She Knew Who He Was

(The Text Edition)

A Tale of Blackmail & Female Domination

By
Matt Bennett

FDC

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Prologue

August – Premonition

Sweat poured from him as the women stood over him.

He was naked.

Naked and vulnerable before a group of laughing and fully clothed younger women, ridiculing him as only young women can ridicule an older man who was no threat to them.

Quite the opposite.

The only one under threat in this scenario was the older and naked man himself.

By no means ashamed of his fortysomething body and slightly above average endowment, the jibes about his "pathetic equipment" and "scrawny body" took him straight back to the insecurities of the playground and his feelings of inferiority around girls.

But these were not schoolgirls and he was a long way from the playground he had hated so much.

Which did not lessen his humiliation one whit.

He had heard and read of men who actually hankered after such abuse and went so far as to seek it out – even paying for it on occasion. But he could find no common-ground with their predilection for such treatment as one of the young women pulled back a long and shapely leg, before bringing it forward that the point of her heeled shoe might jab into his midriff and rob him of air.

"Pathetic!" he heard one of them jeer from above and to the side, accompanied by giggles and sneers from the others as they took pleasure from his disgrace.

"What should we do with him?" he heard another ask; the youngest of them, a pretty barely twenty-year-old with a look of world weariness that would not have been out of place on a woman three decades her senior.

"Well a fuck's out of the question. Look at that cringing excuse for a cock!"

This from a brunette with what seemed to be a perpetual sneer, looking down at his naked body as if it were something she had struggled to scrape from her Jimmy Choo's.

"We wouldn't know it was in us," laughed a particularly humourless blonde; her gift-free bon mot provoking the kind of laughter a talented stand-up comic could only dream of receiving.

“I know,” offered a tattooed and pierced piece with short and cropped black hair and skin-tight leather leggings that showcased a pair of surprisingly shapely and powerful young legs.

The others stared at her with curiosity.

“How about we make him pull himself off while he’s on his knees and we watch?”

A chorus of approval greeted her suggestion, though one of them, the pretty one, standing next to an older girl with short hair and glasses, added a proviso:

“Okay, but only if he spurts his stuff over my shoes and then licks it off afterwards.”

A proviso that provoked shrieks of laughter and a unanimous agreement.

He felt fingers in his hair and a hand drag him up by hair until he was looking, despite their youth, into a pair of distinctly hostile and utterly implacable eyes.
The brunette again, displaying a huge expanse of cleavage as he leaned in towards him that revealed what he could only admit were an impressive pair of young tits, stood before him.

“You’re going to pull your little cock off for us,” she assured him, “and when all your filthy stuff bubbles out of it you’re going to make sure you spread it all over young Nell’s lovely red pumps with the peek-a-boo toes.”

The pretty one laughed at the brunette’s request then watched as her friend drew back and delivered him a resounding slap that rocked his head to the side.

“And,” she went on, “if you disappoint us, we’re all going to take turns kicking your balls until they’re so much mush. Got it?”

Terrified, despite his advanced age and their youth, ne nodded.

And received an even more powerful slap.

“Show some respect, you pig” Say: yes, Ms Rachel.”

The words and the voice leaving his mouth as he instantly acquiesced were, he had to confess, every bit as pathetic as they insisted him to be.

“Y-Yes, Ms Rachel.”

“Good pig… Nell?... He’s all yours.

Eyes on the floor, he watched as the peek-a-boo toes of Nell’s red-shoes entered his vision.

Then:

“Go on then,” he heard the young woman’s contemptuous and impatient order. “What are you waiting for? Start pulling on that little cock.”

He looked up into her young eyes, hoping to see some compassion there.

He was disappointed.

“Now!” she commanded with all the authority of her twenty years. “And look at me when you do it.”

Shocked to discover he was already hard under such treatment, his eyes misted over as they stared into hers and he began to pull himself off; amazed as his excitement built almost instantly to a crescendo and he…”

*****

“Aaaaaaaaaagh!” Martin Kiernan screamed as he awoke to arcs of white sperm jetting up and over the quilt upon which he lay naked; the remnants of his dream still uppermost in his thoughts and making the power of his orgasm all the more explicable to him given what had triggered it.

As he slid from the mattress and made his way to the bathroom in the hall to clean-up, a sense of foreboding joined the amazement he felt at having been so excited by such a dream.

It felt to him, just as if he had been granted a vision of his future.

By the time he had cleaned his mess and returned to bed, he had convinced himself it was no more than a dream and the new life he had forged for himself was in no danger. It would be early the next month when he discovered he was both right and very, very, wrong.

For it may well have been a dream; but the new life he had forged for himself was about to be unravelled.

And spectacularly!

One

September - Martin

Martin Kiernan had become a very quiet chap, just into his forties, when the bottom dropped out of his world – again.

For some four years now he had kept himself to himself and, though he felt terribly alone on occasion, knew he was in a far better time and place than what he'd had when first taking the bull by the horns and refusing to accept the battlefield that had been made of his previously happy life.

For this he had his sibling to thank – and in the most heartbreaking of ways. His year younger brother having gone missing in West Africa while working as a nurse for Medecin Sans Frontiere. This, some two years after Martin's own individual fan had met with some pretty devastating shit. The loss of his brother and only living relative, in a region of civil-war Martin had pleaded with him not to visit, having proved equally as devastating as his own personal Armageddon.

And equally as undeserved.

And so here he was, nearly as far west as he could get from London without finding himself in either the outer reaches of the English Channel or the Irish or Celtic Sea. Reasonably happy in his own way and living below the radar, courtesy of his missing brother's birth-certificate and driving-licence – their resemblance to each other enough for scrutiny to pass without comment. The two, along with a bank-account they'd had in joint-names since they were infants, when their mum and dad had begun to add money to it each month by way of a nest-egg for when they were old enough to need it, enough to get him started afresh once again.

Away from the one-bedroomed-flat he had rented after his wife of eleven years had divorced him and taken their children with her. The same Melanie who had refused to support his claims of innocence and struck up a relationship so quickly after his sentencing that he could only suspect she'd had a head start. A relationship that had seen her relocate with her new beau to New Zealand's South-Island after the divorce.

Taking his children with her.

Children who no longer answered his emails or sent any of their own.

Through no fault of his own, the life he had known and loved had been torn from him.

And the eighteen-months he had spent in a prison – twelve of them in maximum-security – had been another wake-up call.

Even if they hadn't proved as terrifying as he had thought they must.

The fact his nursing qualifications ensured he was assigned to the infirmary no small help in this.

A trained nurse like his brother, he no longer worked in medicine – even under the umbrella of an assumed family name. The possibility of running into someone who knew either him or his brother was simply too great. After all, they weren't twins and – apart from facially - looked anything but brothers. The one; him: youthful looking and handsome, with a full head of luxuriant hair and an athletic body. The other; his brother: being thin to the point of emaciated with gaunt and spiritual features below hair that had all but given up the ghost the moment he'd left his teens and been kept cropped ever since.

A quirk of nature in regard of his missing brother – he still couldn't bear to think of him as *"late"* – he had taken advantage of to crop his own hair and, hopefully, become even more anonymous. Though he had allowed it to grow back when enough time had passed to give him a greater sense of security. Ensuring, just the same that he kept it worn short and at nowhere near the length of his *"pre-Armageddon"* days.

Memories of incarceration and his time after release from prison still woke him from his sleep from time to time, but the nightmares were receding in frequency. When they came, though, he was reminded once again of the snubbing of one-time friends and neighbours and his inability to find work due to having been placed on the sex-offender's register. With his brother missing he was quite, quite alone.

So alone, in fact, it felt profound, and left him feeling he had nothing to lose when he took over his brother's identity and made the attempt to forge a new life for himself as an *innocent* and blame free so-called sex-offender.

He lived now in a flat above a carpet-showroom in the middle of Penzance. A location that was hand-picked for a variety of reasons. Not least of them the most un-English weather resulting from proximity to the gulf-stream. That and the fact its population of 21000 souls ensured there would be enough commerce in the town and on its outskirts to give him the opportunity of starting a career again; this after his own had been stripped from him. Hide in plain sight made sense to him and, with only locals during the winter and tourists through summer, he had regarded the most westerly town on mainland UK as his best selection.

Careful not to become romantically entangled and resigned now to the attentions of the five sisters, he pretty much lived for his new career as a medical supplies salesman and the evenings and weekends when he would watch the sport of almost any kind he loved so much. His income was modest but, with what remained of the money left him by his mother and father after he and his brother had sold the family home – now resting in a new account in that brother's name – he was at least comfortable. Though he did miss the foreign travel and the dry heat of his beloved Mediterranean sun the absence of a passport made impossible to revisit.

His job got him out and about a lot, travelling the length and breadth of the West Country to visit his company's clients and prospective clients, but it was no substitute for a weekend on the Barolo in Portofino or a visit to Portugal's Algarve to luxuriate in what he considered the finest climate in the world.

Or at least those parts of the world he had managed to visit.

So, what with the absence of censure and knowing looks that had marked his last days in the London suburb where he had grown up, together with travelling for his work and being pretty much his own boss whilst on the road in his company Audi – not to mention the opportunity to ogle the many attractive women his personal situation put beyond the possibility of any romantic entanglement – Martin Kiernan, as he had been known these past four years, considered himself about as happy as a man in his situation could expect to be.

And had every right to expect to stay that way.

At least until he returned to work after a satisfying weekend watching his beloved Exeter Chiefs consolidate their second position in the Aviva premiership.

For that was when he was introduced to the young woman and newest recruit to the company to whom he would be submitting his expenses from now on.

It was also when the world he had tried so hard to leave caught up with him.

And with a vengeance.

Two

September – Ai Lao

As was usual with him, Martin arrived at the office around 8.30am and was just about to take off after loading the boot of the Audi when his Vincent Johns called to him from his office window on the first floor:

"Martin, could you spare a few moments to meet someone, please."

It was, he knew, more order than request and, reluctantly, he returned back inside and made his way upstairs to his boss's office.

The sight of the young Chinese woman who turned from the desk to meet him took his breath away. Though some twenty years younger and from a different culture, she was everything that took his breath away in the opposite sex. Self-imposed absence from the dating scene or not, he found himself becoming aroused when she thrust a hand into his and smiled up into his eyes.

Embarrassed by his reaction and grateful the topcoat he was wearing over his suit hid it, he felt a spark of electricity as her flesh made contact with his in a handshake that seemed far too firm for so slight and feline looking a girl; her Asiatic origins made no less exotic by the professional two-piece suit that revealed a pair of shapely and ever so slightly bowed legs in navy pantyhose, shiny black shoes with a low heel and pointed toes completing the ensemble; perky breasts unmissable above.

Cat-like features, framed by long and silky black hair she had tied in a pony-tail, regarded him and, for one disturbing second, he could have sworn he saw something akin to shock freeze her cat-like features before they morphed into something he could only describe as… *smug*.

"Martin, this is Ai Lao," he heard his boss as if from a distance.

His mouth suddenly became dry as his boss made the introduction and he found difficulty in speaking, clearing his throat as he held out his hand to shake the girl's as she continued to stare at him with the look of someone who… *knew something*

"Ai Lao, Martin Kiernan," his boss finished.

"Pleased to meet you," he mumbled, praying his impression was wrong and that she was simply impressed by what she saw and he was being his usual paranoid self.

"Ai Lao is replacing Ted Henderson and will be administrating and liaising with all the salesmen in the field,"

The fleshy jowls of the fifty-something manager became jocular:

“That means she’ll be running a close-eye over your expenses, so I’d keep on her good side, if I were you.”

Martin couldn’t help his look of surprise and the girl caught it.

“Mr Kiernan thinks I am a little too young for such responsibility, Vince,” Martin heard her tell the boss, surprised she was already comfortable enough with the happily married fifty-something to be addressing him as *‘Vince’*.

An honour it had taken Martin himself over a year to earn.

“That is what you were thinking, was it not, Mr Kiernan?”

“Nonsense, Ai Lao,” his boss told her. “And it’s not *‘Mr Kiernan’* but *‘Martin’*.”

He smiled over:

“Isn’t that right, Marty?”

“Marty” allowed him a weak smile and wondered who had taken over his boss’s body for the morning.

It was obvious he was preening for the young woman; despite the differences in their age and… well… looks.

And since when had he become, *“Marty”*?

“Ai Lo spent the last year after finishing her Business Studies and Administration degree working for a multi-national in London, Marty, doing pretty much the same thing she’ll be doing with us – but with around ten to twenty times the number of salesmen and accounts to administer.”

“I’m sure she’ll be a terrific addition to the company,” Martin, agreed with his most fake smile of enthusiasm, feeling, if he was honest, more than a little discomfited by the attention the girl’s eyes were paying him.

Eyes, his deep seated sense of paranoia suggested to him, that really did seem as if they *knew* something.
Shrugging the feeling off, he tried to concentrate on what his ludicrously preening boss – even if was a man he liked and respected – had been saying as his paranoia had run amok:

“…that’s why I thought the quickest way to get her up-to-speed with what we’re about as a company would be to send her out on the road with our number-one-man for a day. This way she’ll get a grounding in how we like to interact with our clients and, also, see at first-hand the tricks you use to boost those expenses.”

The girl laughed at this lame attempt at humour and Martin tried to do the same.

All the while as a sense of impending doom ate away at his vitals.

And with such insistency no amount of telling himself he was being ridiculous could get it to stop.

Three

September – Martin & Ai Lao

"So Ai Lao," said Martin as they drove out of the company car-park gates, still telling himself he was being over-sensitive and trying to make conversation, even as inner warning-bells all but made speech impossible. "Why a small West Country firm? I've heard of Lomax Industries and they're pretty heavy-hitters in the worldwide world of medical supplies. Won't it stunt your growth a bit to come from them to us? I mean, don't get me wrong. This is a great little company and, as Martin said, you'll be a great addition to the team. But…"

"But the company is still a tiny provincial operation when compared to the one I left and you're wondering if I was pushed rather than jumped?" she finished for him as he asked himself if he found her accented English charming or grating.

A more prosaic answer, though he was not to know it at this time, would be supplied to him later, and it would be emphatically different to the response that was tending to side with the former.

About to lie, he thought better of it for some reason:

"It did occur to me, Ai Lao," he told her, pulling the Audi onto the dual-carriageway that would eventually lead them to Truro and the first of the day's appointments.

There was no response from her and around four miles passed before another word was spoken. A silence, along with his aforementioned paranoia, that made Martin feel uneasy in the extreme as he tried to think of something light to say that would correct the offense he had obviously given the young woman. His job being in sales, he wasn't normally reticent with strangers and usually found no trouble in striking up conversation – even if he was necessarily circumspect about what personal information he divulged – but with Ai Lao, somehow, he found himself all but tongue-tied and it was an effort to force himself to speak:

"One's thing for sure," he began, forcing his tone to express a lightness he himself didn't feel, "you certainly made an impact on old Vince."

The hint of a small smile at the corner of her full and decidedly plumpish lips encouraged him somewhat and, once again, he felt a tenting at his groin that assured him there was one part of his body his paranoia hadn't polluted yet.

Still she said nothing, though, and his mind began to wander – even as his cock remained rock hard. He had spent the past four years steering clear of personal relationships, except those of the few and far between and most meaningless physical kind with hitch-hikers and women he met on his travels. Knowing as he did that the intimacy of anything remotely long-term would lead to a need to explain something of his past and compel him to lie. Knowing also that there was little point to a relation if, right from the beginning, it was based on dishonesty. At least on his part.

And now, despite his paranoia in regard of her, he had a young woman in the passenger-seat who not only *wasn't* a hitch-hiker but seemed to act upon his libido in the way of phosphorus granted access to oxygen.

He wanted this young woman of Chinese origins in the worst of ways.

And it was his misfortune that, rather than be some anonymous hiker or stranger, she was going to be working for the same company.

As she filled her time with the usual and irritating texting on her iPhone, and after several abortive attempts to break the ice with meaningless chatter about the weather and the like, Martin thought he would take a more direct approach:

"How did the boyfriend take it when you left London to take a job down here?" he asked, recognising his question for the totally unsophisticated fishing it was the moment the question left his mouth? "Or did he follow you down?" he asked immediately by way of damage limitation.

Ai Lao turned to him unblinkingly and unsmilingly:

"My *'boyfriend'*, as you call him, did not follow me here for one very good reason."

Martin waited.

"That reason being the fact he did not, and does not, exist."

He tried to keep a pleased smile from creasing his features.

"I find it hard to believe a young woman as attractive as you would find it hard to find a boyfriend, Ai Lao," he offered, not unaware that he was beginning to sound equally as smitten and just as pathetic as poor Vince earlier.

"Are you saying you would like to fill the position?" she asked, expression utterly inscrutable and leaving him undecided as to whether she was playing with him or not; her accented and anything but warm speaking voice playing upon his senses with a sensuous force he had neither experienced nor understood before.

"P-Please, Ai Lao! Don't get the wrong impression. I was just making conversation."

He forced a chuckle:

"I'm almost old enough to be your father," he told her, aware just the same that not many fathers' would be ogling the nylon-clad thighs of the daughter next to him as they drove.

"Not almost," she came in firmly. "You *are* old enough. More to the point, I have always preferred the older man. So, if you were thinking of applying for the position, there is no need to allow your age to prevent you."

His thoughts went into a tail-spin at her plain-speaking and, later, he would have no idea of negotiating the miles left between the dual-carriageway and Truro. Was she mocking his obvious attraction to her? Or could it be that his attraction to her was matched in the opposite direction?

He was still, he had been told frequently enough, a good-looking man.

So why not?

Even if that were the case, however, a dilemma remained to him.

The same dilemma that had prevented him getting involved in a relationship for the past four years.

“I must warn you in advance that I am not at all like the perception most European men have of women from my part of the world. I have been in England five years now and have met my share of boys and men who expect me to be both obliging and submissive.”

He felt her gaze upon him as he absorbed what she was telling him.

“*That*,” she went on with heavy emphasis, is not me at all.”

“Let’s grab a drink before we see the first client,” he said by way of a subject change, pulling in to a petrol station with a Costa Coffee attached.

She nodded.

“That would be good,” she said without looking at him, swivelling her hose clad legs out of the door she had just opened. “My bladder requires emptying.”

Martin's mind was racing as they left Audi and headed toward the Costa.

Her *“bladder requires emptying”*?

Why did the imagery such words suggested to his imagination make walking just that little more… *uncomfortable?*

His heart was pounding as he followed young Ai Lao into the coffee-shop; unable to take his eyes from the perfect oval of the girl’s derriere as she made her way to the facilities.

It was the first opportunity Martin had been given to observe the full magnificence of his companion.

The grey jacket that had been obscuring her chest had been removed in the car and she had not bothered to replace it; so he knew from the glimpses he’d sneaked of her that the breasts he had described as perky were full and firm enough beneath a tight-fitting navy top that seemed to restrain them with difficulty.

Sneaked glimpses that had led to more than one fantasy-blurred image during their ride.

Consequently, so engrossed was he with the rear view of those slightly bowed legs in their hose and the sway of that oval arse below an hour-glass waist as it broadened out into a riveting chest and the feline features above, that he almost followed her into the ladies' facilities, and only a last second change of direction saved him even more blushes.

Later, as Martin sat across from her, erection showing no sign of waning and grateful for the table between them that concealed it, his strange excitement in the girl's presence was tinged with the fear of his paranoia.

Something about the way she looked at him, studied him, seemed somehow… *off*.

As the two sat in an uncomfortable silence – on his part, anyway - Martin did his best to quell both his paranoia and the sense of sexual arousal her presence opposite him inspired.

The words she used to break the silence between them quelling the latter but launching the former skywards; though it took a few seconds for their full force to compute with him:

"Were you checking out my arse and legs when we came in from the car, Terry?"

Straight away he felt his cheeks reddening, embarrassed that his scrutiny of her had been so obvious and humiliated more at being made to blush in such a way by someone so many years his junior.

Considerations that became near meaningless when he thought about what she had just said.

She had called him… *Terry!*

"I… I'm sorry?" he stammered.

Then, leaning in in a way that might have been taken as menacing by anyone unfamiliar with his basically gentle and caring temperament:

"What did you call me?"

The expression she threw his way was, frankly, chilling, and he realised that virtually for the first time since he had met her his cock had receded to its normal dimensions.

"I called you by your real name, MR TERRY KIERNAN," she replied, totally unfazed by the sharpness he had injected into his tone.

Four

September – Ai Lao & Martin

"You are *Terry* Kiernan, and there is no point your denying it," she told him when he did not respond. "Unless you would prefer me to call the authorities and have you prove it."

Martin – *Terry* – Kiernan's worst fear over the four years since he had first taken off and effectively become his missing brother had just been realised. He had visualised many ways in which his new life could be undermined: something that brought him to the attention of the Police and his subsequent fingerprinting always top of his worry list; but not once had he fretted over the possibility that a young woman of Chinese descent might join the company and blow his carefully concocted fiction out of the water.

"Who…? Who are you?" he asked when his heartbeat had returned to something like normal. "What do you want?"

Her youthful laughter was not pleasing to him.

"Unlike you, *Mr Martin Kiernan*, I am exactly who I say I am. A young woman of Chinese extraction who decided to join her step-mother when she inherited the house in St Ives left her by the English businessman whose London housekeeper she had been for the past seven years.

She answered his puzzlement:

"After the death of my natural father in China," she added.

He felt no better for it.

"A house in London," she continued. "Right on the edge of Wandsworth Common, you yourself might remember, Terry – or shall I go on calling you *'Martin'*?"

Her smile was really no smile at all.

"Let's make it, Martin, for now, shall we?"

As with the smile, the question was no question at all either.

If she wanted to call him anything, she could and he would be unable to stop her.

And they both knew it.

His memory suddenly kicked in and he recalled the Chinese woman who had come into the neighbourhood shortly before he had been wrongly convicted, and was still there after he had been released from open-prison and taken up residence in the over-priced

and rented one-bedroom-flat at the top of a converted Victorian house. They had actually passed hellos to each other in passing and he remembered thinking she seemed somewhat buxom and sturdily built to other women of her race he had seen. Though beyond that he had no real recall of her.

And nor did he want any!

He did *not* recall her having a daughter, though he did remember the elderly businessman himself and the envy he felt that he could afford to keep the four-storey property at the end of their cul-de-sac rather than be forced to have it developed in the way of other cash-strapped owners in the area.

"I… I remember seeing your stepmother out and about and saying hello," he told her finally, finding it difficult to meet her eyes. "But I…"

"Do not remember me," she came in, accented English spoken with all the preciseness and lack of contractions one might expect from a diligent Foreign student who had taken her lessons seriously and not allowed exposure to short-cuts and lazy local usage to infect them.

He nodded, feeling the bottom falling out of his world as his espresso cooled on the table before him.

"I was fifteen and still at school when you returned from prison," she told him. "So it is no surprise that you do not recall me. Though you may be surprised to learn the name of the school I attended."

She had no need to tell him.

And she was wrong.

He wasn't at all surprised when she saw fit to speak that school's name.

"You were the subject on everyone's lips at St Philomena's when you returned," she went on. "Nobody seemed able to understand why you would return to a place that been so… *shaming*… for you."

Suddenly, it felt as if all his energy had worked its way out from between his toes and he gave a huge sigh and all but deflated on the hard and arm-less chair. The last four years, it seemed, had been for nothing. Fate, as he had hoped, had not been finished with him and sent the message telling him as much in the form of a young Chinese woman to, at first, enflame him, and then unmask him.

Not for the first time, he began to give credence to the possibility of sins from a previous and unknown existence catching up with him. Knowing that if the misery he was being put through in the present was any guide, then whatever offence he'd given had to be pretty bad. Horrendous, perhaps.

He also asked himself just why he *had* returned to the place that had been the family home of his parents as well as that of his with Melanie and the children, and wondered

if he really could have been so naïve to expect the people who had known him most of his life to be more supportive.

He had been and *they* hadn't.

He naïve; they unsupportive.

And spectacularly so, if the contemptuous expressions and studied silence aimed his way spoke truly.

"Not to boost your ego," she told him, precisely spoken words breaking into his thoughts, "but you were something of a fantasy figure to all the girls who attended the school and lived in the area."

"Tell me something I don't know," he thought to himself ruefully, aware he would be totally happy *never* to have seen a pupil of that school in his life.

Her included.

Effect on his libido or not.

"You would pass the school at certain times to get to your shift at the hospital," she went on, "and there would always be some girls at the window to watch you pass until the teachers ordered them away."

He remembered the former pupil and one-time babysitter for his wife and their kids saying pretty much the same in the courtroom.

Much good it did him.

Even if both he and his barrister thought her obvious infatuation under cross-examination would give the jury pause for thought as to her integrity.

It had not.

On the contrary, it seemed to underline for them the deceitful and vindictive girl's… *honesty*.

The admission had not helped at all and he wondered now, again not for the first time, if he would have been better off simply giving in to her on *that* occasion; his thoughts, as ever, capable of focusing on only the one thing when the memory of her entering his bathroom as he showered came to the fore.

Melanie had been in Folkestone for the weekend at her parent's house, by way of a break from a week's mothering, and had arranged for the girl – he still found it hard to think of her by name – to babysit the girls and spend the night while he did his evening shift at the hospital. His shift started at nine-pm and he had put the girls to bed with their usual night-time story before readying himself for the night ahead. Which is when she must have come upstairs and slipped into the en-suite.

To what he *knew* was his credit – and seemed unable to get anyone else to acknowledge – he had been totally unaroused by the attractive sixteen-year-old who draped herself around him as he stood stock-still with shock at the feel of her, admittedly firm and nubile, body against his.

His removal of her from the bathroom had been firm but, solicitous of such a young woman's feelings as he was, caring. She was an adolescent still and he was well aware of the feelings budding hormones could provoke in the teenage breast. As well as elsewhere. Recalling his own insecurities at the same age, and ever mindful of people's feelings, he had been at pains to let her down gently.

And that had been his mistake.

Had he put on a robe and taken her downstairs to call her parents to come and pick her up, his whole nightmare just *might* have been prevented.

Might.

But he hadn't done that.

Instead, he had asked her to wait for him downstairs while he dressed and then they would talk.

A huge mistake.

Of course, she hadn't been there when he went down, but even then he hadn't allowed himself to think about the dangers inherent in spurning an infatuated adolescent's advances and how quickly that infatuation could turn to hatred and a need to strike back.

But then he'd had no reason to think the girl was unbalanced or even had such feelings for him up to that point.

It was not two hours later, after he had called the hospital to explain he had an emergency at home to take care of, that the Police called and his life went straight into instant flush.

"…I did not know Rochelle, very well," Ai Lao's clipped and precise words brought him back to the present as he winced at hearing the name. "She was a year ahead of me and something of a snob and social climber. But I was friendly with a number of girls who did know her intimately and they all knew that the accusation she made against you was untrue. She even admitted as much to one girl she thought of as her best friend. Before she fell out with her that is."

He was suddenly extremely angry:

"And none of them, you included, thought to mention this to your teachers or your parents?"

She was unfazed by the sudden violence of his reaction; youthful and feline oriental features regarding him with and utter calm that indicated she was in complete control and in no danger.

Something, knowing himself, he was certain of also.

“It was hearsay,” she told him. “And they – *we* - were young girls. I hardly think it would have altered your situation.”

“Maybe not,” he agreed. “The damage was done by that point. But maybe I’d have got some more support when I returned home if people had been aware of what Roche…”

He struggled to force the name past his lips.

“Of what… *Rochelle*… had said.”

Her eyes continued to hold his and, despite his anger, he felt himself stir under their… *power*… even as he tried to ignore their effect upon him.

“Who knows, a few of them might even have believed me!”

“The girls at St Philomena’s always did,” she assured him. “Especially the ones old enough like me to remember and dislike Rochelle.”

Deflated again suddenly, the energy supplied by his sudden outburst vanishing, he again deflated and slumped down upon his seat.

“And now we’re here together,” she told him, something in her tone sending a chill through him. Something… *predatory*, he thought. “You illegally pretending to be someone you’re not, and me… *knowing* it.”

For a moment, he considered just leaving her where she was and taking off. Returning to his flat above the carpet-shop, packing his things and leaving. Again.

What had he done that was so wrong, after all?

Apart from leaving Wandsworth without informing the authorities of his movements as a registered sex-offender – innocent of any sexual offence as he was.

Apart, also, from having revoked the agreement that had seen his sentence revoked and him allowed out under licence in the first place.

The above an offence that could see him sent back to prison to serve out the rest of his sentence – despite his disappearance having taken place over four years before.

“Is your cock still stiff beneath the table,” she asked suddenly, his surprise at hearing a young woman speak to him in such a way forcing his jaw down towards his chest; acknowledging at the same time that some perverse part of him was responding to the way she was driving their interaction with each other – excited by hearing one so young speak in such a graphic, if disturbing, way.

Luckily, there weren't too many people about and none in the near vicinity, so they weren't over heard.

"Your cock got hard the moment you walked into the office," she told him, her supreme confidence in what she was asserting defying him to deny the fact.

Martin could feel himself blushing, he was not used to speaking to young women about such things and her blunt and on the money assertions, coupled with her accented English usage, were working him up on any number of levels.

The overwhelming number of them, given his past history, being negative.

"No need to be embarrassed, *Martin*," she told him. "I like it that you get excited around your new Chinese… *colleague*. If you must know, my pussy is all tingly and wet from knowing that you are all hard inside your trousers just from sitting across from me."

She paused and the look she gave him was unmistakably one of… *power*.

"Despite the fact you are terrified of how I might use the knowledge I have concerning you."

When he was unable to find a reply, she dabbed at those plump lips with a napkin before rising and taking up her bag.

"But that is a conversation for later. Right now we have a client to meet."

And without another word to him she had turned to the exit, fully expectant that he would follow.

Which, not a few seconds later, and feeling sick-at-heart, he did.

Five

September – Ai Lo & Martin

Suddenly, and without warning, Ai Lao took hold of Martin's hand and placed it on her pantyhosed thigh. Their business day was concluded and she had been nothing if not professional and attentive as he had forced himself through the introductions and other matters related to his work. But now, back in his Audi, she was not so professional.

Her action and the contact of his warm hand with the raspy fabric of her navy hose electrified him and he became erect on the instant…

"You like my legs. There is no need to even attempt to deny it."

It was a statement of fact, not a question, and, even had it been, a dry-mouth would have rendered him unable to supply an answer anyway as the sensation of having his hand upon her thigh took his thoughts back to first seeing her in Vince's office and the authoritative way she stood with hands on hips before his desk with the backs of her hosed legs on display.

"In fact, I think my handsome man likes most everything about Ai Lao," she broke into his thoughts.

This, apparently, was a question.

And he did not enjoy her use of the proprietorial *"my"*.

"Or is Mr *Terry* Kiernan going to tell Ai Lao she is wrong?"

Prick still swelling from such intimate contact with a *live* woman; rather than the Internet variety he had used as masturbation material these past four years and more; Martin lost it and slid his hand from Ai Lao's thighs to the prize between her legs. He was greeted by a heat that matched his own. And an encouraging dampness that helped tone down his understandable anxiety over her knowledge of his identity.

It did not tone it down for long.

As Martin caressed and squeezed the tightly the sopping gusset of her panties and prepared to insert a hand inside the fabric to reach the prized, Ai Lao took hold of his wrist and yanked it away.

"How dare you?"

He was stunned, wondering if history was about to repeat itself – even if it was with a woman in her early-twenties rather than a love-struck and vengefully deceitful schoolgirl.

"But, I thought…?"

“But nothing!” she snarled. “YOU do not make advances to ME.”

Not knowing what to say or do, Martin sat back in his seat and waited, thoughts a riot of, mostly, terrifying ramifications.

“What do you think would happen if I reported you for this?” she said, voice back to normal, though the intent at back of it was unmistakable.

His stomach flip-flopped.

“But…? Ai Lao, you were the one who put my hand on your…”

The slap that rocked his head to the side was not so much painful as startling.

Revealing as it was on the subject of her confidence.

The confidence that he would allow it without retaliation of any kind, that is.

“I have not yet decided what I am going to do about you,” she told him. “But if you ever lay a hand upon me again without my permission, or even speak out of turn, I will inform both your boss and the authorities that you are not the man you say you are. Understand?”

Martin – *Terry* – Kiernan was numb as it came home to him just how much power her knowledge of his real identity gave her over him. The life he had built since leaving London – as cloistered and restrained as it was – would be gone in a flash. And so would his liberty.

Automaton-like, still stunned that she felt secure enough to lay hands upon him – he nodded at her.

“Do not nod at me like some dumb animal,” she snapped. “Show Ai Lao your respect and gratitude for her not calling and reporting you. A simple *‘Thank you, Ai Lao’* will be sufficient for now.”

When the words left his lips, not two seconds later, it felt as if an eternity had passed since Vince his boss had called him in to his office to introduce them.

An eternity that was still less than a working-day in duration and, yet, had managed to turn his life upon its head.

“If you want to touch me in the future you will have to ask or be given my permission,” he heard her words from a distance. “And you will also have to learn to touch me in a way of my choosing. Understand?”

He couldn’t look at her as he answered, ashamed at his easy acquiescence to her will and, worse, the fact that his cock remained about as hard as he could ever recall it being.

And yet, past the shame and unnatural excitement, he felt hopeful.

So far she had only threatened to give him away.

And the making of a threat, he knew, was made only when one had an agenda in mind.

“You may drive us back to the office now,” she told him grandly, in the manner of a young woman who had already accepted her coming coronation as queen.

Already taking direction from her as if she were his monarch, a frightened, if excited still, Martin Kiernan started the car and pointed it in the direction of Penzance as she lapsed into silence and they both took stock of their own, markedly different, thoughts. It was not until they were a couple of miles from Penzance itself that he was unable to contain himself any longer.

And his hesitant question to her, he knew, was not the one most people, or even himself, would have expected him to ask:

“Wh-What did you mean when you said I will have to learn to… You know?”

Her head turned to him, magnificent eyes in that cruel and feline face holding his own.

Questioningly.

“Y-You know?” he stammered on, moving his gaze to the passing Tarmacadam rather than have this young woman stare into his eyes in a way that made it seem as if she were looking into his very soul.

“About touching me?” she prompted.

He nodded and this time she did not reprimand him for answering in such a *“disrespectful”* way.

By way of an answer, and in a way that almost made him swerve the Audi into the trees lining their progress, Ai Lao reached over a hand placed it upon the swelling still tenting his trousers.

“Eyes on the road,” she said when his startled eyes found her, the instruction more a bark of command than a suggestion.

“What I meant, Martin,” she told him with her hand still in place, this as he tried to keep them straight on the thankfully empty road; “is that if you want to experience my young body that obviously excites you so much – and remain out of prison – you will need to start doing as I say from now on.”

His cock twitched in his pants by way of a subconscious answer he’d had no intention of giving.

“Good boy!” she praised him, giving his cock a thrilling little squeeze by way of a reward.

Going on then, referring to herself in the third-person more and more and obviously as excited by her close proximity to him as he was to hers.

Though from a different angle.

“Ai Lao has not thought everything through yet, but she is sure all will turn out satisfactorily.”

She gave his cock another squeeze that brought him to the verge of an explosion, so hair-trigger was he in her disturbing presence, then settle back into her seat with an inscrutable if no less disturbing smile as Martin realised he was getting a headache from all the excitement mixed with his own understandable anxiety.

Into the bargain, he wasn’t at all sure what she was saying to him.

But her next words he found terrifying.

“And I am sure my stepmother will have some sound advice for me on the subject.

Six

October – Martin & Ai Lao

He was incredulous. For three days since their first and eventful meeting, he had been on constant tenterhooks. On more than one occasion, he had been on the verge of simply packing and taking off.

And would have done so had it not been for her words when leaving him for the final time that day:

"I would advise you not to run away again," she told him, holding up her iPhone with a smug look of triumph. "A picture of you, along with your real name has been sent to my computer and I will have no hesitation in having you charged with assault and, perhaps, attempted murder if you disobey me on this."

Her eyes held his and he could see nothing to make him believe she would not follow through on her threat.

"As you are no doubt coming to understand," she told him with a mocking curl of her full lips, "I am a girl who likes things her own way. And, if I cannot have them…"

Her magnificent eyes hardened.

"Let us just say that I can be *every* bit as vengeful and deceitful as your former fan, Rochelle."

That had been three days ago and it was now the first weekend of October. Three days of barely acknowledging him at the workplace, either by word or by look. Increasing his fear and anxiety all the more now he had convinced himself she would have no qualms about doing what she said and having him returned to prison.

This time with a new sentence added to the old.

At work, she was efficiency personified and he could tell *"Vinnie"* was already smitten with her on a work and physical level.

And now she was here.

In his flat above the shop.

And looking none-too-impressed with her surroundings.

"What is it you want?" he asked after she had stepped straight past him when he had opened the door to her in the sweat-shirt and jogging pants he wore to flop around in; going upstairs as if it were her home and not his; there to stand waiting for him in the living-room on the laminate-flooring, in front of the glass table he used as a desk, hands on hips imperiously.

It was a Saturday, and she was dressed casually in figure-hugging dark leggings and a long and tight yellow tee-shirt, through which protruding nipples gave evidence she was both sexually excited and without a bra.

The erection he had felt stirring into life the moment he had opened the door to her did *not* lessen his sense of impending doom at her arrival.

A sense of onrushing disaster that was not dissipated as he followed what his frenzied thoughts described, nonetheless, as her *"magnificent arse"*.

She also did not mince words, and the confidence she already felt in her hold upon him was obvious.

By the time he was stood before her, praying she could not see the erection he felt tenting his jogging-pants; this as she regarded him as if he were the unwelcome caller and she the inconvenienced householder, taking her hands from her hips and folding them across and beneath those full and shapely breasts with the heat-seeking nipples; he was already completely wrong-footed.

"Obedience," she told him, in answer to his somewhat breathless question.

"Wh-What?"

Her smile was contemptuous:

"I do believe I hinted at it when last we spoke… *intimately*… Are you saying you are unfamiliar with the word? A man of your age? Would you like me to give it a definition?"

His stomach was in his boots with foreboding; even as his eyes continued to flicker glances towards the heat-seeking missiles protruding from her cheat; mouth dry as he sought to find words that might help him.

"Let us begin with the Oxford definition of its meaning," she told him, seating herself with that magnificent arse atop the glass of the table and holding his eyes with what, to him, seemed incredible confidence in her ability to… *manage*… him.

Interlocking her fingers and placing them upon her denim-clad thighs; expression replicating that of a stern teacher about to deliver a lesson to a backward pupil; she crossed her feet at the ankles and prepared to begin.

"How about this," she began, before hesitating.

For some reason, she hitched up the tee-shirt to reveal more of her legs in their dark and slightly transparent leggings – possibly, he thought, staring at the darker fabric of the leggings' gusset, to unbalance him even more.

As if *that* were even possible.

"*Compliance, with an order; or submission to the stronger will of another*."

He stared at her mocking face to see if there was even the slightest trace of a smile that might give him the hope she was joking.

There was none.

"Y-Yes," he said at last, coming to terms with her unexpected presence and trying to fight back the lust it inspired in him. "I know what the word means, but…"

"Then you will have no trouble understanding what I want from you," she spoke over him.

"On the contrary," he told her with a little heat of his own; never a natural victim by nature and allowing his anger to get the better of him – to *help* him; even if a little voice at the back of his head told him he could regret it. "I'm having great difficulty understanding you. Who in hell do you think are? Do you really think I'm so terrified of you I'll allow myself to be treated like crap in my own home? And by a girl young enough to be my own daughter?"

She remained silent, feline features impassive as he hissed his displeasure towards her.

"Is that who you are? Another Rochelle? Despite telling me you despised her? Using what you know for your own ends? Even though you've already told me you and your fellow pupils knew her accusations to be false? If she's bad what the hell does that make you? What do you want from me?"

Ai Lao was spectacularly undisturbed by his anger and he noticed no abatement in the arousal of the nipples springing from her incredibly erotic chest.

"So many questions," she tutted, aware of the direction of his eyes and what drew them. "Let us go through them one by one. Firstly, I would say it is plainly obvious I am not another Rochelle. Yes, I despised her. And yes, again, I have no problem with using what I know for my own ends."

She smirked:

"Be truthful with yourself. Had it been me in the bathroom of your former home when you were naked, and not Rochelle, do you really think you could have refused me? Two years younger than her though I am."

His eyes, despite his anger, took in the nipples seeking him out though the fabric of her tee.

"Look at yourself!" she went on. "Even angry you cannot control your cock's reaction to me."

Again the smirk:

"No. Your ex-wife and daughters could have been in the next room at the time and still you would have been unable to control your lust for the little Chinese girl."

His mouth went suddenly dry at the prospect she described and he could make no reply – even had he been in possession of one. She was speaking to him in the manner of one who regarded her control as absolute and a part of him could not but help at marvel at her sense of self-possession. She was, after all, a young Chinese girl barely out of her teens, and he a fully mature and adult man twice her age.

From where on earth, apart from the knowledge that gave her a certain amount of power over him; sprang her confidence.

"As for me being as bad as her…?" she went on; the smirk he was beginning to find insufferable still present. "I would have to say that I am far, far, worse."

The smirk became, finally, a smile – and a none too pleasant example of the facial contortion, as she finished:

"And far, far, far, more strong-willed."

Martin Kiernan – and quite literally – felt icy chills travel the length of his spine as her words and gaze held him prisoner; feeling suddenly as if the young Chinese woman were overmastering his will somehow.

And, worse, feeling his manhood respond positively to the prospect.

"As to the last of your questions," she began with a knowing look way beyond her years; almost as if she sensed his thoughts and the reaction to them at his groin. "I do believe I answered it once already."

Her eyes held his unblinkingly and he was the first to blink; averting his own to the side and the small Degas print of a woman bathing with which he had attempted to animate the blandness of the flat's painted walls.

"But it is not only *'obedience'* I want from you," she told him in a voice that seemed to enflame his already overheating senses, for some reason.

"We are going to have a… *relationship*… with each other."

His eyes returned to hers and the intensity waiting to greet him all but robbed him of breath. Did, in fact. Had he been dubious as to her seriousness and her ability to make good on her threats, the excitement beaming towards him from those wide Asiatic orbs would have convinced him otherwise.

"A *female-led* relationship," she finished.

No stranger to online sex-surfing – what other sexual diversions had been his for the past four-years, after all? – Martin was not unfamiliar with the term. Even if the less *natural"* outlets available to his imagination had yet to make an appeal. But he was surprised one so young would be au fait with such goings on – thinking, even as he thought it, that it was yet another indication of his obdurate naivety.

"I will be in *total* control of you," she said with a heavy emphasis on the *"total"*.

He could feel his heart pounding in his chest and was in no doubt she was serious.

"You…? You mean, you want some kind of Mistress and slave relationship, with me?" he asked, amazed at the way his treacherous cock twitched when he broached the subject; having not been aware of any such longings in himself to this point.

In answer, as if sensing his uncertainty, Ai Lao rose from the chair and stepped up to him; her young hand squeezing his rapidly expanding cock and causing him some discomfort to go with his strange new pleasure.

"Not quite," she told him, looking up into his eyes with full confidence in her ability to keep him subdued. "I do not like the word *'Mistress'*. I am no married man's sex-toy and nor will I ever be."

Martin Kiernan had to think, unsure what she was getting at and still not there when she herself told him:

"What I want – and what I *will* have – is a Master and servant relationship."

Her eyes became preoccupied as she thought about it, tiny Asiatic hand still squeezing his erection.

Then:

"Though I suppose, to all intents and purposes, I will regard you as my slave."

Again, she gave it some thought:

"Yes. You are right. I want you to be my slave. To do exactly what I say."

Her tiny hand stopped its squeezing and began to stroke his painfully excited cock through his jogging-pants and her voice when she spoke next had become sibilant, if no less controlling:

"Initially, because you know I can have you sent back to prison – and worse. But soon because you will want to of your own accord."

Something like doubt must have shown itself on his face, because her sibilance suddenly became harsh:

"You do not believe this. I can see it. A mature and handsome Englishman, obeying a little Chinese girl! How can that be?"

Her smile was as mocking as it was possessive and her nipples, amazingly, seemed about ready to launch themselves through the fabric struggling to contain them.

"But then how can it be that your cock becomes so hard just at looking at her?"

She was right, but her next words all but shocked his erection to flaccidity.

Almost.

“So do not pretend you do not understand why you are so easy for me to manipulate; or that you only allow me to do so because of my knowledge of your past; you weak and self-deceiving cunt.”

Hearing such a word erupt from those full lips, in its feline and almost archetypical Chinese face, seemed to shock him from his lustful response to her.

But only for a few moments.

The incongruity of the insulting word she just hurled up at him serving only to inflame his body’s reaction to her. The threat of Ai Lao revealing all to both his employer *and* the authorities retreating from the forefront of his mind. Replaced by a desperate need to fuck what his thoughts described to him as the *“little Chink bitch!”*.

That a part of him was also inexplicably turned-on at her insistence on being his *“Master”*, he was not so inclined to dwell upon.

“If you wish to stay out of prison *and* have access to my superior Chinese pussy,” she went on, “you are going to have to prove yourself worthy.”

“Are…? Are you serious?” he asked, finally finding his voice; knowing her answer even as he posed the question; a certain thrill from the thought of being in the power of Ai Lao – despite the fact she was still really no more than a girl barely out of her teens – running in tandem with his genuine outrage.

A *“thrill”*, if the urgency at his groin was a guide, that was far more powerful than its accompanying emotion.

“Look in my eyes and tell me what you think,” she said, staring up at him unblinkingly with what he knew was full confidence in her ability to dominate and overmaster him.

He tried valiantly to answer her stare with a confidence of his own.

And failed miserably.

“That is right,” she told him, hand stroking the bulge in his jogging-pants by way of a capitulation for his capitulation; minor though it was at this stage but knowing it was a telling indicator of what was about to develop between them. “You are my English coolie and, what is more, you know it as well as I.”

“Look, Ai Lao…”

The palm of her free hand slashed across his cheek and his eyes flashed back to her, as amazed as he was outraged that one such as her could lay hands upon him.

She stared up at him defiantly, his cock ignored as her hands went to her hips and she thrust back her shoulders, seeming to invite his retaliation.

“A young Chinese woman has just chastised you,” she told him, words chosen carefully and *very* deliberately, as if to goad him further. “What man would accept such treatment from one so young? Especially a handsome Englishman of your age.”

For just a second, it looked as if Martin Kiernan might just be contemplating action of some kind by way of retaliation; but she surprised herself by being totally unconcerned.

The man, though every bit as weak as she believed him, was not so lacking he would ever raise a hand to a woman.

He was, in short, a fool.

And grateful she was for that fact.

The men of the East she detested so much, would never – save for those perverts who got off on such treatment- allow a woman to disrespect them in such a way.

In any way.

Sure enough, and underlining her thoughts, he moved away from her towards the window and stood staring down at the high-street as the usual Saturday shops went about a normal weekend. Oblivious to the perverse little drama being played out above their heads.

“But then,” she went on, emboldened by his failure to retaliate and wishing to keep him angry and annoyed that she might cement further her growing control of him, “despite your looks and your age, you really aren’t very manly at all, are you?”

His head shook and she took a more… *caring*… tack:

“But do not take it to heart,” she told him in her over formal English. “Your Chinese Master is pleased by your lack of manliness.”

The hand she reached up with which to stroke the neck exposed by his sweat-shirt was suddenly taken in his and thrust away as he turned to her angrily.

Anger that did not remain for long when one denim-clad knee exploded into his still aroused genitalia.

As he doubled over in agony, the girl snatched a handful of his hair and prevented him from falling to his knees.

“How dare you touch me without permission,” she barked at him, pulling his head back that her free hand might make stinging contact with his already reddened cheeks. “If I favour you by touching your body I expect you to be grateful to your Madam Ai Lao.

Martin was in a state of some shock and, as he tried to force air into his lungs, and despite what had gone between them before, could hardly believe this was happening to him.

Taking shit?

In his own home?

Being verbally and physically abused by a young Chinese woman he could only assume was seriously *disturbed*?

Why was he allowing this to happen to him, his thoughts raged; despite knowing the answer already.

A two-pronged answer.

One:

He was genuinely terrified at the prospect of going back to prison – and for an even longer stretch of time than his first sentence if she made good on her threat of accusing him of physical held true.

Two:

A long-hidden corner of his unvisited psyche was actually responding to her treatment of him.

Big-time and dispiritingly.

The latter doing nothing for his already battered sense of manhood.

"From now on," she told him, retaining her grip upon his hair but allowing him to drop to his knees upon the carpet, face moving to within an inch of his and so close he could smell her scented breath upon his face, "I expect you to address me as Madam Ai Lao."

She released his hair and reseated herself behind his desk, crossing her legs and swinging a foot in its low-heeled sandal before his eyes; noting that, even in his humiliated condition, his eyes could not help but follow the progress of her prettily painted pink nails.

"At all times," she finished, tone leaving him in no doubt she was serious.

The look he gave her was dislocated.

The look of one who was dealing with one too many revelations.

"And don't worry about having to do it at work," she smiled. "I had a word with my stepmother and we both agreed that you are wasted there."

As he stared at her as if she had just beamed down from a Klingon warship, she spread her legs wide and pointed to her gusset; knowing from her own wetness beneath that he would surely be able to smell her arousal, even from his position on his knees, recovering from the knee she had just delivered to his balls.

He looked, she told herself, arousal growing… *delicious*.

Deliciously submissive!

Not having expected to go so far with him, she took advantage of his inability to fight her to do just that:

"Crawl to your Madam Ai Lao now, and show her what a good boy you can be for her."

She saw the redness of anger and humiliation join the shock of having her treat him in such a way and the amazement he must be feeling that she could feel secure enough in her power over him to go so far as to physically chastise him.

But she saw something else also.

Something that; even if she did not fully understand its origins in him; served to consolidate her confidence in his regard still more.

As she saw the look of wonder on his handsome face as he went on all fours and began to crawl under the desk; his thoughts obviously surprised to be complying with her order even as his body set about doing so.

"Good boy," she gave praise, a hand going beneath the desk to ruffle his hair, appreciatively and demeaningly at one and the same time. "You will find Madam Ai Lao rewards good behaviour and will soon find wishing to please her comes naturally.

Staring straight down at her exquisite feet in the black heels and pointed toes, Martin Kiernan could only shake his head with wonder at the twist of fate that had brought him to such a position; marvelling as he did so that he could be hearing such words directed towards him.

And from one so young!

But far worse than being on the end of such puerile language, there was something else.

If he found her words and expectations so… *pathetic*… then why was he more sexually galvanised than at any time in his fortysomething years?

Her next degrading order did not lessen his excitement any either.

"Madam Ai Lao wants her new servant to place his nose against the nylon covering her pretty pussy and take great deep breaths."

Martin Kiernan was unsure what he found most horrifying:

That she had just described him as her… *servant*.

Or the fact his nose was already seeking out the gusset of her leggings without him being aware of having given it permission.

“There!” she said, young Chinese accented full of the triumph she felt for her control of the handsome Englishman beneath the desk; the hand that had been ruffling his hair now beginning to stroke it. “You see how much better things are for you when Madam Ai Lao is obeyed quickly.

She felt her already saturated young cunt flood further as she watched the man she was in the process of enslaving shake his head from side-to-side through the glass top of the table; the sensation as the tip of his nose brushed against her nylon covered labia all but taking her over the edge.

“The reason we are doing this,” she told him in a voice that would not have been out of place from a nursery school teacher to a skittish and reluctant prepubescent charge, “is that Madam Ai Lao wants her English coolie to be familiar with *all* her intimate smells.”

She paused to savour these early moments of conquest and smiled at the top of his head through the glass as it continued to shake imperceptibly.

Providing her with a version of delightful foreplay as it did so.

“Madam Ai Lao wants her handsome Englishman to be the very best servant he can be for her.”

She paused again to enjoy the tickling of his nose against her pussy.

Then:

“Big sniffs now. Just like the good obedient boy you intend to be for your young Chinese Master from now on.

Suddenly, numbed and shellshocked, Martin Kiernan did just as she asked. Close proximity to a real woman after so many years with nothing but a hand, a computer screen an imagination, seemed to render him totally pliable. The sword of his prison sentence that was waiting to be completed, and most likely extended, playing no part in his acquiescence to her demand as a womanly scent once again captivated his nostrils.

“Good boy,” she said, unconcerned with how ludicrous such praise of him from her young lips sounded. “Breathe deeply for a few minutes and then we can get you acquainted with my feet, my armpits, and my arse.”

Between her legs, so intoxicated and aroused was he, Martin Kiernan paid her demeaning praise no mind as he took in her scent and the cock she had applied a knee to not seconds before sprang to life with an urgency he could not recall experiencing before.

So great was his excitement that, when a few minutes later she ordered him to bury his nose in her left armpit and repeat his behaviour below, her words barely registered with him.

Though they would afterwards.

“That’s my good boy,” she said again. “Deep breaths now, the way you did with Master’s pussy. Then, once you have done the same with my arse, I am going to give you a taste of my delicious young feet.”

He groaned, it being all he could do not to whip his cock out and bring himself off with his nose buried in her hairless and earthily fragrant armpit.

But it was her next words that would give him pause for thought later when his state-of-rut stabilised and he was again capable of rationalising both action and dialogue:

“Then we can get off to meet my stepmother… She is simply dying to meet you again…”

Seven

November – Xu Lao & Martin

"That's a good boy," Xue Lao told Martin Kiernan as he groaned with pain. "I like to see myself respected by a man with a nice hard cock."

She laughed:

"Even if it is prevented from becoming fully erect by the cage his Chinese Masters have locked around it."

The eyes of the former Chinese domestic-aide in her late forties, came up to meet his as he stood before her naked. An appearance before her that had swiftly become a morning ritual between them since he had taken up residence in her St Ives home. He would wake her daughter and help her with her toilette, before serving her breakfast and taking her briefcase to the car and opening the door deferentially that she might make the journey to Penzance. Then he would make his way upstairs to the Master-bedroom and wake Ai Lao's stepmother and Lady-of-the-House.

The relaxed and thoroughly in control Chinese woman crinkled her eyes with merriment as she considered that there could not be many women of her race – of *any* race – who were awakened to the tongue of a handsome and obedient Englishman as he knelt naked upon the mattress as instructed.

It was simply too… *empowering*.

"Delightful", went without saying.

Now, seated upon the edge of the bed, her strong legs spread that he might stand between them, nipples hard beneath a mandarin-coloured peignoir hitched above her still trim waist; she also gave thanks to the other Englishman in her life – though no longer with her – for whom she had worked. That and the fact he was essentially a reasonably wealthy loner without family or close friends who had rewarded her seven years of service to him – domestic and sexual – by leaving her both his home and his savings. A happy gift that would ensure she would never supply sexual or domestic service again.

Though she was certainly delighted to receive it.

And especially from such a man as Martin Kiernan.

"Did Madam Ai Lao get off to her work without a problem?" she asked, for no reason other than to hear the deferential reply they had schooled him to make to anything they might direct his way. A reply that, though obsequious in the extreme in the context of the day's liberal climate, would not have drawn much attention were it witnessed by strangers.

Not *too* much, anyway.

“Yes, Madam Xu Lao. Madam Ai Lao is on her way.”

“And did you prepare her a nice breakfast after she had bathed and you had towelled her dry?”

“Yes, Madam Xu Lao. Madam Ai Lao ate some cereal as usual and took it with fruit-juice and coffee.”

“That is a good boy,” she gave praise, her thoughts – delighted as they were with the progression – still professing amazement that between herself and her stepdaughter they could have so lowered this handsome and proud man in so short a space of time. The one-time father and husband, the same one she herself had lusted over from a distance during their time as near neighbours in Wandsworth, must have been terribly traumatised by his experiences, both in and out of prison, to have allowed himself to be taken so low – and with such speed. Not that she wasted any sympathy whatsoever upon him. Why should she after all? He was fed and cared for, and all he had to do to continue receiving this boon was to be entirely obedient, respectful, and deferential; be they alone or in rare company; with his two Chinese Masters.

“Are you not flattered that two superior Chinese ladies have chosen you as their servant?”

As she asked this, she noted how the breath caught in his throat as she slid the chain from her neck.

The thin silver chain that held the key to his cage.

It was all the motivation – had he required any in his newly subservient incarnation – to supply her the response he knew she expected.
Even if the croak that was his excited voice had a problem enunciating it.

“Y-Yes, Madam Xu Lao,” he croaked. “It is a great honour for me to serve two such distinguished ladies.”

Xu Lao smiled to herself, knowing as she did, and regardless of the weakness that had seen him succumb to such domestic and sexual servitude so swiftly, just how much such deference cost his manly pride.

“That is the correct answer,” she told him, reaching out a hand to cup his ringed scrotum in its palm; exulting in the way such contact all but took the strength from his legs as he stood with hands clasped behind him respectfully. The small gasp of pain as his cock attempted to engorge telling her just how desperate he was for the cock that was no longer his to control to be released from its imprisonment.

Not for the first time, she gave thanks to whichever genius had devised such a contraption while assuring herself the innovator in question was of her own land.

After all, had not most inventions originated in her beloved motherland?

Placing the key in the tiny but secure padlock locking ring to cage, she released the mechanism and slid the metal cage from his cock while leaving the ring in place around his full to bursting balls. It had been two weeks since she, with the help of Ai Lao and an ice-bucket, had locked him in his restraint, so the escape of air from his lips as his penis experienced freedom once again was completely understandable. What man used to accessing his own selfish pleasures as and when he wished would not have made such a sound after being denied so long, she told herself.

"What do you have to say?" she asked, injecting a little authority into her still heavily accented Chinese English, just as if she were a matron attempting to instil manners in her younger charge; this despite there only being a one-year difference in their respective ages.

One year that made him her elder.

For all the good it did him.

"Thank you, Madam Xu Lao," he rasped, the eagerness in him unmistakable.

Kneeling up on the mattress and staring down at him, she waited, a hand going between her legs as unblinking eyes watched him flinch beneath them as he remembered his lessons.

And the penalties for *not* observing them.

The bare-bottom beating he had received after previous forgetfulness all the motivation he needed to interpret the reason behind her hard-eyes.

"Your servant is most grateful," he finished in the way she had instructed him, the evidence of the cock that arrowed towards her own hardened nipples, despite his fear of having offended her, hardly required for her to know the extent of his need after his fortnight of denial.

"Did you respectfully sniff Madam Ai Lao's arsehole before she bathed… And in the way I instructed you?"

The question was superfluous, knowing as she did that he was already addicted to Ai Lao's cute little button and she had no need to remind him of the morning ritual required of him.

"Yes, Madam Xu Lao," he answered, the wonderment she could see on his features when first asked to confirm his demeaning service absent now; so conditioned was he becoming to obeisance of the kind.

The aforementioned swiftness of his fall to servitude only emphasising for her the weakness that must have been present inside him all along.

"I want you to lay flat upon your back," she told him – *ordered* him; amused at how speedily he obeyed her as she took in the still lean and lightly muscled frame of his fortysomething body.

Yet another indicator of the desperation for release driving him.

Stretching out a leg, the denuded pussy he had just striven so hard to please open to his gaze as he sprawled before her, she presented her foot to his lips, nails resplendent in the cherry varnish she'd had him apply only the morning before.

"I am going to milk you onto this," she explained, toes still hovering above his lips as she produced a patterned porcelain bowl from the bedside cabinet she had placed it atop before retiring with precisely this in mind.

Handing the bowl to him, she added her instructions:

"You are to make sure you do not come until you have my express permission and, when you do, that every last drop of your pathetic English semen is on that bowl. Understand?"

"Yes, Madam Xu Lao," he answered without hesitation, even eagerly it seemed. "Your servant understands."

"Good boy. Your Master is going to give her servant his release by using her feet," she told him, wiggling her cherry painted toes to emphasize the point. "Can her servant think of a way to thank her glorious feet for their generosity?"

The question, and the tone in which she delivered it, struck even her as risible. Which did not help explain why, after already having experienced a most delightful orgasm by courtesy of his servile tongue, she was as aroused as she was before he began serving her in such a way. The exercise of control, it seemed, and after so many years of pandering to domestic needs and desires of an English employer – even if his dying largesse were responsible for the life she enjoyed now – was impervious to any and all aspects others might find ridiculous.

The kiss her English coolie placed upon the underside of her big-toe, before repeating the act of gratitude and subservience with the rest, only served to cement her upon the throne of authority that was hers in regard of him.

"Yes. That is a very good boy," she sighed, all but on the verge of a crisis of her own - and following hot on the heels of her last. "Your Master is so very pleased with you and will have no hesitation in rewarding her servant again if he continues to make this kind of progress in his service to her."

Again, she wondered why such ridiculous language in respect of a handsome and adult English male did not fetch her to tears of mocking laughter – for herself as well as her white chattel.

And cared not a whit to know the answer.

That she, a Chinese woman from humble origins, was the mistress of a comfortable and fully paid for home on the Cornish coast of England and, into the bargain, the *"Master"* of an Englishman many women would desire for their own – even if, necessarily, she was required to share him with her stepdaughter – was enough.

Who cared if others might find what went on in their home laughable as well as morally dubious?

No woman in this house, that was for sure!

Suddenly, drawing a huge gasp from the man on the carpet, she placed her feet either side of his pulsating cock as it arrowed towards the bedroom ceiling.

“Oooh does that feel nice on my English slave’s cockie?”

She had been speaking rhetorically but, not entirely sure of this and, careful not to make her change her mind about rewarding his good behaviour, he was about to respond when she *shushed* him.

“Be a quiet little slave for Madam Xu Lao and enjoy what her feet can do for your little cock now,” she told him in hushed tones and demeaning words that served only to inflame his excitement.

“But remember,” she reminded him. “You are not to spurt your little boy stuff until Madam Xu Lao gives you her express permission to do so.”

Smiling at his nod of acknowledgement, and feeling strangely like a proud mother watching her son take his first tentative steps, Xu Lao set about delivering him his first orgasm in her house, and at *her* feet; knowing that Ai Lao would be disappointed she would neither be the first herself nor even included.

But then, this was *her* home, and her stepdaughter would just have to accept that this gave her precedence in such matters.

And, besides, Ai Lao would have plenty of opportunities of her own to play with their chattel in the years to come.

As the heat of her servant’s cock warmed the balls of her feet as they manipulated him towards his first release in a fortnight, Xu Lao smiled at the thought of what those years contained and just how friends and family from the old country would react when they visited England to find her living in such a home and in such a place.

And with her very own English manservant…

Eight

November – Martin & Xu Lao

Martin Kiernan held the bowl on his chest between both hands as the incredible sensations created by the balls of her feet washed over him. The cock being manipulated between these two unlikely satisfiers of male lust as hard as he could recall it being in his life, even in testosterone driven youth yet; even in his condition of high-excitement after a period of denial; a small corner of his rational mind could question whether his state of almost painful euphoria had been brought about by either that same denial, the humiliation he received on a daily basis, or a mixture of both.

He inclined towards the latter but, at this moment, he really wasn't too interested in the why and, as he neared detonation and her permission to explode, was more concerned with the how and the when, rather than some analysis and its accompanying evaluation.

Her accented tones cooed down to him from above and they, together with their owner's look of pure delight at having him in such a position, seemed only to stoke the furnace of his depraved and unmanly need.

Even as he tried to think other thoughts to prolong the ecstasy of her demeaning manipulation; before he spurted his seed and she locked him away again; he realised with certainty that it would not be long before his own point of no return was reached and – her permission or not – he would be sending his cum towards the ceiling and praying it landed upon the proffered bowl, rather than well-tended Chinese feet it was now his responsibility to maintain and, in her own words… *"cherish"*.

Those *"other thoughts"* necessarily leading to the events of the past few months and the advent of the woman's stepdaughter into his life.

Not to mention all the uncomfortable self-question that went hand-in-hand with his recollection.

Had he really succumbed so easily?

So swiftly?

Had he really agreed to meet her stepmother in St Ives without so much as raising a voice to object when a girl young enough to be his own offspring *demanded* he do so?

Doing so after the girl had turned up unannounced at his Penzance flat and overridden what he now saw as his pitiful objections and actually laying a hand on him before applying a knee to his balls when he dared take her to task.

Had he always been so… *weak?*

He recalled how she had insisted he kneel between her spread legs and place his nose to her nylon-clad pussy that he may *"take in my scent"*.

That and the sniffing of her armpits that followed and then, unthinkably – and more thrillingly than he could bring himself to admit at the time – her arse itself.

None of the above revolting him in the way he thought it might have had he been asked prior to the young Chinese woman's arrival in his life.

Quite the opposite.

And then, true to her word, and having already assessed him as a weak character who could refuse her nothing, actually making him remove her heels and slather over the smooth, and thankfully clean, skin of her feet.

Something he was required to do on a regular basis for the demonic young woman – and especially when she had returned from a day at the office and they were hot and sweaty under their hose and the dat-long attentions of her heels.

A service he had heard her tell Madam Xu Lao she found:

"Very soothing."

By the time he had arrived in St Ives to renew his former and fleeting acquaintance with the former housekeeper and menial who was her stepmother, he was already part-broken.

So much, in fact, that his inability to fight the older woman's suggestion that he leave his job and his flat to take up residence with them and take on the role she had taken with her late English benefactor and employer, had seen him ensconced in a tiny box-room at the end of the upstairs hall.

And with only the most minimal of threat from either.

It was barely a week later that the contraption designed to take further control from his own grasp arrived and his regular oral attentions to a young and fragrant Asian cunt – along with one that was not so fragrant but equally as desirable – began to be accompanied by the pain of his now thwarted erections.

Only two weeks of wearing it and already he was broken of all desire to fight his mental and genital captivity.

His thoughts of the recent past evaporated as the balls of her feet began to rise and fall with his captive erection between them. He could feel the hot lava of sperm boiling in his sac and he knew he could not last much longer.

"P-Please…" he gasped; not daring to cum without her express permission when he knew the penalty for his cock's disobedience would be an even more extended period in genital lock-up.

The rise and fall of her feet quickened.

"I… I can't last much longer," he cried piteously. "P-Please, Madam Xu Lao. Your… Your humble servant is begging you!"

Her laughter was both fond and evil, if such a thing can be imagined; this as her feet gave no sign of slowing.

"My, my! Our English coolie is a desperate little boy is he not?"

He groaned knowing he could not last any longer than it took her exquisitely tormenting feet to make another two or three rise and falls.

"As you have begged your Master so prettily," she said, pausing for just a beat to prolong his desperation as long as possible, Madam Xu Lao is going to allow you to place your filthy stuff in its bowl."

He was all but whining now.

Then:

"Do so now," she ordered.

The explosion of the mushroom-head was so spectacular the bowl he held angled above it was incapable of holding the amount of pent up sperm leaving him and to his horror, and in tandem with his sense of pure relief and euphoria, he felt a few drops land upon his stomach – praying as they landed that the overspill had somehow managed to avoid soiling her feet.

It hadn't.

"Well done, my good little boy," said the Chinese woman who was in reality a year his junior when his tremors subsided and he turned his head to one side upon the carpet; coming down from his high and unable to meet her eye after being fulfilled so humiliatingly. "You may look forward to many more such… *treats*… if you continue to improve in your service to myself and my lovely stepdaughter."

Martin Kiernan could not imagine feeling any more diminished as a man.

And yet…

Already he was contemplating the feel of her soft Chinese feet around the steel rod of his cock again.

What he heard next, however, soon changed all that.

"Now pass Madam Xu Lao your bowl that you may show her just how total to her is your commitment."

Bemused, he did as she ordered.

“As a way of showing her you accept her ownership and total authority,” she said, wide and implacable eyes staring into his, “Madam Xu Lao is going to add a little of her superior Chinese urine to your pitiful English semen.”

He felt his stomach begin to churn, orgasm forgotten as he waited upon her words while knowing they would deliver nothing he would find… *pleasing.*

She was not about to prove him wrong.

“Then, once you have mixed it together with your finger,” she told him, “you are going to show your Master your devotion to her by licking it all from your bowl.”

As instinct rolled him to his side and the contents of his stomach emptied themselves onto the bedroom’s beige carpet, Martin Kiernan was already assuring himself that this was a step too far and he would rather suffer prison than such an indignity.

Once again, however, and after she had made him clean his vomit from the carpet, bare feet applying kicks of motivation as he went about it, his assurance turned out to be no such thing…

Epilogue

December – Xu Lao & Ai Lao and Martin

Both European and native Chinese, going about their Christmas shopping in Beijing apm, also known as Xindong'an Plaza, gave mildly curious looks at the Chinese mother and daughter as they toured the stores looking for gifts for family and friends.

But it was not this commonplace and everyday piece of social commerce that engaged their attention, rather than the sight of the white European male who trailed behind them at a respectful five paces.

A white European male laden with bags and boxes and obviously struggling to keep up with the two animated women whose shopping he was carrying.

A white European male who looked and acted more like some kind of liveried flunkey from centuries past – even if that livery was of a more bland and functional contemporary nature.

That he was a handsome specimen of middle-years, despite his monochrome costume of plain and flat-heeled black shoes with trousers of the same shade and a collarless white shirt buttoned all the way up, made it all the more curious to the passers-by. For even with his head totally shaved and oiled to give the scalp a polished sheen, it was quite obvious he was at least the superior of the two women in the looks department; even if both older and younger were attractive and well-kept themselves. There was also a bearing and a certain indefinable something to the way he carried himself that made the deference he was showing to the two women whose shopping he held seem… *unnatural*.

As the women ahead of him turned into one of the designer shoes shop dotted about the mall, heels below hosed and slightly bowed legs clacking upon the cold tiles at its entrance, he turned to follow them.

And dropped a box as he did so; its contents spilling over the floor and provoking a burst of invective in Chinese from the older of the two women.

As people, mostly female shoppers, turned in the direction of the commotion, surprised by the venom of the words aimed at the man, their forward progress was halted completely when, without a care whether she was observed or not, the Chinese woman fetched the white European male a resounding slap before crouching down to restore the contents to the box and again tucking it under his chin that he might hold it securely.

But it was the one word in English, this as she made to re-enter the shop where the younger woman waited impatiently, that stunned those who understood its meaning and, more importantly, its relevance.

“Stay!”

The Chinese females watching experienced, as might be expected, a variety of unspoken reactions.

As the two women moved into the shop's interior and out of sight and the man remained with head bowed, unable to meet the stares – some sympathetic, some, mostly those from the few men around, contemptuous – activity returned to normal and the slapped and laden man became just another Christmas shopper to those who passed and were oblivious of what had just occurred.

However, had any of them taken the opportunity to observe the man named Martin Kiernan more closely, they would have been surprised to see the tears dropping from his eyes and trickling down towards his mouth.

Tears that were *not* explained by the physical pain of the slap he had just received from one of his Chinese Masters.

One of whom who, it could be said, had from the first time she had laid eyes upon him as an adult seen through him.

Right away… *she knew who he was...*

THE END