Domination Most Primal

A Work of Horror and Erotic Human Bondage

By
Miss Hortense Quartermain

COPYRIGHT © 2018. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

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

FDC Publications

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

“DOMINATION MOST PRIMAL”

By
Miss Emilia Quartermain



INTRODUCTION

I love horror stories.

All of them.

Even those machismo heavy adventures, where the women are no more than eye-candy to be terrified by big strong men and I'm compelled to re-visualise the story and its characters, to turn it on its head and have the men not only tormented and terrified by either one lone and commanding woman or a bunch of them, but dominated also.

No surprise then – and being a lover of things Victorian - that I should take the whip into my own hands and start a collection of stories involving female-supremacy and abject male submission set during the reign of Queen Vic herself.

I will draw heavily on my knowledge of such stories from the period to create these pieces and hope they give much pleasure to women and men of a similar mindset to me from all walks of life and all backgrounds.

Though, as you might have already guessed, any enjoyment men themselves might take from my fantasies in text is not an overriding priority.

Please enjoy.

Hortense Quartermain
Porth Levon
2018



PROLOGUE

They would have made a most curious sight.

Disturbing to some.

Deeply so to others.

And, of course, to those who walk amongst us – women as well as men – those fellow-travellers whose somewhat… *warped* …sexual alignment responded to such scenarios, it would likely have proved a sight guaranteed to… *stimulate* …rather than appal.

For the man crawling naked upon all-fours at the side of the imposing and stern faced woman clad in modish and tight jodhpurs and shiny boots - this in the, thankfully for him, enclosed and unobserved garden - such was certainly *not* the case.

With haunches raised that his knees might be far enough from the immaculate green turf to match the speed of the female walking him, there could be no doubt in the mind of any curious onlooker able to witness the phenomenon and the expression of purest misery etched into the features of the collared man upon the end of the leash held firmly in her hand that this was not some voluntary piece of play between them.

And then his expression changed to a grimace of physical rather than mental discomfort as a tug on the lead ensured he raised his pace still further to match the woman's stride.

Had those curious onlookers been favoured with an insight into this… *human hound's* mind, they would have been made aware that, far from being the kind of man who relished such playacting – and even paid a small fortune to be on the receiving end of it – he was actually questioning how he had allowed her to take his manhood from him in the most emphatic and irrevocable of ways.

"Pyatka!" came the order from above as she stopped and, though his own tongue was different from the native Russian of the woman asserting her rights as his owner, he recognised the simple command she had instilled in him with such singular brutality and instantly lowered his forehead to the grass upon which stood the short heel of her leather riding boots.

"Khoroshiy mal'chik," came what was obviously praise of some kind that he chose to interpret as *"Good dog"*. Though, right or wrong, it was no less demeaning to him as he sensed her tie his lead to the arm of a wooden bench and seat herself that she might bask with her pet in the heat of the mid-afternoon sun.

Hating her, but in thrall to the body that so enamoured him, he was grateful to the snap of her fingers that gave him permission to rise up on his haunches.

A position he found not only more comfortable but one that offered him the opportunity to gaze upon the wonder that was his owner's superstructure .

Even if it did mean braving the utter contempt for him he could see in those glittering eyes, as it competed with the sheer joy she took from humbling a man of his race age, and position.

Settling down upon his haunches in the pose she insisted upon, his demoralised and yet strangely energised eyes drank in the sight of this woman he despised and he berated himself yet again for allowing the sight of her to affect him in such an utterly debasing and unworthy way. A cold and heartless variety of what he had always considered in his ignorance of the world and the faraway Steppes from whence she had sprung, a cold and heartless people. A woman responsible for his current predicament and one who had achieved what he had considered the unthinkable – not that he could recall ever having given such a prospect any thought prior to meeting her – and lowered his standing in her regard to little more than that of a housetrained and pitiful cur.

A woman from the Russian Steppes who had assured him his humanity would not only remain a memory but one he would soon have no desire to revisit when he had spent longer in her…

Service.

That being so, and his earlier incredulity that such a thing was possible in his regard having given way to a nauseated belief in her prediction; why would his cock harden so readily whenever he came near to her presence?

As if he truly were the canine she insisted him to be and he wished to thank the owner who had shown him his true nature by wrapping his arms about her powerful thighs in their jodhpurs and humping his arousal against the outside of an equally powerful and shapely calf.

“Takaya khoroshaya sobaka dlya vashego russkogo mastera,” she said, reaching out to ruffle his hair in a playful manner he had yet to see from her.

Then, as she realised his knowledge of her tongue took him only so far:

“That means, in your inferior English,” she told him, “that you are being such a good dog for your Russian master.”

His whole body quivered with a mixture of shame and the most molten anger at having him refer to him in such a way.

And yet, there he remained. On his haunches before her. Hands pulled up to his chest and flipped downwards after the manner of a dog begging its owner for the last of the scraps as his thoughts acknowledged:

How else should she describe such a… *creature?*

Which was when, that final, demeaning and debasing word bouncing from one wall of his skull to the other and then back again, that he felt…

It.

A sensation he not experienced until now – despite the nature of the treatment she had already handed out to him.

A sensation that what remained of his manhood told him to fight with all his fibre and puissance.

Or at least that amount still available to be summoned after her dominance of him.

And a sensation – to his utter horror – he already knew, in both heart and sickened mind, that he would be unable to offer even a mildly serious challenge.

Which was when, oblivious to her reaction and all the consequences likely to befall him, that he lunged forward to thrust his muzzle into the apex of thigh and waist as if he and his desperate tongue had just appeared from the desert and her Russian cunt was the oasis he had been seeking.

As he took in her scent in a near delirium of submission, he fully expected her to be pulled up short by the chain she still held in her hand and which served as his leash.

Expectation not met, he grew bolder and extended that same desperate tongue that he might taste that with which his olfactory senses were already familiar; senses in a condition of erotic and submissive overload as the liberty was not just permitted but…

Indulged!

To his amazement – and an even greater sensation of pure abasement towards her – the hand that had been stroking his thick brown hair resumed its ministrations and, this time, was accompanied by words said in as soothing and delighted a tone as he had thought possible in such a harsh language; though had he been aware of their content he might not, perhaps, have felt as thrilled by the contact of his nose with her cunny as he did:

“Vy, nakonets, opredelili sud'bu i moye gospodstvo. Sobstvennost' vysshey ruckly khozyayki.”

Ignorance of her meaning meant nothing to him at this point – and still less when he felt the leather-upper of her boot go between his legs and gently caress the underside of his ball-sac.

A sac, and the straining cock above, that were now her property in much the same way as the boot providing him his pleasure…

ONE

1865 was the year his practice in London began to flourish. Its success a mixture of his own gifts as a doctor and the fact that he had been well-born and was entirely independent of his profession as a means of keeping himself. He was not a man without self-awareness and, had he been asked, would have acknowledged the truism that, had he been born a poor man with the finest mind to see the inside of a doctor's practice, the level of his success would have been far different but for the serendipity of his birth.

And he a sight more humble for it.

But that was not the case and, subsequently, through his being well-known as the first and only son of a titled-man – with all the intros to society such a connection provided – did no harm to his cause and allowed him to practice his profession solely and entirely because he took a pride in his ability to ease the pain of others and unlike most men of his age and standing - who left him with contempt for the useless existence of fashionable and idle young man they were happy to follow - determined he would not be joining their ranks.

A fate of which the merest contemplation left him feeling somewhat depressed and indisposed, so great was his disgust at the living of such aimless lives.

Even if he was prepared to accept many of those same social advantages that allowed his less… *focused* …contemporaries to lead existences of such a kind and allow him to adopt such a superior air.

It also helped, of course, that his father's money and reputation had secured him a handsome establishment in a portion of the city that, while fashionable, was not so lofty as to offend the somewhat Spartan and puritanical sensitivities touched upon above.

Along with a steady and growing footfall towards his doors of those with money enough to pay his fees – fees that soon ensured he was able to take on a junior-partner who, though not as well-qualified, was certainly able enough to take on the less… *engaging* …patients that came his way and provide in the process a medical presence whenever he was called away or felt the need for time to himself.

A need he was beginning to feel more and more now that, and from one end of the week to the other, the road and pavement outside his door was besieged with carriages,

Just the same, popularity or not, he would not allow just anybody onto his lists and many of the occupants of those handsome methods of transport found themselves disappointed. For his was no faddy quack-show and he would not corrupt either his or his establishment's reputation simply to receive a fee from some attention-seeking Dowager or those whose ailments were of their own making. Gout itself sought relief from him in vain, were it upon the foot of some dissipated and Port swilling Duke who had the means of giving himself relief from his agonies simply by undergoing a period of abstention from those beverages and rich foods causing his problems.

In short, his financial condition and social standing allowed him to be…

Choosy.

To admit to his lists only those whose conditions either excited his curiosity or triggered the compassion with which he had always responded to genuine suffering.

Be they titled or gutter-born.

Even if it was unlikely many of the latter would even think it worth crossing his threshold upon hearing of his fees.

And so it was that, one day while returning on horseback toward the city from Vauxhall upon the southern bank of the Thames; and a visit to a patient in whom he was deeply interested - and for whom he had ordered the quiet and purer air of a suburban residence away from the bustle and smog of metropolis and its densely populated centre; he espied a curious looking inn that had escaped his notice, though he had travelled this same route many times.

He had reached the embankment at Chelsea, and a spot where the gaily coloured residencies were set back from the road by walled gardens and could only be viewed through the grills of their iron gates, when he spotted it and – curious as well as thirsty – he pulled up his horse for the purpose of rest and refreshment after his ride.

As well as the opportunity to satisfy his mystification for having yet to spot such a delightful looking hostelry on the many and varied occasions upon which he *must* have passed it in just such a condition of fatigue and with an equally dry-mouth.

Before long, he had been greeted with great courtesy by the Landlord and found himself occupying a window-seat with a welcome pint of Porter to quench his thirst and a glass of wine to be savored more leisurely.

As he sat in a window-seat - the inn's only customer it seemed - and allowed the Porter to acquit itself, his thoughts were fully occupied with a variety of personal concerns; he had received a letter from his mother only that morning, and the condition of the patient he had recently left was precarious in the extreme; though his thoughts soon returned to the more immediate.

It was, he told himself, a delightful little place and he was on the point of congratulating himself for the second or third time when the sound of wheels attracted his eyes away from the flowers he could see opposite in the front-garden of a villa.

Upon looking out, he saw a well-kept and maintained, if entirely innocuous, carriage draw up at the villa he had been scrutinising.

Then, as he took another swallow of Porter, the carriage doors were opened by two figures who were, he thought, obviously servants.

Servants clad in uniforms – if they could be described in such a way – that immediately struck him as…

Odd.

The servants arrayed in this curious way, he saw, were both of the male sex and he could see at once that the one nearest to his vantage point was certainly a retainer and, given his fellow on the other side of the carriage was kitted out in much the same fashion, he saw no reason to assume a reason why they might be following different professions.

Fashions themselves that caught his attention and ensured his ever-present curiosity was peeked.

It was not, after all, every day that one came across men attired n pink from head-to-tail in…

Pink?

A most *unmanly* colour for a man, considered the doctor – whichever line he followed – and a choice that led him to the conclusion their employer was a *"Mistress"* rather than a *"Master"*.

Everything was pink!

And the same shade of that less than masculine colour into the bargain.

Coats and shirts, trousers and even shoes.

"Perhaps their Mistress – if it is a mistress;" he thought, *"is an actress of the more flamboyant type who thrives on the kind of attention flunkies dressed in such a way would be sure to fetch her."*

He chuckled to himself as the coachman retook his seat above the horses and imagined their employer deciding to powder their cheeks, that their sallow complexions might be forced to complement their ensembles more closely.

While he had amused himself with the strange spectacle, another man wearing the dreadful pink – a larger man of forbidding countenance which made the incongruity of his livery all the more obvious - had stepped from the house and was shown into the carriage. But, after having shown him in, the other servant in pink did not close the door behind him and simply waited. Bearing erect but completely and deferentially still. As if, in fact, he were some indentured creature awaiting the arrival of a powerful and despotic owner or knowing his behaviour and comportment were under scrutiny somehow from within the house.

Again, the good doctor chuckled at both the situation and the fanciful nature of his own thoughts.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour or so, however, the servant closed the door and re-entered through the iron-gate before closing it, carefully and deferentially, behind him.

Which was the exact moment the pink-liveried driver urged the horses forward.

Only to stop suddenly when his passenger burst from the interior and rushed to the gate to rap upon it loudly and, it appeared to the amused doctor, desperately; turning his face hurriedly around as he did so and hiding to the side of the gate that he might not be seen when it opened.

Only now, however, the pink had disappeared and been replaced with more sober and monochrome clothing with no sign of any colour whatsoever.

Then, when nothing appeared forthcoming from the house, and wringing his hands agitatedly the whole time, the quick change artist in question suddenly had a change of heart and dashed back into the carriage while slamming the door shut behind him.

A signal, it appeared, for the coachman to urge the horses forward and take them at a fair lick in the direction of Knightsbridge and Hyde Park.

“What on earth goes on with your neighbours,” our doctor called to the innkeeper, who had observed the same spectacle and simply continued to polish his glasses, unmoved.

"Well, sir," he replied, “I can’t rightly say I know. But they've been there now a matter of six months or around, I’d say, and you've seen almost as much of them as I have. I believe the whole crew of them, servants and all, is foreigners as far as me’n my patrons can work out.”

"And do they all wear clothing of such a hideous colour?”

"Always, sir. We calls ‘em, the *‘the mad pinkies’*. “

The doctor allowed himself a chuckle, delighted to have come across such an oddity in the middle of his working week, and especially so given it was so amusing.

“And what of the older and more sober looking gentleman – if a man dressed in pink could ever be described in such a way? Does he always change in the carriage?”

“Always, sir. He puts the pink outfit on in the carriage ‘fore he goes in the house and soon as he comes back takes it off and changes when he’s back in the carriage again."

“But why in the name of good-sense does he not dress himself inside the house itself?”

“That I can't tell you, sir. Only that it's just as you see. Each ‘n every day. The whole place and the people inside it – save for… *her* – are pink of colour.”

“Her?” asked the doctor, intrigued further by the suggestion his suspicions of a *‘Mistress’* might prove correct.

His enquiry was deftly avoided…

“An’ if those people aren't mad after that,” the landlord continued as if he hadn’t heard him, “then I’m the Viscount Palmerston. What else can be the explanation?”

“It seems very like it, indeed,” answered the doctor, noting the evasion but not pursuing it at this time. “But do you mean to say that everything inside the garden wall is pink? Surely you must be exaggerating a little?”

“Not a bit on it, sir! The coachman, who can't speak much English, sir, is allowed in here for a drink now and then. He don't live in the house, you see, and is idle most of his time. Well, he told me himself, one day, that every article in the house was pink, from the garret to the drawing-room, and that everything outside it is the same colour as well. You’ve been staring at the pink blooms in the front-garden for yourself. I can swear there’s no exaggeration, cos I saw inside myself.”

His head tilted to one side in the way of a dumbfounded canine as he considered his experience.

Then:

“An’ a stranger sight surely no eye ever saw, I might tell yer.”

“I’m sure… But tell me, how did you manage to get into this…*enchanted castle* …to observe this in the first place?”

“I didn't get in sir, I only saw it outside, and from a place where you can see for yourself too, if you have a mind. When first the people came to the place over there, you see, old Jed - the sexton and bell-ringer of the church you see next to it - began to talk of the strange goings on he’d seen from the belfry.”

The doctor, seeing how proud the man was to be imparting something of interest to a *gentleman* gave him an approving smile and urged him to go on:

“Anyways, my curiosity took me there one day to look for myself. Blest if I ever heard of such a strange sight! No wonder they calls them the mad pink folk.”

“Well, you've roused my curiosity,” said the doctor. “Now that you have, I do, as you intimated, have a desire to see this wonder for myself.”

At this, the landlord got an anxious look upon his face and tried to withdraw his words, but the doctor – who was as single-minded and obdurate as he was inquisitive – simply thanked him for his hospitality and returned to where his horse remained tethered, hoisted himself into the saddle and took himself off back towards the city.

Two

For the next two days, he was unable to concentrate on any other subject fully without the episode of the *"Pink"* house and its inhabitants intruding upon his more everyday thoughts and the prosaic if important duties – at least to the patients who had come to him with their maladies and their guineas – of his growing patient-list.

Jed's belfry, and the prospect of paying it a visit – even if it meant allocating his duties for the day and travelling out of his way to do so – was becoming more prominent in his thoughts and he knew, understanding all too well the pull his curiosity could arouse once engaged, that he would not be long in succumbing to the desire.

And so it was that, on a Wednesday evening, just as the sun waned in its heaven, he returned from having paid his country patient his usual visit and again alighted at the inn.

Only this time, with a request to the landlord to have his horse put in the stable for a bit.

"I'm going to have a peep at your pink-house," he said in a low voice, though the inn was curiously devoid of the drinkers one might have expected were necessary to keep the hostelry profitable. "Do you think I shall find old Jed about?"

The landlord, though still as affable and welcoming as the doctor recalled him being upon his first visit, seemed beset by some underlying agitation but, telling himself it was no doubt due to problems that were one of his concern – the curiously absent drinkers perhaps – the doctor pressed on.

"So long as it is not an inconvenience to the good man, you understand?"

"No, doctor, that shouldn't be a problem to him," answered the landlord after only a split-second's hesitance. "I saw him at work in the churchyard not half an hour ago, but at any rate he won't be farther off than his cottage. If you'd be so good s to keep an eye on the bar for me, I'll nip over and tells him as you're coming."

He pointed through the front-window and to his left:

"It's that same cottage you sees lying there just against the yard wall by the church cemetery."

The doctor eyed where he indicated then watched his back make its way across the road and disappear into the grounds of the church and welcomed him back not more than a few minutes later.

Leaving him to tend the hostelry that remained stubbornly free of customers.

"You'll find him a bit of a surly ol' bugger," he was informed. "But he warms up after a bit an' least he's expecting you now.

The doctor gave his thanks, and with a promise to return for both his horse and a Porter followed by a glass of wine, made his way to where the landlord had indicated.

Surprised as he did so to feel his pulse-rate accelerating but pressing on just the same.

The church was an old, ivy-wreathed, structure with a square Norman belfry and a large surrounding of old grey headstones that were unkempt and overgrown with grass. It was essentially a country church, and a country churchyard, that was a near replica of a thousand other places of worship the doctor had seen on his travels but, where it differed from those others was its eccentric location so close to the borders of a mighty city.

At least such were his thoughts, until he recalled that the mighty city had crept into the country, year by year, until it had covered with stone and mortar the lowly site of many a cottage home, and swallowed up many an acre of green meadow and golden corn.

He allowed himself a rueful smile.

Was he not on his way back from visiting a patient in the country who had been only too eager to beleaguer his ears with complaints on that self-same, and *"so-called"*…

"Progress!"

He found Old Jed himself sitting in the middle of the graves, the top of one tombstone forming his seat as he engaged his time in scraping the moss from a headstone that seemed, to the doctor, inclined to tumble over at any precarious moment; its already eroded inscription all but obliterated by a growth of green and slimy-looking moss.

"Good-day, friend, you are still busy, I see?"

Old Jed gave him a cursory up and down look that was neither derogatory nor appreciative and, thought the doctor, would not be sycophantic towards a gentleman of any strip.

The sexton, he told himself, was unlikely to ever be described as a *"forelock-tugger"* and appeared every bit as *"surly"* as Grainger had described him.

After a few seconds, the doctor decided to fill the silence that had fallen between them.

"One would fancy that stone so old now that the living had entirely forgotten their loss. But that would make little sense, would it not? Given you are currently occupied in the cleaning of it."

"You'd be wrong then, sir," he was contradicted, the old sexton's voice firm and polite, if not what the doctor would describe as friendly exactly. "The cleaning's only a notion of my own cos I find myself idle at this time."

The doctor smiled both his understanding and his approbation and, encouraged, the older man continued:

“When I was a lad, you see, sir, I had a sort o' likin' for this stone, Lord only knows why and I’ve still to come up with a reason that pleases me. But, you see, even though I tend to it, I’ve forgotten the name o’that unfortunate who lies beneath it an’ its made me curious. That’s why I’m trying to clean it up enough to be able to see the name again after all these many years.”

“I can well understand that sentiment, my friend,” said the doctor in his most engaging tone. “After speaking to your landlord across the road – Mr Grainger, I believe - I must confess my curiosity is running high also.”

“Is that a fact,” answered the sexton, his own tone non-committal at this point. “Mr Grainger said as much not seconds ago.”

Unperturbed and determined by dint of his own nature to see the thing through rather than give up on it, the doctor persevered:

“What I would like is to have a look at these *‘mad-pinkies’* of yours, Jed, and Mr. Grainger tells me if you were to allow me into the belfry I would be sure to see something queer up there.”

Suddenly, the old man’s face broke into a huge grin, suspicion of his visitor gone now that he had recognised that same desire to solve a mystery that had, if not troubled him, demanded a resolution.

“By Jove you can, sir!” he replied, rising from the headstone with alacrity, “I often spend an hour watching the mad folk myself, and I swears, if they had my old church and yard they'd have ‘em decked out in pink - belfry and all!”

They both laughed at such an outlandish prospect.

“You follow me, sir,” said the sexton as if a new lease of life had been bestowed upon him and led the way into the tower.

Of course, the doctor’s first look upon their reaching of the the summit was in the direction of the strange house.

A first look which immediately drew from him an ejaculation of astonishment as he peeped through one of the crevices. The belfry was elevated considerably above the premises in which he was interested, and not at a very great distance. The grounds beneath them lay spread before their hungry eyes like a map.

He scarcely knew how to commence describing it to himself, and would later confess to having absolutely no idea how he would have described such a scene as that which absorbed both his thoughts and his vision to others.

It was something he had never seen to this point or even imagined.

The mansion itself was a square and handsome building of two stories, built in the Corinthian style a with pillared portico and pointed windows.

But it was not the style which attracted the vast lion's share of his attention and kept his eyes riveted to the view presented them.

That accolade was due to the universal covering of pink which gave the impression of some huge household blancmange set down into a landscape of normal colours and shades that were reduced to a secondary role next to the curiosity they found themselves surrounding

Everything – *everything* – was *pink!*

From the extreme top of the chimneys, to the basement, the roof and its tiles, together with the window-sills, everything was pure pink.

With everything in the same shade!

The back garden could not be observed and old Jed assured him it was private to prying eyes – though he had heard that there the pink directive had been relaxed enough for the grass at least to remain in it natural coloring. Every yard of the broad space below them, however, that outdoor space one might reasonably have expected to see decorated with flowers and grass and shrubberies, was covered with a glaring and sparkling pink gravel; the effect of which, even in the hot brilliant sun of a London afternoon, was to dazzle and blind and aggravate.

And, as if this was not enough, what the doctor could see of the inside of the brick walls themselves was painted to give off the same, blancmange-like – effect.

Sealing the impression of the most hideous personal taste one could imagine outside a madman's asylum-cell; there were placed, and at intervals here and there, a host of white marble statues and urns that only increased the, to him, indisputably horrible aspect of the place.

"I don't wonder they are mad!" he exclaimed at length, when the ability to for words had been returned to him. "I should soon become mad in such a place myself."

"Like enough, sir," replied old Jed, stolidly, "but you see... *It* didn't make them mad."

The doctor extended him a quizzical look.

"How could it?" the sexton went on. "When they were the ones who did it themselves."

"You mean…?"

"I've lived and worked 'ere all my life an' this were just an ordinary dwelling until they arrived. What you see below an' inside is all their own work."

The doctor nodded:

"Then we can only assume that they were infected with their madness before they arrived here."

“That would be my guess too, sir.”

It was an incontrovertible fact, according to the old man's way of putting it; and the doctor, as logical minded as he was, could provide no other answer for it at this time.

Instead, he went down the old stone stairs and, having given his guide a generous donation, left the churchyard as bewildered as he had entered it.

More so, for now he had seen the extraordinary house that had made so painful an impression upon him that was the complete opposite of the aesthetic.

No surprise then, that he was in no humour for chat with the host serving him a much needed Porter in the still empty pub and left for home shortly after downing it, too perturbed by what he had seen to bother with the wine he had ordered to bother with it.

Then, after his horse had been fetched and he was about to mount it, the same carriage drove round to the mysterious gate, and the same scene he had witnessed before was re-enacted.

The doctor, feeling more… *agitated* …than ever, drew back until the large gentleman with the forbidding visage had stepped inside and performed his toilet, then, when the carriage drove rapidly toward the city, he stood by his horse and tried to make sense of what he had just seen.

Which is when, standing inside and peering out from the iron-gate through which the gentleman had left prior to his latest quick-change, that he saw her.

A woman with an erect bearing wearing a bonnet and a form-fitting dress.

Neither of which contained any sign of pigmentation containing the color *pink!*

The good doctor felt a cold enshroud the breath leaving his lungs and, though we have already ascertained he was of a more logical mindset than the purely credulous, he felt a fear such as he had yet to experience.

A fear which threatened to make his legs give way under him as he realised – though he could not make out her features distinctly - that her eyes and her total attention were trained upon him.

Logical or not, he managed himself atop of his mount and set off in haste in the direction of London and waiting bed.

Not forgetting the woman who would soon be warming it for him…

THREE

He lay back upon his bed and enjoyed the sensation of having her astride him.

The woman was neither wife, fiancé, girlfriend or acquaintance, despite the fact they had been seeing each other in such a way for a year or so by now.

She was, however, a convenient business transaction – as his somewhat aloof thoughts described her – and he was glad to supply the cash she took from their relations rather invest in a more traditional relationship with all its trials and simulated achievements.

Tonight, though, something new and not at all to his taste was about to be brought to their arrangement.

Even if it would be only the on of them who was aware of the fact.

As the woman rode his hard-cock and, despite the way she earned her living, seemed in no great haste to have him reach his destination that she might search for others with heavy loins and pockets to match, the doctor found himself suddenly disturbed - despite their familiarity with each other over what was, for both, such a relatively long period – though the new development did not affect the iron-hard erection she seemed so delighted to ride.

For the eyes staring down at him that he knew, as an indisputable fact, to be blue, had somehow transformed themselves to a vivid green.

And this was not the last transformation.

Her pretty, if street-hardened face with its pert nose and inviting lips, had managed, somehow, to take on a completely different aspect. It stared down at him now with a haughty curl of the lip and a regal and aristocratic superiority that unnerved even him. Even the long tresses of the silken blonde hair she had piled and fastened atop her head now hung loose and, rather than being blonde, were now of a fiery red that both thrilled and bemused him as it took his nervousness to new heights.

Yet he remained unmoving below her as his senses hummed with a sense of impending disaster and she rode him with a compelling and concentrated smile which kept him pinned beneath her, though his mind screamed at him to shove her from him.

That in reality she was only a street-corner prostitute of the common or garden variety – explaining the presence of the prophylactic, currently protecting his manhood from those diseases from which he was careful to protect himself and, he knew limiting the pleasure he might otherwise feel from such a commerce - did not make her sudden transformation above him any the less…

Terrifying.

And he feel any the less…

"Vulnerable."

She had been working on him for almost thirty minutes now, and all but the last two of them in the guise of the lady-of-the-night she was; yet he seemed no nearer to the explosion that would bring their tete a tete to an end and take herself back to wherever her pimp decided she should ply her trade next.

In fact, no matter that he felt as hard and urgent as he had ever felt, he could tell he was nowhere close to pumping out his seed into the protective but cumbersome prophylactic he hated but insisted upon and finding his release.

A mystery concerning the woman riding him not in the least as she howled her own onrushing crisis towards the high and stuccoed ceiling of the bedroom adjoining his chambers.

And prostitute in another form or not, he had been with this particular example of the breed enough times before to know that her enjoyment of him was not a device designed to please him and ger her away and to another paying customer as soon as possible.

When her howling ceased he realised that she had returned once again to the form in which he become familiar.

The blonde-hair was no longer loose and fiery-red; her pert nose was no longer curved and aristocratic; and the mocking curl of her lip had become entirely normal again in a face remarkable only for the look of serene contentment plastered across it.

And a complete lack of awareness, it seemed to him, that anything untoward had occurred.

But it was only after she had taken both her money and herself from his chambers, leaving him flat upon his own bed, with an iron-hard erection pointing towards the same ceiling that had just been the recipient of her howls of satisfaction, that he realised she had not even bothered to ask if he had found completion himself.

Still in a condition of bemusement and stark fear from what had just taken place.

Unable to process what had just happened between him and a common street-girl.

He knew not how long he remained in such an undignified position but, as an inevitable sleep descended upon him, it was laden with such a certainty of impending doom and personal cataclysm that he felt certain it would *not* be a sleep from which he would awake the next morning feeling refreshed and invigorated.

And so it was to prove…

*****

As he sat behind the solid and respectable mahogany desk in his surgery the next morning, he felt no common ground with those two conditions.

In fact, and despite his attempts to shrug off his experiences of the night before – even going so far as to place blame for them at the door of the *one* pint of Porter he had swallowed back in the company of the landlord; he felt as at a loss for an explanation and a sense of security since that occasion in his youth when he had been torn from his home and his beloved mother to take lodgings at one of those austere and inhumane establishments the gentry of England swore by as a means of instilling…

"Character."

The above had been particularly hard upon him as – logical aspects of his character aside, and unlike most young gentlemen of his age and position in society, he had a strong vein of romance running through his character.

Even if hard study and a sense social duty had kept it from full utility and had not thus far in his thirty or so years upon the earth met with the opportunity of falling in love.

An omission, you will soon see for yourselves, that made him ripe for obsession and the adventure which was about to befall him with such far-reaching results.

Far-reaching for *him*.

His thoughts that morning were, understandably, all of the night before and of the *"mad pinkies"*, so it was also understandable that, after having seen but two patients and given them only the slightest fraction of his medical wisdom and attention, he called next door to his junior-partner and informed him that, though he would be in his surgery, he would not be taking any more callers.

Which was when a carriage appeared in the street directly outside his practice as he stared down from his surgery window and tried to make the events of the day before fit to some framework of reason in which he could believe.

A familiar carriage.

The *very* carriage, in fact, of the pink house he had watched as the large man of ferocious countenance had changed into pink and then back again before being transported back to wherever he had originated from, with a driver wearing a *pink* cloak over his similarly coloured livery.

And receiving many curious looks from the passers-by as he went about his business with an impassive face and prepared to open the coach-door for his passenger – there being on this occasion no sign of his similarly attired colleague.

Instantly and unaccountably; finding himself in a cold sweat at the sight, the doctor turned from the window and pressed his back to the wall as he tried to suck air into lungs which appeared to have stopped working in sympathy with the strange terror that had him in its grip.

Terror that receded not a whit when he heard the maid answer the ringing at his door and a subsequent footfall ascended the stairs.

A footfall that could only have been a woman's as it finished its climb and came to a halt outside his surgery door.

Intrusion allowed despite his explicit orders that he not be disturbed for the rest of the day by patients, and that not even visitors of a social variety were to be admitted.

The visitor to his door on this occasion one who did not even have the basic decency to knock.

It was all he could do to suck necessary air into resistant lungs as the handle began to turn and the heavy wooden frame turned inwards upon itself to admit his unwelcome caller.

All at once, he realised through his inexplicable terror that he was, for reasons beyond his understanding, anxious to see whoever was calling upon him and, despite himself, hoped it would be the woman of the evening he had seen only through the fading light from the entrance of the hostelry across the road from where he had been about mount his horse.

The same woman, seen indistinctly, of whose memory his experience with the prostitute and his subsequent troubled sleep must have triggered.

A woman even more compelling and… *disturbing* …than she had seemed to him the night before when riding his indefatigable cock as it wrestled with some form of locomotia inertia and refused to allow him his own release.

For it was her.

Arrayed, from the shoes on her feet, to the bonnet concealing her hair, in the most stygian of black clothing that was the polar opposite of both her house and those permitted inside it; she closed the door behind her and came to stand before him with all the confidence of one born to be served by others.

And in ways left to her own choosing.

Be it that the person unfortunate enough to be doing the serving wished to do so or not.

Her voice when it came to the speechless and motionless doctor confirmed the landlords suspicion of *"Foreign-ness"*, despite the flawless English in which it was delivered.

"I see you recognise me," she said matter-of-factly, no question asked and no answer desired; her voice bathing his senses in a sensuous auditory miasma that did nothing to help the lungs demanding air from him or the logical though-processes upon which he prided himself.

"Then, shockingly:

"But then, doctor Mar-ch-banks," she said, extending the pronunciation of his surname in a way that seemed both sexual and… *predatory* …as he gasped at her use of it; "how rude and unbecoming of an English gentleman would it be were he not to recall the face

of the woman who only the night before had so enjoyed playing the commanding horse-woman to his broken stallion?"

With that, she unpinned her bonnet and, to an expulsion of breath from our overwhelmed medical-man, moved closer that he might take her in more closely and breathe in and be captivated by scents that were of a physical as well as a chemical provenance.

The green eyes he recalled from the evening before shone out from features that struck him as… *Slavic* …and bore into his as they, fanciful as it sounded to him and even as he experienced it… *mastered* …him.

There was, he saw, an underlying hint of cruelty in her physiognomy that led him to suspect the infusion of something less… European …in her ancestry, but he was too concerned with his current predicament to dwell upon it.

Which was when, as if to prove his suspicion of her mastering him, and without any prior warning from his own thoughts, that he bowed his head to her.

And not just a bow of gentlemanly courtesy either.

As she read his intentions and stepped back from him, the doctor amazed himself by almost turning himself into an "L" shape as he lowered himself so that his upper-body was in a horizontal position with his waist and he could see his own polished toecaps.

As well as her own and the short and spiky type heels upon which the feet protruding from her black dress rested.

Feet, a voice inside himself asserted, it would be nothing less than an honour to place one's lips upon.

"Yes," he heard the voice that thrilled him and repelled him at one and the same time, this as he marvelled at his thoughts for even having suggested such a thing, let alone the fact the suggestion seriously aroused him. "That is exactly as it should be…"

Then, ominously…

"For now."

The afterthought caused him to flinch.

Regaining his posture then, but seeming to act as if his movements and actions were compelled by something outside of him, he showed her to a chair and pulled it out before sliding it back underneath a pair of shapely buttocks he was appalled to be sneaking glances at as he did so.

Red-faced and ashamed of his behaviour, he seated himself behind his desk and was thankful for mahogany between himself and his female guest that prevented her seeing the reaction to her from a lower part of his body.

He need not have bothered.

“Now, now, Doctor Marchbanks!” she chided, the faint accent of her homeland in her spoken English enflaming his senses to a degree where his other concerns became mere shadows. “There can surely be no inhibitions between us after last evening. Really, I expected a more enlightened response from such a clever physician and so great a man of the world. Certainly from one who is so comfortable when entertaining a prostitute in his chambers.”

Marchbanks felt his cheeks flush an even deeper shade of red – though even in his extremis he had enough wit about him to tell himself he was sure she would have preferred *pink*.

Suddenly, he found his voice:

“I can assure you, madam, that this is the first time I have laid eyes upon you and have not the faintest idea of what it is to which you refer.”

“You are testing my patience,” she snapped, as if she and not he were the one receiving a rather irritating and unwanted caller.

Going on with that mocking curl of the lip:

“Do not be any more of a dolt than nature has so far made of you,” she snapped. “I am missing a servant and I have a livery your size which awaits only your presence inside it.”

“Madam,” he began in a stern voice of his own, bristling under her treatment of him, as well as the ludicrous assertion accompanying it, so that the terror she inspired in him vanished for a few seconds. “You confuse my courtesy towards a member of your sex who has invited herself into my surgery without permission as weakness, but I can assure you that…”

“Silence!” she snapped again, and this time there was the addition of something indefinable in her voice which brought him up short, in spite of the fact his anger had not abated.

Rather the contrary, if truth were told.

“Now that I have gained your attention,” she went on, “we can proceed to why you took it upon yourself to spy upon my home in company with that retarded sexton.”

And now his anger did abate, cheeks colouring deeper as he realised his… *snooping* – there could, he knew, be no other description of it – had been witnessed by his visitor.

“Well?” she snapped when his mouth worked but no sound emitted.

He simply stared at the madwoman, completely lost for a response as she took it upon herself to prompt him.

“Is your life so uneventful that you try to enliven it by an unwelcome – and illegal, I might add – invasion of the privacy of your betters.”

Now it was his pride and not shame which bridled under her superior tone and, anger overcoming his speechlessness in her presence, he was about to upbraid her when she spoke over him; as if she were some great lady and he a bumpkin serving on her estate; her arrogant Slavic features with their mocking lips beneath a scimitar nose, and compelling green-eyes, regarding him as if he were a specimen upon a slide.

“I do not take kindly to peasants such as yourself poking around in my affairs – even if they do possess a certain… *attraction* for me.”

Despite himself, and on the verge of a disparaging retort of his own, something deep in that part of the vault containing Marchbanks’ sexuality that had yet to be explored stirred upon hearing this haughty and self-entitled Foreign woman describe him as having an appeal for her.

A stirring she sensed.

“Tell me,” she began, “did it take a long time for your cock to return to normal after I rode you last night?”

His mouth dropped open, stunned to hear such a word leave the lips of a supposedly well-bred woman in public – even if it was in the privacy of his own surgery.

“And, no matter how hard you tried, was it not impossible for you to spurt your inferior seed afterward?”

“Madam, I…”

“You should also know that, as of last night, you will *never* be allowed to please yourself, or have another woman do it, without the express permission of your owner.

He simply stared at her as if she had just appeared from a lost world invented by a writer putting pen to paper while under the effect of a huge dose of morphine.

Despite the strange goings on of the evening before and her inexplicable knowledge of them, he was under no illusion that what he had before him was a woman suffering under a psychosis of the most profound and disturbing kind.

His problem, he knew, was how to have her removed from both his surgery and his life without causing a scene and drawing publicity to both himself and his practice. – as well as the gigantic erection beneath his desk which refused to either relieve itself or simply subside.

For the first time since his signing of the Oath of Hippocrates, ensuring a suffering patient received the assistance they required was not prominent in his thoughts.

He just wanted her removed from his surgery.

From his life.

“Yes,” she continued with a smile which mocked even as it enflamed him, eyes assessing him the way a great python regards a tiny and insignificant rodent. “I see now at first-hand that you will be a perfect addition to my home and will play your small part in preserving the secret of a great but much maligned and misused family and serving the woman who, despite her youth, is that family’s oldest living member.”

Her lips curled and he swore he saw the sadism and cruelty of the generations preceding her as she said:

“And you, Doctor Alfred Marchbanks, as was, will provide your new owner much amusement and sexual variety as you do so.”

His heart was beating so rapidly by this time that he thought it must burst from the confinement of his chest.

Was he dreaming?

Would he not wake at any moment in either the warmth of his own bed, or in the comfort of his own surgery chair upon which he had dozed off, to find nothing changed and all secure in the world he had made for himself?

Apparently not.

“No, my chattel. You are neither sleeping nor dreaming but sentient and *very* much awake.”

“Chattel?” his thoughts screamed at him with outrage, *‘how dare she!”*

And yet…

Something primal in his background, he realised with a thrill of horror, actually responded to her jibe.

And responded positively.

As he sat regarding her, her fiery hair falling demonically about her shoulders and her breasts rising and falling beneath the black chiffon of her dress, as composed as he was its opposite, a sense of… *rightness* …seemed to dull his senses. As if he had been placed here for the sole purpose of serving her and his presence and actions on earth until now had simply been a means of killing time until she was ready take his natural and cur-like place at her feet. And he found that acceptance of this fate – as temporary as that acceptance would prove – fetched him a calmness lacking in his life until this point.

All of the above still going nowhere near to throwing a light upon the curious matter in pink.

Again, as if reading his thoughts, and producing a box from her side that had gone unnoticed by him when she had first entered, she spoke again:

“My coachman will fetch you at seven tomorrow evening,” she told him, just as if she truly believed he would have no say in any arrangements she might make for him. “Listen to the instructions he gives you and obey them to the letter.”

Then, in a tone which chilled him to his marrow, yet did nothing to reduce the urgency of the throbbing erection he had been able appease since the events of the previous day, she added words that were as ridiculous to him as they were disturbing:

“You are mine now. Property of a superior will and being. And, as my property, you will have a uniform to herald to the world your place in my life.”

Again, his stupefied jaw headed towards the fob-watch residing in his waistcoat pocket.

“For the time being, at least,” she went on thoughtfully, “until I have decided just what your rightful place in my service should be.”

He watched, unable to respond as his erection raged and she lifted the lid from the *pink* box she had placed down onto the table.

To reveal…

With an image of the large man and his ferocious countenance to mind, Marchbanks felt his stomach lurch as he asked himself:

“Is this to be my fate also?” Humiliation at the hands of a psychotic with a fetish for pink?”

“It will serve for now,” she told him, pulling the jacket of what was intended to be the livery of this… *service* …from the box and holding it up for his inspection.

“At least until I persuade myself in which capacity you are best suited to serve me,” she finished.

Then, as he looked on, dumbfounded and horrified, she replaced the uniform she intended to be his in its box and rose to her feet.

“This will be returned to you when my coachman calls for you tomorrow,” she told him as, carrying the box under one arm, she made for the door.

Stopping before it and turning to him with a look of expectation and rebuke.

He could do nothing but stare back at this stranger who had impacted upon his life in a way in which he found himself challenged to respond and was finding himself profoundly wanting.

She stood in silence, toe tapping impatiently upon his carpet; until:

“I would expect a man to show a lady from the room with the requisite courtesy,” she told him. “So how much more would I *demand* it from a creature who is my property.”

Unable still to quite believe what he was hearing - despite the outlandish nature of what his ears had taken in already - and intending to rise to his feet and forcibly eject this madwoman from his surgery – female or not - Marchbanks found himself astounded. For, rather than the forcible ejection he envisaged, he once again found himself bowing to the waist and, obsequiously and deferentially, moving across to open the door as she ordered. This that she might make her way past it without acknowledgement of his courtesy before gliding down the stairs to be shown out to her waiting carriage by his maid.

Though, before she did, she turned back to him and whispered in his ear:

“As a reward for being tolerably obedient, and to prove to you my power, when I have left you may return to your desk and pleasure your pitiful cock.”

Again his face reddened and he felt his manhood strain even harder inside the prison of his trousers as it responded to the exotic and accented sound of the word *“cock”* as it left her mocking lips.

What was happening to him?

Why was he hopping to do this madwoman’s bidding?

Staring beyond his brazen guest to a spot downstairs where his maid waited, he breathed a sigh of relief that both the woman’s words and their one-sided interaction had been neither heard nor witnessed; though the puzzled look upon his maid’s matronly and seemingly forever disapproving face did concern him.

“Mark my words, however,” his tormentor continued; “you have my permission to please yourself the once only. And believe me, I will know if you disobey… Test me on this and you will find a painful lesson awaiting you tomorrow evening.”

And with that she was gone.

FOUR

He tossed and turned that night, dark visions of utter shame and humiliation haunting what little sleep he could manage. Not the least of those dreams, though a long way from being of the worst and most dark kind, was the memory of himself sitting at the desk where he had lectured so many important men and women on their health and – after having double-checked the lock upon his surgery door – fishing out a by now painful erection and bringing himself to the most tumultuous crisis he could ever have imagined experiencing.

Whatever the mesmeric spell – or some other explainable mental bondage - that this woman of what he took to be Russian origin had put him under," he told himself upon waking, it was of a kind that worked.

But how?

Perhaps his explosive orgasm could be attributed to her use of the power of suggestion. Possibly. But by what means could she have contrived to inhabit the body of a prostitute he had been using for the past year or so?

And then exit from it while leaving the girl without the slightest inkling of her having been possessed?

Though still unwilling to entertain even the possibility of supernatural or other worldly means, the logic that had underpinned the good doctor's whole existence was at least beginning to suspect that his skepticism took him only so far.

Of one thing, however, he was certain.

Come hell and the accompanying high-water, he would *not* be joining her liveried coachman to make the journey to her offensive Chelsea abode.

Not upon that evening, or at any time of day in the future to come…

*****

Again, it was only the coachman himself who attended her carriage and there was no sign of the footman Marchbanks had seen on that portentous first day as he had waited upon the large man of ferocious mien.

Upon stopping at the residence of the woman whose name he had yet to learn, a reluctant Marchbanks, as baffled as he was bemused at the sheep-like way he followed her coachman's lead and allowed himself to be whisked away, uncomplaining and obedient, in her carriage, found himself, like the large and ferocious looking man before him, changing from his own sober and respectable clothes into the shaming and ridiculous livery the Russian woman had shown him the day before.

And placing himself in them as if he were an automaton and not a sentient being with a mind and a will of his own after as the coachman offered him a few words of ominous advice before returning to his vigil above his horses and waited for his charge to change:

"As you value your safety, doctor," he began, as Marchbanks stood before him in his new and ludicrous regalia, "do not remove your livery while you in the house. She considers you hers now, and anyone she regards as property best not be found in there wearing anything but the pink in which he wore to go inside… Believe me, as you value your life, heed my advice."

The words echoing about his head, and leaving his own clothes neatly folded upon the seat of the, thankfully, enclosed carriage, he felt his flesh creep as he stepped outside and imagined the eyes of the whole world looking on at his transformation.

Standing at the gate of her residence with legs watery in their fearful consistency, he realised that he himself was about to become an actor in the theatre-piece which had so puzzled him on two previous occasions and was careful not to look back and across the road in the direction of the inn for fear of Grainger the landlord seeing him in such garb and adding him to the list of *"mad pinkies"*.

In fact, it was all he could do to even meet the gaze of the coachman who was at least in the same uniform and who, at least, had been polite if not over friendly.

Passing through the front garden with its pink painted grass and complimentary bloom, he followed the driver inside and up a broad staircase covered with pink cloth and balustraded with carved rails in the exact same colour and shade.

Everything, as he had seen from the sexton's belfry, a cathedral to its owner's bad-taste.

Even the stair-rods were of a pink enamel, and the corners and landing places served as room for more marble statues in the same unvarying colour, some of them holding enameled lamps in their hands, lights, as with the statues themselves, shrouded by globes of ground glass in the same inevitable pigmentation.

Their journey ended outside an ornate door edged with, yes, *pink* ornamentation.

"The Mistress awaits you," said the coachman in a suddenly serious and portentous tone entirely out of keeping with both the rough London accent in which he had only just couched his warning and the ludicrous outfit in which he was clothed.

Then he left by the same way as they had both arrived.

No doubt, thought the troubled Marchbanks, to wait upon her carriage until such a time as she had finished with her latest victim – *him* – and he had been ejected from her presence in the same manner as the large gentleman.

Girding his loins and promising himself and all his forbears that he would soon regain his manhood and assert himself in the presence of the woman who seemed to have him under some kind of hypnotic spell, the doctor rapped with his knuckles upon the door.

Firmly.

“Come” came the haughty monosyllable from inside and, gulping in a huge breath containing both fear and resolution, Marchbanks entered and closed the door behind him.

When he turned, he was surprised to find himself in a room that appeared – if one could ignore its colour – to be the kind of room one would expect to find at Versailles. Only *far* smaller. Though it seemed too large to be contained in the kind of house one expected from an exterior viewing.

Chromatics aside, it was a room of expensive ornaments, rugs, and paintings and was obviously acquired at a considerable cost to its owner. A Turkish carpet that looked like a woven fall of recent and pink snow; a pink satin damask on a chair and a couch, and an ottoman; with draped satin and pink lace around the windows, greeted Marchbanks. Altogether, he decided, it was the weirdest-looking room he had ever had cause to visit and one he fervently hoped he would *never* chance upon again after this night had ended.

The principal and female object of his curiosity was seated in a deep chair with her side toward him, and for the first time he had an opportunity to examine her at his relative her leisure.

Strangely - but then he expected nothing less in her regard - she neither moved or took the slightest notice of his entrance and, finding himself ignored in such a way, he once again experienced an immediate disturbance at his groin; bulging out the somewhat tight-fitting breeches of his unwanted uniform.

A resurgence of a desire he had not sought, which brought his most spectacular ejaculation of the previous night while alone in his bed to the front of his mind once more.

Together with the shameful knowledge that *she* had actually given him permission to do so.

“Come and kneel before me, *moy angliyskiy rab*.” her voice burst suddenly into the room, startling him with both their sound and their intent; despite his lacking an understanding of the words suffixing her sentence – though he knew enough to be reasonably certain they were not flattering of him.

As it was in his surgery the day before, her almost transparent chiffon dress which bordered the scandalous was of the deepest black and contrasted startlingly with the long red tresses that were free of all restraint and cascaded over her chiffon covered shoulders to provide a visual counterpoint to those compelling green eyes.

The same eyes that were already taking in his presence with a mixture of indifference and underlying…

Hunger.

Her hands rested idly on her lap as he felt a compulsion, despite his nausea for such a prospect, to do as she asked and abase himself before her.

Doctor Alfred Marchbanks finally acknowledged the very real power she somehow wielded over him and recognised the unarguably *delicious* feelings in his breast and below as they responded to her control of him as both sexual and obsessional.

Moving toward her, again as if against the intent of his own volition, he found himself bowing deeply. Before, crimson of cheek and shamed to a point where he was unable to meet her gaze, he felt his legs collapse slowly beneath him until he was in the kneeling position before her she had demanded of him.

To his surprise, she extended the back of a pale and regal hand and allowed it to hang before his eyes.

And now his gaze did meet hers.

Questioningly.

This as his cock raged in its confinement with an urgency sufficient enough to make him feel faint.

Never, he told himself, had he desired a woman with such… *desperation*.

Which was when he knew exactly what she required of him and, without placing his own hands upon hers, pressed his lips to the back of the long slender fingers dominating his vision.

It was, he knew – and knew equally that he would deny it to himself the moment he was outside again in her carriage – no less than a pledge of himself and his being to the ownership of another.

"Eto moya poslushnaya boltovnya," she said in her native tongue, her tone telling him he being congratulated for his behaviour – as well as having his manhood denigrated at the same time.

Just the same, he could tell what he saw as his act of submission seemed to arouse her, for her face was animated and aroused; once again leading him to the conclusion she was obviously a deviant who had, by some means foul and mesmeric, gained a large measure of control over his actions.

"Vy tyazhelo lyubite?" she asked with amusement, before remembering my unfamiliarity with her tongue and repeating herself:

"Forgive me," she began, sounding almost like a hostess addressing an esteemed guest rather than an unwilling visitor she had compelled to kneel before her. "I forget your ignorance of the mother-tongue."

Her fingers were withdrawn from his lips and the doctor berated himself for the puerile feeling of loss they evoked in him.

“I asked if my pet was hard?” she said, lips curling in the usual superior manner.

Had he thought his cheeks could become no hotter and his self-castigation no more lacerating, then both his anatomy and the metaphysics it contained proved him wrong.

“Your owner asked you a question, came her voice, sounding to his ears as if she had just aimed a whiplash in his direction. “And do not think that because you look so fetching in your lovely new uniform that you will be spared her anger if you test her by not answering.”

His thoughts raced.

Surely, he asked himself, she could not expect a gentleman to answer such a repulsive and indecent question?

Knowing the answer even as he asked it of himself.

Knowing also, and horrified for once by the truth, that he was about to answer her in the affirmative.

“Good boy. That is just as it should be,” she said approvingly once he had stammered out his shamefully accurate response. “You must never lie to your Russian *Gospozha*… *Never!*... To do so once will earn you a punishment that will, I promise, give you pain should you even think to repeat such disrespect.”

Of a sudden, he found his voice and the will to use it:

“Why?” he all but screamed.

Far from the annoyance – maybe even anger – he expected from her for his outburst, she looked amused; albeit in the most condescending of ways; almost as if he were an animal from the wild she had decided to train who had just managed to stand upon his hind legs for the first time – even if he was, in fact, kneeling before her.

“You have my permission to tell me what is on your mind, my pet,” she said in a voice a mother might be expected to use upon an infant she was soothing.

“Why do you treat me in such a way?” he blurted out, uncaring of how weak and needy the question made him feel.

Then, the enquiring mind of the logical man he considered himself to be leading him on:

“*How*, do you treat me in such a way?... What trick of mesmerism or transference have you performed that allows you to treat a man in such a fashion?”

He pointed a finger at his own chest for emphasis.

“And why *this* man?”

She leaned forward in her seat and closed the distance between them, then reached out suddenly and, taking his lips between her fingers, closed off the avenue of further speech until she released them.

*"*Hush*,* now, little *rabynya*," she warned him with a mix of authority and insincere concern. "I understand how such an upstanding man of science and medicine must feel to be in the presence of that which is inexplicable to him. But then, is that not always the problem with inferior types such as yourself?

Fingers continuing to pinch his lips closed, he remained silent under her abuse of him, hoping to hear something born of her over-confidence in her ability to control him that would allow him to find a means of extracting himself from her clutches.

Such was his hope, anyway.

Doctor Alfred Marchbanks stared into the compelling eyes of the regal and intoxicatingly erotic woman and searched for a sign of the madness he knew must lurk behind them.

And found no visible sign.

All he saw was a woman capable of provoking and controlling the most violent and powerful of reactions at his groin.

A woman who, though she looked and behaved older, could not have been far from her early-twenties and one he suspected, from her finely chiselled features and the red tresses about her shoulders, who must surely have been an enchanting young girl before whatever insidious and evil malady afflicting her took complete control and fashioned the monster into whose eyes he now stared.

"Who are you?" he asked suddenly, surprising both ere and himself as the fingers preventing speech were removed from his lips. "Tell me something of yourself. How and why am I here? And why your insistence upon pink?"

"My, my," she clucked. "My new slave is an inquisitive one, are you not, Doctor Alfred Marchbanks, as was?"

His mind raced at the way she had again added the: *"as was"*, but something else was gnawing at him with an even greater intensity.

Something deep at his core which both rebelled and exulted in her use of the word describing him; though he felt sure she had described him with the same word in her own tongue before now; this as he again searched in vain for the lunacy he knew lurked in the recesses beneath her comportment.

The lunacy that would explain both his presence there and the pink in which he was clothed and surrounded.

He pressed on and decided to take a bolder approach that at least allowed him the impression of putting up some resistance to her easy domination of him:

“Despite your obvious insanity and your need of assistance with it,” he began, “I see no need for us as civilised people not to share common civilities – *especially* as *you* know *my* name.

She looked amused – if such heavy condescencion could be described so.

“Very well,” she began after a moment’s consideration. “The name of your new owner is Varvara Volosenkov. I am from a very old family in an even older country called Karakorum which belongs to the Eastern Steppe and borders Mongolia and of whose existence.

“It is a land of which I am sure you, along with all but a smattering of your countrymen are unfamiliar.”

Looking again at that Slavic face with its hint of something more… *Asiatic* ...he gave himself a half-hearted pat upon the metaphorical back for his first impression having been proved correct and the mystery of the impression of inherent cruelty residing in her features appeared solved.

Much good this rather puerile and racially disrespectful generalization served him.

“…A very old, and *very* persecuted family,” she was continuing in full flow now, the obvious pride she took in that family making her more… *effusive*. “The mediocre and unintelligent, can always be relied upon for one thing, if nothing else.”

Again, her lip was curling and he was left in no confusion as to how she regarded her… *inferiors*.

“And that,” she went on, “is to tear down or destroy in its entirety that which it does not understand and, more importantly, was never meant to understand.”

Which does not answer to your fixation for this,” he told her, pulling at his pink tunic before using his arms to reference the rest of their chromatically exact surroundings.

“There is a certain knowledge,” she began, looking almost wistful for a moment, that is denied to even the more superior of us. As far as my family history allows, the reason for my compulsion goes back to a long distant ancestor with a hatred of the colour in all its shades. An ancestor who hated for the firm and wholly just way she maintained order of her lands and the people on it who belonged to her – in much the same way as I own and rule this house and all those I choose to live within it.”

“And why should your ancestor’s dislike of a harmless secondary colour affect you in such a far-reaching way that you would be so obsessional about it? Surely, if any of her matter has been passed on to the future through you, then you would hate it equally as much?”

She laughed and it was derisive, not friendly.

“You act as if you ask such a question for the first time and it is one myself and my late relatives, were they present to hear it, must profess themselves amazed by your perspicacity and speed-of-thought in the asking of it.”

Again she laughed, this time with a toss of her head and the amazing red-tresses framing it.

“It is not,” she said, switching off her laughter instantly and affixing him with a stare that threated to fill his veins with stone. “And I…AM…NOT.”

Marchbanks forced himself on in the hope of hearing something advantageous to him he could use to extract himself from her control:

“Then what is the meaning of…?”

Again he indicated the room with a sweeping arm covered by the same colour as his surroundings.

“…This?” he finished.

“I believe that question has been asked already and answered also.”

“But…”

“Silence!” she barked and he gave an involuntary flinch in the face of her wrath.

“And clasp your hands behind your back respectfully and stand erect when you are in my presence.”

Stunned to his core at the terror her anger fetched him, a feeling of incipient hysteria built in his breast with every example of the effortless control she wielded over him and expanded again as he did as she demanded – again without being aware of ordering himself into the desired posture.

As she had done before, she divined his thoughts and – to his surprise – attempted to soothe them rather than mock him for his weakness.

“Calm yourself, doctor,” she advised him in a voice that was as near to melodious and calming as he could ever imagine hearing from her. “The life you are to have with me at my feet will be far less taxing and more tolerable when you begin to see things as they are and not as you desire them. I am aware that you struggle to accept that your life is no longer your own and now belongs to a young and frail female such as me, but that is just the erroneous view inspired by your all-conquering masculinity. A view encouraged by less superior and *exacting* examples of my own sex, who have fostered in you, and your own egomania, a dangerous self-entitlement.”

He stood stock still and allowed her words to wash over him to no effect. Everything she was saying was in direct opposition to everything he knew and believed. Confirming for him, her madness.

And yet…

If what he believed was so incontrovertible, then what in the name of Galen the Greek was he doing before her adopting the posture of a flunky while clad in the most demeaning apparel since Omphale ordered Heracles to don her girdle and toil at a spinning wheel?

"…It can be easier for you," he came back from his thoughts to hear her continuing, "or it can be difficult… And agonizingly so. But that one thing will be your only choice to make. But, no matter which course you decide upon, you are, and have been from the first moment I saw you dismount from your horse and enter the inn across from here, my complete and utter chattel."

He did not want to believe it…

Could not bring himself to believe it…

And why would he?

They were living in the world's most powerful country, during the latter half of the nineteenth-century! Even the fables and fictions, which once spoke of such fabulous and incredible events as a means of diversion, had fallen into contempt and were only sought after nowadays by the credulous and the weak of mind. So how could he be expected to believe that *he* was a leading if humble player in just such a fantasy?

"To return to your thrice asked question, however," she began, "and as I am in a mellow mood this evening, I will answer it once again and attempt, this time, to have you understand it."

Reaching to her side with a slender arm in its black chiffon that seemed de rigeur, she took up a slim crystal flute of champagne and took a thoughtful sip before returning her attention to the chattel standing at respectful attention before her.

"You are correct in that I do not hate the colour in which you find yourself clothed. And this, to throw your self-vaunted perception a tid-bit, mystifies me as much as it seems to bemuse you. Especially after my ancestor - this after the peasants belonging to her had revolted and subjected her to a demise that was notably gruesome, even for those days – had been confined to an underground tomb for the whole of eternity in a coffin of pink and with clothing, interior floors and walls alike, covered in the very same shade you feel upon the outside of your skin and everywhere about my house.

"A colour that, when removed from the home in which I must currently dwell and from the bodies within it which I own, induces in me a savagery of such a kind you must pray *never* to be on the receiving end of it.

Marchbanks found himself grimacing at such a grisly fate – the same fate underlining the coachman's warning to him; while wondering at the same time just how much of a tyrant and sadist the woman's ancestor must have been to make her peasants extract such a vengeance from her.

A tyrannical streak, he sensed, that was alive and kicking in the young woman below him who insisted he was her property.

The same woman, who in contradiction, was sipping delicately and appreciatively at the champagne his own dry mouth could have used at that moment.

“But, if those peasants,” she began again, “thought their lives would be milk and honey from then on, they were mistaken. On the express order of the Tsar, who had stayed with my entombed ancestor as a child and been most kindly treated, soldiers were dispatched to restore the status-quo and authority passed from one of my line to another.

“Which is when our… *‘obsession’* …as you describe it, with pink first asserted itself for reasons beyond the understanding of my forbears as it is to me. All I know for sure is that, by decorating our domiciles in the same colour with much my late ancestor was entombed, and by insisting our goods and chattels are arrayed in the same shade, any female belonging to a particular line of the Volosenkov is endowed with certain… *qualities*.”

She paused for what the incredulous Marchbanks knew was effect.

Then:

“Among those… *certain* …qualities,” she finished, “being the ability to exercise complete control over… *certain* …men.”

As she replaced the champagne in its pink crystal flute, upon the pink table at her side, a look of what he could only describe to himself as… *“bestial hunger”* …twisted her Slavic features with their hint of the Mongolian Steppe into a mask that was as near to pure evil as he ever cared to see again.

“It is,” she went on, voice feral in its hunger, “an ability you are about to experience, and no doubt hate, for yourself…”

FIVE

It was an even more shamed and demoralised Marchbanks who let himself out the front-gate some two hours later.

A Marchbanks who was in no doubt that his existence had been soiled for all eternity.

And would continue in the same way.

As private and solitary as he had always been from his schooldays and on – and he *did* attribute these traits to the treatment received at that cold and supposedly *"character-building"* establishment to which a determined father and a reluctant mother had sent him – he also, nonetheless, regarded himself as a modern and enlightened man.

But no man, be he the most enlightened and accepting example of the gender in Christendom and all the world's competing religions, could have failed to be appalled by what had been inflicted upon him at the hands, feet, and more intimate parts of the anatomy, by the abomination in female form he had just left.

Without even the slightest of nods towards hyperbole, he could only describe his treatment at her hands as feeling as if he was being deluged under thousands of liquid gallons of the most putrid and foul debasement.

A huge and putrid excretion drawn straight from the cess-pit itself and poured continuously over his shamed yet unresisting head and shoulders.

As he gulped in the chill air of the night, oblivious to the pink livery in which he was still dressed and whoever might see him wearing it, he tried to ignore the scent of her cunny in the form of her sexual juices and… yes …her liquid waste.

The same waste she had sprayed about his head and shoulders after she had rubbed his tongue raw against her clitoris and labia; this as he lay prone upon his back in her *pink* water-closet and made futile attempts to assert himself against such a foul usage.

She had, she told him when the last drops of her discharge had dripped from her despicable cunny, marked him as hers until either the mercy of death took him or she had no further use for his services.

And the last, she had insisted, was hardly likely.

It was not until the middle-aged coachman, wearing a look of compassion belying the nose he could not help but wrinkle with distaste and giving Marchbanks the impression he himself had undergone a similar ordeal, opened the carriage door for him that he might step inside and change clothes, that he received another shock.

A shock not as unpleasant and emasculating as his ordeal inside her house had proved, but certainly more welcome.

“Close the door behind you and, if you have no objection to doing so in front of another man, change from that disgusting outfit,” said an unfamiliar voice.

But *not* an unfamiliar face.

And a face which no longer seemed *“ferocious”* but shared the same look of compassion and revulsion for his proximity as that of the coachman.

Marchbanks changed swiftly and awkwardly as the man diplomatically stared through the opposite side of the carriage towards the lighted windows of the inn where the adventure had started.

Then, seating himself facing him as the still distasteful coachman removed the soiled livery – hopefully for laundering; the doctor waited to hear what he had to say and prayed it offered some escape from his predicament.

“I come here tonight,” the man began in a voice which, despite his intimidating size and expression, was hesitant and, Marchbanks’ thought… *resigned*, “because I no longer have anything to lose.”

The man produced a handkerchief and ran it over a forehead clammy with the perspiration inspired by his situation before continuing:

“My name is Edward Villiers and I am ruined,” he exclaimed. “Cursed from the moment I stumbled across the inn yonder and decided to stop for rest and refreshment…”

Marchbanks recognised his own beginnings in the description as his visitor pressed on:

“…And I give you but one guess on the score of which she-devil has brought it about.”

It was a conjecture the doctor had no need whatsoever to make.

“She has bled me dry of my fortune and taken a torch to my dignity. Tomorrow my creditors will take everything from me. My home, my possessions, and the business I strove so hard to build, will all be as ashes”

He sank for a few moments into a despairing and reflective silence before rousing himself:

“But that is tomorrow. Upon this tonight, though, I will take back my life from her hands.”

Then, in a semi-mumble Marchbanks struggled to decipher:

“Even if I will no longer be here to live it tomorrow.”

“You have my every sympathy, sir,” consoled Marchbanks, the presence of a fellow victim somehow providing clarity to his shamed thoughts, if not comfort. “But how did you… *we* …come to fall into her clutches?”

The distraught man's arms opened wide: "By supernatural means, if we are to believe what she has to say on the subject. And why, in the absence of anything approaching reason, would we not?"

Then, nodding, his every certainty under question, the doctor responded:

"When all logical avenues have been found wanting," he conceded, I suppose we have no option but to think the unthinkable."

His voice broke suddenly:

"I… I have allowed myself… Allowed myself to be treated this night, in ways shameful to the dignity of *any* man… My only – my one – consolation is to believe that her insinuation of other worldly power is responsible for my having allowed myself to be treated in such an inhuman and degrading way."

It was his turn to reflect:

"But this does not… does not…"

He was unable to continue and found his refrain taken up by his fellow occupant in the carriage:

"…explain the perverse joy you took from her usage of you."

It was not a question but a statement, from a man who had obviously experienced the same treatment, and found the curious elation he took from having her govern him in such a way almost as shameful as the actions into which he had been forced.

Marchbanks once again found himself nodding and did indeed begin to take a mild comfort in the knowledge he was not alone in his disgrace.

"It is beyond every scrap of knowledge with which I have armed myself with down the years in order to combat base superstition and folklore," he conceded. "And, as much as I wish to believe in a supernatural element that would at least partly absolve the two of us from our submission to her, I remain a man committed to both logic and medicine. Moreover, I am a doctor with experience of lunacy and see a weakness of the mind of our tormentor I still feel sure will provide a solution to our mystery rather than a belief in the words of the woman thus afflicted."

"You are a young man still, Doctor Marchbanks and, as such, are still convinced of the infallibility of your own conclusions. But you must believe me when I tell you that the fiend in female form who resides in the house you just left – even if the lunacy of which you speak is present – is aided in her desire to control and humiliate those of our sex weak enough of mind to succumb to her by forces far beyond the mitigating hand of our sanitized logic. Forces, were they to reveal themselves to all – weakness of mind notwithstanding – would make humanity shudder with horror."

In spite of such surprisingly eloquent and erudite words, and his own experience of them, it was the older man's insinuation that *he*, Alfred Marchbanks, a doctor, was weak of mind that held and focused his attention the most.

Something his companion in bondage sensed.

"I do not doubt that you believe such weakness of the intellect not to be the case where you are concerned. I too at one time allowed my manly arrogance to convince me against the obvious. Yet I have heard from her own lips that it is only *certain* men who respond to their authority and we are obviously of their number."

"And you do not find such an assertion… *preposterous?*"

"You, after what you have just experienced, can still say such a thing?... Then tell me why, my dear doctor, if our masculine minds are so impervious to the control she exerts over us, how it such upstanding men can be forced to do the bidding of a mere woman in such a way?"

Marchbanks, with images of her urine splashing over his horrified cheeks, could find no immediate answer and the man, suddenly in a hurry, pressed on:

"But I must be gone. Time moves swiftly and I have a date with destiny and a certain loaded pistol."

Marchbanks was horrified upon hearing of his intent, but before he could even try to dissuade him, the man rushed on:

"It is my only escape and my only sadness, apart from ever having laid eyes upon the witch, is that I have left it too long to end my shame."

Again the doctor made to speak and again he was prevented:

"There is nothing that can be said or done to alter me from my course. Death is my one release… As it will be yours also… Unless, that is, you can go a step further than me and throttle the life from her hateful throat before you are too far gone in your slavery to do so."

He opened the carriage-door and stepped into the road.

"It can be only one or the other, doctor, and I wish you success and lasting peace whatever your choice… But it is, I am afraid, a choice you *must* eventually make… Goodbye, my unfortunate young friend.

And then, with a slam of the door, he was gone.

But not unobserved.

As Marchbanks stared through the window he caught sight of the oh, so, friendly Grainger, standing before the, as always, empty looking pub and it was if a lamp had been switched on within his head.

Suddenly, one mystery cleared for him.

How else could the woman have even known of his existence, and been standing at her front-gate upon that fateful day to take in his image, had she not been forewarned by the landlord who was obviously in her pay and for whom, it seemed, the absence of customers was not a phenomenon to be found unduly troubling?

And who else but old Jed could possibly have informed her that he had been spying upon her home from the belfry?

Which was the point when he saw a smiling Grainger head back to his empty pub and heard the coachman gee-up the horses for the journey back to his chambers.

Six

"You're mad!" cried the near hysterical coachman as he approached the naked man and attempted to drill sense where no sense appeared to be. "She'll flay the skin from your hide – if you be so lucky."

The doctor, as was, simply grinned at him, vacant eyes telling the gruff older man that he had reached tether's end.

"Please," he begged, having no idea how to cajole the younger captive into the clothes that might save him and shamed by his own impotence and inability after all this time in her service to not have found a means by which to take back his own life – even if it meant the taking of the life belonging to the woman who had taken it from him in the first place and left him without even the strength of will or character to take his tale to the authorities. "I tell you, if she sees you like this you'd rather be standing in front a mad bull with horns filed to points than have her at your throat. You risk stirring her passion for blood – an' believe me, it'll be all yours."

"Let it!" he cried, laughing like a madman as he brushed past the coachman and hurried upstairs to his date with destiny and what he hoped would be an end – albeit a grisly one – to the emasculation with which she continued to shame him.

He had been stripped of both his pride in himself as a man and the logic and learning he so revered. The latter having been shown to be little more than the howling in the dark of animals terrified by the glow of the moon and hoping their cries would somehow make its presence seem more natural and less inexplicable. But, in doing so, he told himself, she had also set him free in the process. For when you deprive a man of everything and he has nothing to lose, what price is there in being a slave?

Opening the door to her bedroom as the coachman's courage would take him no further and he retreated back outside, he felt a cold and death-like hand reach at his vitals and almost rushed back downstairs to retrieve his hated livery.

In fact, and just like the coachman, his courage had failed him so that he could barely move.

Which is when, through the partly open door of her room, he heard the most soul-shriveling scream he hoped never to hear repeated in either this existence or the next.

It was, he recognised from some quality in the screams, Edward Villiers – though how he had gained an entrance unobserved or why he had decided against the waiting pistol of a few nights previously, he could not say.

Finding a reserve of courage from somewhere deep inside him, he rushed into the room.

And was met by a sight that froze his blood in his veins.

Possibly the noise of the opening door had attracted her, for she was looking directly at him from the floor with bloodstained lips.

Lips from which dangled Villiers' ripped out throat.

This as she hovered over him with a smile one fully expected to be found waiting as the door of hell slammed shut and Lucifer took in his latest… guest.

Her eyes were glazed and distended with the power of her blood-lust – but not so unobservant they could not notice his missing livery and promise him with those same eyes a savage fate of his own the moment she had finished with the poor wretch below her upon the reddened rug.

The same large man with the ferocious features she was in the process of eviscerating.

An evisceration which, with a shriek which scorched his soul, she lowered her head to finish as her naked servant looked on helplessly.

Which was when he spotted the pistol not a yard from his bare feet.

It was only after the shot exploded from the muzzle to shatter her cranium and send her lifeless across the body of her victim that he took in the sight, gave one final sway, and fainted…

EPILOGUE

Alfred Marchbanks opened his eyes to a curious sight and crinkled them with puzzlement, even as he delighted in the cool breeze that cooled his forehead.

Closing his eyes again to luxuriate in the sensation and not quite awake yet, his wakening thoughts tried to recall the dream – the most disturbing dream – that had just ended his dalliance with Morpheus.

Images of a red-headed woman, as she smiled at him with lips of the deepest blood-red, flashed upon the back of his eyes, as he remained in that curious place between half-conscious and semi-awake.

His flesh creeping as he pictured himself staring up at the cunny she was presenting to him.

A cunny she had spread with the fingers in each hand and was in the process of directing a stream of her urine down upon his unprotected face.

And worse…

She was asking him to thank her for the privilege!

Worse still…

His thoughts heard himself do just that!

But it was not enough.

He saw her hand snake out and snatch a handful of his hair between strong and demanding fingers to wrench his face up to hers; looking down at him with the satisfaction of an owner surveying property.

Human property."

And then his resistant lips were at the crease of the labia from which had just gushed her waste.

Even half-dreaming, his already appalled thoughts raced:

"Surely she did not intend for him to…?"

She did.

"Make your Mistress presentable now my *Khoroshaya malen'kaya sobachka*."

His head shook in her hands and he tried to pull away.

The slap with which his head was rocked to the side would not have shamed a man three times her size and he felt blood drip from his mouth and run down his chin.

“Ooooooh,” he heard her appreciative smile as she dropped to her knees and licked at the scarlet discharge. “The blood of my rabynya must not be wasted.”

With still greater further she continued to lick at him, eyes beaming into his maniacally and possessively as her hunger built.

“It is too much,” she breathed at last. “You have brought this upon yourself my disobedient little pet.”

Then, as he stared at her with horror for what she intended:

“You have provoked me and now you must pay the price for your rebellion.”

He felt himself attempt to beg and desisted from the labour instantly.

She would do whatever she wished and there was no power available to him to persuade her otherwise.

“I have a desire,” she began, “to *FEED*…”

As the mouth with lips still stained with his blood opened to reveal her sharp but perfectly formed teeth and she began to lower herself towards his throat, the spell that had held him silent up until then vanished and he opened his own mouth…

To scream…

And scream…

And scream…

And…

…The first thing to meet his eyes when his own screaming brought him from the last hurrahs of Morpheus was…

…Lush green grass…

His body almost swooned for joy at the sight of such normality – though for the life of him he could not immediately work out why he should have been sleeping upon it.

No matter, he told himself, drawing a huge gulp of free air into greedy lungs. It would soon come to him and all that mattered was the absence of a secondary colour he knew he would never look fondly upon again.

Which was when he allowed himself a contented yawn and stretched his arms before above him languorously.

To find them clad in…

Pink!

It came flooding in upon him with a rush.

Everything.

The perfidious Granger and the surly sexton.

Her commandeering of the prostitutes body as she rode him in his bedroom.

The confrontation at his surgery wherein he saw the livery she intended him to wear for her for the first time.

Poor Edward Villiers.

His selling and signing over of his practice to his junior-partner – *and* gifting over the proceeds; along with his savings; to the monster masquerading as a woman who called herself Varvara Volosenkov.

And then, his incarceration in her infernal pink fortress that followed, and the physical and unwanted abominations she had forced upon him.

Him!

Not the least of those abominations being her decision that she preferred him as a canine rather than a man.

A canine who was not allowed to walk upon his two-legs and who was denied all but the mot basic grunts to communicate his needs.

A canine with a body-warner covering his arms and upper body in a shade of…

It does not require confirmation.

His earlier delight to be awake was a distant memory not likely to return at any time soon and he lowered his head back to the grass, spying as he did so, and with a feeling of deep revulsion; though they were as shapely a pair of ankles and accompanying feet as a man could ever see; the painted nails – vermillion and not pink – of her dainty toes.

The image of himself sucking upon them as she took her leisure above him like the great lady she now considered herself to be in his regard, went not even a small way to exciting him.

Then, as she again sat above the man she had reduced to not just a servitor but a pet, the voice he hated with every sinew endowed to him washed over his head as the stench of the nearby gasometers must wash over the hallowed stump and the turf of the cricket green they stood upon at his beloved, and never to be seen again, Oval:

“Is my good boy all refreshed after his rest in the sun?” he heard.

More afraid by now of the consequences of disobedience than the mental pain of his helpless acquiescence, he gave her what she wanted:

“Wruff!”

“That is my lovely boy,” she cooed above him. “Then you will be refreshed enough to assist your owner as she makes use of her water-closet…”

THE END