow you to show her that a little girl's cock can go to a place that she has been naughtily been dreaming about."

\*\*\*\*\*

“Mama,” said Sue on the phone. “I know that you are up to something and I am not sure that I want a surprise when I get back and find that you have kicked Frank out of the house, just because of what I said last time on the phone.”

“Darling, I would never kick him out. I have just been playing with him a little!”

“You promised, when we moved in after we were married that you would keep your hands off him.”

“That was before you said what you did about regretting marrying the little jerk. It was also before you fucked Des!” Sue suppressed a giggle with a cough and continued: “I already have an idea how I am going to deal with Frank when I bring Des home. I hope that you have not spoiled my plans with your meddling!”

“Sue, what could I possibly do in a mere two weeks to make you worry?”

“Mama, I know you much better than that! I remember how three days was enough for you to film Reverend Hill wearing high heels and satin dessous sucking cocks and swallowing the cream, so don’t tell me that two weeks is too short a time to make Frank kiss your feet and have him under your thumb!” As she spoke to her daughter on the phone, Harriet climbed the stairs to Francine’s little room.

“Do you want to talk to him?”

“Of course. Do you still want me to tell him that I will arrive the day after tomorrow?”

“Please!”

“OK, then, but I should warn you that I am coming back with Des.”

“What time?”

“The flight lands at ten so the taxi should be there at about half ten.”

Harriet pursed her lips; it would still be in Frank’s ‘work time’.

“Would it be too much to ask that you arrive at one, I mean with Des, of course!” Sue sighed and then started to laugh before asking the man himself.

“Des says that it’s OK, we can grab some lunch on the way.”

“Well, tell Des that lunch will be served at one sharp here and that he’ll have to think of some other way to fill the time!”

In the background, Harriet could hear a deep laughter, which had to be Des. Then he spoke, but the words were indistinct.

“He wants to know if there is a good motel on the way,” said Sue to her mother. “I thought that he was up to no good and I am sure that he is now.” Sue groaned as a finger slipped into her open pussy and she suppressed it.

“Tell Des to keep his hands to himself for a moment if you cannot hide cumming when you are talking to your husband!” chuckled Harriet. “You just have to push it to the limit, don’t you? I’m passing you over now,” said Harriet, as she entered Francine’s small room and passed him the phone.

“It’s Sue,” said Harriet.

“Darling!”

“Hello, Frank,” answered Sue, covering a small gasp as she felt a thumb stroke her clitoris. “I just called to say that there’s been a slight change of plan. I got the promotion, but I will be back the day after tomorrow, not tomorrow.”

“Well, done, darling. What time?”

“Oh, in the afternoon,” replied Sue. “How has it been with Mama and did you manage to find a few apartments?”

“I just didn’t have time, you know, work and all that.”

“And Mama?”

“Mama’s just fine,” said the stricken husband as she felt mother-in-law straighten her skirt over her smooth thighs.

“I’m so glad, darling. Just make sure you do as she says, and I’ll see you in two days. I have a little surprise for you, when I get back,” she said. “Listen I have to go now because my boss desperately needs me.”

“Love you!” Francine thought she heard a small gasp as the line closed, but maybe it was the sound of her wife blowing a kiss. She passed the handset back to Harriet and said: “Thanks! Sue said that she’s coming back the day after tomorrow, not tomorrow.”

“Oh dear,” said Harriet with mock concern. “I hope that she’s alright.”

“Sue got the promotion,” muttered Francine as she turned back to the screen.

“That’s great news,” answered Harriet. “It means that she’s got to be earning in six figures now.”

“That’s true.”

“Well, you have all of tomorrow to think about how you are going to explain your new life to your wife and I have to decide whether to show her all the film and photos that we took in the last few days. I suppose it would be the honest thing to do, admit that I got you into trouble.” Francine shuddered with trepidation. “Please, don’t, Mama. Please let me explain first!”

“I’m not sure if that’s the best way,” said Harriet. “Keeping secrets is so dishonest! I suppose we could discuss it later, after watching that film again. I do so love Mistress Evelyn.”

“Now?”

“No, first you have to see the other clothes that I’ve got for you. Come with me.”

Harriet led Francine to Sue and Francine’s bed room and placed the heavy shopping bags on the wide double bed. Francine opened the first one and reached in to pull out a pink frilly dress that looked three sizes too small. “I had it specially altered to fit you,” said Harriet. “It is still a bit small, but I am sure that you can slim into it. On the other hand, you could wear a corset.” Francine held it up and realized that the dress would be too short. The lacy pink hem would just cover her groin leaving her exposed amongst the mass of lace and frills that formed the bottom of the short dress.

Without a word Francine laid the dress on the bed and reached into the bag again. This time she pulled out a selection of white and pink socks with lacy frills around the ankles. “They go so well with these shoes that I got for you to wear when you are attending to me,” said Harriet. With that she pulled a pair of high heeled mules from a bag and passed them over to her male-female. “I hope that they fit. Luckily you have small feet, just size eights, so it’s not too difficult to find sexy shoes for you. Emma said that they would look perfect with the socks, but I preferred the white stilettos.”

Francine held one of the shoes in her hand. A fluff of ostrich down that had been dyed an outrageous pink on a shoe that was completely clear plastic otherwise.

“They were an absolute bargain, so you need have no worries that you have to pay too much for them. The whole lot of clothes here and all the alterations cost just three thousand dollars, so it was really cheap for you to get a whole wardrobe, almost next to nothing.”

“Three thousand?” asked Francine with a tremor in her voice. “Three thousand?”

“Yes, and that doesn’t include your uniforms, it’s just the casual wear,” answered Harriet. “These stilettos are a gift and you will be wearing them tonight for me.”

Harriet pulled the white stilettos from a box and her face lit up with pleasure.

“As I said, these are a gift, because they were rather expensive.” White, blinding white patent leather that extended from the platform soles to the tips of the heels. Instep in pink and interior in

bright red, but it was the covering of small gold studs that caught the eye. That and the small chain that ran from the back of one eight-inch heel to the other. They bound the shoes together to reduce the wearer to small dainty steps. Eyelets in metal surrounded the opening of the shoes, places to anchor new trimmings. “They are training shoes,” said Harriet, as she held them up for Francine’s inspection. “This chain makes sure that every step that you take is pretty, feminine and short and these straps allow the shoes to be locked on so that you cannot kick them off at night by accident.”

“I have to wear them in bed?”

“Of course. It will get you used to wearing stilettos. Normally a ballet style boot is better, but I thought that it would be more effective for you to wear these first and move to something more advanced in a few weeks. If Sue thinks that it’s a good idea of course!”

“Ballet boot?”

“They are so sexy, just the thing! That way you learn to walk on tip toe.”

“I’m not sure if...”

“Nonsense!” said Harriet who realized that she was going to have to make another small concession. This was a big step and would need to be traded for something that Francine was desperate for. More sex! “Just try them for me and if you decide that you don’t like them then you can wear the pretty pink ones that Emma chose for you.” With deft fingers she unlocked the little steel chains with the key in her hand and dropped the chains and locks into her other hand. “There you are! Now you can try them without the chains and see if they fit.”

Francine bent down and pulled on one of the shoes. She had to admit, it slipped on like a glove and it felt strange to add eight inches to her height just with a pair of shoes. Her hand ran over the studs and felt their cool metal. She tried to walk a step in them and felt that odd feeling of having to lift toe before heel.

“They are superb, I think that my choice was perfect,” said Harriet in an appreciative voice. “You look like a million dollars; it just makes me want a fuck now.”

Francine looked at Harriet and a feeling of lust filled her. She so needed to fuck Harriet. All she could see was that Harriet’s hand was on the side zipper of her tight skirt, ready to swish it down and take advantage of Francine.

“Of course, you have to wear them for me, fuck me in those shoes,” said Harriet.

Harriet pouted and moved her shoulders back just a little. It made her breasts swell slightly and made her intentions plain.

“If I wear them for you?”



The hand slipped the zipper just an inch. Bare skin was revealed by the parting cloth, a promise of more to come.

“But, properly.”

“You mean the chains? Mama.”

“Just for me, darling Francine. They are so kinky; it would please me so very much.”

“For you!”

Harriet knelt at Francine’s feet and attached the chains back onto the shoes. Several small clicks and it was complete. Francine looked down, for the first time Harriet was kneeling at *her* feet. She felt such a surge of emotion. To see her mother-in-law sliding the chains and small metal straps into place made Francine feel that she was almost the mistress and Harriet was the servant.

The moment passed and Harriet stood and put an arm around Francine’s waist to support her on her first steps. One step and then a second at the end of the chain. “Make your steps shorter than the chains,” said Harriet, as Francine looked down at her feet and tried to walk.

What she saw was that the chains were just one thing that Harriet had locked onto the shoes. Now her ankles were clasped by metal circles that were locked to those white stilettos through the eyelets making the shoes impossible to get off without the keys that Harriet had left on the bed. “Practice makes perfect, and the walk to my bedroom for a fuck will be your first practice.”

It took minutes to walk the length of the balcony with those tiny steps. By the time that they entered the room Francine was more than lusting for her reward.

“I’ll just undress,” said Harriet. “Normally you are going to undress me but since this is your treat, I’ll do it myself.”

With the ease and fluidity of a seasoned stripper, Harriet shed her clothes and tossed them to the carpet. As she did so Francine felt almost overwhelmed by a feeling of hunger that made Francine stumble forward to take this woman in her arms and force himself on her.

The chains on her shoes tightened and snapped to their full length and Francine fell onto the bed with a frustrated groan. As she lay there, her prick standing like a lighthouse waiting for the next wave, Harriet laughed lightly and came to sit astride Francine.

Her belly touched that upright cock and then she lifted to expose that greedy slit between her quivering thighs. She was in a state of utter arousal. The telephone call from her daughter, the revealing of Francine’s new clothes and the final victory of fitting her victim into those devilish shoes had taken their toll of herself control.

Harriet leaned back and her hands came to rest on those heels. She held them tight and lifted; a

small shuffle placed herself over Francine's organ. "Please, Mama, please fuck me," cried Francine as she tried to raise her hips to enter the hole that was poised to take in that cock.

The plea, the plaintive surrender was almost enough to make Harriet gasp before she lowered herself onto Francine with a slow slide. She felt the cock fill her and then part the flesh of her cunt as Francine made her way in so deep. Her hand felt the anklets that she had fitted; they played with the locks and then slid to the heels as she slid as far as possible onto him.

"Good girl," she said. "Don't you dare cum yet, wait for my permission or I shall not be at all happy."

The order came as almost a gasp as she felt herself succumbing to the sheer pleasure of being fucked by a man that she was turning into a girl. The uniform, the shoes and the feminine waxed skin of her body.

Francine surged under Harriet and climaxed. It was all too much for the young man. Francine spurted all that slime into his mistress and groaned with release. Francine was just too far gone to have any control of the sex that, at last, Francine's dominant mother-in-law was giving her. She tried to pretend that it had not been a climax. Francine's stiff cock still stood like a tower in her, it still reamed her pussy, but Harriet knew and she too had climaxed with the knowledge that that disobedience was just going to give her ever more hold on Francine.

"I did not say! Did I allow you to cum?"

"I could not hold back," said Francine. "I tried so hard, but you are too much for me!"

"Don't think that you can put me off with flattery and excuses. Next time we shall take some precautions that it doesn't happen again."

"Are you going to punish me, Mama?" said Francine as she tried to hold back the tears.

"No, not this time. This time you can go to bed and think about how you are going to fuck me properly next time."

"I have to go to bed? What about the surprise you promised?"

"That can wait and so can watching the film again. Tomorrow we start the routine that you agreed, so you have to get up early, at six to get my breakfast ready and get dressed and ready for the day."

"Thank you, Mama!"

"Good. Now run along now to your room and make sure that you get a good night's rest." Francine looked down at her feet and then at Harriet.

"Tonight, the shoes stay on. It's not a punishment, it's what you promised."

“I promised?” Harriet’s voice took on a dangerous tone. “Are you arguing? Because I have already bought the special training boots for you and you can easily wear them now. I would hate to think of you not being ready for them.”

“I promised, Mama!”

“That’s better, Francine. Now hop along to bed and I’ll see you at breakfast when you awake me with fresh coffee and pancakes. You’ll need a good sleep because it’s going to be a busy day tomorrow.”

## Emma & Kelly

The postman knocked on the door and waited for the home owner to appear. As he waited, he glanced round at the affluent houses and sighed. Most of the houses in this tree lined neighborhood were beautifully tended, with Mercedes' and Cadillac's parked on the drives. A slight litter of yellowed leaves drifted and a few of the house owners were coming and going. It was all so perfect! These were people who lived their privileged lives in security, lavished their money on million-dollar houses and drove to their well-paid jobs in sports cars and limousines.

The door opened and a huge breasted woman in her forties stood there in her dressing gown.

"Mrs. Kelly Caspiarn?" he asked. "I have a letter that has to be signed for, special delivery."

"Miss," she replied. "It's Miss Kelly Caspiarn actually."

Did the postman care about her sensibilities, her pampered feelings? Miss or Mrs., they were all just rich bitches anyway! Spoilt housewives and mollycoddled wives. It was all the same, Miss or Mrs.

"Oh, well anyway, this is for you. Have you got any ID?" Without a word she turned and went inside to return with a purse in her hand.

"Here you are," she said, as she handed over the driver's license.

"Sign here please."

She signed the electronic pad with a flourish and said: "Thanks." As he turned from the door to continue his round, he pulled a face, out of her sight. Typical arrogance, *'These people had no worries,'* he thought, *'all money and snobbery. Nothing to cast a shadow in their little private heavens.'*

Kelly closed the door with a sigh of relief and turned the thick envelope in her hands wondering what it could be. A glance at the postmark showed that it was from Los Angeles, posted yesterday. She wearily headed to the kitchen and laid the package on a surface before making a coffee. It was now four days since she had been released by those two awful women whom she had counted as friends. Of course, they were not, not friends, they were evil harridans who had given her the fright of her life. For a whole night they had played with her before dropping her off in the center of town in the most ridiculous clothes and shoes and driven off with howls of crow like laughter.

*'How did I get mixed up in this?'* she thought, as she poured the coffee. Single even though attractive, lonely despite having a thousand friends, just three years ago she had hooked up with Harriet at a restaurant where the only seat had been on Harriet's table. She quickly recognized the woman as the devil incarnate and was fascinated by her insouciance. Scandal hung over Harriet like a cloud, but they had got talking and she found a fascination for this social pariah.

Kelly herself was the opposite of Harriet. Charity and work filled her empty life and the fund-raising dinners, galas and events filled her life. Harriet, on the other hand had nothing but disdain for people who spent their time and money on things that did not directly benefit themselves. It was a perfect match of opposites. An attraction for the darker side of life that the bored Kelly enjoyed because of that very great contrast. So, they had *sort* of become friends, they shared their secrets a little and Kelly loved the tingle of sheer evil that tinged all of Harriet's doings like a cloud. Of course, she kept her two circles of friends well apart. Harriet and her strange friend Emma were a hobby that balanced her normal tedious life of affluence and isolation.

Until a week ago when she had suddenly had the irrational impulse to become more than an observer. They had promised to initiate Kelly into their world for real and she had swallowed the bait. It had no longer been enough, just to hear with shocked sensibilities, those stories of men who found themselves at the financial mercy of Harriet and Emma. Kelly had wanted to find out what it was like to actually watch a man squeal as he was squeezed dry. Rung out like a rag and made to cough up for his protection. So, she had manipulated their conversations, she had inveigled her way into an invitation until at last they took her in and initiated her. That was when she found herself becoming the first woman to suffer their attentions. A night of sheer terror and assault that left Kelly knowing exactly how it was to be a victim of their schemes. From the wrong side of the fence! After all of that they had dressed her in green fishnet stockings, red platform stilettos and a dress that scarcely hid her naked and waxed pussy. Then Harriet had dropped her off in one of the most notorious areas of town with no money to find her way home.

"It's fifty for a fuck and a hundred bare-back," had said Harriet as the car sped off, leaving Kelly to fend off a couple of drunken men who imagined that Kelly was nothing but a whore who did the early morning shift.

After about ten minutes it occurred to Kelly that taxis were paid when the traveler arrived, so she did not need any money. So, she hailed a taxi. Finally, it was the third taxi that did not ask for the fare up front and she managed to get home just before her affluent neighbors went to their padded offices at seven in the morning.

And that was it! For a few days she had recovered from her ordeal. Got back into her routine and put the events into the back of her mind. From Harriet and Emma, she had heard nothing. It seemed as though it was all in 'fun' and that Kelly could put that rape behind her and sever her relationship with Harriet by ignoring her. The week had a purpose!

It let the victim of blackmail get back to their routine. It allowed the episode to become nothing more than a ripple on the surface of a normal life. It let the victim know just how much normality was valued. Of course, Kelly had never invited either to her house, they did not know that she was richer than any of the men that they had milked, their worlds were apart, separated, obscured. While Emma dreamed of making Kelly her servant and slave, she could not know whom she was dealing with!

With trembling hands, Kelly opened the packet. It was about an inch thick and sealed into a plain envelope that had no indication of who it had been posted by, but somehow she knew that this was contact from the 'friends' she had become scared of.

The contents slid into her hands. A letter, headed and official topped the pile of thick sheets of paper.

*'Dear Miss Caspiarn,*

*I am writing to you and enclosing the contract that you requested. It is clear that you are an ideal model for the website that we are currently planning and that you could be a major star should you be interested in signing the enclosed contract. The underlying theme will be 'Rich whores who long for and need pain', but the exact starting date is still under consideration. We have all enjoyed the still photos that you sent and, as requested, will not be putting them on line until we receive the signed contract. But we are so impressed by both the quality of the photo-sets, which far exceeds normal amateur work, that we are offering a higher payment for your services than we would normally consider for an actress that has no name or reputation in the porn business!*

*In fact, the opinion of all of us here is that these photos are already of high enough quality to use as they are. This is also a tribute to the unknown and professional photographer who took them, as well as to you, so please pass on the message. Congratulations, you are on your way to fulfilling the dream that you so eloquently expressed in your letter. You are going to become more than just a porn star. We think that you have the 'little something extra' to become the pain slut in all of our customer's hearts. We suggest that you ensure that you only use your stage name of 'Kelly Caspiarn' when dealing with us and avoid any further reference to your real name as we would not wish to be responsible for creating any problems in your life outside the porn industry!*

*We have considered all the photos carefully and have marked all the ones that we feel are suitable. It will give you some indication of the type of shoots that we intend to use you in. There is a need for attractive, unenhanced but massively endowed blondes like you that are well over their thirtieth birthday. Your helplessness, the realism of the action, contrasted with the innocence of raped femininity is exactly what we need for our 'Rich Bitches Bound' site. We have far too many fine mistresses and not enough slaves, a perennial problem! Finding someone like yourself who revels in being degraded and used by women is a stellar moment that occurs rarely. Your offer of being tattooed, branded, pierced and whipped on film is beyond price and we will no doubt be availing ourselves of the opportunity to torture you, to your and our hearts delight.*

*I am hoping to hear from you shortly, after you give our serious offer proper consideration,*

*Yours in eternal lust,*

*Stephanie Calderone.'*

Kelly looked at the header on the letter and saw the name 'Pain Slut Productions, PSP corp.' at the top of the letter. Her heart fluttered and she sat on one of the stools and placed the horrific bundle of photos on the worktop. For a minute she could not bear to turn the page. She just reread the letter twice and shuddered with anticipation.

*‘So, this is what blackmail feels like,’ she thought. ‘It was so easy for Emma to find people who want to rape me and defile me.’*

She lifted the letter to be presented with the contract. It had all been filled in, using her real name.

*‘I don’t even know what my real name is!’ she thought, as she read the disclaimers and mentions of ‘extreme acts of pornographic photography and film, restraint and alteration’. At the bottom of the contract was another section that agreed that;*

*‘The signee understands that all scenes of violent and forced sex will not be simulated and that he/she agrees that neither the film company nor the other participants shall be liable for any injuries sustained in those acts. It is the policy of PSP Corp. to offer its subscribers only the finest in adult entertainment. With this in mind we expect our actors and actresses to submit fully to anything that is asked of them.*

*The term ‘forced sex’ includes the use of corporal punishment, severe restraints, anal, oral and vaginal intercourse with objects and any person mandated by PSP Corporation as well as any other activity that may be necessary to create the recorded material that PSP Corporation requires. PSP further stipulates that in the creative atmosphere of the studio the actors and actresses will wear any restraints, clothes or devices that the management feel is suitable to foster an artistic atmosphere for the subsequent filming or live broadcasting of material that is being created.*

*If the director deems it necessary the actors and actresses will live on the premises until the director decides that he/she no longer needs their immediate services. The signee agrees that acts of physical and sexual submission that take place on their premises, the premises of their employers and proxies are covered by this contract and that the signee has no right to legal recourse until this contract is cancelled by either party giving a minimum of two years notice.*

*Notice is to be given to the legal representation of either party and the notice period is calculated in full years. The PSP Corporation reserves the right to use any and all film and photographic material regardless of the later stated wishes of the undersigned as long as it has been produced under the strictures of this contract.’*

Next Kelly lifted the contract and looked at the first picture. It was all she could manage not to cry out. Her face stared at the camera with a helpless ‘O’ as the ring gag held her open. Her breasts were bound tight with straps, making them rounded and like purple balloons and her legs were wide. The knee-high, tightly strapped boots were the only clothing she wore as she spread for the lens to reveal a slick waxed pussy that gaped and a hand that reached in from off frame and delicately pressed a finger into her waiting ass hole.

Written in a flowing hand, in felt pen, was a comment: *‘This could be the exemplar for all of the rest. Rich pampered MILF and innocence raped!’*

Kelly did not want to see the rest. The other three hundred pictures that had been printed in high

quality, on rich paper. Each with 'Pain Slut, Kelly Caspiarn - copyright KC 2012,' emblazoned on it, in bright red letters that sprung from the page as though they were an inch and proud of the photo. Kelly shuddered and just sat staring at the photo. Were the men in that porn office jerking off to that photo? Had the photos already been passed around? Had Stephanie Calderone, the talent scout, already copied them?

Kelly pushed the pile away and wept. All she had wanted to do was to see if all those deviant stories of sexual misconduct were true. It had turned out that they were!

\*\*\*\*\*

The phone rang. Kelly stared at the number shown and decided that it must be Hadley, one of the women that she was organizing the 'Local 302 Republican Election Victory Dinner' with, so she picked it up.

The bubbly voice of Hadley contrasted with her own subdued monosyllabic answers and Hadley asked if Kelly was sick.

"Actually, I am feeling pretty bad at the moment," replied Kelly. "I think that a month of recuperation might be a good idea!"

"OK then, I'll get Jane to fill in for you. We hope that you recover and I'll call in a month to fill you in with developments. But I have to tell you, because it's just too good to be true! We think that both senators will be at the dinner and an ex-president is considering the invitation as well, so it's just perfect!"

Kelly put down the phone and sighed. It should have been a high point, a moment of triumph. Now it was just a frightening reminder of her situation.

She looked from the hallway into the kitchen where she could see the pile of photos and wondered what she should do. No doubt that Harriet and her awful friend Emma had been careful. There would be no trace of who had sent the photos. She herself had seen how the two gleeful women had rearranged the room where she had been raped and bundled everything into black refuse sacks. There would be no evidence to be gleaned from the background of the photos and there would also be no other faces in them but her own. The green stockings and the shoes were long gone as was any connection to Harriet and Emma. After all, she had managed to keep her under-life with the two so completely separate from her 'real' life! Kelly had actually covered up for them. That meant that going to the police might stop PSC Corp. from using the photos, but they were still out there, in the hands of Harriet and Emma. The scandal would be total! Charities, her membership of the board of 'Christian Virtue Weekly', her right-wing politics, protests against licentious conduct and lewd advertisements and all of her contacts would be lost if even the most harmless of the pictures ever saw the light of day.

*'Perhaps I should become a porn star,'* she thought madly, as she stood between the photos and the phone. *'At least that would put an end to the blackmail!'*



But that was just madness!

Perhaps she should just go away on holiday for a month to her flat in New York?

The doorbell rang and a face looked through the glass into the hallway. A face that Kelly hated and feared. Emma!

Kelly could not pretend that she was not at home, she could not flee to escape for a month, Emma waved cheerily through the glass and blew a kiss. With a heavy heart Kelly opened the door and looked into the eyes of the woman who was ruining her whole life.

“I love this house,” said Emma. “It must be worth a fortune!”

Kelly nodded. In the eyes of her tormenter, she could already see the dollar signs that told her that Emma was thinking about all the money that Kelly might pay to be rid of her. “Eight hundred thou,” said Emma, as she pushed through the door and closed it behind her, “and you are wealthier than we expected by far!” Emma reeled off all the results of the Internet search that she had done so gleefully with Harriet and Francine. The money, the clubs, the charity and the investments as well as the apartment in New York. Emma even knew all about Kelly through her Facebook search and the directory of business partnerships. “You really have to try using the privacy settings in Facebook,” said Emma. “They stop people like me from hijacking your life.” Kelly just nodded and tried to smile, but it came to her lips as a twitch and nothing more. There was no humor intended in the remark any way. Emma walked into the kitchen and chuckled as she saw the pile of photos; Kelly trailed after her and watched the triumph in Emma’s face.

“I see that I will soon be able to find you in other places on the Internet,” she said. “If, of course, you take up the job offer. On the other hand, such pictures often just slip out in a ‘leak’ and then find their way on to all those pathetic free webs sites that men wank over at three in the morning.”

“Don’t be silly,” said Kelly, getting annoyed by the plump woman who was reading the letter on the top of the pile.

“There’s no need to get so uppity about it. You have real potential, or rather that’s what it says here and they must know!”

Emma was dressed all in leather. Skirt, jacket and boots. It made her look like some strange mixture between slut and school teacher.

*‘All she needs was a cane in her hand and black lipstick and she would be a stereotype professional dominatrix, who punished men like little children, thought Kelly. ‘What am I thinking about? She already is.’*

“How much do you want?” asked Kelly. “I mean, to go away.”

“Good. Very good, cut to the chase,” came the reply. “I think that it’s a little premature to

discuss all of that nonsense. I have just got over the fact that you seem to be rich! Until we know what you are really worth the price remains flexible.”

“You are just a small-time vampire, living on the backs of other’s fortune.”

“And you are an aspiring porn star,” laughed Emma. “That disposes of the formalities so I guess that we can have a coffee now and settle down to a nice little chat.” With that, Emma switched on the espresso machine and placed two cups under the spouts. “Black with sugar,” said Emma. “Just black for me.”

Kelly slumped to one of the stools and her hand flicked through the pile of photos with her thumb. “You know that as soon as I pay you then the blackmail becomes traceable,” she said, with a sigh. “Then I can go to the police!”

“That would be true normally. If you were dealing with amateurs, but you are our tenth victim and we have long since polished off the details. We had another thought in mind anyway for you, so the money is just a bonus.”

“And what would that be?”

“Now, now. There’s no need to get all ahead of ourselves. Remember, you are the young woman who wanted to join our little money-making efforts, so you’re not exactly innocent! First of all, you are my birthday present toy from my friend and love, Harriet and I want to play with you first. Then we thought that it would be sweet for us to be your management, you know, being a famous porn star and all. I see from the contract that they are offering two shoots a month at ten thousand per session. With our cut of one hundred per cent that would be about twenty thousand a month, at least until you become just another worn out and slack slut with silicone tits who makes Gonzo movies for a hundred an hour.”

“That’s criminal,” said Kelly, as a tear rolled down her cheek. “Evil!”

“It might well be, but you have to admit that it is good business as well. What you said about us being vampires will probably make our management contract value lift to a hundred and fifty per cent. On the other hand, you will have all the fame and glory, while we would have to stay in the shadows and just be satisfied with the money!”

Emma passed the coffee to Kelly and smiled. “So how about it,” said Emma, as she reached into her pocket and unfolded a piece of paper, smoothing it on the surface. “You sign this and we are in business. Of course, personal pleasures are not mentioned here, but I think that it’s only reasonable that you get plenty of practical experience for your new career.” Kelly looked at the contract that lay before her.

“It says here that you get fifty per cent!”

“Read the small print dear, you have missed the fact that you have to pay all our expenses and costs incurred as well.”

Emma passed a pen to Kelly and her finger came to rest on the signature line.

“If you do not sign, properly, we may just have to put some of the photos on the Internet anyway. There are so many delicious possibilities and places, so I suggest that you sign this as well as the contract from the studio and count yourself lucky that we *may* allow you to use a false name when you star in your first movie.”

Kelly took the pen in her shaking hand.

“My advice is to sign, obviously! As your manager I can now tell you that there were three little men who did not follow our suggested path for their lives. All three are divorced, they have lost their friends and family, they have lost their cars and personal lives and yet they still pay to stop us revealing the real details of their secret dirty sex lives, the other men and the strange perversions that they were foolish enough to allow to be filmed. One even committed suicide, but his wife still has to pay off the loan to the bank. If you do not sign *now*, the terms will start to become harsh.”

Kelly signed. First the studio contract and then the one that Emma had produced from her pocket. “Good, now we are in business as partners. At the moment we shall wait before forwarding this,” Emma held up the contract from the porn studio and then continued: “We’ll call you tomorrow after we have discussed your case so I suggest that you cancel all your appointments and meetings for a month or two in anticipation.”

“I already have,” muttered Kelly. “Excellent, your time is your own then, until I call of course. Business knows no rest!” Emma gathered all of the photos, the envelope and the contracts and put them under her arm. As she left the kitchen where Kelly slumped on a stool with the coffee in her hand, she left a parting shot: “If you threw out the clothes that we gave you a week ago then I suggest that you spend your time today getting something similar to wear for tomorrow. Personally, I like pink and green, but I’ll leave the choice to you. Just make sure that the heels are as high as possible!”

With that last advice spoken in a friendly and warm voice, Emma left the house, closing the door with a soft click. ‘*Shit,*’ thought Kelly. ‘*Why the fuck did I sign?*’

\*\*\*\*\*

“She’s perfect,” said Emma to her boyfriend. “Good looking, not too young and she has a lovely plait that makes her so sweet and makes a perfect rein to guide her with.” George looked up from his magazine and smiled indulgently at the avid tone that Emma used. “I’m sure that she is, but do we really need her? I mean, it’s all very well having a cleaning woman coming in three times a week, but really! A live-in slave?”

“Well, I love the idea and it’s time that you also had a bit of diversion every now and again. I know that you like a little submission now and again and I must admit that the idea is pretty cool!”

George put down the magazine and smiled at his lover.

“Emma, you always have to take these things to extremes! Anyway, if I wanted another woman other than you, I would just go out and buy a whore for the night!”

“Well, that’s exactly what you do anyway! What I am offering is so much more interesting, here look at the photos!”

George took the pile of photos from Emma’s offering hand and slowly turned them. After about thirty he stopped and grinned. “She’s pretty good,” he said at last. “Huge! A real out and out porn star!”

Emma grinned as she took the photos back.

“I’ll convince you!”

“How?”

“Just come upstairs in ten minutes and bring that hard-on with you!”

“I only have an hour before I have to be at that meeting.”

“This will take just five minutes.”

George looked at his watch and then picked up his copy of the German bondage and latex porn again.

“Ten minutes,” called Emma as she left the room. With a nervous step, George went up the stairs. Just three years ago Emma had been his blackmailer! He was the only victim that had managed to escape her and her friend Harriet. He had become a lover and not a victim and he had to admit that he really did not regret hooking up with her.

Really, though, ‘escape’ was the wrong word for what he had managed to do. It was more a merger in which he lost most of the control over his life, but not the affluent life style. It was true that Emma cost him almost more as a lover than she would have as a blackmailer, maybe more, but she was *more* than delicious in bed. A whore as well as a mistress. Any fetish, any perversion that appealed, Emma was game for it. Never jealous never a weight on his life. She brought excitement and lust and had him on a tight leash. This was, however, the first time that she had suggested bringing in another partner, apart from Harriet of course. The thought tickled him and was really just a logical step, but he knew that every time that Emma and Harriet made a kill, he risked exposure as well.

Perhaps that was the real excitement? The risk and chance that they would expose his involvement? In a sense he was still Emma’s victim, very much so, but he was becoming addicted to Emma and her unreasonable demands, her need to have a surface of normality that covered depths of depravity. He opened the bedroom door to find Emma dressed in plain clothes.

Loose jeans, flat shoes and no makeup. A contrast to her usual fetishistic and alluring self. Scattered on the floor, on the bed and on the furniture of the bedroom were the photos, all face down. "Pick one," she said. "Any?"

"Whichever!"

He gazed around the room and tried to decide what the rules of this game were. Was it important to pick the right one? His hand went out and he pointed at a photo on the dresser where they kept their sex toys. 'The vanilla collection,' as Emma called it.

"OK, then. Pick up the rest without looking at them!" Together they gathered the sheets of paper and stacked them. "Now, on the bed and lower your pants," she ordered.

His prick stood out as he followed her instructions and she brought the chosen photo and placed it face down in front of him.

"When I say 'now', you jack off," she smiled. "Are you ready?"

He nodded and she flipped over the picture. As he did so, his hand gripped his erection in preparation and Emma looked at her watch.

Kelly was stretched. The ballet boots were held apart by the bar at her ankles. Saliva ran from her open mouth and dribbled onto huge rounded breasts that were bitten by the crocodile clips on the soft teats of her nipples. Her cunt was shaved. No, waxed to a shiny smoothness that made the lips of her sex look like ripples of slick flesh that led into the hint of a damp hole. George could just see her ass hole, also waxed. Small creases of her flesh rippled from the node in the center of that hole where a small gem perched, red and gleaming in the light of the photographic flash. Her eyes were filled with tears and half closed, her makeup was severe but smeared, especially the lipstick that smudged around the inviting hole of her mouth as if a cock had already fucked her lips just seconds before.

Innocence captive! Captivating submission!

George took it all in in a single glance and came with a gush over the photo as his first stroke pulled at his cock. By the time that he was ready for the second his cock erupted again and splattered Kelly's picture with his emission in a second rush and splatter. "Three seconds," announced Emma with a laugh. "I think that you never came faster!"

George looked sheepishly at her and nodded. "She's perfect," he said. "I admit it and defeat!"

"That's just one of the vanilla photos, some of the others are much better! Inside a week she will be on the bed waiting for me," chuckled Emma as she carefully took the photo and lifted it to her lips. "Then maybe, if you're a good little boy, I'll drink your cum from her pussy while she cries with your cock in her throat!"

"That sounds like no home help that I ever heard about!"

Emma licked the photo and then kissed her lover on the lips.

“She’s the best birthday present that I ever had,” said Emma. “What about the Mercedes?”

“That’s good,” she admitted, “but it only squeals when I leave the parking lot, not when I *really* fuck it!”

\*\*\*\*\*

As she walked into the diner, Kelly almost fell off her shoes. Of course, she had often worn high heels, but normally five inches was the maximum. She managed to put a hand on one of the tables and recovered her poise before looking around to see if Emma or Harriet was waiting for her.

The diner was half full with chattering people, eating breakfast or merely taking a quick coffee before getting the day started. There was no sign of Emma even though Kelly was over ten minutes late so she sat down at the bar and ordered a coffee. She rested her feet and sipped the coffee whilst she watched the car park, a tension filled her, apprehension and fear mixed with a curious blend of anticipation and excitement. She had made her decision to risk exposure, not to allow Emma to blackmail, no matter what happened and this was going to be the moment of truth. Emma would arrive and Kelly would tell her to go to hell, fuck off and do what she would! The thought that in a few minutes she would have chosen her path lightened her mood.

Yes, she was wearing what she had been told to wear! Yes, she was almost in a funk of agonizing whether or not it was the right thing to do, but soon it would be over and she would retreat, bruised and battered to New York and hide there while the whole mess blew over. Nothing mattered to her, not her charity, not her positions on various boards and not her position in society, because when it really came down to it, she *was* wealthy and could do what she wanted. In the end it was almost a weight off her mind, a clean start and a way to slough off all her commitments and it felt good. Formidable.

She could almost still feel the wire that had bound her breasts, the sudden pain as the wax tore the hair from her pussy, the ache in her jaw and the taste of her tears in the mouth that she could not close until she was permitted. The thoughts caused a prickling in her scalp and a jerk of fear in her indrawn breath. Fear and yet somehow, it had been stimulating, like the fear of a roller coaster that all the victims had paid to ride on.

She felt the curious glances of the other customers in the diner. With the short red dress that clung to her shapely figure, the green fishnet stockings that rasped the skin of her thighs and the shoes that added a full eight inches to her height, the platform and heel making her totter as she took tiny steps.

*‘I must look like a whore just finishing the night shift,’* she thought. A full half an hour later the coffee was finished and Emma had still not arrived. Kelly glanced at her watch and decided to give it another half an hour. She ordered another coffee and a muffin and kept her eye on the door. The clock above the counter ticked the seconds away and the half hour passed; it crawled

slowly by. It eroded her determination a little; the confrontation was something that she had built herself up to through a sleepless night.

The opening bars of a Bach sonata came from her handbag as the half hour was almost gone. Kelly took her phone and realized that it was Emma. “Shit!” she muttered, realizing that the phone was not the way that she had imagined that she would tell Emma to go kiss her ass.

Kelly touched the screen and heard Emma’s voice. “Darling, I’m so sorry that I’m late! Would you really mind coming over to my place at one and we can have out little chat when you arrive?”

Emma’s voice was pleasant and warm, as if they were still friends and the last week had been a dream.

“Something’s come up. I’m so sorry,” came Emma’s voice from the phone. Emma actually sounded sorry, almost apologetic. “At one?”

“Exactly. I have changed my mind and I need to talk to you about it.”

“OK, then. I’ll be there.” The line closed and Kelly was left with a feeling of anti-climax. No order had been given; no veiled or direct threat had been voiced. Perhaps this had all been a cruel game?

Emma and Harriet were like kittens playing with a mouse. A pat of the claws and then letting it run and perhaps escape. Kelly looked at her watch and realized that she had four hours before her appointment with her tormentor. She did not want to go home to see all the messages that undoubtedly filled her answering machine. Calls of enquiry over all the appointments and meetings that she had cancelled for the next two months. Those, she would face when she got home after meeting Emma. So, she ordered another coffee and a bagel and ruminated over Emma. ‘*What’s going on?*’ she wondered.

It was eleven when Kelly tottered out of the diner. She climbed into her car and sat for a while before deciding that a short visit to the mall would help to calm her frayed nerves. A bit of shopping therapy was in order!

Kelly drove in bare feet with the platforms kicked off and enjoyed the ride as she drove. Parking was easy and she entered the mall with small steps as she gained confidence in her ability to manage the heels. Drifting from one boutique to the next she was soon carrying several bags and a box with a pair of high heeled pumps that were a bit higher than her normal wear.

Finally, at midday she sat in one of the cafes and decided that she felt so much better and ready to face her nemesis.

“Kelly? Is that really you?” Kelly looked up to see Diane, one of her friends from the board of school governors that she was a part of. Diane’s husband stood behind his wife and was looking at Kelly in a way that was a mixture of interest and half concealed leering.

“Diane, how’s it going?” Diane pursed her lips as her eyes took in the unexpectedly sluttish look of Kelly’s clothes; a look of disapproval that spoke volumes. “Fine, and you? We left a message on your answering machine. I thought that you were sick.”

“Ah, yes, well I decided to take a few weeks off and just enjoy myself for a change,” said Kelly weakly as she became suddenly embarrassed. “I just need the time.”

“So, I can see,” came the reply.

Diane’s husband’s eyes had roved over Kelly and finally rested on her shoes to become seemingly entranced by them.

“Just a couple of months and then I’ll be back in the saddle,” said Kelly. “I’m off to New York, probably tomorrow.”

“You shouldn’t really be out like this,” said Denise primly as she glanced at her husband and frowned as he failed to control his interest in Kelly’s shoes and legs. “What do you mean?” asked Kelly, almost enjoying the conversation. “Out like this?”

“I mean that if any of the parents see you dressed like a... I mean it might make the wrong impression!”

Kelly smiled and said: “Do go on!” There was a moment of silence that was pregnant with dislike before Diane closed the conversation with: “Well, call when you get back, but don’t expect to still be on the board of governors when you do! The *right* image is so important for the school and what you are wearing is not suitable for a member of a board that hopes to raise awareness of Christian values over this degenerate modern obsession with sex!”

Kelly almost gasped with amazement at the outburst as Diane span on her heel, linked arms with her silent husband and marched him away with long determined steps.

“Well, I never,” muttered Kelly. “Already in trouble and just wait until she sees the pictures.” She burst out laughing with the silliness of it all, making Diane walk all the faster as she escaped. Unbelievable! A pair of heels and a tight dress and she was off the board of governors! A position that she had kissed ass and begged for, given charity money and her free time for three years.

Still chuckling she gathered her bags and headed for the car. It would take half an hour to get to Emma’s house, she just had time. The small conflict had lifted Kelly’s spirits. Maybe it would be possible to dodge Emma and shed all the responsibilities in her life at the same time! Maybe it was time to make the break and do what she wanted instead of being in thrall to the snobbish ‘Christian Virtues’ that were really just a cover for self-satisfied prudery.

\*\*\*\*\*

Emma lived in a small house that nestled among trees in a garden that was surrounded by a



white picket fence.

*'It all looked innocent enough,'* thought Kelly, as she opened the gate and headed for the door. Standing in the entrance, already waiting was Emma. Dressed in a frock, she looked like a housewife, a middle-aged woman waiting for her friend to call. "Hello," said Emma, "Please come in." Kelly nodded, deciding that perhaps she had been right? Perhaps Emma regretted losing a friend in exchange for money that she obviously didn't need. The red Mercedes sports car was carelessly parked in the drive, the paint on the house was fresh and well-tended roses climbed over the porch. It was all so homely; a place where a long-time married couple would live their restful lives in peace.

Kelly entered to find that a coffee pot was sitting on the living room table surrounded by biscuits and cakes. Sitting on the sofa was George, the man that Emma always just referred to as 'the boyfriend' even though Kelly knew some of the story behind the relationship. George already had a cup of coffee in his hand and raised it in salute as Kelly entered. He too took her in with an appreciative look that lingered on large breasts and her feet and then said: "Please sit down. I have been discussing you with Emma and have tried to persuade her that friendship means so much more than just an opportunity to ruin someone by making a bit of money."

This so coincided with her own thoughts that Kelly felt a weight lift from her and smiled at him.

"So, it's you I have to thank?" she asked.

"Emma can be a bit of a handful," he said with a laugh. "She does tend to let her hobbies get out of hand sometimes. Coffee?"

"Please," replied Kelly as she sat on the only armchair. Emma looked at Kelly with a smile and said: "I have to admit that you've got the figure for it!"

"The dress, you mean?" answered Kelly as she accepted the cup. "The dress, the stockings and the shoes," came the reply. "Good enough to eat!"

Kelly relaxed and laughed with her hosts.

"We still have some unfinished business," said Kelly. "The photos, the contracts and your intentions."

"Oh!" said George. "All of that. Well, I managed to persuade Emma that she should perhaps try to be a little more reasonable."

Kelly sipped her coffee and waited for George to add some more detail, but he neatly sidestepped and moved in a different direction. "I understand that you have put your life on hold over all of this mess," he continued. "That you have had to take a few weeks off?"

"Two months is what I decided," said Kelly, as she told them about meeting Diane in the mall, how she had cancelled her life and contacts indefinitely.

“Two months or more,” he reflected. “What are your plans?”

“New York, possibly, but really I just want to get away, do something different and hide out until this all blows over. It may be for the best!”

“Well, I want to apologize,” said Emma. “It was so mean of me to behave like that and create such problems for you, I just couldn’t help myself!”

Kelly felt a small surge of warmth to Emma at the apology and smiled at her. She was feeling a glow of friendship rekindled and wondered how it could all be so different than she had imagined. Kelly had been prepared for anything but an apology.

“It’s a mess,” she conceded, “but I’ll get over it, and it may well be that you’ve done me a favor in the long run.”

“Good,” said George, “glad to have it out of the way. One favor should be followed by another and Emma values you more than you know right now. How about you stay with us until the storm in your life blows over? I mean, it’s the least we can do.”

Once again, Kelly was caught out by the direction of the conversation.

“I will give it some thought,” she answered. “We absolutely insist,” said Emma. “I would love to be able to act as your guardian until you feel that you are ready to face the world. We have a lovely little bedroom all made up for you; looking over the roses and I have already prepared it.”

“I really...” started Kelly.

“We insist, really,” said George. “You can hide out here, no one will know where you are and we will look after you.”

“OK then,” said Kelly, “I’ll make a few calls and then come back tonight with a few things.”

“Keep it quiet, where you are staying,” laughed Emma. “Even from Harriet, because I have to square things with her as well. Then tonight we can sort out all the details of the photos and the contracts that I made you sign over a bottle of wine and the steaks that George had planned for the grill.” Ten minutes later, Kelly’s car left the driveway as George and Emma stood watching from the porch. The scent of the late roses filled the air with perfume and a few yellow leaves turned in the wind on the well-cut lawns.

“She’s perfect,” said George as the car rounded the corner and disappeared up the lane. “I am so looking forward to fucking her that I can scarcely breathe.”

“Darling, it’s what I always wanted, maid, slave, whore and pet! All rolled into one huge breasted package,” answered Emma. “Did you see those breasts? Magnificent. You can have her when she is ready to submit, until then she is mine!”

“I can’t wait,” muttered George as he pulled Emma to him and kissed her. “I love you so much and I love the little present that Harriet gave you.”

“I’m going to have trouble with the competition,” laughed Emma. “With her lips around your cock all night long, you’ll not need me anymore.”

“Nonsense,” he said, as his hand lifted her skirt and stroked her dripping pussy, “there’s no substitute for your whips and chains for me! Maybe I just want to watch you enjoying your new hobby!”

“She’s mine and don’t you forget it,” said Emma with a mock, stern tone in her voice. “I get priority, always.”

She felt his finger strum over her clitoris and felt a tidal wave of satisfaction thrill through her thighs and belly.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way, darling! Now let’s get inside and discuss what happens next, after I show you that your new maid is not going to be a distraction for me when it comes to fucking!”

\*\*\*\*\*

It took just thirty minutes to answer the calls that she had to answer. Two minutes of terse conversation with each, the second last being Diane. With the others, Kelly had been matter-of-fact. With Diane she was almost at the point of rudeness and put the phone down on her former associate in the middle of the conversation. The final call was to her own maid, who she informed that she would expect her to keep an eye on the house while she was away.

Then, humming a small tune, she pulled the telephone lead from the wall, switched off her mobile and slipped it into a drawer.

*‘Won’t be needing that,’ she thought, as she closed the drawer with a small shove. Next was the packing. She decided to take as little as possible and threw in more underwear than clothes. Finally, the toothbrush and a bit of makeup and she was finished. It was all so easy now, the threat had lifted, her mood was elevated and her spirit flew. As she stood on the porch and made sure that the door was locked with a small pull she felt as though she was leaving all her cares and duties behind her. She picked up the case and then realized that she had not changed out of the red and green that she had spent all day in. ‘Never mind,’ that’s all in the past she thought, as she slung the case onto the passenger seat and drove to her hide out. “Two months or maybe more,” she had told everyone that she had called. “I haven’t decided yet, but probably more.”*

She stopped at the diner on the way. Deliberately. It was the place where she had spent an agonizing hour just this morning and drinking a scotch there was like a statement that said: ‘Look I’m free and all my worries are fading!’ Kelly’s car rolled into the driveway to find that George was waiting for her, leaning on the mature oak that filled the center of the lawn. He strolled over and said: “Follow me and we’ll park the car in the car port behind the house.”

He strolled in front of the car and led her to a garage and waved her in, and then he took the small case from her hands and led her into the back door.

As she entered, Kelly made as if to kick off the high heels.

“Leave them on, Kelly,” he said. “I love them!”

She hesitated and then followed him into kitchen. Emma was there, putting the finishing touches to a salad, she looked up and smiled. Now she was wearing the sort of clothes that Kelly was used to. Severe make up and leather skirt with high heels.

“Have a drink, Kelly,” she said. “I know that it’s a bit early, but do you fancy something with a bit of bite.” Her hand pointed to the collection of bottles and glasses and Kelly poured herself a rum and coke.

“We do have some things to discuss,” said George as he placed Kelly’s case down. “Should we get it over now, or would you like to have a large steak first?” Emma smiled and went back to her salad as Kelly decided that sooner was better than later. “I think that we should clear all of that up now and then we can enjoy the meal that George is going to make properly,” answered Kelly. “Fine,” said George. “Leave that salad alone Emma, it already looks perfect. Let’s go into the front room and clear the air.”

On the small table in the living room was the pile of photos and the contracts, so they sat down with their drinks.

“It’s easy to dispose of these,” said Emma, as she laid a hand on the pile of papers, “they are only copies.”

“There are other copies?” said Kelly.

“Of course, darling, and that is not the only problem. This morning, before George talked me down, I sent off the originals of the contracts and only kept these copies.” Emma’s hand flicked the photocopies with her thumb.

“Shit,” said Kelly. “Jesus, how do we get them back?”

“I’ll ask nicely and that should do it,” said Emma. “As long as you behave yourself!”

Suddenly it was looming like a dark cloud over the horizon. A threat couched in soft words.

“I’m sorry, but what do you mean exactly by ‘behaving myself?’” asked Kelly as she looked from George to Emma and then back again. “Well, it’s like this,” said George in a reasonable voice. “We need a live-in maid and we thought that since you would probably just be bored to death here you might be just the thing that we need.” Kelly blanched and her voice betrayed her fear. “You want *me* as a maid here?”

“Yes, it would be perfect. You could start to make up for us losing your income and it would keep you nice and busy! There is such a lot to do.”

“That wasn’t the arrangement,” said Kelly, as she tried to keep her voice down. “I was supposed to be a guest, not some sort of a servant.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, did we give you the impression that you were off the hook?” asked George. “I do apologize for that, but after a month or two, I’m sure that you’ll feel that it was worth Emma having to sort out all the mess that you got yourself into and that you’ll come to love it so much that you won’t want to leave. Even if we allowed you.”

“This is outrageous!” said Kelly in a firm voice. “Perhaps, but it is a fact that you need somewhere to hide and that we are generously helping you!”

“Generously!” laughed Kelly. “You got me into this in the first place!”

“Of course, and now we are going to get you out of it,” said Emma. “Just let me show you your room and then you can decide what you want to do in the morning!”

George and Emma stood and started to move to the door to the hallway. Kelly stood and went to get her suitcase, but George put his hand on it and said: “You won’t need what’s in there, Kelly. We have loads of clothes ready for you. Some lovely uniforms that you will look so sweet in.”

The look on his face was determined and Kelly looked towards the kitchen door and the surface where she had put her car keys.

“Be reasonable,” said Emma. “All we are asking you is that you take a look at the room we have prepared!” Kelly shrugged her shoulders as if her stomach was not clenched into a knot of foreboding and followed Emma up the stairs. Emma led her friend down a short corridor until they came to a room with no door. Inside was a metal bed, almost a cot with barred sides and ends. On it lay a mattress that looked rather thin and was wrapped in matt black rubber. “The room is nice and warm, so you won’t need any bedding,” said Emma, as she ushered Kelly into the room.

The bright light of the evening setting sun shone through the bars on the windows casting shadows in relief onto the bare walls. A single chest of four drawers faced the bed. Apart from the bed and chest of drawers there was a small sink, a toilet bowl and no other furniture to be seen.

“There are no curtains because you will be getting up nice and early anyway,” commented George. “We like a breakfast at seven and that will be one of your many small tasks.” Kelly looked at the cell and her heart dropped. There was no door, just an open hole in the wall. Kelly wondered why the door was missing and looked around. On impulse she opened the top drawer of the chest of drawers and looked at the black silk inside. “It’s your uniform,” laughed George. “We can’t have you running around naked, can we?”

“You tricked me,” cried Kelly as finally the reality of her situation hit home. “This is what you wanted all the time, isn’t it?”

“My dear young girl,” said Emma with a smile. “Did you really think that it would all go away? I mean, how naïve can you get?”

“But, what about the photos and the contracts?” asked Kelly through her tears. “Oh,” said George in reply. “That’s all on hold for the moment. If you can just wait until we see if your obedience is sincere, we might just let it all go and just enjoy your service for a while first. Before you start your career as star under our guidance. As long as you prove satisfactory then...”

“What do I have to do?”

“Obey,” said Emma in a harsh voice. “That’s all for the moment!”

“When I saw the photos, I just had to agree that you would be perfect as a maid,” said George reflectively. “It seemed such a good solution to replace the Puerto Rican maid and get a more mature woman to replace her. You fit the bill perfectly.” As he spoke his hand strayed to her breasts. He did not touch, but the message was clear. “You see,” he said. “PSP Corporation is one third Emma’s and you have signed that you would perform!” Kelly blushed. Of course, George had seen all the photos made that night at Harriet’s, but the thought of him lasciviously enjoying them still brought color to her neck and cheeks.

*‘Had he wanked over them?’* she wondered. A look in his eyes told her that George had indeed splattered the photos with copious cum.

George looked up at the ceiling, high and in shadow and Kelly followed his gaze. There, directly above the bed was a grid hung from the ceiling by four cords. When lowered it would fit snugly onto the grommets on the frame of the bed to complete the cage that they were going to put her into. “I would not be right that you spent your leisure hours and sleep allocation wandering about the house,” said George. “You might get lost and wander out of the house.”

Emma took one of the uniforms from the drawer and held it up by the shoulders. It was just a short black dress with lacy red edges. A size that might fit a twelve-year-old girl, but not a full-figured woman. “Put this on,” said Emma with a leer. “Harriet is coming round for a meal in half an hour and your first duty as maid is to serve at our little gathering.” It was all a bad dream, decided Kelly as she numbly took the dress in her hands. She looked at the almost transparent cheap nylon and shuddered. “Leave the shoes on for the moment,” George likes a bit of slut and kink!” Under the eyes of the evil couple, Kelly undressed to her lacy panties and then slipped on the dress. The hem came to the level of the tops of her hips, exposing her panties and ass to their gaze and the thin material had no support for her breasts, it just formed a see-through tent over their rounded form. “Just a finishing touch,” said Emma, “and you are ready. You need a little touch of makeup.” Emma fumbled in the drawer and brought out the collar that had adorned her in the photos. The rings that hung from it jingled as she buckled on the thick leather and then clicked a tiny padlock to make it secure.

“Darling,” said Emma to George, “did you remember to bring it?”

George reached into his pocket and brought out what looked like a plastic key tag. He passed it to Emma who held it up for Kelly to see.

“This little device will make sure that you are punishable if you fail to obey any order that you are given,” she said, as she displayed the four buttons that adorned its smooth surface. Kelly just stared at the grey plastic key fob and held back her tears by blinking them away. “I’ll explain,” continued Emma who was obviously enjoying the moment. “This one just sends a small reminder like this.”

Her manicured nail lightly touched the button and Kelly felt a sudden shock from the collar. Not enough to *really* hurt, but enough to make her squeal in shock. “This one,” continued Emma as she displayed the remote, “sets the collar to deliver shocks every second until you are in your bedroom. To save us the trouble of having to use it all the times when you should be in here there is a timer that we will set to make sure that you are woken in the morning as well as send you to your room when you have been naughty and make sure that you only enter the rooms where you are allowed.”

“It’s quite complicated,” said George. “The collar always tells us where you have been in the house as well and we can adjust the level of the punishments if you... Don’t worry; you don’t have to bother your pretty little head about the details. Just let the collar be your guide and it will all be fine and remember your every move is recorded in a log file.”

“You don’t have to explain it all,” said Emma to George in a disapproving voice. “Kelly just needs to know that our word is law as far as she is concerned.”

“But, I just...” said George, but Emma broke into his comment. “This button will make sure that you don’t leave the house,” said Emma, as she pointed to the third button.”

Emma touched the button for a moment, held it down and Kelly felt the collar move. It made her skin crawl as it tightened until the button was released.

“If you leave the house then that is what happens. It simply tightens until you reenter the house. I suggest that you do not test it because if the alarm goes off, I will be very annoyed!” Kelly looked at the fourth button and wondered what it did, but Emma simply tucked the diabolical remote into the pocket of her skirt and smiled. “Well, now,” she said, in a bright voice. “We have a small party to prepare and you are the star guest. Take off those panties, they really do not match the uniform at all and when you are ready, come down to the kitchen to receive your instructions.” Kelly felt the collar gradually relax the grip on her neck and slipped a finger in between the collar and her neck. Her fingers touched the steel band that was hidden below the leather and she realized that no knife would be sharp enough to loosen its grip. “Harriet said that it cost her three thousand dollars to have made,” said Emma, “and it was certainly worth every penny. You have ten minutes. Be in the kitchen by then or your little reminders will start.”

George cast one last look at his new maid and winked at her before the couple left Kelly to stare

at their backs with a feeling of fear.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Kelly has decided to take some time off to become our maid,” said Emma to Harriet as Kelly poured a little more wine into Harriet’s glass.

“That’s nice of her,” said Harriet. “I’m sure that she’ll be satisfactory, but what are her duties?”

“For the moment that hasn’t been decided,” said George, “but we are really going to use her to pamper ourselves in every *possible* way.”

Kelly stood silently with the tray that was full of bottles and snacks for the three gloating people. George had told her that she was to be ‘seen and not heard’ so she gritted her teeth and waited for instruction. Her arms felt tired from the weight of the tray, but she managed to stand still even though the high shoes that she had bought for herself made standing on carpet a difficult task. “Pamper, George! I like that word,” said Harriet. “That’s what I am doing as well. Francine is coming along nicely and Sue gets back tomorrow, so I have her all to myself at the moment.”

“What do you think she’ll say when she sees him?” said Emma.

“Her!” corrected Harriet. “Sue knows perfectly well what to expect. In fact, she told me in so many words that she has managed to persuade Des, her latest boyfriend, that he should stay with us for a while.” Kelly wondered what or who they were talking about until she remembered a week ago, a conversation about Frank, Sue’s husband, and how dissatisfied she was now that she had married him. She noticed George admiring her big breasts and looked down. She was embarrassed by the fact that he was enjoying the sight of her tits and pussy and then suddenly had the thought that she was also worried that her hair had grown since the waxing and that he would think that the fuzz that had grown since looked unattractive and coarse. ‘*Am I going mad?*’ she wondered. ‘*Perhaps better that way.*’

George took some of the small cheese snacks from the bowl on Kelly’s tray and took in the sight of her breasts. They were covered by the thin translucent black nylon, but that just enhanced their attraction. Large, with prominent nipples that were swollen to try to poke through the cloth, he could not take his eyes of the way that they hung, braless and unsupported, almost to the tray. ‘*What was it about them?*’ he thought. ‘*The sheer size of them, I love the sheer size,*’ he decided. Emma held out her glass for a refill from the stiff standing Kelly and nodded when enough had been poured.

“George is showing great interest in the servants,” laughed Harriet. “Perhaps he should throw the steaks on the grill so that we can have a private chat?”

“George,” said Emma. “Go out and grill the steaks and let Kelly prepare the table.” In the kitchen, Kelly opened the drawers and found the cutlery. From the living room she could hear the laughter and chatter of Harriet and Emma and from the outside she could hear George stoking the barbecue. She was sure that George was more than just interested in her and



wondered what Emma's attitude would be if he tried to fuck the maid.

*'She'll get totally pissed,'* thought Kelly. Then she remembered Harriet and Emma laughing about the time that Emma had to drive across town to pay some prostitute because George had forgotten to take enough cash. There had been no anger that time, if she remembered the story right. Emma had just laughed that the woman had refused to take off the hand and ankle cuffs until she had been paid.

Kelly laid out the cutlery and glasses and went for the plates. Two months of this was going to be hard. She knew how she had been irritated at her own maid and longed to punish them for being useless! Now that the boot was on the other foot, she found herself working for a woman who had real punishment at the call of a button. As she reached for the plates, she felt a hand touch her ass and turned to find George grinning behind her.

"Fucking nice ass," he said, as his grin turned into a chuckle. "Good tits too!" His hands came from either side and cupped her breasts catching the hard nipples between fingers and thumbs. "No," said Kelly, "I might be a maid in your deviant world, but I'm not a fucking whore!"

A shock from the collar caught her unawares, just as she was about to slap his face. In the doorway stood Harriet and Emma. In Emma's hand was that remote control, in the other a glass of white wine. "Kelly!" said Emma in a shocked voice. "If George wants to play with you, then that is just one of the many duties you now have as my maid in this household. Obviously, you do not have any manners to speak of! Now finish the table whilst George attends to the grill."

George stomped into the back yard in a fit of pique and Kelly returned to the plates and the table. "She has a lot to learn," remarked Harriet, "but I'm sure that you'll get there in the end!"

"I'll get there, in short order too. If Kelly doesn't behave then I shall just have to apply more discipline," muttered Emma as she brandished the remote. "I never miss a trick and George has to understand the rules as well. Kelly is mine, mine to give and mine to take. He can have her when he behaves himself. Sometimes he forgets that I know all about his little peccadilloes and that he is my boyfriend only on sufferance."

"You're a hard woman," laughed Harriet.

"No, just an absolute believer in firm discipline," answered Emma.

## **Kelly under Emma**

“Every night at eight O’clock you will stand here,” said Emma, as she pointed to the bare boards by Kelly’s bed. “You will wait wearing a fresh uniform until nine. If either I or George needs anything you will be ready. If no one comes here by nine you have permission to go to bed. At half past nine the bars come down and lock, so you had better be in bed by that time because if you are caught outside your bed by then you will regret it. Do you understand?” Kelly nodded and stood where she had been told.

“Good girl! I think that you will find that there are a lot of rules in this household. All of them must be followed to the letter and to your best ability or punishment will follow. On the other hand, if you obey then you will find yourself well rewarded for your efforts. For instance, if you are well behaved you will occasionally be allowed to choose what color uniform you can wear.” Emma pulled the second drawer out and showed Kelly the pink uniforms. Then she reached and pulled out a white uniform. It was cut exactly like the others, but the cloth was like a net that allowed Kelly to see Emma’s hand through the material almost as if it there was nothing there. Finally, she pulled out a tangle of what looked like a mass of string. With careful fingers, Emma unraveled the garment to reveal just a mass of netting that had inch wide holes between each slender thread. “As you can see there is plenty of choice to reward you with,” said Emma, as she glanced at her watch. “It’s eight now, so it is time to pick a fresh uniform and wait for instruction. Tonight, as a special concession on your first night, I have decided that you will wear this one,” added Emma passing the ball of string to Kelly.

With that she ostentatiously pressed a small button on the remote control in her hand. “Do not leave the room unless you have my permission, the collar is now active.”

Kelly would have sat on the edge of the bed, but the raised side made that impossible. For a few moments she rested there and looked at the ‘clothing’ that she had been given. In her hands was what seemed to be a mass of string and lace. Carefully she picked at it until at last the ‘dress’ was revealed. It was just a net of threads that had touches of lace at the arms and the bottom of the skirt. It was far too small, but the strands of the material stretched making it more like a texture on her skin than a dress at all when she finally managed to get it on. Just a crisscross of lines and tags of red lace that just marked the place where it ended!

She stood by the bed like an errant schoolchild and wondered how she was supposed to know when nine O’clock would come without a clock in sight. Her thoughts wandered over the events of the day and she wondered how she could have been so stupid as to believe the blandishments that Emma and George had used to bring her into their clutches. Her hands went to the collar and felt it with trembling fingers. In her hands now were the walls of the prison that they had trapped her in. Of course, there was no door on her room. At any moment she could be surprised and inspected. Privacy was something that she would never have! She might be alone, but at any time one of the two owners could appear and she would be caught if she was not doing what they had instructed. The heels made her feet ache and she shuffled a little.

In her mind she remembered the night that Harriet and Emma had photographed her. She remembered the tight boots and the chains, the cuffs and the way that her hands had been

mercilessly been pulled up her back until she was not only helpless, but also vulnerable to any indignity, but all they had done was to take endless pictures without really giving her any pain. Kelly remembered the bar that had joined her ankles and forced her legs open.

She began to cry. As the tears rolled down her cheeks, she realized that the tears would smear her makeup. The makeup that Emma had applied with fast strokes of brush and lipstick. Bright pink lipstick applied with two strokes of the cheap lipstick followed by bright pink eyelids and darker pink that highlighted her cheeks. The whole thing had taken just a minute, done with little of the usual care with which Kelly always attended to her own makeup. There had been no mirror, but doubtless the effect was to make her look like blonde trash. Just another small addition to the already obvious.

Kelly was not a maid! She was becoming nothing more than a trashy sex slave!

Already, on the first day, her wings had been clipped and now she was unable to think of a way to escape. She had foolishly sundered all her contacts and told them all, that she would be gone for two months. In two months, it would be too late to save her!

George came into her room. Kelly looked down at the floor as if that would make him go away, but he just reached out and touched her chin to lift her eyes to his.

“Emma has decided that you cannot leave this room at night until you get used to your routine and treatment so I have decided that we could perhaps get to know each other better.” His hand stroked her breasts and she shuddered at the contact. While one hand weighed her breasts, not finding her wanting. He pinched her nipples the other lifted her chin higher until she was looking up at the ceiling.

“Can you see them?” he asked her.

She looked at the corners and noticed a small dome in each corner. A small dark plastic ball that hid the cameras inside. Each corner, four of them. “What do you think?” he asked. “Are you filming now?” she asked. “Of course, we are.”

He allowed her to look down. With her high heels she was almost as tall as he was, their eyes were level.

“Every move that you make in this house is recorded. There are over sixty small cameras in every corner that switch on and off as your collar passes them. There is almost no place that is not covered and the places that have no cover are out of bounds to the likes of Emma’s bimbo slut maid.

“Why are you doing this to me?” she wailed through her tears.

George waxed lyrical, his answer was not about Emma’s need for a plaything, it was a reflection of his own imagined needs: “First of all, Emma has decided that you will be punished for every little mistake. She plans to review all your movements and punish you for any step that you make

that has not been expressly permitted. For instance, you sat on the edge of your bed while you sorted out your dress just ten minutes ago. That is punishable and has already been added to the list for later attention. Eventually I plan to mark the floor, where you have to put your feet as you stand and wait. I will mark where everything in this room should be, from uniforms in their drawers to the diary that you are going to start keeping. It will list how much you are enjoying every moment of your service, how you long to improve and be perfect for Emma. Love requires requital. Every time that you do not smile as you work will be punished as will every time that you take too long to perform that service.”

Kelly just stared at him and then cast down her eyes.

“You failed to say ‘thank you’,” he commented, “and a grateful smile is my reward for helping you like this. You see, Emma is so very strict. She believes that you will learn by doing wrong and then being corrected without explanation of your mistake. She thinks that it will be fun watching you struggle to puzzle out where you went wrong; and then fail.” There was a pregnant pause until Kelly spoke: “Thank you.”

She smiled at George.

“Is that all the appreciation that I get from the maid?” Kelly looked down to see that he had unzipped his pants and his prick was standing erect and ready for her to attend to it.

“I won’t!” she said and tried to shuffle backward.

“I want to feel your lips around the base of my cock,” he said slowly. “Now!” Kelly stood and defied him. She knew that he could do what he wanted to her, but there was no way that she would get on her knees *willingly* and perform for him.

“I don’t think that you understand,” he said. “You are the maid. You were given to Emma by Harriet and you are here to serve as she decides. This is not a matter of *your* choice, it is what Emma wants that matters, nothing else. Any moment now you are going to discover an important truth.”

Kelly shuddered and clamped her mouth closed. It was an insignificant gesture that meant a great deal to her. Her lips pressed together defiantly and the muscles in her jaws clenched. It meant that at last she was standing her ground despite the fact that it was far too late.

Kelly screamed with surprise as the first shock was delivered from the collar around her neck. It was not painful, but she was so concentrated on every little move that George made that she yelled and almost fell from her heels. “Emma is watching right now,” said George. “She watches everything and knows every little thing that happens in this house. She always has her hands on the strings of the puppet.”

George looked up at one of the cameras and smiled.

“She is simple to understand and follows only one rule. Obey!” Kelly dropped to her knees and

found George's prick pointing straight at her mouth. All she had to do was open and satisfy him. All she had to do was to give up every particle of resistance and suck it in. All she had to do was to make him cum! Let him defile her. George continued in his conversational tone: "Emma found that I had had my hand in the piggy bank at work. I admitted it to her in an ill-advised fit of candor and I even brought her the evidence in the foolish belief that she loved me. I suppose that I regretted allowing her to film our little games at the time, but *I* love her and I also belong to her, heart, soul, pocketbook and bank account."

He looked down at the slave who had trouble understanding that in Emma's house there was no one there to save her! No white knight that would sweep her onto his horse and gallop a stricken maid to safety. Kelly had had her moment to change course and fight, but she had been sucked in by blandishments and simulated friendship. Now it was just too late to say 'no'.

Another shock from the collar shook her frame and her lips parted.

George pushed forward and sensed that Kelly was at the brink of despair.

"Open up," he urged, but he waited for the woman to give up her struggle. Kelly shook and groaned as a third chastisement from the collar was dealt by Emma by remote control. The lips parted and her eyes closed as she waited for the rigid rod of flesh to fuck her face, but it did not come!

"Open your eyes while you suck me, I want you to take it *all* in and remember your first personal service. I like to see you smile as I push between your lips. I want to see the gratefulness in your eyes as my balls slap against your chin." Kelly opened her eyes to see the tip of the cock approaching. It was one of the reasons that George had managed to survive Emma's blackmail, size was something that she appreciated and liked! The foreskin pulled back to stretch the pale skin tight with pulsing veins running the length of the shaft. The tip was smooth and violet, shaped to enter smoothly. As she parted her lips, opened her mouth Kelly found out what being a maid to Emma and George really meant.

\*\*\*\*\*

Kelly woke with a start.

A small jolt from the collar at her neck signaling that the allotted sleep time was over. A slight mechanical, metallic click signaled that the bolts that held the lid of her cage had been opened. She looked up to see the bars that covered her cot retreating to the ceiling. The slight whine of the motor was just discernible. In each corner of the room a small red light blinked, showing that the cameras were monitored by the system. The whirl stopped and the lights came on. Compared to the gentle half-light of dawn that had filled the room, it was a sterile glare that penetrated every corner with a dispassionate dazzle. Kelly shook her head and sat up in her cot. Sweat had gathered between her skin and the rubber cover of her mattress. She felt a cool movement of air as she moved. In the corridor outside her doorless cell the lights were off, Kelly was the only one awake at this early hour. She climbed out of the cot and performed her ablutions with an automatic, almost dreamlike air. Her hands ran reflectively around the circle of the collar that

was her prison and then rinsed her mouth and brushed her teeth. The slight stale, male smell of sex lingered in her mouth, or was it just her imagination? She had opened her mouth and George had used her face like a glory hole, a simple tool for his satisfaction. He had held her plait as a handle to her head while he reamed her throat, eventually cumming as he withdrew. His cum had splashed her face, her hair and tongue. It had dribbled from her lips as he told her to swallow, smile and thank him.

The words had stuck in her throat more than his giant cock had, but she had managed to thank him sweetly as he wiped his dripping cock on her hair. The next order had been to stand by her bed motionless until the signal came to go to bed. As she had stood alone, waiting in painful anticipation of more degradation, she could feel the semen dry on her lips. The blinking of the little red lights on the cameras like a baneful stare that allowed her no respite, even when at rest. Her calves ached with the heels and the netting 'outfit' made her skin crawl. How long she stood, Kelly could not know. She did not dare move to the small sink and clean herself; she did not dare to move from the spot that George had placed her on. An hour or just ten minutes passed with crawling slowness. Finally, a very small tingle at her collar told her that it was time to sleep.

She had looked down at her body and the streaks of lace that marked the end of the grid that enclosed her in form fitting diamonds of elastic thread. The short hair that spiked around her sex made it look harsh and untended. Carefully, so as not to damage the dress, she had slipped out of it and laid it on the dresser. Was this allowed she had wondered as she looked at the shoes that bent her feet into such an unnatural high curve. In the end she decided that she would leave them on, after all with the weight off her feet they would not feel so uncomfortable! Better not to annoy Emma who was doubtless waiting for any reason to punish. Gratefully she had climbed into the cot and curled up. The bed was too short to lie at full length and not all that wide either, but the thin mattress was a relief even though the slick rubber that covered it made it feel as though she was sleeping on a surface of human skin.

Kelly had slipped into an unquiet slumber that was filled with dark shadows that had no form, but clouded her sleeping mind with unease. For a few minutes she awoke as the lid of her cage lowered to the top of the cot to be followed by the small clicks as the bolts shot home. Finally, she had slept a dreamless sleep of mental exhaustion. Kelly knew that she had to be perfect for her new owners; in any case, she could not possibly escape until she understood the routine and duties that would fill her hours. Right now, she had to get dressed and work out what she was to do. The only clue that she had about her duties was that she had to prepare a breakfast. Also, George had told her that every area and door in the house had a small light above it. Green meant that she was allowed to enter; red meant that she was not permitted in that area. Over her door now was a small green light, a signal that she was allowed out to perform her allotted duties.

She opened the top drawer of the chest of drawers and pulled one of the short dresses out and slipped it on. This was the most substantial of all of her uniforms. Thin black nylon that allowed a shaded view of her body to be enjoyed by her captors. Slight touches of red lace ran around neck, arms and hemline making the whole look more like a baby doll nightie than a uniform. Finally, the hem was calculated to a nice length. It dropped to her loins, just at the crease that separated her torso from her thighs, just at a point that allowed a clear view of the stubbled slit of her sex. No matter how she moved the neckline there was no hiding herself in *this* uniform.

With no mirror to check how she looked she found the pink lipstick and eye shadow and applied it as well as she could. In the end it occurred to her to use the water in the toilet as a mirror and she straightened the makeup as best she could.

Walking as quietly as she could in the ridiculously high heels that she herself had bought, Kelly made her way down to the kitchen. On the way, every few yards she passed a green light that was so discrete that she would not have noticed them if it had not been dark and she had been looking for them. Every door was marked with red, even the living room where the door was open. For a moment she was tempted to test the punishment collar, but she thought better of it before arriving at the darkened kitchen to see if there was any clue of the breakfast that she should be preparing for Emma and George.

As George had said, there was no clue. She had been left to figure it all out for herself and woe betide making any mistakes! Kelly glanced at the clock on the wall and realized that she had been woken at six. Now the time was just past quarter past, so she had forty-five minutes to rustle up a breakfast for two and then make sure that everything was tidy. Like many women, Kelly's kitchen at home was her kingdom. Every knife, every pan had its place. To the inch. Emma was certainly no different! Carefully Kelly opened all the drawers and then the fridge. Cupboards and sliding fittings, she tested them all and carefully noted where everything was and how it was stacked.

Then she took eggs, flour, milk and the coffee beans and started to make a breakfast. In her head she planned pancakes with bacon and maple syrup. Fresh coffee and fresh squeezed orange juice. A few slices of one-sided toast with some jelly. One by one she lined up the ingredients and planned the meal. It absorbed her fully, a diversion from worry and a detour around thoughts of the terrible situation that she found herself in. As she found everything and lined up the pan and boiled some water, she noticed a telephone hanging on the wall. An old-fashioned model with a cord that was several yards long; it beckoned her with its offer of contact to the outside world. A simple 911 call and the police would be here in minutes to free her from this slavery. She felt pulled by the phone; it exerted a traction that was almost irresistible. Kelly went to it and inspected without touching. The phone seemed normal in every aspect with no other lines attached, so she lifted the hand set and put it to her ear. As she did so Kelly felt her collar come alive.

It tightened with an irresistible motion, immediately making her choke and feel light headed. She placed the handset down on the rests and tried to put her fingers in between collar and her flesh, but there was no room. The metal band underneath the leather was too tight. Almost fainting, she stumbled to the stairs. Whatever the punishment would be, she had to get Emma to release the collar or she would choke.

As if moving from the kitchen had been the signal, the collar slowly unclenched and allowed her to breathe again. For a minute she sat on the stairs and hyperventilated in the aftermath of fear. It was clear that all the obvious methods of escape had been covered! Perhaps the fact that she was close to the handset when it was lifted was the signal, or maybe it was something to do with her touch? At any rate she would not be calling the police right now.

Finally, when she had her breath back, Kelly went back to the chore of making the breakfast that she had planned. She now had just twenty minutes left if she was to serve at seven so she moved with shaking haste.

Ten minutes later she had two plates with piles of pancakes ready and the coffee was ready to make. In the end she abandoned the idea of the toast when it occurred to her that if they liked it, they might want it every morning and add to her work! Kelly shook her head and realized that she was starting to accept her situation if she thought like that. Acceptance was the path to certain servitude!

She put the pancakes in the warm oven to keep them hot and breathed a sigh of relief. The cooking made her hungry, but one glance at the blinking red lights on the CCTV cameras that covered the kitchen in a blanket of all-seeing control kept her from venturing to put something into her mouth even though the pancakes looked delicious and the smell of the bacon filled her senses as it crisped in the pan.

The clock showed two minutes before seven as Kelly loaded the tray and carefully carried it up the stairs. Now the light from outside was stronger and she could see the tasteful decoration. Dark wood framed etchings and paintings that showed an eclectic understanding of modern and older styles. Occasional erotic prints, all very tasteful and discrete, landscapes of mountains and forests. The carpet was thick and lush with a slight watered effect that spoke volumes about the amount of money that had been spent on decorating the house.

She guessed the bedroom door of George and Emma and set the tray down carefully on the small table by the door. A red light blinked over the jamb of the door, signaling clearly that she had to wait so she composed herself and stood waiting to see what happened.

*‘Perhaps they would be rising at eight,’ she thought, as she stood and tried to imagine what they awaited from her first thing in the morning. ‘Almost certainly not some sort of sexual service,’* she thought. *‘Not this early in the morning.’* As the clock in the kitchen clicked to seven O’clock the small light over the door turned to green and Kelly felt a small surge of relief that she had guessed what was expected of her.

She knocked lightly on the door and waited apprehensively for a word from within.

“Come!” came Emma’s voice through the door. Kelly opened the door a crack and then picked up the heavy tray. With a gentle push the door opened to allow Kelly to enter the bedroom of her mistress and master. The curtains were closed and the room was in almost darkness. Kelly walked carefully into the room and looked for a place to rest the tray. A large wooden blanket box presented a target and she cautiously placed the tray onto the surface with a feeling of relief that she had not tripped over her heels on the incredibly thick carpet. In the gloom she could see that Emma lay in the bed, the covers pulled around her while George was still sleeping, curled on the other side of the immense bed.

“Should I open the curtains?” asked Kelly as softly as she could. “Of course!” came the reply.



Kelly opened the curtains wide allowing morning light to flood the room. When she turned, she saw that Emma was now sitting in the bed, her breasts exposed and hanging to the covers. George was just waking and stretching.

“I made pancakes and prepared some coffee,” said Kelly, as she went to the tray. “Would you like me serve it here or would you like to eat in the kitchen when you are dressed.”

“We prefer breakfast in bed,” said Emma, as she inspected the tray that was being presented to her by the maid. “It looks as though you have found the kitchen and all the ingredients,” continued Emma as she pointed to her lap. “I hope that you haven’t left my kitchen in disorder.”

Emma set the tray down slowly and stood waiting for further orders as Emma passed a plate of the pancakes to her boyfriend. He made a small ‘mmm’ sound and placed his coffee on his bedside table.

“Stay here until we have decided if we need anything else,” said Emma, “though the lack of a few sliced of toast and jelly is an omission that shows that you have not figured *all* of our needs out yet! You are going to have to learn to anticipate all my wants before I have to utter them.”

Emma tucked into the pancakes with gusto and commented on their excellence as she mopped up the last of the syrup with a finger. “The coffee is just right as well,” she said. “I will have another cup, perhaps this time just a little stronger.”

Kelly took the tray and went back to the kitchen. *‘Apart from this uniform, I might just be a normal maid,’ she thought*, as she made some more coffee with a little more grounds. *‘Two months of just being a maid might not be so bad, but what they want is a sexual pet as well.’*

She stood by the bed as Emma took her time sipping her coffee. George was passive; he lay and focused on Kelly with a roving eye. Emma picked her mobile phone from her bedside table drawer and switched it on. With small moves and flicks of her fingers she looked through her appointments.

“I have to see Harriet at eleven, darling,” she said to George. “We have a lunch booked and I won’t be back until five.”

George nodded: “I have to be at work all day any way.”

“Then we’ll leave the maid to sort the house out and prepare us a meal for six,” said Emma, as she looked up at Kelly. “Then afterwards that she can entertain us before bed!”

George got out of bed and wandered into the bathroom. The erection was prominent, but he had only a passing glance for Kelly. Emma continued to flick through her phone and she held it up. “Open your legs a little, dear, I want to save this moment and anyway Harriet will be sure to want to see how her little gift is getting along. So far, I suppose that you seem to be fitting in better than I expected.”

Emma held up the phone and took a few pictures before looking at the screen again. "Oh, dear me," she said. "Did you try to use the phone in the kitchen? Really, that is most disappointing!"

"I'm sorry, I don't know what I was doing," said Kelly with an apprehensive glance at Emma's face to try to read what her mood was. "That's really just not true at all," said Emma with an edge in her voice. "The telephones, outside doors, and most of the windows are out of bounds for the pet maid, but I also see that you did not eat anything while you made our breakfast. That's good; you will get fed when *we* decide. We are going to keep an eye on that figure of yours and the waist is going to improve."

Emma turned the phone in her hand to allow Kelly to see that a film was running on the phone. It showed Kelly preparing the breakfast and then the aborted attempt to use the phone. It ran at high-speed making the hour that Kelly had needed run past in a few minutes.

"I am always keeping an eye on you! All of the film is, of course, saved and the system knows where you are at any time to within a few centimeters. I may give you a mobile phone that you will always have to have by you in case I need to speak to you or in case you need to call me in an emergency. Sometimes I may have instructions for you to carry out to the letter; sometimes I will just be informing you of tasks that need to be completed that are outside your normal routine." Emma's hand strayed to Kelly's naked breasts and played with the nipples casually. They firmed and stood as her fingers rolled them slowly.

"This morning I have a small lunch date. I need to be prepared for it and dressed. Then, when I have gone, you will start cleaning the whole house from top to bottom, starting in your own bedroom and the kitchen in the morning, followed by doing the washing and all of the ironing. You are not permitted to use the washing machine or the tumble dryer; that is for my use only. Everything will be washed, rinsed, wrung and hung by hand. The drying room is in the cellar." Emma looked at Kelly and ran her lips over her lips and teeth. "Everything will be done by six and you will also prepare a meal of three courses with a suitable wine. Then by six you will be wearing heavy sexy dark makeup and be dressed in clothes that you can choose from the second bottom drawer. The top is for when you are allowed the choice; the second is for when we reward you by allowing you to wear something nice. The lowest is only to be opened when I order.

All girls love wearing something special now and again and that will be your special treat to look forward to occasionally. Your attempted use of the telephone this morning means that at seven you will spend an hour being punished before you get to wait at eight to see if we want to make sexual use of you." There was a slight pause as Emma let the words sink in. "Last night was not a very good start to your function as a sex puppet, you really just have to obey and submit with good grace and then it will not *seem* so much like rape. I had to punish you *three times* for being unwilling and that is just bad behavior in my book. I realize that it was the first night and that the sudden change in your life was rapid and was a bit of a shock, but three times is just a little ridiculous. Don't you agree?"

"Yes..." Emma smiled at Kelly being uncertain how to address her. "Call me 'Emma' and call George, 'George'," she said. "We just want you to become a perfect little fuck pet for us, nothing

more. So just relax and obey every word. Don't search for hidden meanings and tricks, you *will* learn to love us and love to serve in time, even if it takes longer than you may imagine. Serve and obey, those are the only words that count for you."

"Yes, Emma," said Kelly. At that moment George came out of the bathroom and started to dress. A casual silk shirt and suit with fashionable shoes and a tie that hung loosely around his neck.

"I have to be off now, darling," he said, as he blew Emma a kiss and slipped out of the room.

"Good, now that he's out of the way, you can help me to get dressed," said Emma, as she swung her legs out of the bed and stood.

Kelly looked at her unadorned naked form. Emma was a little stout, her belly was somewhat rounded, her hips were wide and her legs were short even though they *were* shapely. Her breasts hung to point the nipples down. She was nowhere as large as Kelly, but nevertheless she too was a large breasted woman. At the moment, after the idle finger-play as she spoke to Kelly, her nipples were engorged and pointed, the huge aureoles almost as large as the palms of Kelly's hands.

For a moment she stood and stretched.

"Set the water for forty degrees," she said, "and make sure a fresh towel is ready for me."

As usual she did not elaborate and Kelly had to figure it all out for herself. The setting of the shower was marked and the towels were in the sealed cupboard at the back of a bathroom that was almost as big as the bedroom. A bathtub on legs stood on a plinth and a walk-in shower filled the side, leaving space aplenty to move around in.

When Kelly had completed the task, she returned to find Emma lazing on the bed. Emma lay with her legs open displaying the wide long slit of her pussy that curved around to her generous ass.

"I feel like being indulged a little," she said, as her legs opened a little wider. "Just some morning delight to get me raring to go before I meet Harriet!"

Kelly looked at the exposed cunt of her mistress and almost hesitated. She had really thought that she was safe until the evening when Emma's 'punishment' would begin. She looked at Emma's closed eyes and then looked for the cameras in the room. All eight of them showed their small red pin prick points of light, all of them avidly sucked in the next ten minutes and stored it for Emma's delectation.

Outside the birds twittered in the trees, cars crept down their driveways and headed for the financial center that was the workplace of most of the inhabitants of that loose suburb. Drowsy housewives attended to their makeup, they dressed for success and slipped into their sports two-seaters for shopping expeditions that would take up their long boring hours.

In one bedroom, in one of those innocently faced houses, a maid served her 'employer' with a small kiss and a lick that started at that rounded belly and slipped into the maw of her sex. The tongue entered the pussy and massaged the small bud of Emma's clitoris then swept down to run along the inner lips to finish at the point where the closed flesh hid a bottomless, needy tunnel. Kelly could almost taste the powerful smell of sex, both female and male. Last night after Kelly had swallowed George's semen and had it splattered over her face and hair, then Emma had demanded more service from him. Half an hour had sufficed for him to inject a fresh copious emission into the depths of his mistress in preparation for the morning test for her maid.

All the while, out of the corner of her eye, Kelly could see that Emma had the remote control for her collar in her flexing hand. The other hand moved to gather her breasts and pull them up. That allowed her to watch Kelly service her slit over the piled mounds of her breasts. Kelly's tongue licked the length of those inner lips that were sealed with the dried liquids of the night before. She parted them to be greeted by a gush of George's semen and Emma's own contributions.

"Suck me dry, slut," said Emma, as she enjoyed the sight of Kelly closing her lips with Emma's hole and lapping up all of that liquid, all the while looking up at Emma's eyes. "Now I am going to climax twice," said Emma. "Once as you use just your lips and tongue, the next time with your fingers reaming my pussy deep. That's what I would like every single morning, but normally while I drink my coffee, of course."

The first orgasm came in a rush, the second only after Kelly had reamed her mistress slowly and deeply. "Now lick your fingers thoroughly, darling and wait for me to have my shower."

Kelly stood and put her fingers into her mouth as instructed. She stood waiting for Emma to return.

The following hour was filled with a manicure for Emma's feet in which her skin was exfoliated, oiled and then refreshed with moisturizing cream. Her fingernails were tended to and she was dressed by her silent maid as she gave curt commands. Finally, Emma lay back in her armchair to allow her maid to apply her makeup and tend to her face with a gentle massage. As Kelly bent over Emma and massaged her skin with gentle circles, Emma inspected Kelly's breasts and felt a small twinge of jealousy. Despite being braless, Kelly's breasts were huge and hung so well. Softly and shapely they filled her uniform and filled Emma's sight. *'I'll have to do something about that,' she thought, as she felt that twinge of envy grow. 'I think that I might have just the remedy.'*

At last Kelly was finished and she went to the kitchen to tidy up after breakfast. On the floor she found that in George's rush to get to work or just perhaps deliberately, he had spilt the whole coffee pot onto the tiled floor. The coffee had run in rivulets and splashes that then spread along the straight pattern of the grout in the tiles, staining it brown as it dried. Thus of course the maid had another task on her list. Emma left with a cheery "Bye," as she headed off for her meeting with Harriet and Kelly started on her allotted tasks. Emma had not repeated them, she just gave her orders once and then expected Kelly to remember all of her duties. For a moment she looked longingly at the dryer and the washing machine. Both were working and would have saved so much work, but hand wash was what Emma wanted, if for nothing more than to make Kelly fully

occupy her time.

Kelly found all the washing and started a soak in the sink in the cellar, and then she started work on the bathroom and her own room. She looked at the fourth drawer and drew a breath. In any case Kelly had no permission to enter that drawer and take something from it to wear and she knew that if she did that now, it would be understood to be mere curiosity and fear and she would be punished for it. She was finally starting to understand that from now on her whole life would be a succession of one abuse after the other. Unreasonable punishments and restrictions. Sexual use of her body for the pleasure of the evil woman that now owned her as well as her nasty boyfriend.

*‘Pleasure for Emma,’* actually, she thought, because that was another thing that was plain. George was no more than a well-cared for tool for Emma. A distraction and a man who had been blackmailed of not just his money, but all chance of independence from the female leech that was sucking him dry. Emma sucked his money, his morals, his sexuality and his individuality until he had become nothing more than a fruit machine that always came up with a win for her.

No matter how she pulled the handle. Or how often.

\*\*\*\*\*

The fourth drawer was the deepest of all of them. It took up more than a third of the front of the chest of drawers in Kelly’s room. She opened it and looked at the mass of chains, belts, leather and rubber. On one side lay the small box that Emma had ordered her to bring down. On the other side were the boots that she had worn for the photos on that first terrible night, she had been told to bring them too, but on her feet.

With a small sigh of resignation, she picked up the boots and was surprised at their weight. Solid stiff leather with tight lacing from the heel at the back to the top where they came up to just below the knee. Shaped to produce rounded calves with heels that were so long that the end of the toe ended in a ballet point allowing almost no contact with the floor.

Kelly took off her stilettos and loosened the laces to allow her to pull them on. As she pushed into them, she felt the stiffness and grip close her foot onto an unnatural tip-toe. It was a struggle to fit them and then tie the laces tight. She had to steadily work her way up the boot to do so. When she tried to stand, she felt that familiar ache spread through her calves and her feet felt squeezed and uncomfortable by her own weight. Tottering on tip-toe and trying to master her normal walk and reduce it to a small twitch of the feet was difficult and put strain on feet, ankles, calves and thighs to keep her balance.

Finally, she stripped off her small ‘dress’ and took the box in her hands. For a moment she considered opening it, but Emma had not told her to so she decided to leave it closed despite the fact that she longed to know what was in a leather box in her punishment drawer. The cameras never switched off. Their penetrating stare was unblinking. Slowly her mental landscape was changing without her being aware of that alteration to her naturally open personality. Now that anything that was unsaid was off limits and only specific instructions were to be acted on, Kelly

was becoming submissive in incremental steps that were smaller than the ones that she was taking in the ballet boots. Her world had shrunk to a few rooms that were filled with tasks and restrictions. She no longer saw the items and decoration of the rooms, just the ever-awake blink of the camera lights, the lips that gave her orders and the tasks that had to be done to avoid upsetting the woman who ruled every breath that she took.

It was not just the physical world that had become a cage at night and chores during the day. Her mental freedom to be curious and explore was being circumscribed to narrow limits. Any task that she was given was hemmed in by traps that waited to catch her if she performed it in a way that turned out to be forbidden. That word, 'forbidden', had never been uttered, but she instinctively knew what was and what was not allowed. Opening the box was not allowed. Refusing to put the boots on was certainly forbidden. Wearing her normal uniform for a punishment session was almost certainly forbidden, searching the fourth drawer and looking at the rest of its contents was definitely forbidden.

The stairs were difficult, but Kelly managed to slide her hand down the hand rail to steady herself, so it was easier than the hallway. Finally, she arrived, naked but for those painful boots to present the box to Emma with a small 'thank you'. Emma smiled and looked at the boots with a critical eye. "Pull the laces properly tight, George," she said, with a dismissive gesture. "Also, I think that this little maid needs far more practice walking in the boots to prepare her for the punishment boots in a week or two."

As she spoke, George relaced the boots and tied them tight with his strong hands. Previously the boots had been tight and uncomfortable. Now they were absolute agony to stand in as they gripped her legs in unyielding patent leather. "That's better," said Emma, as she watched the slow process.

"I think that she will wear them for a couple of days continuously to help her get used to them. Tomorrow she has to clean all the floors and the windows as well as our bedroom so it will be a hard first day, but she will just have to learn fast and grit her teeth."

Emma looked up at Kelly and smiled. "You do want to learn to please, don't you?" she asked with the sweet smile on her lips. "Yes, please Emma," replied Kelly as she tottered on the heels. She tried to smile, her lips formed the shape, but it was just another woe that lanced through her consciousness. "Good, that's settled then. Since you are so eager, you will also practice walking. I like a sway of the hips and straight back, so you will do walk thirty times from your room to here in the morning and fifty times in the afternoon as well as the other tasks. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Emma. Thirty and fifty times," replied Kelly, almost tempted to add an ironic touch to her voice. "Excellent. Now we have to decide your punishment!" Emma opened the box and slowly pulled out a length of cord that was about two yards in length. As she did so, George sat back and rested his hands on his lap. It was almost as if he was trying to hide the erection that filled his pants.

"This is a small punishment that will make it clear to you that telephones are out of bounds for a maid. Toast done on both sides is a required breakfast item, tone of voice is to remain

enthusiastic and ironing is to be done to a professional level.”

Emma stood and showed Kelly the cord. It was a leather thong the thickness of a shoe lace, long and strong.

“Pull your shoulders back and put your hands behind your back, now.”

Kelly did as she was told. She could feel her heart beat faster as George took her wrists and snapped on the hand cuffs.

Emma pulled the leather thong through her hands and enjoyed the tension. *‘Perhaps the little slut thought that she was going to be whipped with a single thong,’ she thought,* as she finally snapped the thong tight and started to wind it tightly around Kelly’s breasts.

Neatly, with care, but pulling the thong tight she bound Kelly’s breasts in loops. Each one separately so that they finished with knots and loops every inch, bound to a new shape, like cones pointing at Emma with the nipples stretched and swollen and the soft flesh bulging between the tight leather.

It took half an hour of careful work, but at last Emma was able to stand back and enjoy the effect of those bound breasts that would make Kelly so sensitive to the treatment that was to follow. The look was such a turn-on. Black lines that bit deep into that soft flesh making Kelly’s breasts a neat set of rounded bulges that finished with distended nipples that begged to be treated to some extra abuse.

Emma’s hand stroked the constricted flesh and focused on the stretched and bulging nipples. “Now that you are ready to be punished,” she said. “Have you anything to say in your defense.” Kelly looked into Emma’s eyes and could see nothing that suggested that she expected any valid excuse. “I’m sorry Emma,” she said. “I will do better next time.”

“Be sure that you do,” replied Emma, “because making a mistake just once results in light punishment. Making the same mistake twice results in real penalization. You might still be performing for the cameras in Los Angeles, I just haven’t decided. If I find myself continuously having to correct your behavior it will become a certainty.”

Her hand slapped Kelly on the cheek as if punctuating her words. First from the right and then from the left. Kelly looked stunned and tears gathered in her eyes.

“Tonight, I have decided that your breasts are the focus of my little instruction. George is going to punish them and then you will wait by your bed while you consider the lesson. Which is?” Kelly’s voice broke with her weeping: “Obey you to the letter!”

“Very good! It seems that you will get along just fine if you bear that in mind, in future. George, punish her and then send her to her room to wait.” Emma headed for the kitchen while her cypher took Kelly’s breasts in his hands and felt them. His fingers rolled her stretched nipples and then he ran his fingers along the valleys where the thongs bit deep.

“First nipples,” he muttered as he lowered his head and closed his lips over them. Kelly found that her breasts had become so very sensitive. George’s touch was like sandpaper on her skin and when his teeth touched flesh, she almost shouted. For a moment the tip of his tongue touched her distended nipples and then his teeth. All the while, George enjoyed the tightly bound flesh. His fingers traced the lines that the leather was creating and his nails rasped on her flesh. Finally, his inspection was done. George licked his lips and smiled. Then he slapped her. Kelly cried out in pain as the flat of his palm slapped her breasts.

The shock was total, the sharp pain indescribable. “Be quiet, bitch,” said George after just three blows. “I don’t want to have to gag you.” His hands fondled her, supported her and then nipped her. The touch was intimate, a violation that seemed worse than the pain. His hands roved over her skin, touching and caressing. Making sure that she realized that there was nothing she could do to stop this encroachment of her body. His hand slapped her again and then he pulled her face to his and planted a lascivious kiss on her lips. Again, the use of her was a studied violation that made Kelly scream inside.

“Wait until I’m allowed to fuck you,” said George.” At the moment it’s just waist up, but when Emma permits me to have the rest of you, then the real fun will begin.” In a haze of fear, Kelly realized that George was almost as much a slave to Emma as she was. Though he had no collar she had him by the balls and kept him on a tight leash. George was no more than the whip in Emma’s hand. A tool to use as she wished. At last, it was over, the gentle slaps to her breasts that seemed so harsh, the fondling and licking that was the source of sheer revulsion and violation and the voice that massaged her mind in obscene threats and gloating.

“Do you understand what you have done wrong?” he said in a sweet and reasonable voice as he enjoyed feeling those giant bound breasts. “Are you going to be nice and obedient from now on, my little pet?” Kelly nodded and then said: “I understand, George. I won’t make the same mistakes again.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out two small clips, small teeth ridged their edges as he delicately attached them to her already hurting nipples.

“And?” he said. “Thank you, George.”

“Good, then up to your room and wait to see if we need to use you tonight.”

Kelly felt cramp in her thighs, the boots bit into her as much as the thongs on her breasts and she could scarcely walk. Small lances of pure pain came from the clips that were planted in her soft flesh. It was only the thought of escaping to her room that drove her up the stairs to finally take up the position by her bed. Legs open, knees apart and straight. Heels placed on the two red spots that had been painted on the floor. The red points were three feet apart ensuring that she was open and available as she stood and waited. Balancing on the four points that her boots provided while her hands were loosely handcuffed behind her back. Unable to balance with the handrail. Kelly’s breasts, bound and ringed with the thongs, stuck forward, nipples distended and stretched, tipped with metal that bit her. Her sex was open to the air and inspection, her position monitored by camera and the locating device in her collar. Her lips parted as if waiting for the gag to arrive.



The position to be held for over an hour despite the pain in her distended feet, the position of a woman who had been ground into shape in just a few days of intense browbeating and misuse. The position of a maid whose duties had no limits, who had yet to face the real abuse that her owner had planned for her. Soon she would find out that Emma was worse than she could ever imagine, even after the terrible ordeal of the last days as a toy to the older woman.

She stood still and bore the cramps and agony of stillness. Kelly wobbled slightly and tried to keep her eyes from filling up. She stared at the wall and the chest of drawers and wondered what the next humiliation or 'service' would be. In her mind she knew that Emma was wearing her down, destroying her spirit and making her nothing more than an automaton that would provide all the benefits of a diligent and loving maid combined with the illicit pleasures that were provided by a sex doll and an abject slave-slut. There was nothing to be done about it! Even if she took a knife from the kitchen and tried to use it, she could never leave this house. Kelly could think of no way to blackmail her new owners or force them to let her go. Worse still she could think of no real reason why they should!

\*\*\*\*\*

The light above her door flickered to green and Kelly heard the footsteps on the stairs. Already she recognized Emma's tread. Emma was naked except for the pair of glossy mules on her feet. Her hair was back and tied with a simple band, her lips were glossy with lipstick and skin was smooth as silk from being waxed. "Darling," she said, as she surveyed her handiwork. "Perhaps now you understand what your life is going to be like in service to me? I expect perfection in everything that you do. I expect it and I will have it. In the years to come, you will look back on the first few weeks that you spent as my maid, with glad memories, because life is going to get stricter and stricter every day! You will forget your boring life before you became my maid and concentrate on the moment, as you pander to my needs. Soon you will find that every hour of your day, every minute of every hour is spent in service to me. Forget George, he is just another one of my playthings! You will be here for every small use, whether just a manicure or as a doll to take out my bad temper on, you will be here for me and you will love every moment of happiness that you bring me."

Emma's hands moved over the bound breasts and savored their tightness. Finally, she produced a small key and unlocked the cuffs to release Kelly's hands.

"That's better, now when you get up in the morning you can make us breakfast again. Tonight, I am going to allow George to fuck me again. A double pleasure. The first as I go to sleep after being attended to by him and the second as you wake me with your tongue in the morning and drink all his cum after it has waited for you all night inside my cunt."

Kelly looked down at her breasts and the bondage that Emma had decided would be amusing to inflict on them. Deformed and pointing at her mistress, they invited punishment and caresses and Emma did not disappoint.

"I have these for you," she said, as she opened the palms of her hands and showed Kelly the two small metal crocodile clips. "They are a bit tighter than the ones that George used."

Emma took George's clips off and snapped her own onto the already sore skin. She flicked them with her fingers and pointed out the hooks that were ready for weights to hang.

"Try not to cry out or I shall add some heavy decorations to them," said Emma, as she carefully bunched the center of each of Kelly's nipples and attached each clip to the sensitive skin. Kelly gritted her teeth and watched as Emma caressed her breasts, finally strumming the attached clips a little to watch for a reaction on her victim's face. "I don't like that grimace," said Emma in a serious tone. "You are supposed to be smiling because you *are* receiving attention from your mistress. Tonight, the thongs stay on. Tomorrow morning, if you do well, you will be rewarded by having the cords removed. I expect a high standard, young lady, a very high standard. If you fail to impress then the thongs can always be soaked and allowed to shrink. If you force me to that, you will wear them for another day until I am satisfied with your service. Do you have anything to say?"

"No Emma. Thank you!"

"You're welcome!"

Kelly watched her stalk out of the room and heard Emma talking to George. Then the collar gave her that small shock that was her only hold on time. Time to go to bed, time to serve, time to get on her knees, time to suck cock and of course time to be punished for the pleasure of Emma.

Des & Sue

They stood on the doorstep of her mother's house for a minute and kissed. Not the slight, gentle kiss of chaste lovers, but the deep and erotic kiss of lovers who know their lover's intimate needs. Against her body, Sue could feel Des' cock press through his jeans and her dress to reveal its hard length. What started at her pussy as he held and pulled her to him, finished at her ribs. He pushed his lips against hers and pushed in his tongue. He loved that she was so passionate, so willing and such a sheer slut in bed and now that the two weeks of their little vacation was over, he loved the idea of fucking her in her house and cuckolding that jerk of a husband of hers. Two weeks like no other. He had fucked all of the office girls, past and present.

Des had had girlfriends who looked like porn stars and the sort of dizzy blonde, model-looking trash, that hang out with drug dealers, but never had he fucked any girl like Sue. There was the passion, the need and the body, of course, but there was also an inner band of strength that was her killer attraction. She did what *she wanted*, she fucked like a whore, but when *she* wanted. He tried bending her and pushing her, but Sue was not a girl to be overwhelmed by fucking and sucking her boss. She could take him or leave him, like any other man. Now, right now she was taking him and it felt damn good. Finally, the kiss was over and her hand retreated from fondling Des' long prick through his jeans. '*Is this love?*' he wondered. '*Or just a whirlwind of lust?*'

There was no doubt that he felt more than affection for his new found lover, but that emotional link was tinged by an indescribable lust. A need that kept him ready for her every wish and demand. Normally he was so under control, enjoying the ride with a new partner, fucking like rabbits and then discarding them after just a few days of pleasure. Sue was different; she had

depth and a hunger that he found himself a slave to. It was not that he served her and twitched to hardness at every suggestion of a tumble between the sheets. Des was not at her bidding like some lap dog; but he was so drawn by her that he performed like he never had before. Every small suggestion, every deviant detail was another facet of her to be enjoyed and so Des was drawn deeper into her emotional clutches until he found himself being pushed over his normal boundaries in a flurry of breathless fetishistic sex.

On the last day in Reno, at the end of two weeks of intense loving he had agreed to stay at her mother's! What was he thinking? Why had he said 'yes' to her offer? Simply, because he could not bear to be parted from her, he could not bear to be separated from her for even a moment.

So, here they were, standing by the door to her mother's, kissing like lovers and with him longing to fuck her yet again! For a moment he wondered what her mother was like. Would she be protective of her little girl and spend her time fussing around them? Well, if Frank was there and he accepted Des as Sue's lover, then Sue was certainly a type of woman that he had never met before! A slight knot clenched his stomach as the door opened and he felt himself almost nervous like some teenager, meeting a girlfriend's parents for the first time. The door opened to reveal a startling sight. A man, dressed in what seemed to be a parody of a girl's school uniform stood in the open doorway and tried to smile. Obviously shocked to see his wife standing there with another man, the husband began to shake as Sue looked at him in startled amazement.

Short heels, an apron over the tiny grey miniskirt and over-the-knee socks, Francine had a duster in her hand that shook with her nervous trembling. A blush spread from Francine's cheeks to her neck as Sue started to laugh with glee.

*'So that was my mother's 'little surprise,'* she thought, as she took in the gloriously funny picture with an amused eye. *'Trust my mother to play a trick like this, on me!'* "Hello Frank," she said, as she tried to get the laughter under control. "Do you mind if we come in?"

Francine moved to one side as if to hold the door open for them, and then she mumbled something under her breath that neither Des nor Sue could understand. "What was that, Frank?" she said, as she stepped past him into the familiar hallway. "I didn't quite catch that."

"Harriet said that you should call me Francine!" said Francine in a clearer voice that was still subdued by embarrassment. "I wasn't expecting you until tomorrow."

Sue turned to a dumbstruck Des and smiled: "Come in Des and meet my husband!"

Des was caught in a moment of indecision. This was the moment when he had to choose! To get involved, drawn into a strange deviant new world with Sue or else to decline and pull from her orbit. He was almost reluctant and then he realized that a refusal would lose him Sue; the best fuck of his life. For a moment he almost felt as though it would be proper to shake Frank's hand, but that small impulse was overwhelmed by Sue's next words.

"Francine," she said, grasping the moment, "don't just stand there and gape. Get our case and take it into my bedroom! Come on Des, let's get a coffee and I'll show you around your new

home.” The moment of indecision passed and Des passed the small case to Francine’s hand and stepped past her. He towered over Francine, his muscular shape contrasting to the husband he was poised to replace in the marital bed forever. Sue was entertained by her own surprise; she looked at her husband and started to laugh again.

“I wondered what my mother was up to,” she said. “I should have got the hint when she mentioned that Frank, I mean, Francine here was being so well behaved. She never liked him so it was certainly a bit strange.” Francine turned to close the door and follow her wife and lover into the kitchen. As she did so Sue looked down at the short dress and realized that Francine seemed to be enjoying the situation despite her embarrassment. Her short skirt was tented at her thighs as if... as if... Sue extended a hand.

For a moment she thought that her husband was going to cover herself or perhaps try to prevent her inquisitive hand probing under the hem. She raised her eyebrows and Francine pulled her hand back and stood still. Sue’s hand lifted the hem of the short, pleated skirt with finger and thumb to reveal that Francine was suffering from a strong erection. Well, strong for Francine anyway! Since Sue had been screwed by Des her sense of perspective had changed and Francine looked rather inadequate now. The hairless prick stood rigid, looking larger than usual. Maybe it was the smooth skin; perhaps it was that Francine was excited in her fear and shame. The small balls that hung tightly behind the root of that prick seemed so tiny after her two weeks being fucked by Des. Insignificant and lacking in potency. Trifling little bags of empty flesh compared to her new lover’s well filled balls, but at least they made his pathetic erection seem a little larger.

“This is why I *had* to have you,” said Sue to Des with a smile as she pulled the skirt up as far as it would go. “My husband is rather undeveloped by comparison with a real man.” Despite the strangeness of the situation and casual attitude of Sue towards her unfortunate husband, Des felt a small rush of excitement! He had cuckolded more than one husband, bullied their wives in hotels and their own marital beds with husbands watching how Des wielded his massive cock to make a formerly frigid wife scream in sheer delight of orgasm. A couple of times he had enjoyed making the unfortunate husband perform for him. Des would have never taken *just* a man to his bed; that was not to his taste at all. He needed a woman to fuck, of that there was no doubt, but that some browbeaten husband was helping him screw their wife, that was heaven.

Then when a boyfriend swallowed his prick while he enjoyed their girlfriend’s climax at his fingertips and lips. How many pathetic jerks had licked Des’ cum from their women’s cleft? Not a few! It was the cuckolding that was such a pleasure, the proving that he could have *any* woman that he wanted. The tears and the emotional pain of the male victim that brought him to climax. That he could force the man to abase himself and submit, force him to admit his inadequacy, which was just another thrill for the man with real meat between his powerful thighs.

Des felt himself swell anew in his jeans. Grow and feel that surge of sexual awakening that was so familiar. He saw Francine, that bizarre girl-man, glance down at Des’ crotch and swallow in fright. What Francine saw was made even more potent by her fear!

“Come on Des,” said Sue, breaking the train of his thought. “Francine can wait.” Sue dropped

the hem of the skirt and led her lover into the kitchen. It was difficult to conceal her mirth at the strange shock that Harriet had prepared for her. Her lips twitched as she switched on the espresso machine and placed two small cups under the spouts. "My mother's sense of humor is a little out of the ordinary," she laughed. "I knew that she was up to something when I called her from Reno. Anyway, if I told you how she makes her living, you would understand that she is a woman who it is best to stay on the good side of."

She passed a cup to Des and sat on one of the kitchen chairs. In the background they could hear Francine moving around the house as she took the suitcase up to Sue and Des' room.

"I have fucked a lot of women. I have even fucked their husbands occasionally! I have been in loads of beds and always indulged myself." He shook his head as if in mock disbelief. "But," he continued, "I have never seen something like this." His hand moved to vaguely indicate that he was talking about Sue, her mother and poor little Francine. "It's going to be fun," laughed Sue as she looked into his dark eyes. His face was split by a huge grin, the white of his teeth contrasting with his smooth black skin. His color was just one of the things she loved about him! That beautiful soft dark skin that smoothly, airlessly, defined his muscle and perfectly proportioned figure. The way that his prick stood like a baton pointing at the sky, the smile and the easy way that he satisfied her avid hunger.

She loved the un-complex needs that he let shine through and the honesty of his words. The lack of shame at his need for sex. The way that he regarded sex as a hobby that should fill his time and the casual way that he asserted himself as her boss, lover and companion without blackmailing her feelings or threat of retribution at work. The women he had left behind were behind him fully, discarded as Sue took his attention up with her intriguing ways. Even her promotion was on merit, if she had not been worth promoting, but still worth fucking he would have fucked her and told her that she just hadn't made the grade. "I can't wait to meet the woman who did that," he said, as Francine passed the open door to the hallway with a pile of clothes in her hand.

"She'll be back soon," said Sue with a smirk. "She wanted to surprise, as always, in a shocking way, but she won't want to miss catching us before the surprise has worn off! She'll also be desperate to meet you, so be a good boy or you might find yourself on her list of male admirers!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What she has done to my poor sissy husband is sort of the livelihood that she has created for herself. Well, her and her malevolent friend, my aunty Emma. Not an aunty by blood, just always there and always like family."

The surprise on Des' face made Sue fall into gusts of laughter again.

"No, Harriet is not just some high-class whore, silly boy!" she said. "She persuades men to contribute to her financial wellbeing by placing them in compromising situations. Or at least that is her take on her chosen career. I personally would call her a very devious, successful and merciless blackmailer, but those are *my* words and not hers."

“It seems that I am getting mixed up with a dangerous woman,” he said.

“Do you mean me or my mother?” said Sue.

“You, first and foremost! I had better stay on your good side or I may find myself becoming another one of your mother’s victims.”

“I’ll promise to look after you, little Des,” said Sue in a jokey little high school girl voice. “All you have to do is be the greatest lover in the whole world!”

Even though she made light of it, Des decided that pairing off with Sue *was* a risky enterprise. How many women brought their lover to their house to find that their despised husband had been converted to a ladyboy by their mothers while they were on an endless fuck-fest holiday with their boss?

Des could not resist risk.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sue and Des sat in the kitchen. They were on their third cup of coffee before the front door opened and Harriet came into the house with a bustle and an armful of shopping bags in her hands.

“Francine!” she shouted in a loud voice. “Come here at once and take these bags!”

Sue got a fit of the giggles as she watched Francine almost stumble down the stairs in haste at Harriet’s orders. Des just raised an eyebrow and stood, waiting for the dreaded Harriet to appear. “Take them upstairs and lay them on your wife’s bed and wait there for her. I’m sure that she will want a little talk with you after I have welcomed her back from Reno,” said Harriet, as she passed over the bags. The door to the kitchen opened fully and Sue rushed into her mother’s arms. Behind her came Des at a slow walk to give time for the mother and daughter to separate. Harriet looked up at Des and smiled. He looked like a football jock, tall and muscular with a powerful upper body that spoke of hours in the gym. “I can see why my daughter had to go to Reno for two weeks,” said Harriet, as he leaned down and kissed her on the lips. “You are a man that fully meets with my approval.”

“I’ve heard a lot about you,” said Des as he put his arm around Sue.

“None of it at all complimentary, I’ll bet,” said Harriet, as she pulled off her heels and let them fall.

“What I heard was, as far as I am concerned, all positive,” replied Des. Sue leaned down and was about to pick up the shoes and put them away when Harriet started to grin: “Sue, Sue, there is no need to do any more housework; Francine looks after that side of things! Francine has been given plenty to do by me in the last few days, but we’d better go through into the living room. I have to have a quick word with you about your rather useless husband.”

Harriet ushered them both through and closed the door behind her.

“There is a long way to go before Francine is a *perfect* little sissy, so I will tell you where I have taken him and how far he might be made to go.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Des and Sue went upstairs. Sue showed him where Harriet slept and then pointed out the small office that Francine was now using as a bedroom. A narrow bed lay under the window and a massive chart in many colors filled the wall over the desk. Des examined it and then pointed out the fine handwritten descriptions that filled every box with chores. Sue smiled and noted that her mother had disposed of all of Francine’s clothes and personal items. In fact, the only clothes were a rack of uniforms, all the same that hung neatly in the small wardrobe. Sue also noticed that door was gone from its hinges leaving Francine a lack of privacy that would further cower him.

The next door was the room that Sue and Frank had formerly occupied as a married couple. Sue opened the door to enter the familiar room. All photos of Frank were gone; all trace of his brief occupancy had gone to be replaced by pictures that were neutral. Placeholders should Sue and Des want to display their own choice of photos.

Sue walked in and pointedly ignored Francine. She opened the wardrobe where her husband had kept his clothes to find just bare rails and open space waiting to be filled by Des. She wandered to the window and stood looking out.

“What do you think Des?” she asked. “Like it?”

Sue felt Des’ hands on her ass. They smoothed over her skirt and then tugged a little as if offering but wanting assent. Sue smiled and wriggled her ass in his hands. That was another good thing to add to the list of good things about her new lover. He knew how to ask without begging. He understood all about permission even if she never asked him to be sure of it.

His hand dropped and lifted the skirt to lay the hem on her waist as she bent her elbows on the window sill a little to allow her ass to be properly presented. Soon she would drop and hold her ankles; she would watch Francine from between her and Des’ legs as he took his choice.

Francine’s eyes were rounded with shock as he watched Des slowly lift that dress and fold it neatly on her waistline. Then Des’ hands unzipped his trousers and slipped his thumbs into Sue’s panties and ran them around the edges until he made contact with her pussy.

Sue moaned and dropped a little to present herself for Des.

Now she could see Francine through her and Des’ legs. A forlorn figure that stood in a girl’s uniform and tried to stop her hand moving to a rigid cock as wife and lover played their little game.

“Come here, bitch,” said Sue to her husband. “Help Des fuck me; that’s all you’re good for!” Francine took a nervous step forward and watched Des rip the knickers off Sue with a small swipe of his hands. Now Francine could see that Des had the choice of two holes with which to take her wife. A choice that Francine had never had, a choice that she had never been offered though she had dreamed of it happening. Des turned to Francine and slipped his hand into his trousers to free up his prick. A single twist and the jeans opened at the waist and he sprang free. Massive and powerful, a weapon that was made to be used.

Des watched Francine and he felt a surge of sheer pleasure as Francine realized that Des had more than enough for Sue. He lined up his hips to take her cunt and moved a hand to make sure that she was wide and waiting. His feet came between hers and slid on the carpet to open her wide as she bent his knees.

Sue dropped and held her ankles, she could see Francine goggling at the prick that was about to take her and she almost giggled. She could see Des’ balls hanging down and beyond, Francine with her skirt lifting.

“I told you to help Des,” she called.

Francine extended a hand as if afraid to touch that huge cock. His hand touched and he lifted it slightly to point it at the moist cleft where Sue was waiting. Des pushed at Francine’s touch and then slid into his lover with an effortless push of his thighs. Then out until he almost slipped from her. Then in and he started to build up a steady fuck that made Sue squeal with breathless passion whenever her was buried to the hilt in her cunt. Des reached down and grasped Sue’s breasts and pulled her to him as he crouched over her and fucked her while she enjoyed watching Francine give way to his impulse to masturbate at the sight of wife and lover joined by a cock that was bigger than anything he had ever imagined.

He heard the suction, he saw the piston ream Sue’s sex and he saw Des slow as he neared his point of climax.

The almost involuntary hand on Francine’s little cock could not help itself bringing that prick to climax. Francine had one hand on her prick and one hand massaging her small balls as she came. She shot over her skirt in a helpless mess of slippery semen as she groaned with the terrible shame of her humiliation proving too exciting to help from jerking off. As Francine came, Sue was overcome by her own climax. The sweetness of her husband destroyed in sexual shame would have brought her to orgasm on its own. Having Des inside her, as it happened, was almost too much and her thighs would have given way if Des had not been holding her close. Des himself pumped into her and then withdrew to release just one last spurt that splattered into the crack of her ass.

“Jesus, Des,” she gasped as she looked at Francine through a unique picture frame. He was standing, deflated cock in hand framed by the ebony of her lover’s legs, her own dripping cunt and then those well dropped balls hanging into the picture. Her thighs quivered. A last ripple of involuntary climax that had been left far behind the rest. Des slid out of her and into his hand.



As Francine watched her wife shudder, he saw the gush of Des' ejaculate flooding from her pussy as he pulled out his cock. The liquid spilled down her thighs and leg until it soaked into her stocking tops and further. He looked down at his own erection and realized that there was no way she could ever compete with Des for a wife that she had already lost.

Sue stood slowly as if she had to straighten her back slowly after the fucking that she had been subjected to and then looked down at her smooth cunt. More misty colored liquid slipped from her and trickled in small sticky portions as she watched. Her hand dropped and she dipped her finger into the run off of Des' emissions and held the wet finger for Francine to see.

Francine seemed almost hypnotized and started to cry. A loud weeping that filled the room and made Sue laugh and Des just smile wryly. This was not the first time that he had witnessed a wife making a cuckold slut of her husband. It was, however, the first time he had seen that the mother had trained the slut husband for her daughter by dressing him as a girl and taking everything from him in preparation for his service!

He watched silently as Sue did the one thing that would certainly destroy Frank and force Francine into his place. She offered her finger to his lips and he opened. Willingly? He opened his lips and sucked on that finger as if he could share her passion for her lover by submitting fully. "Good girl, Francine. You did well, but next time you will only climax when I permit it. You must have a little self-control, even if it is very hard for you."

Tears still ran down Francine's cheeks. It smeared her makeup and filled her face with a mixture of shame and fear. The finger was still in Francine's mouth when she spoke: "Please don't give me to Harriet. Please keep me for yourself, please, I beg you Sue."

The sad wail that underlined Francine's voice was almost pitiful. Des felt like slapping the stupid bitch, but he knew that this was a critical moment in Francine's breakdown. It was for Sue to rebuild Francine in the image that *she* desired. Des was just a bystander in the reconstruction that would soon take place when Francine finally abandoned all hope of ever returning to being Frank.

"On your knees when you ask me for a favor, Francine," said Sue gently as she stood before him with legs spread allowing him to see how she still flowed like a river that had burst its banks. Francine wailed as she realized that Sue wanted complete control before she would pronounce her verdict. Francine kneeled and found herself staring at eye level into Sue's dripping pussy.

"You are my husband," said Sue gently. "That means I have the right to give you to who I wish. Occasionally you will be asked to attend to Harriet. In any case you may never say 'no' to Harriet, Des or myself. How would that look!" Francine hung her head and mumbled, but neither Sue nor Des heard what the words she said.

"Don't mumble, Francine. It's rude," said Sue in a strict voice. "What did you say?"

"I will do anything for you, but I am scared of Harriet!"

“That’s how it should be,” said Sue as she winked at Des while Francine had her eyes downcast. “I can think of something for you to do now for me,” she said.

Francine looked at the thighs and wet stockings that were plastered to her legs and put out his tongue to clean her up.

“Not me you stupid cunt, Des!” Des smiled as the crisis came and passed. Francine looked at the half erect prick and then at Sue.

“I’m sure that I made myself quite clear,” said Sue with a laugh. “Clean a real man up and I may just consider what you begged me for! One thing is certain. I shall be asking Harriet for advice as to how to keep your probing little hands from your cock in future. Embarrassing me in front of my lover like that is intolerable and won’t happen again. We are not just some fucking peepshow for you to wank over!” Francine’s lips opened, the mouth opened and a hand came up to take Des and guide him into a willing mouth. Frank was gone forever.

Francine had taken his place fully and like the slut that she was, sucked at that cock and was happy when it swelled to fill her mouth with its fullness. Des twitched, he could feel that tongue working on his tip and looked down to find that Sue slipped into his arms and kissed him on the lips fully and hard as Francine attended to the needs of his prick. Sue’s breasts pressed against Des, her hands roved over his smooth skin as Des felt himself relax and finally ram home into Francine. He pinned Francine’s head against his lover’s thighs as he pushed deep into the stricken husband’s mouth.

He came with a grunt of satisfaction and then slapped Francine across the face with his palm.

“When my cock is rammed into your throat there is no reason why you cannot tongue my balls,” said Des as he slapped the crying Francine again. “Go to your room now and mind that you don’t jerk off like the little cunt you are! In the next few days Sue and I are going to discuss your future, so you had better be a good girl or suffer the consequences!” As Francine left the room, she heard wife and lover talking.

“I love it when you give that slut husband of mine a slap,” laughed Sue. “I love the tears in her eyes and the trembling of her lip. She’s just such a fucking little girl.”

“Well, if she won’t perform then there are lessons that she needs to learn.”

“Well, I think that punishment occasionally just needs to be meted out! There doesn’t always have to be a reason. Don’t worry big boy, you have my permission.”

“I can’t understand how the little sissy just gives in to all of this. I mean has he no self-respect?”

“Des, he lost that with Mama and now with your muscled hard ass over his face and the sight of my pussy being filled by a real man’s cock he has been broken. He’s going to hate every moment of his life, but he is too weak to escape his fate.”

“And, what’s his fate?” asked Des with a small smile as he felt a small hand creep to his cock and massage it with the edges of nails and the tips of fingers.

“This,” said Sue triumphantly as she felt that meat swell in her hand. “I think that my little hubby should go on a diet.”

Des felt himself swell in her hands as Sue continued to plan her sissy husband’s demise: “At least I think that from now on he’ll get plenty of meat.” The hand on his cock teased and fluttered over the sticky shaft and then slowly massaged Des to full hardness. “I think that we need to think of ways to make sure that he is thinking about his new feminine role every minute and second of the day. We need to keep the little slut from wanking, always on the brink of cumming, but never getting there,” said Sue. “Well, your mother seems to have an endless supply of little blue pills for that. Perhaps we need to get medieval on his ass and put him into some sort of lock,” said Des. “Where does Harriet get it all from?”

“Oh, there’s some doctor that regretted ever dressing up ‘for fun’,” said Sue. “I’ll speak to Mama and see what she has to say. If there’s anyone who knows about that sort of thing then it’s her.” The cock felt lips close over it.

## Endings: A Week

Harriet moved the swizzle stick to one side so that it did not poke her eye out and sipped her cocktail. She had chosen his bar to meet Emma because she knew that Emma would simply love the incredible choice of drinks, the stylish decor and level of service that was beyond excellent. She observed the people around her and enjoyed watching the small byplays and ticks in relationships that made people watching, so rewarding. That couple over there, for instance; deeply in love and arguing under their breath about something that only they knew. Then there was the woman on her own, at the corner of the bar. Mature and affluent looking, woe betide the man who tried to pick her up, with her powerful aura of 'do not touch' and sophisticated clothes.

The door opened and Emma walked in off the street, she looked around for Harriet. For a moment she seemed confused because she could not see her friend in the darkened bar. Harriet felt a twitch of affection for Emma and then played her little 'assessment' game on her like she had on the others.

*'Dressed smart,'* decided Harriet. *'The heels were pretty high and needle thin, black and red, plain and clearly expensive.'* Harriet tried to guess the make and then realized that Emma had probably had them custom made for her. *'Then the stockings and skirt,'* thought Harriet. *'The stockings, plain with gold sparse thread detail and the hobble skirt, no concession to this year's modern fashion there!'* That was the thing with Emma; she made no concessions at all in her life.

There was no ground given and no quarter taken. *'The final touch is that jacket over the plain silk red blouse. The military-braid detail and the very small handbag all suggested a woman who had a chauffeur or a husband who had dropped her off while he tended to the car,'* thought Harriet, as she raised her hand and waved it to end her friend's confusion. Emma spotted her friend with a small nod. As she walked over, a large smile on her face, Harriet could not help to compare the outward looks of Emma and what she knew about her, the private life that was so shocking. *'Of course, I'm pretty shocking too,'* thought Harriet, as she rose to greet her friend.

"A few minutes late, Emma," said Harriet. "That's not like you at all."

"George drove me here and dropped me off, but the traffic's hell in L.A. today!" said Emma, as she settled down at the table.

A waiter glided by and Emma ordered a Whiskey Sour while Harriet just waved him away when he asked her if she wanted another drink. "We haven't seen each other for nearly a week now," said Harriet, "and I thought that it was time to get together even if just to pass the time of day!"

"You're right," replied Emma with a small look around, as if to make sure that their conversation could not be overheard. "I do so like this bar, nice and private."

"Service is pretty good too," said Harriet, as the waiter brought the drink and set it down on a small tray that included a tiny bowl of rice crackers. "I like the Boston touch," said Emma commenting on the slight foam that covered the ice. "The drinks are always good here," answered Harriet who was in no hurry to get down to the one or two small points of business that

had to be resolved.

Emma put down the glass and leaned back on the leather sofa. Her crossed legs flashed the red soles of her shoes and her jacket hung open to allow Harriet to admire the hand stitched blouse underneath.

“I simply have to ask,” said Emma, “how Sue is getting along now?”

“Well, she’s now running the other office for Des,” said Harriet, “so on the work front there are no problems. For a day or two he was living in his apartment in Santa Monica, but now he’s moved in and I think that Sue is the happiest now I saw in years.”

“I’ll bet that Frank, I mean Francine, is not quite so happy!” replied Emma with a smile. “He didn’t make a very good husband as Frank and now she probably won’t make much of a house help as Francine!” Harriet laughed and brushed a hair from her cheek.

“Francine doesn’t get to help much round the house any more, Emma. I had high hopes that Sue and Des would want to use him as a drudge, but it seems that they just want to keep him chained up and waiting for their little games. I sort of always liked the short skirts, socks and low heels, but Des and Sue don’t seem so keen.”

“I’ve never quite got to understand why you liked that look,” said Emma. “It is so neutral and has no erotic undertones.”

“Ah, but it is *disturbing*,” laughed Harriet. “There is something about photos of men dressed as small girls that makes them so much more effective as blackmail material, as well you know! It makes the police blanch. Relatives abandon their relations and wives run from their husbands. It’s not that silky knickers and stockings on a man don’t work, it’s just that the ‘little girl’ look is so more effective, from our point of view anyway.” Emma started to laugh and nodded her head.

“OK, OK, you’re right. That takes me on to a small problem we’ve got with one of our suppliers.”

“Who?” said Harriet with a sigh.

Harriet and Emma always referred to their ongoing paying victims as their ‘suppliers’.

“Victor Stein,” said Emma. “He says that he can’t afford the three thousand a month because his wife has lost her job, his business is not going well and so on and on.”

“He’s a tight little shit,” said Harriet. “Wasn’t Victor the one that tried to get a private investigator onto us?”

“Mmm,” said Emma, as she propped her chin cupped in her hands and her elbows on the table. She loved it when Harriet got mad, especially about their ‘suppliers’ and their unwillingness to pay up. That was the ironic thing! Harriet blackmailed them and then thought that the payments

were her right. Once Emma had watched her friend chasing after the widow when the husband died of a heart attack. She had wanted to make sure that the money still rolled in even when their victim was dead! “So how much does Victor want to reduce?”

“To five hundred a month!”

“By five hundred or *to* five hundred?”

“To...” Emma waited for the explosion and it came.

“The fucking cheapskate. The skinflint is just trying to stiff us. Five fucking hundred? Is that all his fucking marriage is worth?”

“Shh, Harriet, keep your voice down, do you want everyone to know our business?” hissed Emma. “It’s really no problem; give him a call to remind him and just to set him straight.”

“Sorry,” said Harriet, as she pulled out her mobile phone. “You’re right, Emma. But it’s so fucking annoying when they just won’t pay up like good little boys.”

Harriet flicked through the address book on the phone and finally settled on a number.

“I’m ringing his wife,” said Harriet with a smile, “it should give better results than calling him directly!”

Emma started to giggle and put her hand over her mouth as Harriet switched her phone to monitor so that her friend could hear both sides of the conversation.

“Hello, Karen here,” came the answer as the line was picked up by Victor’s wife.

“Ah, hello. My name is Miss Haslem and I am calling on behalf of the Excelsior Hotel. I was calling to find Victor Stein actually; maybe I have a wrong number?”

“Do you mean my husband?”

In the background Harriet and Emma could hear a man’s voice talking to Karen. To the two giggling women in the bar the words spoken in the back ground sounded like; ‘How did they get your number?’ ‘Possibly! It’s just that he left something in one of the rooms when he visited us last week and we wondered if he could possibly take time to pass by and pick it up.’

“In a hotel, as a guest?” came the rather sharp reply from Victor’s wife.

“I’m not sure that he stayed overnight, would you like me to check for you Madame?”

“If you could please; and can you tell me what it was that he left?”

One moment Madame,” said Harriet trying to suppress her laughter as they listened to Victor and

his wife arguing at the other end of the line.

Harriet covered up the telephone with her palm and counted slowly to five.

“On, two, three,” she whispered trying to keep a straight face. In the background the two giggling women could hear Victor and his wife having rather sharp words.

“Four and five.” Harriet took her hand off the phone.

“Madam,” she said, in her finest prim voice. “I’m so sorry, but we seem to have made a mistake! I’m so sorry, but the women’s underwear samples were left by another customer. Please excuse me for this mistake.”

There was a small pause and then Victor’s wife replied. In the background Victor could be heard asking for the phone. “Excuse me, but how did you get this number and how do you know my husband?”

Harriet cut the line with a small delicate sweep of her finger on the screen.

“I think that should remind him that he is always walking on a thin line,” said Harriet. “I’ll ring again later and discuss the small matter of his payments in detail.”

Emma creased with laughter and patted Harriet on the knee with a soothing pat.

“Harriet! You get so easily upset; he’ll pay up after this reminder. Whatever you do, don’t push him over the edge, darling. He’s not worth it! Anyway, tell me all about Francine. It’s been a week now and a lot must have happened.” Harriet pulled a wry grin as Emma calmed her down from her righteous anger and sipped the last of her drink, rattling the ice as she did so. “Well, I suppose that I’ll have to get a new drudge,” she said, in a resigned tone. “Sue and Des have really been enjoying having Francine to themselves and I haven’t really had a look in. It’s a real shame because I so fancied having a little man-girl to do all the housework and then pamper me when I needed it, but Sue insists that Francine is hers and that she has the right to decide what Francine is to be used for!”

“That’s to be expected, darling. After all Francine is her husband! You can’t have everything. Just get a new boy for yourself and treat the whole episode as a dry run. After all there are so many men out there.”

“I suppose that you’re right, but having them there in the next room all night making love and teasing poor Francine does make me *just* a little jealous.”

Emma put a finger under her friend’s chin and looked her in the eye.

“I’ll tell you what. I’ll see if I can find you a nice young man and return the favor that you did me by putting the collar on Kelly.”

“Is she doing as she’s told?” asked Harriet. “You can be a little harsh!”

“That’s what she thinks, I’m sure! I had to get her out of the house for a couple of days while that electrician that you recommended fitted the rest of the monitoring system. It has cost me a fortune, but I just love it. George thinks that it’s all a waste of money, but he *would* because he had to pay for it!” The waiter glided to their table and offered the cocktail menu. Harriet slid her nail down the list and looked up at the waiter.

“I’ll have a Mojito, young man.”

“Certainly,” he replied as he took the menu from her hand. “Have you been working here long?” asked Emma. The waiter laughed.

“Madam, this is my bar, so I suppose that I’ve been working here as long as it’s been possible to work here!”

“I just love this place,” said Harriet, “the best cocktails in L.A.”

“Well, that’s very kind of you,” said the owner of the bar. “My name’s Pete and the next drink is on me!”

Emma stretched her legs. The hobble dress to her knees stretched over her thighs, throwing the stockings and straps that held them in place into relief through the smooth cloth. “I’m Emma and this is Harriet,” said Emma in a friendly voice. “We were just talking about needing a cocktail waiter for a private party we are planning. I wonder...”

Pete smiled and eyed the older woman with interest, but when he spoke it was to Harriet. “Of course. I can easily supply a waiter!”

“I think that she meant you,” said Harriet.

She pouted and almost blew a small kiss at him. “Well, I’m pretty busy here, but I suppose...”

“That’s great,” said Emma. “I’ll call you in the next couple of days and we’ll arrange the details. It’s a very intimate party and we need someone with discretion to serve the drinks!”

“Sounds great,” enthused Pete.

As he walked to the bar to make the cocktail Emma smiled at Harriet and said: “I told you that L.A. was full of pretty boys who long to polish your shoes.”

“I think that he’s gay,” laughed Harriet. “That would be real fun. Anyway, you were about to tell me about Kelly.”

“Oh yes. She spends her time amusing George, but I have told him that he can’t fuck her yet!”

“Why ever not?”



“I think that he is getting a little above himself recently and I want him to realize who it is who is in charge.”

“So, what are you doing to her?”

“I am just breaking her down bit by bit. I think at first that she thought that she might be able to escape or somehow weasel her way out of the collar, but slowly she is coming round to becoming a nice little pet!”

“I’m so glad that it worked out, my little gift!”

“Better every day,” laughed Emma. “She is now terrified that I am going to send her to the PSP Corp. studios and earn some money.”

“Well, are you?”

“I can’t really decide! Perhaps in a few months’ time.”

“It’ll ruin her as a house pet, all that fucking and BDSM shit, you know. Perhaps it would just be better to ruin her vanilla life and help ourselves to all that wealth that she saved up for her old age.”

Harriet laughed at her comment and laid her hand on Emma’s knee.

Emma smiled her agreement: “You’re probably right. I’ll tell you what, why don’t you come to my little private soirée in a couple of days and I’ll show you what a good girl she’s become. Then you can help me make the decision.”

“OK, then. Who’s invited?”

“You, me, Kelly and perhaps George. Though to be quite honest I am getting just a little sick of him.”

“Oh?”

“He’s just getting so fixated on Kelly,” said Emma, “that I’m starting to think that maybe the time has come to get a new boyfriend. One who concentrated on me rather than the fucking servants!”

“Darling, that’s normal. Knock him back into line; I always thought that George had just a bit too much freedom. He is starting to think that he is really a husband or boyfriend or some such and has some say in his own future.”

“I’ll think about it. Harriet, are you sure that you’re not jealous? In the meantime, I suppose you are right, I really should knock him down a peg or two.”

“Why don’t we just indulge ourselves a little when I come round in a couple of days? Like the old days. We’ll get drunk, make George’s life a misery, use Kelly and then just fuck a little, just for fun.”

“I was thinking of inviting that barman!”

“No,” said Harriet. “Let’s just have fun on our own. You me and a couple of bitches for the night.”

“OK, sounds good.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Des laid back on the bed and stretched himself. Even though he was over six feet he could not quite touch all four bedposts at the same time with hands and feet, the bed was that big. Sue was pegged on his prick and rode him like a bronco rider as he bucked and rippled his muscular body. Every time that his ass dropped to the bed, she felt herself take him to the hilt. When he bucked, she had to hang on to keep his cock inside her.

Then his hands came up and cupped her breasts. Fingers and thumbs rolled her nipples, making her cry in delight especially as his hand swept down her sides, grasped her hips and pushed her firmly down onto him.

“Do you want more, fuck-baby?” he asked breathlessly as he pushed up with his hips, making her gasp with the depth that he had reached inside her. “Do you need more?”

“No,” she cried, “yes, yes, fuck yes I need more!” Des looked up at Sue. Her eyes were closed, her head was thrown back and her mouth was open with a silent scream that told her lover that he was just an ace from bringing her to the peak of a complete climax. Then he looked at her husband’s face. The man that stood by the bed waiting for the wife’s lover to signal.

Des licked his lips and his hands smoothed to Sue’s ass. They took her in his hands and opened her. Suddenly Francine had a perfect view of the massive column of hardened flesh that was reaming his wife. He could see the way that her inner lips stretched thin to embrace that ebony cock. Francine could see the slick shiny river that lubricated that fuck; it flowed from his wife and over the balls of her lover.

Francine saw Des’ fingers open her ass like a flower and knew what he was being ordered to do.

As Sue rose and gasped, as the giant prick almost slithered free of her cunt, Des pulled her down to him, bending her and presenting to the husband the one place that Francine was able to reach with her lips.

Francine kneeled and brushed her wife’s ass with her lips. She pushed out her tongue and slid it from the parted top of that crack to the pucker of Sue’s flesh as Des pushed Sue onto his cock

and onto the tongue that was going to serve the most exciting woman that he had ever had the pleasure of fucking.

Tonight, she could scream to her heart's delight, tonight they could make all the noise that they wanted because tonight Harriet was with Emma.

The tongue pressed hard and then penetrated her. The prick slammed home into her cunt as servile husband and her big lover fucked both holes as she climaxed.

The hands on her nipples, pinching and twisting. Her own probing fingers of her right hand while her left gathered in Francine's hair and held that precious tongue in place. The huge intrusion of Des' that felt as though it would split her in two. The delicious mixture of mastery and the knowledge that life was going to be like this for years to come as she forced her sissy husband and rode her boyfriend all in the same moment of ecstasy. Deep in her the prick shot its load of semen. The emissions filled her and mixed with her own slick juice before being squeezed from her in a rush of liquid.

"Darling, you are the best," she mumbled in her elevated state. "I love you, I love your prick and I love the way you fuck! God, but you fill me!"

Des looked up at her and smiled. She leaned forward over him to kiss him on the lips as he mouthed, "I love you too."

The prick slumped from its hole and fell to the sheets, but Francine had to continue the job that she had been given. A tight cord had been tied around the base of her own prick to make sure that she would not present an embarrassing erection. Stockings and a pair of high heeled mules and a small nightie were the only adornment on Francine's waxed body. Sue giggled and lifted her ass until her thighs were perpendicular to the bed.

"Drink," she said, as she planted a small kiss on Des' lips.

Francine slid down and pursed her lips over her wife's. The trickle of sticky fluid became, for a moment, a small cascade between Francine's lips as Sue clenched herself inside. Francine drank and Sue planted another small kiss on Des' lips.

"Is there more to come?" she asked her lover.

"Of course," he laughed. "I plan to fill another hole though."

Sue nestled into his hard muscled body and smiled at the thought. She imagined that huge weapon piercing her; she felt its size and the way that it would stretch her ass. She imagined the eruption inside her as Francine licked and served her cunt and then that final moment when Francine saw her ass leaking cum as it lowered onto her face and was licked diligently clean by lips and tongue without losing a drop of that precious manna. The whipped cream of a wife's climax with her lover, served from her leaking ass to the husband's pursed lips.

"When you're ready," she giggled. "Because my sweet ass is longing for your giant cock!"

## Endings: A Month

The lid was on her cage. Just five minutes before she had finally wearily climbed into her cot and curled up to sleep. In just four hours she would have to be up, scrubbing the floors that she had scrubbed just two days ago before making a delicious breakfast for Emma. Every day excuses were found to make her life ever more miserable. Every day she lost a little of her personal inner fortress to her owner.

*'She is my owner and I am her slave,'* thought Kelly, as she tried to put herself back in the shoes of the rich woman that she had been, the woman that had been so bored that she had mingled with those prim and stuck-up women who regarded charity as a badge of social honor.

And that was the problem for Kelly! It was getting harder, little by little, to do anything other than think about all the chores that she had to do tomorrow. Sleep had become her one relaxation and her chores were gradually shortening that small moment of relaxation and replacing it with hard work and demeaning activities. Emma always told her the schedule just the one time, in a low flat voice that begged misunderstanding. There would be ten to fifteen chores. Some routine, others were special. She had to remember them and then the next day act on the list that she had memorized. In the same order that they were told to her.

### Mistakes were punished!

The latest punishment that Emma had devised was so simple it seemed like a pause from all of that drudgery and sexual assault that normally filled her hours, but standing in the ballet boots with her arms outstretched and her legs apart for inspection was agony! The first ten minutes were easy. The second ten were a chore, the next hour became torment as her muscles clenched and cramped. Occasionally Emma would pass her and slap her face to remind Kelly that she would have been working if only she had not annoyed her owners.

As she stood, she knew that the time to do her chores was ever shorter, her period of sleep curtailed and then she would be punished for that too. A light caning as she stood was not unusual. Sometimes the cane stroked up and kissed the tender lips of her sex. Occasionally it stroked her breasts with sharp strokes that made her bite back cries of pain.

Now, Kelly lay on the rubber of her mattress and slipped into weary sleep. The collar that she wore silently recharged as Kelly dreamed of the tasks and punishments that awaited her in the morning. The collar that never needed taking off, the collar that was the bars and chains of her invisible, but very real, cage.

All the while the camera lights blinked and watched for signs of movement. As it recorded small moments of rebellion, they noticed the small smile slip from Kelly's face and registered the event. The camera's betrayed her every small refusal to bend and ensured that Emma could find ever more trivial reasons to punish.

Little by little, even though only a month had passed, Kelly was forgetting what it had been

like to choose her own life, her own clothes, her own friends and her own sexual preferences. She forgot that there was better food than table scraps and pet food mixed with raw eggs. She forgot that there had been any other focus for her waking hours than Emma. She forgot that choosing a sexual partner had been possible and that constant assault and inspection was not the norm.

Scrub the floors, make the breakfast and then please Emma's body. Scrub the floors, scrub the washing in cold water between her closed fists. Be punished, be fettered, and polish shoes. Stand for hours, do Emma's pedicure, wax her *own* body of every hair from her eyebrows to her legs, be punished, scrub floors, do the washing, ironing, be punished, have George enjoy her mouth and throat, stand in punishment stance and then finally perhaps sleep. Then wake and do the ironing and... and... and...

The past was slipping from her grasp. The past was a faded heaven. The past never existed. The present was Emma's lips that spoke orders; the present was the physically demanding work and the sexual use that filled her hours. The present rolled by.

\*\*\*\*\*

The day that Des took the computer and cleaned the system was the end of a chapter of Francine's life. While the program formatted the hard disk and then purged itself of all Frank's work; Francine watched the sliding bar on the screen and breathed a sigh. Was it relief?

Possibly!

Now that she no longer had to work, now that Francine was available full time for Des and Sue's pleasure, she could concentrate on those small tasks that were so important. For instance, there was nothing that made sure that Des woke in the right frame of mind for work than a gentle massage under the covers just after seven in the morning. Hot steaming coffee for Sue and Des, a croissant with jelly and fresh butter, a napkin stiff with starch, a freshly pressed orange juice and a soothing massage that allowed that waking erection that he always got to be sucked dry by Francine's gentle lips.

Occasionally Francine was ordered to serve his mother-in-law who took great delight in extracting a little morning delight and making him late for his appointed tasks. That would lead to punishment, a caning or perhaps just standing facing the corner while Sue and Des made love.

"It's for your own good," said Sue to Francine as she passed the cane to her mother. "You just have to learn to organize your time better."

The cane, wielded by Harriet was always nicely judged. Not too hard to break the soft skin and ruin panties and stockings, always enough to leave a crisscross of welts that ran in parallel lines that stung and made his ass hurt whenever Francine sat.

Now of course Francine was no longer allowed to cum. The small stainless-steel tube on her withering cock saw to that. The tight rings that nestled around her balls tickled, irritated and

excited by turn. Occasionally Francine's cock stirred and tried to escape the confines of that prison. Every attempt was a failure that Sue punished with either the rod on Francine's ass or just making her husband watch her frig herself or embed some object deep in her own ever-hungry cunt.

Just not being allowed to climax did, of course, do nothing less than stimulate Francine to ever higher points of frustration and tension. Every time she was made to watch Des eject his fountain of rich creamy cum, Francine felt a little more pent up, a little more ready to explode.

"Little girls don't ejaculate," said Sue. "They act coy, they suck cock and they prepare for the day when their wife's lover's need to fuck their tight asses. They dress in pink, they wear a sweet lace bow on their tiny balls, they always smile and are ready to be good girls and do as their wives' say. If you came it will just spoil you for my bed, make you unwilling and just a little independent. It would be so selfish of you to shoot your little load and deprive Des and me of your devotion. Anyway, I cannot be having you mess all your frocks and uniforms, it would be just so wrong to allow a little slut like you to cum. It would just encourage you to think that you were more than just our sweet, obedient, girly, bed bitch."

With those words she turned to allow Francine to see the wet patch on her tight jeans that stretched from the crease of her groin almost to her knees.

"I have a little theory, darling, that the more that you go without cumming, the more spunk Des shoots into my cunt. Is that possible?" she had laughed as Des came down the stairs, patting her wet patch with the flat of his hand. "That he shoots *your* cum into me? Is that at all possible?"

Her hand strayed to his pent-up cock and touched the tip where it emerged to fret against all the lace that hey made him dress in.

"I like it like this," said Sue as she licked her lips. "Ready, but never available or is that available but never ready?"

At that moment Des came up behind Francine and put a casual hand on her ass.

"Sue and I are buying a house," said Des as she lifted Francine's frock to check on her. "Would you like to come and live with us?"

Francine tried to smile and realized that this might well be the last time that she got to choose her future for herself. It was not that she was being offered freedom or service. No, Francine was being offered a choice of mistress and master. On the one hand Sue and her lover, on the other hand was Harriet. The angel of pain and submission that stood at the top of the stairs and smiled at the way that her daughter was making a perfect little slut of her husband. Harriet whose attentions always ended in a caning.

Francine had been Francine for just four weeks, but she knew deep in her heart that Harriet would tire of having a male slut maid and dispose of Francine in some dark corner, whereas Des and Sue would always need their sissy slut. With them she would be part of something that was

important. With them she could stay close to Sue and still be a part of her life and her enjoyment of life.

“If it was allowed for me to choose,” said Francine in the high pitched ‘cute’ voice that Sue seemed to like, “I would choose to stay with you.”

“It is not the easy choice,” laughed Harriet. “I think that I might be an easier mistress than your wife!”

“I love you all,” said Francine, with tears in her eyes, “but if I have to choose...”

“Well, that’s one thing sorted,” said Des as he idly straightened up the bows that hung in Francine’s growing hair. “Of course, we need a place with a cellar so that Francine can have her own little caged pink room.”

“That means that we can have a play room for her,” said Sue as she clapped her hands. “Can we get one of those whipping crosses for Francine?”

“Darling, you get whatever you want,” laughed Des. “Now that we are thinking of settling down perhaps it is time to think about Francine’s future with us.”

“What do you mean?” asked Sue. “Her future?”

Harriet laughed and came down the stairs. “I know what he means,” said Harriet as she lifted Francine’s skirt. “What he is thinking about is making Francine *just* a little more feminine!”

Sue turned to Des and frowned.

“I hope that you’re not thinking of making Francine into something that will compete with me!” she said, as she tried to imagine Francine with a women’s body. “Of course not, nothing could compete with you. I just thought that a few adjustments...”

“Men!” said Sue. “All they need is big tits to feel and a tight hole to fuck and they are owned! OK, do what you want. Just make sure that my husband is nice and feminine and cute! I want my bit of fun too!”

## Endings: A Year

Just a month ago she had finally finished with George! Thrown him out of her bed, her house and her life. Forever!

How dare he? How dare he misuse her personal slave? Sneak in and push his dirty little prick into her pussy? How dare he switch off the collar and thus shut down the cameras? How dare he post pictures of Kelly on the Internet? How could he misuse Emma's trust so much? How dare he?

Emma had come so close to exploding and calling the police about his thefts from the bank that he worked for! That evidence that was the leash in her hand. She had come so fucking near to finishing him! She had been so close, just a whisker, before she realized that if he lost his job and faced jail, he might just speak a word or two in revenge and bring her down with him! It was Harriet who had calmed her down and told her to cut her losses.

"The biter bit," said Harriet with a laugh at Emma's discomfiture. "Still, he's gone and you'll have learned that you cannot have your cake and eat it. A blackmailed boyfriend just doesn't work. Sooner or later, he'll go rogue or blackmail you." Kick the little shit out from her life and learn the lesson. That was Harriet's lesson for Emma. Suddenly it was Emma that was in the uncomfortable position of the one whose personal life made her a target for blackmail!

If George could just figure it out.

So, she just threw him out of her life, with the promise that she would ruin him if he ever spoke a word of her business. George drove away with lightness in his heart. He had escaped with just cuts and bruises where Emma might have broken his life with casual indifference. It never occurred to him that, like the game of chess, if he had just turned the board around and looked at the game from the other player's point of view, he might have seen revealed the opponent's fears and strategies exposed! He just saw that he was free of her and did not bother thinking about the fact that she was free of him!

For Kelly, life changed but little.

The bars lowered over her cot-cage and closed the night around her. It was now over a year since she had parked her car in the garage behind Emma's house. A year since her mistress had begun to empty her head of all thought and make her just a pet, a doll who served without question. Purged of independence, but not emotions. Emotions were so important. Kelly knew that she loved Emma. Emma was strict, Emma punished her for every infraction of the rules and Emma was beyond a Goddess. When Emma was disappointed, she was *forced* to punish. Kelly understood that pain and suffering, service and sex were her lot and that Emma was just trying to help her become perfect. Every reaction had an opposite and larger reaction. Emma was just trying to train her to be perfect!

The car in the garage and the house that it had driven from that afternoon were no longer Kelly's. The life that she had abandoned was gone, her 'friends' had found others without ever casting a



single reflection over the fact that Kelly had never returned after her two months. They had scarcely even remarked when the 'for sale' sign had appeared outside her house. As the months passed and new people joined the charities, boards of directors and other meaningless self-serving institutions, Kelly was forgotten.

She had learned to walk in those ballet boots in an elegant quickstep that made her rounded ass jiggle, much to Emma's pleasure. Now she was wearing even higher boots that rested on just two spiked points, steel heel and steel pointed toe. She performed her tasks with polish and perfection.

Practice makes perfect.

Pain fosters obedience.

Emma woke each morning to find her house perfect. Life for the mistress was a dream of soft clouds and sheer pleasure in the smallest things. Every day her clothes were chosen and aired for her. She awoke to lips closing with hers as she opened her legs and swam in a sea of awakening and orgasm. Bright morn light and the night stars in her head as her sex was massaged and stroked, spoiled and oiled. As Emma stretched, that first leopard like movement that opened her legs and finished with her hands clutching the top of the bed in sheer gratification, the lips and tongue of her bed bitch, slid and reamed her every fold and nook. Tickling her ass hole and running, furrowing the inner lips that guarded her cunt. A dreamy awakening that so perfectly put Emma in the right mood for the day.

The shower at forty degrees, the hands that scratched her back lightly and then massaged her with a rough sponge before her slave slid around her body and onto her knees. The slave's hands stretched to Emma's nipples and tweaked them as the lips closed to drink from her pussy, to suck Emma's water from her while the fresh water of the shower streamed over the two women like a million small warm intruding fingers.

Emma allowed Kelly to massage her with the fresh towels. Pat her dry with the warm cotton, find every drop of water and soak it up with little soft movements. Burnishing her skin with scented oils and a massage that prepared her for her day.

Now Emma was ready to dress and Kelly showed her the clothes that she had selected for her mistress and owner. Rarely did Kelly make a mistake and need that slap on her breasts or face that she so richly deserved for failure. When it happened, Kelly knew that she had to improve yet again for Emma. She had to prove that she could anticipate what Emma needed.

Clothes, sexual pleasure, food and the orderliness of the house. These were all Kelly's province now, Kelly's responsibility. The past no longer existed.

The past faded to grey.

There was no past. Just service.

\*\*\*\*\*

Francine's first bra was the one suggested by the surgeon who had created those firm breasts and worked so hard on softening Francine's masculine angles to soft curves. The second was bought by Sue as a present. Pink and black it lifted those delicious breasts and cupped them under the baby doll nightie.

There was no doubt that Des liked what he had created from Sue's husband. He loved the smooth skin, the long blonde hair and the rounded hips. He loved to tease his little shemale slut to the point of distraction and then turn him over and taste the gentle curves of her ass with his hands as he slowly fucked her hole with a powerful clench of the hips. Often, Sue just enjoyed watching Francine squeal in her high voice as the giant black cock forced its way into that tight ass. She played with herself and watched her fantasies become real. Sometimes, however, she was the place where Des pushed his cock.

With the close attention of Francine, licking, sucking and massaging with long nailed fingers, she climaxed as Des fucked her with his slow lazy rhythm. Finally, he came with a rush and splattered her body with cum or perhaps shot his semen deep into her on one of those deep strokes. Then it was Francine who lapped up his emission. Lips and tongue closed to soft skin, she served her wife and the male lover with delicate strokes that soothed and swept up the sticky detritus of sex.

Francine spoke only when she was asked a question. She was treated like a child, put to bed early and dressed in pink lace. Gradually she became what Sue really wanted, a good little girl that served as a bed dolly. Available only for sex, gurgling with laughter as she was raped and begging to suck cock and lick ass as she was fucked and forced. Her sweet little room was full of soft toys and dollies for her to play with, a constant flow of cartoons and nursery rhyme music. Her punishments were to be put over a knee, slapped and molested as Des and Sue desired.

So, she regressed. Francine slipped into a world of childish dreams, lack of responsibility and petty worries as she was used, abused and petted by all the adults that she knew. They played with her in bed, they teased her mercilessly and then they punished her for the ever-present attempts of her little prick to get an erection. The abuse was gentle but persistent; they had her suckle on cock as they pinched Francine's pert breasts. Francine sucked Des' balls gently as she was fisted by Sue or perhaps Sue just slowly jerked off Des to the sounds of husband's lips on a firm ass hole.

"Little girls don't have orgasms," said Sue one afternoon as she settled Francine in for her afternoon nap. "That would be *so* wrong. You are here to help Des and I enjoy sex and for that service we will look after you and make you the perfect little dolly."

Sue's hand strayed to the metal that enclosed Francine's erection and stroked the tight skin of the tip that showed from the top of the tube. That slight touch was enough to make Francine squeal in pleasure and hope that her wife would rub her to a climax with the tips of her fingers. It had never happened, but the fantasy was difficult to shake. Sue touched Francine's breasts and kissed her as if to reassure the little sex dolly that she was behaving herself. Coming was a fantasy that

Francine treasured, that Sue would reward the little sex doll with a small token of love. She obsessed over it, she hoped for it, she needed it, but it never ever came true. Des' face appeared and smiled down at Francine. "I think that our little fuck doll will soon be ready for her next visit to the surgeon," he said. "Already?"

"Those little things have to come off, and then we can release Francine from all that ironmongery! I am really looking forward to rubbing Francine's darling little clit without the risk that it will spill and dribble."

"Darling, do you think that Francine will mind?" asked Sue as she played with the tip of Francine's cock.

"Ask the little slut," laughed Des. "I am sure that she will gladly sign all the forms."

"Francine," said Sue. "Just a little snip and off they come? Then I can play with you without any risk that you will shoot all that mess all over your clothes. It would be perfect, no more locks and tubes, just that little soft cock hanging between your thighs. Is that what you want?"

Francine could just feel the tickle of those fingertips, the overwhelming thirst to please the woman who was smiling at him so sweetly. Francine nodded and hoped that she had answered whatever question had been asked, correctly. Anything to allow the gentle pleasure to continue even if it did not lead to more than a tease that left an ache in balls and stomach.

"Please," she said, in her high voice.

"That's good enough for me," said Des, "I'll make all the arrangements and soon little Francine will be out of that tube."

Sue smiled. She was tempted to bring Francine to a last climax before she was castrated, but that would just upset poor little Francine and show her what she was missing when the pouch beneath her cock became a smooth skin where just a scar would show where Francine had lost her manhood. Somehow, it was this final cut that would make Francine perfect.

Francine closed her eyes and enjoyed Sue playing. As she drifted to sleep with the thought that soon she would have the metal tube taken off for the first time in a year she sighed with contentment.

Soon she might be made to cum, soon...

## Endings

Harriet looked at Kelly and stroked her bound breasts with an almost affectionate move of her fingertips. There was something so very vulnerable about this bed whore, something that almost brought a tear to her eye. "Tomorrow she goes to the studio for the first time," said Emma with a small glance at Harriet's face. "It's just a preliminary shoot to see what she's like in front of the cameras."

"I take it that you are bored with her," said Harriet, as she pulled her hands back through the bars of the cage that Kelly lay in.

"Not really bored. I just feel that I have reached the end of the road with her," sighed Emma as she looked into Kelly's eyes and smiled. "I want to try something else. Perhaps a man, perhaps a couple or perhaps someone who will make a better pain slut when she is trained!"

Three years ago, Kelly had been so scared that Emma would consign her to a career in porno films. Now she just accepted her fate and was glad that she was doing what her loving owner wanted from her. She lay passive in the bed and looked up at Harriet and felt an overwhelming love for Emma's special friend.

She longed to be back in bed with them, helping them to come to climax. Those moments had been stolen moments of joy amidst all the hard work of making Emma's life a bed of rose petals. Now Kelly would pass through other hands and before other lenses to become a star. She would be taken out of her cage and used. The earnings that she generated would be calculated and shared between her betters. The films that she made would be wanked over by a million men whose faces were lit by the bright light of their computer screens.

Kelly ran her hands over her feet. Even without shoes they were recurved into the delicate erotic arch of a stiletto or perhaps a ballet boot. The position felt good, natural and comfortable. Her hands then coursed to the tight bindings that Emma had placed around her breasts.

"You may cum for me," said Emma, as she looked down at the thing that she had created.

Kelly was now a thing of sex pure. A demi-woman, whose whole meaning in life was to please others. Sex, service and degradation. It was all the same, just a path that had to be walked down until a smile or nod indicated that she had done as she had been told. Soon she would be opened and stripped for the amusement of millions, to eventually be picked up and used by whoever bought her from the woman that had created her.

Kelly no longer really existed, that independent woman had drowned in pain and strict tuition over two years ago.

Like Francine she had adapted and been molded until she was no longer anything other than flesh that was always ready for her owner's use.

Kelly stretched her hands and started to masturbate at her mistress's orders. As Harriet watched

in awe at the control that Emma had achieved, a level of control that was suddenly a whole level above Harriet's expectations. Kelly caught her clit between her nails and squeezed until the overwhelming pain of her own grip forced her to climax with a small plaintive cry as her other hand scored her breasts and gouged a path to her nipples. "She enjoys *only* pain now," whispered Emma to Harriet. "Whip, slap and cane the bitch and she will cum for you. Only agony is enough to bring her to climax. I love it, making her orgasm time after time as the tip of the whip bruises her thighs and nipples."

Kelly climaxed with a small purr in her throat, one of the only noises that she was permitted to make. Like a kitten she stretched and then she opened her legs wide and displayed her wide-open pussy for approval. She smiled and was glad that Harriet seemed pleased with her performance. A small pearl of bright red perched on the tip of her clitoris and then melted and spread as it mingled with the oil of Kelly's excitement, the lubrication of her pain. The passion of agony.

A yawn and Kelly closed her eyes. Sleep overtook her.

Tomorrow was going to be a long and punishing day.

**The End**