Dependence

His Manhood is No Longer His Own

A Tale of Erotic Female Governance

By
Gillian Ormendroyd

SFPG

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“Dependence”

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One

The noises he was making were music to my ears.

Noises that were… *needy.*

Animal.

Pitiful.

So far down the natural pecking order had I taken him.

"Nnnnnggggggh," was the latest of the grunts to exit what was a rictus of a mouth as he tried to make his all too rare pleasure last; knowing it was extremely unlikely I would allow him a more… *considered*… opportunity to repeat the experience the moment this one was complete and I out him back in the…

A simple reflection on the situation and thoughts that would have been unthinkable less than a year before, was enough to flood my nether-regions with a need of my own and ensure he would have *work* awaiting him when his latest release was complete.

Satisfying to him or not.

He was naked, of course, while I was fully dressed, my hand a blur as he knelt in front of where I sat on the edge of the sofa and pumped a steel-hard cock that was a long way from the reticence and disinterest it had shown in me at the beginning of our… *arrangement*. A *long, long,* way. As per my insistence, his hands were clasped behind his back deferentially while he endeavoured to maintain eye contact with me; knowing my attentions to his now underused penis would stop if he took his eyes from mine.

It was my intention, you see, that he be under no illusions as to who had the power to provide him with his release and, by forcing him to stare into my eyes, I made it difficult for him – not impossible, I realise, but certainly more… *complicated* – to visualise it was a woman more in keeping with his own tastes who was working his painfully needy cock so expertly and with such… *ownership*.

I could also tell that, now I was the *only* woman capable of providing him such pleasure, and intended to remain so for the long and foreseeable future, that his whole mindset towards me was undergoing a seismic and quite unwilling as I became more and more the figure of authority his life, in my view, had been so sadly lacking.

My decision to remain clothed made *not* from some obsession with CFNM, though it was not an unpleasant fetish for me to contemplate, but reached simply because of my own self-consciousness. He was after all, two years short of his fiftieth or not, a very handsome man still with a body that, if not buffed and six-packed in the way of the more self-involved and obsessed younger man, was lean and perfectly proportioned.

Which, if you have not already guessed, is not quite the situation with me.

I will not go into a long drawn out description of myself as, despite the iron-will that has enabled me to place such a man in such a position and the self-confidence necessary

to even consider doing so, let alone actually achieving the feat, I have been aware since childhood and the cruel and unconsidered jibes of the playground that I was never likely to become the type of girl or woman my youthful dreams imagined me as being.

Suffice it to say; I am not the kind of tall and willowy late twenty-something with boyish breasts and elfin features, so beloved of the catwalk and camera lens alike. Rather, I am full-bodied, some would say *fat*, or a *"BBW"* woman as the Internet terminology has it in kinder terms; a *"Plumper"* when not so mindful of the feelings of the object viewing such output.

My face is fleshy but retains a certain… *feline*… quality that pre-empts the description *"ugly"*, while my body-shape is without question hour-glass but, and emulating one writer's description of the condition, I gave the impression of one who had been poured into her body and forgotten to say *"When!"*.

Taken with my short and strong legs; which, while not unshapely with their exaggerated calf muscles; give the impression for some reason of a no-nonsense librarian or some other form of supervisory capacity; I am not, I'm sure you will agree, centre-fold material.

But there it is. We make the most of what we are given. Which is why, rather than try to disguise my shortcomings, I emphasize them. Explaining the crisp white shirt against which my overripe melons thrust and the figure hugging and business-like two-piece skirt and jacket that, with the help of opaque pantyhose in the deepest black and spiked navy court shoes to lend me some much needed height – I am five-feet exactly in my stockinged feet – add to that impression of a no-nonsense woman.

The above impression one that has – missing catwalk figure, or not – gained me a fair amount of attention during my twenty-eight years from men whose interests lie in a more… *disciplinary*… direction.

Men, I hasten to add, who have yet to be of any interest to me and *never* will.

Unlike the example whose cock I hold imprisoned in my hand as he makes valiant efforts to maintain eye-contact with me lest I release it.

"Ahhhnnnnnggg!" came another expression of his need and the obvious fact he was trying to prolong it in order to experience for longer those sensations that had once been his to provide and were no longer, virtually wobbling before me with hands clasped behind his back as he attempted to steady himself against the explosion he could surely sense coming.

I continued to pump his cock, fascinated at the way it pulsed in my controlling hand and certain in the knowledge his eyes would be in place and awaiting the return of my own when I raised them once again, so attuned to the demands of his female Pavlov becoming.

Keeping a steady rhythm, regardless of the effect it was having on him and his attempts to prolong the sensations, I gazed down the length of his cock, as if staring down the barrel of a gun.

A gun with my fingers on the trigger and *never* his.

Not anymore.

“Don’t you dare spurt your filthy stuff until you have my permission,” I warned him, his eyes waiting to greet mine as I raised my head; this even as I did my utmost to ensure just that; the delicious prospect of *‘punishing’* him for his infraction afterwards only serving to make my own crisis imminent

“No,” he grunted, his first intelligible word since I’d taken his cock in my fleshy and commanding hand. “No. Oh, no!”

My lips curled with the cruel joy of my still growing and *definitely* ongoing domination.

Tightening my grip, I increased my speed, knowing I had him and his surrender was forthcoming.

Suddenly, unable to restrain himself, his eyes closed.

“Open your eyes this instant!” I snapped, slowing my ministrations but not stopping them completely; a warning shot across his bows. “Unless you prefer to go back into your cage for another month.”

Even as the words left my mouth I knew how totally amazing it was that I, Glenda Bantock, a junior accountant with a company so large my existence within it barely registered, could be speaking in such a way.

And to such a person!

Here I was, telling John Durrant, a managing director no less, and still an object of some desire even at near fifty to the women who were my fellow employees – temptations that I knew went a long way to explaining his divorce of the previous year – that he either obeyed my humiliating directions or I, as his keyholder, would be locking him away for another month.

Maybe more.

It was incredible!

And without doubt, when taken as a whole, probably the single most erotic thing that had happened to me in my young life to now.

The eyes that opened instantly and fixed upon my own were as fearful as they were needy and I absolutely loved it.

“Good boy,” I praised him demeaningly, encouraged by the way his already girder-hard cock twitched and became yet more excited by what could only be humiliating to him.

So far had I taken his subconscious down the road to complete submission.

“Don’t be disobedient again,” I told him, wondering how his colleagues and subordinates would view him if they could see his current predicament, and just *who* was its cause.

I slightly increased the motion of my jerking hand and was rewarded by a tightening of the balls I cupped in the other.

"Do I hear an apology?" I asked, eyes not leaving his and absolutely thrilled by what I described to myself as the growing… *obeisance*… in them.

His breath caught in his throat, struck I'm sure between the conflicting desires of my hand upon his cock and the cupping of his scrotum, his sense of growing submission, and the ever-present need to take me by the throat and squeeze until the breath left my body.

Then, in a voice so… *humbled*… I would not have believed it was his, had I not been there in the flesh to witness it:

"I… I'm sorry… M-Ms Bantock."

"You will be if you forget again, little Johnny," I warned him, absolutely adoring being able to treat this handsome man old enough to be my father in such an insulting and contemptuous way.

By way of a counterpoint to my warning and what future disobedience would mean for him, I allowed the hand controlling his cock to become motionless.

The gasp that seemed sucked from him involuntarily, even as he tried manfully to maintain eye contact with me, was unmistakable for being one of loss.

"I've been pleased with the way you've adapted to my authority over you and I like the way our relationship is developing," I told him, knowing only too well that he would prefer there to be no relationship at all; his opinion of me as the worst kind of female deviant no less evident to me for being unvoiced. "But I will end it just like *that,*" I brought up the hand cupping his scrotum and snapped my fingers, "if I feel I'm not receiving the obedience and respect from you I deserve."

His eyes told me the same story they had been telling me from the first moment he succumbed to the hold I had over him – this after initially denying, then blustering and threatening, until, the last wall of his resistance to fall, he began to plead and offer money for my silence. He may well have embezzled money from the company's pension-funds during and after the divorce proceedings that left him in a pretty poor place financially, and the fact I was the only, low-on-the-totem-pole, employee to discover it. But this did not make me any the less mentally disturbed and perverted.

So, f*****g what?

He hated me.

Duh!

That was part of the point for me.

What use to me was a slave who welcomed his servitude?

None whatsoever to me, you can be assured of that.

It was his *unwilling* obedience that thrilled me. That and the knowledge it would always be given in part grudgingly. The part that *was* given willingly given being a tribute to my conditioning of him and the fact I was the only and, if had my way, the last woman who would ever know him in either a sexual or emotional way.

And his terror of the custodial sentence that would be sure to follow should I make his crimes public knowledge – not to mention the financial hardships and shame that would follow – gave me the clout to not only continue and be thrilled by his submission but to actually embroider upon it.

"Make me believe you understand that, and intend to go on serving me to the best of your ability," I told him, "and I'll pull off your poor neglected little cock and give you permission to spurt when I think you're ready."

My eyes widened challengingly when his own reflected the horror he took from my words back at me, and, sure enough, it was need that again won out over… *self-disgust*:

"P-Please, M-Ms Bantock," he began, manly eyes as moist as those of any little girl chastised by a primary school teacher. I know all too well how serious you are and that when you say something you mean it. Please believe me when I say I mean to do my best to please you and live up to your high-standards."

It was bullshit of the highest order, of course, and he did not mean a word of it.

And yet…

Whether he believed what he was saying simply to have me allow him his rocks off, ultimately made no difference. The fact was, he had said it and been forced to say it. By *me!* He might still be an important man with the company – for as long as I allowed it, that is – but, when he was in my *company* there was only one boss.

His less than complimentary thoughts when it came to his young master – *god, how that word thrills me* – were, consequently, as nothing to me. Whether he liked it or not – and we already know the answer to that – I was the dominant force in his life now. In keeping with my orders, and much to the amazement of senior and junior colleagues, he had started to *"court"* me at the workplace and we were now considered an item – albeit of the most unlikely kind.

If only they really knew.

But it was the moment I broke his resistance and finally got him in the cock-cage that my power began to increase in a way that seemed almost exponential.

And if the sheer euphoria and sexual fulfilment I took from having such a man so firmly under my thumb was a guide, I could envisage no time in my future when I would be without it.

Constant wetness seemed to be *de rigeur* for me these days, in fact.

"I am glad to hear it, little Johnny," I told him, a slight up and down movement of my hands upon the slippery foreskin imprisoning a still iron hard erection letting him know he was winning me over. "You had a long run with all those willing women who cost

you your divorce, but that is now at an end. There is only one woman in your life from now on and whether you get to spurt your little cock again is entirely at *her* discretion."

I allowed myself a very brief pause before adding:

"Unless, of course, you prefer to take on the role of a woman for the cell-mate they're sure to assign you after tour conviction."

The look of utter fear upon his handsome features told me I had made my point and I decided to give him the satisfaction his good behaviour of the past month had earned.

Only to receive a nasty surprise the moment my palm was again in place at the base of his scrotum while the other brought itself up to full piston speed.

Before I could take evasive action, wishing to prolong my teasing of him as much as he was desperate for the sensations to continue, I felt his sac tighten and his hips start to jerk.

"Aingggghhhhooo!" he screamed suddenly, head thrown back as his cock jerked spastically in my hand.

Hot cum scalded my cheek as rope upon rope of his pent-up and caged desire erupted from the cock I had teased so expertly; going on to land in my hair and upon my forehead.

Then, taking me completely by surprise and ensuring an anger of white-heat that would make his punishment for catching me unawares as painful and humiliating for him as I could make it, another rope left his still pulsing penis and shot straight into my open mouth.

And yet still I kept on pumping. Working his cock for all I was worth. Determined, despite my need to punish him for his infraction, to make his release one he would not soon forget, that the power to satisfy it would become all the more magnified in his thoughts.

And then, as suddenly as his orgasm had started, it stopped.

With one long moan of pure satisfaction, mixed with the regret he felt for the fact his own cock would soon be locked away and taken from his own… *management*, his chin sagged to the chest I insisted he keep depilated at all times – in keeping with the rest of his body – and started to soften.

Glancing with disgust at the remnants of cum that had found their way onto my hand, I scrunched up my face and spat out his cum.

Directly into his face.

The look upon his face as he came down from his high and took in my fury was almost enough to send me to a high of my own.

He was in trouble now and knew it, the afterglow of his eruption quickly dispersed by the negative adrenaline of pure fear.

Fear of me!

A fleshy young woman with feline features who worked for him, and of whom, not a short time before, he would barely have offered a simple *"Good morning"*, let alone have the whole building know he was in a *"relationship"* with her.

"Go to the bathroom and fetch the moisturised tissues," I barked.

He made to rise.

"Fetch them on all-fours; you disrespectful piece of shit!" I ordered, relishing being able to give full-vein to anger that was as unjust as it was liberating; knowing that so cowed did I have him that he would not dare take me to task for my unfairness.

The sight of his naked and hair-free arse as it crawled towards the bathroom would have made me laugh had I not been so intent upon maintaining my posture of utter fury; not to mention the desire inspired by being able to command such servile behaviour from him.

As fetched the desired tissues, eyes fixed to the laminate flooring and unwilling to meet mine, I wondered what all the women at the workplace, be they placed high or low, would think of the high and mighty John Durrant now.

I also wondered what they would think of me.

Would they be appalled or simply jealous?

Once again: who gives a flying *f**k?*

When her reached my hosed feet, still clad in the same shoes I'd worn to the office – and smelling suitably *ripe* – he rose to his knees and fumbled to pull a tissue from the packet before – sheepishly - offering it to me.

I snatched it from his hand and started to clean myself as he knelt there looking like nothing less than a beaten dog. A simile that appealed to me and one I could see myself transforming into a metaphor. It would, after all, be a quite delicious way of emasculating him further when I had him so trapped and dependent there was no possibility of him fighting me on the subject.

Still sheepish, he just knelt silently and handed me one tissue after the other until I was *semi* clean. Though, interestingly and another tribute to my growing authority over him, he hadn't taken advantage of his trip to the bathroom to wipe his face clean of the cum I had spat onto it. The knowledge left me elated.

When I was finished I simply sat there for a moment as if deep in thought on the subject of his behaviour.

"I distinctly remember telling you to wait for my command," I accused him at last.

"I… I'm sorry, Ms Bantock," he began in a beaten voice, still unable to meet my eyes. "I was just so…. So…"

"Disobedient!" I snapped.

"But…"

“No, buts,” I told him, punctuating the admonition by bringing my foot up between his legs and giving him a gentle kick to the scrotum.

Not so gentle his recently emptied balls weren’t capable of having him jack-knife at the waist and spilling the wind from his lungs as his forehead landed upon my hosed thigh; leaving him a position that smacked too much of defeat and genuflection for my already overheated cunt not to head further towards meltdown.

“You were selfish, disobedient, and ungrateful.”

Taking a handful of his still lustrous and thick hair, I hauled him upright, pussy heading further towards meltdown when I saw the unabashed tears of pain and shame streaking his spittle stained cheeks.

My voice took on the tone of a school-mistress whose patience had been stretched too far and regretted the action she was going to be forced to take

“Johnny, Johnny,” I began. “What on earth am I going to do with you?”

“I'm… I’m sorry, Ms B-Bantock,” was all he could stammer, all too aware of how ludicrous it was for a man of his standing to be in such a situation and completely at a loss as to how to free himself of it.

“You didn’t even have the decency to give me some warning so I could have aimed your little cock away from my face.”

As a side-note, I’ll have you know that although his cock wasn’t big exactly, neither was it small either. It was altogether average, in fact. But it gave me no end of pleasure to see the look on his face when I described it so disparagingly.

Handsome or ugly, intelligent or ignorant, men are nothing if not easy for a clued-up woman to manage and condition.

The handsome and intelligent, upon giving it some thought, probably more so that the latter challenged pairing.

“In your selfish haste to take your own pleasure without any regard for me commands,” I berated him, “I was covered in your pitiful semen.”

I indicated my shirt.

“You even got it on my clothes… And that’s without mention the presence of the filthy stuff in my hair and my mouth.”

“I’m s-sorry, Ms Bantock,” he muttered, still looking down as I took him to task as if he were a guilty schoolboy and not a forty-something man with a pressurised position and responsibility over others.

Shoving him away so that he fell to his back upon the laminate, I rose and walked over to a cupboard.

Half opening the door, I reached inside and retrieved the object I was seeking; taking pains that he couldn’t see it as I made myself back to where he had risen to his knees.

“Am I good to you?” I asked, re-seating myself while being careful to keep the onject out of sight behind me. “Do I not treat you fairly and with consideration?”

“Yes, Ms Bantock,” he answered, lying through his teeth and pleasing me just the same; acknowledging my power over him by supplying me with an answer that was the last he would have preferred to give.

“Am I the one keeping your worthless embezzling arse out of prison?”

He nodded.

“Don’t nod at me like some insolent animal, or I may just be tempted to treat you as one,” I hissed at him, my earlier reverie picturing him as my canine instrumental in my choice of words.

“Forgive me, Ms Bantock. Yes, you are the one keeping me out of prison.”

“Is that all?” I demanded.

“I… I…”

“Do I not let you worship my superior young cunt every night?”

The cheeks of my handsome and older supplicant turned a wonderful shade of crimson as I reminded him of the nightly ritual that was such a departure from the oral sex he was more used to receiving than giving from the coterie of adoring female admires he had been used to indulging him in such a manner.

A wonderful shade of crimson for me, that is.

“Yes, Ms Bantock,” he all but whispered.

“And, in return, all I expect from you are some domestic duties and to escort me out to eat or to dance on occasion,” I said, knowing how much he hated being seen in company with me and the astonished looks he received for his choice of… *lover*. “And for no more than this and your respectful behaviour and obedience, I unlock your cage and give you a handjob when I deem you’ve earned it.”

“Yes, Ms Bantock,” he responded, the fervour of his responses, I suppose understandably, lowering now that his *need* had been taken care of for the moment.

“All this I do for you,” I went on, “and yet you cannot show me the simple courtesy of containing your excitement until such a time as I give you permission to express it.”

I waited, then:

“Or is this just your way of trying to tell me I’m I being unreasonable?”

The look on his face told me just that and something else.

He was far too afraid of me to confess the fact.

“Yes, M… Um, I mean no, M-Ms.”

I looked at him for a long moment and he tried to meet my gaze, only to drop his own seconds later, unable to sustain the contact. Another tribute to my growing influence

and control over him. But even when his eyes met with the laminate and my foot in its navy court tapping impatiently upon it, I knew he could still feel my eyes burning into him.

The sensations that swept through me as I sat there feeling my governance of him moving into more uncharted, and therefore more exciting, waters, were unparalleled to this point and I knew I was addicted to this human bondage that was turning out every bit as thrilling and completing as the childhood dreams that had become teenage fantasies had always promised.

I also knew that I would do everything in my power to ensure that not only would these sensations continue but that I would do everything in my power to ensure *he* remained the man providing them.

For the longest time I just sat there staring at him, knowing he was aware of my scrutiny despite the fact he could not bring himself to look the cause of his disgrace and humiliation in the eye.

My gaze, had he possessed moral fibre enough to meet it, would have seared him to his very soul, and my next words were unlikely to fetch that same soul any respite:

"Stand up now and place a dining-table in the centre of the room."

Now his eyes did meet mine, only now puzzlement joined the shame and self-disgust I could see vying for dominance behind them.

He was not puzzled for long.

"I want you to lower yourself over the back and clutch the chair legs with your hands," watching as a certain… *comprehension*… began to dawn upon him as a picture of the position this would leave him in formed in his mind's eye.

A *position* that was *not* open to interpretation.

"You…?" he began, face a picture of belief yet disbelief, as he sensed just what it was I might be concealing at my back. "Surely…? I mean, Ms Bantock, you surely can't be thinking of…? Of…?"

"Punishing you?" I supplied for him, suffixing his own question with another question that was both an answer and a form of mockery on my part. "Chastising you, like the wilful and disrespectful boy you were not moments ago? Taking your naked white arse to ask for having the temerity to shoot your pathetic cum onto my clothes and into my hair, as well as my mouth? Treating you as the juvenile whose behaviour you have replicated?"

God, it made me so hot to take such a tone and a stance with someone so far above me in age, position, and looks!

And to know he felt absolutely powerless to do the slightest thing about it.

"Now do as Ms Bantock told you and present yourself for her," I ordered him, referring to myself in the third-person, for some reason, adding an extra element of… *control*… to the proceedings for me.

Expecting him to at least try and persuade me otherwise, to plead and then beg for me to reconsider – much the same way he had on that first occasion when I had locked him in the cock-cage I had decided upon after much research, I was surprised when he rose to his feet with a resigned air and deprived me of hearing him beg by moving to the dining-table to do as I asked.

Surprised and a little disappointed, if I'm honest, as hearing this once-proud man whine and grovel was a huge turn-on and pleasure for me.

Though I felt sure the whining would soon turn to screaming and the grovelling to outright begging once I introduced him to my new… *friend*.

For those women amongst you reading this and minded to try the motivation of a penis-cage upon your man, I should tell you the device I decided upon – and after as much research as it is possible to make without being in possession of a cock oneself and having spent some time locked in such a contraption – is called the BON4M and comes in a variety of sizes. It is crafted from rust free stainless steel and has been tested and pronounced *very* secure.

When the polished stainless steel chastity cage is locked into placed and secured by locking pins to the ring which is tightened around the scrotum, it truly empowers the one with keys to those pins.

In this case, *me*.

I promise you, the glow that lights my inner-self when I recall the look of total fear he turned upon me as that final lock clicked shut will *never* diminish, and, should you be persuaded to take your own route towards total control of your own male creature, I'm positive you will identify with my feeling of self-satisfaction that comes with having taken power from another living being of the opposite and brute sex.

The moment I slid the key onto the thin silver chain I'd bought for exactly that purpose, and saw the look of demoralisation and defeat as her placed it around my neck and fastened the clasp, I knew that my childhood and teenage ruminations on the subject of such personal control had come nowhere close to describing the true possibilities and extent of that power.

But back to the moment:

Looking every inch the condemned man he was, he placed the chair where I'd directed and simply stood looking at it as if a few thousand volts of electricity were ready to conduct themselves through it the moment it made contact with his bare flesh. The memory of the orgasm he had been longing for over the past month and just been granted was, I could tell, and just as I wanted, forgotten. Though I knew, and again as I wanted, the power of his emissions as he knelt at my feet and let loose would soon have him seeking a replication of the conditions once the cage was locked securely about the cock and balls I now owned again.

"Do what I asked you to do," I snapped as he hesitated, and was gratified to see him wince in much the same way a dog winces when hearing the displeased tones of a master.

A condition which before long, I promised myself, he would acknowledge as my well-deserved standing in regard of him.

Even as he hated himself for doing so.

“That's my good boy,” I cooed, walking up behind him and laying a possessive hand upon the shapely and masculine arse-cheeks that were now upturned to face me.

He was, I realised to my utter joy and sense of achievement at having already taken him this far, shaking, his whole body it seemed, from the tips of his toes to the top of his lowered head in a constant and nervous motion.

Which was the exact point when I produced the wooden paddle from behind my back.

The same instrument of domestic discipline I had ordered online before I had even started work at the company employing us, and the same paddle of retribution that – along with a number of trusty vibrators - had inspired many a feverish bout of self-satisfaction simply for having such an item in my possession.

“This is going to hurt you far more than it will hurt me,” I told him. “But feel free to holler and scream to your hearts content. There is, as you know, nobody around to hear you, and, even if there were, rescue for you would only mean a different and more unpleasant form of punishment when the reasons for your punishment became apparent – as they undoubtedly would.

Of course, I neglected to tell him that such an uncovering would have embarrassing after-effects for me also – though nowhere near as the Draconian aftermath awaiting him. Besides, I had always been something of a loner, so people and their opinion of me, good, bad, or indifferent was not a concern. And neither were neighbours. After all, the modernised farmhouse on the fringes of Chigwell left me by an equally reclusive uncle who had been my sole remaining family and I his, was far enough away from the nearest road which, of itself, was not a busy one anyway.

Feeling like a small child about to experience her first time upon a much anticipated fairground ride, I raised the paddle up high over my shoulder and flashed it down onto his unprotected buttocks.

The result was electric.

In both him and me.

I actually felt my panties flood as that first blow struck and he screamed out in agony as the paddle I had long dreamed of using proved every bit as effective as I had hoped it would be.

“Get back over that chair,” I snapped, it taking an effort of willpower not to just swoon and fall to the floor under the power of my own *immaculate* orgasm, as it were.

Unbelievably, howling and clutching he arse as he was, he obeyed.

“Move again,” I assured him, “and the ten I intended giving you will increase to twenty. Understand?”

The voice that – *finally* – reached my ears was piteous and seemed unrelated to the erstwhile mature and powerful man from whom it was emitted.

My next blow evinced only a grunt form him and I knew he was doing his best not to look even weaker than he was by trying not to show his pain.

He grunted again with the third – though louder.

By the seventh stroke, however, he was out-and-out crying in a way in which he surely couldn't have cried since he was a prepubescent.

When the tenth and final stroke landed and, true to my word – I'm a firm believer in conforming to the word one has given; how else does one set an example, I ceased hostilities. The man I was fashioning into a follower of the most abject kind was nothing short of a broken wreck and was obviously not made of the more durable material his looks and position hinted at for him to be in such a condition after what I considered so little. Not only was he too screamed out to be capable of nothing more than the most pitiful sobbing, but his arse was the most fiery red and, in the places where she had struck most repeatedly, beginning to bleed.

I laid a cooling hand upon the battlefield I had made of his backside and was rewarded with a whimper to accompany his sobs; this as his whole body continued to shake with shock at his first experience of punishment from the hand of a dominant and determined woman.

Be she young enough to be his daughter and intended to repeat the process on a regular – and deserved – basis or not.

"Stay in that position and don't you *dare* move," I warned him unnecessarily, sure he felt incapable of moving at that point and, even if he was, had no desire to do so and trigger yet more pain from his lacerated buttocks.

At this point, you're probably thinking I'm nothing more than a vicious little sadist and, quite possibly, a borderline sociopath into the bargain.

Hmm, elements of the former, certainly.

The latter?

Forget it.

Killing and maiming were anathema to me.

Even the physical pain I had just inflicted upon my older chattel was no more than gravy when it came to the essence of my motivations.

You see it was mental, not so much physical, dominion over a man that I treasured. To have put myself in such a position of control over his senses and intelligence that he would submit to whatever indignity I demanded of him – n matter how much it debased and demeaned his sense of his own masculinity.

That was the holy grail of interpersonal relationships for me.

And a giving fate had placed John Durrant in my path that I might experience it.

For, if I had any say in the matter, as long as it was humanly possible.

Returning from the bathroom, bottle of soothing calomine to hand, I poured a healthy amount over the welts and lacerations with which I'd criss-crossed his arse and was rewarded with a sigh of relief and – though I found it hard to believe right then – gratitude as I gently smoothed the skin into his abrasions.

He was still sighing with relief and what, I'm sure, was unwilling gratitude, when my fingertip found itself at the entrance to his anus and, almost subconsciously, began to trace gentle circles around the perineum.

"N-No, please," he mumbled, seeming to sense my intention almost before it had even occurred to me.

Unfortunately for him, it had now.

"Oh, yes," I told him, aware that had I been able to see my own eyes they would have been sparkling with joy – unholy as that joy would have been.

"Ughnnnnnng," he grunted as my finger insinuated itself inside his most intimate place and pushed deeper until I could no longer see my second knuckle.

"P-Please," he begged. "Don't do this, hmm, Ms Bantock. I'll be good from now on, I promise."

That he was pleading with me after the fashion of a schoolboy desperate to avoid just retribution – despite the fact we both knew it wasn't *just* at all – sent an incredible warmth through me. It just felt so… *right*. No matter I was not so far gone in my depravity I couldn't accept its total wrongness.

Knowing a thing and doing something about it, however are…

I'm sure you understand without any need on my part to finish the above train of thought.

"Please," he begged again. "Not this."

"Just relax and enjoy it," I said, leaning down to whisper in his ear, my sibilance rustling the tiny white hairs I could see inside his ear lobe. "I'm told it can be very pleasurable so long as you don't fight it."

I had, of course, been told no such thing, but he wasn't to know that and, at this point in my growing mastery of him, a little reassurance couldn't hurt.

Without further ado, I pushed my finger in all the way and was rewarded with the sound of the air leaving his lungs and the sight of his body shuddering as his virgin anus spasmed against the invaders.

Waiting a few moments to savour the feeling of having taken his rectal cherry and the soft and barely audible sobs that came from him at its loss, I then slowly eased my finger from his arse.

Then, just as he was thinking the worst had passed, I thrust the same finger back in again and, this time, began to work it to-and-thro; unable to decipher the sound my action drew from him as pleasure or discomfort; though had I been forced to place a bet on the most likely I would have plumped for a mixture of both.

“That's my lovely obedient boy,” I cooed. “Take it all in for Ms Bantock.”

His subsequent moan was equally hard to decipher; though it was far, far, more vocal.

Pouring another liberal helping of calomine onto my second finger, I spread it between finger and thumb while keeping my first finger embedded inside him.

Sensing my intention, he tried to relax his sphincter, all too aware that fighting the invasion would only make it hurt all the more.

It was not a successful attempt and he couldn't help himself from tensing up around my finger in a vain attempt to force it out before the others joined it and he was lost.

“Stop that this instant!” I barked. “Unless you want to feel the handle of my broom inside you instead.”

I slapped the tender flesh of his left buttock to underscore my intent and he jerked with agony as my free hand brought his only recently lotioned abuse flaring back into life.

Again and again I hit him again, lost in a frenzy of sadism that should have mortified me and, instead, sent my passion for his torment off the chart.

And something else.

Something I had read about in tales of men punished in such a fashion and been unable to bring myself to quite believe.

His cock, flaccid and soft after its recent exertions and the pain of his paddling, was now jerking with each hit as if it actively welcomed the torment being placed upon.

As my second finger slid in, to the accompaniment of my free hand raining down upon his unprotected and angry looking buttocks, he let out a long, low guttural and quite, quite, pitiful moan.

“Are you enjoying this, you disgusting pervert?” I demeaned him, wiggling my fingers in his arse to emphasize my point.

“Aghnnnng...”

“Are you saying you want me to stop before you make me angry by having another unauthorized orgasm?” I asked him, not waiting for an answer and invading deeper, hooking a finger upward in search of the sensitive spot I had read of in the many books I possessed on subjects of the kind; even if I was limited in my practical experience of such matters.

Inexperience or not, I knew that not only did the *“spot”* in question exist, but that I had found it when he all but jack-knifed and, once again, copious amounts of cum began to spurt from his still unfettered cock onto the laminate-floor below.

“I’ll take that as a no,” I said as he shuddered in the ecstasy of his defeat below me.

His still jerking cock prevented any coherent response and I withdrew my fingers and retreated back to the sofa, crossing my powerful little legs and watching in comfort as he caught his breath and I endeavoured to perform the same miracle with my own.

The two of us, you will have guessed, breathless for diametrically opposed reasons.

Then, as he gingerly found his way to a standing position with the aid of the chair-back, careful to keep himself turned from me that he might not see his shame reflected back at him and my knowledge of it written all too smugly across features once of no interest to him and now becoming his *whole* world.

With his hands continuing to grip the back of the chair, stretching himself carefully as if making an inventory of the damage done to him, I allowed him to find his way down to earth again before moving his humiliation to an even higher stratosphere.

“It appears you just make a mess on my floor,” I observed.

It took a few moments but finally he found his voice; tough it was barely recognisable as the voice of position and authority he used at the office.

“Y-Yes, Ms Bantock,” he said, the side of his face I could see, given he remained facing away from me, equally as crimson as the arse I had just gotten through giving a good tanning and a fingering.

“Are you being wilfully rude?” I barked, making him start simply through the tone of my voice. “Turn around and face me this instant!”

I laughed to myself. Pavlov may have had his *“Bells”* but I had my voice. Not to mention control of the balls belonging to the object of my *“tone”*.

He did indeed turn.

And on the *“instant”*.

“First off,” I told him. “I am going to put you back in your cage while your little cock is nice and soft.”

I retrieved the device he hated with such unspoken vehemence and dangled it with confidence from one hand; certain all the cards were mine now and there could be no question of him refusing to be locked in it once again.

“Um, yes, Ms Bantock,” he agreed, eyes fixed upon my feet in their hose and low spikes, knowing he was in no position to offer anything but complete and total capitulation if he wished to stay a free man.

Well… free of prison, anyway.

I also knew he was hoping I’d overlook the mess he’d made of my clothes, hair, mouth, and, now, floor.

“Then,” I began, prior to disabusing him, “once I have you all nice and secure in your nice metal cock-holder and the key is back where it belongs around my neck, you are going to lick your filthy mess from my floor…”

He looked as if he were about to puke.

“…Then, after you have knelt before me and showed me how sorry you are for your behaviour towards me by using your tongue to pay homage to my superior young cunt, you are going to run me a nice bath the way I’ve taught you and you are going to bathe me and wash my hair clean of your filth.”

He was still too busy visualising the first and most disgusting of the tasks ahead of him when I added another ticking bomb into his world.

“But first you are to come over here and stand where I can get at your tiny penis. Do it now!”

He did, shuffling over to stand quivering before me, flaccid cock at my eye-level and unresisting when I took it in by now practised fingers and slipped the metal tube over his cock before snapped the locking pins into the ring still surrounding his scrotum before locking the pins shut.

“Now,” I said, rising up before him to my full five-feet, more with the aid of the heels, this as the sound of his chastity being secured upon him evinced the usual look of loss and self-recrimination for being too weak to prevent it, “I want you to peel off my pantyhose and place my shoes to one side. Then, when I’ve reseated myself, you are going to show me just how contrite and desperate to please your owner you are while she informs you of how things are going to be from now on.

It was but a minute or so later that I felt the first sweep of his moist and now docile tongue as it travelled the length of my slit and back.

By the time he had worked me to a frenzy and was sucking my clit into his mouth as if it was mini-penis and he a seasoned cock-sucker, I had already decided to save for later my demand that he tender his resignation and become my full-time servant.”

After all, it wasn’t as if my uncle had left me short. The house was paid for and there were monthly dividends from the trust he had left me. I might not have been a great and wealthy lady, but I was financially comfortable. And as a comfortable home-owning lady, wasn’t it only my right to have a live-in housekeeper and around the clock sexual attendant?

As my soon-to-be flunky’s tongue invaded my interior and hooked itself backwards to find my G-Spot the way I had shown him, I hoped he didn’t suddenly find a backbone and defy me on the requirement.

Then again, and as the first waves of my crisis began to make themselves felt, perhaps I would enjoy it if he did.

The orgasm that tore a scream from m loud enough to wake Essex was accompanied by the imagery of my handsome and older chattel kneeling naked in a corner after I’d spanked him.

As I rammed his questing tongue hard against my pelvis, I promised myself that such a visual delight would not remain imagery alone for long.

Then I gave myself up to an explosive orgasm of an intensity heretofore unexperienced.

And a promise that it would not be the last time such sexual bliss was mine…

THE END