In Over My Head

Parts-One-Two-&-Three Complete

By
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Introduction

At the behest of the person who has taken over my life, I am writing the story of how I came to be little more than an indentured servant of the lowest and most humiliating kind to a late-teen girl over the last few months and the changes made in me in that short space of time since she assumed control.

My story is entirely true and only names and places have been changed that

those who know either me or my female master might not connect the dots that would surely lead to them identifying us.

It is, I must confess, a cautionary tale.

The old saw that bites one on the proverbial:

"Be careful what you wish for".

How could it be anything else given the influence of my perversity and the fact it ensured I would actively seek out that which good sense should have kept me removed from by a distance of light years.

If, that is, I had wished to continue with a life I had, early divorce apart, found pleasing and relatively easy.

Anyhow, it is *"easy"* no longer and my *"Master"* – she hates the term *"mistress"* - insists I write this as she wishes to have a history of the early days of her ownership of me to take with her into the future when, hopefully, she will feel again those initial sensations of delight supplied by her early dominance of me.

For this reason, and against my will, I present the beginnings of my servitude to the young girl who has proved herself so capable of mastering me, despite the difference of gender and age, and whose wishes, spoken or simply intimated, are coming to seem to me as the most iron-clad and irresistible of commands.

No.

Not *"coming to seem"*.

They *are* the most irresistible of commands.

It is fair to say that I have allowed a set of pretty warped desires to escape the confines of the imagination where they should have stayed housed and fallen prey to someone more than capable of using them to subjugate me to her will.

No.

To be fair to myself – even if such treatment is undeserved – I did not *"allow"* my desires to escape the relatively harmless and metaphysical sphere.

That, and I am entirely truthful in this, was the last thing I wanted to happen. For, though satisfying my desires in the third-person, so to speak, was not ideal, it at least allowed a pleasure that eased the demand and allowed me also to continue the life of a carefree divorced man I had come to enjoy.

It was not, then, so much that I *allowed* these *"warped desires"* to escape so much as *she* led me to the venting of them in the real and physical world where she might make proper – and merciless – use of them.

Sneer at me, despise me, or - if you are one of those who share my perversions and for whom this should indeed read as a cautionary tale - *envy* me, you will while reading this be in no doubt of one thing.

My name is Don Gardner and I am, as the title proclaims:

"In Over My Head"

Don Gardner
February 20
United Kingdom

One

I am a heterosexual man in my very early forties who lives and works in England in a professional capacity.

I have also had submissive desires for as far back as I can remember.

Even if – and would that it had stayed this way – I enacted them only within the privacy of my own thoughts that I may gain a measure of sexual satisfaction and not open myself up to either pity or ridicule, or worse, by taking my courage in my hands and acting out my desires in the real world.

As I say:

"Would that it had stayed this way".

Even as a child, you see, I had an unexplainable attraction towards women's feet. Big, small, clean, smelly, pantyhosed or bare, older or younger, it made absolutely no difference.

I loved and weaved fantasies around them all!

Driven by the fledgling perversities I was too young to either understand or feel shame for, I found myself driven me to put myself in situations where I might be able to be close to the feet of the opposite sex – be they cousins, classmates, friends or aunties, and would propose bets with my friends and the girls who were a part of our *"gang"* whereby the loser would forfeit to the winner.

I am sure you are capable of guessing the kind of forfeits I insisted upon.

As well as the fact I made certain to ensure I lost a lot.

Consequently, I sniffed and kissed and licked their shoes, socks and feet, tidied their messy bedrooms, sniffed their farts and did the homework of my young friends; becoming, in the process, something of a joke for my inability to win a simple bet.

Of course, a fair number of the shoes, socks and feet I worshipped belonged to the boys of the *"gang"*. This was unavoidable and it was only when I grew more cunning and made sure I only got involved in, or at least lost, bets with the girls that this less acceptable – repulsive, if I'm honest – bi-product of realising my juvenile desires in a real way without being detected was stopped.

As maturity came and I started to develop more sexual curiosity, I realised that although feet were my main fetish, I also had a masochistic tendency towards finding myself in positions of abject dependency upon girls.

Girls or women, and as I have already mentioned in respect of feet, of all shapes, sizes and mindsets.

Had the Internet been around in its current form during the formative years of my youth I'm pretty sure my knowledge – not to mention my desires - would have grown at an exponential rate but, as it was, I was restricted to snatching glances at my older brother's hidden collection of Penthouse Magazine and, if I was fortunate, some of the stories and fiction that would deal with my

own interests in the sexual line.

As it was, however, the poor timing of my birth meant that it wasn't until the mid-nineties that I began to get my first taste of *"Surfing"* and began to know the joy of at least experiencing a part of my fantasy via email and computer texting. At this time, and right up until recently, I spent a lot of time speaking to purported Mistresses and similarly minded people through online forums – I also used fetish dating websites but hadn't the necessary courage to actually turn up in person to any of the few meetings I unwisely arranged.

I was, you will have gathered, the *"Time waster"* par excellence.

Over the years though, I have chatted extensively to many, many Mistresses and a number of slaves living the consensual lifestyle about these feelings I had carried around unfulfilled for so long.

Well… pretty much *"unfulfilled"* anyway.

It was at university when these desires grew too strong for me not to seek a release in the flesh and I went ahead and had my first experience of meeting a Dom woman. It was consensual, of course, and nowhere near as thrilling as I had expected it to be – and for exactly that reason of consensuality. But it was private and anonymous and, even more importantly, it was *safe*.

It was also a consensual taster that ensured I would continue to develop my fetish, and my fantasies. They have, as a consequence, grown a great deal and have become more and more extreme as I get older. To date, I have done a few sparse online Mistress/Slave sessions by cam, and have met with a number of Mistresses for sessions in the flesh. All of these were good, if *ultimately* unsatisfying, experiences, and did not amount to any more than one or two meetings.

Why?

It was something I certainly gave a great deal of thought to at the time and even now, with the advantage of hindsight, I'm not entirely sure why nothing further developed from situations that had, on more than a few occasions,

seemed promising. The lack, I now feel, was in me and I suspect it is normal for any fetishist to have some form of dilemma about his fantasies as I was at the time. A dilemma, I begin to see, and a need to conform to the pressures of vanilla conventional expectation, that explains this lack of forward motion where the sex-life I most desired to have was concerned.

In many respects of course, and for us men in particular, fetish, though a heightened and extreme consequence of a particular sexual obsession, presents the male with the usual old and stereotypical choice, be it fetish or vanilla, between thinking with the head and thinking with the cock.

This, you might be surprised, was a large factor in my decisions to not become too deeply involved with the purportedly dominant women I chatted with online, many of whom wished to take things between us further and date. Despite thinking with my cock and allowing it to spurt bucket loads at images of progressively more extreme fantasy as I reached some pretty amazing orgasms, albeit via my own hand, I was not so far gone with need at that time as to be blind to the dangers of opening oneself up to what were, after all, complete strangers. When those few euphoric seconds of satisfaction faded and my head settled back into reality mode I was able to tell myself that fantasies were just that and best kept as such if they were not to prove as destructive as they were incompatible with my ambitions on both academic and social
levels.

Those of you with a more positive and risk-taking mentality who share these traits would no doubt disagree when I say that I am a true slave-type.

A point that is – *was* – fair.

In actuality I'm probably much more of a fantasist; talking to like-minded people about setting up situations which arouse us before drifting off to satisfy ourselves alone. That is – *was* – true, and it’s also fair to say that not once, no matter how deep into the fantasy I got, did I ever really intend seeing these encounters all the way through. Usually they would end on my terms and I would lose interest after the *deed* had been done.

And after that?

Why, then it was back to normal, of course. Back to friends and family and work and the attempt to find and develop a loving relationship that is untainted and, therefore, acceptable to both myself and the mainstream.

So my early adulthood went. Intermittent dips into the make-believe and twilight world of dominance and submission before stays of a longer duration in the real and safer – if less sexually exciting – real world. So far, so unremarkable.

And yet, far from diminishing with time, the hunger to *really* experience being a *real* loser in the eyes of the fair sex that I'd wrestled with since childhood, grew in its intensity.

Which segues nicely into a description of my life as it is lived now and just how I first came to speak with the girl who, and unbeknownst to me, was about to become my female *"Master"*...

Two

About five months back, the *"urge"* came upon me once again and I decided to post to a profile I have on a fetish dating website that I was looking for a *"Legal"* teen *"Mistress"* of *"colour"* to use me.

It was the closest I had come to suggesting a *"real life"* hook-up and the reason behind this was that my fantasies had started to crank themselves up.

Big surprise!

Did I really expect them to diminish over time?

Anyhow, these *"fantasies"* had taken on the form of me being blackmailed into serving someone much younger than my forty or so years.

Just to add extra humiliation and taboo to the situation, you understand?

To be dominated and controlled by a peer or a senior – even if it was only in one's thoughts – was humiliating enough; but to find oneself in the power of one who was far younger, less experienced, and from a different culture that was, perhaps, considered inferior to one's own, took the scenario to a far greater depth.
Of course, another reason for my insisting on a *legal teen mistress* was that I knew Mistresses of such an age would be few and far between and this – I was still fighting my desire to *really* experience my desires – would allow me to see my post online and enable me to weave all kinds of fantasy material from its simple presence there.

My *best* hope was that I would find an actual "legal teen" to chat and submit to in a verbal form and thus satisfy my new fantasy without placing myself in any danger of… *reality.*

I got that and a whole lot more.

Anyhow, I got the usual initial inquiries from the usual time wasters – yeah, I know, stones and glasshouses and all that – and a few genuine messages from people enquiring about the post I'd put out.

But none from anyone who was a *"legal teen mistress"*.

Something that was soon to change.

Along with just about everything else in my life I'd taken for granted up to that point.

I'll never forget the way the breath caught in my throat when I opened my messages on the site to discover one with profile headed by a cover picture containing two very sexy feet.

White feet.
"Ah, well," I remember thinking. "We can't have everything."

My fatalism came easy to me as, though not the preferred black, brown, or yellow of a young girl with origins stemming from a different race and culture, they were exceedingly small and delicately formed feet with high-arches just as I liked them and exquisitely shaped nails on enticing toes that, in common with this particular paragraph of prose, had been painted an alluring but not over-the-top shade of purple.

Her message read:

"You say you want a teen mistress? Well, I'm a teenager. But are you for real?"

So far so good, and I liked her sass. Was I real? Well of course I wasn't. But she wasn't to know that. I was an experienced man of the world and, for all my need to fantasise a teen in control of me, I was hardly about to be manipulated by one.

Yeah, right.

I typed back and ignored her question, asking instead if she was *"legal"*.

"I asked you first she said," playfulness taking the edge off any suspicions I might have that she was anything but *'of-age'*. I was a teacher after all and, despite the nature of my fantasies, I both enjoyed and was dedicated to my profession. Accusations of *'grooming'*, you understand, are not exactly conducive to a long and successful career as an educator.

As it turned out, there was only one of us intent on grooming the other.

And it certainly wasn't me.

Any doubts I might have had about her age were allayed somewhat – both by her self-possession and the reaction of my treacherous cock – as she went on to type that she was keen to have an older man as a slave.

Hooked, I teasingly asked if she felt she was ready for such a responsibility and her response was affirmative. After a bit more to-and-texting, we exchanged Skype details and continued our chat, online and audio. It would not be until a few messages and conversations down the line that we would add the visual to the mix.

It was quickly established that we shared a common foot fetish and she said her late father had been a control freak and she had, from a little girl onwards, had fantasies where she had complete control and total ownership of an older man.

There was nothing overtly childish in the way she spoke but she could not hide her relative youth and the suspicion I could indeed be dominated, if only at a distance, by one so young was, to say the least, galvanising.

From her voice and use of language I placed her at around eighteen or nineteen and already she was beginning to sound like really promising beat-off material.
I immediately began edging our conversation towards the more extreme areas of my own fantasies.

With a prepossession beyond the years I assessed her to be in possession of – a warning sign I, the would-be manipulator, let pass - she said I should tell her what was behind my need for a young mistress and what form those needs took.

“Well,” I answered, “one of the reasons I fantasise about having a mistress who is much would be that in my line of work as a teacher, going with someone so young would be frowned upon and, though it wouldn’t be enough to lose me my position, it would make my current employers and those of the prospective kind look at me with suspicion.”

“I get that,” she answered thoughtfully. “Not likely to employ someone with a taste for girls around the same age as those he’s teaching are they.”

“Exactly,” I encouraged her, pleased she was getting into the swing of the fantasy so quickly, not to know she was coming at the whole deal from a different and more… *permanent*… angle. “It would mean the mistress could set up some blackmail to keep me serving her to make me sink further under her control.”

“And how does your young mistress control you?” she asked, the breathy tone of her voice telling me she was really getting into talking about the scene I’d devised - I hoped she would not be too disappointed when it finally dawned on her that *‘talking’* about it was all she would ever do with me.

I mentioned that it would be horny to be under the control of a teenaged-girl who blackmailed me into regular foot worship, oral and anal sex and to generally be used as her servant.

I also told her that this *“mistress”* would get a kick out of making me do humiliating tasks to exert her power over me; whilst all the while building up a collection of evidence against me that would secure my position as her slave and property.

To my surprise – *and* delight - she told me she had a pretty inventive mind when it came to how a man should serve her and that I should describe just what humiliating things I had in mind.

Not backward in coming forward with these things in such non-threatening encounters and being a veteran of them by now, I listed them.

“Wow!” she said at the end of my recital, betraying her age for the first time as I finished off with by painting a picture of myself naked and on the end of a leash she held that was attached to a collar about my neck as her foot forced my head into the dog-bowl containing my evening meal. “You really are a filthy old fucker, aren’t you?”

Up to then, subject matter aside, we had been taking in a pretty normal way

and this switch of approach from her hit me as if it were a kick to the stomach. My erection soared skyward. Could I have found my fantasy dom at last?
Coming from an opposite direction, she seemed to have drawn the same conclusion:

“You sound really dirty and in need of training. You could be just the kind of old dog I’m looking for to teach some new tricks.”

From there we spent some time discussing the fact that she would be interested in meeting me and getting footage of her being fucked by me and looking as though she were being forced to it. If, she said, we pretended she was below legal age then we could also pretend it could be held against me as a criminal offence and supply her with blackmail material against me. This, she said, would give her real control.

Without my having mentioned it she had hit upon one of the foundation stones of this particular fantasy of mine and my already painful erection took on more urgency.

“I’d *really* like that,” she breathed sensuously and for a fleeting moment I got the impression that, young age or not, I just might be out of my depth with her.

A *correct* impression that did not last long as the pomposity and over-confidence inspired by advanced age and greater experience laughed it off.

This was a fantasy driven by me.

What was the worst that could happen?

What a fool!

As I say, at this point I had a raging hard-on at the thought of the fantasy and was pleased to have found a girl who shared similar thoughts but from the opposite stance.

We agreed to speak again the following evening.

And the night after that.

And…

Yes. You guess correctly. The time soon came when she wanted to meet.

By this time we had viewed each other via webcam as we spoke on Skype and we both seemed to be the ideal of what each required.

Me: a fortysomething divorced and childless father-figure who was, even if I state it myself, still handsome with a full head of only slightly grey-tinged hair.

Her: a girl in her late-teens with flaming red-hair and pale vacuous features that seemed to animate only when the subject of taking ownership of me came up.

The above, as you can imagine from our chats, being frequent.

Animation that became even more marked on those occasions I would ask her to raise her feet to the webcam that I may gaze on them and she would refuse.
Haughtily.

The first time I would see her feet bare, she told me, was when she allowed me to press my unworthy lips to them for the first time.

I suppose it was inevitable that she would ask for us to meet. It had happened on all the other occasions, after all, so I had been expecting it.

So why, if I was so used to such a development – a development that normally heralded the end of a *"fantasy chat"* – was I actually considering her request. Not only considering it but acceding to it. This when she said we either took it further and see where it led us or all contact would end between us.

What I had seen as no more than a threat – she was enjoying our pretend scene as much as me, I knew – becoming a reality when she signed off and said she would not consent to speak to me again unless I committed to an *"in the flesh"* meeting.

Seasoned pervo campaigner that I was, I'd chuckled to myself at her delusional expectations.

This was a *scene!*

No more.

Did she really think I was going to break the habit of game-playing lifetime and meet up with her?

She did.

And what do you know?

For the very first time I actually experienced withdrawal symptoms from the ending of our nightly chats and the growingly inventive ways she said she would control me once I became hers.

I lasted a week before I tried to Skype her.

The screen told me my number had been blocked and I got angry with myself for having been weak enough to even try and make contact again.

I lasted no more than a couple of days before I tried again.

This time by MSN Messenger.

It was a success – of sorts.

"If your next message doesn't state a date and time for our meeting I will block you from trying to contact me here as well."

Amazed at how crushed I felt at the prospect of not speaking to this young girl again, I caved.

It turned out – was fate telling me something – that she lived in Crawley, some ten miles from me and easily reached by either car or train.

We arranged to meet the weekend after next.
Had I known what exactly fate had in store for me I would have halted my journey at Gatwick and taken the first flight out of the country.

It was *exactly* what I should have done.

At this stage, however, I was still pretending to be the man in control – despite playacting the opposite – and I assured myself that once I had met with her and got the situation out of my system it wouldn't be her blocking me from Skype and Messenger but the other way around.

And no, ignorance is not bliss; it's simply stupidity by another name.

Three

It was Friday lunchtime and the McDonalds in the shopping mall was packed, I'd pleaded illness and thrown my first ever unwarranted sick-day to meet my young Internet dominatrix.

I looked for her – we still hadn't exchanged names and knew each other only by our Skype and Messenger aliases – *"lowlyprof"*, and *"redallover"*.

I had taken this to mean that her bush was the same colour as the hair topping her off.

I lessened my lust for her barely at all.

Not a jot, in fact.

I knew I would recognise her when I saw her and my heart was racing ten to the dozen as I awaited her arrival. Young age or not, this was the first time I'd met up with a fellow game player in the flesh and I was nervous. Though I was calmed somewhat by the knowledge we were in Crawley and, to my knowledge, nobody knew me there.

Nobody, that is, except the most crucial person of all and the one who was about to turn my whole existence upon its head.

A *"turn"* that began with a tap on my shoulder as I sat at a small booth near the window.

My first thought was that a twelve-year-old was about to ask if the seat next to me was taken, so tiny and petite was she in a school uniform.

That was until I looked up into smiling and familiar eyes and the all too visible red-hair she had pushed from her vacuous and pale face to tie at the back.

"Don't be rude," she said sharply in a, thankfully, soft voice that was swallowed up by the din from the burger-munchers surrounding us. "Stand up and offer me a seat."

Stomach lurching and feeling now as if that *"sick-day"* would prove warranted after all, I was unable to move as the position she had placed me in became painfully clear.

With a haughty and derisive snort that would have turned me on via webcam and now turned my legs to water, she sat herself down opposite and stared at me, for all the world a sulky child throwing a sulk with an unjust parent.

"Don't worry," she told me. "I'm not as young as I look. I just thought I'd wear my old school uniform to give you a scare."

I breathed a sigh of relief and immediately felt better.

But not by much.
She still looked dangerously young to me.

"I'm Jenifer," she told me, laughing a little at my expression before saying it again more slowly that I might take it in. "Je-n-if-er. With one *'n'*. About time we knew each other's names now we're finally meeting with each other in person."

"You…" I spluttered finding my voice only for it to become a croak. "You… You said you were… were…"

“Legal?” she asked diving my thoughts.

I nodded and she shook her head at me in a way that brooked no misunderstanding. Through my concerns I told myself that this was one self-confident young girl. Self-confidence that bordered on arrogance, in fact.

“I don’t recall ever telling you I was legal,” she told me as what relief I felt was shattered.

Relief that wasn’t much improved when she added:

“Though I am now.”

“I’m leaving,” I told her and had almost got my arse from the seat before her voice, harsh enough and loud enough to attract attention had anyone been concerned with anything but their quarter-pounders and other culinary delights been of a mind to take any notice, stopped me in my tracks.

“Sit back down this instant, Don!” she barked at me as if she were the parent and I a recalcitrant child rather than a forty-year old with over twice her years and experience in his possession.

I sat, further chastened by the fact that she actually knew my name and too stupid to realise that today’s computer savvy kids could always pick such things out of the WWW. ether – especially when already armed with one’s Skype and Messenger details; be they pseudonyms or not.

“This is about to get *very* real for you Don,” she told me with an attitude and a tone of voice I didn’t care for and gave me my first clue that reality might not be all fantasy cracked it up to be.”

“Look… Jenifer…” I began, turning on the charm which, believe it or not and despite my perverse fantasy life, I had quite a reputation for amongst the ladies. “fantasy and playing are one thing, but…”

The slap her little hand delivered to my cheek delivered more in the way of

shock and embarrassment rather than pain and I was grateful nobody seemed to have noticed or, if they had, took it for some kind of play between father and daughter.

“Do one more thing that displeases me and I’m going to scream.”

I looked at her with horror, trying to gauge if she was serious, and saw for the first time the intensity of her vivid green eyes.
Eyes that were not right.

Eyes that were, I told myself… *unbalanced*.

If not stupid.

“You might have been playing but I wasn’t,” she told me, small breasts heaving beneath what she *said* was her *“old”* school uniform and betraying the excitement she felt from acting in such a way at the expense of man old enough to be her parent. Unlike you, I don’t play games. I want to do everything to you you’ve described to me and more.”

“Jenifer,” I tried again, “don’t think I’m trying to patronise you, but we’ve just been indulging in some fantasy play. It’s just meant to be a bit of fun and then we move on. That’s just how it is.”

“You’re a liar,” she accused. “You wouldn’t be here if you didn’t want more than to play at it. You want to be dominated and you want to be dominated by me. I knew you’d be too scared to admit it though and would soon back out. That’s why I had to get you to meet me.”

“Jenifer, I…”

I was halted in my tracks as she waved off in the distance to a boy of around nine or ten who was holding up what appeared to be a mobile phone.

She blew him a kiss and he took off through the doors and was lost to the crowded mall beyond.

“That was my stepbrother and there’s now evidence of the two of us together showing how you forced me to meet you dressed as a schoolgirl.”

A hand tightened itself around my heart and I struggled to take a breath as my earlier confidence of being the one in charge began to vanish in its entirety.

“It will also show me slapping you,” she added as I slumped back into my seat. “But don’t worry. He’s not very clever and he thinks he was just taking pictures of me for a college project I’m doing. Nobody need see them or any of the other stuff I have on you if you’re my good little boy.”

She was speaking to me in exactly the arousing way I had my fantasy dommes speak to me.

The only difference being that this was neither fantasy nor arousing.

“As I said, I’m legal now but I wasn’t when you first started grooming me. I have all your messages and I recorded our Skype conversations before the birthday I celebrated yesterday.”
I stared at her, horrified.

“I reckon that’s enough to at least lose you your job and you might even get a bit of prison time into the bargain,” she told me, eyes not leaving mine and leaving me in no doubt that she would do just that if I wasn’t… *forthcoming*.

“Jenifer,” I began, scene-playing a fond memory now as the dire nature of the situation into which she had manoeuvred me drove itself home. “This… This is wrong. You’re playing with a real life here. It was never meant to…”

“First off,” she interrupted me, “don’t think I’m playing. If you don’t do exactly as I say from now on I won’t hesitate to use what I have. You’re the one who said he wanted this and if you disappoint me I’ll get my pleasure from seeing you suffer and your life turned to ruins.”

“Okay, Jenifer, I hold my hands up. I’m the one who started this and I found our chats exciting. If I raised unreasonable expectations in you then I’m sorry. But you’re an attractive young woman who’s eventually going to want

a husband and a family. Why taint yourself with all this stuff? I mean, you don't actually come out of this very well, do you?"

Thinking I'd taken a sensible tack, I was disappointed when she remained impervious to my argument.

"What do I care? And, anyhow, people will only think I was led astray by a perverted older man. Besides, I don't want a husband or babies and never will."

She paused for a moment and held my eyes with her own as, for the first time in my life, I truly felt as if I were being overmastered by the will of a woman – or, in this case, a girl.

"What I do want is to own a handsome man like you who's old enough to be my father."

She paused for a few moments more then added:

"And you know what? I reckon you want it too."

Our eyes locked and I was the one to blink first, lowering my eyes to the table under the full beam of this *strange* young girl who had gone to such great lengths to get me in such a vulnerable position.

"Now," she told the top of my lowered head, " as it seems you understand who the master is between us, I suggest you go and get me a Big mac and a vanilla shake. Ask for some water for yourself. While I eat you can sit nice and quiet until I'm ready to tell you what happens next."

Folding her hands across the pert little breasts covered by her school shirt, she waited expectantly.

A part of my mind screamed out for me to just get up and go and make the best of the shit that would, undoubtedly, hit the fan.

Another part, however, knew I hadn't the strength to brave the shame that

would go hand-in-hand with what would follow if she were as true to her word as I felt sure she would prove.

But there was also a third part of that mind.

A third part that was no less powerful for not being evident to me at the time and motored me to my feet without my being aware of having ordered my body to rise.

As I headed for the lines of queuing fast-food aficionados at the counter I was not to know my concession to her first demand of me had sealed my fate.

It would not be long, however, before I did.

Four

When I was finally *allowed* to leave the Macdonald's, while she stayed to have another vanilla shake with a skanky and none too attractive girl I took to be in her early twenties, I drove home to the first of a number of stiff Scotch's, too preoccupied to go to the effort of adding the ice with which I preferred to take my favourite tipple.

During the hour or so I'd spent with her surrounded by baseball-caps and other selections of sartorially challenged youth who, nonetheless, could manage to munch on a burger whilst still managing to text with the hand that remained free of a culinary delight; sometimes even keeping what passed for conversation going at the same time; my young tormentor had gleaned a good deal of information from me and discovered from the wallet she insisted on inspecting, my address and other personal information.

Information such as the budding relationship I had with Lena, an Art teacher and colleague.

More worrying was her appropriation of my mobile phone and the fact she actually texted a number as I sat opposite.

"Don't look so worried, loser," she told me. "It's only to me."

As far as relief went, this was thin gruel.

"That way I have your number in my mobile if you try to deny knowing me."

The smile on the pale and unremarkable face that only seemed to animate

when either describing the ways she would like to use and control an older man or when the older man in question – me, unfortunately – was unwise enough to describe his own, was mocking:

“Not that there would be much point when I’m all over your computer and you’re all over mine.”

Right there and then I knew with a sudden certainty that I would not be sliding out of this situation with anything approaching ease and, so on the back foot was I from the manipulation of this strange young woman, I actually offered her money.

The laughter with which she greeted this was, I suppose, only to be expected from one not long out of the playground, but it was no less galling to me.

“How nice of you,” she told me. “But there’s no need for that…”

Her eyes held mine and I sensed what was coming.

“…yet,” she finished.

It was only one word but it seemed to open a chasm beneath my feet and I had, understandably I think, a feeling of impending doom.
A feeling that became stronger when she handed me back my wallet but kept hold of the phone itself.

“Call it insurance,” she had told me.

Pouring yet another glass of the 12-year-old Aberlour I’d been saving for a more joyous occasion that had yet to rear its head, the fruity and smooth Speysider, with its fresh and spring-like green apple, aftertaste failing for once to make me wax lyrical on its behalf, I tried to work my way through the mess my dick and the perverse desires fuelling it had placed me in.

It was clear that what had started as some harmless online fun was now out of control.

A young girl had actually dominated me.

And it had *not* been role-play.

Moreover, it had been in the flesh and the stepbrother she had informed me was a little backward, as well as being devoted to his stepsister, had evidence of not only my meeting with her in a schoolgirl outfit but of her slapping my shocked, and all too recognisable, face.

Her sibling once-removed, it seemed, not being so backward the mastery of new technology was beyond him.

Though he was certainly devoted enough to use it in the way she wished.

And now there was another girl in the mix who, I fervently prayed, Jenifer would not want to have involved.

My only consolation at this time was that Jenifer was young and, like most girls her age – at least I hoped she was like them – was fickle and easily bored; perhaps, if I just went along with her she would tire of her game and move on to more… *fancyable*… boy nearer her own age.

Or, better still, she would be having second thoughts now she had met me in the flesh and, hopefully, found me unattractive.

A lifeline I tossed aside as unlikely to prove helpful almost as soon as thoughts desperate to latch onto some form of saviour suggested it.

Call it ego if you like, but I knew from the way her eyes held on mine, and the excitement in them as they did so, that my self-perceived good-looks had, for once, served me no good purpose.

She was not, flaming red hair and delectable feet aside, a looker herself and I could tell the prospect of having an older man do her bidding – a man who was both affluent, respectable and reasonably secure financially - was not something she found… *unpleasing*.

Also, though she had looked older on webcam, I had no doubt that, should the necessity arise, the look of a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl could be traded upon once in a witness stand to make her appear like no more than a curious if unworldly – and therefore vulnerable – teenager taken in by the pervert who had groomed her.

A *"pervert"* who would be me.

Halfway through the 12-year-old malt, I realised I was no closer to having anything like a handle on the situation my puerile lust had placed me in and that the young girl – the same girl who was legal now but had not been when she first began her grooming of *me* – not only held all the aces but was producing them to almost exactly the scenario I had described to her when she first asked me to confess what aroused me most.

The email I was about to receive ensured the rapidly receding Aberlour would not be the only bottle consumed that Saturday evening.

Five

The message transforming my screen bamboozled me.

For a few seconds, anyway.

Then it became sickening.

Not to mention… *"Horrific!"*

"Hello, filthy-bastard!"

It was a beginning unlikely not to gain one's attention and even more so when one's attention had already been galvanised by the deviant little redhead's address popping up on my Inbox screen

"My little brother took pictures of us together on his mobile phone after I met you in Macdonald's dressed in my old school uniform like you made me."

I was puzzled.

Why was she telling me what I knew already?

Not only that, but why was she insisting I had been the one asking her to dress in such a fashion when we both knew it had been done on her own initiative?

In fairness to her, she did not leave me hanging.

"Now I have evidence of you forcing me to be with you and I don't care if you show my mum the pictures of me sucking your…

"Uck! I can't bear to think about it even. But now everybody will know just what a filthy bastard you are and when they do they won't let you teach anymore. Unless you give lessons in maximum-security, that is.

Thank god my big sister walked in and stopped you forcing me to go out to your car.

And now she's seen you with me as well!

Reckon you're on Macdonald's CCTV as well.

Breaking off from her message – it being, you understand, somewhat difficult to take without the back-up of regular swallows of a 12-year-old-malt, the shit my fantasies and a need to live them out – even if the intention to do so had been *only* in the third person - washed over me with all the power of an ice cold shower.

Minus the refreshment aspect, that is.

Though I had gleaned one thing.

The baleful looking girl with the nose piercing and the look of a high-rise tower-block slut had been her sister.

At least I knew that much.

Though, for the life of me, I failed to see how the information could possibly be of any use to me.

It also struck me that my tormentor was right.

Should it be required, the CCTV tapes would show me sitting at a table and being slapped by a teenager in a school uniform.

What they would *not* show, I felt certain. would be my shock at discovering my Internet correspondent was the one wearing it or that her age was considerably younger than the one she had given me.

And, unless the providers of fast food the world over had started bugging the tables of their patrons for sound, the somewhat one-way dialogue that passed for conversation between us would – gifted lip-readers notwithstanding – be lost to posterity and the bitterness of one disgraced and prosecuted former teacher's thoughts.

Anyhow, the reason I'm telling you all this is because I wanted to let you know that I haven't decided what I'm going to do yet. But I do know you're going to pay. I've saved all the texts you sent me asking me to be your dominant young mistress and pretending it was, like, a fantasy. Least, until we met and you told me what you really wanted to do to me. Just because I'm of age now it doesn't mean I can't get you into big trouble and, even if I had been of age you'd still be in trouble because I wasn't willing when you got your willy out and told me to…

I'm not saying anymore cos I know how sick you are and it's probably turning you on.
I'm not saying I will go to the Police either. I might and I might not. I know it will ruin your life and you deserve it but, I don't know, it doesn't seem enough for what you've done and I'd love to make sure you can never treat a young girl the way you treated me again.

We'll see.

I hate what you did to me and think I'd like nothing better than to punish you myself in just the way you pretended to me you wanted.

I'd stay glued to your computer if I were you or maybe listen out for that knock on the door, if you know what I mean?

When I managed to fight back the urge to throw up and celebrated my success with yet another lunge for what was left of the Aberlour, I realised how clever the little bitch had been.

Even the very best scenario for me, should I take my courage in my hands and report her for attempted blackmail, held dire prospects for my future.
The bottom line, even if what was a genuine defence on my part found itself bought, was that I had been engaged in lewd email and Skype conversations with a girl who had been underage at the time. There was, of course, no way that I could have known this, but it would make no difference. And neither would the fact no physical contact, let alone sex of any kind, had taken place between us.

It would be her word against mine when it came to the accusation I had forced her to take me in her mouth.

And I was convinced I knew who a jury would believe.
With this one email – an email that could be unearthed, along with others, from my computer - she had undermined any kind of defence I might have against her allegations. No one would believe me. Despite the fact I was a handsome, comfortably off, professional man in his forties and she an unremarkable teenager hardly likely to attract – and apologies for what might sound conceited – such a man, I knew from similar episodes involving fellow teachers that it was seldom the older half of the equation that was believed.

Her move, I had to confess, had been clever for someone of her age and told me with a clarity I did *not* find thrilling me that I had underestimated both her intelligence and, worse, my own stupidity.

Already, in fact, my thoughts were being reduced to cliché and I was beginning to accept that we have such thoughts and repeat such platitudes because they would not exist in the first place were their not some truth in them:

“Be careful of what you wish for.”

Clichés and platitudes aside, one thing was utterly and irrevocably, it seemed at this point, clear.

A young girl, less than half my age, had manoeuvred me into a position of dependency.

I was no longer the one steering our little fantasy chats and she had contrived to place herself in the driving seat.

Completely.

And, in a way that was sobering despite the Aberlour, what was happening between us was no longer *fantasy.*

Six

Lena had had my arms trapped under her legs and was sliding her pussy across my face to leave a trail of her arousal on my cheeks. My colleague and recent fuck-partner of choice had started acting forcefully almost from the moment she had entered my apartment and, recent concerns not seeming quite as pressing as they had not too long before, I was enjoying her sudden assertiveness. If with natural misgivings for the way my last attempt to turn fantasy into something with a passing resemblance to reality had turned out.

But then, it *had* been two weeks and I hadn't heard anything from my devious young blackmailer.

Yet.

Don’t misunderstand me, I was still in what was pretty much a constant condition of anxiety but, being a natural optimist as well as a wannabe masochist, I’d allowed the passing of the time since my last meeting with the precocious redhead – precociously perverted, that is – to lead me into the hope she had, as I had hoped she would, either tired of playing with me, found fresher meat, or both.

A raising of the spirits making me ripe for a rising of another kind.

I had no idea where my art teacher girlfriend’s sudden assertiveness had come from but it was certainly pressing my buttons. Okay, so she wasn’t the knowing and dominant ingénue my fantasies had pictured, but she was still only three years or so from having left her twenties with a body that was all woman and the kind of character indicative face I preferred to those anodyne and homogenous features the less imaginative and discerning always described as *“Beautiful”*.

No surprise then that she found maneuvering herself into the driver’s seat with me did not require either a great deal of effort or the exercise of her powers of persuasion.

As I say, I had no idea what possessed Lena on this particular night, but I was certainly enjoying myself as she – and none too gently – took a handful of my hair and exerted pressure to both force and guide my efforts in eating her.

Efforts, after they had proved successful and she had reached a highly vocal completion, that were *not* rewarded with any reciprocity on her part.

In fact, my presence and the *“what about me?”* look I threw in her direction, might just as well have been on a par with that of the Gemini Man during a particularly weak spell.

Despite the obvious frustration it caused me, Lena simply looked right through me as if I wasn’t there before rolling over and going to sleep.

And I let her.
It must have been, I told myself as I spooned into her and toyed with the idea

of using her shape and plump buttocks to get myself off, *very* revealing.

I was, it turned out, to be proved right in this.

And it would not be a positive addition to a life that was, all things considered, going into melt down.

*****

The next morning after a somewhat silent and thoughtful breakfast – on her part, at least – during which I had tried to act as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened the night before, she came straight out with it:

“I dominated you last night…”

My breath caught in my throat. Aside from Jenifer, she was the first woman to bring such a subject up with me. And it was not sitting well with me.

“…and you loved it,” she finished.

“Nothing like a bit of role-playing to keep things fresh,” I told her with a wink, trying to keep it light.

Unsuccessfully.

She was already shaking her head, even as she gathered up her blonde hair and tied it at the back with that effortless ability her sex seemed to have been born with.

“It was far more than that,” she corrected me. “You really enjoyed giving up total control to me.”

“As I say,” I began, not about to put my deepest sexual secret on the line for her to, perhaps, take advantage of, “it was fun.”

“Oh, it was certainly that okay. But I think you really got off on me calling all the shots.

“I did,” I smiled. “Especially when it was so obvious you enjoyed calling them so much.”

“I won’t deny it,” she said, looking at me in a way I could only – and worryingly – take as predatory.

Feeling myself redden and berating myself for allowing one so many years my junior to inspire such a reaction from me, I hid my glowing cheeks by taking my cereal bowl to the sink and keeping my back to her.

“Maybe we should do it more often,” she said when I could trust my cheeks enough to finally turn. “What do you think?”
“Do what, Lena?”

She looked at me carefully from her seat at the kitchen table and sipped at the remains of her coffee, shapely bare legs protruding from the tails of a striped cotton shirt of mine she had found and appropriated for morning wear.

“Let me take control,” she said finally.

I thought for a moment and my instant response was an erection.

Lena saw it through my pants and smiled.

“Yes, I think you'd like it, maybe even on a regular basis.”

The predatory look I’d seen earlier was back.

With a vengeance.

“We can think about 24/7 later,” she said, “when you’re more… *used*… to taking my lead.”

“I, hmmm, I’m not sure that would be a good idea, Lena,” I began, the situation with Jenifer still weighing upon me heavily – even if she had yet to follow up the advantage she had given herself over me. “Even as a joke;

which, I hope, is what this is."

The instant shaking of her head told me otherwise.

"We touched on something at our core's last night," she told me. "You, it seems, have a real need to obey a strong woman and I…"

Her eyes held mine and, to my disbelief – I liked fantasising about dominant girls and women, but I still considered myself a proud and forceful man in his own right, I found myself unable to meet the stare of my younger girlfriend.

"…and I," she finished, "appear to take great pleasure in having an older man like you obey me."

I wriggled, sensing the irony of her having discovered such feelings about herself when a girl even younger than her was in the process off giving my own desires a reality check that made the prospect of anything other than a little light role-playing with a faux dominant seem a whole lot less appealing than it once had.

"That's as maybe, Lena," I told her, taking on once again the attitude of senior colleague and older lover; even as I busied myself at the sink to try and hide the fact I could not meet her eyes, "and there's nothing wrong with a bit of playtime now and then. But we're teachers with a position of responsibility and I wouldn't want us to do anything that drew attention to us."

She gave this some thought.
But not for long:

"Know what?" she began

I forced myself to turn and face her.

"I think you're full of shit."

"Lena, I…"

“In fact,” she spoke over me, eyes flickering to the bulge at my groin that betrayed the excitement I felt despite my reservations, “I reckon you’d like nothing more right now than to show me what a good boy you want to be for me and eat me to a nice morning orgasm.”

For an instant, I felt threatened. Then, member of a weak sex that I am, lust kicked in and drove everything from my head but the prospect of lowering myself to my knees between those wonderful young legs she was in the process of spreading. The hairless slit she hadn’t bothered - had this been planned? – to cover with underwear and to which my shirt was providing no camouflage, captured my gaze more effectively than any tractor-beam emanating from the flight deck of the Starship Enterprise.

“You do want that, don’t you?” she asked, injecting just the tiniest hint of threat into her voice now she could see the power her glorious young gash held over me; almost as if to warn me this was a one-time offer and it might not be repeated again.

Ever.

As if independent of my own volition, I felt myself nodding as she teased a finger the length of her slit and then tapped it upon her own lips... *expectantly.* The feeling that something… *groundbreaking*… was taking place between this young woman and myself was undeniable. And made all the more powerful for the fact I was in no way driving it.

“Accept it Don,” she told me breathily, as turned on by her growing domination of me as I was turned on by its growth. “Forget the fact I’m so much younger than you. We both know I’m your superior and should be the one driving this relationship. Show me who you really are now and get on your knees before my lovely wet pussy.”

Such words on the lips of this lovely young woman, the same young woman who had shown not the slightest sign of possessing such force of character prior to last night, crashed over my libido with the devastating and unanswerable force of an emotional tsunami and, again as if on auto-pilot.

Without realising I was about to do so, I found myself shuffling towards her until I was in a position to lower myself to the floor between her feet. I swear, such was the hold she had over me at that moment, that I would have crawled the distance between us had she insisted.

"That's my good, obedient, boy," she cooed to me, eschewing the gap in years between us to take on the role of *'Mummy'*. "Things are going to be so good for us from now on. We can really take our relationship to the next level."
Never having once entertained the slightest thought of a lasting *"relationship"* with my fellow teacher, her words should have set alarm-bells ringing but, as the scent of her arousal wafted up from that glorious and hairless snatch and the completion she had denied me the evening before made me even more automaton-like, all I could think of was serving my suddenly dominant and commanding girlfriend.

Guided by her hands at my hair and on the back of my head, I ate her to several orgasms as she ground herself into my face until, some thirty minutes later, she pushed my head away and ordered me to lie on the cold kitchen floor and expose my raging erection.

It will not surprise you to learn that, with me on my back and Lena astride, that I did not last for very long inside the moist cavern of the pussy devouring me and soon came to an orgasm that had me screaming as if I were the young girl and she the older man as she rode my cock to what we both knew was…

Submission.

For several minutes she sat atop me, her face, when I could bring myself to open my eyes and meet the triumph in it, fixed upon my own.

Then, suddenly, she rose.

Eyes closed, I sensed her edging her way closer to my head and a feeling of impending doom made itself known to me.

Surely, she wasn't about to…?

She was!

Before I could react, she had crawled up over me and sat on my face.

“Nnnng,” I tried to protest, semen, mine or others, having *never* played any part in my fantasies and knowing that the pussy she had just clamped down upon my unwilling mouth was now filled with a load I had only just placed there.

I struggled. Truly. But my struggles were more mental than physical and, though my arms were pinned under her knees, I could easily have bucked her off had not my subconscious already dictated that mental defiance would not have strength enough to power the physical actions necessary for such an escape. I am, after all, certainly far stronger and could have wrestled her off of me at any time.

Yet something held me in place, even though a part of me accepted that if I allowed this girl to force such an indignity upon me she would never have any respect for me again. The utter humiliation of allowing her to force me to suck my own cum out of her cunt immobilised me and, despite the nature of my fantasies, I did not want to do it. Yet, when she ground down upon my mouth even harder and used her fingers to spread her cunt flaps that they might envelop nose and lips, a treacherous erection, not minutes after the last, betrayed the real depths of my weakness to both of us.

Smiling down into the eyes that were all that remained visible of my face, I could tell that she knew she had won.

The demeaning nature of her next command was no more than a verbal confirmation;

“Clean me,” she ordered.

I did.

And had, up to that point, never felt so used. Yes, my actions were being

driven by that undercurrent of past fantasies of being used by a dominant female actually happening. But the conscious knowledge that I was allowing myself to be used in a way that was neither healthy, nor a fantasy – and by a younger work colleague I would have to face on a daily basis and who could have my reputation in tatters should she choose – made those fantasies a sight less… *sensuous*… when made reality.

Had I learned nothing from the nightmare that was Jenifer?

"Keep your mind on the job to hand," ordered her voice from above. "You're going to be doing this a lot from now on and I want you to take a pride in keeping my pussy fresh and clean."

"The fuck I will," I told myself, making a solemn promise to end things between us after this before it got too…

What?

I was already on my back in my own kitchen cleaning her cunt of the load she had ridden from me not minutes before.

How could it possibly get *"too"* anything.

It could and would, but that would come later, for now though and despite myself, I licked and sucked at her with, if not more enthusiasm, a desire to end what was taking on the dimensions of a hateful task to me. More than once, I felt as if I must throw up as globs of my own emissions dropped from her gaping cunt into my mouth and I swallowed it down as quickly as I could in the hope of avoiding its salty and fishy taste. It struck me that there were men who enjoyed doing this on a regular basis but, for the life of me, having experienced it for the first time and allowing for the close proximity in which it placed one next to a pussy, I could not work out why.

I'm not sure how many orgasms Lena enjoyed before she was satisfied my servile tongue had performed to her liking but, erection notwithstanding, I had never felt so demoralised and sick of life as I lay trapped beneath her knees and her pussy and tried to allow my saliva to cleanse my palate of the

aftertaste of my own cum as she rested above me and then reached behind her to take my balls in her hand and roll them between the fingers of a tiny hand.

Possessively.
Finally, with her knees still up around my shoulders, she said:

“We know where we stand with each other now,” she said, still manipulating my balls as a way of keeping my attention. “I’m the boss of this relationship and you…”

I waited.

“...and you?” she went on.

She gave my scrotum a painful squeeze, just to show me that she now considered she had both the right and the power to do so, and finished:

“…*you* are not.”

*****

It wasn’t until later that night, Lena – thankfully! – having left for a prior engagement shortly after having completed my disgrace, attitude towards me all mocking condescension and an assumption of complete power – that I began to feel more… *human*.

“Fuck her,” I told myself, *“if she thought a bit of – admittedly deviant sex-play, and at my expense – gave her anything other than puerile bragging rights over me, she was in for a huge falling to earth.”*

And sooner than she thought.

After all, I smiled to myself ruefully, it’s hardly a story that shows her in a good light if she chooses to make it public knowledge. Anger had set in now, a slow-burn from the other *situation* in my life, no doubt, and was supplying a backbone I hadn’t shown when Lena had been present. *She*, I assured myself, was in for a rough time the next time I saw her alone.

Fantasy, I now knew from bitter experience, was far preferable and more manageable than reality and I made a solemn promise that, the next time we met up, I would be ending our time together.

For good!

Feeling the best I'd felt since she'd left – since having met with the disturbed and deceitful Jenifer, in fact – I decided on a bowl of popcorn and an undemanding and by-the-numbers Bruce Willis actioner to take my mind from the events of the day.

A ploy that actually succeeded until that point in the plot when Bruce's head count of corpses had him in need of a calculator and what passed for a plot was no more than distant memory.

But it wasn't the puerility of the film itself that brought my mind back to reality but my open laptop on the table in front of me.

More importantly, it was the message in the bottom right-hand corner telling me I had mail.

And, more importantly still, the name of the sender.

"Jenifer."

Seven

“What exactly is it you want from me, Jenifer?” I asked after we were again seated opposite each other in the same booth in the same Macdonald’s where she had slapped me whilst dressed as a schoolgirl. She looked older this time – a little, at least – but we still looked like a father and his young daughter taking a burger together. Her red hair had been scraped from her face and tied

at the back and she was wearing a tight white top that accentuated her budding breasts and emphasised the hour glass curves of her still forming body. Tight pink jeans hugged her legs and clashed with the hair framing her pale features, but at least she didn't look like a schoolgirl – well, not too much, anyway.

The answer to my question was no different to the first time she had supplied it.

Though her attitude was:

"I want exactly what you want yourself – or at least what you told me you wanted."

She allowed a few moments to let this sink in with me then, eyes hardening, added:

"And I believe I told you I expect you to address me as *'Ms'* Jenifer from now on?"

I sighed and looked around me at the normal denizens of Crawley as they chewed on meat they were grateful had not been a horse in its former incarnation and again wondered how I could have been so stupid as to have allowed myself to have been placed in such a position by a young woman who was my inferior in years, looks and intelligence.

Again, I tried reason:

"Look, Jenifer… *'Ms'* Jenifer…" I began, voice low that nobody might hear a grown man addressing a girl so young in such an obsequious way. "I keep trying to explain to you. We were playing a game. That's all. An adult game, for sure, but a game just the same. A form of escapism from the dreary day to day of grown-up life. You're still – and I'm not being patronising – at that age where the lines between what's real and what is and should remain fantasy blur. Trust me, I no more wanted what I was telling you I wanted than I think it's healthy for someone of your age to be involved with such things. Yes, you're right. I stand to lose a lot if you decide to go to the authorities.

But, don't forget, so would you."

She was looking at me with what I took to be at least a smidgen of interest and curiosity now.

Taking this as encouragement, I ploughed forward and tried to broaden these twin glimmers of light into something more beneficial.

For me.

"Not only would your reputation be in tatters," – I was assuming she had one, of course – "but there could never be any question of you pulling such a stunt again. "You're not so much crying Wolf as you are Polar Bear, here, and accusations of such magnitude can only work once."

She shrugged:

"So?"

I could already begin to feel myself flounder as this red-headed teenager's eyes held mine with a total lack of concern for my words and the picture they painted. For the first time I realised how compelling those eyes actually were and blushed at the sense of ownership I was sure I could see beaming out from them towards me. *"Ownership"* and a sense of…

Arrogance.

"So…" I said, "nobody would believe you a second time."

She appeared to be thinking about this.

"They might even," I reminded her, clutching at Ronald Macdonald straws, "get suspicious about your first allegations."

I waited, hoping the pause would lend my prophesy the weight I could sense was badly lacking before adding:

“Then you’d be in *serious* trouble.”

To my amazement she seemed to be giving my warning serious consideration.

For at least three seconds.

“Look, Don, I’m getting pretty fed-up with this rubbish. I have you by the balls and we both know it. Just because I’m still a teenager it doesn’t mean I can’t recognise this is a once in a lifetime situation for me. You’re a handsome guy in your forties and I’m not exactly Jessie J, so it’s not every day someone like me is going to get to have complete control over someone like you. I have what happens to the rest of your life in my little teenaged hands and you can’t do fuck all about it.”

Her voice painting of my situation was all the more galling to me for being completely accurate.

As well as confirmation that my own description of what she had to lose had served no purpose in deflecting her from the purpose of *“owning”* me at all.

So little, in fact, she felt comfortable enough to issue a warning of her own:

“You do what I tell you like good boy and you can keep your precious job and your life… Well, what I let you have of it, anyway.”
As she paused to gauge my reaction, I realised it was not the first time I had heard the words *“good boy”* aimed at me by a young woman many years my junior.

Though the last mouth they’d fallen from had a least been in its twenties.

“Disobey me or piss me off bad enough,” she went on, serious young face telling me she was deadly earnest, “and you’ll learn it’s no myth about the temper of girls with red-hair.”

Delving into a large shoulder bag she had placed at her side and slid my mobile phone across the table to me.

“Some interesting pics and audio on there you might want to take a look at and listen to – all of it downloaded to your computer, by the way.”

As she sucked at her shake, noisily and unconcerned, I took my young tormentor at her word and – after quickly turning down an alarmingly high volume-level – did indeed *“look at and listen to”* the files she mentioned.

What small colour remained in my cheeks swiftly drained from them as I realised how busy she had been with my phone since having appropriated it from me on our last visit to this very table and this very burger bar.

A variety of *“Please don’t make me do this, Mr Gardner”* type dialogue accompanied a variety of files showing a nearly or completely naked Jenifer in submissive poses.

Poses, each and every one of them, showing her naked.

And each and every one of them on *my* mobile phone and giving the impression that for all the world I had been the one capturing them for my own use in an individual and warped posterity.

It was, though I missed it at the time, the first mistake she had made and might – *might* – have at least saved me some jail time had I once found the balls to tell her to go to hell and take my chances in the courts. Though it would not have altered the fact I would be sure to lose my livelihood and be held in contempt for having been on a chat-line in such a way and with a girl of such an age in the first place. An error of judgment on her part that was academic anyway as I did *not* pick up on her erroneous timing of the material on my mobile until much later when any question of my finding the testicles to defy her.

Now, as controlled and dominated as any one man can be controlled and dominated by a girl so much younger than he, I can do no more than confess to myself that, even had I worked out that she had placed pics of herself in submissive poses on my phone *after* having sent me emails telling me she was now in charge, I still would not have found the moral courage to take her

on.

Suffice it to say at that moment, and as she gauged my demoralisation with eyes that were both mocking and delighted, I realised I was fucked.

The rapids of Shit Creek were buffeting me and not only was I minus a paddle but the canoe transporting me seemed about ready to spill me into the waters at any moment.

Assuming she didn't kick my arse out from it first..

That she had obviously drawn the same conclusion could be detected in the derisive curl of her lip and the mockery in her eyes was no less present in her young voice:

"In answer to your question," she began, that same young voice permeated with insolence and power, "I'm not totally sure what I want." She smiled. "Apart from your complete obedience, of course. But I do know what I have."

Under the table, knowing it would not be picked up on CCTV, and with complete confidence in her ability to do so without my preventing her, she placed a hand over the front of her trousers.

The look of disappointment when she realised there was no erection responding to her treatment of me was but a small consolation for me as she withdrew her slender fingers and became serious in the way of the thwarted and deprived child that, in essence, was what she remained.

"How old are you again, Don?"

I shook my head, still unable to come to terms with the fact that my fantasies and a need to experience them – even if once-removed – had placed me in such a powerless and ignominious position.

"Well into your forties, if I remember correctly," she answered her own question. "Pretty humiliating to be so dependent on a young girl, isn't it?"

I knew no answer was required and didn't bother to supply one.

"Especially as it's for real," she added.

Her face suddenly clouded over and her next words sounded ominous:

"Go home now and wait for me to contact you."

"But…"

Quick as a flash, in a repeat of our last visit, her hand whipped out and imprinted itself across my cheek. I rocked back in my chair and stared around me fearfully, grateful to note it hadn't been noticed. She was a tiny little redhead with a correspondingly dinky hand, so it stung more than it hurt, but the metaphysical damage the knowledge someone so many years my junior could feel free to treat me in such a way was immense.

Her next words took the *"metaphysical"* damage to even greater extremes:

"Don't backchat your master again."
"Master?" I marveled to myself.

"Yes," she told herself, as if it had occurred to her for the very first time. "I like it. All that *'Mistress'* crap does nothing for me. Sounds so… *weak*."

She was smiling and nodding now and looking highly pleased with herself.

"I think *'Master'* sounds so much more real," she told me with a smile that told me she wasn't about to let her new train of thought go in a hurry.

A sip of her vanilla milk shake – an accurate flavour for her years and totally inaccurate for one so precocious in the ways of sexual and moral perversion – gave her some time to consider just how she was going to use her new… *discovery*.

"I mean, that's what I am when it comes down to it, aren't I?"

With self-disgust that was almost as great as being told by one of her years that she considered herself in such a way when it came to me, I averted my eyes from hers, unable, though I dressed it to myself differently at the time, to meet the confidence and sheer inflexibility I saw coming back at me.

“Yeah. No question,” I heard her say. Your life’s fucked if I decide to fuck it so I’d say that makes me your master. You can forget all that *‘Ms Jenifer’* from now on when we’re alone. You can use that for when we’re out in public or with people.”

This brought my eyes back to hers.

Call her *“Ms”* Jenifer?

In front of others?

Was she serious?

She was.

“When we’re on our own, though,” she went on ominously, “you better be calling me *‘Master’*.”

I felt the colour drain from my face as the situation my own stupidity had engineered went from bad to worse.

Before she decided to make it even more dire.

“Unless, that is, you want to go over my knee for a spanking and then some corner-time?”

Again, my eyes darted to-and-thro, praying the waitress wiping an adjacent table hadn’t heard my young tormentor’s threat above the hubbub of the restaurant.

Did she really think that I, a grown man, a teacher and an adult, would submit

to going across her teenaged thighs for a spanking?

The expression waiting to meet me when my partially reassured eyes pronounced themselves satisfied we had not been overheard and returned to hers was an answer in itself.

But then, why wouldn't she expect it after everything I had told her about my desires during what I had thought would be no more serious than an involved online relationship of a more *in-depth* sexual kind?
"In fact," she went on to my horror, "I'm going to give some serious thought to setting a date for your first spanking."

My eyes widened.

"Whether you deserve it or not."

"Look, Jenifer," I protested, knowing it would serve no purpose. "This has gone far enough. I'm old enough to be your fath…"

"Then you should have thought about that before you started leading me on," she cut me off.

"I've told you," I said in my defence, "it was just fantasy. Adult make-believe."

"And now it's real, you filthy old dog," she reminded me in a voice that was way too loud and too authoritative for my liking.

"But…"

"Shut your stupid mouth or you'll make me angry," she snapped at me, the colour infusing her normally ashen features telling me the transformation was not far off and, mortifyingly, filling me with terror for just what this strange young redhead might actually do if she really did *'lose it'*. Apart from the obvious, there was something… *disconcerting*… about the girl. It even struck me – go figure – that there might be something unbalanced about her.

I shut my mouth and a hint of what could only be pleasure underpinned what she could only take as a tribute to her power over the *"filthy old dog"* she had set her heat on dominating.

"Now," she said, looking proud of herself for having cowed me with such ease, "go home and wait for an email from me."

Eight

Given that she was an art-teacher and teachers of that subject had always been allowed a more Bohemian leeway in terms of school dress-code, Lena's outfit on this day had been more in keeping with that of a governess than that of a cool and laid back art educator. But then a charcoal black two-piece suit, bolero cut jacket and hip-hugging skirt ending some three or four inches above shapely and matronly legs of in school car-park was hardly first port-of-call for the practitioners of a strand of my profession well-known for their liberal attitudes towards both the social and sartorial.

The shiny black Woolfords ending in a pair of black courts with a low but dagger heel only emphasised this departure from the norm, while the crisp white shirt containing breasts I knew to be substantial and the hair scraped from her face to lend an air of severity to the angular features of her face made it possible for a stranger to guess at her profession.

If not her *"Bohemian"* place within it.

It was, I confessed to myself, a look I would once have found irresistible.

But not on this day.

I'd texted Lena to meet me after lessons and, as we stood by her Renault in the school car park at the teaching day's end, I had more *pressing* matters on

my mind than her decision to dress more… *authoritatively*.

And, along with her newly minted dress-sense, her continued and complicating presence in my life was *not* one of them.

“It’s been fun and I’ve enjoyed it,” I told her, which was not entirely untrue, “but I think it’s time we called it a day.”

The part snort, part sniff, exiting her nostrils told me she was unimpressed.

“Bullshit, Don,” she told me, adopting one of the trans-Atlanticism’s she seemed to think made her more *‘street’* and hip and which had annoyed me about her from the start. “You know it’s been more than fun and the last time I was at your place was all the evidence I needed.”

“Lena, please,” I began, adopting the firm but regretful tone I had used so successfully – and sometimes *not* so successfully – when dumping other women. “Let’s not make this more difficult than it has to be.”

“I’ve been reading up on men like you since I found out you were a pussy-boy.”

My breath caught somewhere between my lungs and my throat and I was relieved we had the car-park to ourselves – at least for now.
“That’s right,” she smiled, pleased with the effect of her description upon me. “I know exactly who you are now and I intend to help you become everything you want to be deep down.”

She let that sink in, then:

“You see, Don, I also know exactly who I am now and I too know what I want.”

The origins of the animation illuminating her smile was not exactly a mystery to me and her next words confirmed my suspicions:

“Part of which is your handsome face buried in my messy pussy however,

and whenever, I want it."

My put upon sigh – a genuine one – did not deter her any.

"If you can be honest with yourself for once," she told me, face completely serious, "you'd admit it's what you want too. I know who you are now and don't think the fact I'm so much younger than you means I'm not ready and able to be the woman who controls your life completely."

I shook my head – sadly:

"Lena, can you hear yourself? One night playing the part of Miss Whiplash and you think you're the lady herself."

I reached down and hefted up the case containing my school-work, about at the end of my tether with being ordered around by women.

Or girls.

Allowing some heat to reach my eyes I prepared to leave my *former* girlfriend in no doubt that she had become just that.

"Firstly," I told her, "I'm surprised you're too stupid to realise that what someone fantasises over *isn't* a cast-iron guide to their real wishes and desires. And, secondly, I'm telling you now that we can either part friends or never speak again. It's your choice. When I leave this car-park though, and whatever you decide, we're done."
A pulse of anger flickered at her temple and I felt pleased with myself for having produced it as she prepared to come back at me and I prepared to leave.

As it turned out, neither of those two things happened.

"Don! I'm so glad I caught you," came a blood freezingly familiar voice from behind me.

It was Jenifer.

And looking *more* youthful than her already inconsiderable years.
"I've been trying to reach your mobile but it's been switched-off," she lied as an interested Lena looked on. "Just wanted to tell you I won't be able to make it tonight."

Lena was looking at me questioningly and I knew I had to say something.

"Er… that's okay, hmm, Jenifer," I fumbled out. "We can go over your lessons another time,"

Whether Lena would have bought this I'm not sure, but Jenifer's knowing little smirk scuppered any chance of success my clumsy subterfuge might have had from the start.

"Hi," she said, extending a hand to the woman I had been in the process of dumping. "I'm Jenifer."

As I stood to their side in a kind of transfixed and impotent silence watching the young girl who had my future in her hands introduce herself into my private life, the two women – girls – chatted with each other as if they were long lost friends.

I felt sick.

And I could tell that Lena had picked up on fear of the young girl and logged it for future reference as she sensed it could be useful.

Its utility coming to hand quicker than she could have possibly imagined.

I've no idea how long they stood chatting with me in ignored attendance – and have still less idea of what they spoke of; except that it was not immediately damaging to me – but my I soon came to attention when Jenifer turned her eyes to me and said:

"You can give me a lift home."

It had not been a request and I could tell that Lena had not missed the fact.

“Give me your keys and I’ll wait in the car while you finish your conversation with Lena.”

“Er… I’m not…”

“Keys,” she repeated, a tiny and expectant hand held towards me.

“Don’t be rude, Don,” Lena chided me, sensing somehow that, for whatever reason, I was not in a position to refuse the girl and enjoying my discomfort.

As Lena looked on, attention riveted, I was left with no option if I wanted to avoid a scene than to give the redheaded little bitch my keys.

“Hope to see you again, Lena,” my young tormentor told my former girlfriend and found her sentiment returned before heading over to my car and letting herself in.

For a few seconds Lena and I stood in silence, the blood thundering in my ears as fear of what Jenifer’s intrusion into the nuts-and-bolts of my life could mean for me robbed me of speech.

A lack not troubling Lena in the slightest.

“Well, Don,” she said with what could only be triumph as my hangdog and thoroughly chastened demeanour told her that, somehow, the young girl’s appearance had truly given her the whip-hand over me she had expected would be supplied by my… *shortcomings* – even if she wasn’t quite sure how, “looks like we’re still going to be seeing each other after all.”

*****

The email Jenifer had told me to expect after our silent journey to Crawley and my dropping of her off at the high-street, followed by my equally as speechless return home afterwards, arrived later that evening after I’d picked

in desultory fashion at a supper of Shepherd's Pie and cold baked-beans.

"So, little Donny," it began. *"that's the Lena who was calling your mobile all the time. Don't worry, I didn't answer her. Actually, I like her, she's really pretty. Too good for a pervert like you who forces underage girls to suck his pathetic cock, that's for sure."*

Barely an email passed these days where she didn't mention this fictitious act of abuse on my part and I knew that with every mention and my failure to refute it, her allegation would seem a given to anyone accessing the digital trail of our involvement.

"She seemed to like me, though, and that's good, cos I like her as well. But that's for later. How are you tonight? I hope you feel good because you'll need your strength from now on."

This sounded ominous and I braced myself:

"See, I've finally worked out the answer to that question you asked me. You know, that one you kept asking me about exactly what I wanted from you to make you pay for forcing me to take your slimy cock in my young mouth against my will? I know exactly what I want now and, soon, you'll know it too."

A part of me prayed it was going to be a demand for money but, somehow, I knew that wasn't going to be it. For all her youthful depravity, Jenifer had not shown herself to be materialistic in the slightest and I'd heard from her own lips that her stepmother held down a well-paying junior exec position with Virgin Atlantic. Her stepmother and she – surprise, surprise – did not get along and the woman would be delighted, Jenifer told me, to see her leave, but she was not ill-treated and, along with the skanky older girl I had seen her with who turned out to be a stepsister to go along with the stepbrother, she neither wanted for anything nor found herself abused.

"I won't tell you how I'm going to punish you for treating me the way you did but I will tomorrow when you come to visit me where I live. You see, my

mother works during the day and as I'm now studying from home most of the time, she's left me a list of chores to do around the house. It's a really long list and I don't feel like doing it, so I thought that if you took a sick day you could come over in the morning at ten sharp and prove to me how sorry you are by doing all my chores for me."

My soul curled, right down to my very toes.

"Don't worry," the email went on, careful to let me know just what awaited me while maintaining the effect of an abused young woman simply taking a just revenge on the older man who had carried out the abuse – fictitious or not, "my stepsister doesn't live at home and my little stepbrother will be at school. Mum's at some seminar in a place up North called Scarborough, or something, so we won't be disturbed."

At one time such an arrangement would have seemed – would have been – just the fantasy ticket. Now though – now that it was here and real – the thought repulsed me. I was a handsome and respected teacher in his forties and I was being asked to perform a teenaged girl's… *"chores"*.

Jenifer's final words left me in no doubt of what would happen if I refused though:

"Don't think of being late or defying me, Donny. I wasn't joking when I mentioned my fiery little redhead temper. I can't tell you the things I've done when someone's made me angry. And you wouldn't want me to say or write something to somebody and not be able to take it back, would you?"

She had signed off then, after adding her home address and – assuming the presence of a Sat/Nav - *no* directions on how to get there.

I promise you, I was *not* even thinking about being late.

And as for not turning up at all…?"

Nine

Given my exemplary attendance record, throwing a sick-day was not a problem and was easily explained by a bout of man-flu.

Finding the house owned by Jenifer's stepmother in Ifield was easy and I was surprised at its pleasant location within eyeshot of a an antique water-mill and accompanying pond.

It was also a fair size and, I knew, in an ideal location for someone whose work took them to the airport at Gatwick every day. Work, on this occasion that had, I prayed, taken the stepmother to Scarborough high on the East Coast and would not see her return. Not, that is, until the middle-aged man being forced to complete her daughter's chores was long gone and ensconced in the relative safety of his own home again.

"Come in, Donny," she said at the front-door.

Entering and wanting my ordeal over, I'd immediately asked Jenifer what she wanted me to do. Pleasantries, you understand, were not high on my list.
Though murder was right up there.
"Ask your Master again," she snapped, looking up at me with hand on hips and fire in her expression, the facility she seemed to be developing for disconcerting me undiminished by the tight white shorts that showed of her pale and shapely legs and the bubble-gum nails of her toes.

I groaned, knowing the girl well enough by now to know she was serious and that it would be better for me to just go along with her and bide my time rather than try to defy her when my position was so weak.

“What would you like me to do… *Master*,” I asked, feeling about as ludicrous and underpowered as any man of age and position should ever have to feel.

Then, at least.

I was, after all, about to be made to feel a lot *more* underpowered and ludicrous.

“First thing for you to do is dust *all* the rooms.”

“Oh, fuck,” I told myself, domestic stuff never having been my forte and the reason I paid Mrs Jackson, an elderly Jamaican lady to perform those tasks for me on a twice weekly basis.

Something else in my life that was about to change.

Big time!

“Downstairs first,” the progenitor of these coming changes ordered. “The cleaning supplies are on the table.
Gritting my teeth and determining to just get this over, my talent for self-delusion still assuring me that my *“Master’s”* tender years and the need for fresh diversion would soon see her tiring of her *“game”*, I simply did as she directed and moved to the table.

I grabbed a cloth and started dusting as, gallingly, Jenifer left me to it and simply settled down on the couch in front of the TV set to watch some piece of Daytime garbage. Though I was grateful she seemed to pay no attention to me I was, curiously, miffed also. When I had dusted the downstairs and she had pronounced her inspection satisfactory, she had me clean the windows and wash the floors before making a start upstairs.

Basically, I cleaned the entire downstairs, from hall to front-room and on to the kitchen and the utility-room leading off of it. It took me almost three hours and was an hour past midday when it was finished to my *"Master's"* satisfaction. When I was done she called me into the front-room, switched off the TV, and stared up at me expectantly.

"Good job, Donny boy," she told me as I bit my lip to keep my anger from bubbling over. But before you get started on the upstairs I think we need to get the matter of your first punishment out of the way."
She'd mentioned this previously, of course, but like the thicko I am I hadn't thought she her serious – despite all the conflicting evidence.

"Get naked," she ordered.
The prospect, past fantasies notwithstanding, horrified me. Dreaming of a young woman possessing enough control over one's life to be able to order one to strip in complete confidence was one thing. Standing in front of that young woman as eyes full of expectation, mockery and, yes, lust, waited for one to comply was quite another.

"Look, Jenifer, this has gone far enough. I'm old enough to be your father. You can't expect me to…"

Her movement from the sofa to fetch herself up in front of me and plant her hand across my cheek was a blur and had happened almost before I registered it.

I was still surprised when her slender fingers backhanded me for good measure.

Though I was enraged and ready when she drew back her hand to repeat the action and caught her wrist.

I squeezed, anger, as it always did, overriding future consequences as I squeezed just hard enough to let her know this was not some little boy she was trying to slap around but a full grown man with the ability to deliver far more pain to her than she could to him if he so chose.

“Let go of my wrist,” she said without a either a grimace or a groan.

“Only if you promise not to slap me again,” I tried to bargain, temper still hot and wanting nothing more than to return her the favour right then.

That pale face, framed by red-hair shook from side-to-side.

“No. I don’t promise,” she told me, completely unconcerned by the grip I had on her wrist. “In fact, the moment you let me go I’m going to slap you again and you’re going to stand there and take it.”

It was not what the reaction I had expected my display of superior manly strength to win.

“I’m going to count to three and if you haven’t let go by then I’m going to start screaming so the neighbours can hear.”

The curl of her lip was utterly demonic:

“I don’t have to tell you what will happen after that.”

My stomach performed somersaults.

“One…”

Her eyes gazed up into mine and I knew she was serious.

“Two…”

She would scream and my life would be fucked.

Over.

Done with.

A big chunk of the time remaining to me to be spent in the hospitable confines of one of Her Majesties less desirable establishments.

“Three…”

My hand fell from her wrist as if it had just been liquidised.

The hand above that same wrist striking out immediately and landing upon my already reddened cheeks – a huge part of that reddening having more to do with the powerless situation in which she had placed me than the imprint of her hand itself.

“Now, strip,” she demanded. “And if you even think of raising a hand to me in future it’s over.”

Despite her years, the look in her eyes told me this was no idle threat.

“I mean it. If I can’t have absolute obedience from you I’ll take my pleasure from knowing I’ve put you in prison and that the rest of your life is fucked.”

From here, as you might expect after having given ground before her again with so little in the way of fight, things went from bad to worse and knowing I was peeling off my kit simply because a teenaged girl had ordered me to do so made it no easier to bear.

I was crossing a line I had never wanted to cross.

“Nice body for an old guy,” she complimented me. “Decent cock too. Now turn your sorry arse around so I can check out the rest of my property.

Jenifer, I realised, was showing no obvious signs of growing tired of her latest toy and I slowly did as she asked.
Immediately I felt her hand exploring the muscles of my back before moving lower to cup, knead and pinch my buttocks.

Not that it remained on my derriere for long and I gave an involuntary gasp as I felt her tiny hand take possession of my scrotum.

Worse than this, I felt the beginnings of an almighty erection, the absence of which had at least proved something of a saving grace.

Now she would *really* know she had my number.

Sure enough:

“Now, that’s more like it. That’s how Master wants Donny boy’s cock to react to her.”

Her next words were even more demeaning – not to mention ominous:

“At least until she gets it under full control.”

I was still considering what she could mean by this – praying it *wasn’t* what I thought it would be – when I realised she had relinquished her grip upon my cock and had seated herself upon a high-backed dining-table chair that had obviously been placed there for precisely this purpose.

In her hand was a simple table-tennis paddle.

Simple and, as it turned out, highly effective.

“I’m now going to spank your disobedient arse, old man,” she told me. “And, when I’m done with you, you’re going to go down on all fours, lick my feet and apologise for daring to lay a hand on me.”

Ten

Lena led me to the bed and in a voice I no longer recognised from the days when we were simply older boyfriend and younger girlfriend ordered me to take off my clothes and lie down.

The blood I could no longer prevent rushing straight to my cock since she had used her knowledge of Jenifer’s presence in my life to exert her own control over it prevented me from noticing the metal bracelets she had secured to all four solid metal corners of my own bed and she soon had me

naked and on my back with hands and feet securely restrained.

Despite her growing domination of me in the month or so following her meeting with Jenifer in the school car-par, this was the first time she had used any of the mainstream femdom paraphernalia in her handling of me.

“What’s going on, Lena?” I asked.

Only to gasp with agony as one of my own leather belts slashed across my naked and vulnerable thighs.

“I don’t want to hear another fucking word out of you until you’re spoken to,” she told me, a little out of breath from her exertions as she stood over me with hands on hips that were equally as naked as my own, the nipples protruding from her perfect breasts all the evidence I needed to know just how much her control of me turned her on – has I needed any to begin with. “Fuck with me,” she went on, “and I’ll leave you like this for the whole weekend.

The manic look in her eyes told me she was serious and I got the impression she was considering doing just that whether I did as she asked or not.

Given the claustrophobia from which I suffered mildly, and despite everything I’d been through in the past month at the hands of both my girlfriend and the young girl who was insinuating herself with ever more effect into my life as *“Master”* - though I felt sure at this point that there had been no further contact between them - the prospect of a weekend shackled to my own bed with access to either food, water or toilet facilities, was not something I thought I could bear with much equanimity.

Call me a pussy, but there it is.

Sensing she had my obedience, she left the room for a few minutes. Which was when – I remain a man, after all, and we’re all the same on a level - I thought about the truly dire nature of my predicament with both Lena and, worse, Jenifer, and the blood left my cock. A kaleidoscope of images featuring me being paddled into wailing submission over the knee of a

teenaged girl before being forced to kneel in the corner for over two hours before she was ready to accept my most grovelling apologise and poking my tongue into the shit-chute of my girlfriend as an acceptance that the lowliest part of her anatomy was my superior and worthy of my most abject worship, took any desire my treacherous libido might take from the situation.
My life was being altered radically before my very eyes and, worse, there appeared to be nothing I could do to alter the fact.

When she returned my cock had become a limp noodle and I wanted out of my claustrophobic confinement.

The absence of the erection she insisted I try to retain as a sign of respect for her presence did not seem to bother Lena on this occasion and it wasn't until her smiling and mocking face drew closer, the pleasure she took in having reduced me to such dependency was so obvious it almost spoke, that I realised why.

The device I recognised from my travels on the internet as a cock-cage was just about the scariest thing I had seen in my life to that point.

A device made all the scarier for my sudden realisation of the point behind the shackles and the fact the cage was intended for me.

So terrified was I that words almost escaped me.

Until the prospect of her acting upon her promise to leave me the whole weekend kicked in anyway.

A promise made all the more terrifying now by dint of the fact the claustrophobia I was already experiencing was about to be extended to my cock and balls.

Suffice it to say, that the bowl of ice she had fetched with her was hardly likely to be necessary.

Within a surprisingly short space of time, she had encircled my scrotum with a locking ring and inserted my flaccid penis into a metal restrainer she

proceeded to lock to the ring itself.

I felt my eyes welling with tears.

Yet another facet of the manhood I so vaunted, despite contradictory fantasies that had now become my reality, had been stripped from me.

“I’m told it is possible to have it cut-off,” she told me. “But the metal is so durable that the means necessary to cut through it could do more damage than you’d be prepared to accept.”

She fair beamed down at me, so proud of herself was she.

But not for long.

She straddled my face, and just before edging her cunt towards my nose and mouth commanded:

“Don't Touch.”
It was a small mercy, as I had no desire to be anywhere near the bitch after what she had just fastened on me, let alone provide her pleasure.

But I wasn’t to about to get of completely Scot-free.

“I have a call to make and I want to hear you sniffing the owner of your cock’s pussy as I make it.”

This wasn’t the first time she had insisted on such a service as she made a call to a friend or, worse, one of our shared colleagues, and as the puffy lips of her labia descended towards me I began to sniff her fragrant muff.

I had been shackled to my own bed by a young woman who had been my girlfriend and had my cock placed in a cage to which she had the key and now I was being forced to sniff at her pussy like some domesticated but still frisky housepet.

My life, I told myself with much self-pity, had become unrecognisable.

And now it was going to get worse.

“Hi…” I heard from above me as I tried to pace my sniffs in such a way as to be none too onerous to me whilst acceptable to her as she spoke with whichever friend she had decided upon now.

“…He’s underneath me as we speak…”

I froze in place, horrified. Up to now she had just had normal conversations with her friends or our colleagues – well, as normal as one can have when one’s pussy-whipped boyfriend is worshipping one’s arse with a servile tongue. Now she was describing the situation!

I had no time to ponder who that friend or colleague might be as, reaching behind her, she delivered the balls hanging from my incarcerated scrotum as a vicious slap that had me screaming and jacknifing with such agony and force I’m amazed the fetters restraining me didn’t just snap.

“Next time you stop sniffing,” I heard my one-time girlfriend and now sadistic mistress order, “it’ll be a punch and not a slap. Now keep your mind on the job.”

Fear of future agony greater than the agony that was beginning to recede slightly, I did just that as she went back to her mystery caller and their interrupted conversation.

Every few seconds she would rock just a little and some of her juices would fall onto my cheeks but, in terms of humiliation, it was nothing when compared to what was transpiring on that T-Mobile connection.

“…I ordered him to sniff my pussy while I was speaking to you and he stopped…”

She laughed and again I tried to guess which one of her friends she would feel secure enough to share and entrust details of her private life with.
“…Don’t worry, he won’t stop again,” she said, tone ominous and leaving me

in doubt of the punch reserved for my imprisoned genitals should I disappoint her.

I sniffed.

“I just locked it on him and he looks really cute in it. I think I’m going to hang the key from a necklace around my ankle so he can always see it and know who owns his cock and balls from now on…”

As I again remembered to sniff at the hairless pussy above me I was coming to dread, fear and revere in seemingly equal measures – no mean feat given the thoughts assailing me – I prayed that whoever Lena was confiding details of our one-sided relationship to it was someone trustworthy and tight-lipped.

“…No problem. It came with a spare… What’s that?...”

There came a long silence from above me, punctuated only by my sniffing, as Lena listened to whoever it was, then:

“…No! Not in the slightest. I think it’s a wonderful idea… Yes, seriously!... I mean, it’s not as if he can object is it?”

Lena laughed and I thought I heard the same coming from her mobile’s earpiece.

“Leave it to me… It’s a done deal and will work perfectly… Ciao!”

It was perhaps a minute after finishing the call and having given it some thought that Lena’s pussy slid back from my still sniffing nostrils and her eyes beamed down into mine.

Excited eyes that bordered on the feverish.

“Isn’t that good news?” she asked, knowing I would have no idea of what she spoke.

I waited.

“That was Jenifer… *‘Master’* Jenifer, to you…”

I felt my insides turn to mush.

“She’s going to be living with you from now on.”

Epilogue

The events described above took place no more than a year ago.

A year that seems like an eternity.

And now here I am, kneeling in a corner of the bedroom that had once been mine as my former girlfriend and the still teenaged girl I have come to regard as *"Master"* Jenifer frolic on the bed in one of the twice weekly sessions of Sapphic lovemaking they indulge in whenever Lena can tear herself away from the big cocks her new and emancipated sexual outlook ensure are in no surprise.

Every now and then, hopefully just to keep me motivated, my young master threatens to have Lena bring one of her lovers over – preferably a well-hung black lover – and force me to please him with my mouth.

The prospect fills me with indescribable feelings of horror and self-loathing.

All the more so for the knowledge I will be too weak to do anything other than my *"Master"* demands.

And she truly *is* my *"Master"* now. I can no longer deny it. Lena may have authority over me when I'm alone with her or the three of us are together, but it's Master Jenifer who owns me most completely. In fact, so shot is my manhood and the confidence to make decisions that goes with it, I can no longer act without the direction of my teenaged owner and keyholder. And with the possession of my cock so did her own confidence grow; using the facility to deliver me release both wisely and sparingly so that my only purpose in life now seems to be a desire to please her.

She remains a young girl, of course, and, in the company of Lena, likes to enjoy herself in more normal ways from time to time but, to my surprise and relief, she is also very private and does not like intrusions into her ownership and supervision of me. Much as she had indicated to Lena, her stepmother

raised no objection to her going to work as a *"housekeeper"* for a an older and male teacher and, to my knowledge, she has not once contacted that stepmother since taking control of both my home and me. Though I know she goes to see her brother and stepsister from time to time as well as allocating a small part of my teaching salary to the stepbrother by way of monthly pocket-money.

Which is more than I receive.

As I watch a naked Lena bury her head between my master's pale thighs to plant kisses on her willing labia, I realise just how much she too has grown in confidence since putting me under, so much, in fact, that she was preferred to me as head of year despite my greater experience and is now effectively my boss at the workplace also.

That I was ordered by Master Jenifer to go to the school Principal and say that I felt Lena was better suited for the position did not harm her chances either.

And now here I am. The school day is finished and I am at the home I once considered mine and in which I now feel little better than the lowliest of domestic chattels. My smallest action the subject of clearance and supervision from my young master and my time in what is, legally at least, my own home spent in a constant condition of nudity that Master Jenifer and Lena, when she comes by, may see the cage imprisoning my cock and balls and know that they are responsible for having done it.

And yet some warped part of me continues to respond to their domination.

I can feel it doing so now as I gaze over to the bed I am not allowed to approach until ordered.

The pain I feel as my cock attempts to grow and finds itself in conflict with the metal restraining it again reminds me that even this natural bodily function is no longer mine to direct and, as I see Master Jenifer's glazed eyes fix upon my kneeling figure while Lena's talented tongue takes her to

heaven, I realise she knows it too.

It has been three months now, and my only hope is that my young master will soon pronounce herself so pleased with my improved levels of service and obedience to her that she will take the key from the ankle chain gifted to her by Lena and allow me to once again hump her leg like the dog she insists me to be.

An assessment of my status as a man with which I am in no position to disagree.

END