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CHAN:  
Cruelty  
Queen  
of the  
Piano

Femdom  
Fiction  
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“Darva Chan: Cruelty Queen of the Piano”

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All pieces of music mentioned in this novella are available to be heard for free on YouTube at <http://youtube.com>. Just search by the individual titles to maximize your pleasure in the story, which can be enjoyed as an erotic, literary, *and* musical experience. So savor Saint-Saens' *Danse Macabre* (the piano version); the *Carmen Variations* by Vladimir Horowitz; the *Prima Sinfonia* by Yasushi Akutagawa; and Prokofiev's *Seventh Piano Sonata in B flat major*, before, during, or after reading DARVA CHAN: CRUELTY QUEEN OF THE PIANO.

# **DARVA CHAN: CRUELTY QUEEN OF THE PIANO**

## **PROLOGUE**

*Who are these women?* Jason Vilkanic thought, as they beckoned him from his computer screen to surrender his freedom and dignity via the Internet. With their gorgeous faces and exciting bodies, their teasing attitudes and haughty words, they were invading his mind and wresting control of his cock.

He knew he spent far too much time alone—working at home, freelance writing for a New York City-based entertainment website—and he also knew he didn't go out much anymore with women, having been disappointed or dumped so many times that he now contented himself mostly with porn and fantasies.

He liked vanilla smut but increasingly he was finding himself attracted to the femdom genre, where women took charge of men and ruled over everything from their balls to their wallets in an obsessively fascinating dimension of erotica. Now and then he purchased video clips showing dominatrices ordering men around, chastising or degrading them. He wondered what it would be like to ache, on his knees, for the touch of a beautiful woman—especially an Asian, he had such an unfulfilled yen for Asians—and to be allowed only to kiss her feet or her ass, or to even be denied those humble pleasures entirely while she mocked and humiliated him.

But he was still young, in his thirties and living in one of the great places of the world, Manhattan, and guilt and uncertainty spurred him sometimes to evade these desires, as he tried to navigate his horny way back to the vanilla path. But Darva Chan would finally and firmly put him on the road to the ultimate femdom slavery his innermost core craved, whether he consciously denied it or not.

Once he started dating her, there was no way back from the realization of his deepest desires to submit to and serve a woman!

## **CHAPTER ONE**

She dangled him on a string of her narcissistic whims, and Jason couldn't get enough of Darva Chan. As they started dating, he couldn't tell exactly what she thought of him—he suspected she didn't like him much—but he knew he wanted her, desired her, and would hang around for as long as she permitted.

They went out to a movie, or a concert, or for dinner, and she always kept that slightly amused, detached expression on her face. She was a classical pianist, very bright and articulate (great vocabulary too), and he was only an ordinary freelance writer, mostly into current pop culture, and she seemed to relish a feeling of condescension and superiority as they talked, giving him a few minutes of attention when he spoke about his work, but then quickly shifting the topic back to her own goals and achievements.

It was degrading, he knew, his one-sided ache for a girl he didn't even especially like. But her Chinese good looks, and her eyes which could so beautifully accentuate her natural haughtiness, drove him to make excuses for himself. He would just stick around long enough to see if he could finally sleep with her—maybe after she played one of those crazy piano pieces she told him she was always practicing in her apartment. She'd let him listen to one of her favorites on her iPod, something by a guy named Prokofiev, and it was wild. He imagined her sitting naked at her keyboard,

furiously running her hands over the keys, pressing the pedals with her bare feet, even as he approached, naked and stroking himself as they both moved toward a moment of musical and erotic consummation...

But consummation was not to be; at least not the kind he fantasized about in a perpetual state of arousal for her.

It was only after they'd gone out several times, without any increase of intimacy beyond a hug, that Darva revealed what she was interested in.

"Tell me, Jason," she said, as they enjoyed a cup of after-dinner coffee, "have I gotten under your skin yet? Have I been the cause of several orgasms in your little bed at home?"

The question, out of the blue, totally shocked him. She made him feel so ashamed of his lonely lust for her that he couldn't answer.

"Oh, I've embarrassed you. Rest assured that was my intention! Because I think you know by now what kind of woman I am—a nasty bitch."

She could have been calling him names, and still he wouldn't have gotten up and left. She was that gorgeous in her arrogance and confidence.

"Don't you have anything to say, little Jason?"

She had just called him "little Jason," even though he was a full-grown man. But he took it, and finally found his voice. "Just tell me, Darva, how you cast this spell on me!" He wanted to confess he'd been bored senseless

on their dates, not particularly interested in her piano playing career or the state of the classical music world; and he wanted to reveal how he'd been straining to find topics and make conversation on things they might have in common; but he held his tongue because, pathetically, he was still hoping that perhaps he would be able to have sex with her—any kind would do, to stanch the craving that was draining him of spirit and energy like a bloody wound.

Goddamn it, he wished she would just tell him what she was all about, or what she was into, and be done with it! And then, almost miraculously, she did.

“As you know, Jason, I am destined for big things. It is only a matter of time before I get the concert tours that will showcase my talent to the world. To prepare for this, I must assemble an entourage, even as I take pleasure in the sexual style I prefer. I saw immediately, that time we briefly visited your apartment to pick up an umbrella that rainy night I dragged you to the Philharmonic, that you live the cluttered and anxious life of what I like to call The Small Man. You have a small, trivial, silly job; your ambitions consist of accumulating more books and videos while you pursue women out of your league; and you are only too ripe to be taken in hand by a female who knows how to manipulate and drain you, and use you to her advantage.”

He stared at her, feeling the peril of his position. Her stunning looks, from her gleaming black hair to her narrow eyes to the cruel set of her mouth to the lush purple polish on her fingernails, proclaimed her as something far too powerful for him to handle—and too alluring to resist. So maybe he would never get a blowjob from her. Maybe she'd just want him to kneel and give her a foot rub or something while she listened to her collection of classical music. That would be okay. Anything, anything would be okay just to satisfy this need he had to touch her! The only contacts they'd had so far had been when she allowed him a goodbye hug and to give her a little peck on the cheek at the end of their dates.

“When I finally go on tour, they will never forget me!” she said. “Yes, there are many beautiful and super-talented girls on the concert stage now, from Yuja Wang to Khatia Buniatishvili, but my presence will be unique.” Darva paused and finished her coffee. “Are you ready to come home with me now and spend the night?”

“Am I!”

“Are you ready for whatever surprises I may offer?”

“Yes, as long as they're legal and you don't break the skin.”

“I can guarantee the first,” she said, “but maybe not the second.”

Jason waited for her to add to her last statement, “That was a joke,” but even though she didn't, he figured he would be able to take care of himself.

“I’m ready to go back to your place now, Darva. You know I am.”

“Such a good boy,” she laughed. “Now pay the check and we’ll be on our way.”

Jason had never been in Darva’s apartment. They had first met two months ago when he struck up a conversation with her on line at Whole Foods, where he was buying a Greek salad for his dinner. Darva had been buying a fruit cup to enjoy outside near the park fountains at Columbus Circle.

Now, inside her place, he was stunned. It was very large and beautifully decorated, with a grand piano off to one side in the living room. She walked over to it, caressed the black shiny wood, and ran her purple-polished fingertips over the keys. But she didn’t play anything. Instead she stood there in her little black dress and black peep toe heels, simply smiling at him and running her fingers idly through the edges of her long lustrous hair.

“Strip for me, Jason. Take off every stitch.”

“Just like that?”

“Do you have any objections, little man?”

He had none. What could she do except bring him some kind of ecstasy? He took everything off as she stood by with her arms crossed,

gently tapping the carpet to increase his speed when it appeared he was going too slowly.

“Everything?” he said.

“You’re not embarrassed, are you?”

“No.” So he slid down his briefs and added them to the pile. He wasn’t surprised that he wasn’t hard—he was too nervous and unsure from the strangeness of the situation. But he *was* leaking.

“Now give them to me,” she said, holding out her hands.

“Why?”

“Don’t you trust me? What could I possibly do with your clothes? I just want to put them away for safekeeping.” And her Chinese eyes both narrowed and twinkled at the predicament she seemed delighted to have put him in. “After all, Jason, I’m headed for a big concert career—would I do something to damage that? Like keep you my naked prisoner?”

At the words “naked prisoner,” his cock began to harden. He’d had some shameful fantasies of something like that, especially since he’d been looking at femdom videos.

“I guess I trust you,” he said, sheepishly, covering his rising organ with his hands. And Darva took the duds and walked off to put them in a foyer closet.

On returning, she said, “Oh, don’t cover yourself, I love to see men stiffen and rise in front of me. In fact, put your hands on your head.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

So he did. By now his dick was rigid and red and glistening at the tip. Darva walked over and stood close, looking down at it without touching.

“I know how much I turn you on. Keep your hands on your head!” she laughed. “See? Isn’t it easier to just get this over with from the start? Getting you naked as you obviously want to be?”

“Darva, you’re making me crazy...” he said in a soft voice that seemed to beg for relief without using the actual words for it.

“Maybe I *want* you crazy. Someday soon the whole world will be driven crazy by me, when I’m on tour.”

“You know, I’ve never heard you play the piano. You’ve just talked about it, or let me listen to samples of your favorite pieces. Or that time we went to the Philharmonic, where we saw that concerto by your guy Prokofiev.”

“We didn’t *see* the concerto, little Jason,” she chuckled, “we *heard* it.”

“Well, you know what I mean.”

“What if I sat down at the keyboard and just delivered some sick banging?” she said. “Would that make you doubt me? Would that make you

think you were stripped naked in the home of a lying psycho maniac?” And she laughed, clearly *at* him. His cock only felt the harder for it.

“But I *will* play for you now. It’s a piece called *Danse Macabre*, music depicting a line of people being led around by the Spirit of Death, which in the end unites us all—don’t you agree, Jason? Kneel on the carpet while I perform. Keep your hands on your head the whole time, too.”

Jason had never been into classical music, unless you called the music in some of famous movies he enjoyed “classical.” And he supposed it was in that style. When he wrote his website copy, he frequently listened to legendary movie soundtracks on YouTube.

Darva sat down, looked at the keys for a long moment, and then began playing. At first the music was soft, then she began to hit jarring chords as the piece built into a frenzy of menacing sound. Kneeling before her, he watched her pressing on the pedals of the piano with her black peep toe pumps, regulating the sound of the notes.

Darva’s hands skillfully danced over the keys in a growing mix of undertone and graceful high notes that, combined, gave Jason a very creepy feeling. He stared up at her, ever-conscious of his nudity on the carpet, even more conscious of his erection which stood in uncontrollable testimony to his attraction to a female who completely mystified, frustrated, and attracted him at the same time. And who had him strip naked in front of her

while she remained dressed, a weird beginning for their first sexual encounter of any kind. Who knew where it would lead?

He looked down to see her feet in the peep toe heels pressing the piano's pedals to accent and emphasize the sound, and then gazed up to watch the changing expressions on her face. Crossing her wrists in complicated moves, she had a look of triumph and power as if she were taming a wild machine under elegantly manicured fingers. Jason had never been with a girl like this. Every other girl he'd succeeded with had been average, ordinary, although occasionally he had tried to get the ones who, in Darva's words, were "out of his league."

Sometimes Darva's eyes opened wide as if she could actually see the image of a skeleton leading people around—at least, that's what Jason was seeing thanks to Darva's description of the music's meaning.

The middle of the piece was full of showing off for the pianist's hands—and Darva looked very happy with it, smiling as her fingers raced over the ivories in a storm of notes, until the music built to a final explosion before coming down for a soft finish. When she was done, she paused for a moment before looking at Jason again, who was still kneeling faithfully with his hands on his head.

"And that was *Danse Macabre*," she said, "teaching us not to be vain in life because we're all going to end up dead anyway."

“It was great, Darva. You were great! Very interesting music!”

She got up from the piano bench and walked around him. “And that’s all you have to say? That it was great? For a writer, you’re a man of few words. Kneeling there naked with a stiffie, you’re no doubt waiting to see what will happen next. I wish I could strip all music critics naked—so they’d have to sit there feeling bare in the auditorium while I bare myself and my talent at the keyboard!”

“That would be a very interesting concert, Darva.”

Suddenly she kicked him in the butt, making him moan and topple over. “Don’t be sarcastic! I mean it. In fact I’d like the whole audience naked. And if they don’t like the way I play, I’ll whip them! And kick them! And slap them!” And giving Jason another good kick, she went over to the end table next to the couch and got out a small flogger.

*What am I doing here?* Jason thought. *This is getting crazy.* But she looked so beautiful as she scowled, holding the handle of the short-tailed flogger in her purple polished fingers. “What are you doing with that?” he gasped.

She didn’t bother to answer. Instead she came right over and, lifting the whip, brought it down on his ass which he exposed when trying to get away from her. “Owww!” he cried, scrambling, but her arm and aim were too

true, smacking him over and over. When he glanced at a full-length mirror on the wall, he saw a row of red welts on his rear end.

“That’s for your stupid comments!” she snapped. “How much do you care about me, if you couldn’t think of something more intelligent to say?”

“But I don’t know anything about your kind of music!”

“You know that you’re turned on by me, right? You didn’t lose that hard-on for a minute while I was playing. I saw, I have great peripheral vision! I know you wanted to jerk off right then and there, correct?”

“Correct!!” cried Jason. “Watching you play that complicated music, seeing how gorgeous you look, and how smart and strong and so much out of my league you are—yes, I wanted to jerk off! Wanted you to see what you do to me!”

Still holding the whip raised in her hand, she suddenly brought it down on his ass again. “Then do it! Show me that you are my perfect Small Man, ready to squirt and serve a goddess of the piano!”

Jason stared up at her. She dropped the whip to the floor and looked down at him, her hands on her hips. “Jerk that little meat. I want to see just how much I make you hot!”

Jason reached for his dick while not taking his eyes off her amazing Asian face. He grabbed his shaft and tugged slowly, feeling the explosion so close already. Only when he knew he was only moments from orgasm

did he look away from her face, his gaze moving down from the ladylike but low-cut front of her dress to her hands still resting on her hips, to her bare knees just under the hem, to the smooth legs and purple-pedicured toenails in the peep toe shoes. Then he knew it was all over. He lifted up his eyes to hers again, and saw the most incredibly evil smile there—a smile which told him she knew exactly how weak he was for her, and how ready he was for his life to be changed and molded by her.

“Ohhhhhh Darva!!” he groaned, as the spurts of his cum flew into the air, landing all over the carpet.

“Fool! Idiot!” she cried, slapping his face so hard he keeled over on the floor, his cream still squirting, his orgasm almost ruined but not quite.

“Can’t you spray your silly spunk into your hands? Look at that carpet! It’ll take more than your tongue to clean it properly!” And she pressed his face into the puddles of his glop, which he licked up because he was afraid not to; getting both semen and carpet fibers in his mouth. Still, though his eyes welled with tears and his stomach churned with faint nausea—it certainly couldn’t be very hygienic to lick a carpet!—he gazed up at her with awe and longing—all his secret dreams of meeting a truly remarkable female finally coming to fruition. It didn’t matter if she were nasty—if she insulted him—even if she broke his skin with her whip. In her gorgeous fury she clearly *was* a goddess, and he was ready to do her bidding!

Looming above, she finally reached down to take him by the ear and force him to crawl toward what looked like a guest bedroom. There was a large metal cage in there, suitable for a big dog—or a human being.

“I think we’ll be spending the whole weekend together, not just tonight,” she said. “Let’s get you in the cage, slave Jason—you’ll need a good night’s rest for tomorrow!”

*She just called me ‘slave,’* he thought as she turned out the light and closed the door. *Slave.* Although he was drained, the word coming out of her lips made him want to jerk off again.

## CHAPTER TWO

Like most people, Jason had never spent time naked in a metal dog cage, and although the experience was exciting in its kinkiness, it made him upset too and at first it was difficult to rest or sleep. The room was warm and dark, and as he lay on the hard floor of the cage after Darva closed the door and left him alone, he wondered what kind of man he was that he accepted such treatment.

But was it about him being a man? Darva, like most women, did the ultimate choosing of her partners, and if this was the only way she saw him and would accept him, what could he do?

He had never been very aggressive with women and had always looked up to, and felt in awe of, the beautiful ones. Sometimes he thought he'd rather run an errand for a beauty than to sleep with an ordinary girl. But he'd usually put ideas like that aside so he could get laid once in awhile with the women who would have him.

Thinking about all these things, he felt himself getting excited in the dark. He ran his fingertips over the metal bars of the cage as his cock stiffened again, as he recalled how only a little while before Darva had opened the door of the cage and briskly hustled him inside like a puppy, smacking his bottom. It was as if by her actions she literally transformed him into another kind of creature—not a man, but a man-dog.

He lay back in the cage, his ass sore from the welts where she'd whipped him, but his small dick hard in his hand as he masturbated to the sounds of her moving about the apartment while he lay caged as her slave pet. It didn't take long to squirt, and before he knew it he fell asleep with his spunk drying on his naked belly, even as in his dreaming mind he heard snatches of the weird melodies of that composer she called Prokofiev...

When he awakened, Darva was standing over him, fully dressed to go out and poking him with one of her fingernails. His body was stiff, and he felt grungy in his nakedness.

“You’ve got a lot to do for me today,” she said. Then she laughed softly as she opened the lock on the cage door. “I think I’m going to enjoy having a slave. I’m only sorry it took so long to find one!”

He crawled out. “How do you know I’m the right one?”

“Haven’t you ever heard of women’s intuition? Now stand up and I’ll take you to the shower.” The small guest room had its own bathroom. “Now make yourself fresh and then we’ll begin.”

His mind was such a whirl of thoughts as he washed himself, that he finally gave up thinking and just concentrated on rinsing and drying. There was a fresh, still-packaged toothbrush on the sink, so he brushed himself. When he came out, Darva was sitting on the bed, looking over a piece of sheet music. She held it up. “*The Carmen Variations* by Vladimir Horowitz,” she said. “I’ll be working on it today while you do housework and other chores.”

“Can I have my clothes?”

“No. I locked them in the closet and that’s where they’ll stay until I decide otherwise. Get down on your knees—” She snapped her fingers and pointed to the floor. “Now.”

“Don’t I get something to eat, Darva?”

“It’s MISTRESS Darva to you from now on. And of course you can eat. Crawl after me into the kitchen.”

She wore a tight-fitting royal blue sheath dress that accentuated her bottom. Jason felt an intense longing to kiss it and hug the curvy shape to his face. But he was afraid of what might happen if he did so, so he kept his eyes down and followed her naked on his hands and knees into the fair-sized kitchen.

Darva really came from money, he thought, to be able to have such a nice apartment.

“Do you like cereal, slave? Well, you better. There’s a nice bowl of frosted flakes waiting for you in the corner. No spoon, though! Eat them like the doggie I’m turning you into.”

He looked at the half-crunchy, half-soggy bowlful, and then lowered his face.

“And what do we say when a nice lady gives us a treat?”

“Um...thank you, Mistress Darva.”

“Very good, little Jason.”

It was difficult eating this way, and he made quite a mess. His nose and mouth and chin got wet with milk and a couple of times he almost knocked over the bowl as he went down deeper into it. Cereal and milk splashed out onto the newspaper Darva had wisely spread around the bowl.

“You’re actually worse than a dog,” she said when he was done. She wiped his mouth with a napkin. “I’m glad I took precautions. Now pick up

your bowl and wash it out and throw the paper in the garbage. Then we'll get you started on your list of chores."

Jason had no idea what he was in for, but felt prepared for anything. After he washed his bowl and replaced it back on the floor, he crawled behind Darva through her own large and elegant bedroom into her spacious bathroom. "I want you to clean this," she said. "I have a regular maid, but you're going to take over some of her duties. Who knows, you may end up taking over ALL of them! You'll find everything you need under the sink."

He hated the usual boredom of cleaning his own apartment, but this was something entirely different. As Darva stood over him, he took out the bleach and sponges and paper towels. "You just might, sweetie, want to put on those rubber gloves too," she said, and looking deeper into the cupboard under the sink, he found the gloves. "You may also stand when necessary," she said, and he caught sight of himself in the mirror, with yellow gloves the only garb on his body. Turning, he could see the reddish marks she had left on his butt with her whip.

"I'll be back to check on you in a few minutes," she said. "Get to work, slave Jason."

The bathroom already looked pretty clean, although of course he was used to the more relaxed standard he'd set for his own home. He sprinkled some bleach onto a wet sponge and began to wipe the sink. He was just

building up a rhythm to his labor when he heard the doorbell ring, and Darva walking down the foyer in her high heels to answer it. An older woman's voice joined Darva's, but Jason couldn't understand the Chinese. It was the first time he heard Darva speak it, too. Although she'd told him her parents were from Taiwan, she had been born in America and only spoke Chinese occasionally.

Jason was wondering what they were saying. Standing still at the sink, he nonsensically tried to gather the meaning from the tone of their words. Then he heard them walking toward the bathroom, and he closed the door, not wanting the newcomer to see his nudity.

“Open the door this instant!” said Darva. “How dare you!”

He did as she ordered and saw she was with a plain, weary-looking older Chinese woman in a gray top, black pants, and black crepe-sole shoes, who stared at him with no expression until finally Darva said something in Chinese and she smiled ever so slightly.

“This is my maid Li Jing,” said Darva, “and I just told her you'll be making her work load a little lighter. Now, let's see how you're doing on that sink. Not very good, I'm afraid. Clean it again, slave. Quit dawdling! And get to that toilet right after.”

It was so weird being ordered around like this, but in his humiliating nakedness before the two women, it somehow felt appropriate. It suddenly

seemed as if this was what he was meant to do. He scrubbed the sink again as the women walked off, and then he crouched down to scrub the toilet. As he did, he imagined Darva sitting on it, and pictured himself laying on the floor kissing her bare feet as she peed.

“What is wrong with you??” cried Darva, snapping him out of a reverie that had him motionless over the toilet, his erection poking up between his legs. Li Jing stood behind him, that small smile on her lined face again.

“You’re a useless daydreamer!” said Darva. “Stand up!”

As he did, she grabbed his balls and squeezed, making him cry out and bend over. “Maybe if I threatened to have you clean the toilet with your tongue you’d pay better attention! Follow me. I can’t deal with your incompetence just now. You need a hard lesson right away!”

He didn’t have much choice but to follow her, as she still held his nuts. “You cretin! Give those rubber gloves to Li Jing!” The silent woman was following them. Jason peeled off the gloves while keeping up with Darva so she wouldn’t pull his balls off. He awkwardly handed the gloves back to Li Jing just as Darva let go of his sac and pushed him face-first onto the bed in the guest bedroom. Li Jing vanished with the gloves and Jason could hear her go to work on Darva’s bathroom herself.

“Incompetence will be rewarded,” intoned Darva, “but this will muffle your screams.” She turned on the CD player which stood on a shelf in the

corner. “Yasushi Akutagawa’s *Prima Sinfonia*, final movement!” And as the menacing symphonic music came up loud, with an ominous relentless beat, she grabbed a belt and brought it down on his ass full-force.

“You will clean! You will serve! You will do as I say whenever I say it!” And the belt came down on his rear again and again, slashing heat and pain into his flesh as his fingers grabbed the comforter and he buried his cries in the fabric.

It wasn’t like a nightmare, but more like a monstrous fairy tale, and despite the agony he didn’t want to run away, but take everything this beautiful amazing female creature would dish out. After last night he decided to believe that he *was* inferior to her, and that if he dared to be in her presence, he deserved punishment if he didn’t deliver what she ordered.

Meanwhile, the weird and rushing music swirled around the room and she continued to lift her arm and bring the strap down on his bottom.

When she finally stopped strapping him, she stood him up and was disgusted to discover that although he didn’t have a boner, he’d left some pre-cum leakage on the bed cover. She pointed to the puddle with her right forefinger.

“So aroused, always aroused! No matter how much I punish you, it’s about arousal! Is that what you’re trying to prove?”

“I can’t help it, Mistress Darva! I know you’re just trying to make me your slave, but it’s exciting. Maybe it’s supposed to be exciting so it’ll be bearable! Because I don’t like housework, I don’t like crawling on the floor, but you’ve shown me that this is the only way you’ll accept me—so yes, I take your commands! But my cock gets hard! Because I love and desire you!”

SMACK! SMACK! With two quick moves Darva slapped and backhanded his face. “You dare to speak to me like that! I’m not interested in your pervy little love for me! I told you what this is all about: ME! I’m assembling my team and you’re the first member. The second, actually, after Li Jing. I’m going to rule the world of the piano and you are going to be there to fetch and scrub and run and lift and bow and crawl and anything else that I require! Into that corner with you, SLAVE! Face the wall! I want you to think about what your new life is like while I practice the latest piece for my concerts!”

He didn’t want to be disrespectful, but once the floodgates of this dialogue were opened, Jason was eager to talk more. In a way it made him feel more equal to her. But the slaps had really hurt, on top of the strapping. And slaps to the face could be dangerous if he wasn’t prepared for them. She could smack his jaw out of alignment or something; he’d read that online somewhere, because face-slapping had turned him on in the femdom

videos, but he was concerned about whether it was a risk. Still, what he wanted to say to her was this: isn't it a little late for you to begin a concert career? She was already in her twenties. Didn't these classical types have to start even younger? If it hadn't happened yet, would it ever happen? Didn't they have to be child prodigies to go really far? He'd once seen something about classical prodigies on the Internet too.

But he had the feeling if he asked this question, her fury might be too much for his naked self to handle. And so he followed her orders and kept his nose in the corner under her watchful eye. Meanwhile the driving, intense symphonic music she had put on was rushing to its climax. He felt it almost lifting him up in a tornado of notes. Then suddenly it was over.

Darva still stood behind him.

"I'm going to practice the *Carmen Variations* by Vladimir Horowitz. An excellent encore piece! Do you know, slave, where Horowitz got the melodies for variation?"

"No, Mistress Darva." He didn't even know who Horowitz was.

"The opera *Carmen*, by Bizet. The story of a great femme fatale who consumes the men around her, who makes a man so jealous he destroys his military career and becomes a robber and ultimately a murderer. Even though Horowitz was a man, it's a piece that shows off the power of a female pianist so beautifully! Think about Carmen and listen to the music

as you stare at the corner. And don't dare masturbate or rub your ass. No...I have a better idea. You'll stand in the living room corner instead of the guest room, so I can keep an eye on you." Taking him by the ear, Darva guided his barefoot exposed self out of the guest bedroom and into a corner not far from the grand piano. Once he was installed there and unmoving, his hands on his head, Darva went over to the keyboard and began her practice.

She already knew the piece; she just seemed to be fine-tuning it. At first it was playful and it sounded as if her hands were frolicking over the keyboard. The way sometimes her fingers raced up to the higher notes gave him a tingling sensation. The notes also reminded him of water rushing in a stream. There was a fantastic force that came out of Darva when she played...he couldn't help but compare himself, writing about pop culture bullshit all day, and then he felt exactly like what she'd called him, a Small Man. Whereas she was a goddess of the piano. A queen of great music!

The manner in which the piece shifted from playful to dashing and then to a climax of thundering chords mirrored the emotions inside him—one moment feeling like he was just part of a silly game, but then the next caught up in a vortex of intense passion and perversion. The final powerful chords seemed to seal his fate in his mind, the music's force as inevitable as his desire for Darva Chan.

And Darva kept practicing. For at least two hours, working on every phrase of the piece, her hands as unstoppable across the keyboard just as her personality was rolling over him like a tank.

After listening for such a long time, the initial pleasure of the music turned into a kind of repetitious audio torture. If only she would play something else! But he knew he couldn't ask her that.

And after the facing the ivory-colored corner of the room for so long, he also felt hungry and had to pee as well.

When Darva finished playing, it was a relief. He almost felt like crying, even though the music still echoed in his mind. He decided it would be okay now to ask her if he could pee.

"Of course, little man," she said, giving his bare butt a slap. He flinched and almost squirted some pee, but stopped himself just in time. "Li Jing!" she called. The older woman quickly appeared from the other room.

"My little slave has to make pee-pee, and it's also time for his lunch. I want you to supervise him while I get ready for my lunch date. While I'm gone, take him into my office and have him straighten up my desk and shred all that useless junk mail I've accumulated. Then have him thoroughly dust and sweep the office from top to bottom."

Apparently Li Jing understood English well enough, although she hadn't spoken it thus far. And being put under the thumb of Li Jing instead

of being supervised by Darva was yet another form of torture. The unsmiling older Chinese woman really made him feel like a true slave, and not part of an erotic game. And what was this lunch date Darva had?

His mistress went into her bedroom and closed the door. Jason looked longingly at it, then Li Jing led him into the guest bathroom. He was horrified that she wouldn't let him close the door, and then, pointing at the toilet, indicated with gestures that he had to sit to pee. She cracked a small smile only when, after he sat there for five minutes in frozen embarrassment, he finally let loose with a stream.

A moment later Darva came out of the bedroom only in her lingerie. She looked so sexy in the black and red lace. She was making herself alluring for another man, he just knew it. He sat humiliated, still on the pot in front of stern Li Jing, and peed some more. Then suddenly he blurted out, "Where are you going, Mistress Darva?"

"You have no right to ask, slave, but I will tell you. I have a date with my future concert promoter, Ray. One day he'll have my name up on the huge posters at Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall! Meanwhile—do you know where my black and red court shoes are, Li Jing?"

The older woman hustled immediately out of the bathroom while Darva stood there and looked down at Jason. "So how does it feel being ordered

around like the Small Man you are?” She crossed her arms above her smooth tummy with its innie navel.

“I do feel small. But somehow I don’t mind it from you, Mistress.”

“That’s because you know it’s your correct place in life. I have lunch dates with Big Men, and I have my chores done by Small ones.”

“Yes, Mistress Darva.”

“Ohh, is that another little stiffie rising up? You’re all done making pee-pee?”

He covered his face in shame spontaneously and almost girlishly, saying nothing. Then a few moments later he felt a rough calloused hand pulling him up by his boner. It was Li Jing—she had just handed Darva the shoes she’d been looking for. “Go with Li Jing to the kitchen now, little Jason. You have a lunch date, too—with your bowl!”

Jason let himself be led by his still-rigid penis into the kitchen—*oh why didn’t it go down with this ugly old woman holding it??* Li Jing had him kneel on the floor in front of his bowl. She took out a small plastic baggie from the refrigerator and dumped cut-up chunks of hot dogs into the bowl, then poured in some cold water.

Darva appeared in the doorway, still in her lingerie but wearing her black and red high heels now. “You see, slave? While you were in the corner listening to me practice, Li Jing made you a nice lunch!”

It looked gross, the frankfurter chunks in water, but he was really hungry so he lowered his face into the mess. Jason didn't even think the average dog ate so poorly, but not being a pet owner he couldn't say for sure. But this concoction filled him up, and keeping his face in the bowl gave him an excuse not to look at Li Jing and her chilly stare. She reminded him of the peasant women he'd see sometimes in the background of kung fu movies on cable.

He was a little more accustomed to the bowl now, so he made less of a mess. When he was done, he washed the bowl and replaced it on the floor; then Li Jing led him into Darva's office.

She really had a fantastic apartment. His entire studio apartment could fit into her living room, but wouldn't even fill it! Darva had told him on one of their dates that her father was a wealthy businessman and had set her up in this apartment so she could pursue her musical interests in comfort. The office, however, was the smallest room he'd seen there so far, and also the only messy one. The desk was full of junk mail, for one thing. His task, Darva instructed, was to shred it. *Why shred it?* he thought, *why not just throw it out?* But from this, he realized, she was teaching him the way of the slave; it wasn't for him to question, but only to obey.

At least a gallery of photos on one wall, all pictures of Darva, made it a little more tolerable to spend his Saturday afternoon doing this mindless

work under the watchful eye of the sour old lady. He decided he would stare at the photos as much as he could while he worked. It was a little bit of defiance, but it made him feel better.

So there, naked, sitting on the desk chair, he fed piece after piece of junk mail into a noisy shredder, while Li Jing simply stared at him.

Finally Darva came into the office to say goodbye before her date. She wore an intricately patterned, elegant red and black blouse; black pencil skirt; and those black and red heels, altogether a chic, sophisticated ensemble which only served to remind Jason once more that she was out of his league and he was lucky to be in her life and presence in whatever way she chose.

“I hope you like my picture gallery,” she said, pointing to all the beautiful photos, some candid, some studio portraits. “I’ll use some for my concert promotion packs. That’s what I’m going to be discussing with Ray today—promotion—among other things!” And her brittle laugh told Jason the “other things” were probably going to be sexual. She came so close to Jason he could smell her wonderful, flowery perfume. “How are you coming on this shredding, slave?”

“Fine, Mistress Darva.”

“I expect this room meticulously clean too, when I return. I’ve been so busy it got cluttered, and I felt guilty asking Li Jing to clean it. I’d much

rather you did it, little man.” She playfully slapped his cheek.

“Yes, Mistress Darva.” He was really getting into addressing her like that.

She turned to the old woman, who sat quietly in the corner like some kind of statue. “And remember, Li Jing, if he gives you any trouble, you must let me know! But don’t hesitate to discipline him yourself if you must.”

The old woman nodded without changing expression, and then Darva left for her date.

### **CHAPTER THREE**

It was one of the hardest working days he’d had in a long time, but he perversely came to love every minute of it, despite the glaring eyes of Li Jing. He was naked throughout and by now felt transformed by it. Transformed by having given over ownership of his day and his actions to Darva and her maid, Li Jing. The work was tedious but he would look up and see Darva’s sexy face in one of the photos and he would think, “I’m doing all this for Mistress Darva.” And he would shred the junk mail faster and then straighten the desk more briskly and dust the shelves more thoroughly.

But he kept getting boners, which apparently he couldn't completely hide from Li Jing, and which finally enraged her. Abruptly she hurried out of the room, and when she came back, she held Darva's small flogger.

"You dirty, you dirty!" she cried, able to speak at least a little English, smacking his butt with the whip. "You work! You work! No dirty thoughts now!" And she kept whipping him until he curled into a ball on the floor.

"Now back to work, dirty mind slave!"

So he got up and resumed his toil. He dusted and swept under both Li Jing's judgmental eyes and Darva's seductive ones which peered at him from her portraits.

When he was finally done, Li Jing surveyed his work. "You stupid, lazy," she said, "this done bad!" She found dust on the shelves and on the edges of the window. "Into cage with you till Mistress return. Stupid! Lazy!" And although she was shorter than he was, she grabbed Jason's ear, pulling him down to the floor to crawl, and then she led him back to the cage in the guest bedroom.

When he was locked in the cage again, she went to the office to get something. It was a photo of Darva. "Here, slave boy, pull cock while you wait for Mistress. You have long wait, ha-ha!" And she turned on all the lights in the room, and then left him in there with the door closed.

He'd lost track of time while doing the office cleaning, but he guessed it was about six in the evening. He'd been naked for almost twenty hours—naked, caged, spanked, slapped, whipped, humiliated—and in that short period of time he came to feel differently about himself. Only yesterday he had been busily doing his job for the website, writing and editing his copy about city events, restaurants, gossip, movies, celebrities, trends—trivial stuff, maybe, but it entailed responsibility and paid the rent. Now he felt less like a man and more like an animal in his continual nudity—and like a human slave no longer in charge of his destiny.

He wondered where Darva was now. She'd had a lunch date, but it was already evening—a long lunch! He thought back to their several dates, chatting with her, telling her (when she broke off from her almost continuous monologue) about his own work, his love for action movies like vintage samurai and kung fu flicks; and about his few unhappy relationships with women, particularly with a girl he'd gone to college with and who now was a successful lawyer. Darva would listen for a few minutes, then go back to chattering about music or her many interesting vacations in Europe, Asia, or South America; and of course, about her ambitions. Did she go on like that with her lunch partner today too, or did she respect him more and listen to him more as well?

Did they go off to his office or apartment for sex?

He looked down at the beautiful studio portrait Li Jing had given him. It was just a head shot, but almost everything he loved about Darva was in it: her captivating, hypnotic eyes, her haughty cruel mouth, and her beautiful fingers with their purple polish. It was enough to send him off into erotic fantasies that took the edge off his solitude.

But wasn't this entire day with Darva like an erotic fantasy? What did he need her picture for? He could just close his eyes and lay back on the cage floor and see her standing over him, laughing at him, pointing at him, ordering him to crawl or clean or eat like a dog from a bowl...but no, the picture was near and he had to see her face! See her beautiful cold eyes as he lay naked on his back getting hotter and harder, unable to tear himself away from her dark dangerous eyes and that cruel but gorgeous mouth which had called him "fool" "idiot" and "cretin"...

He exploded on himself, one hand on his dick and the other holding the picture so close he could almost imagine her breath on his face.

Then, dropping the photo on his bare chest, only inches from where he had spunked out his load, he fell asleep.

He only awakened when Darva and her date came into the room. He looked up to see them staring down at him, holding hands. Ray—he

remembered the guy's name—didn't look like her concert promoter, but more like a boyfriend. He was tall and handsome, with an Errol Flynn-like face. Jason thought that his attractiveness was a better match for Darva's beauty than his own more ordinary looks.

"You finally got yourself a slave," Ray said to Darva, almost as if Jason weren't there to hear.

"So far he's been as good as can be expected," she answered. "When he fucks up, he gets punished."

"Naturally," said Ray. "He should be a good addition to your concert tour team."

Jason lowered his eyes to Darva's feet in her red and black pumps. He pressed his face at the bars of the cage, wanting to get closer to her toes in the open fronts of the shoes. Darva noticed this. "How cute!" she said. "He wants to kiss my feet right now!"

"Do you want to let him out of the cage?" said Ray.

"No. He can kiss my feet some other time, when he's earned it. Right now I want to have fun with *you*, Ray."

Jason retreated from the bars as he watched Darva lead Ray over to the bed. "Don't you want to go in your own bedroom, Darva?" Ray asked as she ran her hands over his chest through his shirt.

"No, I want my slave to see what he's missing—and will never get."

“Suit yourself,” laughed Ray. “I don’t mind!”

And at those words Darva pushed him back on the bed. While Ray propped himself on his elbows and watched, Darva stood at the foot of the bed and slowly stripped out of her clothes. Off came the blouse and skirt, then the lingerie and shoes, until she was naked in front of her lover. But there was nothing submissive about her nudity, unlike Jason’s. It was an affirmation of her beauty and power. Jason stared, as Ray stared, at Darva’s curves and soft skin, her black hair tumbling down her back. How cruel it was to Jason that after all his fantasies about Darva, this was the way he finally saw her naked! Jason stroked his cock in awe as she moved toward Ray, kneeled in front of him and took his big dick out of his pants. Ray didn’t disrobe, but naked Darva was clearly the one in charge as she stroked his inches with her beautifully manicured fingers and then took him into her mouth. Suddenly Jason grabbed the bars, almost in despair, and stared through them with ever widening eyes as she took her man’s meat deeply into her haughty, sensual face. *That was what I wanted!* Jason’s mind screamed. *I wanted you, Darva, as a man, not a slave!*

But he knew, especially now, that he would henceforth only know her as her slave, that any other possibilities were erased after being kept in a cage like this and subjected to such a show.

Humiliatingly—as well as making the best of the situation?—Jason kept tugging his cock. He was leaking like crazy, on the verge of orgasm, but he didn't want to cum yet; didn't want to watch this spectacle without being excited all the way through. Because it *was* a sexual game in the end, wasn't it? Darva was probably as excited by his humiliation as he was by her beauty, perversity, and the embarrassment of it all. When she finally climbed on top of Ray's shaft to ride it like a cowgirl, Jason could see the glint of deep wetness in her shaved pussy, and he was convinced that Darva was drenched with excitement both from the sex and her cruel treatment of her slave.

Jason looked up at the bed as Darva rode Ray's meat, her medium-sized breasts bobbing with each thrust and lurch of her crotch. Ohmigod she was beautiful, yes a true goddess! And then suddenly Ray cried out, and Jason knew, even as his own load exploded over his hand onto the cage floor, that Ray was filling Mistress Darva's goddess cunt with hot wet filthy cum—even as she twitched and shook in her own climax, her mouth open wide and her eyes scrunched tight in her spasms.

Then it became quiet, except for the breathing of all three of them. Jason slumped down, his face against the cage floor; but Darva's pretty pedicured feet, hanging over the side of the bed, were still in his view. Suddenly he visualized her naked feet pressing the piano pedals as she

played something from her repertoire...her toes and soles pressing and then releasing, pressing and then releasing again and again the shiny golden pedals as she controlled the sound from her instrument. If only he hadn't just cum, he would have started stroking again to such images!

Then, incongruously, his mind suddenly wondered where sour old Li Jing was. Probably Darva had sent her home when she returned with Ray while Jason was still asleep in the cage.

The silence was only broken when Darva whispered to Ray, "Now!" and Ray got up, put his dick back into his pants (because he had never got undressed), and walked over to the cage. Jason watched with both curiosity and horror as Ray opened the sliding lock on the cage door and motioned for Jason to crawl out. Jason hesitated. He liked obeying Darva sexually but he didn't want to obey a man. When Ray snapped, "Come out now!" he still waffled, but finally feeling totally helpless in his nudity and slavishness, he decided to comply. Even more humiliatingly, though, Ray took hold of Jason's ear to guide his crawling—right over to Darva's damp pussy, which lay open between her spread legs as she looked down at Jason with an almost maniacal smile.

"Clean me up, slave," she commanded. She slipped a finger into the deep wetness and pulled out a gleaming string of Ray's spunk.

"No, Darva, please—"

She sat up and slapped his face once, twice, three times. He couldn't escape because Ray was still holding his head by the ear.

“What was that you said?” Darva snapped. “What did you call me?”

“MISTRESS Darva, I mean! Please no, don't make me do that—”

“You have no choice, little Jason; you are a SLAVE!” Darva said, taking his head in her hands and plunging his mouth against her hole.

*Why don't I fight back?* he thought as his tongue lapped out the salty thick cream of his rival, which was then swallowed down into his slave belly at Darva's stern command. *I didn't fight back because all I want now is to obey her. She may make me do gross or disgusting things, but if I keep obeying her, it will be okay. I will FEEL okay. She will take care of me ONLY if I am a good slave,* he told himself with a clarity that almost felt like a new credo for his life. Yes, he believed this now with every fiber of his being as he sucked out the juice from her Big Man. When he was done, Ray put him back in the cage, and the two of them turned off the lights and left the guest bedroom. “Go to sleep now, slave,” Darva called out, pulling on a robe. “I'll see you in the morning.”

Completely drained sexually and emotionally, and hungry too because he hadn't eaten food since the hot dog chunks at lunch time, Jason settled on the floor of the cage, and eventually, out of sheer exhaustion, fell asleep.

## CHAPTER FOUR

“Time to get up, slave. Up!”

Jason snapped awake. The first thing he saw were Darva’s bare legs through the bars of the cage, and then he felt the sour stale taste in his mouth from last night’s degradation. His body was stiff from his confinement in the small space.

The door of the cage was already open and Darva was gesturing he should get out. Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he did as she ordered, and then she commanded him to kneel. She wore a simple yellow flower pattern frock and high heel red platform pumps, and looked completely rested and refreshed.

“We’re going to start the morning with some questions,” she said.

“What were you dreaming about?”

“Um..nothing, Mistress.”

“You’re lying. What were you dreaming about? You were moaning and groaning in your cage this morning while I was getting dressed in my bedroom.”

“I can’t remember any dreams, Mistress Darva.”

“Liar! You were defying me in your dreams, I just know it. I want to punish you for that!” She sat down on the edge of the bed and picked up a

small towel she had put there. She draped the towel across her lap. “You’re getting a spanking! Over my knee!”

“But Mistress, I—”

“NOW!” She pulled him up by his arm and threw him over her lap. Before he could even attempt to resist, she tugged his right arm behind his back and wrapped her right leg around both of his. Naked and in position, he was ready to get it.

SMACK! went her hand down on his bottom. SMACK! again and again. It stung like crazy, on top of yesterday’s strapping and whipping of his tender cheeks, but he didn’t want to resist. He wanted to be a good slave, and if she felt he deserved this, then he would take it. But the more her hand came down on his butt, and the more she snapped that he was a disobedient liar who couldn’t be trusted even to sleep, the more he could feel tears and shame welling up, as he realized full well the kind of Small Man he was letting her turn him into; a much Smaller Man, probably, than he had ever been before.

Still he knew if he really wanted to resist he could have pushed himself off and gotten up. But he didn’t want to! No chains were as strong as the ones in his mind. He WANTED to submit!

From out of the corner of his eye he could see himself in the mirror; over her lap, nude and tamed, held in place by her firm purposeful arm and

relentless hand.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK, it was almost like the heavy chords in some of that music she played, except his ass was the keyboard and nobody would be applauding a performance like this.

The feeling of her strong arm keeping him in place was humiliating enough, but even more so was knowing that although his cock wasn't hard under her blows, he was leaking from the dirty excitement of his embarrassing position. Which was why she had wisely put that towel down there.

His ass felt hot as a griddle the more she spanked, and his face was finally wet from tears and drool as he succumbed to the pain and the awful knowledge of what he was becoming with each passing minute.

The warmth of her lap under the towel and against his gooey dick made him think of what he had done last night at her crotch, eating the cum of her lover.

And where was Ray, anyhow? Finally numb from the pain, his mind wandered. Then suddenly Darva ended the spanking and pushed him off her lap onto the carpet.

“Kneel, slave.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“From now on, no more rebellions in your dreams.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Don’t just ‘yes’ me. If you haven’t learned your lesson, the next spanking will be worse and you’ll spend a day in the corner afterward.”

“No, Mistress. I mean, yes Mistress, I will not defy you in my dreams.”

“Good. Then soon it’s time for your breakfast. First shower and shave and brush your teeth, then crawl into the kitchen.” Without another word, she left the guest bedroom.

His body aching, he stood up and went into the bathroom and cleaned up. He had been naked now for about thirty-six hours, since Friday night. He saw by the digital clock in the bathroom that it was ten-thirty. He had slept a long time.

He got down on his hands and knees and, crawling into the kitchen, continued his first Sunday as a slave.

All she gave him for breakfast were bits of bread, soaking in his dog bowl of water. Of course, he thought, that’s all I deserve. Anyway, it would help him lose a few pounds...he’d been putting on a bit of a belly lately sitting all day at home at his computer writing for a website.

Darva sat at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee. Li Jing was back, fixing some kind of food platters on the counter. She was dressed in a

shapeless beige frock and white flat shoes. There was no sign of Ray.

Darva sipped her coffee. As if reading his mind, she said, “Ray left, but he’ll be back later for my regular Sunday afternoon salon. Li Jing is making the appetizers.”

“Salon?” he said softly, adding quickly, “What kind of salon, Mistress?”

“A musical salon. My friends and I perform for each other.”

“Will I be there, Mistress?”

“Only when it is time for me to perform. I want to try out an idea I hope to use on my concert tour.”

“Idea, Mistress?”

“You’ll see, little Jason.”

“Will I be naked even then?”

“Of course. A slave has no reason to be embarrassed by nudity. You’ll realize that eventually, I’m sure. Your initial discomfort at being naked in front of strangers will change to acceptance of it as your natural slave state.”

“Where will I be the rest of the salon, Mistress?”

“In your cage, of course.”

“And are you going to be playing one of the those pieces you’ve been practicing since I’ve been here, Mistress?”

“No, I have something else I already know very well. And to me its sound is symbolic of your experiences here since Friday night. It’s a piece by the Russian composer Prokofiev, and I’ve renamed it ‘The Femdom Sonata.’ I’m sure you’ll understand when I explain it later, and you hear the piece.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She smiled, picking up a cupcake from a platter on the table. “You’re so polite this morning. Why?”

“I want to follow your instructions and be a good slave.”

“But why?”

“Isn’t that what you want, Mistress? Didn’t you lay down the law and tell me this is the only life I’ll have with you?”

“Maybe eating my man’s cum changed you in some way, too. Maybe now that you know how low you’ll go, you want to be comfortable down there on the bottom of life.”

“Yes, Mistress, that makes sense.”

“I think you really believe it does, little Jason, and you’re not just trying to appease me.”

“No, Mistress, I believe it. I might not have believed it earlier, but I believe it now.”

“And I suppose for that attitude you want a reward of some kind, slave?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Of course you do. Bread and water must be so dull. Perhaps you’d like this chocolate frosted cupcake?”

He looked up at the pastry with a kind of wonder, as if it were something he never expected to have again.

“I take it from your expression that your answer is yes, slave?” She narrowed her eyes.

“Yes, Mistress Darva.”

“Then enjoy it!” she laughed, reaching down with the cupcake in the palm of her hand and abruptly crushing it into his face, pressing it until it was a chocolate and cream mess all over his chin, mouth, nose, and cheeks.

She’d moved too quickly for him to back away, and he sat there with sad glossy eyes at this new and unexpected humiliation.

“Did you honestly think you would have the privilege of eating it like other people, slave? Well, it’s all over your face now. Use your fingers and enjoy.”

He rubbed off chunks of the cupcake and frosting and put them in his mouth. He knew he must look ridiculous, but he couldn’t help himself. As he finished most of the delicious cupcake in the manner which he obviously

deserved, Darva looked down at him with a raised eyebrow, crossed her legs, and then pointed at her right shoe. “Now that you’re done with the cupcake—” She tossed him a napkin to wipe the remaining mess off his face. “—I want you to lick my shoes. They’re a little dirty, and I want to see your tongue skills at heel and sole cleaning before I wear them at the salon.”

Jason looked down at her heels. The idea of cleaning shoes she’d clearly worn on the street repulsed him. Eating cum had been bad, but this almost turned his stomach.

“Uh, Mistress, can I—uh—clean them with a cloth?”

“No, you may not. Stick out your tongue and start with the right sole.”

“I can’t, Mistress Darva. It’s too unhealthy. Who knows where your shoes have been?”

She laughed. “I don’t like my slave to have limits. You’ll trust me and do as I say—or else!” And she slapped him.

“I won’t!” he cried. “I’m not getting some fucked-up disease because you want to feel like a goddess!”

She stared agape at his impudence. He could see the anger in her lips. Then she stood up and took him by the ear and led him crawling out of the kitchen. As they left, he saw Li Jing flashing a little smile at his predicament while she continued to work on the hors d’oeuvres.

Darva dragged him into the guest bathroom. She had him kneel as she took a washcloth off the shelf, wet it, and then rubbed it with the bar of soap. “There’s only one cure for somebody who talks back to his mistress that way,” she said, taking his jaw in her hand and pressing the soaped-up cloth against his lips. “Open, slave!” He resisted but she was persistent and soon her fingers, covered in the cloth, were washing out his mouth with the bitter soap. Along his lips, on his tongue, on his gums, and on the inside of his cheeks, she probed and wiped out the obscenity of his defiance.

The taste was horrible and he wanted to spit, but it was still better and safer than licking the soles of her shoes! Had they finally reached the point beyond which they couldn’t go?

Once she was done washing his mouth, she gave him cups of water to rinse and spit. It took a long time, but still he could taste the soap.

“*Now* are you ready to lick my soles?”

“No,” he gasped. “I want to serve you, Mistress, but not at the cost of my health.”

“So you’re saying a strong slave will be a better slave?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, bowing his head. “I guess I am.”

“You don’t have any objections, sir, to kissing the tops of my shoes, however?”

“No, Mistress, but maybe I can wipe them off first...?”

She grabbed him by the ear again and dragged him to the cage. “Just my luck to get a hypochondriac slave!” she cracked. She opened the cage door and pushed him in. “For all your defiance, you can stay in your cage until it’s time for your appearance at the salon. There are preparations to make, and a stupid little doggie like you would only get in the way.”

“What do I have to do in my appearance, Mistress? And will there be many people here?”

“Just enough to guarantee that you will feel the full weight of the humiliation you deserve!” said Darva, laughing, turning out the lights and closing the door as she left him in the dark once again.

It was Sunday morning, he was in the cage, and he hadn’t worn any clothes since Friday night. How much further could this go? What would this day bring? What would Monday be like? He had to resume his website work, after all. Could he go back to his apartment and his work and still be Darva’s slave?

She was obviously so angry at him still that she didn’t even want to use him as a slave to help Li Jing get the apartment ready for the salon.

He crouched in the loneliness of his cage and wondered if there ever had been any other kind of chance for him with Darva. But as soon as he thought of the amazing way she played the piano, he was reminded of his intense feeling of inferiority and decided things were working out the only way they could.

He lost track of time in the dark, but then realized he was hearing other voices out in the living room, and that the musical salon was beginning.

How strange to be laying naked like this in a cage while all those people out there talked music and art and culture!

He imagined them taking the hors d'oeuvres as Li Jing passed them around. He wondered if he was jealous of her duties. Maybe if he continued as Mistress Darva's slave, he would serve at the next salon.

Ultimately, the guests settled down and the music began. The first number was a sweet but melancholy piece that was announced with a German title that went by too quickly for Jason to make out. Enthusiastic applause followed after the performance, then more talking. Then someone else got up to play (he could tell because the voice was different announcing the piece). This time it was something light and sparkly by an Italian composer.

Jason lay on the floor of the cage and wondered if he looked like a lonely dog. Yet the music soothed him too, relaxed him and made him

almost forget where he was and what he had become.

Another German piece, serious and kind of unhappy, was played next. It sounded as if the notes portrayed a dialogue between two people, and Jason thought of his back-and-forth with Darva about shoe-licking. When that soft but emotional piece was over, there was again more enthusiastic clapping, and he could hear Darva telling everybody to relax for a few minutes before she came back to do her own piece.

Suddenly the door opened and Darva came in, still wearing the yellow frock and red heels she'd had on earlier. She turned on the light in the guest bedroom and closed the door, locking it. Without saying a word to Jason, she went over to the closet and got out a new outfit—a black leather dress, black opaque hose, black stiletto boots, and black gloves. The typical kind of mistress gear that he'd seen countless times all over the media and online, but things he had never seen Darva wear before.

As he crouched in the cage, his cock stiffening, Darva took off her yellow dress and shoes. Underneath she had lacy yellow matching bra and panties, which she also removed, boldly displaying her nudity. She then went back into the closet and took out a black satin bra and panties, trimmed with crimson lace.

“I can see you watching and wondering, little Jason. And as I dress, I'm going to explain what you're seeing.”

“Do you always dress in black for your salons, Mistress?”

“Not at all. This is the first time. Today is the debut of Darva Chan: Femdom Goddess of the Piano, a role that it’s taken me a long time to find but which will soon be known the world over.” She put on the bra and panties.

“Only a few months ago, on the Internet, I discovered the world of femdom. I had been aware of such things but never of the extent. I discovered the perverted world of femdom video clips too, where dominant ladies make submissive men do all sorts of nasty degrading things.” She sat down on the edge of the bed and slowly tugged on the black opaque hose.

“You might say I became addicted to those clips. I watched them, seeing all sorts of things I might want to try with the right submissive man. Like CFNM, Clothed Female Naked Male humiliation. Like whipping, spanking, verbal abuse. Like shoving a cupcake in a man’s face!” She laughed. “And shoe-licking and mouth-soaping. All those kinky cruel things I’ve been practicing on you—except for the shoe-licking, obviously.” Standing up, she pulled the tights over her hips.

“Yes, the more I explored femdom in my mind and fantasies, watching clips and masturbating, the more I knew I needed someone to practice on in Real Time, as the saying goes in the dominatrix community. And you were

the slave I finally selected. Be honored, little Jason! There were others who came before you who didn't make the grade.”

She took the black dress off the hanger and stepped inside its snug folds and pulled it up her body.

“But my interest in femdom had special meaning for me musically as well. I realized it was the angle—the hook—the ‘brand’ I was looking for. And I found a concert promoter, Ray, who not only felt the same way and agreed to take me on, but became my Big Man lover too.”

Now that the dress was on, Darva reached behind herself to zip it up. Then she put on the boots, which came up just under her knees, their stiletto heels gleaming and dangerous.

“My love for femdom spilled over into my music and that's when it occurred to me that one of my favorite pieces, one of the things people know me for performing, actually reminded me of the femdom experience. Prokofiev's Seventh Piano Sonata in B flat major, known as one of his World War 2 sonatas, seemed to capture in sound what I imagined a mistress and slave relationship would be like. I hadn't had such a relationship yet, but I guessed it would feel like a combination of the tumultuous and the tender, just as the music is. And this weekend, as you and I explored dominance and submission together, I discovered I was right

—my interpretation of the music fit all the things I felt as I took you on a journey from normal life into degrading, humiliating slavehood!”

Finally finished zipping up the boots, Darva stood and went over to the mirror, where she put on the gloves and then surveyed herself front and back, running her hands over her black-leather-encased body.

“As for you, slave Jason,” she said, looking at him in the cage through his reflection in the mirror, “you are part of this debut of my new persona. You are going to help me provide for my friends a preview of what my future concerts will be like!”

Crouching in the cage, Jason could find no words to comment. Mistress Darva seemed light years ahead of him and of any other woman he’d ever known—even his ex-college girlfriend, the lawyer, who was pretty damn sharp and had reached the heights of being an assistant district attorney. He hadn’t seen her in many years, but frequently saw items about her career in the newspapers. This femdom music angle of Darva’s was wild and unique; he could recognize that even without being an expert in classical stuff.

“After our performance today, your choice will be simple, little Jason. Give up your job and apartment, move in here with me, and become my full-time 24/7 slave. I have plenty of money to afford a slave’s meager needs. Or, go back to your Small Man’s existence, your mundane job, and

your lost wandering life of dreams going nowhere. You can tell me your decision after the salon. Meanwhile, now it's showtime!"

For a moment, Jason wondered if Darva were a bit crazy as well as brilliant. He almost laughed when she said "it's showtime!" But what if she *were* a little nuts? That's what he lacked in his existence, always opting for the safe. She brought a new dimension of danger to his life and he was starting to appreciate it.

Coming over to the cage, Darva unlocked the door and ordered him out. "On all fours now, slave Jason. Today you are my horsie." She opened wide the door of the guest bedroom, then mounted Jason. With her small flogger, she slapped hard on his red, welted ass. "Now move, slave, move!"

And so Mistress Darva Chan rode into the salon on the straining back of her naked slave Jason.

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

Jason could see the audience's startled eyes as he carried Darva into the living room. Although they all apparently knew Darva, they couldn't hide their shock as she came in on the back of a naked man, smacking his ass with her flogger.

“All hail the Femdom Goddess of the Piano!” announced Ray with a flourish of his hands, as he stood off to the side.

“Stop here, slave,” said Darva, digging her stiletto heels into his bare thighs. He obeyed immediately and Darva dismounted. Without hesitation, she began to flog his butt, quickly bringing his face down to the floor.

“After a lifetime of searching, I have found myself!” cried Darva, leaning over and continuing to sizzle his seat with her relentless flogger. “I draw sheer piano power from the subjection of slaves to my whip!”

“But Darva—” cried one of the audience, an elegant young woman who’d dropped her appetizers in horror. “How could you—?”

“If men want to serve and scrape, I say let them!” decreed Darva, hands on her hips, the flogger dangling at her side now. “There are men everywhere freely declaring their desire for servitude. I decided to find myself a slave and benefit from his base desires. Kneel before me, slave Jason!”

Trembling on knees weakened from exertion, he did as she ordered.

“Am I your goddess?” she asked him.

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Will you serve my every command?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Then hold my whip in your mouth like a good doggie while I play The Femdom Sonata!”

Jason opened his lips as she placed her flogger between his teeth, then bowed his head with his hands on his knees in subjection.

Darva walked to the piano. “This is only the beginning. One day I will be on the great concert stages with twenty—fifty—a hundred slaves at my feet. I have truly connected with my ultimate personal musical force through my new practice of female domination over the male!”

Slowly she pulled off her black gloves. “I can see by your eyes that you are puzzled, even horrified. What is this ‘Femdom Sonata’ of which I speak? It is none other than Prokofiev’s Seventh in B flat major. I had a revelation. I recognized in its mix of turbulence and tenderness a perfect analogy for the relationship between a mistress and her slave. Slaves—and mistresses—everywhere will hear their narratives in this music, if only they are open to receiving it.”

Having taken off her gloves, she placed them on the top of Jason’s head. “Don’t drop my gloves, slave...or there will be hell to pay.”

Jason felt the gloves on the top of his hair, and they tickled a little. But he vowed not to move. He only wished he could look up and see the reactions of Darva’s friends to her wild speech.

“But the composer wrote this sonata as his protest against both war and as a subtle dig at Soviet tyranny!” cried one man.

“It doesn’t matter!” countered Darva. “I hear the journey of a mistress and slave in this music now. From the strangeness of the opening with its pounding chords like the pounding of a slave’s heart as he encounters femdom for the first time...then to the softer second movement as the journey continues into the many details of obedience, worship, and service...as the slave thinks about what he is doing and what Mistress is making him do!”

“No, no, Darva, this interpretation is a travesty!” cried one older man.

“Silence!” she barked at him. “I refrain from any harsher words because you are my friend and teacher from the conservatory...but I will not tolerate these interruptions any longer!

“As I was saying, the journey continues in the second movement, which turns from peaceful to discordant and ominous when the slave’s false sense of security is challenged as he realizes that no matter how much Mistress is pleased, she may turn stormy at the drop of a pin!

“Which brings us to the famous final movement with its furious chords and machine-like power to remind all minions that Mistress must be satisfied, or no gods in heaven or hell will save them from the consequences!

“And with these words, I give you The Fendom Sonata by Sergei Prokofiev, Number Seven in B flat major.”

Darva sat right down at the keyboard and without any further ceremony, began to fiercely play. Jason, naked and kneeling alongside the piano, the whip in his teeth and gloves resting on his head, knew he must make a truly ridiculous sight, but he tried to stop thinking about himself—and the steady leakage of his hard penis at this whirlpool of humiliation—as he became caught up in the wonder of her performance.

Because he could tell as she played that everything she had described in the music was indeed there for his ears to perceive. The storm of the opening chords reflected his own swirling feelings as Darva first put him in his place as her slave; then the shift of the music from the jagged rhythms to more mysterious wondering tones reminded him of the unfamiliarity and uncertainty he felt as he began domestic service under her stern critical eye and the humiliating stare of Li Jing. And then finally, as the sonata exploded in its final minutes into the frightening terror of the discordant rising and falling notes, he recalled what he'd felt last night, trapped in the cage as he was cuckolded by Darva and Ray and then, with a pounding in his heart and ears, was led to the ultimate cataclysmic humiliation of cleaning her creampie. Yes, the music reflected all these memories, as he

knew they must reflect Darva's view of the events from her own perspective as mistress.

So consuming was the music, and so thunderous the finale and the instant applause when she was done, that Jason didn't even realize her gloves had fallen off his head to the carpet and lay like the handprints which Darva's power had left on his soul. He supposed he would have hell to pay for this infraction...

But Darva was so delighted—girlishly so, in fact—by the largely enthusiastic reception of her friends to her performance that she didn't even notice he'd let the gloves drop. He quickly replaced them on top of his head when she stood up and bowed to accept the accolades of her salon.

Except for one prim female naysayer nearby whom he could hear, who wondered why Darva had to “soil her talent by stooping so low with this perverted approach,” none of the other performers had gotten this type of wildly enthusiastic response. And Jason realized, from his own knowledge as a website writer about pop culture and entertainment in the city, that Darva had passed a crucial first test of a unique performer: her talent was great enough, and her show entertaining enough, that she would be forgiven and even indulged in her eccentricities as long as she delivered the stunning performances for which her fans would worship her. Music had lots of examples of this today.

And he realized that if he performed up to her standards as her slave, that one day he would be bowing before her on the stage of Carnegie Hall as she mesmerized the whole world as the cruelty queen of the keys....The Femdom Goddess of the Piano!

## **EPILOGUE**

After the clapping died down, Darva had Li Jing lead Jason back to his cage. Even in the flush of the triumphant debut of her new persona, she did not forget he was still her slave.

Back in his cage in the guest bedroom, he was subjected to visits by various members of the salon, who wanted to see up close for themselves the man who totally submitted to their daring friend Darva.

But although women and men came in to stare and ask him questions, he was not allowed to speak. “You stay quiet, your Mistress commands!” snapped Li Jing, and then she settled down in a chair in a corner of the room to make sure he followed orders.

The deep shame of his exposure to all these strangers made him feel he had transformed into a stranger to himself. And yet he felt a deep connection to Darva in his own new persona.

After everybody finally left, in the latter part of the afternoon, after eating all the hors d'oeuvres and drinking all the wine and coffee he himself was denied, Li Jing brought him a bowl of lettuce without any dressing or other vegetables. She took him out of the cage and told him to eat his slave meal while he waited for mistress.

The lettuce was so plain but he chewed it hungrily after not having had anything to eat since his breakfast of bread and water. He was immersed in sticking his face into the bowl and pulling the lettuce into his mouth when suddenly the shadow of his mistress came over him. He looked up, stopped eating, and quickly kneeled in respect. It was amazing how fast he was learning, almost by instinct, the correct ways to behave.

“You did well today, slave,” said Darva. “As I learned from my piano teachers, the wise master knows when to praise as well as to punish. So, have you made your decision, little Jason? Will you give up your old life for this new one at my feet?”

He had indeed thought a lot about it throughout the afternoon, alone in his cage during the rest of the salon. And he said, “Yes, Mistress. I want to serve. I want to give up my old life and have this new one with you.”

Darva, as magnificent as ever in her black leather dress, tights, boots, and gloves, smiled down at him. “I look forward to your serving me. We shall have many interesting hours together. But remember, you **MUST** obey

my commands. I will not tolerate, without severe punishment, arguments like the one we had earlier today about your licking—or not licking—my shoes.”

Jason held his tongue. He wanted to again argue against the idea of licking street-dirty soles, but he dreaded displeasing her and immediately enduring slaps or spanks or whipping. He wanted to please her, but was this going to be the issue that tore them apart? Would she punish him until, totally broken, he succumbed to the unacceptable?

“Well, slave, as I also know from the world of music, masters must be benevolent despots to get the best out of their charges. Like a conductor with an orchestra. And so I present you with the soles of these new boots to lick—boots which I have never worn on the street, and never will. They will be used only in our private hours.” And she sat down on the bed, lifted up her right boot, and showed him the unblemished sole.

“These have only walked across the carpets of my apartment. Acceptable, slave?” She winked at him, breaking her haughty mistress persona for just a fraction of time. And now he knew she was truly his goddess forever!

“Thank you, oh thank you, Mistress Darva,” he said, hugging her foot to his face and lathing the sole with his subservient tongue. “Thank you for not trying to destroy me!”

“That would be counter-productive, little Jason. After all, then you wouldn’t be able to go on tour with The Femdom Goddess of the Piano! And now, you may take out that pathetic unit you call a penis and squirt out some of your pent-up lust. Consider it my thanks for your superb deportment at today’s debut!”

Jason held his mistress’s boot in his right hand and adored it all over, while he stroked his cock with his left. He licked all over the top of the boot, then lapped long and lovingly at the sole. Then he took her other boot in his hand and kissed and lathed all over that. The taste of the leather was intoxicating and filled him with the ecstasy of his lowness before her. He was her slave, and he would do her bidding! He pressed his lips to her sole and it almost brought him to tears.

And the last thing he saw before his cock exploded into the air was the glorious haughty beauty of her timeless Asian eyes.

**THE END**

## **AFTERWORD**

I hoped you enjoyed this ebook! I tried to do something a little different with this story, combining my love of femdom with my interest in classical music. I really admire classical musicians and their amazing skills, and I also find it very erotic to watch a dynamic female pianist in action. I imagine I'd succumb to a real-life Darva Chan just as quickly as slave Jason did!

Please take the time to leave a short review on Amazon to let me and other readers know what you thought of this novella, and if you'd like to see Darva Chan return in another story. Also check out my other ebooks at <http://www.amazon.com/Irv-O.-Neil/e/B005KA6DZQ> for more femdom erotica enjoyment. You'll meet an amazing array of dominant ladies in my stories LEARNING TO BE CRUEL...TOES ARE FOR SUCKING...SPELL OF DOMINANCE...SHE MADE ME A CUCKOLD ON BLACK FRIDAY...NAKED BEFORE HER...THE DOMINATRIX WHO COULDN'T DIE...MOMMY'S LITTLE DUNCE...and DOMINANT CHINESE TWINS ENSLAVE WHINY MAN.

Thanks for reading!—Irv O. Neil