Manservant

A man at the end of his tether…
meets three women intent upon collaring him

A Tale of Service & Dominance from the Past

By
Ms Rachilde

FDC

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“Manservant”

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OVERTURE

The face staring down into his eyes was familiar and unfamiliar at one and the same time; though each had known the other many times in such an intimate way in his pursuit of lust and her desire for the same – with the added necessity of earning a living, in the woman's case.

The expression beaming down to him, as her fabulous body sat astride his own seemed, he would decide after the event, like a final and irrevocable valediction.

As the woman rode his hard-cock, in no hurry to reach her destination and simply disappear like so many of her calling, her vivid green eyes - in pretty but street-hardened features, unimpeded by the tresses of her silken blonde hair she had piled and fastened atop her head, stared down into his as if making a goodbye.

That she was only a common or garden variety lamp-post prostitute, whose living had been decimated by the incomprehensible onset of the Great War with Germany and the absence – some *never* to return – of her previous clients, did not mean her ears were not in perfect working order.

And prostitutes, of courtesan or lamp-post variety, could always be relied upon to have a finger on certain aspects of the social pulse.

She had been working on him for nearly an hour now, but there was no hurry; having been paid, after all, for the whole of the night. An extravagance she sensed might be his last for some time to come – perhaps ever. And one he appeared in no hurry to bring to a close.

Or she either, for that matter.

Why would she be?

Especially when his trade and what it bought was so dear to her – it having been during the last few years a welcome piece of commerce and one of her more enjoyable adventures in the world of flesh-for-sale.

A no strings commitment – apart from the cash he handed over when their coupling was exhausted – that suited them both.

The longer his cock remained in the embrace of the whorish cunt, he realised – the same cunt that was still, amazingly tight, given its less than pristine condition; and *he* was at least average in both thickness and in length – the less time had his thoughts to devote themselves to what the future held in store for him.

Four times now, she had brought him slowly to the edge of climax and then slowed her pace just enough to fetch him back from the precipice; each time sensing the tightening of his body that prefaced an explosion and taking steps to… *soothe*… the detonator. Men to her had been made transparent through usage and required no words of warning from them to know when their all-important eruption was set to take place. And especially not with this one.

He had told her that she was the best he had ever had. Not the most beautiful, mind; but certainly the best. Candour in regard of her looks that convinced her he was serious when it came to her qualities in *other* areas.

Not for the first time this night, she gazed down into those handsome features and wondered – given the word on the street – how long they would remain in such a condition.

Wondering also at just how stupid, inebriated, or both, he had to have been to get entangled with…

She gave a mental shrug and warned herself to stick to her long-held code-of-conduct and *"not get involved"*.

A difficult feat for her to manage in his case; despite telling herself over and over that he was just another - and rarer by the day - meal ticket.

One she could, under different circumstances, have felt feelings for, but…

Again, she closed off an avenue of thought she knew from the past to be unrewarding for her and decided instead not to revisit the inevitable cul-de-sac into which thinking of such a kind inevitably led her.

Far better to concentrate upon the none too onerous job in hand of riding the body and cock of a handsome man and allowing fate's fickle hand to do its work.

And without dignifying it with her own thoughts of regret and remorse.

Knowing they had at least until morning and that his powers of recovery – even at his relatively advanced age – remained considerable, she decided finally to allow him his orgasm.

And not only because she was becoming fatigued.

Despite her calling, the magic of a man's orgasm and the power it endowed to the woman delivering it had yet to lose its… *uniqueness*… for her; no matter how short-lived her feminine triumph; and each time a man erupted at her urgings she felt a sense of empowerment for which she would have assassinated guiltless Presidents were she promised the feeling would last.

And assuming, of course, that she could locate an *innocent* leader of the kind.

Still staring into his eyes and again realising she would miss him, she again began to ride his ramrod with increasing pace as his eyes fixated themselves upon the stupendous breasts that swayed in rhythm to her manipulation of him.

Leaning forward, she thrust her hands into the pillow either side of his head and lowered her head to his; the hairs on his cheat tickling her bottle-hard nipples and taking her closer towards her own crisis; the intensity with which her eyes bore into his reflecting

the sense of triumph she always felt when conquering or about to conquer this particular…

Animal!

Again she sensed the tell-tale signs of his loss of control; but this time, instead of slowing down she began to buck upon his cock with greater speed and intensity as he fought the orgasm she was now forcing upon him. Delaying and delaying until further delay was impossible, exactly in the way she had taught him, that his release might be both more powerful and of greater duration before he spilled his manhood into the waiting receptacle of her well-used pussy. His erupting inside her in such a way of no matter since a botched abortion had turned future childbirth from yet one more avenue to cul-de-sac.

"Yes, yes, yes…" he screamed before her equally urgent lips mashed down onto his and silenced his vocal entreaties.

Her biting of his lower lip was all it took to send him over the edge; his departure over it taking her with him as both became a galvanic coupling of hyper-sensitised flesh and he pumped the contents of his balls into her pussy - and with exactly the force and need she had striven in the past hour or so to extract from him.

It was only a minute or so later, both side by side on the mattress as they recovered enough for further acceptable sexual hostilities, that both their thoughts returned to what the morrow would bring.

Both with their own take upon what was to come.

She with a sense of loss and the sure knowledge the night they were experiencing together would be their last.

He with a sense of impending doom and the equally certain knowledge that he could not escape what his stupidity had set in train for him…

ONE

His name was Gaskell. A mature man with a good physique and handsome features. Healthy to first glance with an alert air and a still youthful, if somewhat careworn, way about him. He was in his mid-forties now, and by no means young enough to be serving in the trenches of Belgium and France with the cream of British manhood whose lifeless bodies, three years after the opening shots had been fired, were still being ferried back to Blighty with alarming and dispiriting regularity. A ferrying taking place even as he entered the house at the back of the man who had driven him to an appointment he would far rather not be keeping.

The above handsome features and manly physique, being the first impression he gave his three prospective *"mistresses"* as he prepared himself for an *interview* that would have been one of the last things he ever wished to undertake.

Had he ever envisaged being compelled to undergo it at all, that is.

The three *"mistre*sses" in question, being the ladies Thomsett, Copland and Frobisher; each of whom he gazed upon for the first time when he entered their kitchen accompanied by the ladies' solicitor, Mr Reginald Hands.

A first unveiling that left the *former* man about town and lover of many women – of the night or otherwise - decidedly underwhelmed.

The man the solicitor introduced as *"Mr Howard Gaskell"*, was also a man whose fortunes had obviously taken a reverse of some kind.

The above fact one the ladies would have been able to discern for themselves even without the *inside* information supplied to them by their somewhat *surprising* choice of legal advisor.

He was *here*, in *their* kitchen, looking like a supplicant, after all.

Even if he did have the outward trappings and bearing of a gentleman.

Of course; though Mr Hands was a casual, if well-informed and, in keeping with his own avaricious and self-interested nature, disloyal acquaintance of the man, his vouched for suitability of Gaskell for the role they needed to fill did not prevent the ladies from feeling a certain twinge of doubt.

Each of them experiencing a variation of the same misgiving.

Had they had been rash in offering the position to the man – given his handsome and masculine appearance and the fact he had only recently employed servants of his own?

The *position* the ladies' having in mind being something way beyond – and certainly *below* - anything he would have experienced.

Or, perhaps, even had nightmares over.

Many discussions had the three friends before acting upon the making of their long-held fantasies a reality. But, now that the man was here in front of them in the flesh, they wondered at their ability to make of him what they desired – this uncertainty despite the assurances of Mr Hands; who was as mercenary as he was venal and willing to sell anyone, and at any time, down any watercourse.

Should the price be considered right.

Be the man he was selling a friend, or in this case, a part friend and part acquaintance.

The oldest of the three spinsters - Miss Thomsett – had only just reached forty, but was beginning to feel *"not so young as she had been"*; while Miss Bernice; though being still under her fifth decade; would not have acknowledged such a fact for the world. Miss Helen, to the contrary; being at the end of her twenties still; was young, bright, and as active and optimistic as her companions were more cautious and circumspect. It having been her energy and resolve, in fact, that had become the driving force when it came to realising their aims – the younger woman having insisted they dismiss the local woman who had served as their housekeeper that they might be *"compelled"* to pursue their perverse and *sexual* fantasies of having a man serve them with a greater and more *residential* diligence.

Though, even in her wildest flights of sexual caprice, young Helen had not foreseen the possibility of netting a man such as the one being introduced by their overpaid and *entirely* unethical solicitor as he presented their prospective manservant to them for the first time.

"I've brought Mr Gaskell to interview with you, as promised," offered the fifty-something legal-beagle who all three women agreed was the living personification of the venal and the oleaginous.

He had addressed himself, for some reason, to Bernice, but it was Miss Thomsett who came forward in her position as the senior of the women.

"Would you take a chair, Mr. Hands?" she offered, making no such invitation to the handsome and rather edgy man in his mid-forties, standing alongside the solicitor with hat to hand.

The oily one *would* indeed and there were soon four of them around the kitchen table where the women had insisted the interview would take place.

And one well-dressed and handsome visitor standing alongside them in the way of a supplicant, while striving to appear anything but.

All of them were agreed, after all, at least the women, that it would send entirely the wrong message to their prospective servant if they were to show him the courtesy and respect of conducting his interview in either the parlour or the study.

"Helen explained to you, I believe," began the woman who insisted *everyone* address her as *"Miss Thomsett"* – a protocol adhered to even by the oleaginous Hands, who, as her solicitor could hardly be prevented from knowing her Christian-name. His

knowledge shared, of course, by the two women with whom she had spent her life these past twelve years; "that we are looking for a long-term retainer who will, in return for *certain* considerations on our part, be prepared to commit himself to our service in a… *fuller*… way than the average servant."

A fair helping of colour tinged Howard Gaskell's handsome cheeks at the woman's inference; made expectant, as he had been throughout his life, of female attentions of a less… *demeaning*... kind: this despite the fact he could not know – or even have guessed if asked – just what exactly it was the three women expected of him.

Colour that would have taken on a deeper and more outraged hue if he had.

For though the ever slippery Hands had at least made him aware his service to the women would be more that of indentured servant than salaried retainer, he had thought the solicitor was simply spicing up his metaphors with a fanciful sprinkling of hyperbole to outline a situation that was, at the least… *unusual*.

Discreetly running an eye over them and sensing there could be a sexual aspect to his position with them, he was again dismayed to note that none of the women – each of whom were younger than himself to one degree or another - were of a type he would have gravitated towards had the choice been his as it had once been.

Not for the first time, he berated himself for his inability to hold his drink and the disaster his lowered caution and inhibition had led to on the last and most fateful occasion.

The knowledge he might just be able to escape the fate he had fashioned for himself without loss of either life or limb – and the old saw of beggars not being able to be… blah, blah, blah – only providing him a soupcon of compensation.

"I believe Mr Hands here explained a number of our requirements," Miss Thomsett began, energised to be taking the lead with such a man – and for the first time in her life. Having been born over twenty-five years before the end of the century, and under Victoria as a monarch, taking such a tone with a man some five years or more her senior – a man who obviously had a background of gentleman - was not exactly commonplace to her. Though, if a certain stirring below stairs spoke truly, it was certainly… *arousing*.

"He has, hmm…"

"Ma'am, will be suitable," she told him as he struggled to come up with an acceptable form of address, arousal growing as she overrode his hesitancy and sensing in her bones that *he* was exactly what they had been looking for to make their odd but satisfying existence the idyll each of them knew and wished it to become.

The three of them had come a long way since their day's teaching and it was Miss Thomsett's legacy that had supplied the opportunity and the privacy to take up house together away from the judgmental gaze of the Great British public who remained stubbornly Victorian and narrow in their reactions to anything… *different*.

“Of course,” she went on, indicating Bernice and Helen as they fidgeted upon their chairs, no doubt as aroused as she to be exercising such control over a man for the first time, “you will have three *Masters* to serve should we decide you are suitable to serve us; though I will leave it to Miss Bernice and Miss Helen to explain how they wish to be addressed by their servant.”

The wince that crossed his handsome features at her emphasis on the masculine variation upon *that* word, was missed by none except Hands, who, though he usually missed nothing that could prove advantageous to him, was seated with his back slightly to the man he was, in effect, selling into servitude and could not read his face.

It was a wince, however, that thrilled each of the three women.

“These requirements Mr Hands outlined to you,” Miss Thomsett continued, “are. Of course, nowhere near definitive and will grow and expand in tandem with our needs. Do you understand this?”

The tone of her well-modulated voice had managed to indicate that he was somehow her intellectual inferior and the colour rising to his face reflected his reaction to the insult – even if he was in position to voice it.

“Yes,” he answered.

There was silence as his prospective employer waited, eyes holding his expectantly. Then, the particularly humiliating penny dropping:

“Hmm, yes, er, Miss Thomsett,” he said, deference all the more humiliating to him for having it witnessed by another man.

Even so low-grade a man as Hands.

Miss Thomsett nodded, keeping her homely and former school mistress face – the same former occupation she had once shared with her friends - serious bordering on the severe. A look she had cultivated beautifully with any number of recalcitrant pupils down the years. And one, if the man standing before her was to be believed

“We know all about the deplorable condition of your current situation,” she began, “and, through Mr Hands, have managed to reach an arrangement with your… *creditor*… that will save you a great deal of personal and, it appears, physical discomfort.”

She stared across at Hands:

“We take it we can leave it to you to explain exactly what that agreement involves when you leave to collect his belongings, prior to his returning to take up his new position?”

The oily one nodded his own agreement and Miss Thomsett continued:

“If, that is, we are persuaded Mr Gaskell here is… *suitable*.”

As the colour of the *former* gentleman's cheeks deepened, it was young Helen who took it up at a nod from her older friend:

"As Miss Thomsett explained to Mr Hands," she told him, young face every bit as serious as her predecessor's, "we are three women living alone at some distance from the town and vulnerable to those less law-abiding individuals. That is why, when it came to choosing a live-in domestic for our needs, we decided it would make better sense to have a manservant.

Like the three women, but for entirely different reasons, it was the man who was fidgeting now. Mortified, it seemed, even as he strove to hide his reaction. The simple uttering of the word *"manservant"* enough to highlight his situation and the depths to which he had fallen.

Though not, as yet, the depths to which he still had to fall.

"We want only a loyal and devoted retainer intelligent enough to understand our needs and to act upon instruction."

"I'm sure you will find Mr Gaskell here more than fulfils these requirements, Miss Frobisher," offered the unctuous Hands; desirous as ever of safeguarding his promised windfall.

Helen nodded, keeping the vivid blue eyes she had long been told were her best feature focused on Gaskell as she proceeded in the way agreed between the women beforehand:

"That is why, Mr Gaskell, we were all most interested when we explained our requirements to Mr Hands and he told us of the dire nature of your current situation."

She could see his agitation and finished:

"Not to mention its likely… *outcome*… should you not find a means of… *restitution*."

The man Gaskell, she noted, though uneasy at the mention of his plight, was far from being intimidated by her frank appraisal and even more frank summary. In fact, he, was staring right back at her and she promised herself he would pay for his insolence at a later date. It was, she thought, almost as if he were trying to assert himself. A result, no doubt, of finding himself so… *dependent*… for the first time in his life.

Dependent upon… *women*.

"We are all well aware of your history and the fact you once employed servants of your own," she told him, continuing to lecture the older man, her own gaze unblinking and her triumph considerable when he could no longer hold her stare. "But that is in the past now and, through your own actions – remarkably feckless and stupid actions, I feel compelled to add – you are now forced to the less than gentlemanly act of earning your own keep."

Unused to being lectured in such a way – and by a woman who was quite considerably his junior - the man's head shot up and for one moment – and to the unctuous one's

horror - it looked as if his pride would result in him making a response that would lose him the opportunity the women were offering.

And the solicitor Hands his share of the fee agreed for negotiating it.

No surprise then that it was the self-serving solicitor who spoke first:

“Thank you, kindly, Miss Frobisher, he told her, turning in his seat as he did so to flash Gaskell a look of warning that reminded him of the consequences for him, should he fail to land this position; together with the *benefit* for his physical – and perhaps mortal – well-being.

His face when he turned back to the three women already adopting its usual expression of no trouble being so great it could not be overcome.

“You are correct, of course, that Mr Gaskell has suffered a number of financial setbacks recently – and one in particular that we might describe as critical. Many of them, I am sure he would agree, that might have been avoided had he exercised more care when it came to both his pleasures and those with whom he associated.”

This last went down with the man only slightly better than Helen Frobisher’s uncomplimentary observation; but at least he remained quiet as Hands went about securing his own payday.

“As I have already explained to you,” Mr Gaskell’s recent setbacks were the result of ill-advised speculations rather than dishonesty on his part. He is, I can vouch, and one rather ruinous peccadillo apart, a man of impeccable moral compass and one that any three ladies in the land could trust with the running of their household.”

“He does not appear too excited by the opportunity we are giving him,” observed Beatrice who, with her raven black hair scraped from her already sharp features and tied at the back, looked the very epitome of no-nonsense discipline – an impression any number of the school-children she had once taught until recently, boys or girls, could vouch accurate.

Hands manner was one of sad regret:

“Ah, on that truism I cannot refute you, Miss Copland,” he sighed. “But then, Mr Gaskell, until very recently, has known only the carefree existence that goes with having enough in the way of available money for one’s needs. Along with this, we are speaking of a former Charterhouse boy and a Varsity Blue. The progeny of parents of quality, who departed his life at a formative period of his youth when their influence upon him was most required. Is it so surprising he would be less than enthusiastic when it comes to exchanging a life of carefree hedonism for that of domestic service?”

The faces around the table – and upon the former hedonist himself – told the oily and deceitful legal man he had, *again*, chosen his words well; even if he could tell the man was seething at being spoken *of* while he was close enough to hear the words describing him.

But the women, he knew – despite the fear Gaskell might allow his own anger to queer his own mercenary pitch - were only part pretending to need persuading and his carefully chosen words had at least thrown the man's ego a small bone.

Though he was aware there was work to be completed still.

The women he knew also, without being even slightly judgemental, were all but convinced the man he had described to them was perfect for the less than moral purposes of human bondage they had in mind.

Even more so, he could tell, from having now seen him in the flesh and been supplied a face to attach to their lurid and sadistic fantasies.

Fantasies that had provided him with more than enough fodder, during nights in his cold and austere home that had yet to know the humanising touch of a female. His curiosity as to the mysteries of female-upon-female sex leading to many interludes of onanism that never failed to leave him feeling… *lacking*. Though the thoughts he had on behalf of his friend-cum-acquaintance, and how he would be added to the mix of sexual sadism and the lesbian, did add a frisson of excitement to his nocturnal adventures that were only slightly marred by his even more slight guilt for his being instrumental in ensuring Gaskell would play a part in them at all.

He knew also, however, that they remained three women about to take an older and physically more powerful male into their home. Something that was always a tricky consideration for the weaker sex. And, no matter how… *neutered*… they knew him to be in metaphorical terms, they could never be supplied enough in the way of reassurances in regard of his future behaviour.

"Having said all that," he took it up: "Mr Gaskell is acutely aware that this is something of a last chance for him; given the money outstanding on his behalf - and to certain *less* than forgiving parties. He is also grateful for the chance you are extending to him. Knowing as he does that were it not for the fact our brave boys were in France and Belgium defending our country, and that he - along with my good self - is too advanced in age to join them – then there would hardly be a shortage of men accomplished in the domestic skills in which you are good enough to be offering to school him."

The face he turned to Gaskell was both an invitation to confirm his gratitude and a warning of the consequences for him if he were to give offence.

"Y-Yes," the man answered, two red-spots clearly visible at a beleaguered temple. "Mr Hands is right. "I am truly grateful for this opportunity. Though…"

He hesitated.

"Yes, Gaskell?" Miss Thomsett prompted grandly, using his surname as a stand-alone form of address for the first time – and in exactly the way she intended to use it from now on. "What is it?"

"I… I was about to say that, though I am as mentioned, truly appreciative of this offer, I… Well, I'm not at all certain as to the conditions accompanying it."

His questioner nodded her head, as if endowing his inquiry with validity, before turning to the other would-be employers.

“Have we seen and heard enough?” she asked.

Both Beatrice and Helen flicked glances at the standing man and it was obvious to the eldest of their triad that both had reached the same decision as she.

A decision, she thought, smiling internally as they both nodded in her direction, that had pretty much been made upon their first sight of him.

“Well then, young man,” she said, feeling a thrill of what could only be described as pure power flow through her for addressing a man five years her senior in such terms; “as my friends and I appear to be in agreement, it would be a good idea if Mr Hands took you to collect your belongings before returning you here and, while doing so, acquainted you with these *‘conditions’* of which you appear so eager to learn.”

TWO

The open-top car taking them back to the town on the outskirts of London was a Wolseley Stellite; and, obviously, given Gaskell had long since sold anything he owned of value to service his debt, belonged to Hands.

A reward, thought Gaskell, for the man being thoroughly without a moral compass and willing to skin his granny should a sizeable retainer be on the table.

Just the same, and having found the man's company agreeable enough so long as any trust on his part was not involved, he was grateful the solicitor had heard of his problems – no doubt upon the same grapevine his prostitute of the evening before had heard of them – and proffered a *possible* solution.

If an exquisitely humiliating one.

The Stellite had been developed by Wolseley in 1914 at the start of the war and, though they were at the low end of the price-range, were small, lightweight and reliable, cars with wood frames and a 1.08 litre 4-cylinder F-head engine. Gaskell himself had considered trading down his own, older but far more expensive, Colonial Tourer for a model when his financial situation along with his creditors had begun to bite. But that was long gone now and he had to content himself with passenger status.

"Hell of a thing, old chap," offered Hands as they exited the courtyard of Miss Thomsett's secluded home – a home that had long been in the family and was now hers in its entirety; this after the passing of a father she had not much cared for and two years after the mother she had liked only slightly better departed the vale also. That, and other financial bequests and annuities having left her very comfortably off, *thank-you very much*.

Gaskell nodded, having no words to describe the *"Hell"* he truly considered the solicitor's *"thing"*.

"Come on, old man," Hands persisted, manner made more upbeat by the knowledge *he* was not in Gaskell's position – as well as the heart-warming prospect of the windfall his friend's predicament was set to fetch him. "Live to fight another day and all that."

"Yes, well, that's easy for you to say, Reggie," sighed Howard Gaskell. "You're not the one about to become a flunkey for three women."

Hands gave him a sideways glance; knowing that if he thought his situation was bad right now he was in for the hell of a shock down the line.

"Manservant," he said.

Gaskell gave him an enquiring look not altogether devoid of anger.

"You're to be their *Manservant*," the solicitor repeated. "Not a flunkey."

"Thank god! I was beginning to think I'd agreed to something really degrading."

There was no accompanying laughter for his own sarcasm and Hands shook his head as if to say *"do as you please"*; aware that Gaskell was shaking his own head once again as, no doubt, images of his shame being related to friends and acquaintances made his thoughts squirm.

The man's next words proving the solicitor's assumption correct:

"How will I ever face my fellow members at the club if they find out," he half-muttered, thoughts going to the establishment in The Strand that had been his bolt-hole these past seventeen years and more; his talent for self-delusion stirring Hands to retort:

"That is hardly a consideration in your current scheme of things, Howard," he said with a mixture of the half-amused and the half-contemptuous. "I do not envisage many trips into London for you, if I may be frank. The ladies are very much home-bodies who enjoy their own company. Unless they wish you to accompany them the short ways into town to help with shopping or the like, I hardly think you will be going any closer to your beloved club."

He paused a moment.

"And even if you did manage the feat, where would you find funds sufficient enough to remain a member and meet its other social costs? Bearing in mind, that even a train-fare into London would stretch the contents of your pockets?"

His passenger again lapsed into silence at this. Silence that prompted the solicitor to pull off the road and bring the Wolseley to a halt; telling himself as he did so that it was as well to get his unpleasant task over now as later.

As it turned out, it was his passenger who spoke first:

"I suppose this is where you explain the nature of these mysterious conditions my prospective *employers* mentioned in passing."

It was not voiced as a question and Hands knew the man was as anxious to hear of these *provisos* as much as he was dreading having to explain them.

"Well?" Gaskell pressed when the driver seemed at a loss as to how to progress. "Are they so bad you can't bring yourself to tell me of them?"

"Yes," responded Reginald Hands in a rare burst of monosyllabic honesty.

Gaskell's stomach dropped but he steeled himself to hear the latest of the bad news to beset him; the fact he himself was responsible for most of it not making his trepidation any the less bearable as he looked away from his companion and muttered:

"Go on."

"You're not going to like it, Howard."

“I already dislike it, Reggie. You’re simply confirming that, despite the fact I’m already soaking wet to the bone, there’s more rain heading my way.”

Hands sounded almost sympathetic; though not enough to tell his friend-cum-acquaintance to run as far as his legs would take him – much use it would ultimately serve - and risk losing the fee he had negotiated with the women for delivering him, figuratively bound and gagged, into their safe-keeping.

“Yes, you’re right; though I would not call it an exaggeration to say the rain-clouds homing in upon you are being driven by a typhoon.”

As Gaskell turned to look at him, the solicitor detected real fear join the look of bewildered outrage that such a fate could be about to befall him and knew it would be a kindness to let him have the bad news as swiftly as possible rather than draw it out.

“Yesterday,” he began after clearing his throat, “the ladies sent me to see Kenny Grealish with an offer.”

Hands paused before continuing, finding it difficult to meet the gaze of his passenger when he knew he had nothing to say likely to provide him with any immediate comfort; let alone optimism for his future.

“In return for you entering their service as a manservant,” he continued, falling into legal-speak and a tone to match in order to make an unpalatable, if profitable, task bearable, “the ladies, Thomsett, Frobisher, and Copland, hereby agree to pay Mr Kenneth Grealish all monies, and the interest accrued herewith, owed to his person by Mr Howard Gaskell.”

The short pause that followed gave his passenger time to clutch at non-existent straws.

“But that’s a good thing, is it not?” Gaskell asked, taking his first unencumbered breath for some period of time; not waiting for an answer before his imagination pursued all kinds of possibilities – not the least of them involving his taking up a position with the ladies until his gambling debt had been paid and simply upping roots and vanishing.

A nice fantasy while it lasted and one Hands, it appeared, had already divined he would be in the process of picturing.

“What you are so obviously thinking,” he began” is, regretfully, a non-starter.”

“But…”

“Howard, you would be well-advised *not* to take the ladies as fools.”

“Yes, but just the same, it…”

“Strange? Yes,” the solicitor continued as if he had not spoken. “Undeniably so.”

Reggie Hands’ face took on a look of wonderment and his head shook imperceptibly.

“About as strange a trio of women as I have come across,” he went on.” And I have seen much that is both strange and odd in my thirty odd years of practice.”

His smile was sad and appeared to Gaskell genuine.

It was also adamant.

“But fools?... I am afraid not.”

A hand clutched again at Howard Gaskell’s vitals and his renewed optimism vanished instantly.

If such a man as Hands, who had seen it all and done most of it also, could speak in such terms then his predicament was every bit as dire as he had suspected it to be.

“As well as being vindictive bordering on the sadistic and venal to the point of being in a class of his own,” began a man who knew about such things from first-hand experience of his own shortcomings, “Kenneth Grealish is also well-connected to some pretty unsavoury types up and down the land – even upon the continent. So for you to run – especially given your severe shortage of money and the lacking of means to get any – would simply prolong the inevitable and make what he would do to you all the more… *severe*.”

Hands allowed this to penetrate before continuing.

“As a friend, I would advise you against this; more so given…”

Reggie Hands hesitated.

As hardened and mercenary as he was, he did genuinely like the man he had sold to the river’s currents and knew he was about as close to his having a real friend as he would ever know.

And yet…?

What could be done for him?

His own stupidity had seen him play high-stakes cards with Grealish while in a condition of some inebriation, not that of Hands’.

The solicitor had played no part in that particular section of the drama, and the fact he was profiting from it was simply business and no more.

Certainly no need for him to be feeling such unaccustomed guilt on the man’s behalf.

And yet, he could not manage his usual level of detachment when it came to such… *arrangements*… as those he had overseen between the women and the thug holding Gaskell’s marker.

“More so, given what?” Gaskell asked in a voice growing weaker and more beaten as their conversation wended a way to its conclusion.

Expelling a huge breath, Hands let it out in one sentence:

“Given, my friend, that were you to try and disappear – with inevitable results, I must caution you – the retribution our good Mr Grealish would be compelled to visit upon you would be even more unimaginable in both its scope and its fury.”

Perplexity joined Gaskell’s depression:

“But…? But why? Surely it would be enough that the women will have paid what is owed to him. Why would he…”

His words died in his throat as he saw the grave shaking of the solicitor’s head.

“I am afraid your situation has taken a turn for the worse,” Hands intoned as Gaskell stared at him, unable to comprehend how his situation could deteriorate.

And in just what manner of way it would.

THREE

When the mood took her, as it often did, Ma'am – as Miss Thomsett insisted he address her – liked him to lie on his back, naked and supine upon the patterned carpet that, in one form or another, covered the floor of every room in the house save for the kitchen and the staircase.

He was in her bedroom now, waiting on her, eyes flicking from wall to ceiling as demoralised thoughts played out upon the embossed pattern of the walls' embossed white wallpaper and the scrolled plaster work of the ceiling above. That he had gone from the carefree, if feckless, lifestyle of man-about-town to *this* – and in less than two months – remained a constant source of amazement to him; even as each passing day saw a fresh and humiliating task fall to his care. But then, the *"bitch-trio"*, as he described them in the privacy of his head, seemed to have gauged and foreseen a fundamental weakness in his character and had taken steps to utilize the knowledge for their own immoral ends.

The agreement they had reached with the terrifying Grealish and his no less intimidating retinue of thugs delivering to them the final key that lock him, Howard Gaskell, into their service for the foreseeable future.

And what a service it was!

Prone upon the carpet, his thoughts flashed back to *that* evening when for the first time he had seen lesbian love at close hand and been compelled to kneel, fully clothed, at the foot of the same bed he could see now above him and watch as his three *employers* pleasured themselves…

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...Miss Thomsett had bid him to light a number of mood candles to give a more "intimate" atmosphere to the room and was now prone upon her back in the middle of the bed, both of her hands busily playing with a pussy at which he could only stare hungrily. His recent, and previously unheard of celibacy – thanks to the inhuman contraption at his groin to which they had introduced him and in which his manhood was currently locked – making the sight and the scent of the woman desirable to him. Even if he now regarded her with a negative passion he had not experienced for another living being until meeting her.

He watched as two fingers of her left-hand slowly stroked in and out of her love box; this as the other hand rubbed her clit below the small and well-cultivated clump of pubes above; his feelings a curious mix of the need and hatred he told himself were the province of countless others of the powerless down the centuries.

Only now HE was one of their number.

In common with so many decent but self-interested men and women down the ages, it was only the fact he was the one on the wrong end of cruelty and abuse that concentrated his thoughts upon such social injustice.

A movement from behind told both him and his bitch "Master" upon the bed that her sisters in depravity had arrived.

He watched as she continued to play with herself, her eyes aflame with lustful messages to the new arrivals as they stepped to the kneeling flunkey's side and slowly stripped off their clothes – one of them, the younger of the three, even patting him upon the head as if he were some toothless and obedient pet.

Which was, of course, his thoughts ran bitterly, exactly the case.

Once naked, they approached the bed and Miss Thomsett removed her fingers from her own cunt while offering them out to be sucked by whichever of her two lovers reached them first.

A race Miss Helen had won.

Taking her older lover's fingers into her mouth, she began a slow sucking upon them, climbing upon the bed to reveal her flawless and alabaster body to both lover and servitor while adding both to the latter's excitement and his discomfort as the cumbersome but effective device between his legs dealt with his attempted erection.

And now, trying to will down his erection and make no noise that might distract them, he had more imagery to contend with as Miss Bernice crawled onto the bed between Miss Thomsett's out-stretched legs; the posterior and powerful but shapely legs that presented themselves to him betraying no sign of belonging to a woman nearing the end of her thirties.

The discomfort at his groin was not eased any when Miss Beatrice began the process of kissing and licking her way up her even older lover's still firm legs; finding that even if he closed his eyes the sounds reaching his ears remained equally as tantalising.

Still with Miss Thomsett's fingers in her mouth, Miss Helen lay alongside her and reached over to massage a set of breasts that were, Gaskell had to confess, as stupendous as any he had seen in his long experience of the female anatomy. The sheer perfection of their shape, with the miniscule gapping that constituted her décolletage, along with the incredible size of the nipples jutting, enough to make him forget his hatred of their owner. For at least a while, anyway.

The older woman's fingers were forgotten now as the younger showed she could no more resist the allure of the breasts to her side than the eyes of the servitor kneeling below. Soon she was smothering them with kisses and biting playfully at one of her nipples, her hand feeling and fondling the other breast as she did so. Miss Thomsett purred with pleasure and reached out a hand of her own to trace the contours of the younger woman's equally full and firm breasts with fluttering fingers.

"Higher," the kneeling man heard Miss Thomsett order and then watched as Miss Helen clambered up and sat astride her face, straddling the older woman's head between her knees upon the pillows, Miss Thomsett's hands on her ass as she guided the young woman's pussy towards her mouth.

Just as Miss Thomsett's tongue began to flutter at Miss Helen's clit, the mouth and tongue belonging to Miss Bernice the pussy belonging to the oldest of this lesbian triad, her fingers going to the overheated and heretofore neglected cunt between her own legs to ensure all three were receiving pleasure of one kind or another.

The scent of their frenzied activity only serving to exacerbate the need of the fourth, who was not receiving anything of any kind, save for the increasing pain from his cock as it fought against the unyielding bars of its prison.

Moving her pussy back and forth over Miss Thomsett's mouth and tongue, slowly at first and then with an almost metronomic frenzy, Miss Helen settled into a rhythm ensuring she was the first of the women to scream her release to the ceiling; her whole body convulsing as she was followed into the hallowed, if all too temporary, embrace of orgasm by the woman pleasuring her who, in turn was followed by the lover at her own pussy as she herself used her fingers to bring on her own crisis.

And then, a minute, or perhaps two, later, positions were reversed and the whole dance repeated itself.

And, so it went for some hours more, each taking turns at riding the others mouth, each taking turns at being ridden by the other two.

The smell of sex overpowering.

And when, finally, all three lovers gave in to fatigue and admitted themselves utterly satisfied., the fourth occupant of the room remained kneeling by the bed upon which all the action had taken place.

The cock that was now lacerated and painful from the attention of the metal bars retraining it, as hard and hungry now as it had been from the moment he had been called to the room and forced to kneel before a naked and imperious Miss Thomsett.

His needs ignored and unattended.

And unlikely to be for some time…

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…The cock that was now unfettered for the first time since witnessing their triad in action for the first time, was straining towards the ceiling as his thoughts recalled the event.

But, to his own sense of wonder – and no small shame for what he saw as yet more evidence of his diminished manhood; he could not bring himself to touch an erection that was about as demanding as any he could ever recall experiencing.

Through the open bedroom door, he heard the clicking of her heels upon the polished wooden boards of the stairs coming up and he could hear the equally sharp staccato of the bitch Helen's footwear alongside them; his ability to differentiate between their

differing footfalls as much a result of his growing fear of all three as it was of keened ears.

“See how obedient he is becoming Helen?” the offer was accompanied by a hint of laughter. And to think we doubted you when you assured us he was not the commanding and masculine male he portrayed himself as being. I really think it was masterstroke of yours to have him fitted with his cage.”

She giggled schoolgirlishly in a way unbecoming one of her years:

“And Bernice and I so enjoyed watching you shave his cock and balls before fitting him into it.”

Miss Helen bloomed under the praise as she laughed along with her lover and mistress.

“Look at how grateful and hard his pitiful cock is to be released from its captivity!” Miss Thomsett continued. “And yet, so diligently have you trained him, my dear girl, he makes no attempt to… *satisfy*… himself.”

“Nor will he,” stated the young woman with full confidence in her ability to demand the older man’s compliance. “Unless he wishes to be reacquainted with either my hairbrush or one belonging to you or Miss Bernice.”

There was a pause and the man below them knew it was for his benefit; devised as it was to take his thoughts back to the last time he went over the knee of one or the other.

The most excruciatingly embarrassing episodes of his whole life and still, having experienced every painful moment of them, hard for this one-time free-man and philanderer to believe.

“And of course,” the younger woman added; “should such a threat not prove enough, I’m sure the prospect of another visit to Mr Grealish at his warehouse would prove sufficient to make him more… *servile*.”

The shaking of the prone man’s body below them, induced by no more than a simple mention of a name and a place, caused the women to laugh gaily as they became by the day more inured to his suffering and less mindful of the effects their own sadism was having upon them.

Suddenly, Miss Thomsett’s voice took on a more impatient air and stirred in the hint of the whip rather than a hairbrush for good measure.

“Off your back then. You idle swine. Assume the position.”

Cringing internally as his manhood expired a little more, Gaskell wondered how he could allow himself to be used in such a fashion – and had his question answered by a flash back to the last time the *“ladies”* found it necessary to have *“Mr Grealish”* correct him.

Even if, since that time, all *physical* correction had been in-house, so to speak.

“Do you not think his cock is a very nice size when out of its restraint, Helen?” he heard Miss Thomsett say as he raised himself to his knees and shuffled towards them, face burning with the humiliation of it; despite being no stranger to nakedness before more than one member of the opposite sex at a time. The difference being, on those occasions, that *he* was the one in command of the situation. A condition that applied in no way, shape, or form on this occasion.

“If such a nasty thing is pleasing to one, then, yes. I suppose it is. Not too small as to be negligible, I should think, and large enough to accommodate without being found unbearable.”

“My feelings exactly,” said the older of the two fully-dressed women as the owner of the cock in question shuffled to a spot at their feet before lowering his head in the way he had been shown was expected of him in their presence.

“And, of course, it is so much more pleasing now that it has been shown the respect required of it when pleasing a lady. Still pitiful, of course, as all men and their tackle are pitiful. But at least we are fashioning this one to be useful to its superiors.”

She shook her head as if at a private joke and laughed.

“None of that, all-conquering, brute male stuff from him anymore, thank you very much. Unless he actively enjoys the feel of a lady’s hairbrush upon his behind or being persuaded otherwise by our… *friend*… Mr Grealish. Or at least some *friends* of our friend.”

“That’s something, I suppose,” sniffed a distinctly unimpressed Helen as the mention of the thug’s name brought on another involuntary round of the shakes from the man at their feet.

“Oh, my dear,” laughed Miss Thomsett, resplendent in lace-up ankle boots of shiny black leather, toes pointed to an almost *vicious* degree as her Manservant affixed his eyes to them as was expected of him. “You really are missing a treat; you know?”

“If you say so,” came another even less convinced sniff.

“I do say so,” the older of the two friends chided. “A tongue is all very well and has its place, in keeping with a dildo. But, as you know from first-hand experience, though I am extremely partial to both the giving and the receiving when it comes to you and our lovely Bernice, I also enjoy the attentions of a tamed and domesticated cock.”

The younger woman remained unconvinced and her older lover continued:

“Also, and though I agree the female tongue is undoubtedly far more adept and knowledgeable when pleasing one of its own kind, that does not mean there aren’t… *compensations*… when having to settle for the oral attentions of a male… And especially when such service to one is given unwillingly.”

A small change in the younger woman’s expression indicated that service of such a kind from a man was not *entirely* displeasing to her.

“But,” Miss Thomsett continued, to actually sit astride a nice hard cock and know that, like the beast to whom it belongs, one is totally and utterly its master, is something likely to take one’s pleasure into one of Mr Wells’ or Monsieur Verne’s other dimensions.”

Helen, having already made use of the kneeling man’s tongue on many such occasions now, was becoming a little impatient of her friend and hostess’s school-teacherly tone; having been once a member of that very fraternity herself.

“As your memory appears to have absented you for the time being, my esteemed Miss Thomsett, I might remind you that I am more than aware of what his tongue can achieve… And, especially, as my initial schooling of him in the art of oral worship was formative in the attentions of which you now speak so highly. His cock is a whole other matter, and I for one see no reason for you to continue to flog its virtues to me when it is obvious I am completely without interest.”

Miss Thomsett was amused, as she always was by her younger lover’s easily stirred temper; it being so delicious for a confirmed control freak such as she to… *correct*… it:

“Now, now, Helen,” she said, one reproving forefinger waving from side before the girl’s flushed and animated features. “I do hope we are not going to have another display of pique from you. You surely wouldn’t want me to discipline you in front of our domestic, would you?”

Helen’s jaw dropped to the collar of the ruffled blue blouse she had tucked precisely into a charcoal grey-skirt; conical breasts shown to perfection above stockinged legs and hour-glass waist as she looked into the face of her lover and hostess while hoping to see a sign that her threat was frivolous.

No such sign was forthcoming.

“M-Miss Thomsett,” she faltered, realising the creature on his knees might have his head lowered but his ears were keened. Relieved, no doubt, that it was another and not he who was the subject of female displeasure for once. His presence only serving to make the prospect of discipline from her older Mistress even more unappealing than usual. “You…? You surely wouldn’t…? Not in front of our…? Our… manservant?”

“It would not be my choice,” said the older woman, “as it could quite possibly result in you losing face in his eyes.”

Miss Thomsett reached out a hand and rested it on the kneeling Manservant’s lowered head, her action seeming contemptuous, proprietorial, and symbolic, all at one swoop.

“Servant’s really shouldn’t be allowed to see their betters disciplined,” she went on. “Even if the behaviour of those betters warrants it.”

The sigh of inner-relief that made the younger woman’s breasts rise sharply in their stays was short-lived:

“Though not to punish such infringements might send entirely the wrong message to the one whose obedience is required at *all* times.”

“Yes, Miss Thomsett, and I agree,” said Helen hastily, “But…?”

“Enough now, Helen. I have no intention of allowing Gaskell to witness you across my knee as I apply the same hair-brush I use upon him upon you.”

Inner became outward as Helen sighed her relief once again.

“But you *will* watch that petulance of yours in future whenever he attends us.”

It was statement, not question; but, when nothing was forthcoming from the younger woman, Miss Thomsett’s tone swiftly became interrogative and stern:

“Won’t you?”

“Y-Yes, of course,” Miss Thomsett, answered a stammering Helen Frobisher; aware her Mistress was not jesting with her and only too aware of how painful and humiliating it was to go across her knee as if she were some delinquent pre-pubescent. “I only meant to point out that… Well, that I… I…”

“…have been instrumental in training Gaskell’s tongue to our specific feminine requirements?”

Helen nodded, relieved to see a small smile of acknowledgement and approval cross her lover’s somewhat severe face.

“And I’m sure Bernice and I are grateful for your diligence with his training. Just as I am sure you are grateful for our efforts in teaching him the domestic duties required of a man who is to be a servant of women.”

A frown crossed her face and Helen noticed the sharp tug she had applied to his hair and the wince of pain it elicited; though the once masculine man on his knees before them was at lengths not to lend a sound to his discomfort.

“Even if,” Miss Thomsett finished, “he has some improvement to make before he will be even halfway tolerable as a lady-of-quality’s body-servant – though there has been considerable improvement since we were required to send the wretch to Mr Grealish for greater... *motivation.*”

Gaskell felt his gorge rise as his indexed thoughts struck back over the many and frequent indignities heaped upon his head since having accepted their offer and taking up residence with them.

But, and overriding his anger at being treated so inhumanely, was the lesson handed out to him in one of Grealish’s warehouses after it had all gotten too much for him and he had verbally abused the three women in terms that had left them in no doubt he saw them as the lowest form of sexually disturbed vermin.

The punishment handed out to him in that warehouse had been horrendous enough – even if it had left his face unmarked; but it had been the threat of what would happen to him were he to lose Grealish the sum promised him by the women to… *"Police"* their agreement, that wrought a profound change in both his service to them and his soul itself.

The words of the oleaginous and venal Hands echoed in his thoughts as they had sat in his car at the side of the road after leaving the women's kitchen.

And what words they had been…

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"…Miss Thomsett has not only agreed to pay off your gambling marker to Mr Grealish," Hands had told him as they sat in the Wolseley, motionless at the side of the road back into town, "but…"

His hesitation told Gaskell that whatever it was the infernal ex-school-ma'am had agreed to beyond the original debt was not something of which he was going to be thrilled to hear.

And so it had proved.

"The contract between Miss Thomsett and Mr Grealish – the terms and binding of which I was tasked to draw up – is that of an agreement between a domestic agent and a woman employing his services."

Gaskell had waited for the solicitor to enlarge upon his theme, as certain that he would as he was convinced that theme would bring nothing good for him.

And, once again, he was right.

"What this means, in effect, is that Mr Grealish is now your employer and your person is now contracted to Miss Thomsett."

Hands allowed him a few seconds, then:

"The sum paid to said Mr Grealish," said Hands, dropping more and more into officious solicitor speak as he went on, is the same amount as your accrued debt to him and has been paid in one lump-sum."

"Go on," Gaskell urged when Hands paused; knowing the man was a long way from finished.

"As a contracted servitor of Miss Thomsett and her lady-friends," Hands continued, still in professional mode, "you will receive food and shelter, together with a uniform and such… pocket-money… as the level of your domestic service to them merits."

"P-Pocket-money?" Gaskell had gasped, the indignity of his situation crashing in upon him with greater power by the second.

"Should your service merit it," reminded a nodding Hands. "You are to be shown the ways of a domestic and they will expect you to learn your lessons diligently. From laundry and the welfare of their wardrobes to the cleaning of their home and the polishing of their footwear, you will be expected to deliver excellent service."

Gaskell flashed him a fiery look that seemed to be accusing him of taking some kind of perverse pleasure from his downfall.

Hands' arms went wide defensively:

"I repeat their words to me, no more," he said.

The fiery look vanished and, not for the first time over the past month or so, Gaskell's handsome head sought out the comfort of his hands as the solicitor part-responsible for the fate ahead of him continued:

"You will be required to sign a contract agreeing to these conditions – again drawn up by yours truly;" said Hands, almost as if he were proud to have finagled such a deal for the man on the wrong end of it. "One with Miss Thomsett herself, and another with Mr Grealish."

"Is that all?" asked a benumbed and slightly sarcastic Gaskell, fetching up his head but not staring Hands in the face.

It was not.

"There is one other addendum to the agreement between them," he was told.
Gaskell waited.

"It is, without doubt, even if the language in which it is couched appears unthreatening, the most…"

He halted, as if searching for the best description of this linguistically "unthreatening" codicil.

Then:

"…The most disturbing and, possibly, frightening, aspect of their accord."

Becoming numbed by the excrement that continued to be heaped upon his head, and feeling more and more like a condemned man, Gaskell managed to ask:

"How so?"

Hands was uncomfortable, as indeed he had good cause to be. Knowing, as he did, that it had been his suggestion when drawing up their agreement that the two parties add a condition that would make his supposed friend's working conditions more those of an indenture than a simple contract of domestic employment. Knowing also that, couched in legal terms or not, Gaskell would be left in no doubt of what would happen to him

should the windfall Grealish could expect from the ladies be… diminished… in any way.

"Miss Thomsett has agreed to pay Mr Grealish a sum of one-thousand-pounds a year to administer the employment agreement."

Gaskell had started at the mention of such a substantial sum:

"Meaning?"

Hands sighed, regretfully; grateful he was nearing the end of his explanation and, once he had picked up Gaskell's belongings and returned him to his new – and perhaps first – place of employment, he would be free to put the episode behind him and enjoy the money accrued from his efforts without any annoying pangs of guilt.

"Meaning, Howard, that should your efforts in Miss Thomsett's service prove less than pleasing and you do not respond to their… correction… of your behaviour…"

What small colour was left to Gaskell's cheeks fled in the direction of his feet as he sensed just what the nature of that "correction" could be.

"…Then…" Hands continued, part professional, part regretful. "Then correction would be at the discretion of Mr Grealish."

There was more:

"Of course," the oily solicitor continued, "should even the attempts of Mr Grealish and his… assistants… fail to ensure your service to the ladies is pleasing enough, then the agreement struck between them for your employment will be invalidated and, more crucially, for you anyway, the one-thousand-pounds per annum is no longer bound to be paid."

Gaskell nodded as he felt the hangman's noose tighten against his Adam's Apple.

Hands' voice as he finished was solemn and, for once, sincerely regretful:

"This will also terminate your agreement with Mr Grealish… If you take my drift..."

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…Gaskell had indeed taken it – though not enough to prevent him foolishly testing such threatening waters after having received yet another demeaning verbal reprimand for the laxness of his efforts in serving his new mistresses – or "Masters", as they seemed to prefer for some reason.

The visit to Grealish's warehouse after his excoriation of the ladies for their *"debasement"*; together with the pain and the terror that followed, going some way towards making him wary of ever being so foolish he could get sent back again.

After which return, the ladies presented him with a choice - should his service to them be considered… *"unsatisfactory"*.

Either accept physical correction at the hands of his *"Masters"*, or reacquaint himself with the joys of the Grealish warehouse.

It was yet one more building block in the edifice that was becoming his slavery to them.

"Isn't it amusing," he heard Miss Thomsett's voice above him, "how his cock seems to have a life of its own."

"The beasts have no control over themselves," sneered Miss Helen.

"None whatsoever, under certain circumstances," agreed her mistress. "Look upon our Manservant as an example. Here he is, a man from a good background who has known the joy of individual freedom supplied by an income derived from his late-parents. An income, moreover, for which he did not have to expend one ounce of energy or diligence to acquire. And yet, here he finds himself. A lowly domestic in the home of three ladies he had not set eyes on until a short while ago. Three ladies who, even had he noticed them, would not have retained his interest for more than a few seconds, given the amount of other, comelier examples, willing to share his bed."

"A dog awaiting its collar, just the same," jeered the younger woman.

"Precisely, Helen. You are, however, missing my point. The collar of which you speak is now fastened securely about his neck and will remain that way for as long as we see fit. The former man about town is not a man of any meaningful description any longer and occupies a position that is not only acutely humiliating for him but is one even his most violent nightmares could not have depicted to him."

Helen was still attempting to divine her lover's destination with this train of thought when a thoughtful Miss Thomsett added:

"And yet…"

The highly polished toe of her right boot slid between his legs and came up to tap upon the underside of his scrotum; just as if it were an aid to her thinking.

"And yet, humiliated as he is, and detesting us as he does for his new existence; naked and kneeling before us, hands clasped behind his back respectfully and head lowered; the manifestation of his masculinity we have so kindly allowed to remain unfettered for now, betrays him from no more than the simple sight of feet in their heeled boots."

The younger woman's eyes drank in the sight of her older lover's boot jiggling the man's scrotum while his cock sprang rigid above it and had a small epiphany on the subject of a cock's value to provide a lady with pleasure.

Even if it was not of the traditional kind and she held to her admonition *never* to allow one to penetrate her own shrine.

A self-made promise that would not endure for much longer.

“Can anyone who is not self-deceiving and delusional possibly say that nature did not intend for such creatures to be the chattel of women?” asked Miss Thomsett, hand still ruffling the hair of the man below her. “And would we not be remiss as women to disregard the gift nature has bestowed upon us if we continued to allow the creatures to see themselves as our equals.”

She allowed herself a mock and horrified intake of breath before adding:

“Or, the Lord forbid, our *superiors?*”

It was self-justification of the most puerile kind and both of these educated women acknowledged its existence in the dark recesses of the soul to which such uncomfortable and unflattering truths were consigned. But, in common with the man before them whose body was betraying him without his express consent, their intelligence, as well as their basic humanity and decency, was ignored in the face of the passion their control provoked. In common with the hungry beast, which in its need fed upon its own excrement, the existence of their desire was its own reason for being and the sustenance it provided made short-lived any attempt at moral introspection.

The words of the woman who was the first and the oldest, if not the most attractive – an accolade he had bestowed begrudgingly upon the middle of the three, Beatrice – took him back to his return to their home for the first time as their… *“manservant”*. Hands dropping him back at his new place of employment with the few belongings he hadn’t already sold after having explained the man Grealish’s ongoing involvement and personal interest in his new… *situation*. As well as calling in upon the man himself and having the solicitor’s description of the *“arrangement”* brought to vivid reality by the man himself.

Not to mention, terrifying...

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...The question itself was enough to invite laughter; given his previous circumstances and had he felt capable of such light-heartedness at this low-point of his life to now:

“I trust your new quarters are satisfactory?” asked the former school-mistress after the manner of a grand lady, this as he stood before the three comfortably seated women in the parlour; having already had his posture when in attendance upon them and about his domestic duties corrected.

Explaining why he stood erect with hands clasped behind his back, legs slightly apart and feet pointed outwards.

“They are perfectly acceptable,” he told her, the mix of disbelief, anger and fear churning at his vitals making the situation almost dream-like and impossible to believe.

Miss Thomsett turned to the younger Helen and gave a disappointed shake of the head:

“A most unpromising start, would you not agree, Helen?”

“I can’t say I’m surprised.”

The older woman, turned displeased eyes back to Gaskell:

“We are told you were once of Charterhouse,” she said, “so the learning of your new duties should not be beyond your intellectual capacities. Neither should the physical aspects of your new position, as you appear to be in reasonable condition for a man of your age.”

If her observations pleased him, it was not visible upon his face.

“How disappointing then,” she went on, “that a man of your education has no idea of how to address his betters.”

Gaskell squirmed, wanting nothing better at that point than to slap the expressions of smugness he saw beaming up to him from the faces of all three women – even if he thought he detected something, in the expression directed at him by the woman named Bernice, that bespoke of a… deeper… interest.

Then, when he realised the older of the three termagants was waiting on him, smugness becoming something more akin to stern impatience:

“Apologies,” he offered, the words exiting his throat as if fashioned from gravel. “The accommodations are perfectly acceptable… Ma’am.”

“Do not forget again,” she said with a nod that promised he would not like the consequences if he did. Dressed in a somewhat severely cut two-piece costume in black, with a bolero jacket and a matching and tight-fitting skirt that ended a few inches above ankle concealed in low lace-up boots with vicious looking heels and pointed toes, he had to confess she did look a little… intimidating. e- v that ended more

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“…On your back, and lay upon your hands,” the older woman ordered as, for a second or two, Miss Helen’s face paled as she thought the order was aimed at her; calming only when the naked man lowered himself fully to the floor with eyes closed and the flat of his palms to the carpet beneath his body.

“And keep your eyes open,” Miss Thomsett commanded, even as her hungry eyes took in the still lean body of the middle-aged man of whom they had made the most abject flunkey and she felt the need to moisten her own, suddenly dry, lips.

Helen watched her lover and mistress as she hitched up her pencil-skirt and bunched it at her hips; the younger woman gasping when she realised her mistress had come prepared.

Prepared, in this instance, being the absence of *any* undergarments.

Miss Thomsett caught her surprise and smiled, “It is only the three of us and our Manservant here,” she said. “So why bother.” Leaning in, she placed a kiss on Helen’s lips. “I can hardly recommend it, my dear. As Bernice said when advising me to do the same: *“It is incredibly… liberating”*.

Feeling more and more the junior party that she was when it came to the triad of herself and the two older women – despite the fact she had been the one who had pointed out Gaskell’s *suitability* for their purposes – Helen watched as her lover placed her boots either side of their servant’s handsome head and faced herself towards his feet.

“I am not sure if you are familiar with this,” Miss Thomsett told her, “but what I am about to do is something known as *‘Queening’*. If you do not already understand why, you will in a few seconds.”

Miss Thomsett gazed down into the waiting man’s eyes, voice stern:

“I expect you to keep your eyes on your owner’s superior cunt until it blocks your vision,” she told him. “I will not be able to see if you have obeyed me, but Miss Helen will. So I would advise you not to test me unless you wish a taste of my brush… or worse… Understand?”

The older man’s voice was almost a caricature of his former manly and confident enunciation as he answered:

“Y-Yes, Miss Thomsett.”

“Good boy,” she praised him, adoring being able to address a man older herself in such a patronising fashion.

She looked to the younger woman:

“Miss Helen, if you could take up a position behind me that you may see his eyes and ensure they remain open, we shall begin.”

It was the last thing Gaskell heard for a while as what he could only describe – despite his mortification – as the most perfect of alabaster arses lowered itself towards his face. It was not the first time she had used him in such a way and the sight of her surprisingly youthful and hairless gash as it descended upon his mouth was not a new experience. Even if it was no less emasculating.

As she settled in upon his face, the flat of her hands upon his stomach to balance herself as her thighs trapped his head between them, he again felt her scent envelop him. She had positioned herself so that his nose had no other place but into the crack of her arse; making his breathing problematic as his mouth was covered by a juicy slit seemingly intent upon flooding his mouth. A problem she circumvented by *thoughtfully* raising her arse from his face every so often that he might gasp in a full-breath of some much needed oxygen.

His task, she had told him on first acquainting him with the male's responsibilities when being *"Queened"*, were to think only of his owner's pleasure and how he might improve its performance on its behalf.

Firstly, he was lick the length of her slit with long sweeps of his tongue; stretching it out as far as possible so its tip could take in the engorged bud that was her clitoris. Already the wetness of her arousal was saturating his cheeks and hair and he was struggling to swallow back the copious effusions *and* take in the scarce and much needed air denied by the aga-old form of male devotion to the female. And yet, for all his discomforts, and with the *correction* he was likely to receive if his efforts proved disappointing never far from his reckoning, he endeavoured to give the hateful bitch above him his full concentration is on the task at hand. An unwilling captive of both the weight of her body and the cunt-scent he begrudgingly acknowledged as intoxicating; together with the weight of his own body upon his hands; he found it difficult to understand why his treacherous cock could be as hard as ever it was when his sexual destiny was his own to control. He could hear a murmur of conversation above him and thought he made out the voice of the bitch riding him with such contempt for his masculinity - from its tone and volume it sounded as if she were ordering *"Miss Helen"* to do something or other; though he could not distinguish exactly what that something might be.

He soon would.

His body, if not his cock, spasmed as he felt his rock-hard manhood engulfed by a cunt that could only belong to the younger woman and which, despite her expressed reservations, was wet and aroused enough to accommodate him without difficulty.

A sharp slap to his stomach from the rider at his other extreme, this as she lifted her pussy from his face long enough for him to draw a few full breaths and hear what she was saying, dragged his attention from the young cunt that was tentatively riding the length of his pole.

"Behave yourself!" Miss Thomsett snapped. "This is Miss Helen's first time in control of an unworthy penis and, if you ruin her first experience by either trying to assert your pathetic manhood or spilling your useless seed before one of us gives you permission to do so, I will have no hesitation in having Mr Grealish correct your disrespect by in ways that will make your last lesson at the hands of him and his associates seem like a high-tea in Windsor Castle."

Allowing a few seconds for this to sink in, she then told him:

"You will neither thrust and nor will you move a muscle other than the ones that govern the movements of your servile tongue," she warned him. "You are simply a human dildo and will move only at the direction of the owner using you at the time."

Her final admonition on the subject was delivered in a voice leaving him in no doubt of her sincerity:

"You are *never* to move or take an initiative *without* express permission."

Composing himself as best a man could compose himself under conditions of the kind, her warning already imprinted upon his conscious; Gaskell sucked in much welcome air as, gratefully, Miss Thomsett continued to keep her sopping cunt above him; her arousal so great it actually dripped from her gash onto his already sodden cheeks.

"You see Helen," he heard her begin, "when you use the female superior position – and for reasons you should find obvious, it really is the only position a woman of character and authority should use - you are able to use the beast properly and in the way nature intended we women should use it for our pleasure."

Miss Thomsett sat herself down upon her human throne once again and almost swooned as she felt her creature's tongue begin to lap at her wetness; though she had enough control to smile when she saw the effect riding an obedient cock for the first time was having upon her young lover.

"Quite something, is it not, my lovely sweet Helen?"

"I… I…"

"Quiet now, my love. Concentrate on the enjoyment to be had from making the male penis dance to your tune. Is it not exquisite?... No. Don't trouble to answer. Simply move up and down on the hard penis of our property at your own pace until such time as the pressure must find its release."

The face of the older woman contorted and it was only through a supreme effort of will that she did not cry out as the tongue of their male bondsman mad a particularly bold sweep of her labia before sucking her clitoris into his mouth and using his teeth to gently nibble at the engorged bud.

"And… And in this we have only made a… made a… start," she said, the onset of her own crisis ensuring her speech was halting. "There is… is… so much more we have to teach him when it comes… when it… when it comes to being a woman's full and… full and complete body… body-servant."

Reaching out, eyes all but glazing over with the arousal the situation and her control of it inspired, she took the younger woman's hands in her own and brought them up to a pair of full and still firm breasts; the hardened nipples her temporary disavowal of undergarments made visible beneath the crisply ironed material of a white blouse only serving to emphasise her unmissable excitement.

A long groan escaped the younger woman's throat as she increased her rise and fall upon the rod she was controlling, the pounding of blood in her ears coming to a crescendo as she fucked a man for the first time at the cock-end while her lover and mistress took her pleasure from his submission at the other.

When they both reached their crisis together and collapsed, one against the other, upon the male vessel they had used for their pleasure without any intention of returning the favour, both of them knew they had just experienced a high-point in the sexual lives as women.

And one of them had been made a convert.

Both of them knowing also - this as they relaxed atop their still ramrod hard servant as if her nothing more than furniture - that, though it was undoubtedly the aforementioned high-point, there were other altitudes and other highs yet to be experienced.

And *all* of them at the man Gaskell's expense.

FOUR

"Are you terribly unhappy?"

For second or two it did not register with him. Were the words meant for his ears or was she simply musing aloud? Certainly, it sounded as if the question had been aimed at an equal – or at least towards someone for whom a degree of concern was felt.

Given he was kneeling in the kitchen at the time, her footwear spread out on the tiled flooring as polished them, it was hard to give credence to either of the two likelihoods as he gazed about him to see if she were alone.

"Don't trouble yourself," she told him. "Miss Thomsett and Helen have still to return from town, so we are quite alone and you may speak your mind without fear of giving either of them offence."

He stared up at her, confused and wary as she stood above him, looking both stern matron and giving earth-mother; thinking the latter description surprising him. She had, after all, played an equal part in the debasement of him, even if, when he looked back, he seemed to recall an air of…

What?

Regret, perhaps?

Or was it simply a trick? A device to loosen his mouth that they might punish him yet again? Yet another example of their control and his weakness?

He watched as she took a seat at the table and gazed down at him. Hating all three, as he did, she was at least the one of them he would have saved from the many savage forms of retribution his imagination had devised for them, had saving one been a prerequisite for his vengeance being exercised over the other two. Her usage of him, on those occasions when either his tongue or released cock had been required in her chamber, had been nowhere near as demeaning or cruel as that of youngest and oldest. In fact, it occurred to him that there had even been an amount of tenderness he had felt on her part and some regret at treating him in such a way.

Though these regrets, if indeed she harboured any, had not prevented her from insisting he either service her bald pussy until his jaws ached or allowed her to ride him as if he were some broken and totally biddable stallion until such a time as her overloaded senses could take no more.

The more he thought about it, though; this as she awaited his response to her inquiry; the more it occurred to him that it was only alone with her that his restrained penis was *always* provided relief.

Looking up at her now, her Junoesque figure that would likely run to fat at some time in its forties pinched in at the waist by a figure hugging black skirt that ended at mid-calf and showed off her powerful calves in sheer black nylon, his recall of just how she had allowed him that release – be it by his own hand or hers; and on one occasion he

enjoyed far too much for his already battered out of recognition self-respect, her hosed feet - again brought his cock into futile contact with the bars of its prison.

The breasts that stared down at him, nipples prominent under the crisp white blouse tucked and cinched into her skirt, were superior to even those of the other buxom bitches who seemed intent upon making his life a living hell - "Amazonian" was the word that suggested itself to him; despite the fact there were two of them.

Gaskell's lips went dry as his cock surged against the steel restraining it and his thoughts pictured himself sliding in an out of her wondrous décolletage before his pent-up eruption all but submerged her attractive if somewhat horse-features in semen.

"What do your own instincts tell you?" he asked, not quite managing to disguise the depth of his bitterness.

"My own instincts," she replied, seemingly unperturbed by his surliness, "are no more than guesswork on my part. For all I know, you may be taking some warped enjoyment from your position here."

It was the first conversation of any length he had been involved in since the oleaginous Hands had returned him with his meagre belongings to start what he looked upon as his *"indenture"*, and, unsurprisingly, he felt relief at being able to give free rein to his thought – even if there was the suspicion at the back of his mind that he was being set-up to be disciplined.

And he was at pains not to explode at her suggestion of his *"warped enjoyment"*.

"Have I once given you the impression that I am the type of man who finds… *pleasure*… in being treated so despicably?" he asked, colour rising to his handsome cheeks as she sat and observed him with a detached curiosity that only served to enrage him further and ensured keeping his temper in check became just that little more difficult.

"A part of you, at least, yes," she answered.

"So, because my treacherous cock – the same cock you have locked away in a device that prevents its own autonomy – takes the opportunity of being free to rise to its full potential, you automatically assume I am a dyed-in-the-wool masochist and enjoy the disgrace heaped upon my head by you on a daily basis?"

"Be truthful with yourself, Howard," she said in a soft voice that, along with use of his first-name, was the closest he come to being treated like an equal since he had arrived in the god forsaken place. "Can you really say that a part of you doesn't respond to the power of a woman? To three of them?"

He stared up at her as if she were mad as well as perverted.

"Does it not feel natural to do a female's bidding when it comes to both the home and the bedroom?" she went on. "And would you really leave if your given the choice?"

“Like a ball from a cannon,” was his instant answer.

“Really?”

“Really?” he paraphrased.

“But what would you do?” she asked, supremely unruffled by his passive but self-evident rage. “You have no home. No family. No friends…”

She paused before delivering the penultimate piece of her quadrangle:

“No money.”

Bernice Copland watched as he bit the inside of his lips at the truth of her words, his vulnerability making him incredibly desirable to her.

Then:

“According to Mr Hands, you have yet – apart from your… *employment*... here – to know any work of any kind. Your whole life until now, in fact, has been that of the most irresponsible of hedonist who believes the fact his passions exist are reason enough for their gratification. It is wilful and wanton behaviour of the kind that has landed you in your current position.”

“And that is reason enough for you to treat me worse than… than an *animal*?” he asked, voice rising on the final word as he indicated the calf-length boot he was holding in one hand and the cloth laden with black shoe polish in the other.

“You see an easier life in a factory? Or a mine perhaps? Is what you have here not preferable to fourteen hours a day hacking at a coal-face in claustrophobic conditions? Terrified of either leaking gas or a cave-in; not to mention the onset of pneumoconiosis?”

“At least the men you speak of do what they do out of choice,” was his best answer.

“No!” she cried with passion. “The choice available to them was exactly the same as your own – and a sight more onerous. Only the nature of the one course available to them was different to your own. But factor compelling them to decide upon it was the same. Desperation.”

He averted his eyes, knowing that in this at least he was right; though for the life of him he could not work out just why she was speaking to him in such a way.

He was about to receive an answer – of sorts.

“Would you say you enjoyed worshipping my cunt more than that of Miss Thomsett or young Helen?”

FIVE

Hands was surprised to be greeted at the door by the younger of the women.

“Miss Frobisher, a good morning to you.”

“Mr Hands,” greeted an unsmiling Helen, dislike of men to the fore as usual, and multiplied in the case of the solicitor who, she considered, had all the worst characteristics of the bestial sex… *and then some!*

Standing to one side, she beckoned him in, body language tight and insular without a hint of either warmth or welcome.

“Miss Thomsett is in the parlour. I’ll leave you to show yourself in.”

Used to such a reaction to his presence, Hands was not only unperturbed but of a mood to lengthen her discomfort at having to deal with him. And not only that. It was his first visit to the house since a year ago on this very day when he mediated the agreement that placed his only, and semi, friend into the modern-day equivalent of an indenture.

“Servant’s day off, Miss Frobisher?” he asked as she closed the door behind him.

If she was amused her scowl could not be described as a normal way of showing it. Not for the first time she thought it would be wonderful to have the solicitor as a flunkey as well as Gaskell. Perhaps even instead of.

“Our Manservant is accompanying Miss Copland into town for some necessary provisions,” she told him. “Though I shall be sure to mention his *good* and *loyal* friend asked after him.”

Her smile as she turned from him was of the kind likely to pollute fresh-water and, as she made her way upstairs away from his poisonous presence, she had no doubt his reptilian eyes would be bulging with lechery as he took in the rear of her shapely legs and hour-glass figure before it disappeared from view.

It was a spot-on assessment, and only when she reached the top landing and left his sight did he give a huge sigh and turn in the direction of the parlour while committing the sight of her to memory.

Assuring himself as he did so, that the disdainful young bitch would be his before the end of the day.

Even if his conquest of her would be the result of a growingly calloused right-hand and an overheated imagination.

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“The arrangement has worked even better than we first hoped for,” said Miss Thomsett with a genuinely friendly smile as she added tea to his cup and passed it across to him. Her feelings for the solicitor peaking at nowhere near the levels of repulsion and

detestation evidenced by Bernice and, especially, Helen. He had, after all, been instrumental in supplying the captive vessel responsible for both her and her lovers' year of sexual and domestic bliss.

Surely it was simply too hypocritical to dislike the man for providing them with exactly what they had asked for.

"Mr Grealish and his associates were called upon only the once to… *educate*… Gaskell in the manners expected of him as a servant to ladies. So, all in all, it would seem all parties…" she laughed, almost coquettishly and the solicitor found himself feeling a pang of desire for her still svelte figure with the wondrously comical breasts and shapely legs sheathed in sheerest nylon as she went on, "all *apart* from our Manservant himself, that is… are perfectly satisfied with the arrangement you so expertly handled for us Mr Hands."

"Call me Reggie, please, Miss Thomsett," he said, laughing along with her; finding her manner of rigid self-control and, yes, authority, something of a sexually stimulant as his imagination painted pictures of just how she might be using his handsome friend. "The confidences sheared between us during the lead up to the arrangement seem, to my mind, to make such formality between us unnecessary."

"Yes, I suppose they would," she agreed, appraising him with an eye that seemed to see right through him.

She seemed to give it some thought, then:

"Very well, Reggie it is – so long as you answer a question truthfully for me."

"I always endeavour to be truthful with both my clients and my friends," lied the oleaginous one; such mendacity so ingrained in him the sheer stupidity of the assertion did not trouble him for a second – even as he said it to the very woman to whom he had virtually sold his only friend.

And certainly too ingrained for him to realise she was way ahead of him when it came to the subject of his duplicity.

"Do you find me attractive… Reggie?"

She had drawn out his name in the way of a courtesan reeling in her latest conquest and the solicitor felt the impact at his groin even as he pondered the unthinkable action of a truthful answer.

"I… Yes… I find you incredibly… *compelling*… Daphne."

Anger suffused her cheeks.

"I do not recall giving you permission to address me so familiarly," she said, voice glacial of a sudden and, for some reason, striking a deep note of fear in his psyche – perhaps because it triggered memories of his own disciplinarian mother before she had been taken by a Typhus outbreak.

“But I thought…”

“You will address me as *‘Miss Thomsett’* and I will call you Reggie from now on.”

Her look was as sly as it was confident:

“Unless you wish to return to my original and formal usage of your name?”

She had crossed one powerful leg over the other as she said this last and was amused to see his eyes flicker in the direction from whence came the hissing of one nylon-clad thigh over the other.

Even more amused when she saw his eyes widen at the sight of a low-heeled mule being dangled from one of her shapely feet.

“N-No,” he protested in a slightly strangled voice, thick with the emotion of lust. “Reggie is perfectly fine and I can understand why so superior a lady as yourself would wished to be addressed so… *respectfully*.”

“Really, Reggie?” she asked, going on before he could confirm his admission. “That is so refreshing to hear from a man in this day and age. Believe me, there are very few men who truly respect the virtues of women – and believe me, I have a whole lifetime of experience to back up such an assertion.”

She feigned suspicion:

“You wouldn’t be saying this in some attempt to seduce me now, would you?”

“Please, Miss Thomsett,” Hands prepared once again to lie, the erection at his groin making movement… *problematical*. “I assure you I have far too much respect for you to ever attempt such an action.”

“Really?” she asked, amused and not showing it. “Am I to infer, then, that you were being disengenuous when you described me as, and I quote: *‘compelling’*.”

Manoeuvred onto the ground of plain and truthful speaking in terms other than legalese, the solicitor, so slippery and unassailable on his own turf, felt distinctly ill-at-ease. His desire for the woman had sprung upon him – at least at its current strength – of a sudden and his need to have her was near painful. Add to that, he was on unfamiliar territory and being asked to be *“truthful”*, and his uncertainty was off the charts of a sudden.

“I… I do believe it is possible to describe a woman such as yourself,” he began tentatively, edging his way through the mist surrounding him with great care, “as compelling and *not* attempting to seduce her.”

“I see,” she mused thoughtfully. “Then what you are saying is that, though you find me compelling, you do not see me as a woman worthy of seducing?”

His face was almost purple with unaccustomed uncertainty by now and Miss Thomsett would have been reduced to gales of laughter – were it not for the fact something about

leading and controlling him in such a way was having its usual effect upon her own debased libido.

"M-Miss Thomsett, you place me in a most awkward position. If I were not so assured of your superior quality I would have to believe that you are playing with me. Yes, I find you compelling. And yes, also, I find you eminently desirable and would pursue any possibility of realising that desire, were I to believe for a moment I could know success."

"And what, exactly, leads you to believe such success is beyond you when it comes to me."

Hands looked at her with open-mouth above and unabated erection below.

Her eyes held his and asked:

"Well?"

"Are…? Are you telling me…? Telling me you would not turn me away?"

She sighed as if dealing with a schoolboy and again held him with eyes that he sensed were beginning to gain… *authority*… over him.

A suspicion that, again, did nothing to distract blood from his engorged manhood.

"I am telling you, *Reggie*, that as a man in his fifties who remains reasonably active and passably attractive, you should act upon your impulses and let the die be cast. We are not speaking of Caesar's Rubicon here but of a simple piece of human commerce. That of a man telling a woman, truthfully and without fear of the consequences, that he finds her desirable. Or has a life spent in the prosaic world of accounts, contracts and conveyancing placed you beyond such normal and everyday behaviour.

"Miss Thomsett," he began with ardour, "If I believed for one moment that you were interested in me and were not… were not…"

"A lesbian?" she finished for him, relishing the look of acute discomfort the description of herself caused him.

"I… Well…"

"What is your favourite, Reggie?" she asked, switching subjects, it appeared and throwing him off balance. "Meat or fowl?"

"I… I suppose meat," he answered, baffled.

"Interesting," she smiled. "For me it is chicken. But tell me, do you not believe it possible to enjoy both?"

A certain hopeful look in his opportunistic eyes told her he had her drift.

“And would it not be possible for a man such as yourself to share his *beef* with a woman; despite knowing that her next dish would be fowl?”

He was about to answer, hope rising to match the elevation at his groin, when she held up a hand to forestall him; something in the gesture striking him as both imperious and proprietorial and managing to stoke the furnace of his lust to a greater intensity.

“Think about your answer and respond to me later,” she told him. “For now, I believe there is the small matter of a cheque for Mr Grealish’s one-thousand-pounds to be written.”

Hands fidgeted in his armchair and placed his by now cold, yet still full, cup and saucer upon his lap that it might shield his arousal from the woman’s all-seeing eyes.

Clearing his throat, he spoke up as the object of his desire stood and moved to an ornately carved mahogany bureau:

“That, hmmm, will be unnecessary, Miss, hmm, Thomsett.”

Her eyes alone asked the question.

“I am afraid that Mr Grealish and a number of his closer business acquaintances, have met with some misfortune….”

LAST ACT

Gaskell ran the stocking up and over her firm calves, past the knee and halfway up a thigh he knew from repeated experience would be a mix of cool and warm to the touch; the feel of the sheer nylon beneath his hands as he smoothed and caressed, that he might leave no wrinkles in the black surface, ensuring his breath caught in his throat as the delicious weakness now inspired by his once unwilling service brought him as near to full tumescence as his genital captivity allowed.

"You have made quite the journey, Howard," observed the woman he now served with such diligence and, yes, reverence; knowing as she said it that her own point of embarkation had been markedly different from her current destination. "There are not many men from your… *background*… who would have grasped their new reality with such… *relish*.

Howard Gaskell's cheeks reddened at her praise of him, but, where not so long ago his chagrin would have been the direct result of the hatred he felt for the humiliation heaped upon him, it was now no more than a simple acknowledgment of the desire his position of domestic and sexual flunkey to a woman inspired in him. And she was right; his affluent background, elite education and carefree adulthood prior to their meeting should have ensured his acceptance of his new role was far more… *grudging*. His life now was at her feet and under her direction and he knew with certainty that – were he by some miracle to find the funds to indulge it – his old life could never provide him with the incredible rush of perverse sexual satisfaction his service to his *"Master"* fetched him.

"For that reason," he heard her continue as he fixated upon the sight of her shapely leg in its sheer nylon covering; the discomfort of his cock as it tried to erect in its metal cage no more than a backdrop these days to the incredible sensations he felt from being… *"owned"*; "I feel we have reached a point where your service to me deserves recognition."

His eyes shot up to hers, the excitement in them as instant as it was desperate as just what she was offering occurred to him.

He was to be disappointed.

"Now that there is no doubt in either of our minds as to who commands between us, and who obeys, I have decided to have you marked appropriately."

Having thought himself beyond surprise after the events of the past year, Howard Gaskell's jaw dropped chestwards.

"Marked?"

"I have made contact with a most discreet woman who is used to providing tattoos for females of unusual tastes," she went on, "and she will be arriving here tomorrow to mark you in a way of my choosing."

Snaking the bare leg he had still to kit out in nylon behind his neck, she drew his head in to her sodden gusset; gently tugging at his hair to keep his eyes focused upon hers.

The eyes that beamed into his were suddenly stony-hard and unrelenting:

“I do so hope that is not disapproval I see in your eyes,” she told him.

He stared up at her helplessly; thoughts a miasma of conflicting desires and reservations. The prospect of being tattooed with her mark and truly becoming her creature, set his newly submissive pulses racing with all kinds of masochistic longings he would never at one-time entertained. But there was terror also.

Just *where*, exactly, would the mark of her ownership be placed upon his body?

The sharp backward tug upon his hair and the slap that accompanied it, re-focused his attention.

“You were asked a question,” she reminded him, voice and features all the more alarming to him for being totally calm and controlled.

“S-Sorry, Master,” he all but whined, so conditioned to her complete authority and the right to correct him that went with it compliance of such an abject kind seemed natural. “Please, I do not disapprove.”

The strong female features staring down at him so implacably were also expectant and, barely believing, despite everything, that the words were his own, he added:

“It will be an honour for your lowly servant to wear the mark of your ownership.”

The face belonging to his female master softened almost instantly and he knew relief for having chosen the correct words – as abject and utterly servile and demeaning as they had been.

Abject and servile words made worthwhile to him by the words she used next:

“Good boy. Master is pleased with you, Howard,” she told him, smile almost kindly – *adoring*, even. “And you may trust in your Master’s good taste and sense of decorum to ensure that your mark of servitude will be discreet and undetectable beneath your service livery.

He knew she referred to the standard black trousers and white shirt that denoted his status in her household and heaved a sigh of relief.

Relief turning to high excitement, and then acute embarrassment, when she added:

“Also, and as a reward for this final commitment to your master – and so long as your service to her continues to be *pleasing* – she will, of course, be making more frequent use of the penis she now owns.”

The ejaculation of his sperm into the confines of his underwear – despite his half-mast cock and the fact he knew she was aware of his loss of control – again brought the colour to his cheeks.

This time, when their eyes met, there was no prevarication on his part and both knew exactly where they stood.

He was beaten, broken, and thoroughly housetrained.

And she was his owner.

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As she trailed the whip through her pale and slender fingers, Miss Thomsett's thoughts were a mixture of the dissatisfied and part elated. The latter a result of the pleasure it gave her to see young Helen exercise such control over an older and formerly autonomous man and the angry red welts she could see criss-crossing his back she herself had placed there. Pleasure, however, that was more than tinged by the absence of the lover who had completed their triad of Sapphic lust.

"Knees higher, hands in to the chest," she heard Miss Helen tell the older man under her direction as she lunged his naked body around their secluded garden, as if he truly were no more than a recently broken horse she was preparing for a Dressage meet. The garden perfect in size and seclusion for just such a purpose and ensuring any prospect of outside discovery was – unlikely to the point of being impossible save for some kind of home-invasion by the authorities.

Miss Helen had kept the man at it for some ten minutes now, and the breath rasping from lungs nearing the end of their tether was so marked as to almost seem like a wind travelling the length of the garden; his white body - this as it travelled in a circle around Miss Helen, attached to her by a thin leather strap that was attached to a thicker collar fastened around his neck and, in her tight jodhpurs and brown topcoat and boots, gave her the appearance of a circus ring-mistress.

Miss Thomsett smiled grimly to herself and took a step towards him; drawing back her arm as his arc took him past her and slashing it forward to give his unmarked buttocks a touch of the short control whip with which his back was already familiar.

The yelp that escaped him made her growing dissatisfaction with the situation she had helped engineer vanish.

For a while, anyway.

Truth be told, she knew, the law of diminishing returns had started to make its presence felt the moment Bernice had decided to withdraw from both her home and their lesbian threesome. A withdrawal she had made upon the discovery that the fearsome Grealish and a number of his most trusted acolytes had met with a somewhat grisly end at the hands of others of a likemind who were even more fearsome. And, having her own means, and after renting accommodation in Rye upon the channel coast, a withdrawal

she made without either discussing her intention or giving her two female lovers any advanced warning.

It had come as both a shock and a surprise to Miss Thomsett and, for some reason, had only increased her anger with the man being exercised so humiliatingly in her garden. Though young Helen had taken her departure with no more than a shrug of the shoulders; absence of Bernice had detracted massively from the pleasure and satisfaction she had taken from their same-sex lovemaking and the ownership of her very own man. A frustration she was more than willing to vent upon the man himself.

"Put some effort into it, you lazy swine!" she yelled, slashing at his flanks with the whip as she followed his back in the wake of his circle and Miss Helen controlled the lunge. "Do you think we want to be shamed before people by an overweight slob of a manservant?"

The rasping man tried to do just that, despite being at the end of his tether in more than one way, and wondered why he was submitting to the indignity. What was wrong with him? Why was his cock so… *energised*… despite his own exhaustion? Why did he feel such feelings of high elation to be collared and at their mercy – the prospect of a lifetime of service to the two lesbians who had once been three thrilling rather than repulsing him?

Answers to these questions still eluded him as he made one more attempt to follow his *"Master's"* commands before keeling over in a state of exhaustion and clutching at the shiny leather of her ankle-length boots as she planted them either side of his head.

"Pathetic," he heard from above as he tried to suck air into his abused lungs and ignore the agony of his lacerated back and flanks. "And to think you once believed yourself to be a man!"

Gazing down at him, hands upon hips imperiously, magnificent breasts heaving from her own exertions, Miss Valerie, Abigail, Thomsett felt the usual euphoria when she exercised control over a male; and when Miss Helen took her place at her side as the man below began to slobber at his Master's boots, she knew it would not be long before her disappointment at the departure of Bernice would no longer be an issue.

As her young lover kissed her, in fact, she was already feeling some of her former sense of well-being.

She was still the ruler of her own domain, after all.

A domain that not only came with her own pretty and attractive young female lover but with the means for the two of them to exercise the sadism towards the opposite sex they both shared.

And for as long as they chose.

It suddenly struck Miss Thomsett, as she accepted her lover's kiss then stared down at the man placing kisses on the laces of her boots, that with or without Bernice, life was going to continue being good.

Placing the sole of her free foot upon the back of her Manservant's head and mashing his lips against her boot, she realised that, though this was not the exact situation or players she had envisaged, she was still the mistress of her own home and her own life and that the pain and discomfort of the man below, law of diminishing returns or not, was not only going to provide her with consolation for the missing Beatrice but allow her to be creative in the many abject scenarios she had already devised for his future service in her household.

And as Reginald Hands all but whimpered, as his tongue gave doglike devotion to her footwear, she promised herself that he would soon be rethinking the sexual desire for abuse at her hands that had led him his current position as her Manservant.

THE END