Ms Norcross

A Work of Erotic Female Depravity

The Complete Two Parts

By
Frieda Overrath

SFPG

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“MS NORCROSS”

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PART-ONE

PROLOGUE

Through the open door of the bathroom, he heard her heels peck their way up from the ground-floor of the impeccable home he had only just managed to clean and polish to her standards before her arrival back.

Normally, he would have been waiting with the front-door open in anticipation of the crunch of tires on the gravel of the courtyard and the entrance of her Volkswagen Scirocco swinging in to a halt. Then it would be a dignified rush – she found it disrespectful to be kept waiting but expected her "Man" to maintain a certain decorum – to open her door and stand respectfully to one side as her shapely limbs, bare and tan, or sensuously hosed, heralded her arrival on home turf. He would then retrieve her briefcase from the Scirocco's interiors – and any other work she had fetched home with her – before serving her the pale sherry she enjoyed to drink chilled and removing her footwear. The latter prior to supplying her feet, sweaty and fragrant from a day at the office, with a most intense and satisfying foot-massage.

Intense and satisfying for her, that is.

Such was not the case today.

Today his bare arse was planted upon the chill of the bathroom's ceramic floor-tile in her en-suite while his splayed feet displayed his denuded cock and balls to the gaze of anyone entering. Together with the tip of a pierced foreskin and a cage attached to a tiny combination padlock at his likewise pierced scrotum that kept the two together. A sure means of preventing any unauthorised erections and incurring her wrath.

But it was not the display of himself he found so mortifying on this occasion.

That honour went to the toilet basin he could feel against his back and the use she would make of it upon her return home.

A use of which she had given him prior knowledge, certain it would play upon his mind all day as he went about the completion of the chores she had set him and ensure his dread of what would happen when she returned – despite the humiliations he had endured at her hands thus far – would give an abject physical act the symbolism she fully intended him to accord it.

As her heels pecked a passage to the top of the stairs upon the stripped pine that covered the whole house save for the kitchen and bathrooms, the same flooring she insisted he maintain at the most pristine of levels, he shifted forward and then slid back so that his head overhung the bowl of the toilet itself; careful to ensure that his hands were clasped "respectfully" behind his back.

Just as she expected.

The pecking moved closer along the hallway and he felt a lump at his throat that was a mixture of nervousness, revulsion, and a desire to twist around and vomit into the bowl at the approach of a woman he knew at some level to be deeply disturbed.

Even if her social, professional, and financial standing spoke against his certainty.

At least with those without specialised knowledge of their subject.

How could any person, let alone a member of the so-called softer and more sensitive sex, do what she was about to do and still be regarded as one-hundred-percent sane?

And what would those outsiders viewing her behaviour make of the man who allowed her to gratify her perverse and putrid desires?

The sounds of her approaching footfall took on a different timbre as the heels of her courts exchanged stripped pines for ceramic floor tile and he sensed her eyes drinking in the sight he made for her.

And why would she not quench her thirst in such a way?

Had she not been the one, after all, who had insisted upon the piercing of his genitals?

Small surprise then, given that she had also eschewed the employment of a man or a woman trained to perform such depraved mutilation and taken on the job herself, that she would find the sight of her own handiwork so… enthralling.

"Good boy, Michael," her voice gave praise that was patronising and demeaning at one and the same time; devoid of any infection that might hint at the looks provided her courtesy of a Basque mother and her antecedents. "I am pleased with you. You have divined my wishes to the letter."

It was, he told himself, no great compliment to him, seeing as how she had taken such pains to ensure he knew exactly what she required.

And the penalties he would incur were he to… disappoint.

"If it is a consolation to that manhood I know you cling to so doggedly and, I am afraid, pointlessly," she began, the cold Northern looks supplied by her father belying the warmer southern influence supplied from her mother's side of the union; "then I can tell you that what is about to happen between us is neither new nor unusual."

Above him, and out of sight of eyes, when they were not screwed shut in a futile attempt to blot out his shame, that could see only white stucco ceiling, he heard a low chuckle.

Then:

"Or at least it wasn't in the Japan of the Middle-Ages."

Eyes closed, he heard a rustling as she raised her skirt, knowing as he did, having dressed her that morning, that today she had eschewed the wearing of panties to work.

That she may be ready to "mark" her "property" the moment she returned.
"Who do you belong to?" she asked, a question that was unthinkable to him not so long before now seeming almost… natural.

Unwillingly, but knowing she expected it of him, he allowed his eyes to flutter open.

The sight was incredible and, under almost any other circumstances, he knew he would have found the denuded gash peering down at him with pitiless inscrutability… arousing.

But not today, he told himself.

Not now.

Perhaps never.

In this, he was about to be proved spectacularly wrong.

"I belong to you, Ma'am," the words left his lips, careful to be audible enough that she did not make him repeat his words and humiliate himself doubly.

But then, he thought to himself, what possible difference could it make. The jockey wearing the colours of his pride had spurred his mount into a gallop and disappeared over the horizon some time ago. Never to be seen again.

"Good boy, Michael," he heard again from above, his view of that cold yet erotic face obscured by an equally sexy cunt she assured him his cock would never feel either side of its rampant need – even if she did decide his behaviour warranted his manhood being given an airing. Even her praise of him serving only to demean what had once been a vibrant and masculine sense of self.

"Now," she continued. "I want you to stare up into your owner's superior womanhood and not close your eyes."

Her voice became stern and, despite the shame he felt for his reaction, tiny egg-bumps of fear erupted the length of his body.

"I will know if you do and will be most disappointed. Understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, though his eyes were firmly closed still.

"Open them now," she ordered.

It was an effort for him. After all the blows to his manhood she had delivered he might have expected to be a little more inured to his situation, but that was manifestly not the case. Memories of that not so far distant existence when he functioned as a real man, worthy of respect, kept re-surfacing to make the daily humiliations of a social and sexual kind she served up to him as painful now as they had been at the beginning of her conquest of his will and his individuality.

Again, as he stared up at that slit of womanly perfection – the same slit that was about to proclaim its ownership of him and mark his body as hers in the most ancient of ways one human could declare ownership of another – he asked himself why, if his anger and

moral outrage for what she was doing to him was so great – was the cock he had only just declared disinterested responding to her with such painful desperation.

He could see her eyes above him as she bent at the waist and, even from his reversed perspective, he could see the shine of her unnatural excitement and anticipation for, and of, what was to come.

"As with the Shoguns of old," she told him unnecessarily, given she had warned him of what to expect ahead of time and explained the provenance as well as the significance of the ancient ritual, "I am exercising my natural superiority over an inferior being to mark it with my waste as a possession."

He felt revulsion and impotent anger do battle in his soul and felt both come up wanting. He neither vomited and nor was he stung into the physical rebellion that might have reversed his emasculation. As a rodent mesmerised by a snake, he could do nothing more than remain in place and stare up at that part of her anatomy about to baptise him in his servitude to her.

A knowledge of what was about to befall him that made her commentary wholly unnecessary.

Save for the fact it gave her such incredible pleasure to speak such words to him.

"When my piss has anointed your body and enough time has passed for it to dry," she spoke down to him, "I shall allow to you to clean yourself."

Her smile from its reversed perspective was no less evil for being rapturous.

"But from that moment in a few seconds' time when my bodily waste anoints your body as mine, and even after you have cleaned yourself of the scent belonging to your owner, you will know beyond any shade of deniability that your life has passed into my possession."

The eyes staring down at him with such an unholy light seemed to divine his innermost and troubled thoughts.

"Of course," she began; "you are telling yourself right now – as you have since you first became my assistant – that this is a setback in your life from which you will eventually recover."

Her smile did not offer optimism on that score.

"But if you believe that," she went on, her certainty adding to his impotent fury, "then you must necessarily question exactly how such a transformation can be achieved."

She was right, of course. He had indeed – and just as he had even in the dark days of the real prison he had experienced before being placed in hers – been assuring himself that his humiliation was temporary and that life would once again smile upon him at some point. But how and from whence would his salvation arrive.

The sadistic bitch above was about to point out, and not from the first time, those avenues he would far better served viewing as cul-de-sacs.

"Could it be the life enhancing prospects of a new career that will rescue you from your new situation?" she asked with great sarcasm, pressing her bare ankles in their heels closer to his, likewise naked, flanks as she rested her hands upon the cistern above him.

"No. That can't be," she said, as if to herself. Apart from as my manservant, you don't have a career, do you?"

The question required no answer; even if one had occurred to him.

"And with a criminal record prominent on your CV; along with the fact you have no home of your own were you to ever find the courage to leave mine; it borders the fantastical to think you might ever have a career of the type you have known again. Unless, that is, the employment of Fast-Food-Staff and supermarket trolley-park operatives takes on a more glamorous status."

The scent of her overheating pussy, some seven inches or so above his sensitive nose, was enveloping his senses to leave his thoughts and responses in direct conflict with each other. On the one hand, he knew hated this person as much as he hated any person on the planet – even his despicable wife and the father-in-law from whom she gleaned her talent for dishonesty and betrayal; while, on the other, the aroma of her arousal in his nostrils was inflaming his senses with a power he had not believed possible for one of his relatively advanced years.

Which did not mean he didn't relish the image of himself with a chainsaw as he dissembled her, limb by sadistic and condescending limb.

And did so as his former wife and her repellent parent looked on with horror; knowing that, when one dismembering was complete, another would start.

As if she sensed his thoughts were on his former wife, she raised the temperature of the irons scorching his soul:

"Perhaps it will be family who prove your salvation. What do you think? Maybe your former wife will realise what she has lost by replacing you in both hers and your children's lives and give your replacement his marching orders? It could happen, you know?"

The tears that were never far from his eyes these days, whenever the callous abandonment of him by his wife and children was mentioned or occurred to his thoughts, threatened to saturate his cheeks yet again.

He fought them, unwilling to allow her yet another triumph to add to her trophy room containing her other sadistic triumphs. A pitiful attempt to keep at least one smidgen of manly pride from being incinerated with the rest. Even as he lay below her with his back to the toilet and awaited the piss that would mark him – in his soul, at least – as her possession forever.

“Could it be that your father-in-law will have an attack of conscience and tell the world of how he used you so badly? Yes, why not? It’s possible. I can see him now, explaining to the business world that it was all a mistake and he not only wishes to repent but install you as both his son-in-law and the CEO of his company once he has stepped down.”

Their eyes were locked together in silence for a few moments; those above vibrant with unnatural arousal and anticipation of what was to come; those below moist and beaten at her retelling of the life that had been stolen from him and would never know again.

Then, finally:

“Yes. That is right. That is the look I need to see from you. Acknowledgement. The less you delude yourself that this is but a temporary setback, the more you can concentrate on becoming the most devoted, loyal and servile, manservant it is possible for you to be for me.”

He simply stared back up at her, hearing her words and not hearing them. As if she were talking about another man and not him. But, even as he prayed for that to be the case, a great reservoir of reality beneath the surface of his dislocated thoughts told him she was right and that, unless he wished to know poverty and the cold and remorseless embrace of the streets, he would never escape her.

As the first splash of her urine anointed his still handsome cheeks to mix with the salt of his tears, he accepted for the first time that he was indeed her… slave.

VALERIA

My name is Valeria Norcross. Garcia Llorente on my mother's side. At the time of writing I am thirty-four-years old and besides being a solicitor I am unmarried with every intention of remaining that way. My practice is as successful as a one-woman business can be and I have my own home and a life I adore, save for in one respect.

We will come to this lack shortly.

As far as my looks go; I inherited my Spanish mother's voluptuous and powerful body, but not her beauteous face. For my somewhat forbidding visage, above self-supporting breasts and muscularly shapely legs; and beneath the stygian black and Mediterranean hair I keep scraped from my face to add to my stern and no-nonsense look; it seems I must thank a distant relation on my late English father's side. Yet another reason to dislike my half-parentage. My father was a litigator for a marine insurance company, on business in Bilbao, when he had met Mariana Garcia Llorente, my mother to be who was on a shopping trip from her native Santander just a few miles West along Spain's Basque coast. The rest, as they say, is history, and my mother decided – wrongly, in my opinion – to settle with her new husband in London.

Clapham, to be precise; though it was not then the trendy South London property cow on the borders of Wandsworth and the two eponymous commons it is now. A gentrification for which I was thankful after the passing of my parents – as sad as such things always are – left me the owner of a three-storied terraced town-house on the north side of the common adjacent to Nightingale Lane. Given that it's value, even if I have no intention of ever selling, is now approaching over five times what it was worth when it became mine. With my successful one-woman solicitor's practice into the bargain, and the equity from the apartment I owned nearby and sold to move into my parent's home, you can be sure I was very comfortable even before banking the cash and investments that were the remainder of the estate.

To look at me, most people conclude my temperament must be as fiery and passionate as my Latin mother's. It is a mistake. My mother – though she looked the typical Spanish fireball – was, in fact, focused rather than fiery and certainly more calculating than passionate.

She also ruled my doting, but somewhat weak-willed – at least when it came to her – father with a rod of iron and I had long suspected they were engaged in a female-led relationship long before such things became more common.

A suspicion that, playing upon what must already have been the dominant genes of my Basque mother, led me to develop certain tastes of my own when it came to men.

A desire to wield total and utter control of a domestic and sexual nature over a man who belonged to me and knew it – even though he hated both his subservience and his owner.

Complete control that did not require me to dress up in ludicrous leather or latex outfits and heels so high I might feel vertigo; you understand?

I would not debase my desires by such ritualised pandering to the desires of men who actively sought their debasement on a temporary basis.

My control would be totally real without anything that invited the nods and winks of the herd towards the sexually… outré.

But first, it goes without saying, I had to find the right man.

Unlike my mother, however, the prospect of actually marrying a man to achieve my admittedly perverse ideal made no appeal to me whatsoever.

I did not want a partner.

No matter how junior.

What I wanted was a captive.

A chattel who, even though his own bondage to me offended and destroyed his male pride, had no option but to toe the line of his superior and half-Spanish owner.

Including, and especially, in all matters sexual.

It was a mindset that had obviously revealed itself at an early age, for I recall creeping to the door of my parents' bedroom one evening – as naturally curious children often do – and overhearing the following conversation between them…

FATHER: "Valeria is… Not like other young girls.

MOTHER: "You value the homogenous so highly then?"

FATHER: "I would hate to see her… victimised… for being different to the rest of her contemporaries."

MOTHER'S laughter.

MOTHER: "Valeria is more like her mother than her father…"

The sound of flesh slapping flesh.

"…Have you ever known me to be… 'victimised?'

FATHER: "N-No. Of course not, my goddess. I… I suppose I'm just… just worried about my daughter… That's all."

MOTHER: Trust me, husband, you are far more likely to be the victim of bullying than Valeria.

Another slap and FATHER howls with pain.

FATHER: “Please, Mariana. Not now. Not tonight. Valeria is in her room and…”
MOTHER: “Are you presuming to tell your wife what to do?”

FATHER: “No, but…”

MOTHER: “Because it will go badly for you if you are. You would not want me to be angry with you, would you?... I said, would you?”

FATHER: “N-No. Of course not, Mariana. I want you to be pleased with me. At all times. You know that.”

MOTHER: “Well, I have been pleased with your behaviour these past few. So much so, that I have been considering allowing you a… treat…”

A gasp from FATHER.

“…It would be a shame if you were to be… disrespectful… now and lose the right to some… satisfaction.”

FATHER: “Please, Mariana! It was not my intention to show you disrespect. I was simply concerned about my… our… daughter.”

MOTHER: “And I have told you there is no need. Valeria is her mother’s daughter; not a weakling like her father – though she has no idea of your… failings. She is highly intelligent and strong-minded and will find her own path without you clucking over her at every step of the way.”

FATHER: “But…”

MOTHER: “Enough! You have already made me reconsider rewarding your good behaviour of late and we will be having more words on the subject when Valeria leaves for school and we have time together.

FATHER: (Desperate) “Please, Mariana. I meant no insolence. I was just…”

MOTHER: “My mind is made up. Do not question me again…”

A brief pause and the rustle of a duvet as it is thrown back.

MOTHER: “…Look at what you have done… SHE is angry now and will need pacifying before I am allowed to sleep. It seems only right that the man whose mouth has angered her should use it to apologise…”

…Of course, and though my own adolescent tastes had formed enough by then to ensure my future path, much of their conversation went over my head. But I understood enough to realise that my father was very much the underling when it came to my mother. And in a way far more marked than I had witnessed up until then.

Love my father as I did - in my own way; I found the prospect of what I had discovered incredibly exciting. And though my parents never featured in my prepubescent fantasies, the fantasies themselves took off on a different path from that point on. Gone forever were the girlish dreams of being some dark fairy tale Princess being obeyed and served by the most handsome men in the kingdom as they pressed servile lips to her satin slippers; replaced by scenes of dominance and submission that took place in a real and everyday domestic setting.

With me as the master of all it contained.

Including a handsome and thoroughly unwilling slave who obeyed my every wish despite hating me and worshipping me in almost equal measures.

Did I – do I? – ever feel guilt for feeling sexually energised simply at the prospect of treating and keeping a fellow human being, and a member of the so-called "superior sex" as if he were of no more account than a piece of livestock?

If I did – do - then the experience must have been so fleeting as to have made no impact on my prodigious memory at all. It is simply life, after all. The strong take and the weak accept what their betters allow to drop from the table to the floor where they kneel in attendance. If that makes me seem less than human in the eyes of a percentage of those reading this, so be it. At least hypocrisy will not be added to the list of flaws ascribed to me.

Simply put, I thrive upon the obedience of others; especially men; and had promised myself from a young age the joy of knowing complete dominion over one of these beasts at some time in the very near future.

Having always been a reclusive girl who far preferred her own company to that of her peers – or even her elders – it was inevitable that, when not studying and left to my own imaginative devices, my sexual thoughts and accompanying busy fingers would linger more and more on images of me lording it over some male. Always older and always handsome – or at least good-looking. This man would be bound to me in some way in about as legal a fashion as it is possible nowadays to bind one human being to another without evoking the "S" word and, as a budding solicitor, I did much research and had many ideas on the subject.

And yet…

As the month of my thirty-fourth birthday passed, I was still no nearer to finding the man to make my sexual fantasies real than I had been in the privacy of my bedroom when a young girl in the home of my parents, imagining how my own mother wielded her power over my father behind the doors of the bedroom they shared next to mine.

And my seemingly unattainable desires, rather than wane, seemed to be growing stronger with each swiftly passing year.

In fact, so strong had they become that I had started to seriously consider some of the pathetic masochists who offered themselves for service at the feet of certain "strong women" on various Internet dating sites.

It was at this point, as my fingers hovered above the keyboard, about to reply to one of the less pathetic sounding wannabe's, that I had my epiphany.

I either strove to find and keep the real thing or I would simply content myself with my dreams of ownership and the various sex-toys standing-in for absent live-flesh.

Under no circumstances, you understand, did gratifying the urges of the male beast – even if they were no more than a linked opposite to my own – play any part in either my desires or my fantasies of supremacy and utter control. If, at some later point in the beast's captivity, it began to take pleasure in my treatment of it – given the absence of any alternative – then that was something I could live with; knowing I was both its cause and its outlet.

Such was the state of affairs with me at the time.

Which was when I decided to search for likely candidates using the best means available to me.

That "means" being my own solicitor's practice.

As I have said already, my practice was small but profitable; despite consisting of only my own - admittedly plush – main office and an equally presentable outer reception space for my assistant-cum-receptionist. Just the way I liked it and, if it had been possible, I would just as soon have employed nobody at all; much preferring the hiring of temps for larger jobs that required more than one person to stay on top of the increased admin and any research required. But also, when the idea struck me, I realised my situation was perfect to vet possible candidates.

All I needed to do was advertise for male as well as female candidates – in keeping with employment law – and simply offer interviews only to the male candidates. I had a quick turnover of assistants (I'm extremely demanding, you will be surprised to learn) and who was to know I was interested in only male assistants? It was perfect.

Of course, and until I found the right… prospect… this meant I needed to hire expensive temps to fill the assistant's position until a permanent solution was arrived at.

A state of affairs I was becoming quite depressed with as the number of no hoper men – which is exactly what I intended the eventual and unlucky winner to be – grew.

Not one had come close to being anywhere near the fantasy ideal my fevered imaginings had pictured and after five months I was close to simply broadening my search for an efficient assistant to women also and simply consigning the idea to bin where all such failed ideas belonged.

Which was when the application and CV of Michael Jacks landed on my desk…

MICHAEL

Had it really only been just over a year since the walls of my existence, the same walls I'd seen as so impregnable, came tumbling down around my ears?

And how oh so easily they had been dismantled.

Daddy's little girl had wanted out of our marriage and what his little girl wanted she got. No matter if it meant lying to deprive her husband and the father of daddy's grandchildren of his family, his liberty, and his livelihood.

Dignity goes without saying.

But I shan't dwell here on what's already gone and will not be coming back. I indulge myself in enough of that in those pitiless periods of time before sleep finally claims me. And sometimes during sleep itself. Many are the vengeful dreams I continue to have where I have risen to the heights of financial wealth and power and have the immediate futures of all those who have wronged me at my mercy. Wife, father-in-law, lover, and even my childr…

Enough!

Upon this subject, at least, the unfeeling monster-bitch who has taken such an iron hold upon my life – the life she allows me to have, anyway – is right. By dwelling on what "Daddy" and his odious little girl have done to me, I simply gift their treachery a greater facility to cause me pain. A truism made all the more plaintive for my being unable to return the compliment in any way.

But, all the above said, it can't be made to excuse the weakness I've displayed since they made such a jolly bonfire of my life. Weakness I would have described as the very last facet of a character I had always thought of as strong. Or at least resolute and determined.

So, that being the case, how is it that I am stood in the utility-room off the kitchen in the home of the monster-bitch? Elbow deep in soap suds? My hands busy as they handwash her soiled – or at least worn – panties and hose?

To my side, a full washing-machine goes through its cycles prior to tumble-drying and, in the centre of the room, resting upon the cement-floor, stands an ironing-board with a basket of fresh laundry atop it awaiting the attentions of a top of the range iron my, oh so caring, employer purchased for me only three days before.

To such numbing and menial labour have I been reduced.

A male domestic!

But no ordinary one.

How could I be when, beneath the mono-chromed livery she insists upon, of white shirt and dark-grey-tie, black waistcoat and pocket-less black trousers with heavy-soled black shoes, my pierced and ever-swelling scrotum, and the cock above that would empty it if given the chance, is locked securely away in a steel device she assures me the most sophisticated of lasers would struggle to find a way through.

And, if success were to be the end result, she assures me, it would come at a price she felt sure I'd be unwilling to pay.

Once again, I can only admit she is right.

The incineration of my manhood not making much in the way of an appeal, you understand, to a sense of emasculation already at critical mass.

But this is not the worst of my torments.

Nor is her insistence on the almost daily and servile tribute my all but neutered body must pay hers. A tribute she says is necessary if am to become familiar with the intimate scent of owner. Be it from her semi-Latina toes to the buttocks and anus resting above them to her rear, or the shaven, almost girlish, pussy to the fore. From feet to armpits, I know her taste and smell intimately – if without intimacy.

So low is my position in life after the actions of my wife and in-laws not only stripped me of my place as head of my own family and the material assets that went with it but ensured I spent a totally terrifying and character changing spell in prison.

A spell that vies with the humiliation received at her hands on a daily basis at those times before and after sleep.

As I say, though, this is by no means the worst of my torments.

That honour belongs to what shames me most.

"And what could that possibly be?" I hear you ask.

Hating this cold and unfeeling sadist in female clothing as I do – and God forgive me – I have started to want her. And not just sexually. That would at least be understandable. Lock a man's cock away from his own reach and, I promise you, he will begin to desire a whole range of women who had made no appeal to him prior to his caging.

No. My desire for her is of an emotional nature. Despite my knowing she is about as putrid a human being as it is possible to be. If without the self-serving hypocrisy of my former wife and in-laws. She, at least, is upfront in respect of her desires and has no problem in allowing her victim a good long look at the dagger stabbing him. With my betrayers, I had no idea assassination was on the agenda until the point was firmly embedded between my shoulders.

How can this be?

She treats me lower than a dog – and at least a lowly mutt might receive something in the way of affection.

I receive none.
And strain every sinew to win it from her.

More doglike than a dog, in point of fact.

Licking the hand of the master that beats it in the hope of winning a stroke or caress from its owner, or – even more amazingly – some words of either affection, approval or both.

Hating the need that grows inside me with greater strength every day, makes no difference. I need her approval. Her affection; no matter how patronising and disrespectful. And, no matter that I know it is all about transference and I am simply allowing memories of a manlier way of life to make me grasp at the one on offer, my feelings of powerlessness and my need for her acknowledgement grow with every fresh sublimation on my part.

I had been aware of my sexual attraction to her from the moment I'd started work at her small but lucrative practice, but had shrugged it off – especially as she was most emphatically not my usual type – the understandable response of a man used to regular sex who had gone without for a period of time.

And right from the start I had the distinct impression there was something about me she found… stimulating.

I was, as you now suspect, right.

And would far rather have been proved wrong.

As yet another pair of pantyhose is cleansed via the attentions of my hands, I find my thoughts looking forward to that time when she returns from the office in which I myself once worked and I might pay my respects to her hosed feet, prior to removing it and easing away the stresses of her day with the tongue she has trained so well.

Then, as my hands reached for the next pair of panties awaiting my attention, my thoughts – as they were inclined to do on a regular basis – took me back to that day in her office when she manoeuvred me into my current position…

VALERIA

My prospective Slave – currently servant, Michael, began work as my secretary a few months ago. He was the tenth applicant of the current batch that I had interviewed after allowing yet another disappointment to leave with his P45. He was the oldest applicant I'd interviewed by some margin and I could tell from his body-language that his desperation to land a position was almost as potent as his belief that he had no chance of the professional thirty-something interviewing him granting that… need.

How wrong he was.

He was just under six-feet tall and was trim, if not lean, for his age.

He was also very good looking and would have been taken for a man at least ten-years younger than his actual age. Had it not been for that air of desperation and a certain shabby look to clothes that had once been new and expensive and were no longer. Thick dark brown hair, showing no more than a few wisps of the coming and unavoidable grey, was cut short and cheaply but, just the same, framed the still pronounced lines of his handsome features perfectly.

After glancing at his rather short resume and seeing no secretarial experience, save that of having employed his own admin-staff; this as an executive for a company I would discover later was owned by his former wife's father; I immediately tested the waters of his desperation.

"Why are you wasting my time," I snapped out, relishing the whipped look his features immediately took on as goose-bumps covered the back of my neck and a feeling of certainty that he 'was the one'. "You have absolutely no experience of administrative or secretarial work save for that completed for you by trained assistants. Yet, knowing our employment laws insist I interview you, you take up time I could be spending on an applicant qualified for the position."

I waited, gauging his response after my stretching of the truth about employment law.

But if he had noted it he made no response.

Though he did look… conflicted.

Would he simply rise to his feet and leave? After delivering me a few choice words? Or was the personal situation I sensed to be dire make him swallow back his anger at having a woman over ten-years his junior berate him in such a way?

To my surprise, I was totally confident he would choose the latter of the two alternatives.

Sure enough:

"Mrs Norcross," he began, unable to quite conceal the effort it took to remain calm in the face of my treatment.

“Ms,” I interrupted him before he could go any further.

“Pardon?”

“It is ‘Ms’ Norcross,” I told him. “Address me that way, please.”

My tone, despite the courtesy at the end of the request, was curt and expectant, leaving him in no doubt that I saw him as both a supplicant and an inferior.

If his pride was going to make him cut and run I felt sure now would be the time.

And, if he didn’t…?

Goose-bumps at the neck translated into wetness between my trousered legs as my thoughts raced ahead to how I intended to manipulate him.

Which is not to say I wasn’t more than a little worried he might deliver a few choice words and take off.

Considerably, if the truth be told.

Just from our initial - and perfunctory on my part – handshake, and the mallow such brief contact had made of my insides, I knew with a sense of complete conviction that I had found the man of my sado-masochistic dreams.

All being well and meet.

Even at this early stage, all kinds of future scenarios playing themselves out against the backdrop of my professional detachment, I knew I would be terribly disappointed to lose him

“Yes. I’m sorry,” he stumbled out, reddened features and air of almost complete defeat threatening to turn wetness to storm. “*Ms* Norcross, of course.”

I held his eyes with my own and noticed instantly that he found it difficult to meet them as I waited for him to continue.

...I pictured him with head lowered, waiting upon his knees for permission to rise as I pondered just what penalty I would extract from him for some imagined inefficiency or disobedience...

“The… The thing is, Ms Norcross, as you can see from my resume, is that I’ve been used to having secretaries of my own.”

“And that qualifies you to work for me?” I asked, tone frosty and no-nonsense.

“N-No… Of course not,” he stammered, sounding to my ears eerily like my father with my mother. “I… I realise I would have lots to learn and pick-up. But the fact I’ve been used to organising my own office…”

…He was beneath my desk, hands kneading my tired feet as they perspired in their hose, the attentions of his fingers interspersed with the soft and reverent kisses he placed upon my insteps…

I cut him off again, keeping him forever on the backfoot.

"I have no need for someone to organize my office," I told him. "My office is perfectly efficient as it is. If there is any organising required, I will be the one taking care of it. And that – should I decide to give you a chance – would include you."

To my surprise, and underlining the desperation I sensed in him, Mr Michael Jacks nodded his agreement at this and set my pulse to a higher rate in the process.

…I next pictured him naked, well-kept middle-aged body occupying a corner of my office, nose to the corner as he thought on his latest infraction and how best he could improve his service to me…

"I understand that, Ms Norcross," he offered with what, no doubt, he saw as a winning smile. "I was just trying to point out that I understand the office structure and, once my skills are up-to-speed, I'm sure I could be a positive addition to your staff."

I neglected to tell him he would be the only staff in the office – and only then until I felt secure enough in the power I intended to wield over him to demote him to a more… *domestic*… position.

I switched my attack.

"If I am to even consider giving you a chance," I began, "I will need to know just why a man of your age and experience needs to apply for a position with me in the first place. This is a solicitor's practice and requires a high degree of confidentiality. I will not compromise that by taking on someone who cannot prove himself trustworthy. If you have made mistakes in your past they might be overlooked. But I will not tolerate falsehood."

Opposite me, I could tell he still felt humiliated at finding himself in such a position – and before a woman.

But something else – and just as I had intended it should – was going on in that face.

The simple fact I had asked to hear his story and not shooed him from my office on the weakness of his resume, had given him hope.

"Tell me your history now and leave nothing out," I ordered him, taking up a biro in my left hand that I may take my own notes.

"If I find you worthy of a chance, I will have your story checked by the security company I keep on retainer to deal with such things. So you would be advised to tell only the truth."

A few seconds and a deep breath later, that is exactly what he did.

MICHAEL

I was in a state of great agitation.

Terror to be exact.

“It is not working out, Michael. I’m afraid I will need to employ a new assistant.”

I felt crushed and my legs refused to carry me as I slumped, unbidden, into the chair facing the desk from where she watched me. I thought my work had been acceptable and that I was growing into the position. My female boss was demanding and peremptory, yes. But she was also extremely well-organised and that had made my job a sight easier to assimilate.

Then this…

It could not have come at a worse time. The landlord of the hovel I was renting had exercised his right to give me a week’s notice when I told him it was impossible to pay the increase in rent he proposed – the prospect of asking the monster-bitch for a raise was unthinkable – and I was spending my evening’s and spare-time in a fruitless attempt to find something within my financial limits. Rabbit-hutches, you understand, being impractical for a man of my size; even if I could find one vacant in the area.

“I… I thought things were going well,” I said in a voice only vaguely resembling my own.

“I’m sure you did,” she replied, cool and confident in her usual professional way, tan legs bare today but in no way detracting from her no-nonsense demeanour. “Unfortunately for you, such judgements are not your prerogative.”

“But…”

“I’m sorry, Michael,” she rode over me as if I were no more than a temporary doormat, “my decision is final.”

I had only been with her for a while but I knew she would not be swayed once she was set upon a course of action.

My terror increased.

As did what had been until then the gradual jettisoning of my pride.

“Please, Ms Norcross,” I began, perilously close to outright begging. “I just have to have this job. My landlord has increased the rent so I can no longer afford it and I have to be out by the end of the week. Without a job, I’ll be homeless. And even in employment it’s a struggle to keep what I have.”

She was staring at me impassively but I could tell she was mulling over what I had just said.

It was also the first time that I suspected the presence of… something else… in regard of me.

It made my totally unmanly pleading… *easier*… somehow.

"Please give me a chance to improve, Ms Norcross" I went on as she sat in thoughtful and – I now know – calculating silence. "You know my story. The betrayal by my wife. The loss of my home and my family. The false charge of business malfeasance that had me put in prison. You know how desperate I am to create some kind of life for myself. All of this, if you'll just allow me the time to prove it, means you'll have yourself the ultimate in a loyal and hard-working assistant."

Even as I was putting on this display of vomit-worthy and cur-like begging, abject pleading I seemed unable to prevent, a voice in my head was berating me for the betrayal of myself as a man:

"Take your lumps and leave," it said. "Better to die on your feet than live on your knees," it screamed the cliché. "Treasure your self-respect; even if it does make you homeless."

Even as my inner sense of self-worth screamed its advice to me, I knew I wouldn't be acting on it. Age, bitter experience, and the aforementioned terror had me in its grip. I would, I knew, do just about anything rather than know the cold embrace of the street up close and personal.

Knowing also that once I was cast upon it a miracle would be required to see me regain any kind of a life worth the living.

To my amazement, as I came to terms with my desperation, she rose to her feet and came around to sit on the arm of my chair.

It was the closest she had gotten to me since I started work for her and I was even more amazed when she rested a consoling arm across my shoulders.

"I was afraid of this when I took you on," she told me, voice nowhere near as comforting as the arm but certainly a few degrees warmer than was usually the case whenever she had cause to speak with me. "It would have been kinder to you had I listened to my own reason than allow the investigator's report on you to soften my feelings."

It was news to me. The softening of her feelings, that is. But then she had employed me, so there was no reason to disbelieve her.

"The security check on you went into your background extensively and – this may be some kind of consolation to you, if a little late in the day to be of any use – they found enough to suggest to them most strongly that the events surrounding the accusation of criminal malfeasance, and the custodial sentence and divorce that followed, were 'aromatic', to say the least."

She was right.

It was absolutely of no use to me and, subsequently, of only minimal value in terms of consolation for the life that had been stolen.

“That is why I had no worries on the issue of trust when offering you a position.”

She paused, and I heard the ‘But’ before she spoke it:

“But, that did not lessen my doubts in regard of your… capacity… to fill the position to my standards. You have proved yourself… willing… hard-working, and amenable to be led by a woman – no small thing for men of your age and background, I assure you. But, ultimately, for this position at least, those attributes on their own just aren’t enough.”

My self-pity got the better of me at this point and it revealed itself in the bitterness of my tone:

“What position would they be enough for?” I asked with no small sarcasm, feeling near to unmanly tears – and not for the first time since my initial demise and those long nights in a cold but functional cell. “Collecting trolleys? Cremating burgers? Removing chewing gum from our pavements?”

The arm was removed from my shoulders and she came around to stand facing me, buttocks resting atop her desk and tan legs crossed at the ankle as she stared at me with a serious look and her arms folded as if she were a stern teacher about to give her poorest performing student a dressing down.

She was no more impressed with my self-pity than I was myself.

“Feeling sorry for yourself will only serve to cement you in an already miserable situation.”

I looked away from her, unable to hear her advice and look at the successful woman offering it from a position of great security without feeling envy and humiliation.

“And why would any of those occupations you just described with such condescencion be so bad?”

My head snapped back to its starting position and my eyes found hers; the question in my own asking if, knowing of my former background, she was serious.

“They may not be considered glamourous in certain circles - or any, to be perfectly truthful,” she conceded; “but they are honest occupations and require someone to do them.”

I was mulling this stunningly depressing observation over when she appeared to throw me a bone:

“Though I have to say – and despite you not being suited to the work here – that it would be a waste and I can think of a much better use for your obvious talents.”

I waited, interested to know just what she considered these gifts to be exactly.

When she answered, I would soon find myself regretting the fact I had not just upped-sticks and left her office the moment she told me I was no longer required.

“It seems to me that you have an obvious aptitude for following orders and, were it not for the fact the duties here require more than just doing as one is told, you would have proved an admirable employee.”

My face flushed red as I listened to myself described in such a way; the depth of my fall and just how great was the gulf between what I had been and what I was now impossible to miss in her… *genuine*… description.

But I was not to know at that point just how much further I had to go before I hit rock-bottom.

Though Valeria Norcross was about to give me a hint:

“If it were not for that self-pity and still stubborn manly pride that prevents you from truly embracing your situation and – as the Stoics advised – making the most of it, I would be tempted to offer you a way out of your situation.”

I found it rich that, being the one who was effectively making that “situation” worse, she could find the nerve to say such a thing – and who the hell the “Stoics” might be had me totally beaten. I was, just the same, and I’m sure exactly as she had intended, intrigued and even moderately hopeful on the subject of her “would be” temptation.

She did not wait for the grass to grow before she satisfied my “hopeful” curiosity.

Though she did make me work for it.

“It is a shame,” she went on as I noted the slightly exaggerated rise and fall of her chest and the magnificent breasts beneath the usual crisp white shirt; noticing also that the nipples beneath them were hard and the fact they were visible to me at meant she had come to the office without a bra.

As I pondered this most unprofessional and uncharacteristic behaviour and waited for the reasons explaining “my shame”, it struck me I was seeing something akin to excitement upon the cold norther features residing above and below the body and colouring of Latina goddess.

There was something she wanted from me and she seemed, dare I say it, nervous to broach the subject.

I sensed it with as much certainty as I have ever sensed anything in my life to that point.

Much good it would serve me.

“If I thought for a moment you could rise above your silly and outdated sense of masculine stature and embrace your true qualities, I would have absolutely no hesitation in offering you a more… rewarding… position.”

Hope rose in my breast as swiftly as water on a stove as it reached crisis point.

Though it would cool a damn sight quicker.

“You may have no aptitude whatsoever for what I require in a personal-assistant here at Chambers,” she told me again as I noted that slight nerviness undermining her usual unflappable and in control demeanour.

Then, with a breath deeper than any I had seen her take until then:

“You would, however, make me the most diligent and devoted servant.”

PART TWO

THE BASEMENT

Valeria placed a wide leather collar around Michael's throat and then clipped a dog leash onto the d-ring set in the collar before setting him on all-fours and leading him down the concrete steps to the wooden table at the windowless basement's center.

Never had a man looked so desirable to her as he crawled at her side naked after the fashion of the dog she had made of him; his existence beginning to focus more and more on simply pleasing her a winning her praise.

"Up!" she ordered, allowing the lead some slack that he might obey her, and within seconds he was upon his back on the table.

In his own way, viewed through her own imperfections of temperament, Michael looked beautiful to her at that moment. So exposed and vulnerable, and utterly obedient. His pale skin, youthful still despite his years, a thrilling contrast to her back lycra leggings and the equally stygian black top that clung to her powerfully erotic upper body.

Valeria stood between the thighs she had insisted he splay and gently caressed the sensitive inner skin with her finger tips before, leaning down and kissing Michael's stomach repeatedly.

A sigh escaped him and she smiled; knowing that in a little while she would be turning his anticipation of pleasure into something else entirely.

Her choice being the searing kiss of pain from the leather flogger resting upon the wall with the other implements of "correction" she used to punish his infractions and which gave the basement of her late parent's Clapham home the appearance of an upmarket dominatrix's torture dungeon.

The beseeching blue eyes Michael had turned up to her were shining. But not with excitement. The animation making them so vivid was born of pure and naked fear of what was to follow and the knowledge he was not possessed of either the physical or mental power to stop her. She was, he now knew, his superior in all ways; even the advantage afforded him by dint of his gender and its superior muscularity nullified by her own physical capacity and he abilities with unarmed combat.

Timidly, all too aware of her injunction not to speak, he asked, "Ma'am, I am sorry for my mistake. Please don't hurt me. I'll do whatever you want, but please don't..."

His pleas were cut off and turned into a gasp of pain as she grasped his be-ringed scrotum with a no-nonsense hand and squeezed.

"I expressly forbid you to speak without my consent," she told him, eyes burning into his with all the heat of the sexual fanatic she was. "And now you have done so twice. First in the supermarket, when you took it upon yourself to return the check-out girl's good morning to you, in the full knowledge I rarely permit you to speak with other

people – and that only after having been given my permission; and once again now, knowing how angry your disobedience earlier had already made me.

"Please, Ma'am," he begged as she took the flogger from the wall, hysteria rising as he recalled the last time she'd had cause to anoint his body with its agonising caresses. "I was simply being courteous to the girl. I know how much good manners mean to you and I didn't want my rudeness to reflect on you in any way."

"Then you should have waited for me to give you permission to answer the girl, shouldn't you?" she said, swishing the tails of the flogger through the air almost absentmindedly, knowing how excruciatingly humiliating he would have found it to be told not to be rude and answer the girl by her – the thrill demeaning him in public in such a way gave her and his having deprived her of it explaining her anger with him.

"I… I didn't want to be the cause of tittle-tattle that might… might reflect badly on you, Ma'am," he answered unconvincingly.

"I'll be the judge of what reflects badly upon me," she told him. "And correcting a man in his manners in front of supermarket staff hardly qualifies.

"But…"

The backhanded slap that silenced him was delivered almost casually; confident in the knowledge there would be no retaliation forthcoming.

"I have been too lenient with you up till now," she told him, voice and words all the more terrible for being delivered in a matter-of-fact way. You committed yourself to me as my manservant in the full knowledge of what such a position entailed for you and I intend that you honour your commitment."

She cupped his be-ringed balls with her hand and inspected the imprisoned cock in its attached tube thoughtfully.

"If you ever want to feel your owner's silky feet reward your pathetic little cock again," she told him, "you would be well advised to start giving your complete attention to her."

The reminder, she saw, was enough to take his mind from the pain shortly to be delivered him as, no doubt, he recalled the last time some three weeks ago that she regarded his behaviour as both servile and diligent enough to remove the contraption imprisoning his manhood.

Anglo-Iberian lips curled into an evil smile as she realised she would have his mind back on message very quickly.

The agonised scream he was unable to prevent as she brought the flogger down and across his vulnerable thighs for the first of many times, was music to her depraved, controlling and dominant, soul…

VALERIA & MICHAEL

Looking back to *that* day, Michael Jacks wondered how he must have looked to her as she finished telling him that, though he was not up to enough scratch to work as her assistant, he at least had the potential to become a much valued… *servant*.

"What fucking time-machine did she arrive in?" his thoughts had screamed at him. *"A servant!"*

And yet, outrage and distaste notwithstanding, here he was. In her home. Playing the part of Victorian manservant to her great Lady of the house as if he had born to the role.

The latter true save in one respect.

She was *not* playing.

Even more appalling to him was the knowledge that, after hearing the words leaving his lips that accepted her offer of live-in personal service, this on the day before his period of notice as her employee expired - and having sweetened the bitter taste those words left in his mouth by assuring himself it would be temporary and treating it all in his head as a game – it was now *anything* but a game.

Nor did she ease him into his new life of service.

That very first day, after he had moved his meagre possessions from the rooms he had rented and would not be sorry to leave – even if the circumstances of his leaving were *not* to his tastes – she had made him accompany her in to London and a shop at the back of Piccadilly offering bespoke uniforms to both public and private businesses.

As well as couples and individuals who employed their own domestics and wished them attired… *fittingly*.

Amazed that such needs were still catered to in the new millennium, he found himself humiliated beyond anything he had experienced in his life as Valeria Norcross explained what she wanted by way of a uniform for her new *"Manservant"* – even more so than the discovery his wife had not only been fucking another man behind his back but was having him removed from her life and that of their children.

At least that had been on the perfidious bitch and her despicable father.

This, however, was embarrassment *he* had agreed on.

He had been chastened and diminished when, an hour or so later, he had followed his *"Mistress"* – as the female manager with an obvious penchant for Downton Abbey, and her equally revisionist male-assistant, had looked on – laden with bags containing shoes, trousers, shirts, waistcoats and ties, that were to serve as his clothing in her home from now on. On the Black-Cab journey back to his new domicile – and as if to rub salt into wounds yet to scab over - they had actually passed the gleaming office complex

along the Vauxhall Embankment that belonged to his despised ex-father-in-law and in which he himself had been considered a man of substance. A time that now seemed to him; absent of job, wife, children and possessions, as if it had been experienced by someone other than him.

"That part of your life is over forever," she had told him, divining his thoughts as he sat on one of the pull-down seats opposite; surrounded by the apparel of his new existence as she lounged opposite on the more capacious and comfortable forward-facing seats, the glass partitions separating them from a driver she had no reason to believe would prove any less garrulous and nosy than the rest of ilk, allowing her to speak with confidence of knowing she would not be overheard – though this was, of course, more a relief to her new servant than her. "It is gone and will not be coming back," she had continued. "You must concentrate all your efforts now into your new existence."

He had chewed his lip and turned away to see Vauxhall Gardens pass on their left as they made passage towards South Lambeth Road, unable to look the younger and successful woman in the eye without seeing her knowledge of his failure reflected within them.

Her voice was a whiplash; both low and deadly serious:

"DO NOT LOOK AWAY FROM ME WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU," she told him.

Then, as his head snapped back to her and his eyes betrayed his nervousness:

"This is not a game, Michael, and you will treat me with the utmost respect. You will be living in MY home, eating MY food, and taking shelter beneath MY roof."

She did not miss the nervous swallow that was, she told herself with a thrill, more fear than outrage; though the latter was definitely evident.

"For that I expect your complete diligence and obedience," she concluded.

A muffled cough from the driver broke into Michael's thoughts and he prayed that his being able to hear him did not mean the driver could hear *them*.

As it turned out, the cough turned into a series of phlegmy rattles that would have precluded the forty-something driver hearing anyway; but that did not prevent the track-suited man with the head devoid of even one follicle giving Michael what he imagined was a somewhat contemptuous up and down, this after they had pulled into Valeria Norcross's drive and he had opened the door for her as instructed before she paid the man and he, Michael Jacks, ferried the bags containing his new *livery* to the front-door.

Before waiting at it deferentially as the driver pulled away with a smirk in his direction and the woman whose servant he was about to become scrunched across the gravel to hand him her key that he might open the door and wait for her to enter.

This before stepping inside after her with the shopping bags containing his new uniform and embarking upon a life it had never occurred to him - not in even his wildest dreams – would ever be his.

Or that he would ever be weak enough to accept such a degrading and female supervised hell.

*****

Many times, during the weeks and months that followed, Michael Jacks had thought suicide would be preferable to the mental anguish he felt as Valeria Norcross set about making a bonfire of his manhood via the simple expediency of household chores.

Proficiency was not enough and, unless his efforts were as near to perfection as humanly possible, he felt the lash of her tongue and an assurance that, if he did not grasp this opportunity…

"Opportunity?" his thoughts had screamed.

…and convince her he intended to become the most diligent of servants to her, he would soon find himself on the streets.

Everything; from dusting, vacuuming, laundry, and any other number of prosaic household chores, became his responsibility. Along with any minor repairs or DIY of which he was capable and maintenance of the, thankfully, unfussy and mostly decked garden and the front-drive. Such was his fall to domesticity on her behalf.

To his amazement, she enjoyed cooking and had no problem with fixing their meals; though he was given no choice as to what he ate and was only allowed to take his own meal after he had waited attendance on her as she ate her own; this before being allowed to retire to the kitchen and retrieve the sustenance being kept warm atop the oven.

In many ways, he felt obliged to confess to himself, he felt more settled and less… *insecure*… than he had since the nightmare of his divorce and spell in prison. Valeria Norcross at least owned her own home and, so long as his efforts on her behalf were up to standard, he had no worries about being moved on at the expiry of a lease or having his rent increased. How could he? He had no rent to pay. Everything was found and – demeaning as he found it – the fifty pounds a week she gave him by way of spending money that was all taxable and seemed above board at least allowed him to pop to the pub and pretend he was still a part of the real world while downing a couple of pints.

Did it irk him that she described this as his *"pocket-money"*?

Yes, it did.

But then, as the £100 a month he was placing in a savings-account mounted, he at least began to feel less useless.

And, with the two lottery tickets he purchased each week, who could say what the future held?

Hope springing eternal, he even experienced the odd frisson of optimism to lighten the load of his humiliation and growing sexual desire for the woman responsible for the humiliation.

Had he been privy to the thoughts of his new *"landlady"*, however, his mood would have been a whole lot darker.

*****

She truly was elated with how far she had taken him.

Of course, Valeria Norcross had to concede that the spade work completed by his odious wife and her father had been a massive aid to her – even if this did not mean she had any time for the pairing or the disloyal children that had jettisoned their father without so much, it seemed, as a backward glance. She adored control. But she truly hated injustice. The fact she was giving her prospective chattel a choice throughout the whole process of his enslavement mitigating for her what some might have seen as the ultimate in hypocrisy.

After all, could there be anything more unjust than stripping a man of his masculinity and self-worth, simply to experience the unholy joys of owning another human being?

It was a pin-prick of conscience she eased by assuring herself she was giving him a choice in the matter of his own fall to service in her employ.

Even if she could not fail to acknowledge at the same time that she was taking full advantage of his straitened circumstances and the fears that went with them for a man of his years.

Handsome or otherwise.

And she had not missed the fact that he seemed to be responding to her in a… *sexual*… way.

It both encouraged and thrilled her.

That she was becoming – already was, in fact – the dominant factor in this handsome older man's existence had turned an existence she rather enjoyed into a pleasure-ride she adored. Hating the domesticity and the household obeisance that went with it as he did, he was, nonetheless, looking to her more and more for both direction and, thrillingly, approval.

As she lay in bed and brought herself to yet another climax with her trusty vibrator, it was the face of her new household servant that thrust her over the edge and ensured she confessed to herself that she was as obsessional in regard of him as he was becoming more and more powerless in respect of her.

Soon she would have no need of the vibrator, she assured herself.

Not when his obedient and willing tongue was available to service her needs on a 24/7 basis.

Though it did occur to her that it might be an added thrill to actually have him be the one to pleasure her with that same sex-toy.

How much degrading would that be for him, she thought, head flopping back to the pillow in preparation for sleep while her eyes pictured such an eventuality on the ceiling above.

A handsome man, kneeling between her thighs, the scent of her arousal filling his nostrils as he pleasured her; knowing that she preferred an inanimate shaft of vibrating latex to the aroused cock he wished could invade and, perhaps, conquer.

And that *"cock"* in question being pierced and restrained and *totally* dependent upon the key at her neck and her largesse if it were *ever* to know release again.

Sleep again made impossible by the power of her unholy desires, she reached once more for her trusty and ersatz supplier of sensory palliation…

THE ULTIMATUM

The piercing of his frenum for the Prince Albert, and then his scrotum, had been laid out to him by her as non-negotiable.

Of course, she had not suggested this at the time of offering him the position of manservant in her home. That would come later. When her command of him had taken the form of subliminal conditioning and after she had tamed his masculinity to that point where he actually took satisfaction from serving her.

Even then, though he had grown used to satisfying her with his tongue and the vibrator she kept in her night-stand, he initially baulked at her insistence he be "chastised".

But not for long.

A mixture of the aforementioned conditioning that had led him to accept her authority as natural and his growing need to please her; together with the desire her incredible body – such a contrast to the cold and stark facial features atop it – instilled in him; made it inevitable his resistance would soon crumble.

As did her mention that he would soon be homeless and dependent upon the state if he did not comply.

The money he had squirrelled away from his weekly "pocket money", since his time in her home had begun, would not even keep him for a fortnight were he to leave and, with memories of his difficulties in finding employment the last time he tried uppermost in his thoughts, it was not long before he swallowed the pitiful remnants of his remaining pride and conceded to her desire.

"Unless something miraculous I the way of good fortune occurs for you," she had told him, "you will be spending the rest of your working life as my manservant."

He had flushed red at her description of his future. Despite the abject and menial nature of both his domestic and sexual service to her: the hand-washing of her underwear and the polishing of her shoes – sometimes when they were on the shapely feet that now inflamed him; together with the service his tongue gave to both her cunt and her arse; a part of him yearned to return to that time when he had been able to hold his head high as a man worthy of respect. A yearning he knew it would be even harder to persuade himself was possible should he buckle under this, the latest of the warped and perverted demands that made him hate her despite his concession to them.

But then, he asked himself, even as he described her demands in such a way, if what she wanted from him offended his male-sensibilities so much why did that same maleness respond to her with such… need?

"Given I will be, in effect, your owner, do you not think it only right I should have control of all my servant's effects?"

He had simply stared back at her, unable to respond as his treacherous cock responded positively to a statement he found as outrageous as it was preposterous.

"Believe me," she had continued, as if what she was describing were nothing more than sensible advice on the conveyancing of a new home a client was in the process of purchasing – that home, in metaphoric terms, being nothing less than the manhood that defined his very masculinity; "it is something you will thank me for down the line."

"The fuck I will!" he had snorted to himself, still at that stage of denial where he could assure himself she had finally pushed him too far.

Though the erection that gave no sign of subsiding proved a chastening corollary to his thoughts.

"The moment your cock and balls come under my ownership…"

The treacherous cock in question twitched under his uniform trousers as he stood to attention before her in the way she expected; this as she sat crossed legged and at her ease in an armchair, hosed thighs visible to his hungry eyes and doing nothing to lessen his need for sex other than by his own hand.

Another sobering response.

If he was so appalled at this further dismantling of his masculinity, why was his cock throbbing in his trousers with such strength it was almost painful.

A throbbing that did not go unnoticed.

"The prospect excites you," she observed with a straight face, eyes resting upon the bulge at his groin. "Exactly as it should. You are my manservant and you wish to please me. Just as you please me by keeping my home and my clothes in the way in which I have trained you."

Despite all that had occurred between them, her description of him fetched a wince of discomfort at hearing himself described so… abjectly.

"Whether you admit it to yourself or not," she continued, "pleasing me is now your number-one priority, As it should. After all, do I not clothe you and feed you and keep a roof above your head. Is it not right that, in return, you should show your gratitude by devoting yourself to me?"

It was not the first time he had heard such words fall from her lips but, this time, he could not fail to admit to himself that there was a ring of truth to them. He was losing himself to the younger woman and his thoughts more and more centered on anticipating her wishes that he might win her praise. Even when his tongue was worshipping at her shit-chute – and though he tried to play it down to himself afterwards – he felt a sense of… contentment.

“And placing your cock and balls under my ownership, once we have them completely denuded of all that adult hair, of course, will be your way of confirming your intention to both please and commit yourself to me.”

“M-Ms Norcross,” he tried to protest, to argue his corner, voice a pitiful croak rather than a statement of masculine intent; “I… I don’t think…”

“Then you must leave,” she cut him off. “This instant! If this is the thanks and commitment I receive, after all my training of you and the time I have devoted into familiarising you with the running of my home, then I have no further use for you.”

His legs jellified at the threat and his knees buckled, so far had his manhood been lowered.

Leave?

The prospect was suddenly terrifying; as if he were a pre-schooler being threatened with a visit from the bogey-man.

A bogey-man bringing with him homelessness, poverty, and despair.

“You have a choice to make,” she told him, gesturing to a steel contraption resting upon the same side-table holding her beloved pale Sherry.

Picking up the cock cage, she ran a finger from top to shiny bottom before spearing him with her eyes and sending an unanswerable current of sexual and submissive electricity the length of his body.

“Tomorrow a young woman will be coming here. But do not be fooled by her age. She is one of the busiest and most efficient piercing technicians in the capital and she will be fitting the head of your penis for a Prince Albert attachment and will place a ring through your scrotum to which…”

She dangled the cock cage from one finger as he swallowed back his fear and distaste and asked himself if his terror of what awaited him beyond her home could possibly be worse than what he was experiencing within its interior.

“…which,” she went on, “and after the few weeks it takes you to heal, will then be attached to this cage in which I shall place your penis.”

He was beyond the capacity to form words as his cock continued to rage in direct contradiction of the thoughts mortifying him.

“Once it is on,” she continued, the smugness of her expression telling him that despite his earlier reticence she saw his capitulation as a foregone conclusion; “your ability to satisfy yourself will be entirely at my discretion.”

His cock twitched and again he asked himself how he could have fallen so low that his subconscious could find something… titillating… at the prospect of such degradation at a woman’s hands.

He also conceded that there was no way he would be leaving her employ.

Sensing his capitulation, she smiled:

"I am assured that the power of the male orgasm…" She laughed as the older man's handsome cheeks reddened before beginning again. "I am assured that the power of the male orgasm is increased threefold with the application of sensible abstinence by his… keyholder… and that, in order to experience the delight, the male in chastity will do everything in his power to persuade his owner that his behaviour is worthy of her allowing him release."

Silence filled the room as she continued to dangle the cage from her finger and he looked on, mesmerised by that in which she intended to place him.

They were at a watershed in their so-called relationship and there was no doubt in either of their minds that she was his master.

But…

Were he to submit to her wishes it would take that "relationship" into a wholly different sphere.

From being her sexual servant, her domestic and financial dependent, a physical element would have been added to the mix that would ensure she was fixed in her control of him.

Up to now, he had at least been able to satisfy himself in the confines of his quarters; this after having bathed her toes with his saliva and paid oral worship to whatever part of her anatomy took her fancy at the time, be it pussy, arse, armpits, or all three, on after the other.

The moment he conceded to have himself pierced in the terrifying way she described and she locked th cage dangling upon her finger onto his cock, any such autonomy on his part ceased.

"Well?" she demanded as he stood before her, indecisive and fearful.

Wondering what he had ever done to deserve the fortune fate had seen fit to bestow upon him, he felt sick at heart.

"What is it to be? Do you go to your quarters, pack your meagre belongings, and leave here for good?"

His eyes were watery with unmanly tears.

"Or is it…?"

Her tongue protruded and moistened the dry lips that gave evidence of her own tension and arousal.

“This?”

He stared at the cage she referred to as if she were offering his head a place on the guillotine; which, metaphorically was pretty much what she was doing.

Then he made his decision…

VALERIA & MARCIA

All in all, Valeria thought to herself as she poured the new friend who just happened to be her latest, and most satisfying assistant, a glass of the well-chilled Villa Maria, she was about as happy and fulfilled as she could ever recall feeling in her entire life until now.

Hence her decision, after having known the woman only a few months, to tell her *something* of her personal situation.

That the well-spoken lady with whom she had developed a rapport – unusual for her – had seemed to hint at sharing some of her own thoughts in regard of the male sex was another factor in her new joy. The novelty of having a friend in her life – and both women had already assured each other that this was what they were to each other, while each of them swore it would not affect their working relationship – took Valeria into a new world of shared confidences and the non-judgemental support of a likemind. Hence the shared pasta in the Abbeville Road trattoria and the bottle of Sauvignon Blanc after having closed the office.

"I can't believe it," said Marcia after Valeria had described to her the nature of her situation and the fact she was in possession of an utterly obedient and subservient domestic servant; excited and flattered both by the news being imparted to her and the fact that the utterly professional and almost obsessively private younger woman saw fit to confide in her.

"You are offended," offered Valeria, misreading the older woman's response.

The woman, whose name married name had been Buxton but was, since her recent divorce, Hemmings once again, immediately shook her head to allay such a reaction. She was a woman of middle-years who – perhaps explaining her boss's partiality to her - had a commanding and no-nonsense approach to both work and, it appeared, men. Around a year or two younger than Valeria's new chattel, Marcia Hemmings was off the back of a childless sixteen-year marriage to a man resistant to her controlling ways. So resistant, in fact, their marriage had been one long litany of betrayal on his part with a variety of women ranging in both ages and looks.

"Quite the opposite," she assured her boss, smiling. "And I have a feeling you knew we were of a likemind on the subject before you brought it up.

The smile creasing the no-nonsense features of Valeria Norcross was an answer in itself.

"If I may make a suggestion," the older woman suggested, "I would advise that the less responsibility of any meaningful nature he is given from now on the better."

The hard-eyes across the table invited her to continue:

“That is not to say his responsibilities to you are not of a *‘meaningful nature’*, my dear. In fact, I would vouch that they will come to seem pretty important to him before long if he becomes as terrified of your displeasure as you say he is becoming.”

Hearing the words on her own lips, Marcia had become instantly wet at the prospect of having a man of her own who was afraid of her in such a way; the look of regret that followed her realisation being for the fact it would *never* be her faithless ex-husband.

“That is why I could not allow him to continue to work for me at the office,” agreed Valeria Norcross, impressive breasts rising and falling rapidly beneath the spandex top in purple that itself lay beneath a stylish, if severely cut, Olsen jacket. “Apart from the fact you are light years his superior as a personal assistant, I could not have the poor lamb confused into thinking even the small latitude I allowed him to make basic decisions here – nothing like the responsibility invested in you, I might add - gave him some kind of manly dignity.”

Marcia smiled, the hurried crossing of her hosed and matronly legs beneath their table not missed by her younger employer and assuring Valeria that her new friend too at least a similar excitement from the prospect of treating a man as a… *menial*.

“I would,” Valeria went on, “be giving him conflicting messages when he really needs to be in receipt of just one.”

Marcia had waited.

Excitedly.

“The gradual realisation that he no longer has a say in *anything* and that his only role in life is to be of service to me.”

A ripple of unnatural pleasure had tingled through Marcia at this and she realised she had just experienced a mini-orgasm.

It was not missed and the smile greeting her from Valeria when she returned from the detonation was understanding rather than mocking.

“Yes, it is a heady sensation, Marcia, and your reaction tells me we are of a likemind on the subject of men and their… *uses*.”

A little embarrassed, despite the younger woman’s understanding, Marcia forced a smile to her lips as she gazed about her to see if any of the other diners has witnessed her… *interlude*.

“He might be handsome and older, perhaps even more intelligent in some aspects, but it makes no difference. With each day that passes in his new role of manservant to me, he becomes more and more conditioned to not only accept my authority but see it as natural. I have taken from him, and continue to take, his self-image as a man and…”

Valeria Norcross fiddled with a key dangling from a chain at her neck, eyes staring into her new friend’s meaningfully.

"…and, now I have placed even the physical evidence of his manhood under my complete command, I…"

"No!" the older woman gasped, arousal building yet again.

Valeria nodded, the smile on her full lips as evil as it was self-satisfied as she watched the light dawn in Marcia's eyes.

"You mean…?"

Again, the younger woman nodded, allowing her employee and friend to consider her meaning before going on.

"And are you offended now?" she asked. "Or are you every bit as excited as me to know I keep a man in my home to complete any and all domestic chores I require of him? And that he resides there with his cock and balls under lock and key?"

Marcia Hemmings was struggling to catch a breath, so great was her sexual excitement at the picture being painted for her; not knowing whether to shake her head at the first question or nod in response to the second.

"This key," offered Valeria, holding the chain out from the long and slender neck below the English and almost equestrienne features belying the full-body of the Iberian goddess bequeathed from her Basque mother.

Marcia felt herself nodding, hypnotised by her employer's words and, still, finding a part of her refused to commit in totality to their… *sincerity*.

Even as she prayed the younger woman was not simply having fun at her expense.

An eventuality, having seen at close-quarters these past months the woman's serious nature, she found… *unlikely*.

"Yes," Valeria Norcross went on, convinced it was arousal rather than offense seated opposite her. "It is a heady proposition, is it not? To have a man… *committed*… to one in such an all-encompassing way. To be assured he cannot express his sexual urges in the natural way and that, even to take his erect penis in his own hand, he must seek both the approval and the permission of his female owner that his manhood even be allowed the freedom to reach its full capacity."

Looking across the table, she could see the flushing of the cheeks and the shortness of breath that betrayed the older woman's reaction sure than any words.

"It is, I assure you, one of the most satisfying delights a woman of our… *predispositions*… can experience."

Marcia Hemmings almost finished her freshly topped up Villa Maria in one gulp as an amused Valeria looked on and waited; totally convinced and utterly confident that she had neither offended her new friend nor judged her… *inclinations*… erroneously.

“Of course, it is inevitable,” she said, dropping the key and allowing the chain to flop back to her chest, “that the simple act of locking up of his manhood will make him think and behave in a more… *submissive*… way towards me. I am assured that the man caged, no matter his initial desires or reservations, will soon spend the majority of his time moments focusing upon his keyholder and will become more and more conditioned and obedient to her control as he attempts of find ever more slavish ways to gain her favour that she may allow his jewels a few minutes or more of freedom.”

“You…? You really are serious, aren’t you?”

Valeria smiled as she supplied the nod confirming the inquiry.

“Apparently, and I have this from more than one experienced female authority, it is not unheard of for the man in question to become little more than a willing puppy who lives for pleasing his keyholder.”

Now it was Marcia’s turn to nod, barely aware she was doing so as her boss and new friend described revelations that were, by turn, as unbelievable as they were sexually jaw-stopping.

“It would seem that something magical happens the moment the penis is caged and previously latent – totally unsuspected even - submissive desires can be released.”

Half taking her words in while another half of her tried to picture herself in such a position of power over a man, Marcia Hemmings crossed her hosed and matronly legs tighter that she might quell at source the arousal threatening to overwhelm her and, perhaps, cause a scene with the other diners.

“I myself am a little sceptical upon the subject,” Valeria Norcross continued, not unmindful and pleasingly amused by the effect of her words upon the older woman. “Surely, the simple locking-up of a penis alone is not sufficient to generate an instant personality change. Are men truly so weak?”

She appeared to think about her own experience.

“And yet… I suppose an incarceration of an extended duration – and given the extent of the need of the man in question - could be likely to affect such a change.”

The older woman coughed to clear her throat and, when she spoke, her voice was thick with an emotion that was obviously caused by needs of her own:

“H-Have…? Have you seen any change in him since…? Since… You know?”

“Since I took control of his cock and balls?” Valeria queried in a voice entirely too loud for her dining companion’s tastes – invested as she was in the subject matter; though she calmed down when she realised the authentic trattoria buzz ensured everything that passed between them was unlikely to be overheard.

Again, Marcia nodded.

“Almost from the very beginning. Believe me, once a man is controlled in such a way everything else falls into place. The trick is to find a man weak enough to be manipulated into his submission who hates it at one and the same time.”

Marcia's look was curious.

"What pleasure is there, after all, in having a servant who loves his service?"

The older woman thought about it and realised the question was not far removed from similar queries she had made of herself.

"In this I was aided by the greed and treachery of his former wife and her equally despicable family," added Valeria, completely unmindful of her own hypocrisy; considering herself as she did totally upfront and something of a benefactor to her new manservant. Even now, as he comes to look for my approval and desire me more and more, he continues to dream of the miracle that will deliver him from his nightmare and allow him to take his place in the world as a respected man capable of avenging himself upon the instigators of his fall."

"To be honest, Valeria, and as much as what you have been telling me… *excites*… I find what his wife and her family did to the man repellent. One can only hope fate, karma, or whatever, has something in mind to repay them for what they have done."

Valeria smiled, the more time she spent in the older woman's company convincing her she had finally found a friend and confidante – as well as a peerless personal-assistant – worthy of investment.

"Then we are of a likemind, Marcia," she agreed. "Though I would *never* tell him, Michael is my ideal man. The very one I dreamt of from youth until now. And now I have him I will allow nothing to take him from me. I fully intend, I assure you, that our partnership – as unequal as it is - will be till death do us part."

Her smile was truly diabolic:

And just think how much more in awe and dependent, both of and on me, he will be if I can somehow satisfy his thirst for vengeance upon his wife and her father… And without it making his personal situation any different in any way."

"You…? You think you can do this?"

"It is happening as we speak. From certain conversations with Michael and the information supplied me by the investigative company we use, it would appear his ex-father-in-law's company – with the help of his daughter and the man who replaced Michael - have been *very* creative with both personal and company tax returns."

"Wh-What will you do?"

Valeria laughed.

"What I will do is what any right-minded citizen will do and donate this information to Her Majesty's Revenue Service."

She laughed again.

"Anonymously, of course."

Marcia stared at her for a few moments before joining her own laughter to that of her young boss and raising her glass in a toast.

They were still laughing a few moments later when Valeria asked:

"And what of you, Marcia?"

"What of me?"

"Well, it was obvious how the description of my personal situation… *excited*… you. So, I was wondering…"

"Wondering what?" Marcia asked, filling the elliptical pause.

"Marcia, not to put too fine a point on it, but you allowed yourself to play second-fiddle to a man who was your inferior in terms of willpower and sexual capacity for far too long."

The response was a tightening of the lips and a wistful nod.

"So now, having heard of my situation from my own lips and realising the possibilities for a woman with courage enough to accept the unorthodox and take up the reins of power in her dealings with men, how would you feel about playing a role in not just my working life but that of the domestic?"

"I… I'm sorry, Valeria. Play a part how?"

"Think about it, Marcia. There are times when my work calls me away. Either to far flung parts of the country or Europe and the States. Abroad not that often, but it does happen. Do you not think it would make me rest easier to know that my… *man*… was not unsupervised while I was away?"

"You mean…?"

"Who else would I trust but my friend and – *likeminded* – assistant?"

Marcia's jaw had dropped to her chest – or was on the way there at least.

"Do you think you could take control of my servant while I was away, Marcia? You would have to be as strict with him as I am strict with him. But you would have my permission to keep him in line with any discipline you see fit."

"Di-Discipline?"

Valeria nodded.

"But I… I…"

"Go on, Marcia," Valeria urged. "You must be totally truthful with me. If you have any doubts about your ability – or *desire* – to do this simply tell me and we will keep our

relationship to that of employer and friend. *That*, I promise you, will be in no way affected."

Marcia found herself unable to frame what was troubling her and, sensing her inability, Valeria came to the rescue; the younger woman's matter-of-fact way when describing acts and situations ninety-nine-percent of the world at large would find debased and, perhaps, unhinged, having a calming and persuasive effect upon the older female:

"Let me guess what is troubling you. Apart from worrying whether what is being described to you is true, or even possible, you're anxious that you will be irreparably damaged as a person by going with your desires."

Silence greeted her guesswork.

"Am I correct?" Valeria asked after a few seconds.

Marcia had found herself nodding at this exact description of her concerns.

"Yes. You're right. I… Well, I wouldn't want to become or have anyone think I was some kind of monster."

"How a monster? Do you think me a monster too? Simply for employing a man who all but begged for the opportunity and recuing him from the clutches of our welfare-state? The same man I have given a home and a new purpose in life – even if it is an abject and menial one? The same man I am in the process of helping find some measure of mental restitution against the wife, her lover, and the despicable father-in-law who ruined him?"

"Well… Now that you put it like that, I suppose the answer is no."

Valeria smiled and reached out a hand to cover that of her friend.

"And, if it makes you feel better, he is becoming more and more… *conditioned*… to his new life of obedient domesticity and sexual service…"

RETRIBUTION

Seeing the venal and disgusting slimeball who had ruined his life again filled him with a renewed sense of anger and outrage.

Add in to the mix that the wife he had once adored and the man who had supplanted him was seated in the dock alongside him, and it was no surprise that Michael Jacks allowed his inner rage to conveniently forget the fact he was seated alongside a woman who had taken his freedom from him in an even more final – if less reprehensible – form and make him feel like a free and independent male once again.

For, unlike the father and daughter in the dock for sentencing in the case of the "Crown against Greville-Marchant-and-Marchant", Valeria Norcross had been true to her word. As, he could do no more than admit, she always was – even if the outcome of that *"word"* was seldom to his liking. She had promised him retribution upon the trio and, if the faces of the jury as they had retired to deliberate a few hours ago were any guide, that retribution was nigh.

She had even taken him shopping for a stylish and highly expensive Gucci three-piece, with shoes and accompanying Turnbull & Asser shirt and tie, together with shoes from Kurt Geiger, and some top-of-the-range grooming from a trendy Knightsbridge salon, so that when he walked into that courtroom for the first time at the tail-end of the trial he looked nothing like the destroyed man the three principals and the faithless and disloyal daughters – seated further down the gallery from him with their husbands – had seen before he had been sentenced and sent away.

There was also the small, though not inconsiderable, absence of the metal piercings and the cock-cage attached to them beneath his stylish apparel.

A most welcome absence that added immeasurably to his very temporary return to the ranks of the masculine.

With the added benefit of not alarming the metal-detectors situated at the Old Bailey's entrance.

In fact, and despite knowing what he would return to when the verdict was returned, he felt about as human and like his old self as he had managed to feel in the year and more since the betrayal of him

Which was more than could be said for his former wife, father-in-law and one-time workplace subordinate as they awaited their fate from the Foreman's lips.

As he sat in reflective silence with the woman who considered herself his owner at his side and watched the principals led in to hear their fate, he could see the stress of the past few months had shared its misery with more than just his ex-wife's emotions. The woman who sat in the dock alongside her venal father and his backstabbing former subordinate, was a long way removed from the carefree and immaculate wife he had believed loved him as much as she loved their daughters. Put simply, she looked terrified.

It was a feeling with which he could empathise.

If without *any* accompanying sympathy.

It also pleased him that the married thirds of the soon-to-be convicted triad, and co-charged pension-fund embezzlers and tax evaders, did not have the look of lovers as they sat together in the dock.

Not that he gave a flying fuck!

More than once one or other of the trio had looked his way as he sat in the gallery a few seats away from his, as yet, oblivious daughters and the husbands he had yet to even meet, and he could see that both his self-satisfied smile and accompanying look of high affluence cut them to the core.

He also wondered if they suspected his involvement in their fall-from-grace.

Or at least the involvement of the impeccably profession woman at his side whose manservant he just happened to be.

Whether they did or not, it was of no matter to him. Revenge was sweet and, on this occasion it was pure and natural sugar-cane rather than the ersatz and only partly satisfying taste of artificial sweeteners.

As the foreman's *"Guilty"* rang out and the date for their sentencing followed, his ex-wife's eyes caught his and the smile he gave her was the largest and most sincerely felt he had experienced since he had been the one in the dock.

The middle finger he extended to all three of them as they were led away to their new lives was equally satisfying.

As would be his presence to hear their sentencing and the massive fines and sequestering of their funds that would follow – his female owner having promised that they would be present upon that *great* day also.

As it turned out, the *"great day"* in question brought with it sentences of seven-years, five-years, and two respectively for father-in-law, husband and wife.

Not to mention heavy fines and a sequestering of homes and other assets to make good the short fall in pension-fund belonging to the company employees.

But there was still time for yet more retribution before Michael Jacks returned to his life as a chastised manservant to a woman who considered herself his owner.

"Dad, we…" the girl he had once thought loved him who was his eldest daughter began.

They were in the atrium awaiting him as he made his way outside next to Valeria Norcross. Both of them. Husbands to one side. All of them wondering what their financial future would be now that the company, and the dishonest trio who had fleeced it, would no longer be the cash-cow it had once been for them.

His raised palm and the look of supreme contempt halted her in mid-sentence as an amused Valeria Norcross stood at his side and allowed him his moment.

“I believe what we have here,” he began, “is a case of mistaken identity.”

The two disloyal and faithless girls were beginning to tear up and Michael Jacks knew it had nothing to do with any remorse they might be feeling for their treatment of him as he went on.

“Your father – or *stepfather*, as the case may be – has just been sentenced to five years at Her Majesty’s Pleasure. Please direct any concerns you may have to him.”

As he turned on his heel and Valeria Norcross followed, he was amazed at his calmness and the thoughts assailing him.

Far from feeling any pain on their behalf or regret for what had been, he was looking forward to returning home.

And thanking his owner for her largesse by pleasing her with his tongue – or any other part of him.

And in any way she chose…

EPILOGUE

Locking Michael's cock inside his Prince Albert chastity cage had been the highlight of Marcia's sexual life thus far.

She could still remember the feeling of control and the surge of sexual power that she'd felt as Valeria Norcross ran her through the procedure before she took off for five days in New York on behalf of a new corporate client; leaving her chastised manservant in the care of her trusted assistant who would be spending the time in her home.

“He needs strict handling,” Valeria had said as the handsome man who was a couple of years Marcia’s junior stood before them, red-faced and naked as he allowed Marcia to first remove his cage and then replace it. “I shall leave it to your discretion as to if, when, and how, you reward his behaviour, but do remember to make a list of his more serious infringements or, if you feel an offence merits it, to call me on my cell while I am away.”

They had been through all this before in the privacy of the office, but it was simply delicious to be speaking in such a way before a grown man as he stood before them with his hands clasped behind a naked back as if her were a penitent schoolboy.

The power speaking of him in such a way while handling his male equipment was simply off the chart in terms of arousal, Marcia told herself, and she could not wait to begin her five days in control of her friend and boss’s chattel.

Now, four days in to her temporary position of command, she was even more enamoured by the prospect of having a handsome and obedient man to command, punish, and fuck.

For, unlike her friend and younger mentor, Marcia Hemmings loved the feel of a cock in her forty-something cunt.

And especially if that cock was under her complete control.

As, for the first time in her life, had been the case these past four days.

In fact, she now had three favourite things, which though they seemed mutually exclusive, were actually responsible for taking her arousal to levels unheard of in her life to this point.

Total command of Michael.

Keeping Michael in chastity.

And fucking Michael.

At least on those occasions when his servility towards her and willingness to please had gone beyond the merely abject and pitiful.

Behaviour that had done just that and explained her decision to release him now.

Flicking back her short and bobbed blonde hair, she reached behind her neck to unfasten the clasp on her necklace.

The key slipped off the chain and into her waiting hand.

Crossing one meaty yet shapely thigh over the other, she called:

"Heel, Michael!"

The smile on her face, as the already naked servant almost raced into the bedroom where she sat after her shower and prostrated himself at her feet, was huge as she visualised what was to follow.

"How may I assist you, Ms Marcia?" asked the older man after his lips had removed themselves from the adoration of her toes; his respect and instant submission reducing her freshly showed pussy to mush.

"Ms Valeria arrives home tomorrow," she reminded him, grateful to see just the slightest sign of disappointment in his expression.

After all, Valeria did *not* love the feel of a cock inside of her.

Abject and submissive or otherwise.

"But I would like to think you have enjoyed your time serving me?" she finished.

He answered by placing soft and reverent kisses upon her toes and the nails he had painted for her.

"Should I take that as a yes, then?"

"Yes, Ms Marcia," he told her in between slobbering over her toes. "It has been my honour to serve you and I look forward to more occasions in the future when I can do the same."

"Good, boy," she smiled down at him, breasts jiggling as she leaned down to ruffle his hair with affection for his obvious adoration of her.

Michael smiled into her feet contentedly.

"Look at me," she ordered suddenly. "Up on your haunches like an obedient little doggy."

If the demeaning language troubled him, it was not to be seen in his expression as he tore himself from her fragrant toes with reluctance and did as she commanded; eyes finally meeting hers after he had allowed his gaze to roam over her middle-aged yet hour-glass and compact figure with appreciation.

The delicious anticipation he felt, when he saw the key to his piercings and the cage in between, all but fetching a great and needy sigh from him as he recalled the surprisingly tight cunt that had wrapped itself around his grateful cock with such command and relish over the past few days.

The possibility of having her remove his chastity and riding him as if he were her beast of burden turning his insides to water.

“I am going to allow your unworthy cock to feel my superior cunt once again,” she told him. And woe betide you if that cock betrays you again and spurts its pathetic cream inside me.”

Now Michael Jack’s face did colour as he remembered the first time she had ridden his cock and his own inability to postpone his orgasm until she was ready.

It had been hardly surprising, given his denial at that point.

But it had earned him an over the knee spanking from her hair-brush and some humiliating corner-time to consider his behaviour before she had deigned to ride him again.

“Kneel by the bed and wait for my command,” she ordered after unlocking him, feeling more and more like some imperious ancient goddess and allowing her language to reflect the pleasure she took from the elevation.

Michael's heart rate doubled as he did as he was told, asking himself as it did so, and he quickly arranged himself at the side of the bed, just how far he had fallen that he could be compelled to obey a woman so readily.

“Warm me up,” she purred as she sprawled upon the mattress with her back resting upon the headboard that she may gaze down at her… *servant*. slowly uncrossed and spread her legs and lifted her red dress.

Without hesitation of any kind, Michael moved in, taking his time to kiss her feet, her calves and then on to her soft thighs. The higher up he moved, the more his released cock strained upward and outward, blood rushing to his tool with as much vigour as it ever had in his prime.

“That’s my good, good, boy,” Marcia cooed; allowing him to taste her freshly showered skin with his tongue and take his time to please her.

Then:

“Lie down on you back now,” she ordered. “I wish to sit on your face.”

Again, he obeyed without demur.

“Now just think of my cunt as your master. A person you need to *totally* please if you are to ever know pleasure again. “My pussy is your mistress and you must obey her.”

As her thighs rose-up either side of his head and her glorious arse and pussy with its trimmed bush descended upon his face, Michael gently placed his lips on her already warm and wet labia to taste her.

All cognisant thought other than pleasing her left him and – though he would not have recognised the term – he entered subspace.

He started to slowly sweep the length of her labia and up to her already engorged clitoris as Marcia's hips thrust slowly back and forth some inch or two above his lips, her little animal mewling's of pleasure intensifying his desire to pleas and instilling pride in the so pleasing at one and the same time as her passion rose.

He felt her move forwards and bend at the waist before, suddenly, he felt a tongue upon his freed and denuded balls.

And now the little animal *mewling's* were his.

"Ms Marcia," he pleaded, already feeling the build-up of his impending release.

She silenced his pleas by placing her cunt squarely down upon his mouth. Her bottom an amazingly effective gag. She had now muted him.

It did not take long for his excitement to lessen to a point where he was able to control himself, even though the scent of her pervading his nostrils in the claustrophobic position in which she had placed him kept his senses on red-alert and had his tongue darting out to taste the moist cunt pressed against his lips.

"Hmm, my good boy does love the taste of his Ms Marcia, doesn't he?"

Her voice was muffled by the thighs pressed either side of his head but the patronising and demeaning words and the so, so superior tone of voice stoked the furnace of his need to even greater temperatures the sent his already enflamed cock surging with even greater strength toward an unattainable bedroom-ceiling.

But he had no time to consider this before the matronly fortysomething raised herself up a little and shifted herself further forward to present him with her butthole.

The earthy smell of her back passage – something that would have revolted him not so long ago – sent his submissive desire off the chart and he slathered his tongue around her perineum in a frenzy before shaping it into a point and poking it onto her shit-chute itself.

"Aaaaaaaah!" came the muffled sigh of contentment the sensation of having a male tongue worship her in such a… *demeaning*… part of her anatomy prompted.

By the time Marcia finally climaxed and removed her arse from his face, Michael was, if he had not been before, well and truly under her spell.

With another sigh, she stretched and moved her top leg across his body where it came to rest on his raging erection.

Now it was his turn to sigh; though in truth it was more a groan containing both frustration and the deep contentment he now found from being at the total behest of a member of the fair and *superior* sex.

"Ms Valeria has really done a very good job on you, hasn't she?" she asked, staring down into his subdued and eager eyes as she ran her bare sole the length of his oh, so needy tumescence. You truly are a most obedient little man now, aren't you?"

Breath caught in his throat and vocal chords refusing to operate, Michael Jacks nodded his acquiescence.

And was rewarded with a vicious slap across cheeks still moist with her arousal.

"Be respectful!" she snapped. "When I ask you a question I do not expect you to nod but to respond with a suitably truthful and abject answer."

"I… I'm sorry, Ms Marcia," he managed to croak out, a part of his subconscious recognising how ludicrous it was for a grown man to allow himself to be treated in such a way by a woman – and acknowledging just as swiftly that, ludicrous or not, it made no difference to a desire the strength of which he had not known until Valeria Norcross had made a possession of him.

"And?" she demanded.

His thoughts scrambled back to her original question:

"Yes, I… I am an obedient man," he told her, unable to bring himself to add the *'little'* and hoping she did not make an issue of it as he prayed she saw fit to again surround his cock with her glorious pussy.

She did not make an issue of his omission, anyway.

"Do not forget again when Ms Valeria returns," she warned. "I wouldn't want her to think I had been allowing you liberties in her absence."

"I won't forget again, Ms Marcia," he promised on the instant as the silken sole of her teasing foot again made a slow up and down journey the length of his erection.

"Good boy," she told him, having rethought her intention to again ride that delicious cock as if her were no more than a tamed stallion and she his equestrienne master. Knowing she had already indulged him far too much – for his true owner's tastes, anyway – she considered it more seemly to provide a more… *humiliating*… completion as a means of ending her five-day tenure as his… *governess*.

"Before you make me a hot-chocolate and retire to your own quarters for the night," she told him, "I am going to give your pitiful cock one last release that you might remember the rewards that can be had by good and obedient boys."

He tensed beneath her and she knew he was anticipating that she would straddle his torso and impale her cunt upon his twitching rod.

It made her smile as she kissed his forehead the way a mother – or a *governess* – would kiss the young charge who had pleased her.

"Be a good boy and open your mouth for Ms Marcia, she ordered, delighted that despite his puzzlement he obeyed on the instant.

"Now," she said, thrusting the thumb of her right hand into his mouth, "I want you to suck on Ms Marcia's thumb just like the good boy you want to be for her, as she uses her dainty little foot to give your naughty cock a thank you for your good behaviour while Ms Valeria has been away."

The thrill of making this handsome and older man behave in such a way almost made her climax once again as he began to suck upon her thumb as if it were a pacifier and she swapped his face with that of her faithless ex-husband as she decimated the manhood he so treasured.

Oblivious to her fantasy, and quite lost in his submission, Michael Jacks sucked upon her thumb for all he was worth, not taking any chance that he might risk her taking her dainty foot from the erection upon which it was rising and falling.

Slowly…

Then faster…

Slowly again…

As their eyes met and he continued to suck, the pressure rising past his balls to its inevitable eruption, the fortysomething man had the final epiphany that sealed him in his role of manservant forever.

The scream that reverberated against her invasive thumb, as ribbon upon ribbon of thick white cream erupted from his cock on a truncated journey towards the ceiling, was accompanied by the knowledge that he would soon be paying submissive homage to his true master upon her return from New York and that he would get to experience the control of the second whenever business took Valeria Norcross from the country again.

As the last of his manhood fell to earth, Michael Jacks finally acknowledged what had been staring in the face for some time now.

He had found his true… *home*...

THE END