

View From A Cot

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Note:

This is a small chapter/idea that I deleted from the main novel for reasons of plot fluidity. Originally it was intended to be a second visit by Dolly to Madame's tender loving care. However, I decided that a single episode for each husband was more consistent with the storyline. It may amuse the reader to see just a little more of Madame and her demented daughters... Only a slight mention of this episode is now left in the main body of the novel as an afterthought.

Irene

In The Cot

Dolly lay limp like the rag-doll that she was. There was no point in struggling, there was no chance of escape, the bars, locks and restraints defined her limits. At least she could see through the eyeholes of her mask now. The thought settled and then she realised that nothing was without some perverted purpose in this immoral house.

She moved a little to relieve the stress on her arms. For three days they had been drawn up to her collar and they were almost numb, but her shoulders ached with the constant tension. The light in the room was dim, a pinkish blur that smoothed over detail as the afternoon light pushed through the closed curtains of the play room.

The dimly seen wallpaper was a familiar sight to the stricken Dolly. Small ponies in pastel colours pranced across the wall amongst

rainbows and lollipop trees. Some were unicorns, others had manes and tails that streamed behind them while moons shone above them. On the chair she could see Teddy, her lover. The huge bear looked at her with unblinking innocent eyes. With nothing between his legs he seemed but a harmless toy. Dolly could not bear to look at him as she remembered the way that he had fucked her last night even though the long dildo had been removed. She turned her gaze to the wardrobe and wondered what other toys Madame had to play with, before focussing on the open toy chest.

The untidy heap of dolls and soft toys made a mountain, but the slim handles of canes poked through and leaned on the wall. Madame and her daughters insisted on their toys being well behaved and the canes and whips were all an intimate part of those games. Dolly looked up and considered the closed bars that closed the lid of the cot. Like the cot itself they were steel, painted white and pink with small padlocks that ensured that the occupant of the cot did not come alive at night and attempt escape when Madame and her daughters were not around to supervise.

The pictures on the walls were just inchoate shapes in the dim light. Dolly could make out the pink and blue frames, but the pictures themselves were in shadows. All in all, the playroom was just a nursery, it was just that the occupants were captives.

A red, unblinking light winked over the door, a clear signal that the camera that unblinkingly observed the cot was operative. Every time that Dolly moved, it flickered to pink for a moment as it registered an event. Occasionally she moved only to watch it change as it was the only motion or change that ever happened.

Dolly slithered down the bed a little, riding up the woollen dress that she had been fitted with. It allowed her to dimly see what her owners had done to her two nights ago. The two rows of studs that ran from the tip to the base traced uneven lines as her cock was

not erect, but she knew that when she got excited they would be a source of immense pleasure to his tormenters. Dolly's cock itched, but she could not scratch or play with herself, so she closed her thighs to hold and sooth the tender prick.

The tiny light changed to pink as she moved again to pull the hem down. She had not been told that it was a transgression to look at herself, but knew instinctively that any unsaid indiscretion could be used to punish her.

Dolly dozed.

From her wide open mouth, a little drool slithered between the tight mask and her skin and she moaned in her sleep as dark dreams filled her slumbering mind. Even in sleep there was no escape from the abuse.

The door to the playroom opened softly and three figures entered on tip toe. Madame, Amy and Madelaine. They stood over the cot where their twitching toy dozed and looked down with excited expressions. Madame wore a tiny black dress that would have looked stunning on a younger woman. On her it seemed out of place as it moulded over her overweight frame to come to just above the tops of her stockings. Her daughters wore their favourite frocks with frilled socks and sweet little sandals. Each had bows in her hair, one blonde, one dark that made them parodies of little girls.

"Can we play with her, Mamma?" whispered Amy with a lisp. "Please?"

"No, not yet. First we have to introduce the latest toys to the playroom and show them their new life here. Come along, girls..."

Dolly moved in her sleep a little and moaned as the Madame and her two daughters slipped out of the room and silently closed the door.

Two of the metal cages in the cellar were occupied.

When Madame entered the room she saw the two frightened faces peer between the bars and blink in the light as she led Amy and Madelaine into the dank room. Her high heels clicked on the stone floor as she strolled to the two occupied cages and looked down at her latest acquisitions. Everything was as she had left it except that now the couple were awake.

"For the love of God," said the man as he tried to move. "Let us go, what you are doing is wicked."

Madame nodded and waited until her two girls were standing beside her.

"Please, let us go," pleaded the woman in the neighbouring cage. "I beg you for the love of God!"

"They need cleaning up and then it's off with them to the toy room," said Madame at last as she considered their upturned faces. "Then we can play a little before teatime."

"What are they going to be?" asked the lisping Amy. "Can I have one for my own?"

"No dear, we always share our toys!"

Madame turned to the wall and pulled a hose from a coil and played with the nozzle for a moment before turning on the tap to

which it was attached. A sudden jet of cold water sprayed and doused the cages as she moved in to ensure that both of the occupants were sluiced down.

Madelaine giggled to see them struggle, but the tight chains allowed no escape from the fierce spray from Madame's hand. As she methodically worked from one end to the other, the old woman ensured that the jet hosed every nook and cranny of the couple with ruthless force.

Just six hours ago, the two had knocked on the door and been invited in for a cup of tea to listen to a religious sermon that was wasted on the occupant of the house. A few minutes later they were in a drugged stupor as Madame and her two middle aged girls fettered them and put them in the cages to await their nightmare awakening.

Finally, the cleaning job was done and the two begging victims finally stilled their pleas, anxious as to the next stage of their captivity. Madame unlocked both cages and roughly pulled them onto the hard floor.

The woman was perfect, she decided. Ripe and large breasted, wide hipped with a substantial bush covering her dripping cunt. The man was a little less attractive, but he would do for what she had in mind. If it took too much effort to subdue him, then he would be disposed of...

The woman looked up at the pensive face of the woman that stood over her and began to weep piteously, the man just begun to mutter words that Madame realised were Biblical verse.

Much good that would do him...

"It's off up the wooden steps to Bedfordshire," announced Madame.

Amy and Madelaine clapped their hands in excitement, each taking one of the leads that draped to the floor. Fettered tightly, each victim collared and bound so that they had to move on elbows and knees whilst their hands and ankles were strapped high, the two helpless pets refused to move on the hard floor.

Madame regretted that she had not thought to bring a cane, but she slapped the rump of the woman and said, "I can leave you in my cellar as long as I like. Up you go!"

The man moved first, he cried out as the soft skin of his knees rubbed the floor, but he moved at the beckoning Madelaine's tugs on his leash.

"For Jesus' sake," he begged. "We came bringing the word of God and you treat us as slaves! Please, at least allow my wife Mary to walk even if I have to suffer martyrdom at your sinful hands."

"One more word from you and you will be caged," said Madame, as she reached down to the man's wife and ran her hand over a hanging breast.

Her fingers pinched the nipple that almost scraped the floor and she was gratified at the squeal from Mary that signalled the first onset of excitement between her legs.

"Can I touch, Mamma?" asked Amy as she watched her mother pinch the nipple harder and harder until the sobbing woman squeaked.

"Soon..."

Madame opened the door to the playroom, followed by her daughters. Each tugged on a leash, at the end of which was a sobbing figure that had suffered every step of the way through the house. Progress had been slow, but that was just time spent imagining the games that they would be playing with lustful anticipation.

'At least they have dried out on the way,' thought Madame as she watched Dolly awaken and move to watch through the bars of the cage.

"Pup first," said Madame. "Amy, get the puppy costume and we'll start with yours.

Amy dropped the leash and opened the wardrobe and pulled out a shapeless furry mass and tossed it to the floor. Then she delved again and pulled a sack out and tipped a mass of leather straps and buckles to the floor.

"Can I?" asked Madelaine as she watched.

"Both of you will get him ready and I will make sure that everything is the way that I want it," said Madame. "Start with the gag..."

The fettered man walked a step and then started to plead again. As he did so, hard hands pinched under his ears and the discomfort made him open his mouth wide. At that moment a giggling Amy pushed the ring into his mouth and strapped it in place. The pleas were reduced to a gurgle.

"Please..." started Mary, but Madame turned on her and slapped her hard on the cheek.

"It's your turn next, be patient and wait until we are ready!"

The sobbing started again and the two daughters tittered in glee as they attended to the task that their mother had assigned to them.

The fur took shape as they pulled it on the gagged man. The confused shape of the suit resolved as straps were tightened, zips were opened and then closed and the pieces were fitted to the muzzled man. Light brown and white patches of fur, paws that matched to elbows and knees, and finally a hood that covered face and eyes to leave the puppy in the darkness of his hood.

As they worked with trembling hands, the two daughters made gleeful comments and used the exercise as an excuse to delve into every intimate place. They pulled his cock and dangling balls through openings and lined another over the curve of his ass, before adding a broad pink collar to his neck to finally end with a human puppy that stood disconsolately and blinded by the wardrobe.

Madame inspected their work.

She pulled his cock a little and noted with satisfaction that it was long and hard before she slapped his balls and was gratified with the grunt that issued from his mouth.

"Puppies bark," she said to him. "Bark!"

The puppy made a coughing sound and Madame smiled. It was so easy to break them. Just a few last touches and then he would be ready. A metal ring clicked around his balls, making them dangle nicely, another on the root of his cock to make sure that his cock stayed nice and stiff. She rooted through the pile of straps and fetters and pulled a tail from the pile.

"Puppies need a wagging tail," she smiled as she ran her fingers over the long rubber cock that would fix it into place. "I think that Amy can do this..."

Amy took the tail from her mother and knelt at the rear of Puppy before slowly pressing it home with a small twist. Puppy howled at the unexpected violation and Amy slapped his rump.

"Naughty Puppy," she said as she finally pressed the dildo home. "Now, on your knees..."

Puppy lowered slowly and then was pushed on to all fours as the excited women trussed his ankles and hands to leave him on elbows and knees.

"Very good, girls. Now we need a teddy bear to play with."

The two girls pulled the massive teddy bear from the arm chair and unzipped. Then they pulled out the bags of stuffing and cast them to the side. Mary looked on in horror as she realised where she was heading and mewled like a small child in distress. As she did so, Madame inserted the ring-gag and pulled the straps tight.

"I had this especially made..." said Madame as she watched the two girls open the suit. "You will be so adorable to play with and if you are a good little Teddy, Puppy might just be allowed to stay in the play room instead of living in a cage. Would you like that?"

Mary nodded and tears streamed down her face as the two daughters started to fit the suit onto her ample frame.

"She won't need much stuffing, she's so fat," snickered Amy as they pulled it on and started tightening the straps and pulling buckles tight with sharp pulls.

The sobbing victim felt the warmth and comfort of the fur and then hands pushing stuffing into the suit to plump the shape. Zippers were closed and small padlocks to hold them closed until at last the head of the suit was slipped over Mary's head.

It was done.

Teddy was lifted onto the chair and the three women stood back to admire the effect. The wide open mouth, the splayed legs that had an opening where the bush of Mary's sex was exposed and held open. The closed zipper that allowed access to her ass and the open ones from which spilled her large slack breasts.

From the cot, Dolly watched the whole episode in silence. She dared not make a move to remind Madame of her presence and lay breathing slowly to stop the hissing of breath attracting attention.

As Dolly watched, Madame brought a bowl of water and started to carefully shave Teddy's exposed sex. The entire exposed area became polished skin with a deep crevice and peeping clitoris. Every detail revealed in the pale pink light that streamed through the curtains. Now she could feel herself getting hard. The discomfort of the studs, and then the sudden movement as the cock sprang from its hiding place between her thighs and pushed her dress away to stand hard and needy.

Madame pushed Puppy onto his back and had Amy hold his legs wide as she attended to him with the razor. Madelaine stood back and moved from foot to foot with excitement.

"Are they going to fuck?" she asked. "Are you going to make them?"

"No, and that's a rule from now on," said Madeleine's mother as she carefully plucked a few stray hairs with her nails. "Teddy and Puppy never touch each other, only Dolly can service them from now. Also, always make sure that when you are not here with me, that the vibrators are pushed in nice and deep."

Madame finished and stroked the smooth cock with her hand. As she did so it started to grow nicely. Each stroke, each playful slap of the tightly held balls added a little more length and girth. Occasionally she moved the metal rings to allow him to swell until at last the full extent of his cock was obvious.

"He's bigger than Dolly," remarked Amy with a giggle. "Much better to play with..."

"He's a naughty Puppy," said Madelaine, "but I like Teddy better. She's a perfect toy."

"Can I play with Puppy now?" begged Amy. "Please, Mamma?"

Madame smiled and patted Amy on the head.

"Of course you can, dear. Just pass me my favourite cane and we'll see if he's as much fun to play with as he looks! Does Amy want a little puppy-cock in her tight pussy?"

Madelaine passed the cane to her mother's hand while Amy's hand rubbed between her legs under her pink dress. Her lips pouted and she gasped as she rubbed herself as she looked down at the huge prick that she longed to use.

"I want Puppy on his legs," said Madame.

It took both the girls to move him back to all fours and they laughed to see his huge cock and balls hand between his legs before they played with him for a moment and waited for permission to play more.

"Puppy's ready," announced Madame as she swished the cane through the air. "Off you go Amy."

Amy sat on the rug next to Puppy and slid under him whilst Madelaine held onto his rigid cock and slapped his balls.

"I love the way that he squirms, Mamma, he's so sensitive."

Puppy started to sob pathetically as Amy slid beneath him and Madelaine aimed the tip of the cock at her sister's streaming hole. The head of the prick nestled in the outer lips of Amy and Madelaine moved clear to watch her mother cut at his thighs to make him stumble forward.

As he did so he slipped easily into Amy and she gasped and extended her arms over the soft furry toy that was giving her so much pleasure. She hugged and kissed Puppy on his open mouth and the swish of the cane forced him deeper into her.

"Please, please, can I play too?" begged Madelaine.

She lifted her dress and slipped her hand into herself and a dreamy look came over her face as she watched her mother use the cane to build up a steady movements of Puppy's hips.

"Of course you can," said Madame as she held the cane high and realised that Puppy was now fucking Amy without any need for her urgings. "I think that Puppies love to lick..."

Madelaine moved to Puppy's head and watched Amy kissing the drooling lips, moaning with every thrust of his hips. Clearly there was no possibility to use that tongue and a vexed expression filled her face.

"Mamma," she said. "Amy is in the way, it's not fair!"

Amy gasped and looked up to see her sister standing over her and snuggled into her furry toy and rolled her hips as she started to climax.

A last cut of the cane in Madame's hand pushed Amy over the edge and she trembled as Puppy pushed hard against her and made her come.

Madame waited a moment and then said, "Come on now, it's Madelaine's turn. She wants to play too!"

Amy looked up and shuffled down between Puppy's legs as Madeleine uttered a small whoop of joy and grabbed Puppy's head to face up between her thighs. She bent her knees and lowered herself as Amy slipped from under to sit and watch.

As Puppy was forced to lick and suck at Madelaine, Amy stood up and looked around the room. Her gaze locked onto the teddy bear sitting on the armchair and then Dolly trembling in her cot. Her mother's instructions echoed in her head and she had an idea.

"Mummy, mummy, can I get Dolly out? Please can I get her out to play?"

"Of course you can, dear," said Madame. "I think Dolly and Teddy should play for us..."

Madame watched as Amy fumbled with the cot with suppressed excitement. She was so appealingly insatiable and could play all night if allowed to. Madame turned back to watch Puppy's performance with a critical eye. He would need a great deal of punishment before he understood that he was just a plaything and had no choice but to serve, but that use of the cane now would ruin her daughter's fun.

Amy dropped the side of the cot and pushed Dolly's legs over the side before pulling at her to make her stand.

"Come along, Dolly," she cried as she tugged at the leash to pull her to the armchair where Teddy sat waiting. "I want to play now; do as I tell you."

Madelaine climaxed, but she did not relax her grip on Puppy's head. She just closed off his mouth with her desperate cunt and slapped him until he began to lick her again.

"Don't be greedy," admonished her mother as she watched her daughter slip to her knees and lie back to allow Puppy to nuzzle between her legs.

"Oh, please, please can I come again, begged Madelaine as she pulled at her toy. "I want to come again and again!"

Madame smiled and cut at Puppy's ass with a savage stroke.

"You heard my little girl," she said in a grating voice. "She deserves proper service."

Puppy pushed forward and licked and sucked even though he could not breathe except when she allowed him. He could not see her, but taste, smell and touch urged him on to avoid the terrible agony of each stroke of the cane. He felt a desperation, his cock

strained and pulsed, but it was clear that there was no intention on the part of these degenerate females to allow him to come.

Madame laughed at the twitches of his hips.

"Only females are allowed to climax in my toy room, Puppy. If you are good, Teddy might be allowed..."

Dolly was forced to her knees. Before her was a pale circle of smooth skin that swelled and moved as she watched. Then a hand came down and closed her vision as Amy tittered and stroked her own cunt with slow strokes as she zipped the eyeholes on the mask closed.

"Dolly can make Teddy come for me," she murmured to herself as she pushed.

Wide open mouth pressed on smooth flesh. Tongue slipped and slithered over the lips and clitoris before lapping hard at Teddy. There was a click and a small chuckle from Amy as she latched Dolly onto Teddy before she turned her attention to the hanging breasts that had made her so excited.

With one hand tucked between her closed thighs, probing herself, Amy ran a hand over the breasts that were so attractive to her.

"These are so big and fat," she muttered to herself. "It is so naughty for Teddy to have bigger tits than me and Mamma!"

Madame turned from Puppy and Madelaine and looked over to see Amy pinching soft nipples and rolling them to make them stand erect. Amy turned and looked at her mother with a winsome smile that was twisted by her first gasping climax.

"Please Mamma, it's not fair!"

"What's not fair?" asked Madame.

"Teddy is a naughty Teddy, she's too big..."

"Well then, you'd better punish Teddy then, for Mamma."

"Ooh, can I? Oh thank you Mamma!"

Madame watched.

It was so good to see her girls enjoying playing so nicely with their new toys. It was far too dangerous for them to venture from her apron strings and get hurt by some male in the outside world. The nursery would give them all the release that they needed and she could make sure that they always enjoyed every moment. When she had put them to bed, then she could play too. It would be fun to make Dolly fuck Teddy while Puppy watched as long as Dolly was not allowed to climax and shoot his slimy come and make a mess.

As she watched Amy nip, slap and punish the hanging breasts she decided that Puppy would only be a temporary distraction for them. Hard punishments, elegant torment and endless discomfort for her own pleasure and gratification would rule his life and then... and then she would dispose of him! Dolly and Teddy were quite enough to keep them all amused when he departed. The girls would have to learn that new toys would come and go, as she decided to keep the toy room entertaining and fresh.

The cages in the cellars would be where he ended up, so that she could indulge her own frightful amusements without upsetting her delicate daughters.

Her attention focussed back on Amy and she was gratified that teddy seemed unable to resist the delicious fusion of anguish and pleasure that Amy had so cunningly arranged for her own amusement. Teddy was sobbing and gasping and she shook in the armchair as Dolly used her well-trained mouth to tease and satisfy while a cruel hand scratched and nipped at her breasts with slow strokes.

Amy herself was so enchantingly absorbed in her play as she climaxed to the teasing of her hand between her thighs and she opened her legs to push her fingers in deep as she trembled with passion.

Madame sighed with suppressed lust, but she knew that she had to sate her two daughters first. They were so childishly impatient and eager that it would be such a shame to confuse them with her own malicious needs.

Later, she would invite her sadistic friends over as well, when Amy and Madelaine were cosily tucked up in their beds, exhausted from their games with their new toys. That was a prospect to start the juices flowing!

Then the real pleasure and pain would begin.

In the soft dark of the night.

The End

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