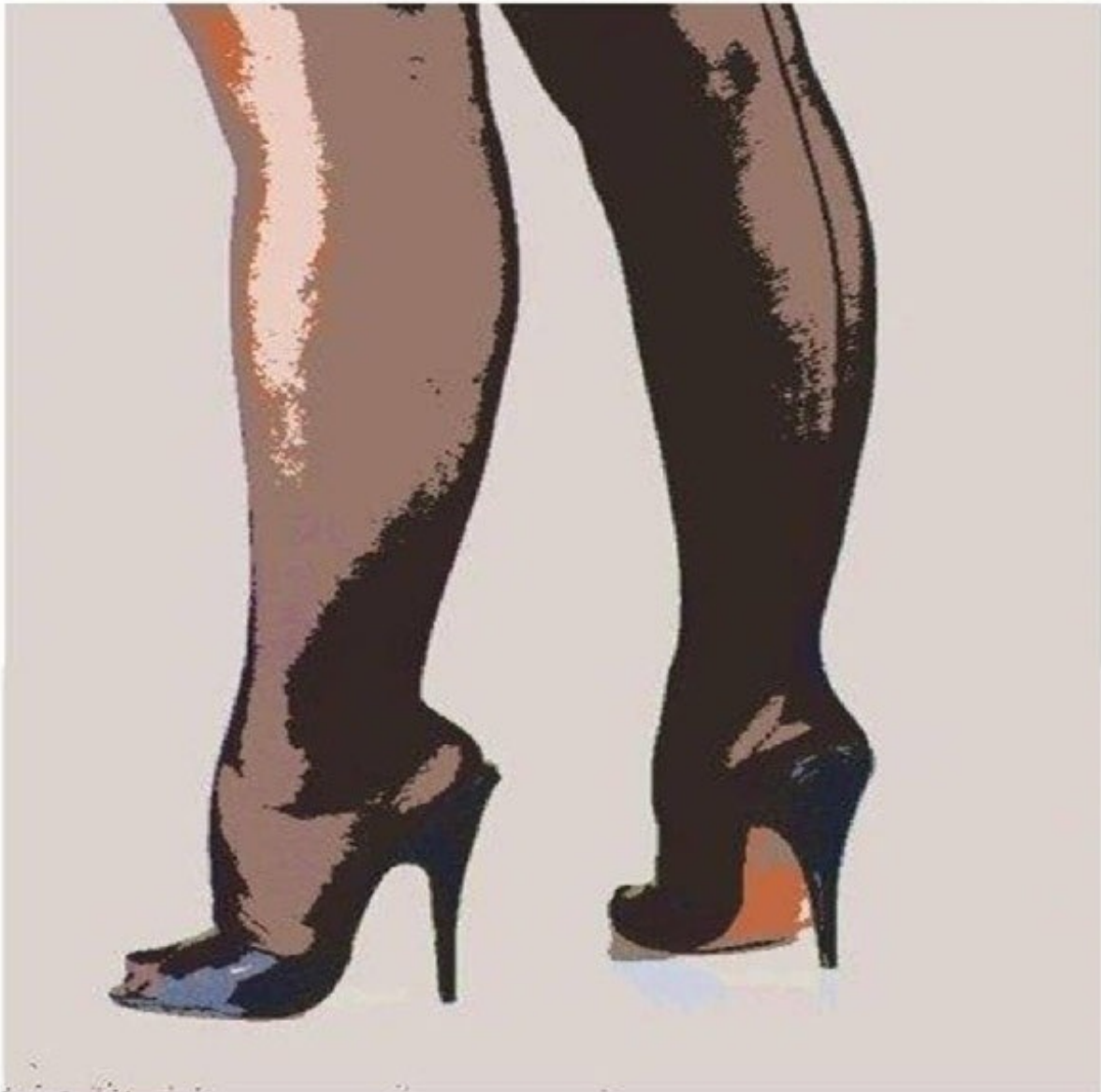
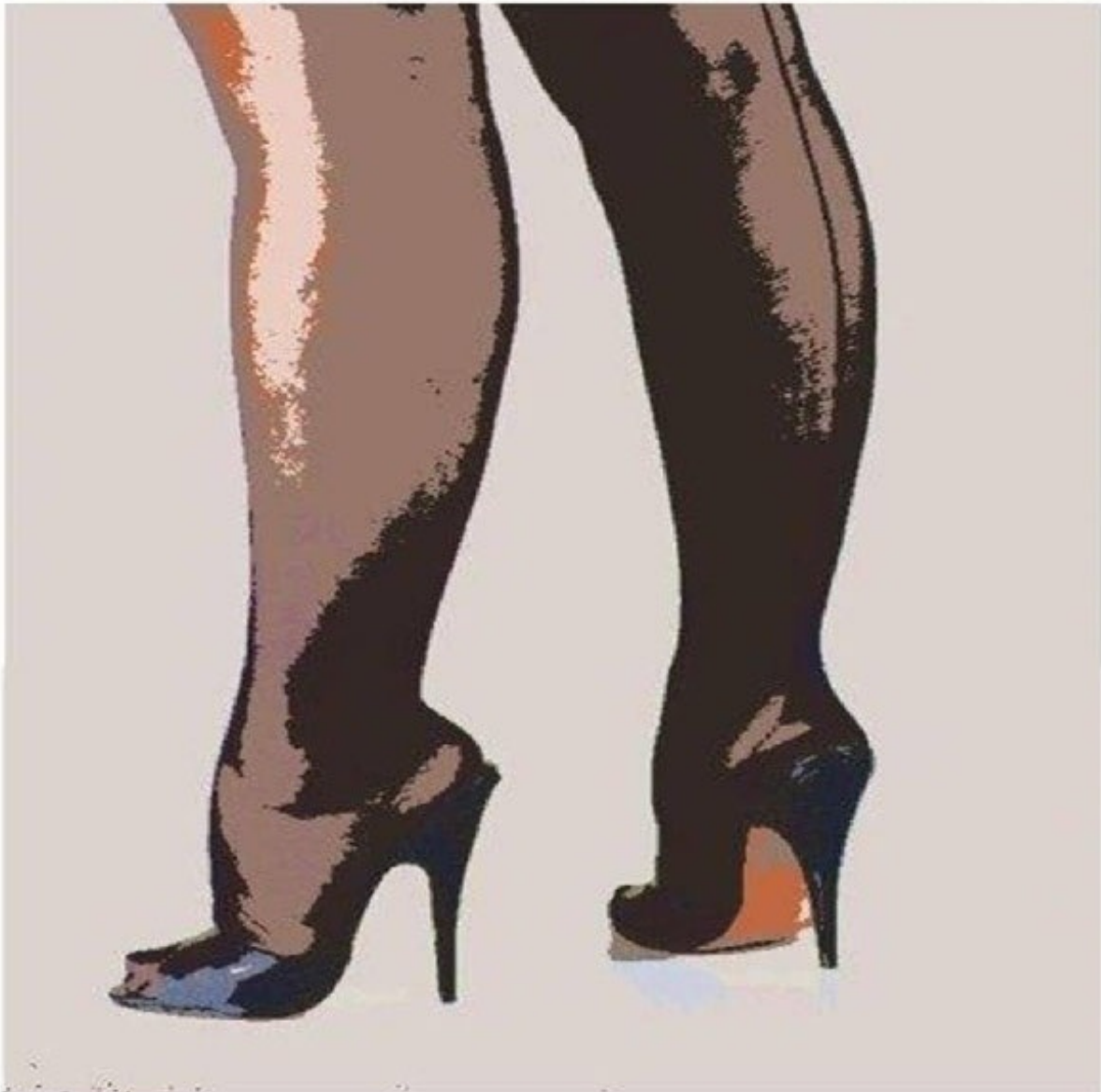


Wish Fulfilment



An **ADULT** Female Domination Novel
by
Miss Irene Clearmont

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Make Your Female Domination Dreams Come True...

And Live to Regret it!

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

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Prologue

Pornography!

Smut, obscenity, filth, or perhaps just erotic, arousing, artistic and adult fare?

A land of never-never, a mental place where the hopes and wishes of a partner are not a concern, where a library of a million pictures, films and novels lies at the fingertips of the aficionado.

Unreal fantasy that is unlikely to ever happen to the man that views it!

Beautiful willing women, submissive men, impossible scenarios and vain hopes. Perfect partners who fulfil the impractical desires of the addict who, tomorrow, is ready to do it all again. On the flicker of the computer screen late at night when others are asleep, the performers play out their amorous adventures on demand until the watcher finally switches to another virtual make-believe to seek new pleasures.

Porn!

Never satisfying, never fulfilling, just luring the spectator to pastures new until at last the connection to heaven is broken and the observer has satisfied his need.

For now! Tomorrow, next week, he will return, skip through the films that he downloaded already and decide that they no longer satisfy and so he will be on the search for a new and more extreme theme. Step by step the prey is pulled by unseen chains until at last he slips into a fugue of imaginary encounters and desires and lies supine at the feet of those who give everything and nothing.

That is the nature of the beast and it is, after all a beast!

The observer remains just that... a bystander, a spectator until he contemplates, at last, entering the mirror of his wants and sampling it all first hand.

Only his hand and rigid cock take part while he views the interface into that other perfect realm, all the while alert for the unwelcome intervention of the inadequate real world. A wife, a lover who may chance by and expose his real needs.

And yet...

Observer can become participant; the remote viewer can indeed walk into the fantasy if he has just enough nerve. Because the door is always open even if the observer does not push at it. The same routine that brings all that perceived perfection to his screen can place him in contact with a debauched world that bubbles and froths just beyond the grasping fingertips of the passive viewer.

Be careful, things never ever develop as you imagine!

They rarely do.

They always work out worse.

So much worse.

A life can become obscenity if the sleepwalker stays in the nightmare.

Chapter One

Leonard James' heart was beating so hard and fast that he could almost hear it in his head. All that he had to do was click on the 'register' button on his screen and he would have taken the first step. The form was completed with name and a new email address, the number of his credit card was there in black and white. Now all that the website required was his unconditional assent.

Do not think that the process that had taken Leonard thus far was an easy one!

It is one thing to surf the Internet seeking thrills and wanking material, it is quite another to place one's trust in a site that promises authentic intimate personal contact. Especially, when the personal tastes of the addict are so totally left of conventional that society will make an outcast of the man who is exposed.

For a moment he hesitated and then finally he clicked the mouse button and the commitment was made. There was a pause, perhaps just a few seconds before the billing information was shown and he was asked again to confirm his transaction. Again a chance to slip from the leash that he was fastening around his neck, another heart stopping decision that he made with a small sigh.

The thought of actually having a leash around his neck passed his mind and he smiled.

He was in! He was now a real customer and no longer a mere fantasist who

feared to make his dreams real. The screen darkened and he could now see if the actuality of the carefully chosen site matched his hoped-for need. Leonard admired the photos and marvelled at how closely they matched his idea of what was erotic. Quickly he skipped through the introductory passages and looked at the small thumbnails of the women who were offering to fulfil his dreams.

For a sum.

He sat back in the chair and stared at the galleries. Took them in and try to decide the passions and thoughts of the women who stared haughtily back at him.

Each picture was headed by a single word that was a prompt to reveal his sexual and intimate tastes. In his whole life, Leonard had never allowed himself to utter his sexual needs to any other person. Not his girlfriends, not his wife and not a single one of his acquaintances, friends or family. He had never dared admit his obsession even to himself. Now he had to face exposure, because to fall at this fence by being too bashful would lead him to the same disappointment that he had suffered with every other partner.

Leonard read the introductory words above the gallery more carefully and realised that these pictures were a test that the website was imposing to help them decide what it was that he wanted. He would choose from the pictures and would then be presented with further similar choices that would lead to a knowledge of his needs.

Carefully, he considered the pictures and tried to look beyond the pixels at the ladies who commanded his attention. The picture of a woman in a fur coat who stood by a red sports-car. The pose was casual, but she had a smile on her face that was magnetic and in her gloved hand she held a leash that trailed to the

ground. She was a rich bitch, a woman who knew what she wanted and would get it no matter what the cost to anyone else. The enormously fat woman who looked down at a naked man in a cage with a cattle prod in her hand. A woman clad in sheer latex who sat on a throne. In one outstretched hand a cigarette that leaked a curl of smoke. In the other hand, the cuffs that her man should wear. A woman who stood with her hand on the prick that stood rigidly from her. Was it really hers or was it a convincing rubber copy. Leonard looked into her eyes and then at her face but could not decide, was she a he or was he a she?

He clicked the woman in furs, half repelled and half attracted by the woman who might not have been a woman.

The second gallery was a little more explicit. Women stood in various poses dressed in a variety of erotic dress. From old fashioned corsets and girdles to lacy stockings and suspenders. From latex to leather, fur and spandex to naked and shaved, he found that he was torn between two pictures that spoke to him. One was just a latex clad leg the ended in a stiletto that ended in a needle-like heel. The other picture was a woman in a lacy corset in pink. From the teasing and naked to the bizarre and degenerate. Heels, whips, corsets and lace, the choice was so difficult.

Finally he clicked a the woman in the corset who sat on the edge of her bed and opened her legs to reveal a smooth sex that was nothing more than a line in the triangle between her thighs. Leonard was moved to the next gallery.

This time there was no woman to be seen, just a choice of implements that represented all of the things that could happen in the place where he was determined to go. Whips, canes and bamboo rods. From long tailed and fifteen feet in length to small thin canes that looked to be nothing more than stiff wire that would lacerate the skin. He clicked on a leather paddle and was suddenly filled with self-doubt and tried to go back a step to recast his vote.

A dialog came up on the screen: 'There is no going back!'

Leonard clicked 'OK' and went forward to more choices. This time it was a selection of other instruments of torture. Rings that would gather balls and cock and lock them away until the mistress decided to allow self-abuse. Dildos that varied between huge and slim, masks from which a curved cock stood in obscene attention. A branding iron, a tattooist's needle, a wooden form like a coat hanger that opened, pliers that would punch holes ready for locks and pins and gags that would force the mouth open to allow its use without the owner's permission.

He was about to click a dildo, the smallest, when he changed his mind and clicked a simple ball-gag instead.

Now the selection was body type. Fat, generous, full figured, slim, thin or almost skeletal. He felt a sigh of relief that this was an easy choice and clicked the woman who attracted him with her figure and come-and-fuck-me look.

It took half an hour to get through the quiz, half an hour in which he struggled to make the choices that they demanded. After the tenth page, Leonard just clicked his way through as was the intention of the designer. The first choices would be rejected, each response was timed, the movement of the mouse inspected and collated and analysed. Leonard was being picked to the bone until his preferences formed a whole picture of a man who dreamt of deeper things but dared not utter them, even into his own ear.

One choice after another passed by until at last he reached a page where he could book a visit to the Czech castle and he could finalise his trip. He expected the

computer to have made up a list of his requirements after that long questionnaire, but all the checkboxes were empty and he had to make up his own mind what he wanted from them no matter what they thought that he needed.

Finally, there, on the webpage, was a tick-list of his chosen preferences. Interest in light bondage, younger women with slight figures, small breasts and red hair. Punishment mainly held to low limits with a little humiliation thrown in for good measure. Leonard scanned all the details and had to agree that he was probably better off choosing his own menu!

Despite that he had been so pent-up while he had registered for the site, he now felt quite relaxed, in fact this was the actual moment of truth. The booking, the commitment to a few days of diversion that was going to cost a hefty sum. He played with the calendars to select his dates and checked them against the ones that he had noted on a small piece of paper that he took from his pocket.

Finally he had finished.

Dates, initial deposit and all of his choices were registered. He read the list of rules and smiled. Despite the fact that Leonard was going as a penitent, a servant of dominant women, they asked him for a safe word, checked his medical history, and allowed a final chance to back out of the transaction as well as pointing out that he could change his preferences until the day of arrival as well as pay extra for a personal and private film to made of his trip.

Leonard had gained too much momentum to duck from his plan now. He hesitated over the idea of a DVD that a tick box suggested and decided not to leave any record of this trip and left the tick box blank. His memories would all be in his head, there would be no chance that any trace would be left when he returned to his humdrum life. A final confirmation that listed all of his

preferences for printing and he found himself at the page at which the site had opened after his first log in just an hour ago.

With a small sigh he turned off the computer and headed for the kitchen.

His heart rate was slowing to normal, his breathing had calmed, but his thoughts were full of the experience that he had just lived through and the anticipation of his fantasies being fulfilled. After months of planning he was actually going to see it through! Go on a business trip to Prague and then slip away for two days to the Czech 'Service Institute' just west of Prague to live out a long cherished fantasy, a dream that neither wife nor lovers had ever fulfilled.

Perhaps because he had never dared ask them!

He put the kettle on and dropped a teabag into a mug.

As he watched the kettle boil he imagined his two days in the Service Institute, the 'Služba Ústavu' that was in a small restored castle in Bohemia. He imagined being kept at the end of a slim young bitch's bed, having to serve her naked and then after she gently paddled him he would be permitted to make love to her while she gave instructions that he had to satisfy.

Finally he would leave her care and head back to his mundane life as a pension fund manager. A man whose life was deeply entrenched in monotonous ruts that he himself had created.

The kettle boiled and he poured the hot water into the mug.

“Tea? That’s a good idea!”

Leonard jumped at the voice of his wife and almost spilled hot water over his hand. She had entered silently on bare feet and put a hand on his ass.

“What are you doing up at this time?” she asked.

“Just can’t sleep...”

She smiled, but the smile only got as far as her lips. Her eyes looked him up and down with an almost disdainful gaze.

“Well, I can’t sleep either,” she muttered.

“Tea?”

“Don’t be stupid! I’ll have a snort of something stronger.”

Leonard watched her head for the living room and heard the clink of bottles as she poured herself a large whiskey. There was no doubt, Chantal was a great looking woman. Petite, almost tiny, but curves in all the right places. Almost

naked and padding around the house at night she could have been everything that he ever wanted. A delicious whore, filth pouring from her mouth as she took over his life and made him suffer in a million delicious ways.

That was the way that it could have been. If he only had the nerve to tell her what he wanted, if he only had the courage to show her the way! She would have been a perfect dominatrix. Expensive tastes, high maintenance and sometimes the ability to be cruel almost without conscious thought in word and deed. After ten years of childless marriage they were separated by a gulf that did not really exist, but was there in their heads nevertheless. A gulf of misunderstanding, a crevasse too deep for Leonard to dare to cross and too wide for Chantal to jump.

She returned with the whiskey and eyed him up and down in his dressing gown.

“In just a week you’ll be off to Prague,” she said and then sipped her drink.

“I’ll be a week or so,” he said as he picked up his tea. “If all goes well with the negotiations we will be expanding into Eastern Europe through Czech Beroun Interbank and will be in a dominant position in the main stock markets there.”

“I’m sure that it’ll be a rip roaring success, but I was thinking of what to do with the week when you are gone.”

“I thought that you were off to Hampshire for that wellness week with Celia,” he replied.

“That was the plan, but Celia says that she fancies something more indulgent.”

“Well, I’m sure that you’ll find something to get up to.”

Leonard was so full of thoughts about his own little plans that he just didn’t see it coming.

“I thought we could come to Prague with you and spend a week enjoying the romance. The other place that she suggested was Marbella...”

Suddenly Leonard was awakened to her little game. Last year he had frowned on Marbella and told her that he did not want her to go to a place like that on her own. Chantal knew perfectly well that the last place he wanted her was Prague on a ‘business’ trip so he would just have to give in...

“I think that Marbella is a fantastic idea,” he said with false enthusiasm. “I’m sure that you’d enjoy it a lot more than Prague.”

“Don’t you want me to come with you?”

“Of course! I mean that I won’t be there most of the time and there is so much to do and the hotel is actually quite far from the centre of the city and I just don’t need the distraction. Go to Marbella.”

The words just tumbled from his mouth in a rush and Leonard realised that his

keenness on Marbella was looking just a little overdone, so he added a few words to balance it off.

“Of course if you want to come to Prague with Celia, then I’m sure that I can find a few moments to be with you.”

“Why don’t you want me to go with you?” she said.

“I just said that you could.”

Chantal looked at Leonard and pursed her lips. There was something that Leonard was uncomfortable about. Did he have some girlfriend out there or perhaps he was taking one with him? She considered the thought and brushed it aside in a moment. Leonard was the most asexual person that she knew, he always seemed bored and uninterested and wearied by her, the thought of him raising the energy to satisfy some slut was too much to imagine. She almost smiled as she thought of her own little dabbling in that direction... best to keep the pressure on him.

“Well I may just do that,” she said as she drained her glass in one. “Marbella is a bit raucous really; I’d be spending the whole time fending off passes from all the studs there.”

“I don’t think that it’d be that bad,” said Leonard as he felt the conversation slipping from his grip. “I mean Marbella of course.”

“So you want me to go to Marbella and get laid!”

“That’s not what I said at all.”

“Yes it is. After I said that it was all sex and sunshine you suggested that it wouldn’t be such a bad idea!”

“I don’t expect that you’d have an affair there. Not with that Celia anyway!”

“I’d never have an affair with Celia, she’s not really my type!”

A smile turned on his wife’s lips and faded to leave just the upturned lips, a stone hard face where the smile was just plain wallpaper covering the cracks.

Leonard gathered his wits and was about to make a retort, but Chantal turned on her heel and headed for the bedroom. There was just no dealing with her when she was in a mood like this. He watched her go and wondered if she would go to Marbella just to spite him or perhaps go to Prague just to spite him!

Chapter Two

Chantal propped herself on her hands and looked down at Celia with a small grin.

“Then he said that he didn’t expect me to have an affair in Marbella, well, not with you anyway.”

“That was a little near the knuckle,” said Celia as she looked up at her friend.
“What did you say to that?”

“I told him that you weren’t my type anyway.”

“That’s a lie!”

Chantal lowered her hand onto Celia’s cheek and pinched her sharply before allowing her fingers to drift to those soft nipples. Celia gasped as nails bit the soft skin of her large breasts and she opened her mouth a little to show the tip of her tongue.

“It’s not a lie really, Celia. You are not my type, you’re my bitch.”

“I would do anything for you.”

“I know that you would, I know that you will! Anything is not the right word to choose little Celia. ‘Everything’ is the word that you are looking for.”

The fingers of Chantal’s hand twisted the soft nipple and pulled it a little until it stretched to a cone of tender pink flesh.

“Everything, Chantal. I will do everything for you, my darling.”

Chantal looked into Celia’s eyes and licked her lips.

“He’s up to something and I don’t like it.”

Celia just gasped as the nails bit into her. He hips flexed a little and her broad thighs opened as if inviting the abuse to move further down her ample body. The only way to please Chantal when she was in this mood was to allow her to punish and work off some of that ire on torment.

“A girlfriend? In Prague?”

As soon as Celia said it, she knew that she had made a mistake.

“I doubt that Leonard would want to upset his life like that...”

Chantal let go of the nipple and leaned forward to look down on Celia. Her hand slapped her friend’s cheek sharply. Then her hand moved and a finger came to rest across Celia’s lips.

“Please, Chantal, not the gag!”

“You know the rules.”

“I promise I won’t upset you again. Chantal.”

“Well make sure that you don’t!”

“I wonder what he’s up to?” said Chantal again. “Is he just hiding a week’s holiday with the lads, a beery, boozy week in Prague? Maybe we should go along with him after all, after all it will be fun to hide our little affair in plain sight!”

“Have you booked?” asked Celia.

“No, I was going to do that from here.”

“I’m sorry, but the Internet connection is down for a couple of days because of the road-works outside the house.”

“Shit! I’d forgotten all about that. I’ll have to do it at my house.”

“Marbella or Prague?”

“Marbella of course. I only suggested Prague to tease Leonard. It’ll be fun taking you and playing games all day long. I’ll dress you up and we’ll shock all those Catholic Spaniards.”

“I love you, Chantal.”

“I love you too Celia, but you know that you have to be punished don’t you? It’s not good for you to go for a week without a lesson in obedience!”

“I really tried to lose weight for you, Chantal. Please give me another week to show you that I can lose weight. You know that I want to please you.”

“Only to escape punishment, not because you really want to please me. You always promise that you’ll lose some of that flab, but really you are just finding a way to be disobedient!”

Tears welled up in Celia’s eyes as she watched the woman who ruled her life get from the bed and stand looking down on her with a stern look. The satin corset

with the silk stockings contrasted with the pale white acres of skin of the woman who was tied to the bed with tight ropes. Chantal, the attractive shapely bitch, tanned and primped, while Celia was outsize and amorphous, a helplessly overweight woman. Every week Chantal punished her lover for her size and then ensured that she swelled ever vaster.

Why?

Because it was one way of making sure that Celia's husband would never fuck her! Greg was a man who was revolted by all that woman, he spent all his time trying to persuade Celia to go on one diet after another to bring her down to the weight that she had been all those years ago when they had married. They had not fucked for years and Chantal loved the way that she had manipulated them both to leave the field free for her own little pleasurable games. Anyway, a truism, no woman wanted a lover who was more attractive than they were!

Chantal picked up the cane and bent almost double it in two hands.

"How much do you weight now?"

"Eighteen stone three..."

"That's a pound more than last week. What did you promise me then?"

Celia began to weep. The hot tears rolled down her face and soaked into the bed.

“I promised that I would get lower than eighteen stone.”

“Exactly! Three strokes then and count yourself lucky that it’s not ten.”

Chantal flexed the cane again and allowed it to straighten and bounce in her hand.

“One.”

The cane whipped out and slapped those huge breasts sharply almost before the count was out of Chantal’s mouth.

“Thank you, Chantal,” wailed Celia.

“Two and make sure that you thank me with all of your heart.”

The second blow also punished Celia’s breasts. It left a line that gradually firmed as Chantal watched. It was important that Celia was punished for something that she had no power over and had to live with all the time. It reduced her self-esteem to a point where any game could be played with her and she would just learn to bear it. Unloved and unwanted, even by herself, Celia was learning to obey so very well.

“Three. I am so grateful that you help me to be dutiful!”

This blow tracked a new line on the soft white skin, a hot line of red that crossed from nipple to nipple.

“You know why I punish your breasts, don’t you?” asked Chantal.

“Because they are too big?” wailed Celia.

“Very good, Celia! That’s right, they really are huge. Perfect to discipline, maybe they need a little decoration? Now I’m going to take you shopping and then we are going to book the holiday in Marbella. After that we will have time for a small meal and then you are going to show me just how much you really want to thank me for teaching you so much and helping you!”

Chantal leant over and kissed Celia. She could taste the salt tears and enjoyed lapping them up. She was so scared that Chantal would insist on a tattoo or piercing that Celia would have to explain to her husband. How nice that Celia was so easily manipulated and dominated, she was so perfect! Almost as easily as Leonard, except that Chantal had never tried playing with him like she played with her lover.

Shopping was a trip to a boutique where Celia sat and admired her friend and lover in a narrow knitted dress that went from neckline to knees and hugged her rounded figure to show every curve exquisitely. Next they stopped off for a pizza. As usual it was Chantal ordering because she always paid. Celia did not work and Greg had a job as a carpet fitter, so everything was always Chantal’s treat. She did not mind about the money, it just gave her an even better hold on Celia.

Chantal ordered a single slice and a green salad for herself and a huge folded Calzone for her companion while they sat chatting about Chantal's day. Once again she went over the story of her conversation with Leonard. This time she analysed it to the last full stop and comma and came to the conclusion that Leonard was just planning to go to Prague to drink beer in the evenings with his stupid workmates.

Celia sat and wondered if Leonard was visiting the famous prostitutes of the Czech Republic, but she dared not give her opinion, so she just agreed with her friend and finished her pizza as expected. It would not do to upset Chantal when she was in such a ferocious mood!

They drove back to Chantal's house in the Mercedes and Chantal switched on the computer.

"Do you want to call Greg and tell him that we're off to Marbella?" asked Chantal.

"He's fine, he thought that I was going to the wellness clinic, so it won't make any difference."

"Good, now let's do a check."

Chantal clicked and selected and found a hotel in just a few minutes. She reserved the dates and then worked on the flights and started the printing of the tickets. There was no sound from the printer, it just sat there with the green light

blinking to annoy her, but the paper did not feed and there was no sound of the mechanism even trying to pull the paper through the machine.

First of all, Chantal tried the printer and then with an irritated curse she started to check the printer software. It was an incomprehensible layer of technical gibberish, so with a sigh, she started the browser and started to search for some help on the Internet.

It was Celia that pointed to the screen at an icon on the home-screen marked 'help' and said, "Perhaps this is what Leonard uses?"

Chantal shrugged her shoulders and clicked.

Chapter Three

In the office, Leonard was in the final phases of streamlining all the contracts that would need to be signed by their Czech partners if the deal was to go through. It was clear that a bit of hard bargaining was in the offing, but Leonard reckoned that a couple of all night sessions would smooth the differences and see him earn a considerable bonus when the investments were integrated with the main hedge fund.

While he skipped through the pile of paper and all the emails that the legal department had sent him he allowed his mind to drift. He touched on his dysfunctional marriage and wondered what had attracted him to Chantal all those years ago. What he had wanted was a dominatrix; she had turned out to be no more than an eye-catching shrew! Nagging was quite different in his mind from domination and her constant moods had left their sex life standing at the station with all the carriage doors open.

Sooner or later he would find out that she was having some sordid affair and it would be time to visit the solicitor to share out the proceeds of their life! He was almost sure that she was cuckolding him, but it amused him to be the man who was subservient to his wife, even if she did not know it. There was not even a thought in his head that perhaps his booking several days in a Czech brothel would constitute a breaking of their marriage vows. The marriage was, in his head, his to decide alone. He brought in the money, he sorted out all the financial details and he laid his bonuses on the kitchen table for her to turn into fur coats and sports cars. He paid the mortgage, he paid her speeding fines whenever she went with that fat friend of hers for a burn-up in the Mercedes. He paid for her champagne lifestyle and she just had headaches, bouts of nagging and an aversion to sex that was almost pathological.

So, and so he reasoned, his little dalliance was not really relevant at all, was it?

His thoughts then shifted to his perfect fantasy. The one that he planned to experience for the first time of many now that he had broken the ice and ventured past just perusing porn with his stiff cock in his right hand.

He would arrive at the castle gates and they would swing open. There, waiting for him would be a stunning woman dressed in fur and leather. She would leash him and lead him into the castle as the gates closed with a crash. He would be stripped and pushed into a cage by the woman that he had chosen as a mistress. Next, she would inform him that she would be using him later that night.

She would be waiting on her giant bed for him to satisfy her all night.

He would be forced with a light use of the cane to lick and kiss her feet, while she smiled and then ordered him to satisfy her pussy with his tongue. She was dressed in a light blue corset with lace and white stockings and three inch high heels. The canes and whips that she used to coax him to a better performance were all soft and barely registered. When she was finished with him she would lead him back to the bedroom cage to await her later attention.

The next morning she would arrive at his cage and beckon him over where she would reward him for his good service the previous night with a slow hand-job that would see her amazed at the amount of come that shot across the floor. He would be forced to clean up his mess with a mop and then would begin some light domestic service while overseen by his mistress.

The thoughts filled his mind's eye and left him with an erection that would have lifted the table if it had been a little lighter. It was such a shame that Leonard had to be so careful about it all. He would have loved to go online and peruse the site again. And again.

Check his preferences and perhaps modify them just a little?

Until the day that he was booked, because he was allowed to change any of those tick boxes and refine his experience to create a tailor-made encounter. Already he had changed his safe word twice and then finally settled on 'Guinness' as a word that would never come out by accident. On the other hand he just could not see any way in which they would push him too far. To begin with he was convinced that his tastes were already extreme, already he had selected a little light corporal punishment with the soft latex lash or a broad paddle. Secondly he could not believe that the Service Institute would possibly want to lose his custom by overdoing it, especially as he was a first time visitor! It was all about business.

That thought brought his mind to the subject of price.

At first he had been a little shocked to see the quote that the Service Institute had forwarded. Then he realised that two nights in a five star hotel, meals and entertainment plus a couple of prostitutes was not going to come cheap. Six thousand Euros just covered it, but the experience was undoubtedly immersive and twenty-four seven. All in all, he decided, not that expensive!

He sat back at his desk and admired the order on his desk that he had brought.

He deserved a little ‘me’ time without a doubt.

As manager of a hedge fund and investment subsection of a major bank who was in charge of all of the main transactions that happened in relation to the fund he was, of course, well paid. Money flowed like a broad river through his life and Leonard and his wife scarcely even managed to even chip away at the money that was piling up in investments. Already he was several times a millionaire and if the Prague deal went through he would double that inside a year just with the stock options that went with his improved bonus.

Leonard might be a boring stay-at-home husband, but he was a top earner. It never occurred to him that the only reason that Chantal stayed in his life was because she watched the money pile grow month by month, year by year and saw half of it as some sort of recompense for her mind-numbingly boring husband.

Chapter Four

The browser opened to a black page which unexpectedly had a small dialog box that required a sign in. Both the name and password box were empty of writing; it was up to the user to supply both.

“Jesus, he’s even got his help files protected. Leonard is such a wanker,” said Chantal. “Now, how am I supposed to solve the problem with the printer?”

“Can’t you just guess it?” asked Celia.

“God! Celia, sometimes you are so dense. I know that it’s not hacking the Pentagon or NSA, but Leonard uses a different password on every machine. I’ve never known a man with such a good memory for passwords and addresses, numbers and names. It could be anything, I’m not even sure I can guess his user-name.”

“Well then,” said Celia getting a bit bolder. “Try ‘Leonard’. That’s his name.”

Chantal just sat and stared at the keyboard so Celia reached down and pressed the ‘L’ key on the keyboard. Chantal was about to swipe her hand away when a drop down appeared with a single name: “LeOnaRd JaMeS”. Chantal clicked on it, almost angry at Celia for having succeeded where she had already basically given up.

As soon as the click was registered a row of small dots appeared in the box below it and the button marked 'Log In' changed colour. A second click, this time on the button opened the Internet side.

At first 'Service Institute' appeared in large red letters at the head of the page while the rest loaded. Thus it came as a shock to suddenly realise that this was some sort of pornography site. At last under the picture of a half-naked woman wearing tight clear latex appeared a menu to allow Chantal to decide where to go next. The thought that Leonard might have the occasional wank over a porn site had just never occurred to her. Chantal had never really thought about the total chastity that she had unconsciously forced him to submit to in the last couple of years since they had last fucked.

The menu that opened revealed a number of options that were uninteresting to Chantal. Galleries, collections of film and such like were not really her cup of tea. What was interesting was that this site seemed to be one tailored for the man who liked his women to dominate him! It also seemed to have some sort of contact service and offer possibilities of meeting the woman pictured.

Chantal could not quite make it out.

It had never even occurred to Chantal that her quiet, boring but rich husband was actually into a kinky side of sex. That was a turn up for the books, but it did not make him in any way more attractive. In fact, if the truth were to be told, Chantal had no interest in using his little guarded fetish against him. She had long since abandoned all interest in men in general. Even sex with Celia was more about the joy of crushing and humiliating the little trailer-trash slut and seeing just how far she could push her 'friend' before the inevitable row parted them or else Celia's husband found out about it and kicked her sorry ass out of his house.

When Chantal orgasmed it was because Celia was being forced to serve, not because she was all that good at making Chantal climax! It was the coercion that was such a turn on, not the sex. The service was the gratification.

Idly, Chantal clicked on the gallery button and inspected the pictures, each of which seemed to be the gateway to further material. She scrolled down the screen and then clicked on the picture of a woman being whipped by another who was dressed in all the paraphernalia of female domination.

“Seems that they take women in as well,” said Chantal. “Fancy a small holiday at my expense?”

“Erm, well, I’m not sure that my husband...”

“Don’t be such a silly little cow, Celia! If I want you to go for a bit of punishment, then hubby has nothing to say about it! After the way that he treats you he can’t complain if you have a little ‘alone’ time from him. Anyway, I was just joking, I would not share you with some Eastern European slut, you’re all mine!”

“Thank you, Chantal...”

“Here look at this one!”

“What is she doing to him?”

“Well, I imagine that she is fucking him up the ass with a dildo. What I like is the mask and all those nasty little clips and the stripes of a cane on him. I’ll bet that fucking hurts.”

“Do men pay for that then?”

“So it seems... you get it all for free because I love you...”

Celia could not sense any irony in Chantal’s voice. She looked at Chantal’s face and realised that new ideas were forming in her lover’s brain, ideas that would inevitably lead to Celia being punished in new and original ways.

Chantal looked at the menu at the top of the page and clicked on ‘personal preferences’. It would be interesting to see what Leonard had in the way of preferences. The page opened and it took a moment for Chantal to realise what it was that she was looking at.

“Your husband has booked himself in...”

“I can see that,” said Chantal crossly as she clicked again to look at the booking. “How dare he book into a brothel?”

The list of services ran off the page. Each one had a small check box next to it, but most were unpicked. Lace, leather, rubber, latex, steel, wool, spandex... the list of preferences went on and on. The next section was corporal punishment then came feminisation and sexual preferences.

“That’s what he’s doing in Prague,” muttered Chantal. “He’s mixing business and pleasure!”

“It must cost a fortune to stay there for a few days,” said Celia.

Chantal did not answer but just clicked her way to the bottom of the page to see the summary. The date for the first day of the three that he had booked had not started yet. She let go of the mouse and stared at the synopsis of Leonard’s instructions and muttered to herself.

“It starts tomorrow, his little jaunt to heaven,” said Chantal as she clenched her teeth. “I am so fucking tempted to change his little trip from heaven to hell.”

“Why don’t you?” asked Celia. “He deserves it for cheating on you.”

“I’m not sure that it can be changed,” said Chantal. “Anyway he’s already paid... I’ll just give him hell when he comes back!”

“It seems as though that is what he wants...”

Chantal turned to Celia and slapped her face, “Be careful!” she said with a hiss.

Celia bent over Chantal’s shoulder and pointed to the screen.

“It says here that the order can be changed up to arrival time!”

Chantal read the terms and conditions and smiled. She was about to start clicking on all those tempting checkboxes when Celia’s hand came to rest on her wrist and stopped the motion.

“Darling,” said Celia, “if you are going to do it properly he must not know that anyone is playing with his little adventure. He’s booked in for nine in the morning, that means that you can wait until midnight before changing it all and he will have much less chance of spotting what has happened!”

Chantal looked up at her friend, “For once you are correct; I need to think about it anyway! You’re so right, Celia. I’ll print the side out and we can discuss what new experiences my shit-of-a-husband is going to experience. In the meantime I’ll cancel Marbella, I think that this is going to be fun!”

“What are you going to do when he gets back all angry and annoyed that you changed everything?”

“Let’s take this one thing at a time... anyway; from the way that this looks, he’s not really going to complain all that loudly!”

Chapter Five

The taxi stopped in the centre of the small loose group of houses and Leonard paid the driver in cash. From the sour look on the driver's face the tip was not up to the expected level for a ride to such an out of the way place and the taxi sped off over the cobbles with a lurch and an angry grinding of gears.

Leonard looked around and spotted the crenelated top of the castle just a few hundred metres away. There was no baggage in his hand, his pockets were empty and his heart was beating now that the time had come when he would realise his fantasies. He made his way to a large whitewashed wall on which was a small notice on which was written 'Služba Ústavu' in small black letters just as it was on the website.

Double doors that were marked in red diagonal stripes were pierced by a smaller door that led into the castle grounds. He glanced at his watch and realised that he was ten minutes late. He knocked at the door and waited.

A female voice suddenly issued from a small grill that he had not noticed:
"Leonard James?"

He answered and the voice said, "You are late, this will be punished!"

The smaller door opened and he found himself looking into an enclosed tunnel that had another gate at the other end. He stepped into the cool space and the

door closed behind him.

A tall woman dressed in a parody of nurse' uniform stood before him.

“You did not reveal your kidnap fantasy early enough,” she said, “so we shall have to improvise a little!”

Leonard looked at her and then towards the inner gate.

“Kidnap?”

There was a sharp pain in his neck just above the shoulder and he spun to see the woman holding a depressed syringe in her latex gloves.

“When you wake up you will see what very special pleasures we have prepared for you...”

For a moment he stood and then he felt himself lurch and almost fall.

“I did not...” he muttered.

His head was swirling with confusion; his legs would not bear him.

“Don’t worry, I shall make sure that you suffer little bitch!”

Leonard did not so much awake as realise that he was awake. His mouth was dry, an unpleasant taste lay on his tongue. The memory of the fetish nurse filled his head. Tall and blonde, breasts plunging over the white latex, muscular and powerful. Almost the opposite of his wishes. Then the word ‘kidnap’ came to mind and he shuddered. That was not something that he had selected. He was sure of it!

He tried to move his head, he opened his eyes and then he realised that he was somehow constricted in utter darkness. His head was fixed, every limb was fixed down, breathing was the only thing that he could do. One by one he tried to move feet, legs, fingers and hands. He tried to move his head from side to side and close his wide-open mouth. There was not even a millimetre of movement possible and something that was in his mouth held it wide open.

His throat made a sound, a gurgle and then a thin wail that was painfully quiet. His ears were covered and he could only hear the white noise of his fright in his head. Slowly the panic subsided and Leonard concentrated on what he could do!

He could feel a cool breeze on every naked inch of his body. He could feel the bite of the anklets and fetters on his body, his tongue could explore the gag that they had fitted him with and discovered that it was a wide tube that extended to clamp his jaw open and no further.

He could hear his breath sawing through the darkness and he could feel the flat cool metal of the table under the palms of his hands. He imagined the scene and was horrified. He was stretched on a medical restraining table, the absolute antithesis of his fantasy! He would have to use his safe word to escape and that would ruin everything.

How could they have done this to him?

Was this all a mistake?

Something touched him and he felt a hand smooth over his skin. It glided and shocked him with cold and he tried to speak the safe-word, but it came out as a gurgle while the hand remorselessly spread something cool and smooth over him. It pushed into the crack of his ass; it slid through his armpits and moved over his arms. Finally the hand started to pull at the sides of his head and the mask slid off to reveal his tormentor to his blinking eyes.

A bright light shone down on him, a glare that blinded except for a moment when the nurse bent over and got between him and the light. He saw her smile as her gloves came into his sight. For a moment he could see the smooth latex gloves smeared with a foamy cream and then the hands moved over his face. Leonard could feel the cool cream, he felt her fingers run along his eyebrows and then over his head, ruffling his hair. He struggled in his bonds and tried to cry out when the pungent smell invaded his perception.

“I prefer my slaves to be totally naked,” said the nurse with a strong German accent. “Smooth and soft, hairless and totally vulnerable. Feminine softness and vulnerability.”

Her hands moved down his chest and then gripped the cock that was erect despite his intense fright. She gave him a couple of strong strokes with her hand and then fondled his balls. Finally her hands penetrate the crack of his ass again and eased the shaving cream between his cheeks.

“When you are ready we shall begin the first lesson,” she said as she peeled the gloves from her hands. “The first lesson is that it is better to be obedient and submissive when a woman is in charge of you. This lesson will be fully taught by Mistress Irma. Inside a day you will be ready to serve Mistress Greta properly and then we shall begin to make you into the perfect feminised pet that you deserve to be. That you really think that want to be.”

Leonard cried out.

A wail that made the nurse bend over him and look into his eyes.

“Now that you are here, now that you have surrendered yourself to us, you will behave or suffer the intense punishments that are specified! There are no rewards, only punishments, the week that you spend here will change you forever.”

She moved and Leonard was forced to close his eyes as the light once again shone directly into his eyes. He heard her footsteps and then a terrible pain lanced through him. It started in his thighs and made every muscle clench in shock as the cattle prod released its charge with a slight buzz.

“If the light is bothering you... I can make it go away!”

Her hands stroked over his face and then spread the smooth foam over his face and then through his hair. Leonard whimpered as a hand came into sight with a cutthroat razor displayed. Slowly she opened it to reveal the blued steel blade.

“Stay still, little boy. I don’t want to cut you.”

He stilled and rolled his eyes to see the concentration on her face as the blade scraped over his damp scalp and pared every hair from his head.

“There, there, that’s a lot better,” she said with a smile. “Soon we can start your training, there is so much to get through and only a week to do it all. You certainly were ambitious...”

The hand reappeared in his vision and showed him a formless collection of buckles and straps.

“Now we turn out the light,” she laughed.

Two leather patches were nestled over his eyes and the buckles were pulled tight to close off his vision. Leonard cried out and trembled with panic as the bright world disappeared. Only the voice, redolent with its German vowels, told him that the evil nurse was still there.

A hand grasped his stiff prick and slowly wanked him as the other hand squeezed his balls and made him whimper with fear. Finally it stopped, well

before release and a sharp slap on his balls made tears well up into his eyes.

“In an hour or so we shall begin a difficult journey together,” she said. “It’s the first time that anyone has selected the intensity that you are about to experience. We shall see if you have the endurance to last the course...”

Leonard groaned as he heard the heels click on the hard floor. For a moment they paused and the door clicked open. He heard her voice.

“What you ask for is what you get!”

Chapter Six

“He’ll be there by now,” said Celia.

“There’s no going back,” whispered Chantal. “Not now.”

“What did you decide?” asked Celia. “I mean, there was so much choice and a lot of the choices are acronyms that I just don’t get, or have never heard of.”

Chantal sat looking at the Internet page on the monitor and idly scrolled up and down. On the keyboard was the printed list. Occasional hand written notes were the meanings of the acronyms.

“I decided to give him a trip that he will never forget!”

“Are you sure?”

“Never surer, Celia. Never before more certain. As long as my stupid husband did not check his page, then he will walk right into this and what’s more the DVD has been ordered. Look here...”

Chantal pointed at the screen where all the options were now greyed-out.

“He’s in,” she said.

“So what did you finally decide?”

“Well, Leonard has always had a fear of hospitals, so of course I chose the ‘strict nurse’ fantasy with all the trimmings!”

“What are ‘all the trimmings’?”

“Would you like to see?”

“Please!”

“Well, luckily for both of us we can stream the action; now then let’s just see how it works...”

Chantal clicked on the ‘streaming’ tab and was presented with a dialog box.

“Do you have to pay extra?”

“Of course... Actually it’s Leonard that’s paying.”

“It says there, underneath, that if you allow public access, then it is free.”

Chantal grinned and hovered the mouse pointer over the small tab that Celia was pointing at.

“Should I?” asked Chantal. “Who knows who’s watching?”

“Just a bunch of perverts, I would say.”

“Like us?”

A small click and a counter appeared at the top of the video stream, a counter that showed how many were viewing the destruction of Leonard.

Chantal clicked the streaming button and a small window opened in the top right hand corner of the page. For a moment the rectangle was dark and then it resolved to show a view of a stainless steel slab with the helpless form of a man pinned to it by chains and restraints. White streaks made tracks over his pale skin that glistened with sweat in the light of the intense lamp that hovered over his helpless figure.

“What have they done to him?” asked Celia.

She glanced at Chantal and saw a look on her face that was a combination of rapture and pleasure. Lips curved slightly up, teeth showing between her bright red lips and eyes fixed on the scene that occupied the top corner of the screen.

“I think that he has been shaved...”

“His whole body?”

“Totally. He’s as bald as a snooker ball, even his head...”

There was a moment’s pause while the two women watched Leonard try to move and he turned his head so that his face was pointing at the camera. His eyes were covered with small round patches that were strapped with a harness that also held a tube that pointed from his lips. He was smooth. Eyebrows, lashes and all the hair on his head had been removed leaving just a few streaks and lines of shaving foam to act as witness for the ordeal that had just been inflicted on him.

Chantal laughed. A small sound in her throat that was more a snort than a full chuckle. Celia turned again to her lover and saw the tip of Chantal’s tongue run along her lips.

“He’ll never be able to explain how it was that he went to Prague on business and came back looking like Kojak,” said Chantal. “This is really going to be fun!”

“What are they going to do next?” asked Celia.

“I have no idea at all.”

“What I meant was, what entertainment did you select for him?”

Chantal smiled.

“Lots of stuff really.”

“Tell me!”

Chantal put an arm around the large form of her friend and turned to face her. Her lips pursed and she kissed Celia on the lips.

“I went through the whole list of ‘services’ and in the end I ticked them all. The complete experience.”

“All of them? Jesus, Chantal, there were things on that list that were so totally terrible!”

“I know and that’s what is such fun! Leonard wanted to experience a couple of days of sexual service and what he is heading for is a week of absolute terror. In

fact, I'm not even sure that they have time in a week to do everything that he is paying for! That means that it will be really twenty four seven for my stupid little hubby!"

"Did you increase it to a week?"

"Yes, it seemed for the best!"

"Chantal, you are so wicked."

"I know I am. So you always say."

"I say it because I mean it, Chantal. You know that I love you, but this frightens me. Leonard will go out of his mind."

A sudden thought flitted through Celia's mind as Chantal kissed her and she could not help herself asking her lover. It would bring the whole game to an end.

"What about his safe word? As soon as they ungag him he will stop the whole thing and escape!"

"I doubt it. I cancelled the whole safe word thing."

“How?”

“Because his safe word is not ‘Guinness’ anymore.”

“What is it then?”

“Rumplestilskin!”

Chapter Seven

Leonard felt hands on his face. For a moment they fumbled at the buckles and then the mask was lifted.

It was a different woman that was looking down at him. She was older, perhaps in her fifties and had a thick layer of make-up on her face that whitened her face in contrast to the deep indigo lipstick that was lined with black.

She smiled.

“Have you been crying Leonard?”

A manicured hand wiped the tears from his eyes with a gentle movement.

“Never mind! We have been discussing your special needs and have decided that we are going to start with some basic training to get you in the mood for tomorrow. In fact it all works out perfectly really, we have some special visitors arriving and they will expect you to do something very special for their stay.”

Leonard tried to speak, but the gag and tube turned his words into an incomprehensible burble of sound that became a coughing weeping.

“There, there. Don’t worry little slut. We have a whole week to get acquainted intimately. By the time that you leave you will be my little whore in every way and be begging to stay here forever.”

She smiled and smoothed her hair back with her hand.

“Enough! I think that you need to undergo an example of what awaits you if you do not do your best to please me...”

She moved from his sight. He heard the click of her heels as she walked. A rattling sound and then she was back in his field of vision.

“This is a cane designed to punish little whores like you,” she said as she held a thin fibreglass rod for his inspection. “We shall start with ten strokes. If you make a noise or cry out then we shall add an extra two strokes for every instance.”

Her lips pouted as she blew him a small kiss and then the caning began.

The strokes were not hard, but they were fast. The cane whistled through the air and struck his thighs making Leonard squeal as a sudden pain in his thighs reported where the cane had struck.

“Dear me, you really need to take this a little more seriously,” she said. “You are already up to twelve strokes and we have not even really begun!”

Leonard felt light headed. This was not his fantasy. There was a wall of fear and panic in his mind as he watched the woman bend the cane in her hands. It was pencil-thin, flexible and over four feet long. She looked down at Leonard and pouted. Not at all the paddle that he had chosen.

“So let’s start again, whore boy. Twelve strokes now...”

The second stroke was next to the first. It stung like a row of hornet’s stings as Leonard clenched his teeth and resisted the urge to scream with terror. His body arched in his bonds and all that came from his lips was a slight breath of air.

“That’s better, I knew that you could manage it,” she said. “Just eleven more to go!”

The next blow was higher up his thighs. Leonard almost groaned, but managed to hold his breath to stop crying out. It was much easier if he could see her as she punished him. The anticipation was bad, but the surprise was so much less.

“Now that I have warmed up a little we can get serious,” she said.

On the fifth stroke he could not help himself and screamed as the cane stroked his belly like a hot iron.

“That means we are back up to nine,” she laughed as she waved the cane before his eyes. “Kiss it!”

The thin rod lowered to the top of the tube that stuck from his aching jaws in a mock salute before it whipped through the air and landed exactly on a welt on his thighs. It seemed to Leonard that every stroke was harder, that the threshold was lifting as he was punished. He felt his cock start to rise. It stiffened and the woman ran the tip of the cane along its length with a small twitch of the wrist.

“That’s better, slut. You like it and so do I. I wonder if you can hold that little stiffy for the rest of this little introduction to discipline?”

Tears filled his eyes. Shame? Excitement? Terror or Stimulation? Leonard felt sobs come to his throat though he dared not make a sound.

“Nine,” she announced as the next blow swept down to leave a livid welt on his soft skin.

By the time that the last stroke came, Leonard was almost in a world of his own. A world of pain, dark pursed lips and the hiss of the cane cutting the air. The dull sound of the rod scoring his flesh. Elevated to a higher plane of consciousness, the agony was like a drug that took him to another place. A place where suffering was the horizon and the woman who tormented him was a severe goddess of anguish.

“Now that you understand what I will do if I am dissatisfied with you in the slightest I shall prepare you to meet the mistress of this house. At the slightest sign of disobedience or lack of respect you can expect twenty strokes and I shall no touch you so lightly next time.”

He heard the rattle of his fetters being released and a collar being fixed around his neck. Stiff with the pain and shock of the punishment he lifted to sit on the cold steel of the bench and at last he saw the entirety of the woman who had taught him the meaning of anguish.

Round and shapely, she was dressed in white blouse and a narrow skirt that went to her calves. High heeled mules on her feet raised her five inches above the stark tiling floor. The cane in her hands flexed and then came to rest with the tip on the floor.

It never even passed Leonard's mind to do anything other than obey her commands, he just waited passively for her to attend to him.

Her hands reached out and she unbuckled the gag that had filled his mouth for hours. His mouth flexed and a sharp pain made its way through his jaw as at last his lips closed.

It seemed as if she was waiting for something.

For a moment he stood and wondered what it was that she wanted, before his mind cleared and he spoke a single word.

“Guinness!”

The cane lashed at him with lightning speed. It cut into the soft skin of his ass and made him cry out with horrendous shock.

Chapter Eight

The bed was warm.

Cosy even.

A duvet cover pulled up high to cover the two women who enjoyed its comfort and luxury. The slimmer woman lay half on top of her huge partner. Her head rested on the crest of the wave of the enormous breasts that pillowed her. A light brown nipple spread like a tender blotch by her lips and as Chantal's tongue reached for that stiffening nipple Celia moaned to the fingers that pushed into her dripping cunt.

Celia lay so still. It was not often that Chantal was in the mood to attend to her needs and she did not wish to break the loving mood. The probing fingers toyed with the lips of her pussy for a moment and then bunched to push into the cave of her sex. The slim hand entered slowly, reaming her sensitive flesh and pushing deep inside. Celia bit back a gasp as she felt the hand push and then suddenly slip inside.

This was what kept her in thrall.

It was like being filled with the biggest cock ever. A stretching, an irresistible force that probed and fucked her wetness as teeth closed on her nipple. She felt a shudder and then sighed as the teeth bit into her and the hand twisted to torment

her to her first orgasm.

There was no sweetness to be had from Chantal, just sheer and overwhelming pleasure as the hand slowly closed to bunch a fist that filled to the brim with sheer bliss. The bite, the fist, it was all too much and she opened her thighs wide to allow herself to be taken fully by the woman who possessed her. The woman who slapped and tormented her, the lover who consumed her and fattened her up. The mistress who knew how she loved to be taken and used. Bought and misused.

A second hand began to explore between Celia's legs. It brushed her swelling clitoris and then ran a sharp nail over the stretched skin that welled against the wrist of the hand that fucked her.

Celia came again.

A small groan escaped her lips and she strained to allow Chantal to take her as she willed. Her thighs began to tremble with the onset of the final peak of orgasm, but she opened ever wider to allow ever more access.

The other hand slipped through the slick juice of her cunt until a finger rested on the button of her asshole. Celia longed to be fucked there and yet she was terrified of that intrusion. She could feel the climax starting; it was a welling deep inside that could not be stopped.

A tidal rush of sheer bliss.

The finger slipped into Celia's rear. It pushed into her and penetrated just as she finally came with a rush. The teeth of her lover bit hard and then came the thrusts with the fist that pushed Celia over the edge. Her thighs trembled, they tried to close, but Celia had no control as she arched up from the bed and the finger in her rear hooked to hold her still while she gasped and cried with ecstasy.

"I love you," said Celia as the rush subsided. "I would do anything..."

"You will do whatever I want. I love to fuck you," replied Chantal as she slowly pulled her hands from her lover. "I love watching you ripple as I fuck you. I love owning you and making you mine!"

"I am yours," said Celia as she turned to face Chantal. "Don't you love me even just a little?"

Chantal sat up in the bed and looked down at the friend who she manipulated like a puppet. A hand came from under the covers and offered itself to Celia's lips.

"Lick!"

Celia looked up at Chantal and wondered which hand it was. The moment's hesitation was enough to make a scowl flicker over Chantal's features and she slapped Celia in the face with a sudden moment.

“Do as I say and then I shall allow you to please me.”

Celia kissed the fingers submissively and apologised for her faltering.

“Just do as you are told and that’s enough. If you are truly obedient I will love you just a little, but you are not helping me at all.”

The sweet and soapy taste of Celia’s pussy filled her senses as she lapped at the fingers as bidden. As she did so she bowed her head and hoped that Chantal would forgive her. It was so difficult to love Chantal, she was such a strong person, so demanding and in control. It was so hard to control herself and be the perfect lover, especially when Chantal was always so cross with her. She was sure that Chantal loved her as much as she loved Chantal, it just never showed.

The hand withdrew and moved to flip open the laptop that sat on the dresser by the bed.

“Let’s have a look at what Leonard is up to,” said Chantal.

With a few deft key taps she opened the camera view of her husband’s torment. Celia moved to turn and look but a hand stopped her.

“No, you have something else to do,” said Chantal as she moved to kneel by her lover.

The small window started black and then faded to show a woman kneeling on a rich carpet. Her arms were behind her back, raised high to bed her over into a crouch. The view was from the back. Corset laced so tight that the woman could hardly breathe. A hood covered her head and presented a slick surface over the bowed head. Stiletto heels pointed toward the camera and shiny stockings encased her legs.

Chantal watched the screen and wondered where Leonard was. Perhaps he would be led into the picture to serve the slut that waited for someone to attend to her.

“Lie still,” ordered Chantal as she moved to kneel astride Celia’s face. “Make sure you make it last.”

She knelt over Celia and then sat to face down the bed with her pussy lips poised over Celia’s half open mouth. Chantal looked down and watched the tongue pass through lips and touch the shaven soft skin of her swelling pussy. A glance at the screen showed movement. A large older woman walked around the kneeling slave and placed a hand on that smooth black head. She was speaking, but no sound issued from the computer, the scene was enacted in silence.

Three hundred watchers were registered on the screen. Three hundred men whose hands were stroking their pricks as they watched a silent movie of pain and suffering.

The tongue that moved between Chantal’s thighs ventured to dip into her pussy and touched a clitoris that was swollen with anticipation.

“Not so fast, bitch,” cried Chantal and she slapped those huge quivering breasts with the flat of her hand. “I said do it, but fucking slowly!”

On the screen another person joined the pair of women. A man, dressed in suit and tie walked to stand in front of the woman who was kneeling. He said something and the older woman smiled and nodded. The older woman moved out of the picture and the man spoke few words before he undid the flies of his trousers and helped an enormous prick out of the folds of clothing.

Once again, Celia pushed into Chantal’s cunt, this time lower down to lap up the juices that were beginning to flow. Chantal groaned a little and lowered to enclose her lover’s face with thighs and pussy before turning back to the screen to enjoy the show. There was a small disappointment that Leonard was not in the picture, but the stream she was watching mirrored her own experience and was too thrilling not to watch.

The man stroked his cock and slowly built up a formidable erection that stood like a baton from his trousers. It was clear that the slave was going to have to serve him and that was enough for Chantal to shudder in anticipation. Her own pussy swelled as lips and tongue worked at it and then the view on the laptop suddenly flickered. At first Chantal thought that there was a problem and then the camera view began to move.

The older woman was moving the camera to allow a better view. It circled around the kneeling slut until it was facing her from the side. The hood extended over the face of the woman leaving just a single hole where the mouth was. Around that entrance was a decoration, a bloated pair of lips parted in obscene parody and the ends of a metal clamp that ensured that those lips would never close.

The camera moved again and focussed in. Not on the cock or the lips parted to receive it, but on the front of the satin corset. The view slid down to the smooth belly below and then on the small flaccid cock that sat between the thighs of the kneeling slave.

Chantal came. She could not help herself, it was all too much.

It was not the tongue reaming her. It was not the huge woman who served her in hopeless need of love and a love of being degraded and spat on. It was not the fingers that played with her nipples. It was the realisation that Leonard had never been out of the picture at all.

He was the slut who was about to service a man!

Leonard's cock was tightly held in a narrow tube that held it in a miniature parody of erection. Three inches of meat stuffed tightly into a tube from which the swollen end pushed shiny and mauve from the end. A single ring shone in that smooth skin. It exited from the eye of his cock and curved around to re-enter through a new hole that had been pierced under the tip.

The camera view moved up again, and back, until the giant cock could be seen hovering before the bee-stung rubber lips that surrounded Leonard's mouth. Chantal settled further down, demanding more from Celia as she slipped forward to force that active tongue and lips into the crack of her ass. Her own hand slipped down to her cunt and parted the lips of her pussy. Finally Chantal's fingers slipped either side of her clitoris, catching it in a grip that ensures complete control of her orgasms. Nipples pinched, clitoris captured and her lover probing her ass, she watched spellbound as that fat cock moved so slowly to enter those lips.

Chantal knew all the words that Leonard used when he talked about men who fucked men. All the insults, all the dislike and prurient bigotry and intolerance were about to be shattered as that prick touched the very lips that proclaimed his homophobia. It slowly pushed between and slipped ever deeper into an unwilling mouth.

It seemed to go on forever.

It ran like a train into a tunnel without end. Pushing deep into the throat of her husband. Penetrating, fucking and lancing him until the balls of the man hung just an inch before Leonard's chin.

Chantal climaxed and then started again on a new journey to get more pleasure as she massaged her clitoris and sighed with completion.

The cock pulled out and the slave gasped for breath as just the tip rested on cherry red lips. Behind them both, Chantal could see the older woman with a cane in her hand. She bent it between her hands and the effort made her breasts bulge almost out of the low bustier that she was wearing. Then she allowed the end to flick free and lined up her first blow.

As the cock slid into Leonard once more she struck, making him convulse and move forward to take the man's cock in one smooth gulp. In and out. Each stroke was accompanied by the blow of the cane that ensured that every inch was swallowed. The older woman timed the action, pacing it with the metronome of her cane as she built rhythm and pace with exquisite skill.

Chantal herself quivered in continual climax as the scene played out before her.

Finally the man with the huge cock climaxed and thrust with involuntary hips to push home into the captive hole that he was using.

As he pulled free, spurts of thick creamy come shot from him to splash on the latex mask and into the hole that he had been using. It seemed a never ending stream of come that shot from him as he held his cock and aimed to ensure that the come slut swallowed it all.

The older woman dropped her cane and arrived with a plug to close those lips. An obscene plug like a cock in both directions. One end pushed deep into the helpless mouth, the other sticking from the come dripping mask. The man wiped his dripping cock on Leonard's masked face and then slowly worked the half erect member back into his trousers while the woman rested her manicured hand on the smooth latex head. It was a small but significant sign. An owner with a gentle propriety hand on her pet's head. Used as a slut, the training had begun.

Chantal looked down and reached down to the wallowing breasts of the woman who still sucked at her ass. She wondered just how much abuse Celia could take, how much humiliation and how much degradation she would suffer before she either broke to the bit completely or rebelled and cast Chantal aside.

It would be entertaining to find out.

Chapter Nine

He could still taste it!

The come that had filled his mouth with warm gushes that had forced it down his throat and under his tongue. He could still taste it even though that had been hours ago. His mistress, the woman who punished him just to show what disobedience would bring, had left him tied in that position for what seemed like hours and days. His arms strained with being pulled up. His lungs gasping for air because of the corset and the tight shoes cramping his feet.

Not a word of what had been said before he was orally raped had been understood, it had all been in German, a language he had almost no knowledge of.

After that hour's pause he had been led through the richly furnished castle to a room that seemed to be some sort of living room. Comfortable armchairs, a cabinet carrying cut glass bottles of liquor, a huge television and small occasional tables were spread around the room. Oils hung on the damask decorated walls and a chandelier hung from the ceiling in all its crystal glory. The woman who led him on his leash had a whip coiled and hanging from her slim waist. She ordered him to stand still and went to a low mahogany chest which she opened to reveal was a hollow box.

“Inside,” she ordered.

Shuddering with fear, Leonard started to climb inside. As he did so he realised that a hole in the box would allow access to his mouth when he was on all fours inside.

“The other way, slut,” said the woman.

With a sigh of relief he crouched into the box on all fours. A solid side of the chest faced his open mouth and the woman bent to fetter him tightly. Hooks and chains held him unable to move as she tightened his bonds until at last he was fixed so tightly on all fours that he could not move.

‘At least they cannot shove more cock into my mouth,’ thought Leonard.

The woman lowered the lid slowly and Leonard ducked his head down to put it below the level of the sides. He heard a laugh and she thwacked his ass with a slap.

“Not like that, idiot,” she laughed.

He felt a hand pull his head up and the lid was lowered to leave his head sticking through a hole. A few moments later his collar had been attached to the hole and she slapped his face hard.

“This is the fuck-box,” she said as she kneeled to face him. “You are the central attraction of our little soiree this evening. Then tomorrow Gretchen has something special for you. I suspect that she wants to keep you, so be a good boy

and don't annoy or embarrass her."

It was the first time that Leonard had heard the name of the woman who had caned him and then allowed her guest to abuse his mouth. He looked at the young woman who was taking so much pleasure in tormenting him and cast his eyes down. She was the prettiest woman that he had seen in years. Sweet looking and almost demure she squatted in front of him and smiled.

He looked up her skirt and saw her naked pussy between her parted thighs. Smooth and delicate like an opening bud it swelled as he watched and opened slightly to reveal the pink and perfect inner lips of her pussy.

"Do you like my pussy?" she asked as though discussing the weather. "It eats men like you and then spits them out."

Leonard tried to nod, but the tight collar and chains kept his head rigid.

"Are you trying to get a little stiffy?" she continued. "Have you ever seen one of these?"

She held something to his face. It looked like a small car door remote control.

"Want to see what happens?"

Leonard tried to shake his head and she laughed again.

“Was that a ‘yes’, little slut?”

Her finger poised over the button as if unsure whether or not to press the single button and then pressed firmly down.

Leonard jerked in shock as there was a click and a bolt of electricity lanced through his cock and balls. The sudden clenching strained the muscles in his thighs as he tried to move and was held by the chains.

“Now you see what happens when we play with you. Shocks and surprises all the way! I have heard that a man can be forced to come like this as long as he gets enough shocks. On the other hand your darling tiny little penis is all trapped in a stainless steel tube, so maybe you are not one of those men.”

Leonard looked up her skirt and saw the lips of her pussy swell slowly. The head of her clitoris peeped from the small tented hood and flushed pink.

“I’ll leave you here to wait,” she said as she stood. “Don’t go away!”

Chapter Ten

Celia had gone home and Chantal sat in her favourite armchair watching the box that contained her husband. There had been no movement since she had watched him being locked into the box and then having a conversation with the young woman who had locked him into it.

His head stuck out of the top and Chantal wondered if there was to be more of the same coming soon. Long and fat pricks reaming his mouth. The thought turned her on and she could feel herself dripping with anticipation.

She wondered what he was thinking. Did he realise that someone had played with his settings on the website or did he think that this was all some huge mistake? Mistake, probably! Leonard lacked the imagination to realise that this was all deliberate.

In her head, Chantal went through the list of all the services that she had ordered for her stupid husband. The acronyms and strange new words still puzzled her, but she was sure that this evening's show would be just perfect. It was just the end of day two and already he was on the way to being totally destroyed.

Chantal clicked the picture of the box and was surprised when another opened. This was another camera view of the same room. Now it was from the rear of the box. She could see the low hanging chandelier and all the rich furniture, the camera was well placed to get a wide view of the room. She looked carefully and then started to laugh.

She could see the low box, like a table. Leonard's head stuck from the far end, facing away from her and looking towards the leather couch and chairs that filled that far end of the room. The end of the box facing the camera had a hole in it. Chantal could just make out the cleft of her husband's ass through the opening!

At the bottom of the small frame she could see a timer. It was a clock running down and above it was written 'Event'. In just four hours the party would begin. Just thirty people were watching and waiting and enjoying the sight of a helpless man waiting to be raped. There was time for a bath, a bit of shopping and then cook a little something and open a bottle to settle down and enjoy the show. Chantal wondered how many others were allowed to see this, since she had opened the possibility. Tens, hundreds or thousands? Probably just a few hundred had paid enough she decided and then another thought struck her. Were any of Leonard's friends or work mates watching? Unlikely.

Chantal decided to shop first and then prepare herself. She wondered if she should order Celia to come round, but decided that this one was going to be an all-nighter film that she would enjoy all alone.

Just her and her trusty vibrator!

The shoes were perfect. High, with steel heels and just enough toe-cleavage showing to make them flawless. Chantal unpacked them and then laid out all the rest of the outfit that she had decided on. Silk stockings, lacy tanga and a short light corset. On top of it all her favourite wispy night gown. Sheer nylon, see

through and alluring.

The bath was a pleasure and the small spell in the kitchen making some snacks was pleasant. Finally she settled in front of the television with the laptop plugged into it to give her the full effect of the large screen. With just thirty minutes to go Chantal decided to make a small jug of Margaritas and finally settled to watch.

The two views were the same as before. One of the box in close-up from the front, the other which pretty much viewed the whole room. Both looked far better on the television than on the screen of the laptop.

A girl in maid's uniform entered the room and dusted down all the surfaces. Prim and pretty in the lacy dress that showed her legs to fine advantage. She took small steps and moved around very daintily and it was a moment before Chantal realised that she had fetters and a short chain on her ankles that made her step daintily. Another paying guest or unwilling slave? Chantal hoped the latter!

Five minutes later other maids arrived with trays and platters of food and carefully arranged them on the main table. Glasses, ice buckets with bottles and a coffee service. At last it was complete and the first guests arrived.

Men and women.

One of them was the man who Chantal had seen in action earlier, he entered with the older woman who seemed to be now in charge of Leonard. Then an assortment of women arrived with one or two other men. All smartly dressed, though a couple of them were wearing latex and most were wearing at least one item of leather. They stood around and chatted before settling down to be served

by the maids who stepped daintily in their chains and served drinks and snacks.

So far, poor Leonard had been ignored and only inspected by a curious woman or two and the man who had fucked his mouth. It was not until they had all eaten that they sat and watched as a young woman stood by the box and spoke to all the guests, almost a small speech. In her hand she had a small object that she held up for a moment and then waved in Leonard's direction.

Suddenly his head moved sharply and the audience clapped and several of them laughed. Chantal guessed that somehow the thing in the young woman's hand had administered a punishment and the fun had begun.

The older woman who seemed to be in charge slid down the zipper on her narrow skirt and cast it aside to reveal her stockings and tight black latex pants. One of the men passed her something and she fixed it into position to become the proud bearer of a long thin dildo that hung slightly from her crotch and Chantal understood what was going to happen.

Leonard was going to be introduced to the delights of being fucked properly.

The hood clasped was firmly to his head and Leonard could feel the sweat trickle down. His mouth was wide and helplessly open as he watched Gretchen fix the giant cock into position. It drooped down a little as it hung from her thighs. An obscene prod that was clearly meant for his benefit. She looked over to him and smiled as her hand ran the length of it. Contoured, black and smooth, her manicured hand ran up and down in parody of a man who is strengthening the

firmness of his prick with erotic strokes.

“Where should I put this?” she asked her audience.

The woman sipped their champagne with a smirk and one of the men commented, “Well, Gretchen, there is not really much choice is there? Perhaps we should toss a coin?”

There was a small ripple of laughter at his reply.

“Is that the biggest that you’ve got?” asked one of the women.

“No, of course not,” said Gretchen in her German accent. “This is the ‘starter’ that will loosen him up for something more substantial! By the time that this little slut leaves us he will be able to take my whole collection.”

“All at once?” laughed one of the younger women.

A maid walked between Gretchen and Leonard with a tray of drinks. For a brief moment he caught a brief glimpse of her naked pussy under the stiff layers of almost horizontal lace and then it was gone and she had passed by. In that moment Gretchen slipped away out of his sight and he realised that she was probably behind him now.

The woman on the armchair nearest him turned to her left and spoke to another,

older woman and said, “What makes them do it?”

“I suppose that it is all down to something to do with their childhood,” came the reply. “Maybe they all want to go back to their childhood and experience again all the power that their mothers’ exerted over them.”

“Oedipus?”

“Possibly! In any case I just love these willing men, but the best ones are the men who are forced.”

“I’ve never done that,” said the first woman. “You know, actually had an unwilling victim.”

“It’s exquisite, darling. Breaking and moulding them, forcing them to change their sexuality and then coercing them by fear and distress. I just love every tear that they shed and every whimper as they lose their self-respect and become such little simpering perverts.”

Leonard heard them speak, he took in their words and understood the meaning, he was that man, the man who was about to be changed forever. When Gretchen’s smooth prick pressed between the cheeks of his ass he realised that he was being pushed over that brink and could do nothing to save himself. His body shuddered as the blunt head of the prick pressed against him with ever increasing pressure that built steadily until at last it would force an entry and take his virginity.

All around him the soiree continued. One or two watched his rape while others

turned to eat, drink or just make casual conversation. It was an almost unearthly experience that he was the focus of the party and at the same time ignored as if he were a piece of furniture that just happened to take up the centre of the room.

Abnormal normality!

“Let me in, slut, you know that you want to be fucked,” said Gretchen as Leonard resisted the penetration. “Don’t be such a little virgin!”

A slim hand floated into Leonard’s vision. Long sharp pointed nails, a single ring on the little finger and trapped between forefinger and thumb was the remote control that had been used on him earlier. Leonard tried to cry out as he watched the thumb slowly squeeze the button. That thumb flexed and then pressed and a sudden shock lanced his cock.

At that moment Gretchen cried out in triumph as his ass-hole relaxed and the bulbous tip of her dildo pushed into Leonard. Tears sprang from his eyes and disappeared under the latex mask as he felt himself being opened. The intruder pushed into him slowly, it glided past all futile resistance. He tried to slow it, stop it, close on it, but the pressure was relentless.

Inch by inch.

It filled him, Leonard tried to shift a little, tried to make its path easier, but the restraints and fetters held him rigid in position. He groaned as he saw the hand with the remote move in front of his face again and braced himself. This time the shock seemed even worse. A jagged saw of agony that brought him into a sweat and made him cry out involuntarily.

“See that’s better,” said a woman’s voice from outside his vision. “Being fucked is such a delightful experience, but I think that until you are spitted at both ends you are not truly a fuck slut...”

The voice became a young woman who squatted in front of Leonard’s face and looked deep into his eyes.

“Would you like that? Would you like to become our little pink fuck-slut? Do you want to taste it again, feel a real man’s cock pass your lips and push into your throat? Is that what you want, or would you prefer more of this?”

She held up the remote and made as if to press the small button again.

Leonard gurgled and tears rolled from his eyes as he did his best to beg to have a cock pushed into his wide open mouth. He tried in desperation to nod, he tried to say ‘yes’, but all that came was a hiss from his mouth.

“He’s managed to take it all,” said Gretchen from the rear. “I think that I’ll leave it in for a while, he really needs to get accommodated to being stretched a little before I can use the next size up.”

The thrusting in his rear stopped and Gretchen detached the dildo leaving it stabbing into the air from the hole in the box as she put her narrow skirt back on.

“Simon, fancy fucking him?” said the young woman.

“I’m game if this new bitch wants it...” said a male voice from out of Leonard’s line of sight.

“I think that he really does,” said the young woman. “I think he is trying to beg for some hard cock.”

Chantal gasped when she saw the size of the dildo that the older woman intended to open her husband with. It seemed like something more fitting for some huge animal, though its form was just a giant version of a well hung man.

Her hand slid to her pussy.

The fingers slipped into the damp folds of flesh and discovered that she was wetter than she had ever been. A flood of bliss, a drenching of gratification, she probed and cried in near climax as she touched the clitoris that was swollen and erect like a small cock.

Chantal had forgotten the drinks and snacks; she pushed through the drowsiness without notice. It was as though she was there in the room with all those lucky people who were living a life where the sufferings of others were all for their pleasure and enjoyment. They fucked, they played with people.

Their property. Leonard had become their property for the week and it had been

Chantal that had loaned his life to them and allowed him to become their plaything.

Chantal's mind fell into the screen, it was absorbed and she was there, staring down wide eyed at the temptation of total immorality.

The older woman held her prick in two hands as she pressed ever harder and then a young woman moved her hand in front of Chantal's husband's face with that small remote control.

Leonard shuddered and the prick started to enter him.

Inch by inch, under the total control of the woman who was using it like a tool, slowly rocking and fucking. Pushing and controlling. Chantal knew that she was being careful not to break him; she was just forcing him, raping his ass, slowly and inevitably. A smile played on the older woman's face as she looked down to glimpse the stretched hole that struggled to accommodate to her assault.

Chantal could not resist, her hand flicked over her clitoris and she climaxed. Her back arched as she made contact, a small cry of pure lust uttered from her lips. Her eyes fixed on the screen as the young woman squatted in front of Leonard and spoke to him. Chantal tried to guess what she was saying, but her fevered imagination could not put words into the beautiful woman's mouth.

A gasp and Chantal settled slowly to the sofa while her fingers idly played on the edge of her cunt. Something else was happening on the silent screen as the older woman detached her giant rubber cock and stepped into her skirt. She came to stand with her head casually placed on Leonard's head while she spoke to the

young woman and then one of the three men present.

Chantal recognised him; he was the one with the gorgeous cock, the one that had taken Leonard once already. There was a grin on his face as he spoke to the two women and then he once again pulled himself free.

It seemed to Chantal that his cock was bigger and firmer than before. His hand pulled back on it to reveal the smooth purple head that was as smooth as glass. While he played with himself some of the other woman in the room started to pay attention and raised a mock toast with their glasses as he moved to allow Leonard to see what was about to happen.

The hand on Leonard's head slipped to the latex covered cheek and then gave it a sudden slap as though the older woman detected some resistance, some reluctance, but the fuck doll could not avoid the inevitable as the cock moved to aim at his lips. His eyes rolled and looked up at the man who so enjoyed the power of his cock and then he watched as the man slowly pushed in-between his lips.

The young woman held up the remote again and pressed the button. Leonard shuddered and the man who was fucking his face jerked a little and then laughed at the experience of feeling the shock passed from the lips of the slave to his cock.

Chantal saw a dark stain on the man's suit where her husband's tears were passed by contact as he pressed home again and again. Once again she felt a mounting excitement as she realised that that he was about to climax already. He pulled free at the last second and splattered his sticky come into the open mouth, all the while wanking his cock to make every drop fly from the tip into the opening that was so easy to aim for.

Finally it was over!

Chantal lay back and dared not touch her pussy. Every inch was so sensitive that every small touch would be distressing. Oversensitive and past the point of immediate orgasm she panted as she watched the older woman slap Leonard's face.

Later she would watch it all again and climax a thousand times but for now she felt contented and glowing in the warmth of bliss.

So did the thousand other watchers registered in the corner of the screen.

They took off the hood to leave his bald head and face with just the gag that kept his mouth wide. As the soiree continued they mostly ignored their little pig-in-a-box. Occasionally a slap on his face or someone tweaked the prod sticking from his ass to see how tight it was embedded in his rear. One woman amused herself by writing 'slut' and 'fuck-pig' on his bare head with a thick felt pen. Another woman presented her stilettos for him to lick clean, but he did not satisfy her and she spat in his mouth and slapped him as if it was his fault that the gag stopped him serving her shoes as she desired.

Occasionally someone amused themselves by using the remote to give him shock after shock as punishment for being a worthless slut until finally the party faded and one by one they left the room until just Gretchen and the young

woman were present.

They stood by the box, Gretchen rested her hand on the bare pate and they smoked as they had a small chat.

“Just five days to break my little bitch,” said Gretchen.

“It’s enough, Gretchen,” said the young woman as she tapped the ash from her cigarette into the open mouth that offered itself. “Tomorrow we mark him as our come-slut, have you decided how and where?”

“Not really, Eve. It doesn’t really matter, the main thing is that he will realise that he is my property.”

“You know, after the week is over, you’ll have to let him walk out of here.”

“Eve, he’ll walk, but he’ll be back... or maybe... I have an interesting idea!”

“Mm?”

“I’ll tell you later, I just have to think it through,” said Eve.

“Sounds interesting.”

“It’s more than that!”

Chapter Eleven

His back hurt, his stretched ass struggled with the discomfort as it struggled to come to terms with the huge object that still fucked it. His neck ached with being held upright and the taste of come and cigarette ash filled his senses. His knees were numb to the pain of the hard wood of the box and the fetters bit his wrists, elbows, thighs and torso, feeling ever tighter. His cock itched with the distress of being forced into the steel tube, but a small drop of precum hung from the engorged and exposed tip as he realised that the powerlessness of his situation was becoming a preference.

His mind wandered.

He imagined Eve punishing him and forcing him to make her come. Thoughts of Gretchen, on the other hand, caused a trickle of fear that brought him to a cold sweat that chilled him even in his confinement. She was malevolence personified and serving her was the embodiment of fear.

His thoughts turned to Chantal. She would be wondering where he was, she would be worried. Not because she missed him, that was too much to hope for. She would be worried that he had found another woman, some mistress in Prague. She would be worried that the supply of money would dry up; his wife was more concerned with the finer things in life than her boring husband.

If she could just see him now!

Darkness had come soon after the party. The sky had turned purple and grey and then he was in the starlit darkness of the room, alone and consumed by thoughts that ranged from dread to expectation...

“Why?”

“Because I want him for myself!”

Eve crossed her legs and lit another cigarette.

“I went on the main server and did a little digging.”

“I did that yesterday, the logs are interesting,” said Gretchen. “What did you find?”

“Leonard James is the name of our little victim,” said Eve. “Membership from two months ago, credit card checks out. When he first booked this visit it was just for two days with a minimum of selections from the ‘low’ list. His ISP number remained constant until a week ago. Then he logged in from a central Prague ISP, a hotel, two days before the visit and made a couple of small changes.”

“Then came the original ISP again,” commented Gretchen.

“Correct. I think that he was in Prague just before he came here to look over his choices. Then someone entered from his British ISP and changed everything. They lengthened the stay to a week and ticked every box.”

“His wife?”

“Yup,” said Eve as she tapped the ash carefully into the ashtray. “Somehow she discovered his little faux-pas and upped the ante. Anyway, I decided to check who is watching the stream and guess what I found?”

“His original ISP is logged on constantly!”

“That’s so right, Gretchen well done! His wife is enjoying the show. She made his safe word inactive by picking an impossible-to-guess safe word and then locked him into his nightmare.”

“So what happens now? I mean do you think that we should let him go?”

“Of course not! No way, the bill alone is over eighty thousand Euros, but quite apart from that I think that your instinct is right.”

“Instinct?”

“Ha, you forget what you said earlier. You said that you wanted him and I think that there is no reason why we cannot buy him from his wife. Jesus, if she is getting off on this without telephoning us in a panic then I reckon that she wants rid of the little sissy slut. So why don’t we speak to her?”

“When you say that we buy him...”

“I mean that she pays us to make him disappear, why not? By the time that we’ve finished the week he’ll be nothing more than a little pain-pig anyway, so why not make it pay, finish him off and then sell him on.”

“Who’d buy him from us?” asked Gretchen.

“I have some contacts. All I’m saying is that when I searched the Internet for Leonard James I found that he’s a rich man. He’s worth millions. A few years ago he was actually featured in Forbes as the fund manager with the largest bonus for that year. In two thousand seven if I remember right...”

“How much?”

“Eight million.”

“Euros?”

“Sterling,” said Eve.

“Fuck me! Is this the ‘idea’ that you had?”

“Yes, I just had to think it through, so what is it worth to his wife to get rid of him? Silently and without risk.”

“Millions?”

“Let’s hope so. So are you going to talk to her or should I?” asked Eve.

There was a pause as the two women digested the idea. Eve, the owner of the castle and Gretchen, the woman who just loved to reduce men’s egos to rubble.

“Have you done something like this before?” asked Gretchen.

“Once or twice,” said Eve. “It never really paid off except the time that I blackmailed the chief of police to make sure that we got the licence we needed to open here in the Czech Republic.”

“I always wondered...”

“Not much to it, when he saw the film of his wife, he just signed and he’s been a good boy ever since,” said Eve. “Connections like that are golden. There’s no way that they can ever shut us down now, we have too much on them all.”

“OK, let’s do it then. I’ll talk to his wife. Do we know her name?”

“Of course, anyway I’ve hired a British private investigator to look into her. So far there’s not much, but I’m sure he’ll turn up something useful!” said Eve.

Gretchen smiled and leaned over to light Eve’s next cigarette.

“What’s my cut?”

“Thirty per cent,” said Eve with a small wry smile.

“It’s enough.”

“I know it is, darling,” said Eve. “When are you going to talk to her?”

“Tomorrow, after the little event that Leonard will have to go through.”

“Fine.”

Chapter Twelve

They dressed him.

In a maid's uniform.

Black fishnet stockings held in place by twelve broad straps that dropped from the corset that squeezed the breath from his lungs. Stilettos with platforms so high that he wobbled as he tried to stand. A hood that was so tight, skin tone and smooth, startled open mouth with black lips and small pink circles on his cheeks. Finally one of those dresses. Satin black and white with a tiny apron and stiff lace that held the skirt horizontal so that his ass and confined prick were in clear view all the time. Then they fitted a bright red wig with curls that flowed over his shoulders and down his back. The final touch were the fetters that made his steps just a few inches and his hands behind his back, chained high than was comfortable to the collar that labelled him as a sex slave.

A parody and yet so enticing for the fetish audience that were tuned in to watch the show.

He walked between Eve and Gretchen with small uncertain steps. The plug in his ass stretched him just a little further than the other intruder that had been used. His ass hole itched and burned and the welts of the caning that he had received from Gretchen for pissing himself during the night still stung furiously.

His face still smarted from the savage slap that he had been administered because he tried to speak when the gag was changed and a small dribble of drool hung from his lip as he walked. Hobbled...

The stairs were the worst part, the way to the cellars went two stories deep under the base of the castle and they led him down dank corridors to end in a place that was a windowless room like a small auditorium. A small circle of comfortable seats faced a small centrally raised podium when the hapless and helpless man-
maid was chained to a cross that hung from chains attached to the ceiling.

Spread face away from the ten women who had arrived to watch the show, his muscles slack with fear he saw the cameras and microphones and knew somehow that this would be worse than all the things that they had done to him so far.

He knew it...

A little chatter, some in English, some in German and Czech, filled the auditorium with a murmur of voices like before a concert. The pent up excitement of an audience about to witness an event of significance.

Suddenly all was still and Leonard heard the click of the footsteps of a woman on the podium.

“Ladies and remote viewers,” said Gretchen’s voice. “Welcome to a small event that happens rarely here in the Institute. As you know, all our victims are willing to come here and pay a little for our special services. It is rare that a man has the nerve, the balls even, to click every box from top to bottom, demanding that we use our utmost imagination to give him the benefit of his own private female dominated hell. This man has done just that and only given us a week to make

his most extreme dreams come true. So far he has suffered a little... solely an introduction to the depths that he will reach in the next few days. This event marks the real beginning of his visit in many ways because what happens here will mark him forever as our personal little slut.”

There was a brief pause and a hissing sound that became a quiet roar, forcing Gretchen to raise her voice a little.

“This is only the third time that I have had the pleasure of branding a man as mine,” she said. “After a little thought we decided that he will be branded just two times. Once with the mark of the Institute and once with my personal initials so that he will never forget who he belongs to.

Despite the gag, despite the fear Leonard cried out. He struggled in his chains, his chains rattled and he cried out as loud as he could. A groaning sound, distressed and dreadful, it rang around the cellar auditorium. He pulled and pushed at his chains, he threw his weight about and made the cross that he had been fettered to rock on the chains that suspended it from the ceiling.

Gretchen went over to her victim and leaned to stage-whisper in his ear, “The more you move, the worse it will be and I will use the brand again and again until I have a perfect mark that is not smudged by you struggling. So quieten down! You are mine now and I do not long put up with unwilling bitches.”

Leonard’s breathing became heavy and laboured, he hung slack in his chains and a hacking, crying sound issued from his mouth as his little caged cock dribbled with fear to leave a small puddle on the podium between his legs.

“As you can see, even though this little slut ticked every box on his resume, from tattoo to bisex, from toilet slave to anal service, he likes to make a show of himself. For the benefit of our remote audience I shall now formally ask him his safe word, with which of course, he can quit in disgrace. Otherwise he will endure the next two day’s special induction as he becomes our little fuck-pet and of course he will be branded.”

Chantal could see what Leonard was denied sight of. He hung, slack in his chains, his chest heaving with the panic as he struggled for breath in his panic. The dribble from his cock came to an end as his bladder emptied, his thighs twitched uncontrollably with the fear of what was being done to him, Leonard was terrified. Behind him, out of his sight, stood a nearly naked woman holding a blow torch.

Its blue flame did not flicker or waver; it shone luminescent in the glare of the lights that flooded the podium. The flame was as steady as the hands of the woman who held it. She stood stock still, legs slightly spread, gloved hands on the stock of the blowtorch, one stilettoed heel trapping the gas line that snaked off the podium into the dark. Her legs were long and naked, in her stripped pussy hung a single glinting ring. She wore a ‘skirt’ so short that it exposed her to the audience and a T shirt that barely covered her large breasts.

Standing half facing the audience the mark of a brand was clear on the otherwise smooth and perfect skin of her rounded ass-cheek. A clear letter ‘G’ that welled from the surface to leave a narrow furrow ploughed in the form of Gretchen’s initial.

Resting by this delicious slave was a small metal rack bearing a number of irons

that would be used for the ritual that was to come. Wooden grasp and a long shaft that ended in a wire form that suited the pattern to be engraved on live flesh.

Lying in bed with the laptop by her side, Chantal jumped when suddenly sound started to be transmitted with the film. Until now the playback had always been silent, only the actions had counted, the spoken intentions had counted for nothing. A voice jumped from the small speakers of the laptop.

Not Leonard's groaning and begging, not the whistling hiss of the blow torch, it was a light female voice with a lilting Czech accent that sprang from the speakers.

"Mrs. Chantal James?" said the voice. "I believe that we should really have a word. I hope that I do not intrude."

"Erm, I mean, who are you?"

"Call me Eve. I run the Institute where your husband is enjoying himself and availing himself of all the relaxing facilities."

Chantal's eyes slid to the screen where a pool of piss betrayed her husband's sheer fright in anticipation of experiencing those relaxing facilities.

"How do you know, I mean how..."

“Mrs. James, or may I call you Chantal? You are plugged into our system when you watch any media that we stream. One moment please...”

A small window opened on the laptop screen to reveal the face of the young woman who had participated in the soiree. Beautiful rather than just pretty, her slightly austere but youthful look was enhanced by subtle touches of make-up.

“There that’s better, I can see you in bed and you can see me in my office,” said Eve. “Do not worry that you will miss any of the action that you are paying so dearly for. All you are missing is that my dear friend Gretchen will ask your husband for his ‘safe word’. Unfortunately it will be this point that he finally realises that this is no longer a game...”

“It never was,” said Chantal as she got over the shock of being approached in such a direct manner. “This was never a game!”

There was something so addictive about the power that she held in her tightly clenched fist. Celia and Leonard. Both had fallen into her grasp and it was delicious, even though all she had really done was to push the snowball to roll down the mountain where Leonard was concerned.

“That’s what we thought,” said Eve. “Though picking ‘Rumplestiltskin’ as his safe word was a savage twist of wit!”

On the screen behind the small window of Eve’s face was the scene in the auditorium. The gag had been removed by Gretchen and Leonard was screaming. His fear had given him voice as he yelled his safe-word at the top of his voice. He struggled in his fetters, he screamed as he let all his pent up fear

tumble from his lips and Gretchen stood silent by his side and watched him finally bring his petty tantrum to an end.

She spoke a few words and Leonard moved his face to try to face her. Tears streamed down his face, his mouth dribbled as he blubbered his words of terror, his body hung finally slack in the chains. He was almost a figure of pity.

Leonard spoke to argue with Gretchen and she shook her head.

“Mrs James,” said Eve breaking the spell for a moment. “The preparation for the branding will take another ten minutes. We like to draw it out to a long experience for the client because that actual moment of contact is just a few seconds.”

“Call me Chantal,” muttered Chantal. “Formality seems just a little overcooked when we are speaking like this...”

“Exactly so, Chantal. The reason for this little chat is that we have an informal proposal to make to you. A sort of offer, if you like!”

“I changed it all,” said Chantal a little self-consciously. “I clicked on everything. I admit it; the little prick was booking a visit to a brothel over the Internet for Christ’s sake.”

“I know, but no harm’s been done, Chantal.”

“Except to Leonard’s credit card!”

“That’s the point,” said Chantal.

For a moment Eve’s head disappeared from the camera view and then it returned. She slowly put a cigarette in her mouth and lit it. A small wisp of smoke and then she breathed out a curl of smoke.

“A proposal, for you, but I need an answer now, immediately!”

Chantal felt a shiver of premonition. The snowball had rolled the first slope; Eve was going to allow her to change its direction. Give her the power to influence or stop its forward motion or redirect it. Ask her permission! She felt a thrill and a lump in her throat and nodded assent.

“There are three courses open...” said Chantal after another pull at the cigarette.

“Stop, continue or?” interrupted Chantal.

“Exactly!”

Eve smiled and took the cigarette from her mouth. Her lips pursed and she blew a small perfect ring of smoke that curled to a sliver of grey as it melted and dispersed.

“Or...”

“Tell me,” said Chantal.

“Let me explain the consequences,” said Eve. “If we stop now, we give him the safe word and eject him from the Institute as the rules state. He will come home shattered, but probably none the worse for wear. The payment will be the full payment, at the moment that stands at eighty thousand pounds, because it includes every service that was ordered.” She held her hand up to stop Chantal interrupting. “He will probably get over it and try to hide what happened and will never know that you changed his booking, especially since we shall change a few details to ensure that you are covered. The second choice is that he passes through the entire scope of all the choices that you made. He will be branded and tattooed as you requested and will not be able to hide his experience from you. What will follow, inevitably, is divorce and tumult in your life. That is the second choice!”

Eve paused and delicately sipped the cigarette before continuing.

“The third choice is that you pass him to us, save yourself the divorce and all that fuss and bother. All you have to do, and we shall do all the rest, is to pay us a small fee for arranging matters and you will never see Leonard again. I assure you that all will be handled with the utmost attention to detail and your erstwhile husband will fade from sight to leave you to get on with your life...”

“Small fee?” asked Chantal.

Her heart beat in her chest like a hammer, she could almost hear a wind in her inner ears as she waited for the answer.

“Just ten percent, darling.”

“Eight thousand, you mean?” asked Chantal.

“No, ten percent of the twenty million that you will inherit when Leonard dies!”

“You plan to murder him? Snuff him out in your dungeon? I’m not sure that I can do that...”

“Of course not!” said Eve with a small smile. “You will have the satisfaction of being a grieving widow and yet knowing that Leonard will be well looked after for the rest of his days. Every moment of his life will be a fugue of fear. We will sort out the details, all you have to do is assent... we would never do it without the previous owner’s permission, that’s not who we are!”

On the screen, just below the small box where Eve’s face was smiling was the scene in the auditorium. The flame was still held steady by the almost naked woman. Leonard’s slack form hung on his Calvary. He dripped with sweat, while Gretchen held the first branding iron in the heat of the flame. Already the metal glowed hot, a yellow glowing almost white.

“...and if I make no choice?”

“We shall see, but one of the first two choices will happen, it will just be that we decide and not you. I imagine that Gretchen will give you your husband back, broken and shattered both physically and mentally with the knowledge that you were the one that destroyed him!”

“I need time,” said Chantal, “time to think!”

“You have no time! Sometimes a decision must be made by instinct alone...”

Chantal’s mind raced. She could feel a heat in her cunt, a swelling burning that filled her with need. The need to come, a demand for satiation that almost overwhelmed her. She needed to see that white hot brand pressed into her husband’s pale white skin. She needed to come so badly, but more than anything physical she needed to deflect that snowball that was coursing down the mountain. She needed to be part of this so badly that it was almost a physical reaction; she totally had to be the mistress of his future.

“The third...”

“We can have him? You can’t go back...”

“Yes, take him...”

“Thank you, enjoy the show, it will last a few days more!”

Chantal was about to speak. She was on the brink of changing her mind, saving her husband, pulling him clear and into her arms. The words were on her lips as she allowed her thoughts to go to the past, when he had been so much more to her than just the man who filled the credit card and then the picture of Eve disappeared and Chantal was left with the view of the auditorium where the figure of Gretchen took a step up to the quivering hulk of her victim and lined up the white hot iron to print her initial into his quaking flesh.

The picture flickered for a moment and the sound came through to Chantal's laptop. Writing appeared on the bottom of the screen and the picture quality jumped up as the full stream was allowed to Chantal's computer.

One thousand three hundred and thirty four viewers were watching the stream, a thousand and three hundred and thirty four people who had paid to enter the inner sanctum of the Institute's cameras and enjoy the sight of a man being reduced to a nonentity.

The sound was a breathless silence, just the sound of a hell on the hollow podium as Gretchen took a step.

She lined up the glowing iron and pursed her lips.

The chains that fettered her victim pulled tight with a jerk, holding him totally immobile as the brand pressed into the left cheek of his ass. A wisp of steam or smoke curled from the contact.

Leonard screamed the squeal of a tied pig being butchered.

The iron pressed into the flesh, devouring.

White skin moved and welled.

The iron pulled clear.

‘G’ for Gretchen!

It was not just mere pain, it was more. A lancing agony that seemed to switch off something, a numbness that cast all rational thought from Leonard’s head in a moment of exquisite suffering that filled his mind with white noise of mayhem and deadness. He did not feel when the brand was pulled clear, his senses were jumbled, never had he experienced such pain.

His mouth drooled, it opened and closed. His breath coughed from his lungs in barks and sobs and every muscle in his frame quivered with the shock. Sweat started from his skin and coursed to dribble from him. An erection started and was held by the tight metal on his cock, every fibre of his being screamed in panic and a low groan issued from his open lips followed by a mumble of incoherent words that tumbled in low cries.

“Please, please, help, no, no...”

He heard the flame, the rising rushing hiss of the blow torch as the next brand was placed in its compact blue petal of intense heat.

“The second brand is the mark of the Institute,” commented Gretchen as she carefully ensured that the brand was heating to white heat. “It indicates the new slave’s status as a fuck-pig the lowest rank.”

He heard a step. A single strike of metal heel on the hollow wood of the podium and he braced himself. Clenched every muscle, pulled himself tight and then the brand contacted.

The same agony, but this time there was no shock. The brand pressed into him for just two seconds, but it marked him in preparation of the rest of his life. A small moment that changed him from man to animal, a blink that reduced him to less than nothing. A lance of agony that made him howl as he smelled the burning flesh and choked on his distress.

The brand pulled back leaving a logo of the letters ‘S’ and ‘I’ interlaced to form a single cursive while lined sign on his glistening skin. Burnt brown with welling white edges it marked him as property, a confirmation of ownership.

The sweat stung the newly burned skin. It streamed down his body in rivers, down the crease of his ass and over the black latex plug that violated him. It ran down the chains that bound him and then to leave puddles on the planks of the podium.

Leonard wept, choked sobs that racked his slack body, his body was rasped red by the chains that pulled him tight in a lover’s embrace on the hard metal of the

cross. One or two of the woman in the audience stepped onto the podium to inspect the marks that were now embedded in his flesh and congratulate Gretchen for the performance.

“When is the rest of the work going to be done?” asked a woman.

“In a few days’ time when the brands have started to heal properly,” answered Gretchen.

“The brands are perfect,” commented another female voice that Leonard realised was Eve.

“I used a brass brand in a much hotter flame this time,” commented Gretchen, “It makes for a more precise mark.”

Eve walked around to Leonard’s face and put a finger under his chin. “I missed all the fun,” she said, “I had important business to attend to. You’ll be glad that we have your pleasure in mind, because we are preparing the next small experiences for you.”

Leonard looked her in the eye and then cast his eyes down. The sobbing made it almost impossible to talk, but this was a chance for him to explain the mistake that they were making. They were doing things that he had shuddered over when he had picked the services that he had wanted. Now was that moment, intimate and ungagged.

Perhaps the last chance.

Eve smiled and delicately pulled a cigarette from a packet and lit it as he pulled his thoughts together and tried to swallow the sobs that made him sound like a small child.

“Please, Miss,” he said. “I did not select this at all, please, this is a mistake...”

“Dearest little slut,” answered Eve, “if that was true you would have used your safe word by now. I am sure that you could not have forgotten something so important!”

“I did, I did use my safe word and it was ignored!”

“Mm,” said Eve as she blew a small cloud of sweet smelling smoke.

Eve turned to Gretchen and said, “Darling, Gretchen did he use his safe word?”

“No, never!”

Eve turned back to Leonard and smiled.

“You see, that’s just not true. We don’t like to play games like this... we prefer to

stay in the fantasy that you requested and paid for. It is our fantasy for which you set the limits. You asked for everything on the list and gave us a week to deliver. I think that we are 'playing the game' and I really think that you should do the same. We have a full program to get through. If I hear any more of this whining than you will be punished more severely than you can imagine. Unless of course you really do use your safe word to unlock the door."

"But..."

"Be careful! I don't want to hear anything from you, not another word."

Leonard looked into her eyes and saw a flinty hardness and a sly smile that frightened him more than anything else. Something was happening here, an understanding between them both that his role had changed since he had been branded. She was playing with him like a kitten does with a ball of wool

Those last words of her had been more of a threat than a whip.

He hung his head and waited for her to speak, but she turned from him and walked away.

Gretchen slapped his face with her open hand.

"Respect is what we expect," she snapped at him. "Never let me hear you speak like that again, bitch. I have decided to move you along to the next part of your training, Tomorrow morning you will find yourself learning new skills while the

branding marks heal a little and then we will move into making a few small alterations that will prepare you for the grand climax of your stay here...”

Chapter Thirteen

The doorbell rang and Chantal hurried to answer it.

In the next few days the new shoes and outfit that she had ordered should be arriving and she longed to try it on and impress Celia with her good taste and the sexy new look that she would be wearing to her friend Janice's birthday party.

Chantal pulled her silk dressing gown tight and tied the belt before she opened the door to find a uniformed female police officer and a man in a suit standing on her step.

"Mrs Chantal James?" asked the officer.

"Yes."

"I am Constable Lewis and this is Inspector Meacham, we have to have a word with you... I wonder if we might come in."

"Erm, of course..."

Chantal led them into the living room. There was a pit in her stomach as she wondered what was going on. Was it something about the film that she had been streaming from the Czech Republic? Had they somehow found out about what she had done to her husband? Her nervousness was almost palpable, verging on fear as she racked her brain for any incident or theft that had happened in the last couple of months.

She tried to maintain an outer calm and offered them a cup of coffee.

“Thank you very much said the Inspector.”

Chantal went to the kitchen and boiled the kettle. As she stood and watched it boil she could see the constable standing nervously clasping her hands while the Inspector stood and surveyed the family photos on the small side table by the window.

“Please sit down,” said the Inspector when Chantal returned with the tray, “we have some bad news to tell you...”

Chantal sat and looked from one to the other in perplexity.

It was the female constable that spoke, “We regret to inform you that the Czech police have reported that your husband was involved in a car accident yesterday evening. The car that he was driving left the road and slid down an embankment and was found this morning.”

“Which hospital?” asked Chantal.

“I’m afraid that he died in the accident. There was a fire...”

Chantal felt a wave of emotion sweep through her mind. Sorrow? Grief? Relief or sudden apprehension? She just sat motionless and stared at the constable with an open mouth.

“The Czech police have done a positive identification and I am afraid that there is no doubt over the identification of the body.”

Chantal sat back and said, “It is so sure? How did it happen?”

“It’s a bit sketchy at the moment, the local police are still trying to timeline events, but it seems that your husband was alone in the car that he hired three days ago in Prague. The car came off a curve near a town called Beroun.” The Inspector checked his note book and then continued. “The car slid and flipped down a steep bank and then burst into flames, probably killing him in moments. This morning a local reported the car wreck and the police started their investigation.”

Chantal shuddered. Had they murdered him after all? Was it really Leonard in the car? Had she really given them permission to have him while she watched him being tortured? Another thought then flipped through her head and she gasped. If it really was Leonard, then the brands, they would be on the body!

“Mrs James,” said the constable as she moved and put an arm around Chantal.
“Is there any one we can call? I mean we should not leave you like this, perhaps we can call a relative or friend to help you through this?”

“Celia,” sobbed Chantal, at last finding an outlet for the curious mixture of stress and shock.

The Inspector looked on with sympathy as Chantal buried her head in the shoulder of the constable.

“We can call her...” he said.

Chantal reached for her phone...

“How did it go?” asked Eve.

“It was a complete shock!” said Chantal. “I had no idea that you would move so fast, I was expecting a warning, a week, or something...”

“Once you made the decision,” said Eve. “One moment...”

Eve was sitting on a small sofa in the room where Leonard had suffered during the soiree. In one hand she had a cut crystal brandy glass, in the other a lit cigarette. She wore a light summer dress and sat with crossed legs. A bright red stiletto dangled from her toes and swayed as she turned slightly to make a small motion to one side. A moment later Gretchen appeared with a lead in her hand. She was dressed in a leather skirt that scarcely allowed her to take a step and a basque that made her breasts well up into soft mounds that almost tipped free. Gretchen pulled the leash and a naked figure of a man moved into the sight of the camera.

The man was hooded, his face was covered completely to create a smooth eyeless mask that had an incongruous open mouth surrounded by bright pink lips. His wrists were bound and a wide steel collar circled his neck. His upper body was criss-crossed with the welts of a savage caning and his tiny little cock was squeezed into a metal tube that allowed the bright swelling tip to form a delicate purple dome that was pierced by an outsized steel ring.

Even though she could not see the face, the way that he moved, the stance and the demeanour told Chantal that this was her husband.

“Can he hear us?” asked Chantal.

“Of course he can, darling. This is as much for him as it is for you. Now that he belongs to us he knows that playtime is over. For the next three days he will be prepared for sale and then he will go to a very special place to serve some special women who are in desperate need of a little fuck pig for their enjoyment.”

Chantal did not know what to say, now that Leonard knew, she was speechless.

“You can watch the training and we will still send the DVD you ordered if you like and then he will be gone. This is the last time that you can speak to your unfortunate dead husband!”

Eve sucked greedily at the cigarette and then took a sip of her brandy.

“I think that your wife would like to say ‘goodbye’,” said Gretchen in her thick German accent to her latest toy. “You are not permitted to speak or make a sound.”

Leonard just stood mute.

“Can I see the brands again?” asked Chantal.

Leonard was turned. Chantal could see the bright red patches that surrounded white letters that seemed to have been engraved on each buttock. Each was three inches high and cursive, a rill in the skin that would remain forever. He was turned back.

“Do not forget that we had an agreement,” said Eve. “We expect a full accounting and then we shall explain how to transfer the funds.”

Chantal ignored Eve, “Leonard,” she said, “make sure you do as you are told. I have paid a great deal of money to have you trained and I would be disappointed if you failed me by being disobedient.”

Leonard moved. He stepped forward and a small cry came from his open mouth. A small cry and a dribble of drool that flicked from his bright pink lips and splashed onto the shoulder of the sitting Eve.

The reaction to this break of protocol was instantaneous.

Gretchen flicked up her wrist to reveal the knitting needle thin rod in her hand. Her arm curved, it straightened and the metal cane laid across Leonard's back. He yelped in agony and staggered forward.

The cane in Gretchen's hand stilled in a position where it was poised to strike again, but Leonard gave no further offence.

"The money is no issue," said Chantal as she at last answered Eve. "Just make sure that my husband is sold to a secure place!"

"More secure than you could imagine," laughed Eve. "We have something so special lined up. In fact it is perfect for him, all we have to do is to break him fully in the next few days and then he will disappear forever."

"Perfect, I am looking forward to watching," said Chantal.

"Thought you would!"

The connection ended and the window where Eve had been faded to black.

Chapter Fourteen

They had left him on the cross for hours while he felt the burning sensation spread across his rear. A terrible itch, a sharp pain every time that he tried to move and the sawing pain of the chains that bound him crisscrossing his body and making any movement impossible.

The tip of his cock had become sore, pressing against the raw metal of the cross and when he had moved his hips a little the edge of that metal tube had caught the tip of his cock between cross and metal and nipped him with a sharp reminder that he was not just restrained by the chains that bound him tight.

Finally, after hours in darkness he had been taken to a small cell, also in the lower basement of the Institute. There they had hung him from a hook on the ceiling to the wrists behind his back. Unable to sleep, unable to move without wrenching his shoulders, knees bent and constantly under strain he had waited in the dark.

Pressure build up in his bladder, aches in his muscles caused twitching and then finally his thoughts tormented him as he wondered what was in store. The only hope that there was, was that in a few days this would all be over and he would somehow manage to forget this week of utter suffering. It was the only hope that he had, false hope!

The door opened and Eve entered the cell. The click of her heels rang loud in his ears, the smell of the lit cigarette filled his senses, but he was too cramped to lift his head and look up. He just saw her heels, the mesh of the fishnet stockings

and occasionally her hand hanging with a slim cigarette between the fingers.

She walked around him as though inspecting him and then said, “Soon it will be time for you to be punished. Would you like me to punish you or should I let Gretchen do it?”

Leonard looked at the drool that spun to the cold tiled floor from his open mouth and stayed silent. If there was one thing that he had learned it was that every word, every noise, every groan was punished in an exemplary manner. He dared not answer her question and left it as a rhetorical question.

“I asked you a question, slave, I expect an answer,” she said in a silky voice. “Punishment is a daily experience here, every day you will be caned or worse. If I am kind enough to offer you a choice, it is your duty to suggest your preference.”

Leonard made a small sound that he left to Eve to interpret.

“OK, Gretchen it is, darling,” said Eve in a bright voice. “Ten strokes, I think, would be the correct measure. Now we have to discuss your future here.”

She paused her walking around him to finish standing just in front of him. He watched a small drop of his spit drop between the pointed toes of her high heels and sighed in relief that it did not hit the polished red leather.

“I really think that you should make the effort to look up at me when I am talking to you,” she said.

He bunched his muscles and managed to lift his head to look up. Her knees, her thighs, the tops of her stockings and finally he was looking into the cleft of her pussy. Smooth, with a small tattoo of a heart just above the rounded lips. A suggestion of damp oiled the skin where it closed. The skin was so smooth and perfect. Lightly and evenly tanned pale skin that looked soft and kissable, infolded cunt lips that hid the delicate matrix of her sex.

A twinge of desire filled his mind and he felt his confined prick trying to swell.

He looked further.

A smooth flat stomach and then small, but perfectly rounded breasts with erect nipples set like dark thimbles on the creamy skin. Finally, with terrible effort he managed to roll his eyes and crane his neck to find her looking down on him with a thin smile on her lips.

“That’s better, now stay like that while we have this little chat,” she said.

Already he could feel the strain in his back and thighs and his neck ached from holding his head up. Her hand swam into view and flicked a little ash from her cigarette between his lips.

“I hope that you are enjoying your little visit to us,” she said casually. “We have laid on a special event for you tomorrow, there is someone who wants to see you. After that you are going to serve the women here for a few hours and then we shall have some special training where you will have the chance to suck

some more delicious cock. Do you want to suck some big hard cocks and be trained to use your sissy pussy to please them?”

Leonard nodded and almost allowed his head to fall as he balanced on tip toes.

“That’s good.”

One of her slim hands came to rest on the bald surface of his head while the other delicately dropped the still glowing cigarette but into his open mouth.

“Swallow, little man.”

He swallowed and watched her hand slip lazily down her breasts and stomach until it slipped between her thighs.

“You are a special moment for me,” she said as her tongue slipped between her lips. “I am really enjoying spending time with you.”

Eve gasped as her finger slipped in between the lips of her pussy. Her hand slapped his face and then came to rest under his chin as if to help him stay looking up. Then a finger entered his mouth and moved over his teeth.

“By the time that your week is over,” she said, “you will be totally broken. Already you are filled with terror that you will make a mistake and be punished for it. In the next few days that feeling will expand to fill your mind until there is

no space for anything but full and immediate obedience.”

She gasped and then continued.

“I have not decided what to do on the final day, before you leave us. Something very special I think would be in order. I am just amazed that you have not used your safe word yet because we have taken you further than most men manage after a month.”

Another gasp and then a small cry as she climaxed.

Her hand lifted and she offered the sweet pussy-dipped fingers for Leonard to lick, but he could not reach them and she just smiled as he tried so hard to extend his tongue to catch just a small taste of her.

“My sweet pussy is so out of your reach, but I shall tell Gretchen that you perhaps need a little pussy in your diet.”

Her hand moved to her own lips and she licked her fingers with delicate movements of her pointed tongue.

“Delicious! Now try to get some sleep and Gretchen will be down to cane you in the early morning. After that you will be prepared for your special meeting and then we shall see what we shall see. Maybe there’ll be a bit of pussy for you. Or at least some stiff tasty cock for you to suck!”

Her heels clicked and she walked out of the cell. A key turned and the cell was once again in total darkness.

Sleep, there was no chance of it.

He hung all night and finally could not resist his full bladder. Piss streamed from him onto the floor and Leonard knew that it would earn him yet more punishment.

A maid arrived.

She hosed him down with cold water. As she strutted around the cell, enjoying the misery of someone who was even lower than she was in the order of things, she slapped Leonard hard on the face until his head rang.

“You made a mess for me to clean up,” she hissed as she played the cold water over him until he was shivering and shaking with cold.

Finally she was finished and she left with a final slap of his face.

“Miss Gretchen will be here soon, make sure that you make no more mess.”

The door slammed closed and Leonard waited for his punishment. In his head he well understood what they were doing to him. They were moulding him, creating a servile, scared man from him. Teaching him that anything and everything was punishable. Even doing nothing was punishable. Bringing fear and pain to become a normal experience, blind obedience to the fore and shattering his own self-worth. They were breaking down his sexuality and if they could they would rebuild him after their own twisted pattern. In a week they would push him down that path relentlessly and he would be left with a new pattern of sexuality, a new character of servility and a need to be punished that only they could satisfy.

He knew it intellectually. He knew it rationally and he knew it logically.

But, emotion now ruled him and the main emotion was terror. All he had to do was to resist, to keep some inner core of his being separate and ring-fenced and allow it to flower when it was over.

He was punished.

A routine caning from Gretchen that striped his chest and thighs with a crisscross of welts that traced the path of every cut of that cruel cane. Never quite hard enough to break the skin, never quite striking the parts that could be damaged, always pulling a cry that caused extra strokes to be administered.

Being forced to stand was almost a blessing after the hours spent bent over. Gretchen pulled a hood over his head and laced it so tight that it stretched over his features, making his face a shiny mirror image. A broader collar and then he was led, blind, from his cell.

The leash tugged insistently and Leonard felt himself go up two flights of stairs. Finally there was carpet under his feet and he was ordered to stand still.

Eve's voice was speaking.

"Gretchen, just stand out of camera and keep him even further back. When I signal move on camera and then pull him into position when it is appropriate. I'm going to make the call now. If I hear a word from him I will have him castrated..."

Leonard heard the noise of a keyboard being used. There was the slight sound of ringing at the other end and then a voice answering.

"Hello?"

Leonard started, it was Chantal's voice. Wife and Eve in conversation together. The conversation did not make much sense, but it was clear that something terrible was happening and he had no influence...

"How did it go?" asked Eve.

"It was a complete shock!" said Chantal. "I had no idea that you would move so fast, I was expecting a warning, a week, or something..."

"Once you made the decision," said Eve. "One moment..."

There was the small clink of a glass and the sound of a cigarette lighter and then the conversation continued.

“Can he hear us?” asked Chantal.

“Of course he can, darling. This is as much for him as it is for you. Now that he belongs to us he knows that playtime is over. For the next three days he will be prepared for sale and then he will go to a very special place to serve some special women who are in desperate need of a little fuck pig for their enjoyment.”

A sense of panic filled him, what were they up to? Was this the reason that they had not respected his safe word? Was this the reason that he had been treated like this? Then he realised that they were not going to let him go. ‘A special place...’ what on earth did that mean?

“You can watch the training and we will still send the DVD you ordered if you like and then he will be gone. This is the last time that you can speak to your unfortunate dead husband!”

“I think that your wife would like to say ‘goodbye’,” said Gretchen in her thick German accent to her latest toy. “You are not permitted to speak or make a sound.”

What was there that he could say? Nothing!

“Can I see the brands again?” said his wife’s voice.

“Do not forget that we had an agreement,” said Eve’s voice. “We expect a full accounting and then we shall explain how to transfer the funds.”

“Leonard!” came the voice of his wife, “make sure you do as you are told. I have paid a great deal of money to have you trained and I would be disappointed if you failed me by being disobedient.”

It was a reflex, he was unable to stop himself. This might be the last chance to be saved. He stepped forward and tried to speak. He tried to say ‘I love you’, but his wide held mouth just drooled and the noise that came sounded like a small dog that had just been kicked.

A hiss, a soft sound and a blow was laid on his back with a ruthless efficiency. Leonard yelped as it cut into him and staggered for a moment. There was no help to be had from Chantal. There was certainly none to be had from the two ruthless women in the room with him.

Leonard was fucked!

“The money is no issue,” said Chantal’s voice as she at last answered Eve. “Just make sure that my husband is sold to a secure place!”

‘Sold,’ thought Leonard, she was disposing of him! Chantal, his wife was getting

rid of him. But, surely she would have to wait years to collect the insurance or even sort out the estate. His head turned as he struggled to understand how it would work.

“More secure than you could imagine.”

Eve laughed and then continued, “We have something so special lined up. In fact it is perfect for him, all we have to do is to break him fully in the next few days and then he will disappear forever.”

“Perfect, I am looking forward to watching,” said Leonard’s wife’s voice.

“Thought you would!”

There was the sound of the laptop closing and the conversation had ended. Now at last Leonard knew what was happening, understood that his wife was working with Eve to dispose of him. That the cause was money and perhaps even his trip to the Czech Republic.

If he was to escape, it would be from his own devices.

There would be no help possible from outside.

The hope that had sustained him was lost.

Chapter Fifteen

Chantal looked at the picture on the screen and tipped the phone a little to allow Celia to see what was happening. Leonard lay on his back in the confines of a box that had the ominous pattern of a white sterile coffin. His body was restricted; tape bound him and almost mummified him. From his collar up he was not fixed and his head was free to move.

A maid was leaning over the box and looking down at him. In her hand was a small pillow that she proceeded to slip under his head with great care. She manoeuvred the pillow until it was dead centre and then stood looking down again as if to make sure that all the arrangements were correct.

The room was sterile, white blank tiles filled the whole picture and the box itself was at an angle and resting on a low trolley with caster wheels touching the floor.

“I don’t understand,” said Celia. “What’s happening?”

“I’m not sure either, but I have an idea,” answered Chantal.

“What then?”

“Let’s just wait and see. It’s just something that I ordered for him. I think!”

Celia looked at her friend’s face and saw the annoyance that her question had triggered.

Just yesterday she had been called by the police and had rushed round to see her friend and lover. As soon as she arrived the police left and she was left to comfort Chantal.

But, Chantal had burst out laughing as soon as they had left! Then she had gone to get a bottle of Moët from the fridge and proceeded to pour two glasses. Instead of the grieving widow she was the happy single woman who now realises that her future is assured.

As they drank came the explanation.

Inside herself, Celia was shocked; the face that she showed her friend was different. The truth was that she was in love, afraid of her lover, but addicted to the abuse that was dished out to her. In her heart she knew that this was all so wrong, so very wrong, but as she listened to the happiness in Chantal’s voice she started to justify what her lover was doing in terms of her own advantage.

There would be no more sharing!

No longer would Celia have to worry about Leonard finding out about their affair. Now it would be so easy to have more of her lover, spend more time with her, find a way into her heart and finally overwhelm her with love and kindness.

Chantal always complained about Leonard. No longer would that thorn in her life be piecing the relationship of the two lovers. It was done and everything would be so much easier. Anyway, Celia thought to herself, Leonard deserved whatever he got. He had gone to a brothel for three days pleasure, he had cheated on her dear Chantal, he had intended to fuck other women and now he deserved what was coming to him!

So they had drunk the champagne and then gone to bed together. Chantal had allowed Celia an orgasm, allowed her to frig herself for Chantal's pleasure and then gently transported Chantal to her new world of pure pleasure that meant in fact, a world with no husband, a world with no responsibilities, a world with money a-plenty and best of all a world where Celia was her faithful lover.

That had been yesterday. A day of triumph and bliss, today they sat in the secluded booth in a cocktail bar and watched the preparations for Leonard's next torment.

Though what it was to be?

The maid left the box and the stricken man and the picture seemed like a still photo. Only the occasional movement of Chantal's husband's face betrayed the fact that it was a live stream.

"What is that number there?" asked Celia, pointing to the bottom left hand corner of the screen.

“It’s the time,” said Chantal.

“It can’t be, it’s going backwards and anyway it’s not two thirtyish.”

“Of course,” said Chantal. “It’s a countdown before it begins...”

“What begins?”

“The fun!”

There was a brief pause while Chantal checked the battery on the phone.

“There’s no way that we can watch until then and anyway it’s two and a half hours to go. How about we go back to my place and you spend the night?”

“I don’t know if I can,” said Celia. “Greg is starting to fret with the two children to look after.”

“Listen, I’m a friend who just lost her husband, how can he be so controlling?”

Celia winced and then said, “OK, of course we will. I’ll just give him a call and then we can be off.”

She pulled the phone from her pocket and started find the number.

“No! Call from my house later this evening,” said Chantal as she took the phone from her friend and dropped it into her hand bag. “If you do it at the last minute then he has to say yes!”

Celia looked at Chantal and then smiled.

“As you like, I’ll call later, but what are we going to do for two hours?”

“I need a drink, so let’s do a little tour of the town centre.”

“We can stay here, the cocktails are really good,” said Celia.

“No, it’s too quiet, I want people around me.”

They started in the bar of a small boutique hotel and soon moved to a large pub that was crowded with young people. Celia felt so out of place. All the women were slim and delicious, including Chantal, and all of the men were slightly drunk. In that place the fun began and the men started making passes at the woman while the women giggled and responded with small touches that indicated interest.

It was not long before Chantal was having a discussion with two other girls and Celia found herself shut out of the conversation because they had wandered into areas of philosophy and politics for which she had no interest at all.

Celia looked at her watch and motioned to Chantal.

“It’s just half an hour to go,” said Celia.

For a moment she thought that Chantal was about to tell her off and then the crisis passed.

“Yep, we’d better get back,” said Chantal with a small frown. “Wouldn’t want to miss it!”

“Who’s your fat friend?” asked one of the girls who had introduced herself as Samantha.

Chantal winked at Samantha so that Chantal would not notice and said, “My lover of course!”

“Ooh,” said Samantha. “Are you off now?”

“Yes, there’s an appointment that I cannot miss,” said Chantal.

“Well, give me your number, Chantal,” said Samantha. “Perhaps we can meet up

again sometime?”

Chantal held up her phone and Samantha tapped the number into her own.

“That’s great, may be next week?”

“Sounds like a good idea,” said Chantal.

Celia felt a tear in her eye and blinked it away.

The cold night air brought them back from their tipsy state as they hailed a taxi and sped back to Chantal’s house. In the taxi Celia did not dare speak about Samantha, but she worried that she was so pretty, worried that she seemed not to have been put-out when Chantal had announced Celia as her lover and worried about Greg all alone for yet another night.

With fifteen minutes to spare they sat in front of the television that had been wired to the computer. They saw that nothing had changed in the scene apart from the fact that a lid had been placed on the box that left Leonard’s face as the only part of him that was exposed and a window in which his ringed cock was clearly visible with a thick sleeve in place of the steel tube.

“Do you want to finish the champagne?” asked Celia. “I’ll pop through and get it.”

“Make me some snacks as well,” said Chantal as she inspected the screen

Celia went to the kitchen and started making something while Chantal watched the screen avidly. Around Leonard’s face was a shallow bowl that sealed around the sides of his face. It was as though he was confined in a coffin with a shallow dip over the face that only exposed cheeks, open mouth and his eyes. The rest was sealed to him, enclosing him and making only his face accessible. His cock stood erect. The ring piercing him almost touched the glass of the window and the sleeve gripped him tight.

‘What are they up to?’ Chantal asked herself.

She had guessed what they were going to do earlier, but this all seemed so elaborate!

Finally a maid arrived under the supervision of Gretchen and the scene changed. Gretchen checked the box and tweaked the man’s nose before she stood back and the maid pushed the box out of the camera view. Next the camera shook and was moved to reveal what had been done to it.

A low hole in the wall had swallowed the upper part of the box which was now anchored into position with clasps on the floor. Leonard’s face had disappeared into that hole and the camera was carefully moved until it was looking down through the small window at that throbbing cock.

Suddenly the sound came on as the clock at the bottom of the screen reached zero and the picture flickered to become a high definition picture of Leonard’s prick in close up, so that it filled the screen. Two other pictures appeared as an

insert in the top right of the screen and Chantal realised that she had been right. It was time for Leonard to start his nightmare trip into total servitude.

One picture was a bottle, upside down that was marked off in pints. The bottle was full to the top with murky water. The other picture was looking down at a toilet in which Leonard's face was at the bottom of the shallow bowl, perhaps just a few inches below the padded white rim. The position of the camera was from above looking down at the frightened face of the toilet slave from an angle of perhaps twenty degrees.

He stared wildly up at the camera as he realised what he was to become and then the final camera switched on to reveal a view from below the front of the seat looking towards the rear. No aspect of the action was going to be lost; every moment of his humiliation was to be recorded in high definition.

The sound of a door opening, the click of the lock and the cubicle was occupied. From above it could be seen that the woman who had entered was one of the maids. She had no need to pull down any knickers and directly took up a position with her pussy just over the lips of the unfortunate slave.

For a moment there was a small noise as she shuffled on the seat and then a drip seeped from her pussy. A single tear of pale liquid dripped into the open mouth below and then she resettled and pressed down to seal his lips over her pussy.

"Lick me pig," said a clear voice.

The inside view of showed a slight movement as a tongue massaged the clitoris of the maid and then she uttered a small grunt as she began to empty herself into

the open mouth of the helpless Leonard.

“Harder!” she ordered.

The tongue massaged harder and the maid wriggled again to press down on his lips.

“Oh God,” said the maid in a breathless pant as she climaxed as she filled his mouth. “Harder you bitch, make me come now, come on you little pervert!”

Her hand reached out and she pressed a small button on the side of the cubicle. In the small panel that showed Leonard’s erect cock the sleeve began to pulse and the shaft started to twitch as it became harder still.

Celia came back into the room with a tray of drinks and food and looked at the screen. She almost dropped the tray with shock.

“Is that Leonard?”

“It was,” said Chantal. “Now he’s no better than a pig!”

Celia shuddered and said, “Did you sign him up for that or did they just put him there?”

“I ticked all the boxes,” said Chantal.

“Oh!” replied Celia as she sat down.

She had expected something like Chantal’s husband being forced to lick and pleasure all those women, but this! This shook her resolve...

“I would love to be that maid,” said Chantal. “It must be so extraordinary to be able to climax like that and then be allowed to decide what to do to him. It’s making me so horny, Celia. I so wish that I could be there!”

“I’m not sure that I would want to,” replied Celia as she stared at the screen, trying to work out everything that was going on. “What’s that strange upside-down bottle in that picture?”

“I think that that’s an enema to pump into him if the other button is pressed,” said Chantal breathlessly. “One button massages his little cock, the other fills his ass with who knows what!”

The maid finished. She pressed herself down to allow her human toilet to catch the last drops and then stood to reveal that Leonard’s face had a ring of pale piss around it that had leaked from his mouth to circle his face.

“Has he swallowed it all?” asked Celia.

“He has no choice,” commented Chantal.

The sleeve around the erect cock slowly stopped moving and now Celia could see the pipe that was in the semi darkness below, the pipe that was connected to the enema. A mist of spray came from the edge of the bowl and washed it clean; Leonard closed his eyes and swallowed.

The door opened and a man walked into the cubicle. Well dressed in a suit and tie he looked down into the toilet and then spat before he lowered his flies and took aim. A stream of pallid water snaked from the tip of his cock and fountained into the helpless mouth for about ten seconds. When he was done he massaged his own cock and slowly built up an erection.

Leonard’s eyes looked up and fixed on the tip of that hardening cock. The hand that slid up and down speeded up and soon the man was gasping as he found the tempo that was just right. It did not take more than a minute before the tip gushed, splattering the slave’s open mouth and face with come. A small flick of the last drops and he pressed the button that made the bottle bubble and seethe as it released a pint of water into Leonard.

The look of surprise on his face made Chantal laugh and Celia wondered if it would hurt him when all fifteen marked pints had been emptied into his rear. ‘Of course it will,’ she thought to herself, ‘that’s the whole idea!’

The cubicle washed down again and then the next woman arrived in the cubicle. This time it was a mature woman of perhaps fifty years. Her first action was to press the enema button twice before she had even raised her skirt. She watched Leonard’s face and then laughed before sitting down to enjoy some quality time with the human plumbing that was trapped beneath her hungry cunt.

It was immediately clear that she did not want to use him as a toilet; it was his tongue that she wanted as she rocked and used him. The bushy hair around her pussy hid much of that laboured service as she insisted on orgasming several times. The final climax was helped by her hand slipping down to her pussy as she pushed the wide open cheeks of her ass over his open mouth.

All that could be seen on the camera was the ringed fingers of her hand rubbing and massaging her clitoris as she forced him to lick and tongue her ass.

Celia looked at her lover.

“I have to call Greg now; can I have my phone please?”

“Make me come and I’ll allow you to call him,” said Chantal breathlessly.

Chantal’s cheeks were flushed as she turned to her friend and then slowly opened her legs. Her hands slipped to the hem of her skirt and lifted the hem over her thighs slowly to reveal her naked pussy dripping with pent up need.

“Come on, make me come...”

Celia glanced at the screen and wondered if Chantal was so fixed on the degradation of her husband that she needed the same. She slipped off the sofa and placed her glass down before moving between those shapely and firm thighs to do as she was expected to do. Normally she loved this little service that she

could do for her lover, but the past twenty minutes of degradation on the screen had given her a different view of the position.

Between her lover's thighs, Celia could no longer see the screen. All she could see as her lips melded with Chantal's pussy was her lover's face reflecting the passion generated by being licked to a climax while her husband was shockingly destroyed before her eyes.

"Oh, God," cried Chantal after a few minutes. "That's so good little Celia, slow down and make me come so slowly, so slowly..."

Celia slowed the tip of her tongue to a slight massage of that clit and sucked gently with her lips at the dripping cunt that rode her face. Her voice became a slow moan, a groan of pure bliss as she watched the screen with avid eyes.

"Oh, I can't believe it," said Chantal. "That's so repulsive..."

Celia could only guess what the screen was showing, but she noticed that the inner lips of Chantal's cunt swelled with excitement despite what she had said.

"Oh yes, I need to come at the moment that I say," said Chantal's voice hoarsely, "wait until she's done it, wait..." she groaned.

For perhaps twenty seconds Celia licked oh so delicately and then she heard Chantal ordering her climax. Celia licked and sucked and then pressed deep into her lover as she shuddered to a colossal climax that made her thighs shake and

her body quake with passion.

Celia lifted her head from her lover's pussy.

“What did I miss?”

“Leonard being used as I wish I could use him!” came the reply. “He always behaved like one, now he knows what it's like!”

Celia shuddered. Chantal could be so cruel, such a user, but this was a side of her friend that she had really never seen before.

‘I should not judge her, I love her and will just have to move with her needs,’ she said to herself as she massaged the tender pussy with her hand.

Celia looked at the screen to see another maid seated on the seat of the toilet. In the top corner of the screen the huge bottle of water was over half empty and the cock that was standing in the massager looked raw and tender as it was rubbed until the machine detected a coming climax and then stopped to leave it unfulfilled.

The maid opened her pussy with the fingers of her right hand to allow Leonard to lick and excite her. As she came she pissed hard and a froth came to his lips as he tried to lick, swallow and catch it all at the same time. The harder she came, the harder the stream from her pussy spurted in a seemingly never-ending downpour until at last she was finished and came again by frigging herself right

before Leonard's face.

She stood and looked down at his face and spat into it twice before pressing and holding down the enema button with a savage movement of her hand.

"I want to come at least three times, pig, now clean the shit off my shoes!"

The cleaning spray came and went and then she pushed her stilettoed foot into the toilet and watched him try to lick the soles clean.

"I said 'lick' not 'look'," she said and pressed the heel of her shoe deep into his mouth with a savage kick.

Bubbles appeared in the enema bottle, they cascaded up as all of the rest of the bottle drained into the man trapped in his own nightmare. Finally it was all in, but her finger was still on the button for another half a minute as Leonard licked the heels of her shoes as well as he could.

"OK, now I'm going off to drink two litres of water," she said. "When I come back, make sure that I come four times or I will make you sorry that you did not please me!"

The maid stormed out of the cubicle, slamming the door behind her as she went.

"What a bitch!" said Celia.

“I would do the same,” laughed Chantal. “If he is supposed to be a toilet then he has to do the job properly! That was always Leonard’s problem, he was always underperforming!”

“I suppose that you’re right,” muttered Celia.

“Of course I am right! It’s the same with you, you are supposed to be my lover, but here you are - not loving me. All I want is a little tenderness between my thighs, gentle hands on my breasts and a loving pair of lips on mine and you sit there jabbering on about having sympathy with my shit of a husband.”

Celia felt a tear well in her eye, but she blinked it away as she slipped once more down to serve her wilful lover. Her lips closed over those pouting perfect pussy-lips, the tongue flicked through the wetness within. She felt two strong hands close on the back of her head, locking her into position. She felt the lips part and Chantal slowly slide off the sofa, forcing her back and back until she was lying with Chantal’s cunt wide over her open mouth.

She felt stiletto heels dig into her plump thighs as Chantal rode her like a cowgirl and then she felt her mouth fill with a warm stream of water as her lover drained her bladder and rubbed herself to climax at the same time.

She had known that it would happen!

It would just be a passing phase.

Chantal would love her.

Celia was certain.

Chapter Sixteen

Once again, Leonard was left to suffer. The last user of him had departed hours ago and he was left to wait and suffer with well over a gallon of water in his rear and a cock that had been rubbed twenty times to the very point of climax, but never completed.

The worst had been when that maid returned and squeezed climax after climax from him as she released a never ending stream into his mouth. Finally she had smoked in the cubicle while he cleaned her shoes and then tossed the three butts into his mouth as an almost-afterthought.

She had been almost the last and he knew that he was at his limit. He had drunk so much, his bladder was so swollen and his ass was so full that he felt as if he were going to burst. Finally, he felt someone slipping a catheter into him and relieve his terrible cramp by letting him relieve himself.

Then came the enema.

It emptied with a gush before the pipe was reattached to the plug sealing his ass and some cream was slapped on the brands on his rear. A hand gave his cock a few more strokes and then the sleeve was reattached and he was ready to be used again.

‘Was this what lay in store for him?’ he wondered.

The cubicle door opened and Eve entered and closed the door behind her. She stood looking down and then lit a cigarette and puffed a few times before she finally spoke.

“Of course this is just one of the things that your lovely wife Chantal selected for you when she ticked all the boxes on your selection page,” said Eve. “Then she changed your safe word from ‘Guinness’ to ‘Rumplestiltskin’ and all of this the day that you arrived! She must really hate you, but then again she is having an affair with a fat friend called Celia. Did you know that?”

Leonard managed a sound that sounded like ‘no’ and she smiled in congratulation.

“Well, it’s true. It seems a little abusive and one of my girls chatted Chantal up in a pub late last night after my private investigator found them both on a night out. Celebrating your demise I suppose, then they watched you for three hours before getting bored and switching off. Sad really, that your service is not appreciated, but then that’s life!”

For a moment Eve looked at the cigarette in her fingers and then tossed it deftly into Leonard’s mouth. It hissed as he managed to extinguish it with his drool.

“Of course there was no need to do this to you other than that the branding needs to heal before we can play with you properly again,” said Eve as she lit another cigarette. “On the other hand we like to think that we offer a superior service here at the Institute and what is paid for gets done in every case. At any rate it’s good preparation for where we are sending you in three days’ time, so you might as well get used to it!”

She smiled down at him and then spat into him with a small hawk.

“I’ll bet that you are hoping that you’ll see me using you, I saw how you admired my pretty little cunt! Well, there is no way that it’ll happen. I spent a fortune making my pussy the most perfect ever and if you think that I’ll have you slobbering over it then you have another thing coming! By the way, this is the servant’s toilets. The five maids might hate their life serving us here, they might well be used by all the guests and mistresses, but they always take it out on those further down the ladder. It’s human nature I suppose.”

She turned to leave allowing him a brief look up her skirt at her expensive and perfect cunt before she turned and said, “Two days of this and then we have a few other things we want to do to you to get you ready. Cherish these days, because the worst is yet to come!”

Chapter Seventeen

“Where the hell have you been?” asked Greg. “Two days I’ve heard neither hide nor hair from you. Haven’t you got a phone then?”

“I’m so sorry,” said Celia to her husband. “I was looking after Chantal.”

“Chantal, Chantal, Chantal,” he shouted. “You and fucking Chantal.”

“She just lost her husband...”

“I just lost my wife,” he cried.

Celia started to cry.

“I’m so sorry, Greg, but I had to!”

“You don’t have to do anything,” he said. “Especially for Chantal. She uses you. She fattens you up like a pig and then uses you to look better by comparison. She has you at her beck and call. All she has to do is crook a finger and you come running. I’m the one that married you; I’m the one you said that you loved.

Me!”

Celia started to blubber and sob.

“OK, then, that’s it,” he shouted. “Get out of the fucking house and come back when you have said your goodbyes to that bitch of a black widow spider. Go on, fuck on out of here...”

“But!”

“But nothing! Shed her or stay away from me. I don’t want you and neither does our daughter. Either you are here or you are not, do you understand?”

“Yes Greg,” she whined.

Ten minutes later Celia was standing at the bus stop on her way to see Chantal. She told herself that Chantal did not love her and that she had proved that so many times recently. Now was the time to say ‘goodbye’ and go back to the husband who did love her.

The trouble was that serving Chantal was addictive and compulsive. She was a drug that was all abuse and little pleasure.

The bus came late, it crawled through the town and then she changed to another making it two hours to get to Chantal’s house. Finally she arrived and rang at the

bell. Minutes passed and even though the lights were on no one answered. Celia started to think that Chantal had perhaps gone out when the door opened and Chantal stood there in her dressing gown looking haughtily at Celia.

“Yes, what do you want?” she asked.

“I need to speak to you,” said Celia. “It’s very important!”

There was a noise from behind Chantal and suddenly Samantha appeared. She was naked but for a towel wrapped hastily around her breasts and hips.

“What does she want?” asked Samantha.

Chantal laughed and opened the door wide and Celia found herself entering even though it was clear that Chantal and Samantha had been pulled out of bed by Celia ringing on the door bell. Here were the grounds for divorce. This was the final abuse and Celia built herself up to shout and curse. Swear and scream, before leaving and going back to her husband. Going back to the quiet life of friends and relations. Leaving the abuse behind and cutting off the relationship with the woman who called Celia ‘lover’ and then did terrible things to her. The woman who had disposed of her husband in such a shocking well of depravity.

Chantal was wicked, of that there was no doubt.

“Why don’t you join us in bed?” asked Samantha.

The towel dropped revealing the body of a goddess. Huge breasts tipped with small rings. Narrow waist and hips that were shapely and broad. The clipped wedge of hair above the slit of her perfect cunt guided the eyes to legs that would have looked perfect in stockings and heels. Twenty years perhaps, but the lechery in her smile was that of a cougar who relished her sex, loved her superiority and needed to dominate everyone around her.

“Yes, join us, Celia, Samantha is so much fun in bed...” said Chantal.

Celia started shaking her head, but Samantha moved and nestled against her. One hand slipped between her fat thighs and the other stroked her massive trembling breasts to find the nipples and tweak them.

“Come on, darling, come with us, I can make you come a thousand times a night!” said Samantha.

She took a pudgy hand and led Celia up the stairs with Chantal following behind.

“Did Greg throw you out?” asked Chantal half way up the stairs.

“Yes,” wailed Celia.

“Well, never mind, we’ll show you some love and then you can stay here with us for a while!” said Chantal.

The bedroom was familiar, the bed soft and Samantha had Celia panting with

lust almost before she tumbled Chantal's fat friend onto the bed. While her hands tore the dress from Celia and then massaged her streaming pussy, Chantal kneeled on the bed and lowered her pussy onto Celia's face. It was all so sudden, a burst of pure sex, a tender moment, a gorgeous body and finally the familiar feel of Chantal arching over her. She surrendered and licked as above her Chantal and Samantha tenderly kissed and then played with each other's breasts. A hand reached down occasionally to Celia's desperate pussy and played with her until she worked harder at Chantal and made her climax again and again.

Finally, Samantha and Chantal embraced and Celia made both of them come with tongue and hands as she lapped at the new pussy in the bed and finger fucked Chantal with gentle strokes.

It was over, the embrace continued and Celia lay underneath them both marvelling at the perfection that she saw dripping above her. Muscular thighs, smooth skin, pouting pussies and rounded asses. Perfection!

"I could stay here like this all night," said Samantha.

"Then why don't you," answered Chantal.

"I so need the toilet," came the reply.

There was a pause, twenty seconds of just breathing before Chantal said, "Celia, you know what you are for! Do it now!"

Celia felt suddenly cold, a shiver of fear and then she shuffled down to press her lips against Samantha's cunt lips as the first drops of a gush spurted into her mouth. Samantha groaned in release and stemmed the flow to a few drops. Celia thought that she had finished and started to pull her lips off the smooth skin.

"No, bitch, make me come..." said Samantha.

Celia felt a hand in her hair. It pulled her up and pressed her face to the needy cunt. Then Chantal laughed and reached down to slap those huge drooping breasts with sudden fury.

"Do as she says, slut! It's what you're for!"

Celia pressed hard against Samantha and felt liquid course into her mouth as she slipped her tongue in to find the erect clitoris that presented itself. Something slid into place, a self-realisation that shook her to the core. That this was what she was for, this was her purpose. To give pleasure as ordered, to satisfy these woman who were so much more than she was. Celia sucked at the woman who was so much better than she was, so much more attractive, so much more alive.

"Oh, I love it," moaned Samantha. "She is so good."

"I trained the slut," answered Chantal. "There are so many games that we can play with her now that she lives here."

"Oh, fuck, fuck, Chantal, I'm coming so hard."

“It’s just the start,” laughed Chantal. “I have so many ideas!”

Chapter Eighteen

Two days in the box.

Emptied twice a day and fed scraps when he was not being used. Long periods of being alone and the suddenly the maids made use of him one after the other. Punishing him at will out of sheer spite for not satisfying them as they imagined that he should. They abused him and spat, one poured hot pepper sauce that she had taken from the kitchen into his mouth. Another seemed to drink pints of water just to enjoy the release and one seemed always to take pity on him and then loved to drain the enema into him with savage glee after her laughing words of comfort.

Leonard was dazed with the sheer contempt and terrorised by the maids as they took out their ire on the only person who was lower down the scale of slaves than they were.

Finally it was over, the box was slid out to be readied for the next paying customer and he was taken to a cold room where a nurse inspected him and pronounced him fit for the next stage that Eve had promised.

It was like a dream, a strange interlude when the nurse manhandled him in his weakened state, but she did not punish him even when he flinched at every touch and cried out at the injections that she administered.

She inspected the ring set in his cock, the faded marks and welts of the cane, the brands that no longer itched and glowed and the plug that had widened his ass to become a soft hole suitable for a big man's pleasure. As she worked through the check-list on her clipboard he suffered her attentions and allowed her to bend him this way and that as she willed.

Finally she sat him in a comfortable chair and put ankle and wrist clasps on his arms before turning to prepare what seemed to be a collection of tools. He heard the clicks of metal on metal, the hollow chink of a metal tray and saw her drawing a syringe from a small bottle.

It was all a dream that he just suffered, a nightmare that could not get any worse.

The door opened and Gretchen entered the room. Dressed in a leather skirt that was so tight that her suspenders and stocking tops showed through the smooth surface, a loose blouse that moulded her naked breasts beneath and shoes that he could not see, but could hear. She swept into the room like a queen and looked over the report of his health that the nurse had compiled.

"I see that you are ready for the next part of your training," she said as she looked over the nurse's tools that he could not see. "I shall be back in two hours when you are ready because you are due your daily caning."

With that, she swept back out of the room and shut the door behind her with a firm pull.

The nurse held the syringe up to the light and tapped the bubbles out before lining up the needle on his thigh. Leonard looked down and saw her smile up at

him before the needle plunged home and she depressed the plunger. He moved a little and she pulled the needle out carefully and checked her watch.

He felt a crawling in his head, a slow muffling of his vision and he fought to stay awake. The nurse checked her watch again and he tried to resist the drug with all of his being. In the background he heard the door open and a man walked into the room. He was dressed in a white coat, a green mask covered the lower part of his face and his hands were covered with latex gloves. For a moment there was clarity, a window in his consciousness and Leonard cried out. The small cry a puppy makes, the bleat of a sheep that is heading for slaughter, the cry was from the heart, but it was the last conscious effort he made before he finally slipped into deep sleep and the doctor began his work.

The narcosis lifted slowly.

A slight peep, a sliver of light entering a crusted eye. A haze of light that signalled a lifting of the veil. His consciousness arrived in pieces, quanta of thought that reassembled to make the whole that was Leonard's conscious thought.

He felt a metallic taste in his mouth and a soreness that seemed to envelop his bald head. A stinging sensation on his cock and a headache that was the left over effect of the drug that had sent him into unconsciousness.

For a minute he struggled upward through the treacle-like return before he realised that he was chained face down to a soft surface, a bed with a single

clean sheet drawn over it. There was a temptation to sleep, a need to slip under and once more into darkness that was dispelled by the sight of two legs that stood by his bed. Two stocking clad legs that went far up and over him, a woman who was waiting for him to wake so that she could enjoy the shock of his return.

“Ah, you are back now, that’s good,” said Eve’s voice. “I’d better call Gretchen now.”

He heard her speak to someone out of his sight to call Gretchen and then she turned back to him. The legs were so perfect. A slight contour of muscle that gave them shape. A smooth line, a curve that suggested femininity and the slightly loose silk that adorned them.

“So what do you think?” she asked.

Leonard opened his mouth to speak and felt a difference. A lack, a smooth sensitive line where his teeth had been and the slight taste of metal that was a little blood that needed to be swallowed. His tongue moved around the unfamiliar contours of his mouth noting the uneven soft gums where the teeth had been and then he realised that there was something hard and unyielding in his mouth.

A stud that pieced the tongue, a stud that was there to provide pleasure to any woman or man that used him.

“You won’t need them where you are going,” said Eve. “We also made the restraint on your darling little prick permanent, best to keep it under control. Strange to say, the biggest change is the one that you will never properly see.”

Eve's hand ran over his bald head and stroked him. A terrible itching started as she did so and he twitched as the hand gently traced lines on his head.

"Don't worry, the soreness and itching will go away in a couple of days," she said.

The door opened and Gretchen appeared. In her hand was the thin cane that was her favourite. A knitting-needle-thin metal cane that was embedded in a comfortable wooden grip.

"It's time for his punishment!"

Eve laughed and said, "Well the world turns on. Gretchen is such a stickler for order!"

With that last comment she turned and kissed Gretchen lightly on the lips before she left.

Celia lay on her bed and pulled the thin sheet up to her neck. Chantal had given her the spare room. A room bare but for the bed and a small chest of drawers. She lay and considered what Chantal had told her about the arrangements to live in her house.

“I know that you can’t pay any rent, dearest,” she had said. “But, you’ll have to earn your keep really because I’ll have to feed you and look after you. How about if you do a little house work and then I can justify giving you some pocket money? Does that sound fair?”

Celia had agreed and Chantal had continued.

“Good,” she had said. “Let’s call it ten pounds a week and I’ll pay all your costs for clothes, food, rent, transport and the rest. All you have to do is keep the house tidy and we have a deal. In fact, it’s going to be fun having you here all the time because sometimes you can share my bed and we’ll play to our hearts content!”

Again, Celia had agreed and the deal was set.

She nodded off feeling comfortable and secure. Chantal would look after her and Samantha would be there sometimes as well. All she had to do was run a Hoover around occasionally and everything was sorted out...

The next morning she woke to hear a knocking at the door.

Chantal stood there in her dressing gown and said, “Would you get me a coffee and some toast and then we can discuss the small chores that you pay the rent with.”

Celia nodded and headed downstairs. Five minutes later she entered Chantal's room and placed the tray on the end of the bed where her friend lay cosy and warm under the duvet.

"I got toast, jam and honey and of course the coffee," announced Celia.

"Perfect," said Chantal as she reached for the coffee. "I have been thinking about the house and all the things that you could do and then it occurred to me that I can get rid of the maid that comes in five times a week and you can take up the slack."

"You are getting rid of the maid?" asked Celia.

"I have already done it, because I knew that you would agree. I called her last night and told her so that you could start right away."

"Well... OK. Where do I start?"

"I thought of that too, so Samantha and I made a list as a guide. It's not complete, I'm sure, but I've printed it off and you can look it over and think if there is anything that I've missed!"

Celia pursed her lips and then decided to be silent. There was no choice really, though she had not expected to become her lover's maid.

"Wait a sec, here it is," said Chantal.

She reached into the drawer of the bedside table and pulled a sheaf of papers with close printed lists on them.

“Samantha typed and I dictated,” said Chantal as she passed the papers to Celia. “There are two pages for each day, with a schedule. I reckon that I have given too much time for each item, so you should have loads of time to yourself as well, especially on the evenings.”

Celia looked at the lists and saw that the chores were a full time job.

“Did the maid do all of this?” she asked.

“No, but then you are here all the time, so I thought that it would be better that you do them. I can’t have you sitting around all day doing nothing!”

It was clear from Celia’s face that she was considering rebelling and arguing about the lists of chores.

“We’ll see how it goes,” said Chantal. “Perhaps a week or two and then we can review it.”

Celia looked up dubiously and let her arms drop.

“I think that it’s a lot,” she said meekly.

“I called Greg last night as well,” said Chantal. “When I said that you were living here now, he told me that he never wanted to see you again and that you could live on the ‘fucking’ streets for all he cared. Not a pleasant conversation, because when I told him that you would rather live on the street than ever see him again, he said that you could consider yourself divorced. Not nice at all!”

“He said all of that?”

“He did. I did you a favour really. He is no good for you... not like I am!”

Celia felt her shoulders droop and watched Chantal sip her coffee.

“Now then, I really think that you should get going on those tasks, Celia. I would not want to have to sack another maid!”

“What about clothes?” asked Celia. “I have none at all!”

“Oh, that’s a bit of a pain! I’ll tell you what, I’ll get my dress maker to come around here later and she’ll fit you up in no time. Then you can pay me back from your salary.”

“Thanks!”

The reply from Celia was delivered in a dry tone. Clutching the lists in her hands she headed for the door.

“No problem, darling,” answered Chantal. “Could you get me another coffee?”

It took four hours to hand wash all the silk items in the laundry basket and cooking the dinner took another hour. After that, Celia had just got started on the dusting when the dressmaker arrived to measure her up.

That took another two hours so it was after six by the time that she was half way through the list that she had been given. When she mentioned this to Chantal she got a curt reply that she should be able to manage to ‘show a little leg’ and finish by nine.

Nine in the night arrived and she only had a couple more things to do and by eleven she was all done. Celia flopped into bed and slept the sleep of the exhausted, while Chantal drank a nightcap and sat in front of the computer watching her ‘dead’ husband.

Leonard lay in a caged cot and slept. More welts had been earned by him. They scored his back and thighs where Gretchen had thrashed him unmercifully. In the dim light of the cell, Chantal admired the writing that had been tattooed onto his scalp and face, all the way down to his collar in a dense script. Words in Cyrillic adorned him, Russian words that she had translated on the computer. Insults all! A permanent reminder of his status, but she did wonder why it was all in Russian.

Slowly she friggd herself as she watched the replay of his toothless mouth opening and closing. That small thing alone had reduced him to a serf, a slave. It had made him unattractive and an obvious object of contempt. Especially since it had clearly been done to make a cunt of his mouth. The rounded metal clitoris that stuck from his tongue was proof of that.

Chantal knew what they were doing to Leonard, she understood it instinctively. First they attacked his self-esteem and then his sexuality was under siege. Now they were making sure that he was perceived by everyone else as that which he had truly become, a figure of contempt, a man who had become nothing more than property...

Chantal raised herself to the point of climax and then she allowed it to fade before pushing herself again and again. Finally she slipped over that cliff and orgasmed in a tremble of legs and thighs as she cried out with her passion. Something about Leonard was so delicious, his helplessness, his realisation that he was trapped and could never escape. His trembling and sobbing in the darkness, his utter submission to his fate and then there was the most exhilarating part, the fact that Leonard was dead, the Leonard that she had married and been bored with was already gone. All that remained was a husk that would be exploited for the casual recreation of his betters.

When she had finally calmed from her climax, Chantal lay back and thought of Celia.

Tomorrow when the new clothes appeared the fun would begin.

Celia was no more worthy of respect than Leonard.

She'd do as she was ordered. Anything!

Chapter Nineteen

He woke and found himself in a waking dream.

A dream where he had come to Prague to play some games and found the woman of his dreams. Red headed, proud and dominant, the slim woman made him suffer small indignities at her feet. She treated him as a well-loved pet, a small man-thing that served her in the mornings, rested in a cage until needed and then provided amusement in the evenings.

Wish fulfilment... that was what he had sought.

The light touch of a whip, the swish of silk and the click of heels as she allowed him to wank over her bright red high heels and silken stockings.

Leonard's imagination ran on down that pleasant track. The three days of training that ended as he walked free from the castle and re-joined his boring life to make money for a greedy and needy wife and worked to escape her as much as to make the money that allowed him to buy all those things that he neither needed or wanted.

That was the waking dream that played like a faded film in his imagination as he came to. A pleasant interlude that was all imaginary, all fictional because the reality of his need was beyond anything that he had ever thought could happen.

Of course he had seen it all on the Internet as he had sought out his fetish, but he had always just shuddered and avoided the severe and extreme variation of his sexual fantasy.

The click of heels in his mind's eye faded and he was left with the terrible reality of his predicament...

Fear fulfilment... it was the reality that scared him.

He had lost control not only over his fantasy; he had lost control over everything that had to do with his life.

There was no way that they were going to release him like this. Now that they had begun to alter him, now that they had begun to turn him into something else he could not be allowed to escape.

His tongue passed over the soft rounded place where his teeth had been. The hard ball of the stud in his tongue rubbed against tender places and he yelped with the discomfort.

He remembered sitting in the dark with his cock in his hand. Slowly making each stroke last as he stared at the screen that glowed before his eyes. Posed pictures, films and moving images. In them men suffered as he suffered now, but he had always thought that they were posed and made in studios. That they were just dream, that once the clicking of the shutter ended so would the fantasy.

Leonard's hands found the bars in the total blackness and ran their length to find that they extended to become a lid that trapped him in the cage as if it were a cot. Next they ran lightly over his sore and itching scalp. There were lightly etched patterns there, rills and ridges that covered his head from front to back, but what they meant he could not imagine.

Total silence!

In the utter dark it seemed as though he was the only man in the world, all that he could hear was the rasping of his own breath. Small sparks seemed to dance before his eyes, illusions the phantasms of his own mind that flickered and shone no radiance.

He heard a small sound, the distant sound of a door being opened.

The rattle of keys in locks followed by the click of heels on concrete.

The approaching doom of his owner's coming to punish their slave.

A chink of white light that shone under the crack of the door frame.

The sharp report of the locks being turned and the creak of hinges.

His sensitivity of his eyes forced them shut to squint at the black figure that stood against the bright lights of the corridor. Gretchen as a black silhouette that

stood with unbearable light from behind her as she looked into the room.

Leonard saw the thin cane in her gloved hand. A long thin line of darkness that cast a pencil thin shadow across his cage.

“It is time for your punishment,” she said.

It was ten in the morning when the dressmaker came to call. Celia had already decided that she did not like the woman even though Chantal treated her like a ‘best friend’ and called her by her first name all the time.

“Sophie,” said Chantal as she opened the door to the middle aged woman who stood on the doorstep, “that was so fast, darling!”

“Well, Chantal, dear,” said Sophie as she swept into the house. “Once I get going on something new I just cannot stop. I was up half of last night finishing these because they were such a novelty!”

Sophie glanced up as she noticed movement on the balcony overlooking the hallway. Chantal followed her glance upward just in time to see Celia slip out of sight.

“She’s a little shy!” commented Chantal dryly.

“I won’t ask,” replied Sophie. “I’m sure that they’ll fit so there is no need for a fitting, but I must say that the skirts are more than a little short!”

“That’s what she wanted,” replied Chantal. “I suppose that it’s almost kinky, but there you go. There’s no accounting for taste!”

“Are they for a party?” asked Sophie.

“Oh, yes! That’s right, a fancy dress party!”

“Well I just can’t understand why she needs two of them.”

“The other one is for... well it’s a bit complicated! Anyway, I’ll pay you now. Is cash OK?”

“Of course it is, darling. A hundred and ninety each,” said Sophie.

Chantal reached for her purse as the dressmaker carefully hung the two bags from the coat-hooks by the door and then turned to take the money from Chantal. She did not bother to count it, but stuck it straight into her own purse.

“I really think that your friend will look a bit underdressed, perhaps more than underdressed.” said Sophie as she opened the door to leave. On the other hand, if

it's fancy dress..."

"Maids and schoolgirls actually," said Chantal.

"Not my cup of tea at all."

"Not mine either!"

Sophie left and the tyres of her car sounded on the gravel of the drive way as Chantal closed the door.

"It's OK now," she shouted up the stairs. "I've got some clothes for you."

There was small noise and Celia appeared. She was dressed in a thick dressing gown and slippers. She came down the stairs and took the two hangers from which hung plastic covers from Chantal's hand.

"Put one on now and the other is for when it goes in the wash," said Chantal. "I'll be up in five minutes to take a look and then we can sort you out a pair of shoes as well. I think that you are about Samantha's size in shoes and she left me a pair for you to try on."

Celia nodded and took turned to go back up the stairs.

“Don’t take too long, Celia,” said Chantal. “Remember that you have to do the bathrooms before you make me something to eat, so be quick about it! Incidentally, you can put my bathrobe in the wash before you get changed and I’ll be up in a moment.”

Celia put the two dresses over her arm and headed for her small room. She slipped off the bathrobe and held up one of the dresses and frowned. It was a mass of black chiffon and white lace that seemed so intricate... She unzipped the back and slipped it on.

It fitted, but was too small!

The front was cut low and showed most of her large breasts and she had to jiggle it around until she was supported properly. The ‘skirt’ was so short and flouncy that she was almost exposed because it barely covered her thighs. The mass of lace made the skirt almost horizontal, it did not hang at all.

Celia pulled and moved the dress around her body, but when she pulled the skirt lower to cover her ass and pussy the whole thing started to come off. She reached behind and struggled to engage the zipper and was still struggling with it when Chantal came into the room.

“I can’t reach the zipper,” said Celia feeling ridiculous in the tiny dress.

“I’ll do it for you...”

“I can’t go out in this,” whined Celia. “It’s ridiculous!”

“Don’t be silly,” said Chantal as she slid the zip up the back of the dress. “It looks so sexy and I just love it to bits.”

“But...”

“But nothing,” said Chantal as she rearranged the dress to fit. “It’s perfect for you, all you need to do is lose a little weight and you’ll be perfect!”

“I need something more practical!”

“It’s practical for what I want,” said Chantal stressing the word ‘I’ and making it plain that Celia’s wishes were not uppermost in her mind.

“I need some underwear, I mean, look at this.”

“I’ll get you some in the next few days,” said Chantal with a sigh. “You are just too modest, loosen up and just think of the advantages!”

“Advantages?”

Chantal laughed and stood back to admire her maid. Celia was overweight, her huge breasts hung by a thread, if Celia were to bend forward they would surely spill over the front of the dress and hang like ripe fruit. The dress rode up a little

over the thick waist and exposed Celia's pussy to view, an uneven slit that pouted, begging for attention.

"You look delicious, good enough to eat," said Chantal. "So sweet."

Chantal walked around and adjusted the lace. Celia's round ass was clearly in view, ready to slap and chastise, all that was needed was a nice pair of shoes and Chantal had just the thing.

"Samantha gave me these for you," said Chantal holding out a pair of white stilettos. "Here, I'll put them on for you."

Celia's feet slipped into the shoes that Samantha had bought especially for Celia and tightened the little buckles and straps around the ankles. Small metal fasteners allowed padlocks to be added, but that would come later.

One step at a time...

After fitting the shoes Chantal allowed her fingertips to trace a path up those calves, up Celia's thighs until she touched the pussy that was so exposed under all the layers of lace.

Celia moaned and wobbled on the high heels.

"This is going to be such fun for us," said Chantal as she stood. "We can play a

little game of ‘master and servant’; I just can’t wait until Samantha comes this evening to join in.”

Celia tried to smile, but this was not how she had imagined living with her lover.

Why was Chantal doing this, trying to humiliate her and make her feel so small?

“I have to go out now, Celia, so I suggest that you get a few of your listed chores done and then have a nice meal ready for when I get back. “Make it for two, because Samantha will be hungry too...”

Chapter Twenty

“Tomorrow you go to your new home,” said Eve. “You’ll love it, just women who need to be satisfied, endless women!”

“Please,” lisped Leonard in a cracked voice. “Please don’t hurt me, I beg you...”

“Darling that’s what you’re here for, to be hurt. To be crushed and then disposed of. How can I possibly change it all around now? Really, Leonard, you have to get a grip on reality.”

“I’ll do whatever you want, really, I will. I’ll pay you, I’ll serve you, whatever you say!”

“What I want is for you to be disposed of, Leonard.”

She sat back in the leather armchair and crossed her legs as she enjoyed his distress. One stiletto slipped off her heel and dangled to swing slowly as Eve lit a cigarette and contemplated her victim. He kneeled just a couple of feet from her, his knees raw from the stone floor, the marks of Gretchen’s latest beating covering him in purple stripes that would take weeks to fade.

His eyes streamed and the tears rolled down to drip as small dark patches on the

floor. A single chain arced from the collar on his neck to a ring on the far wall. His head covered in the marks from the tattooist's needle, his lips blubbing and allowing her to see the empty mouth from which the lisping, begging words dripped forth.

Eve realised that she was bored with Leonard, bored with his whining, bored to tedium with his selfish little concerns. Didn't he realise that she had so much to think about making sure that the money was paid, arranging everything with the Russians, running her house of sin? She had more to worry about than his meaningless fears.

Leonard was so selfish!

"I think that this is the last time that I will be seeing you," she said in a flat voice.

The door opened and the nurse entered. She smiled at Eve and then looked down at her patient. Leonard felt a hollow in his stomach. What else could they do to him? Involuntarily he looked down at his constricted cock as he heard Eve and the nurse speak in a language that he did not understand.

"Jitka has a few things to do, so I'll leave you two alone now. Later on Gretchen will come by, but I promise you that she will not make you scream like the last time!"

Leonard detected irony and he started to sweat in terror as Jitka prepared her needle and tapped the air out.

“If you make it difficult I’ll have you castrated, it won’t make any difference where you’re going!”

Eve stood and dropped the cigarette on the floor. Her stiletto ground all life out of it and she left with a small nod at the nurse with the syringe in her delicate hands and saying, “Udělej to,” as she walked out of the cell.

Chantal watched the screen and then glanced at Samantha.

The nurse was not just pretty, she was stunning. The white latex, the stockings and the pert little cap that nested on the top of her tightly bound hair. She wielded the needle and there was a small yelp from Leonard as the needle sunk into his neck. He looked up at her as if he were awestruck by her as she placed two fingers on his neck to check his pulse

“What an earth are they doing to him?” asked Samantha.

“No idea at all,” answered Chantal. “But, whatever it is, it won’t be nice.”

Chantal glanced over at Celia and smiled at the figure of the once-friend and lover who stood waiting to serve. In that maid’s dress she looked so sweet, good enough to eat as she stood with tray in her hands. The dress had broken her to the leash.

‘Strange how a little thing like clothes could make such a difference to the psyche of a person,’ she thought.

With her pussy lips slightly parted, her legs shiny and waxed and her huge breasts hanging over the lacy edge of the dress, nipples hanging pointing downward, she was perfect. Her gross body squeezed into black satin, bulging at the waist, she was more exposed than if she had been naked. There would be such games as she was broken to the leash until she offered herself up for punishment willingly.

Celia was so vulnerable and easily manipulated.

“Another shot,” said Samantha to Celia.

Celia walked to her slowly and bent to refresh her glass carefully.

“Celia is such a good girl, really. Perhaps we should reward her?” said Chantal to Samantha.

“The fat cow needs to lose a few pounds,” laughed Samantha as her hand extended to cup a hanging breast. “Her tits are so fucking enormous; she’s just a sack of lard.”

The glass was filled and a tear dropped from the tip of Celia’s nose and splashed on the hand holding the glass.

“Wait a sec, the nurse is doing something to Leonard,” said Chantal. “What’s that in her hand?”

“Jesus, I’ve no idea...”

On the screen the drama played out as Leonard sat clamped tight to the chair, forced to stare upward at the ceiling as the nurse ran the finger of one hand around his wide open mouth. In her other hand the fetish nurse held a thin tube that she hovered over his lips.

Despite her excitement, Chantal felt butterflies in her stomach, a tenseness that spread as she stared at the screen. All thought of Celia was forgotten, her whole being focussed on that steel tube as it slowly descended and then entered Leonard’s lips. It went deeper and deeper as the nurse’s other hand steadied his head under the chin and she peered into the shadow of his open mouth.

All three of the woman watched the screen.

Chantal with open lips, Samantha with a small smile that was no more than a twist of the lips. Celia with a sinking emotion as she realised that cruelty was reaching a new peak before her very eyes. She could feel Samantha’s hand on her breast. It rolled the tender nipple slowly making it stand and gather.

The tube was several inches in and the nurse moved it slightly before rearranging it a little. Leonard trembled in the chair that was his prison, his body shook with reaction and his caged cock tried to stand. The head swelled and the

nurse's knee slid over the tip with an almost accidental movement.

Finally the tube was pulled clear and the nurse's lips moved and she smiled at Leonard. Whatever they had done to him was over and done with, the operation complete and none of the three women who watched while holding their breath knew what had happened before their eyes.

"What did we just see?" asked Chantal as she slowly let the pent up lungful of air escape her lips.

"No idea," said Chantal. "There was a single drop of blood..."

Celia stood straight, glad to escape the intimacy of the hand that teased her nipple and headed back to her post with small steps. She knew what they had done, she knew because she had seen it before. A small, slight and insignificant cut, a tiny incision that would change everything for Leonard. She felt a chill as she realised that he was now finally doomed.

The whips, the chains and the beatings had been the start.

The tube and ring on his cock had been the next.

The branding had been a point of no return.

The silencing of his voice had been final.

Chapter Twenty One

He knew the position.

Legs spread as he was pulled tight by chains over the caning bench that Gretchen had had him strapped to. The marks of his branding were engraved on his ass and the tattoos that marked him highlighted his place as the lowest of the low.

As Gretchen entered the room he groaned. No sound issued from his lips, just a slight breath of air that fluttered over his lips. His head moved a little, as far as it could as she walked around the bench and clucked at the way that her victim's bonds had been so loosely tightened.

Casually she dropped the terrible thin cane on his back and tightened the chains until his joints almost creaked with the strain of the tension.

“Cat got your tongue?” she said in her German accent. “Never mind, I like the quiet!”

For a moment she looked up at the small camera and smiled. They could see her, the rapacious wife and half a hundred people who had paid for the privilege. They could hear her voice too, the main reason that she always spoke in English rather than her native German. Most of their members were Americans...

Delicately she picked up the cane and swished it through the air before she bent it in her hands. She knew that most of the watchers enjoyed the powerlessness of the victim as much as her strength and dominance over him. So she was the evil cat with the helpless mouse and always allowed a slow and intense introduction. By now he would be begging her punish him if he could only talk.

If only...

He had to be unable to speak where he was going; it set the seal on his terrible fate.

Gretchen slipped her hand between his thighs and gripped his balls. They swelled through the gap in her hand and became shiny delicate meat as she slowly increased the pressure until he began to weep silently.

Perfect.

The tip of the cane was tapped against his caged cock and then lifted until it hovered over his naked body. One hand gripping him tight, the other came down and delivered the first stroke.

The sound of the whip like cane meeting skin was loud, but from the owner of that flesh came no sound. Just a slight whistle that was all that could be discerned of the howl that should have issued forth.

“If you can come for me, then I’ll stop,” said Gretchen as she bent down by his

ear to deliver her message of hope. “That’s all you have to do, my little whipping post. Come for me, show me that you love me, bleed a few drops of come and you won’t get the whole twenty strokes...”

Leonard’s lips moved and she bent to listen.

“Are you asking for help?” she said slowly.

Leonard’s head nodded slightly.

“You need help to come for me?”

The slight nod came again and the watchers around the world held their breath. For them this was the excitement that they craved.

The hand that held his balls relaxed and became a fist. The forefinger slowly stood straight and pressed against the puckered opening that begged for attention. For a moment the touch was almost loving as she stroked the skin and felt the slackness and lack of resistance that implored her to fuck him.

The cane swished down and struck the firm flesh of his ass, drawing a line that was broken where the cleft of his ass made a valley.

The finger poised and then slowly pushed into him.

“Is that what you want, little boy?” she asked as the hand twisted and the finger fucked him slowly. “Is that going to make you come for me?”

A few drops of spittle dripped to the floor and Gretchen’s victim made a small movement of his head. The cane moved again and left another line on his body as the finger sought for its target. It moved and twisted and then stroked him inside, finding the point where he was vulnerable.

A small movement of his caged cock, a twitch gave witness to Leonard’s response as the caning and pleasuring continued with relentless perseverance. It fucked him, massaged him as she mixed the pleasure and agony with cunning alternation.

Gretchen was totally absorbed by her control over the man strapped to the bench. She found herself entering into that other world, the one that gave so much joy as she determined and controlled her victim and forced him to give himself to her.

This was the last time that she would play with him, the last and best. Like a puppet on a chain he would finally dribble for her, leak an involuntary stream from his little cock as she pushed him forward and then pulled him back, until at last she gained complete control. Once she had forced him to surrender like this, there was nothing else to do and the job was done and all the challenge extracted from his confused mind.

Then he would go and she would find a new amusement.

On the tenth stroke the watchers realised that the man in agony had succumbed to his owner's control. The bright head of his cock was swollen and twitching, the ring that pierced it stood proud, the balls clenched with the effort and finally a dribble of milky liquid oozed and dripped as her finger pulled clear. The entrance to his body that Gretchen had used as her gateway to control pursed as if it was offering itself again to be violated.

Leonard climaxed.

“Oh, what a good little sissy fuck-puppet you are, my dear. All you need is a strong hand to keep you attentive... where you are going there will be no lack of women who will use you!”

A slow pulse that brought him to a cold sweat as relief filled him. The burning welts that stood like veins on his flesh burned, his cock twitched and cried tears of come for his mistress. A twitch of his hips was all that was left of his need to fuck, abuse had sucked the rest from him. All that was left was a need to climax for the woman who fucked him, caned him, restrained him and then squeezed everything from him.

“You are ready now,” said Gretchen as she stood and watched the extended filament of come stretch and then break to splash on the floor. “You are ready for your next little adventure, the final rite of passage.”

It had been perfect, a delightful moment of pure passion for Gretchen.

In her tight pussy hummed a vibrator that pulsed and delighted.

It was almost a shame that the watchers would not be permitted to know how many times she herself had orgasmed in the last half hour. How she had twisted with the cane held high and waited until that throbbing contacted her clitoris. How it satisfied her sheer greed for climax.

The cane was left standing, tip on the floor, resting against naked skin.

Leonard was left fettered and shattered, replete and left in need.

Chapter Twenty Two

It was over.

The husband that had been taken from her was gone now. The money had been taken from her account, the stream of film from the castle in Beroun had finally broken to leave Chantal wondering what had happened to her former husband.

What had they done to him?

Where was he now?

She knew that she would never know the real end of his story, she would just re-join her own. The story of a grieving widow that had stood in the chapel watching a box enter between the curtains while others cried and commiserated with her.

It had been so fitting that the rain had tipped like a waterfall from a grey sky and soaked them all. As the curtains parted and Leonard's story came to an end, she had felt nothing but release.

The veil hid her smile, as Chantal thought about the fat slut, Celia, waiting for her.

And, she forgot about her husband and concentrated on the delectable future.

The box was padded.

It would not do to damage to the man tightly restrained inside!

First it was loaded onto a flatbed truck and headed east, until at last it came to the lonely airport where it was expected. A curt inspection and it joined the flight. Inside the wooden case, Leonard heard the roar of the propellers and the shaking of the aircraft as it ascended on the long flight east.

A tube allowed him to drink; another took away what he had drunk after it had been through him. A plug that stretched his rear and another that filled his mouth skewered him into position. Tight steel cords ensured that every movement was prevented and a tight hood blocked what slivers of light could enter the rough wooden packing case.

He remembered the cords being pulled tight and how much it had hurt. He knew that the fate that they had promised him was taking shape around him without his intervention. It was sure that his destiny would be terrible, but he was numb to anything but the moment that he lived in.

The plane landed and the crate was lifted onto the back of another truck to

complete the last hundred miles of its trip to Penal Complex F-13 just twenty miles over the perma-frost to Pechora just to the west of the Ural Mountains.

Cold started to seep into the crate and Leonard shivered miserably as the truck bounced over the unmade road until at last it passed the first gates and the barbed wire that marked the two mile perimeter. In the distance the sorry grey buildings of the prison stuck from the soggy frozen ground like a monument to despair.

Another gate and then the final mile to cover.

Voices, women's voices shrill in the cold air. They laughed as they slipped the crate from the flatbed of the lorry and half dropped it onto a trolley that would take it to the commissary. In Russian they chattered and joked as the rumble of the trolley quietened as it entered the commissary buildings and then through long cold corridors to the place where it would be unpacked.

The sound of wood splintering, orders being given in Russian and then hands on his flesh. Finally the cords were loosened and his hands were drawn up behind his back and cuffed.

His new life awaited him...

Chapter Twenty Three

Penal Complex F-13, a place for incarcerating women who had received a life sentence. A hell-hole run by women for women, a place from which there was no escape. Not because of the two wide perimeters, they were more in place to keep the wolves and bears out. Twenty miles from the small desolate town of Pechora, twenty miles of ice in winter and sluggish swamp over the deeper perma-frost of the season that was laughingly called summer.

Three hundred women guarded by a hundred others whose sentence was almost as terrible. They cut wood, they sat huddled in the cold buildings that had served so long to incarcerate those who the state condemned. Murderers, female rapists, women hardened by drugs and degraded by the authorities, they sat in their cells and dormitories and felt their lives bleed away to nothing.

They were the forgotten, the ignored.

The occasional official who ignored the conditions in the prison and hastened on his way after ticking all the boxes printed on his check sheet. Men who delivered food and supplies by truck and then hurried forth to escape the feeling of horror at being in that god-forsaken place. Finally the men who became the main source of recreation for the inmates.

Passed from Olesya, the Prison Governess, to the lower ranks and then finally to the prisoners they were used and abused. Still in the hood that had been fitted in Beroun, Leonard staggered behind the women who dragged him to the privileged bed of his new owner. He could hear the crunch of heavy heels on

concrete of the women who pulled savagely at his chain. He stumbled behind them and stubbed his toes at every second step. They shoved him into a cold place with slippery tiles underfoot and doused him with ice cold water before presenting Leonard, naked and shivering, to the woman who would decide his every breath.

They pinched him, slapped him. Admired the brands on his ass and traced the letters with their fingers. Then the hood was lifted and he found himself staring up into the grey eyes of a woman that he would soon know well. A woman whose needs were as large as herself.

She laughed at him and then ran her hand over Leonard's shaven head. Laughter twisted her lips, as she read the inscriptions tattooed and then slapped him with the back of her gloved hand. She said something in Russian and Leonard tried to reply, but just a gasp came from his mouth.

There was more laughter and a few more slaps and he was led to Olesya's rooms to await the woman who owned him. A chain connected his collar to the bed-post and he stood forlornly looking around at a room in which time had stood still since the Soviet sixties. A shelf with a few dog-eared books, three bottles of vodka that stood by them, furniture that was battered, a hot potbellied stove, a double bed that had seen better days and a musty smell that permeated everything.

He stood.

A woman entered with an armful of chopped wood. She fed the stove in the corner and then ogled Leonard as if he were a work of art. Her hand pulled at his balls and she smiled and spoke a few words that he could not understand before she patted his ass and pursed her lips.

He stood.

In the next room, Leonard could hear the sounds of what seemed to be at first a loud shouting match. The women's voices rose and fell and then he heard the clinking of glass against glass and the sounds of raucous laughter ring out loud. The sun went down and the room darkened as the light filtering in through the dirty windows faded and then finally was snuffed out by the darkness of a Siberian night.

He stood.

The only light came from the stove, but at least it was warm. Muggy and hot, Leonard sweated as the voices in the next room continued to laugh and the night drew on. At last the door opened. Olesya was framed in the doorway against the dim electric lamp that stood on the table behind her. She filled the doorway, a massive presence of female aggression.

Casting a last comment over her shoulder at her companions she slammed the door and slowly undressed. It seemed like a ritual to her. A careful folding of the uniform and the parking of her boots by the stove. From her came a whiff of spirits and she stood a little unsteadily before turning to the man chained for her amusement.

In the dim orange flickering light of the stove, Leonard could see the wiry bush of her pussy, the large, but tight breasts that wobbled slightly as she moved. He could smell the sweat of her and see the muscles that made her form almost masculine. Almost, because her hips were wide, though her thighs were powerful. Her arms were thick with corded muscle and her hands were large,

though long fingered.

A few more words and Olesya pushed Leonard to the bed with a casual movement before turning to one of the bottles on the bookshelf. As he lay trembling, she lifted the bottle and drank. He dared not move, he could not cry out or beg, he was more than helpless.

She put down the bottle and came to look down at him and then stepped onto the bed to come to rest with her thighs over his face and him looking up at her shadowed face half obscured by her breasts. Around his head he could feel the power of her thighs, a grip like a vice accompanied by the raw human smell of her.

She spoke and then slid forward and his service began.

He licked he kissed and he pushed his face into the stiff bristly bush of her cunt. He worked as she settled, he ploughed her with his tongue as her thighs closed and then clamped around him. She ran with the juice of her excitement and he drowned in that oily perfume that filled his senses.

Olesya climaxed.

And again.

As he fought to breathe she moved over him and put all the solid weight on him with a determination that was a match for his desperation to please. He pushed

into her, pressed his tongue with its stud over her and sucked as hard as he could. He felt her hands cup under the base of his head and pull him into her with the strength of a bear as Olesya shuddered and shouted at the top of her voice.

She screamed and cried with slurred words as she used him like a tool to satisfy her.

Finally, she lifted from him and he could breathe again.

Her leg lifted over his panting form and she pushed him from the bed to the floor with a single strong kick that signified his place in the order of all things.

Chapter Twenty Four

What is money?

It used to be metal discs, paper notes. Cheques, bonds, securities and certificates. Now it is just a few electrical impulses that move down a wire and credit one while taking a debit from the other. Those little zeros and ones headed from the Chantal's bank to an account in Jersey. From there they were reissued and found their way to the branch of a Nigerian bank placed conveniently in Macao.

There the money changed its form, but not its value, and became paper, a winner's cheque issued in the Kam Pek Casino in the centre of the city. The woman who picked it up was a slim European woman who showed her Czech passport as the only formality. For a moment she glanced at the figures written in Latin and Chinese characters and then tucked it into her purse. Four million Sterling, with just a small gratuity for the casino manager that had ensured the payment.

Eve had been paid.

In the grey inferno of Penal Complex F-13 money had no especial value. It was the trade of control and influence that was the true currency of status. At the top, was the total authority of Olesya, the Governess of the prison. Below her were

her female officers and then the women who served their sentences scrabbling for position in the informal chain of authority that held all in its sway. A small piece of coinage in that network of favours, enforcement, suffering and cruelty was Leonard. Mute and helpless, he soon passed down the ranks. Raped and used, forced to be a slave to women who beat and misused him, he learned to cower, to submit to cringe and most of all to obey.

Dead to the rest of the world, he was traded like a whore between convicts.

Weakened by the unending abuse he became the bitches' bitch.

The server of hungry cunts that were never satisfied.

The smallest coin in a world of female abuse.

If you had asked Chantal what money was, she would have had a different answer to Eve. To Eve, money was always something that she had struggled to get. The pile of gold was an aim higher than that which the money could buy. To Chantal it was something that she had always had. To Chantal money was worth the pleasure that it bought. The amounts did not matter, the balance was unimportant. The four million that she paid to settle her debt was unimportant compared to the fact that she at last had what she wanted.

The life that she was owed by the world.

The pleasure of humiliating others.

A wish that had been fulfilled.

Epilogue

Porn!

An all too real fantasy that can happen to the man that views it! Beautiful evil women, submissive men, devastating scenarios and awful uncertainties. Uncontrollable partners who ignore the desires of the addict and impose their own voracious will upon the helpless devotee. On the flicker of the computer screen late at night the devilish fantasy plays, while the chinking of the fetters of a helpless victim provide music to those who can afford to watch others suffer. The male performers play out their unwilling adventures, on demand, until the paying watcher finally switches to another virtual reality to seek new pleasures.

Reality!

Never satisfying, never fulfilling, just luring the spectator to pastures new, until at last the connection to heaven is broken and the observer has satisfied his need. For now! Tomorrow, next week, he will return. He will skip through the choices of suffering that he can pick from, then decides that they no longer satisfy and so he will be on the search for a new and more an extreme window into another's reluctant suffering. The watcher knows that he is watching reality, the destruction of another for his own personal pleasure. That just gives it more intensity.

That is the nature of the beast and it is a beast!

The observer remains just that, for the moment... an observer.

Only his hand and rigid cock take part while he views the window into that other perfect realm, all the while alert for the unwelcome intervention of the inadequate real world. Observer can become participant, the remote viewer can walk into the fantasy if he is foolhardy enough. The same routine that brings all that delicious suffering to his screen will place him in contact with a debauched world that bubbles just beyond the grasping fingertips of the aroused viewer.

Be careful, things never ever progress as you imagine!

The dreamer who will awake into his own nightmare.

Because you are that pornographic dreamer.

THE END