The Bondage of Eternity
(*The Property of Andrada Lupei*)

An infinity in HER service

By
Connor Kruse

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PROLOGUE



The man had to be crazed.

Why else would he be waiting upon his haunches in the way of a family pet awaiting the return of his owner?

After all, there were no chains or other tangible signs of restraint keeping him there in the hallway of *her* apartment.

What else could it but either mental imbalance, aberrance, or a mixture of both that not only made him adopt such a position but kept him in it also?

Yet anybody leaping to one or both of these highly understandable conclusions would have been surprised were they told they were wrong.

Spectacularly wrong.

For it neither madness nor aberrance that kept the man in place.

Had they looked closely, they would have seen the beaten eyes in his handsome and still distinguished face watering as the memory of the vibrant man he had once been dominated his thoughts and made his current situation all the harder to bear.

In fact, there were times when he wished he had no memory at all.

Which torment did not prevent him from seeking solace in the self-same memories he knew would ultimately result only in more pain.

In his forties, he who should have been at the peak of his physical and mental powers and enjoying the rewards a life of hard-work and shrewd business decisions had earned him.

Yet here he was, on his knees and naked, apart from a collar and the detested cage securing his genitals and lead fastened to that collar that rested in his mouth.

Naked and by the door in the hallway of an expensive Manhattan apartment with views across the park to the north as he awaited the return of the woman responsible for the train-crash that was now his life.

And not through any choice of his own.

On his haunches in the way of a canine, it was just as his thoughts returned to a picture of himself as he had been not so long ago, that Hilde, the barrel-shaped young woman his owner had brought over from Romania to run the home for her – with his help, of course; when he wasn't fulfilling his role of human-pet - entered from the kitchen and opened the door to her fellow Slav and employer as she returned from whatever business had required her leaving.

By the look of the bags he could see deposited outside, no doubt by Hall-Porter commandeered to help carry them, it had been a departure made for pleasure rather than business.

The man upon his haunches felt his muscles tense as longing and a familiar anger flowed through him at the sight of… *her*.

"There is my good boy!" she cooed in the perfect English inflected with her Eastern European ancestry, as he dropped the lead in his mouth and lowered his head to slobber – not kiss, but actually slobber, and just as he had been instructed – over her cherry red heels.

"I hope he has been a good boy for you, Hilde?" she asked hateful, the eyes in her ageless and severe face warning her pet of dire consequences should the opposite prove true.

"He knows better than to misbehave around me," sneered the short and sturdy girl yet to reach her twenties observed in even more thickly accented English, her fleshy yet still pretty features camouflaging the cess-pit of perversity and cruelty beneath.

Then as his still slobbering lips were pulled from his owner's shoes:

"He has been a most obedient little doggy and I am looking forward to you giving him a name to go on his pretty collar."

The woman in control of his lead had flicked back her raven-black hair then, and given it some thought.

Stygian and lustrous, it fell to her shoulders to frame the cruel yet compelling Slavic features with which he was both obsessed and repulsed.

Repulsed to the point of wishing her lasting physical harm… and worse!

A desire made all the more potent for his knowing he would never find the strength of will to even attempt such a thing.

She was dressed in a loose white blouse above tight-fitting pants that clung tenaciously to legs he grudgingly described to himself as shapely when his thoughts were his own, and utterly irresistible on those occasions when she allowed his tongue and his fingers to access them.

"I have given it some thought," she told the girl, "I think *'Câine'* is a perfectly good name. In fact, Hilde, I think you should take his collar with you tomorrow when shop and have it engraved."

"It will be a pleasure, Doamna Andrada," assured Hilde. "I shall have it done in the morning."

"Thank you, Hilde. Now if you would be so good as to fetch in my shopping, I find myself a little fatigued from the shops and need to have the obedient tongue of my pet relax me."

As the younger woman smiled knowingly, the woman known as Andrada Lupei turned on her heel towards the bedroom and tugged upon the lead.

"Come to heel, now, *Câine,*" she said using his new name for the first time, her face a picture of cruel pleasure as this once independent man quickly crawled to her and placed his nose by the spiked heel of one red-shoe to await her further orders.

"Good boy," she praised. "Now, crawl after me to the bedroom and use your nice doggy tongue to relax your master."

As the man once known as Craig Deerborne crawled behind the muscular and shapely legs of his owner to her bedroom, he once again asked himself how being treated in such a way could excite his lust as much as it could ignite his fury to a heat capable of incinerating ten Pompei's.

And to think that, not so long ago, it had all been so different…

ONE



The ill-conducted noises of the orchestra, led by the dumpy little bastion of self-love who was guest conductor - fresh from the Queen Mary via Southampton and, before that, Munich, where he had made his name as leader of the Bavarian Radio Orchestra - was still in the ears of the bewildered and less than enamoured aficionados of Haydn's later symphonies when the imposing and voluptuous body of Andrada Lupei made its way from the hall with a handsome man of noble bearing at her side.

The expression of this man in his forties not one of ease and pleasure exactly.

In fact, seemed to hold something of…

What…?

Concern?

Anxiety?

Fear?

It could have been all three, but that at least one of those troubling emotions was present would not have escaped the notice of anyone bothered enough and perceptive enough to take notice.

The smile of the woman named Andrada Lupei was the smile of a conqueror and her stygian hair, dark and Romany, only added gravitas to the unmissable sexual allure of her bearing. Even the faint lines around the sensual and lightly painted slit of her mouth spoke of strength and a powerful and potent sexual appetite to match it. She looked, in fact, exactly what she looked to be to those with the requisite astuteness to notice.

Which was, I hear you ask?

A woman who lived to exercise power over others and had been doing it long enough not to be gainsaid when her fancy was aroused.

A fancy, you must understand, that was not to hold political office or exert influence and sway over huge business interests.

No.

Her passion was to exercise *absolute* control over a fellow human-being until he - for it was nearly always a man who took that fancy – either died or she grew tired of him.

A reckoning to this point that was pretty much equal.

Fanciful nonsense, your writer hears you scoff.

Think again.

The handsome and wealthy financier at her side, whose name was Craig Deerborne was the latest of these unfortunate swains, though he was, of course, blissfully unaware of it – even if the first budding of suspicion may have explained the first tiny intimations of impending doom flitting across his chiselled features and smooth cheeks.

With the complete confidence born of an equal amount of self-possession, the woman nodded a response to greetings from those who thought they knew her but were, at very best, people she barely considered acquaintances. Though on this occasion she seemed to smile with some small warmth to a man in his mid-thirties whose attention was riveted upon her sensual and knowing face. The look upon his own one that suggested admiration and lust.

Suggested.

For those more positive responses seemed to go hand-in-hand with a desire to do her a lasting and perhaps mortal injury.

He would not be the first to have felt such emotions towards the Eastern European.

Just as Craig Deerborne was certain not to be the last.

The man, disregarding her silent salutation, continued to stare at Andrada Lupei with dual purpose; much in the way an unwilling celibate of some long-standing might stare at the passing demoness who held his manhood under her control, her face mocking and untouchable as she came within feet of the yearning and powerless grasp of one who had excited her early passion and then been found… *lacking*.

Not even, worthy, in fact, to be considered for the role of domestic chattel.

Andrada Lupei walked on through the rows of other concert-goers disappointed with the performance provided by the dumpy conductor shipped in from Bavaria; while her companion, who had missed none of the interplay between herself and the man he knew had once been more than just her lover – and a man with whom he was familiar - recalled certain rumours he had heard concerning Jeremy Ashton and his obsession with the woman now on his arm.

A passion, he thought, that was obviously not returned to the degree the Wall Street trader wished; though his lingering obsession for the Romanian seductress would not allow him even now to turn his eyes from her as she casually took herself away upon the arm of another man.

There had been a time , it was whispered, that she had secretly married him during their time in Paris and obtained a divorce not long after. But the matter was never cleared up and both preserved an obstinate silence on the subject. Though the reasons for their silence on the subject were at opposite poles to those of the other.

And so it was that Andrada Lupei continued to be an enigma in the social circles she preferred.

She had a kind of eerie and voluptuous beauty – though its provenance and any existing family remained utterly elusive to the journalists and gossip-mongers who fed on such mysteries.

She was never without money – though nobody could say with any certainty from where it appeared or how she came by it.

And she seemed to wield influence over any man who came within her orbit.

Any man.

And regardless of his sexual alignment – with no explanation given as to why these men; nearly always wealthy and powerful in their own right; would choose to be led by a woman of whom they knew nothing.

Andrada Lupei had wrecked more marriages than alcohol and seemed about as troubled to be the cause of such misery as the addict whose only thought is for her next fix.

In short, she fascinated and repelled at one and the same time and, consequently, had not a true intimate of either sex in her life – not that her peculiar emotional and world view had ever led her to desire one.

Unless, that is, one counted the Englishman in his early sixties who had shared her Manhattan apartment with her since their arrival on the continent. Just as he had shared her homes before now in Tuscany, Strasbourg, London and elsewhere.

A still distinguished, if stoic and close-lipped, Englishman who shared those homes not as a guest but as a servant.

A quite *extraordinary* servant.

The nature of his *service* to her we will come to shortly.

The cause of the rupture between her and the trader was a matter for surmise only and, even from his fledgling experiences of her as companion and – *amazingly* – lover, Craig Deerborne knew it would be useless to press her on the subject.

Dangerous even.

She had, he discovered early, and something that affronted his masculinity to confess, the facility to impart the most destabilising terror to those with whom she was displeased and he had been grateful – on the single occasion he had witnessed it - that it had been her English manservant who had been on the wrong end of this dubious gift.

It had not been an episode Craig Deerborne enjoyed.

In fact, he had left her apartment after seeing the treatment he had seen her mete out to the poor manservant – and for some error so trivial he was unable to recall it – and vowed never to return.

A vow made most solemnly at the time.

Until he found, and alarmingly, that he was unable to stay away.

Just the same, ferocious in the protection of her privacy or not, it was common knowledge that Jeremy Ashton was still utterly enamoured of her – almost to the point of self-harm, it was rumoured – and the spell under which he laboured was matched only by the hatred aimed her way that was obvious to all who saw him near her.

Though, strangely, no family, friend, or journalist had ever managed to wring a word from him on the subject of either their marriage to each other or his true feelings on her behalf.

In short, as is the way with the world, the almost complete absence of real knowledge regarding her served only to make the woman herself both a prized and a problem to crack.

And there had been many who had tried and failed.

The exotic connotations of Lupei's name and the connection a public hungry for sensation made with certain books and films from the past dealing with the subject of Vampires and werewolf's explained much when it came to the ongoing interest in her.

She could also, when she chose – witness Deerborne's inability to stay away from her - exercise an almost terrible fascination.

Her mind was as adroit, knowing, and as well-read, as any scholar. Her command of language of all kinds and place was simply staggering. In debate she was as agile and logical as she could sometimes the most gifted and persuasive sophistry – at least when the opponent facing her was a blowhard she enjoyed bringing around to her way of thinking; and even if the argument was with him or her.

Andrada Lupei's other worldly skills as a conversationalist were matched by a sense of style perfect for the body with which nature had equipped her.

Ah, yes…

The superstructure housing the impenetrable thoughts and emotions of Andrada Lupei.

The body!

A body that was both curvedly hour-glass and model svelte at the same time.

A body made for men to lust over, in fact.

It would be no exaggeration to state that the figure of Andrada Lupei had sent countless men into the consoling arms of Morpheus before their dreams had given her to them in ways leaving them dejected to the point of depression.

Or at least they were when they were roused from their slumbers and found their brief taste of a perverse sexual paradise had not been real and *never* would be.

Which deprived their libidinous slumbers of their power not one whit.

Her legs were of a kind that could never win their owner a niche in the world of the catwalk diva, yet carried more eroticism in their exaggerated and muscled calves than those same divas could call upon if their stick-thin bodies were showcased on a billion magazine covers.

The feet below those limbs were equally as lust inducing.

A tribute to her English factotum who lavished many hours of subservient care on them each week.

Rubbing, bathing, and removing the varnish from her nails before applying yet another meticulous coat in another shade.

In fact, a horrified and yet fascinated and unobserved Craig Deerborne had witnessed the man sucking the toes of his mistress into his warm mouth while she took her ease above him; occasionally reaching out a hand to give the still full hair of her factotum and pet a gentle and soothing stroke.

The above made all the more appalling – as well as incredibly erotic to the observer, Deerborne could do no more than admit to himself - when the man actually leaned into her demeaning caresses as if he were more obedient canine than independent man.

It would prove to be an observation not so far from the truth.

Andrada Lupei also loved music – hence their premature leave-taking of the plump Bavarian and the massacre of Haydn's symphonies – and the apartment was seldom without the strains of the baroque and classical strains in whose company she loved to relax.

From Geminiani and Corelli, to Haydn and the heaven-spawned genius that was Mozart, amongst others, there seemed no end to her love of musicality and harmony.

She was also knowledgeable on the subject of art and the copies upon the walls of her apartment were a virtual who's who of the great and even greater from the world of brush and easel.

So why, with all this going for her, was Craig Deerborne feeling queasy at the stomach as they reached her home and were shown inside by the ever-present flunky he knew only as *"Fellows"*?

The answer, he knew, being his hostess's intention to ask him to move in with her on a permanent basis.

An offer he was less than thrilled with, even as his cock twitched to the sight of her legs as she sprawled back upon a sofa and the waist-to-foot slit of her gown parted to reveal her powerful thighs with their smooth and unblemished skin under a slight golden tan.

The mocking smile that gauged his reaction – as well as that concealed beneath his suit trousers – not diminishing the sexual power ot the vision.

The fact he repeatedly told himself that this was *not* a woman to become involved with on a permanent basis seemed to have no influence with him – or at least not with the section of his brain in control of the penis that seemed forever hard when in her presence.

"I shall expect you to-morrow," he heard her say to him after Fellows had asked if he was needed further and been granted permission to retreat to the privacy of his own bed.

She was, as usual, utterly confident he would comply with her demands with as much readiness as her English manservant.

"But not until after luncheon," she went on to warn him.

Then, with a smile:

"You know how I need my sleep." she smiled.

The tone of her voice was both melodious and compelling, suggesting hidden depths and cadences that, no matter how often he heard them, seemed to place shackles about Deerborne's soul.

It had been the moment he dreaded and this independent and wealthy man, known for a certain ruthlessness in his own business dealings and for giving short-shrift to his enemies, found his voice trembling on the verge of an outright stammer as he spoke:

"I... I…"

"Yes?"

"I, hmm… I don't think…"

"Yes?" she said again, turning her eyes upon him in such a way he found it hard to meet them, voice becoming unmistakably… *harder*.

"It… It's just that…"

"Stop!" she ordered abruptly and stood to face him, the full force of her Slavic cheekbones above plump and sensual lips, hair now unleashed and flowing over her impeccable shoulders, stilling the breath in his lungs

Then, taking his hand and pressing it, almost as if she were imprinting her will upon his:

"No more nonsense. You will be here with your belongings tomorrow at lunchtime."

She led him, unresisting, to the door and opened it.

"Then," she went on, "we will discuss your role here and what your place will be in my home."

He was pushed through the door and, before he could turn back to remonstrate, the door was slammed shut upon him and he was alone…

*****

It was no surprise to Deerborne that, when he finally managed to sleep that night, he was plagued by dreams that were… *discomforting.*

Even if he would dismiss them not long after he came awake in the morning…

… He was in a courtyard in what appeared to be a hostelry like nothing to be found on the continent where he had spent his life until now.

Quaint and out of its time with chequered cloths covering the tables in the empty dining-room he was crossing.

"The Madame is waiting for you upstairs," came a voice to his side in a language with which he was not familiar but understood just the same.

When he reached the safety of his own startled skin once more, Deerborne saw a large woman he could not recall having seen before taking him in with heavy and – it seemed to him – hungry eyes.

Eyes that seemed hungry for him!

"Do not keep her waiting," the voice added. "She does not tolerate tardiness in her students."

As he wondered what on earth she was talking about and why she would mistake a man of his years and wealth for a student, a positively lewd and provocative tongue protruded from her mouth and ran itself over her thick lips.

The message was obvious and the prospect of making love to this barrel-shaped woman with her flaming red-hair filled him with horror.

"Up you go now," she shooed him as if he were a five-year-old keeping his teacher waiting. "And be careful to show your respect if you don't wish to have the hide tanned from you."

Strangely unable to speak, he found himself doing as he had been told and moving towards the stairs – even as his feet told him they did not wish to go.

Everything seemed wrong and, worse, he had no idea concerning the source of his discomfort.

It was as he reached the stairs that he felt a strange impulse reacting upon him, beginning in his head but translating itself to his body in a way that compelled instant obedience to its requests.

To his disbelief and horror, aware of his body's actions and unable to prevent them, he found himself dropping to all fours and crawling upwards to where the barrel-shaped woman had said he was expected; praying as he did so that the hostelry remained as empty as it appeared and he could avoid being seen in such a humiliating posture.

It was a prayer not to be granted.

"Why, if it is not Sclav Deerborne," came a voice above him, his startled eyes rising to see a pair of large and authoritative bare legs, the calves themselves the size of his own thighs and muscular in a way that… intimidated.

She was also completely naked.

"Perhaps, now though," she began, her voice equally as imposing as her legs and the superstructure with the pendulous and heavy breasts above it; the face gazing down at him it is now time to address you with a simple 'Sclav'."

She laughed at the look of what could only be described as terror upon his upturned face as he took in the monstrous yet shapely dimensions of her naked form.

"…Your Amantă has favoured me with the honour of teaching you what it means to serve a lady of her superior rank and breeding that you may know the true purpose of your life to come in her service."

With his head quite unable to maintain contact with the mockery he knew would await him upon the face of the monstrous woman, he lowered his gaze and found it resting upon a pair of the most stupendous yet still firm breasts he had thought it possible he could ever witness in the flesh.

The laughter bubbling forth from her lips at the way he stared at her grossly protruding nipples was full of unbridled joy for having him in such a position.

And it was to get worse.

For poor Deerborne, anyhow.

"Follow, Madame to her room now, Sclav," he heard. "It has been a long day and you must use your tongue to soothe Madame to sleep before we begin your real lessons in the morning.."

From his, frankly unbelievable, presence upon all-fours on the upstairs landing, Deerborne felt his stomach lurch at the import of the woman's words and wondered how such a prospect could pump blood to his already engorged manhood with such force.

Crawling to do her bidding without being aware of willing his body to do so, Deerborne entered the bedroom of this monstrous proprietress to find himself surrounded by all kinds of frills and excesses in the way of feminine décor and furnishings that seemed a total contradiction to the woman herself.

"Here, Deerborne! Come to Madame's hungry cunt that is thirsty for your attentions, my Sclav," came the demeaning call from the oversized bed itself.

He realised he was shaking with fear.

Up close, she looked even more intimidating.

And yet, while oversized and gargantuan, he could do no more than confess to his unwilling thoughts that she was in reality than an exact if caricatured replica of Venus herself.

And even more… alluring.

"Here, boy!" she called, patting the mattress between her thunderous thighs, commanding him as if he were a dog and not the powerful and vibrant man of business he knew himself to be.

Unable to do anything but obey, perspiration coating his forehead and running into his eyes as he made strenuous and superfluous efforts to regain possession of his own movements and actions, Deerborne found himself moving ever nearer to her feet as they dangled from the edge of the bed upon which she lounged back while resting her bulk upon her elbows. His humiliation was compounded by the, thanks to the fact he was still clothed, unseen erection she had prompted from him.

"Up, boy!" he heard as he reached her feet, eyes not inches from them and saved by her command from an inexplicable need to place his lips upon her toes in a show of fealty.

An inexplicable need that paled into insignificance when he made it to his haunches to be confronted by her spread legs and his first sighting of her shaved and still youthful looking pussy.

"Sniff, Madame," came the order.

In a condition, almost, of hypnotic trance, Deerborne did as he was commanded and felt the urgency at his groin become something almost painful as the scent of this woman entered his nostrils and he became familiar with her own distinctive scent.

"That is a nice, obedient, Sclav," came damning praise from the smug lips at her uppermost reaches. "Madame smells good, no?"

Amazingly, Deerborne found himself nodding and his concurrence fetched a giggle that was almost girlish from the gargantuan goddess commanding his obedience.

"Good boy!" he heard alongside of the air filling his nostrils as he sniffed in large drafts of the air scented with her distinctive perfume. "We will soon have you to the standard of service and devotion required by your Amantă."

The commands that sent his senses into sensuous overdrive came shortly after and was delivered with the utter confidence born of the assurance of another's obedience:

"Lick…! And then suck!"

Two



It was around the midday following the morning from which he had awakened – in sheets wet with his own nocturnal emissions – from his dream, that Craig Deerborne found himself parked beneath the building of a stately apartment house overlooking the park that contained the home of Andrada Lupei.

He had left from the south-side of that same park an hour before with, to his amazement and a growing sense of foreboding, two suitcases packed with the clothes he would require for a long stay and a message for the concierge of the building holding his own plush and airy.

Amazement, because throughout a night of fitful sleep he had promised himself to end his association with the Lupei woman despite the sometimes overwhelming lust he felt for her.

Foreboding, because the very first thing he had done when rising had been to start choosing and packing the clothes he would need for his stay in her home.

He was, it may be said truthfully, a disturbed man.

Surely he, tried telling himself, he should be happy that a woman of her quality desired him enough to invite him to live with her, knowing it would invite the usual condemnation from the usual small minds that must be heaped upon her head.

So why wasn't that the case?

Far from it, in fact.

And why, if his sober and logical mind was telling him to stay away from this woman, was he suddenly walking with his cases to the elevator-car in the underground garage that would take him up to Andrada Lupei's apartment?

A rush of fear that a woman could hold such power over him – and how – almost saw him turn back to the car.

Almost.

He had already half-turned to go back when the blood in his veins seemed to freeze.

“Stay!” commanded the voice with its Slavic English that could be as harsh as it was melodious if the mood took her. “Come to me.”

He stared about him wide-eyed, certain she was within feet of him.

The garage was completely empty of all but stationary cars awaiting their owners.

For a few seconds, he stood motionless, berating himself for his less than manly fears for a woman – even if she was a most remarkable example of the gender.

Had he become so timorous and unsure of her that he was now hearing her voice in his head?

A voice that was issuing him with commands?

And then, to his shock and some small horror, he again took up his cases and moved to the elevator.

Only this time, despite the war raging in his head, there was no turning back.

He was shown into the apartment by the waiting Fellows and led into the interior, something in the man’s regard of him not… *usual*.

Something an affronted Craig Deerborne soon recognised as…

Pity!

Inside the apartment a momentary silence had ensued as Fellows stared at him as if uncertain he should proceed.

Then:

“Amantă Andrada still sleeps,” the Englishman told him, looking agitated and undecided, as if he needed to disclose a great secret but was fearful of the cost to him if he did so.

Deerborne waited.

“The Amantă will not hear us while she sleeps, Mr Deerborne, so please listen to me while you can.”

Deerborne, after his experience in the garage and remembering the vividity of her voice in his head and the commands it had issued – commands he had acted upon - was by no means certain her servant was correct on the subject of their privacy but gave him the benefit of the doubt.

Even if he was still dismissive of his own doubts and was none too happy the man appeared to wish to make him a co-conspirator of sorts.

Being a man used to employing others himself he valued loyalty and – despite those above mentioned misgivings of his own – the possibility of its counterpart raised his hackles.

“You have something to say to me, Fellows?”

“You… You…” his eyes flashed anxiously to the corridor at the end of which could be seen the closed door to his *‘Amanta’s”* bedroom.

Collecting himself with an effort, the man’s voice lowered to something a semi-tone below a whisper.

“You must leave her, Mr Deerborne. Take yourself from her as if you were suffering the first symptoms of the Black Death and she the human version of Rattus Norvegicus intent upon fully infecting you.”

Deerborne was about to pooh-pooh him, perhaps even upbraid him for his disloyalty to his employer, when his own irrational fears and the way he had been behaving required him to think again.

“You will know joys of the physical kind beyond your comprehension in her service,” the man went on. “Of this I’m the living proof. But you will also be acquainted with the most soul-besmirching shame it is possible for a proud man to imagine as you receive them.”

Deerborne could only stare at this mature and still handsome man who appeared in complete command of his thoughts and in no way mentally unstable; though his next words indicated all was not as calm and collected beneath the surface as it appeared.

“I… I was not always the nervous wreck you see before you,” the man told him, his eyes taking on a wistful as well as distant look before returning to his theme.

This as the waiting Deerborne looked on, stunned to silence by the man’s unexpected outburst.

Nor was my occupation and station in life so… *humble*.

“Before I… Before I took… *her* …fancy, I was successful in my field and happily married to the sweetest woman you could imagine…”

His concentration wavered momentarily and Deerborne noticed the moistness of eyes that were on the verge of tears for his self-prompted trip down memory lane.

“The love of my life who had provided me with two adorable children I have not seen since… since…”

He broke off, the effort of describing his pain to another human soul too much for him.

“If you miss them so much,” Deerborne came in when the man’s pain and reflective silence became too much for him, “why don’t you…”

“Leave and return to them?” Fellows finished for him.

Deerborne nodded and found himself in receipt of a snort of rueful laughter.

“Yes. That would be the sensible thing to do, wouldn’t it. Always was and remains so now.”

“Then why…?”

Fellows pre-empted him again:

“Even if I could somehow find the strength to go against… *her*,” he said, with yet another glance towards the door at the end of passage where his female employer slumbered, “the wife who once loved me shares what she once felt for me with another, and the children who were babes-in-arms when I left to be with… *her* …have no recall of me.”

“You’re not the first married man to have buyer’s remorse, Deerborne remarked, though he did wonder how, if the man had been, as he appeared to be intimating, the lover of Andrada Lupei, he now found himself in the less than manly role of her flunky. The rueful laugh made a reappearance:

“Believe me, Mr Deerborne, any purchasing that took place between myself and *that* woman was not prompted by me.

“And yet here you are still,” Deerborne replied with no small sarcasm. “Surely, if things are as bad as you say and you despise your employer so much, wouldn’t you have been running for the door long ago?”

A dash of colour on the man’s distinctive cheekbones denoted anger, and it struck Deerborne that he had probably been a man with whom it was wise not to tangle at some time.

“Believe me, there are too many times to count when I have tried to leave. But it was useless. Once she marked me as her property, it was useless.

Deerborne looked at the man as if he had four-heads and one of them was green; yet at no time when he thought back to their conversation did he ever consider the man insane or at least mentally unstable.

Disturbed?

Yes.

A lunatic?

No.

“Really, Fellows,” he chided. “You are a man, not some stray mutt to be collared and marked a woman’s property. What on earth do you mean by: *‘She marked me?’”*

An expression of the utmost shame and misery almost Deerborne console the man as he considered how best to answer the question before deciding he’d rather not.

“Tell me,” Fellows asked, diverting the course of their discussion, if not its subject; “did you expect to be here today – and at just the time she *ordered* you to be here?”

“I don’t follow,” Deerborne lied, recalling how his body prepared for his arrival at her apartment seemingly without any help from its owner, uncomfortable with the suggestion his presence there was at Andrada Lupei’s command rather than her invitation.

“Exactly,” said the Englishman, taking both the denial and the lie as read. “She has you, and your thoughts on the matter – any matter - are beginning to become redundant. It’s why I approached you now while you are still in the early phases of her control – and especially while she sleeps and her influence is less… *pervasive*.

“If you act now and take yourself away – not just back to your home but somewhere considerably further away like Europe, Africa, or even Australia, you may have a chance of escaping the life of misery and humiliation you will find as her slave.”

“Would Antarctica not be more secure?” Deerborne mocked.

A look of helplessness suddenly dominated the face of the disturbed servitor and Deerborne chided himself for his sarcasm.

Misguided, and perhaps worse, the man was only trying to help in his somewhat hysterical way.

“A slave?”

Craig Deerborne?

And in fifties Manhattan?

No wonder the man was whispering, he thought. Andrada would surely fire him on the spot if she heard him spouting such drivel. And to a guest, no less!

“We must all follow the law of our own being,” the man told him mysteriously before Deerborne had a chance to say more on the subject of his outlandish fancies.

“Meaning what?” Deerborne asked, intrigued by the situation as much as a part of him was amused and dismissive.

Fellows was not daunted:

“Meaning that the laws of our own inner nature which are normally within our control are laws she can control for her own ends once she has had sufficient contact with a man of her choosing.”

He looked strangely wistful for a few moments.

“That man was once me,” he said, eyes peering off into some metaphysical distance. “But she tires of me. I am to be dispensed with and another must take my place. The identity of whom I surely have no need to tell you.”

Fellows drew himself up and the look upon his face was one of purest hatred:

“Run, Mr Deerborne, before her hold upon you is beyond remedy. Run as if the dogs of hell might catch your scent if you were to stop.”

“But Fellows, surely you exagger…?”

“She is a monster and no less a vampire because she does not require the commodity of blood… And I do not exaggerate in the slightest.”

Deerborne could not help the snort of derision prompted by this latest nonsense and his use of a word that conjured up an image of Bela Lugosi in evening suit with hair swept back as he prepared to sink his fangs into the neck of the latest ingenue to take his fancy.

“Take me if you need an example,” Fellows continued earnestly. “It was my belief that our mental and physical life together in the early days before I truly came to know her was as idyllic as it was beautiful.

“I do grant you that she is somewhat… *addictive*,” Deerborne conceded, mostly to humour the man until the woman herself roused herself and came to his rescue, though he was not all certain if he would or should repeat the thoughts expressed about her by the man.

“It’s common-knowledge that she is popular with men. But she can hardly be blamed if they develop feelings for her of a greater strength than those she holds for…”

“You are not listening, Mr Deerborne,” he was interrupted with some exasperation. “Even feeling about her as I did, I still withheld a part of myself from her and could not bring myself to dishonour my wife by cheating on her.”

“Isn’t that exactly what you were doing to her?”

The life seemed to go out of him and his shoulders sagged.

Then:

“To begin with, and only emotionally, yes.”

“Isn’t that betrayal enough?”

“More than enough,” the man conceded, with the most pained expression Deerborne could ever recall having seen on a human face to that point. “And when it became… *physical* …the guilt became almost more than I could bear. Had it not been for my growing infatuation with Andrada I would surely have confessed and thrown myself on my lovely Laura’s mercy.”

“And now, now that the dream of youth you and Andrada once shared together has passed – at least for her, and the only way you can remain in her life is as her manservant, you regret what you threw away,” Deerborne said with growing confidence he now knew where the man was coming from.

“You’re both right and completely wrong,” said with a shake of the head that looked pitying.

“You don’t regret it then?” asked Deerborne with evident scepticism.

Fellows shook his head.

“Not only can’t a minute pass without me feeling desolation for what I lost and can never have again,” he began, seeming to grow angrier – so angry, in fact, his language was becoming intemperate; “but nothing would give me greater fulfilment than to place my hands around the neck of the putrid bitch who sleeps so peacefully back there and squeeze until the light dies from her eyes and *never* returns.”

He took Deerborne by both elbows and dug his fingers into the flesh part of his forearms, as if to squeeze awareness of the situation into him.

“Believe me,” he went on. “I would be better without her, the world would be better without her, and, in the here and now, *you* will be better if you left and were never to set eyes upon her again.”

“But…?”

“Do you really think the decision to take myself from a wife I simply adored and the children who meant everything to me was one I could have made if I hadn’t been… *compelled* …to make it?”

Deerborne tried to puncture his self-delusion as kindly as his limited sympathy for what he saw as the man’s self-inflicted plight allowed:

“But, even if I were to believe that, how does it explain the fact you remain by Andrada’s side? And do so with hate for her in your heart?”

The man stared into Deerborne’s eyes and the sudden fire that had flowed from his own began to die as he recognised his efforts were useless.

“You have heard nothing of what I just told you.”

He sighed.

“But then, you can’t be blamed. I once stood where you stand and could not believe what had become of me until my life had been made a ruin. A ruin in which all that was good and wholesome in it had been sacrificed to Andrada’s… *hunger*.”

“Please, Fellows,” Deerborne responded calmly. “You are overwrought. You are suffering from a malady of some kind that makes your thoughts intemperate. Take your hands from me and calm yourself.”

“I shall, Mr Deerborne, and be assured I shall pray for your soul when comprehension, as it will, gains a foothold somewhere in your thoughts and you realise the small freedom of choice you have now is no longer available to you.”

Deerborne was a little miffed at this articulate and mature man, treating him in what his own elevated vanity perceived to be so patronising a way.

The affront allowed his own lofty superiority to surface:

“Comprehension can be hard to come by, Fellows. And especially if there’s an absence of reasoning in the explaining.”

The man allowed himself a tiny and fatalistic smile at the rebuke and shrugged.

“Then I apologise for not being persuasive enough and must leave you to your fate.”

“My fate?” Deerborne paraphrased, seeing the man more and more as unstable, yet incapable of dismissing him entirely. “What fate? I don't understand.”

A door was heard opening at the end of the passageway and Fellows turned upon Deerborne the most sorrowful look the handsome and self-assured man had ever seen aimed his way.

“I am afraid, Mr Deerborne, that understanding is something you are about to discover for yourself…”

*****

“Has Fellows been looking after you?” were her first words to him, the body beneath the gossamer and translucent fabric covering her taking the oxygen from his lungs and refusing to allow a replacement.

The erection that was instant and implacable mystified him as it always did and, once again, he wondered how his manhood could respond with such alacrity to her presence.

And no matter what she wore.

Or only just been told.

Both dazzled and at a loss, Deerborne's eyes fixated upon the bullet-hard nipples outlined against her flimsy robe; wondering if he should take her aside and tell her of the episode with her manservant.

He watched as she moved to the gramophone and placed a long-playing record upon the turntable.

Not seconds later the sounds of a Corelli concerto-grossi transformed the silence of the room and Deerborne decided to save his concerns for later.

"Baroque again," he chided, trying to regain his mental balance with light humour. "You were born out of time – around four centuries too late by my reckoning."

"You could not be more wrong on that score, my dear," she said, something knowing yet inscrutable in her smile of acknowledgement.

"On the music score, however, it is true that my taste begins and ends with those masters who practised their craft at that time, from the baroque of Corelli to the rococo of Haydn and on to the classical of Mozart."

"No good word for Ludwig Van?" he asked teasingly, already knowing the answer.

"Far too explosive for my tastes," she snorted.

Distaste was present upon her finely wrought and Slavic features as she added; as if she actually knew the genius of another ilk from her sainted "*Wolfie"* she was in the process of talking down:

"And such a dreadful man."

Deerborne had heard her thoughts on his own favourite composer before and, knowing he would make no headway with her prejudice, remained silent and allowed her to go on.

"…A creator's genius is twinned with his ability to absorb from life the elements essential to his particular art. Mozart possessed this ability in a pure way and at a level not seen either before or since. But his real genius was in knowing that creativity cannot stem from goodness alone. It is what attracts me to him and not to Beethoven."

Deerborne's sigh was long-suffering, having heard the same refrain many times and finding himself no nearer to being won over to her point-of-view.

"Where the portrayal of evil in the music of Mozart is as subtle as it is delightful, the same attempts by Beethoven seem, at best, thunderous and one-dimensional – though it is, I admit, all to taste."

Craig listened, as always entranced by the sound of Lupei's precise yet mellifluous voice; even when he disagreed with its sentiments or had heard them too many times to be seduced by their originality.

“Now,” she said, finished pontificating on the relative merits of the composers and seating herself in a way that displayed her incredible legs and added yet more iron to the pole filling Deerborne’s trousers, “I want you to tell me *exactly* what my servant was saying when I entered…”

THREE



Sunset followed sunset, night followed night.

Fledgling April gave way to pubescent May.

And Craig Deerborne found his manhood deserting him to the point where nothing mattered save to be in the presence of Andrada Lupei.

Had he not proved that to her – and to himself - by giving her power of attorney over ALL his affairs?

And against all advice from business advisers and those intimates he saw no longer when Andrada had expressed her desire he no longer fraternise with them.

“Poor Fellows believed I was a vampire” she offered, gazing down to where her new servant was blowing upon her toes to dry the purple varnish he had only just finished applying to her toes while she lounged above him in a diaphanous wrap that left nothing of her superbly full-bodied yet firm and svelte body to the imagination.

The music of Andrada Lupei's intonation above him he once found so interesting and compelling now captivated Deerborne even as he hated it – no matter the words it delivered. Her every utterance seemed to him as a voluptuous and measured cadence in which his senses lost themselves as it rose and fell; at one second as powerful and vibrant as the striking of a major chord, the next as soft, clear, and erotically tinkling as if she had become some kind of human wind-chime.

And, throughout his fixation with her, not for one moment did he forget that he was in the toils of something far more evil than it could ever be truly beautiful.

The words he heard this time, though – and one in particular - detracted from her powerful spell and a sudden shudder ran through him as if an icy hand had gripped his heart.

“Vampire.”

He wanted to cry out suddenly and the bedroom swam before his eyes. An image of the servant whose place he had unknowingly taken - though he knew now – formed before his eyes and he wondered to just *where*, exactly, had the mistress whose foot he was in the process of pedicuring sent him; this as an image of Andrada Lupei, holding court in a high and brooding Carpathian castle added more fuel to the fire of his imagination.

"Vampire!"

Had that not been the very word Fellows had used to describe her that lunchtime during his failed attempt to get him to leave?

It had.

"Really!" she scoffed. "The very thought of bathing in blood – let alone actually *drinking* it. Whoever encouraged that Irish theatre-manager and his second-rate imagination to write has much to answer for."

"You…? You've no belief in such things then?" he asked at her reference to Bram Stoker, peering up at her gorgeous form over the toes he was readying for the application of varnish.

She answered with a question of her own:

"I do not recall giving you my permission to speak, do you?" she asked, her voice a whiplash beneath the low strains of Alessandro Marcello's famous Oboe Concerto in D-Minor."

Knowing better by now than to compound his mistake, Deerborne simply lowered his head submissively in the way she had shown him rather than antagonise her further by speaking again.

"I will let it pass this once," he heard her say and wasn't sure what he felt most:

Relief.

Or shame that he felt it at the prospect of her… *punishing* …him.

"Still," she went on, "Micul meu Caine, now that you have spoken you can tell me if you believe in such beings as vampires, stakes through the heart and the drinking of blood."

Deerborne stared over her toes at her, at a loss. At one time the answer would have been instant and full of mocking sarcasm. Now he was not so sure.

"Well?" she said, impatient.

"I… I'm no longer sure, hmm, Amantă," he answered, unable to meet the mockery her own eyes had no problem delivering to his.

“I understand,” she nodded. You are a weak man but you are not totally stupid. How could you refuse to acknowledge the possibility of such things when what is happening between the two of us is so baffling an unexplainable to you? And especially when you are becoming so utterly obedient and servile to your superior Romanian Amantă.”

It jarred with him and hurt his pride no less that her observations were made from fact.

He *was* obedient to her.

He *was* forever trying to please her.

To the point, and just as she said, of being servile and fawning.

“You are obedient and servile to me, aren’t you?” she asked teasingly, toyingly, playing with him the way a cruel little girl plays with the defenceless mouse upon whom she is testing her female power.

Craig's lips were suddenly parched and this normally articulate man felt himself struggling to form a response.

“I… I…”

Andrada regarded him as a practitioner of vivisection might look upon a human subject she was considering experimenting upon.

“You seem curiously tongue-tied these days, boy,” she said amusedly, having taken to demeaning him further recently with the childish honorific and knowing how much he hated her use of it – even if he no longer seemed to have the will to take her to task for it.

“Is it because you are only now beginning to realise just how superior I am?”

He was upon his knees with a foot that was hers in his hand and this fact alone made disputing her claim difficult to the point of impossibility for him.

“You must not think, my dear boy, that your Amantă does not value your growing submission to her.”

Her eyes seemed to go faraway for a moment and he heard her mutter to herself as a slight smile played at the corners of her thick and sensuous lips.

“As it has been, so shall it always be.”

Craig Deerborne was too fixated on her use of the word *“submission”* to attempt an understand of her mutterings and the words of Fellows beginning to echo in his ears did not help:

“You must leave her, Mr Deerborne. Take yourself from her as if you were suffering the first symptoms of the Black Death and she the human version of Rattus Norvegicus intent upon fully infecting you.”

“There is little point in deluding yourself any longer. What point would there be in it?” she asked, almost as if she were aware of his thoughts, gazing down with a smile so triumphant it bordered evil.

“I have used my power-of-attorney to sell your home, your business interests, as well as cashing out your share portfolio. Of course, it is still in your one remaining bank-account but I am sure you will soon be asking me to place it in one of mine for safekeeping. Especially now that your business acquaintances and friends all know of your *‘nervous collapse’* and how it prevents you from acting in your own best interests.”

His inner thoughts raged at this and once again the words of her former manservant of so many years, the same former lover she had discarded as if he were no more unwanted kitchen waste, bounced off the walls of his skull.

“She is a monster and no less a vampire because she does not require the commodity of blood.”

There it was, that word again:

“Vampire.”

The voice of Fellows seemed to be standing directly alongside him.

“I shall pray for your soul when comprehension, as it will, gains a foothold somewhere in your thoughts and you realise the small freedom of choice you have now is no longer available to you.”

His thoughts returned to her words as she had described his moral and financial ruin:

“A nervous collapse!” his thoughts raged, knowing that, save in one respect, he was as mentally healthy as the next man.

What was the use of this term for the world as a whole, after all, other than as a euphemism for insanity?

Unfortunately, though, *“the next man* was not under the control of a woman who was as sadistic and malevolent as she was voluptuous and irresistibly erotic.

Even if he were to somehow reclaim his freedom from her, who would ever trust him with their business dealings again?

“Do not despair, my good boy,” Andrada cooed, reaching out to pet his hair as if the action alone would make the treatment he received at her hands – and feet – worth the loss of all that he had worked for and, increasingly, his very manhood and the sense of self-worth walking hand-in-hand with it.

“Your disorder may be incurable, but it is not without its rewards and you will never again have to worry about competing with all the other strong men.”

She wriggled the foot he held in his hands and he wondered if the attention she insisted he pay to them was one of these, so-called, benefits.

“From now on, the only thing that should occupy your thoughts is your Amantă and how best you may serve her.”

Her laughter tinkled into the bedroom over the Marcello.

“How else, after all, could a lowly man such as yourself have such intimate contact with a woman of my quality?”

Andrada's half-bantering, half-emphatic tone supplied Craig no ease.

“Or…” she went on, both voice and tone taking on a harder aspect, “are you saying you don’t enjoy serving the superior body of your owner?”

The first question had been rhetorical in nature but this one seemed to require a response from him.

Sure enough, as he looked to her – unbelievably – for guidance on such a trifle, it came:

“You have your Amantă’s permission to speak, my little *sclavul băiat*,” she told him in her own tongue, using words he knew now to mean “Slave-Boy”.

“He wanted to rage, to take her by the throat as he had heard Fellows describe:

“…nothing would give me greater fulfilment than to place my hands around the neck of the putrid bitch who sleeps so peacefully back there and squeeze until the light dies from her eyes and NEVER returns.”

So why wasn’t he, Craig Deerborne, doing just that?

The answer obvious even as his thoughts began to frame the question.

Fear of the consequences after what she did to him the last time he displeased her answered with accompanying images of himself laying across a low-stool in her bedroom as she took the sole of one expensive and just discarded shoe and made a war-zone of his exposed buttocks.

Deerborne winced as he recalled watching his own punishment in the mirrored wardrobe opposite and, even more disturbingly, the unholy light of received joy transforming her cruel Slavic features at having a man helpless below her and being able to inflict upon him any humiliation she chose.

“But *how?*” his mind had screamed, even as he howled with pain from the impact of thin leather sole with, it seemed, the paper thin skin of lily-white buttocks.

“How can you treat me like this?” I asked imploringly.

Then, more importantly:

"Why do you treat me like this?"

Her expression as she gazed down at him was half-amused and, to his disgust, half-aroused at both his position with her foot in his hand and the puppy dog look that seemed to be begging her not to hurt him.

The conversation they were about to have, and the questions he had just asked, were ones he felt sure she had been through many, many, times before.

"It pleases me," she told him suddenly, as if it would be enough in itself to not only account for the loss of his free will and all that he had worked for but make him feel better for their absence.

"You have no other possible explanation for me, save that it pleases you to ruin my life?" he asked, temper rising despite his fear of her.

"Do I require one?" she questioned in return, seeing the clouds of crimson gathering at his cheekbones and relishing the possibility he might forget himself and give her reason to… *correct* …him.

She allowed herself a smile.

After all, she had no reason to wait for him to slip to exercise her power over him.

What she did or did not do to her property was her decision to make.

And yet…

It just seemed so much more satisfying to punish him for breaking one of the many rules of hers he now laboured under.

It made her feel…

Righteous.

"Besides," she went on, feeling in a talkative vein and inclined to indulge her latest pet a little, "what point is there in explaining to you what you are not equipped to understand, let alone believe?"

To her surprise, he came back at her instantly and she had the same feeling about him that she once had about his predecessor when he had first taken her eye in London.

There was an undoubted strength to him.

Not enough to match her own – both physically and mentally – but more than enough to make him a servitor of some longevity.

Exactly after the way of Fellows.

“Given what you’ve made of my life,” he began, eyes staring into her own unblinkingly – one of the few victims she could recall being able to do so – the heel of her shapely foot still resting in the palm of his hand; “I understand you have something powerful enough to make men obey you – and obey you to the point of giving up all that they have. That being an extraordinary fact I can’t deny, why would I have trouble believing whatever explanation you decide to give?”

“Very well,” she sighed, as if she were granting the man whose life she had stripped from him a great favour. “I shall tell you a little of myself.”

Her smile was less indulgent than it was contemptuous.

Then:

“And to show much you appreciate your Amantă’s generosity, you will show her what a dutiful and obedient sclavul băiat you are and place pretty little kisses on her toes as she speaks.”

Deerborne’s soul, even as it cringed at the prospect, sang a song of perverse joy he would *never* understand as he immediately pressed his lips to the toes he would soon be varnishing.

“That is my good and obedient boy,” she purred, her flawless skin seeming to glow under his subservience and her eyes half-closing beneath the sensual spell this formerly powerful man’s submission cast over her senses.

It was, she told herself, and for the most countless of time for which there could be no reckoning, a joy of which she would *not* tire.

Not *ever*.

“…I come from a long, long, line women just like me who possess the spell to conquer the spirits of men and hold them. To make them do my bidding, whether they wish to or not. So, yes, Fellows was partly correct to describe me as a vampire. But a vampire who feeds on the submission of weak men such as yourself without the inner strength of will or character to fight my hold over them.”

She could read in his eyes the question he was asking himself.

“Are you in any doubt of it?” she asked, allowing herself a derisive snort that he could even frame the question to himself in the silence of his own mind. “After everything I have stripped from you?”

As if to emphasise her words, Andrada Lupei’s toes found their way past his worshipping lips and rested upon his tongue.

“Or would you describe being commanded to pay homage to the lowest part of my anatomy, the soles of which support my weight upon the same floor inhabited by dust mites and other insects, as the actions of a strong man with a powerful will in command of his own destiny?”

His eyes flickered from hers, unable to meet the power and inflexibility of purpose and will beaming through them. The salty taste of her skin upon his tongue as she lightly wiggled a big toe against it only serving to underline her words. What possible argument could he make to refute her certainty of his weakness and her sovereignty in such a situation?

And how, if she asked, could he possibly explain the monstrous erection that situation provoked?

Deerborne's breathing at this point was coming in raping gasps as he sought to justify the strength of his sexual passion for this Slavic sadist with the fear she now inspired i him.

"It is a power ceded to me by the ancient blood of the true Romanies that flows through my veins still after all these centuries and I am no less an addict to the joys of conquest it bequeaths than my sisters before me and those, like me, who still walk the earth in search of those men who believe themselves strong and manly yet exist only to feel the leather of the collar we place about their necks should we choose to do so."

He stared up at her, stunned and disbelieving of her words. Though not regarding his own weakness. Had she not provided him with more than enough proof on that score?

No.

What stunned him was her assertion of having walked this earth for centuries.

And stunned him all the more for the realisation he believed her.

"And I do choose to do so," she finished in reference to the metaphysical collar she had fastened about his neck. "Your whole life you have been searching for a strong and female master without knowing it. It is why you have always felt that nagging sense of disappointment, even in the midst of your business triumphs and, *especially*, after having had your way with those weak specimens of my own sex unable to see for themselves the slave that lurks in your innermost soul."

He racked his brain for instances of that *"disappointment"* and came up empty-handed.

Surely she was mistaken.

And yet there above him she was, the toes she had just withdrawn from his mouth dripping with the saliva that seemed to symbolise his submission to her.

She lowered her head closer to his that the breath that was still fragrant and in way revealing of the putridity of her own innermost soul might play against his eyes and fill his nostrils.

He felt his manhood must explode in his trousers as her French he could not fully comprehend seared across his consciousness:

“Tu es ma créature maintenant,” she breathed, cheeks suffused with the colour of pure joy for the control of him she had and knew he hated. “Et sera ainsi pour aussi longtemps que je choisis.”

Adding ominously in English as he tried to translate with his limited French and found what he came up with appalling:

“Or until you die.”

Deerborne heard, and yet did not hear; understood, yet did not understand. His fear of her had grown and ye had passed into a condition of exaltation. The world was beneath his feet, made of fluffy cloud resting upon warming sunshine and he was floating above it with a delight that would have been pure were it not for the knowledge it was not his to command and could just as easily turn into a nightmare of punishment and humiliation if *SHE* chose. Her words intoxicated him even through his terror s she described him as less than her flunkey, her chattel, her… slave.

Would he, Craig Deerborne, find himself draped across the powerful thighs of the haughty Slavic voluptuary he had once thought to make his doting lover? Succeeding where others had failed and filling her with such a need for him that the usual treatment of her men, for which the newspapers had made her so notorious, would give way to a docility of her own.

Would it be him, now, rather than poor Fellows, who would be disciplined across her lap as she corrected him with either a remorseless hand or the back of an equally unforgiving hair-brush?

“Your thoughts are not incorrect,” he heard the answer to his question reverberate against the walls of his skull as if she were inside it.

“You are in that place once occupied by the man you knew as Fellows and will find yourself subject to *exactly* the same discipline you watched when thinking I was unaware of your presence.”

He recalled the squeals of the man who had tried to warn him to leave before it became too late and, later, the hoarse-throated cries begging her to stop as she tenderised buttocks beaten in such a way many times before.

“Yes,” he heard inside his head though her lips did not move. “You will squeal and beg in just the same way and have the joy of knowing that your suffering will have given great pleasure to your Amantă and already be offering her your tongue that you might pleasure her in an even more personal way.”

He could stand it no longer:

“But why?” he almost screamed as she stared down at him with the kind of amused detachment only a true sadist could feel for the suffering of another.

“Why is your pleasure dependent upon causing others mental and physical pain?”

She shrugged.

“Why should it not? Did you not feel pleasure when besting a business rival – perhaps even bankrupting him? Did *you* ask yourself why it made you feel like a big man to ruin the lifetime’s work of another?”

“Is that what this is all about?” Deerborne asked himself. *“Some kind of divine and infernal payback for the ruthlessness he needed to show to rise in business?”*

“Not all,” she answered aloud, startling him with her facility to read his thoughts once again. “You are simply a man who took my eye as being perfect to replace the serf of whom I was beginning to tire after so many decades. It is not about right or wrong but simply what *is*.

“You may justify your submission to yourself anyway you wish with the privacy of your own head,” she went on. “But we both know the reason you are here and serving me as you do is because you are weak and the experience of centuries has made me strong.”

So great was his disturbance at this point, as her words began to resonate with his own, logical and truthful, temperament, that poor Deerborne would have fell backwards to the floor had he not already been kneeling upon it.

“You are back in that place destiny decreed you should occupy and will make for your Romanian Princess the most obedient and compliant of chattels.”

“But…?”

“No more questions,” she barked. “You no longer have your Amantă’s permission to speak… You are here and I own you. That is all you will need to know from this time on.”

His eyes implored her as her perfumed breath grazed his reddened cheeks and captivated his nostrils.

“Soon, even, you will come to love your bondage to your Amantă almost as much as you hate it”

She leaned in closer and captured his gaze, leaving him no option but to stare into her eyes as a picture grew in his mind with a degree of reality he was compelled to both acknowledge and believe.

Suddenly, his eyes grew heavy and, as they drooped closed, images formed upon the backs of his eyes…

…Tall and stately he saw her, walking through the flames of a burning village, her head and its flowing black hair silhouetted against the fire consuming thatched roofs and the billowing smoke at her back. Dark leaves blew in the air and her limbs seemed almost to glow in golden armour that clad her body and seemed to contoured it looked as if it were more something she had been born into than had fitted to her.

To her side, along the path of furrowed mud leading to the destroyed village behind her, warriors knelt upon one knee to acknowledge her; their forms in the armour that would have been identical to her own, had they been fashioned from the same burnished gold and not shiny silver, as distinctly feminine as her own silver.

Which was when, as Andrada Lupei suddenly stopped and stood waiting, hands upon hips expectantly… demandingly! …a man came along the path towards her.

A man who looked familiar.

A man who was – shockingly, in the midst of the armoured women kneeling to the side of the path – utterly naked.

And he was NOT walking.

There, upon the soft mud of the path and the ruts and divots left by carts and horses hooves, he made his way upon all fours to the booted feet of Andrada Lupei and pressed his lips to them.

In response to this gesture of submission, Andrada raised a foot and brought I down upon his head in the age old ritual of the conqueror accepting the fealty of the defeated.

For some moments they remained in this position as the warriors to her side began a rhythmic beating of the hilts of their swords against their shields before beginning to chant:

"Marchează sclavul!... Marchează sclavul!... Marchează sclavul!...

Tossing back the hair from her face as the wind from behind her blew its almost stygian blackness over those cruel Slavic features as if the elements themselves were too timorous to gaze upon them, Andrada Lupei raised a hand for quiet and removed her foot from the man's head to stand astride it.

"Stau! Caine rau," she snapped, as the man at her feet began to raise himself, the command saw him lower his lips to her feet once more.

There were snickers of contempt from the warriors either side of her and then cheers as she unfastened a catch at her hips and the hinged armour covering her womanhood was pulled to one side to reveal a pale and hairless cunt beneath its camouflage.

The chanting was taken up again:

"Marchează sclavul!... Marchează sclavul!... Marchează sclavul!...

And then, beginning with a trickle and progressing to a waterfall, she allowed her urine to leave her body to splash against the matted hair of her supplicant and down onto his back itself before kicking him to his back that she may repeat the procedure upon his upper body and face.

A face that was frighteningly recognisable…

…Craig Deerborne opened his eyes once more and knew instantly what he was looking at.

How could he not after having spent so many hours between her legs pleasuring it and, horror of horrors, coming worship the depilated womanhood she seemed never to tire of having his tongue serve.

Though *never* his cock.

He was, she had told him, simply not worthy enough nor equal enough.

From being fully dressed and on his knees before her in her bedroom, with a foot between his hands; he was now naked with the flat of his back pressed against the cool ceramic floor tiles covering her bathroom.

He was still trying to work out why, how, and when as a stream of her piss gushed from the pussy crouching above him and made all questions redundant.

Andrada Lupei, he thought, as her liquid waste consigned what was left of his pride and masculinity to memory, was doing exactly as she had done in the vision he had only just finished having.

Craig Deerborne was being marked as her property.

And for all time.

Or, as with Fellows, at least until she tired of him.

FOUR



The girl climbed off the vanity table stool and onto the bed wearing nothing more than a black bra and a pair of black lacy panties and even blacker stockings; stockings that seemed to him somehow incongruous with her large barrel-shaped body.

Though it did not prevent a certain part of his anatomy from responding favourably.

She had grown even more confident of her ability to master him since those first days when Andrada Lupei had brought her from Europe and employed her to *"supervise"* the running of her large apartment; making her, in effect, a servant the same as him.

At least to outward appearances.

"You are to obey Hilde as you obey me," the woman who was now his owner had warned him.

The admonition coming shortly after the nineteen-year-old's arrival – this after she had squeezed his cock into a cage and locked it to a ring encircling his scrotum.

"You will wear this cage so that she feels… comfortable …when she is alone in the apartment with you."

Looking up at the girl who had yet to reach her twenties and who now dominated his life almost as much as the Romanian bitch-woman herself, Deerborne bit back a sardonic laugh at the thought of this fleshy and corrupt girl ever being uncomfortable around him – cock free or restrained.

By the tiny sidelight at the side of the bed in the windowless box-room that served as his quarters he could see, this as she stared down at him, bullet-nipples so primed and ready they looked as if they were capable of ending lives as well as shredding the bra containing them if triggered.

He also saw that she revelled in the look of total helplessness – and, yes, *need* – in the eyes she insisted he keep upon her.

That *"need"* explained by the cock-cage she had unlocked and dangled teasingly from her pudgy fingers.

Earlier, she had straddled the erection she could see throbbing painfully within it confinement as he lay flat upon his back with his arms obediently by his sides as she had commanded - a device to which only she and his Amantă had a key – and wriggled herself over it while massaging her breasts and, occasionally, raising them up to her mouth that she might suck upon them.

Like her mistress, it seemed she lived to experience the mortification that pained him under humiliation of the kind.

Humiliation, to his credit, he had never sought nor wished to experience.

At least at one point.
Rubbing herself against the cage containing his erection, she had then edged her way higher until the wet gusset of her panties were across his face and he could feel the excitement of his young Romanian *"Supervisor"*.

His groan of lust and shame only served to increase the young woman's arousal and give praise to the generosity of her mistress for having provided such a wonderful home for her as well her very own sex-slave upon those occasions when his services as either manservant or human-pet were not required elsewhere.

She felt his tongue trying to lap at her through the sodden fabric of the panties and reached back to slap his bare stomach; denying him even this minimal assertion of his masculinity.

"Caine rau!" she scolded him, utterly comfortable now in the role of maternal authority figure she had decided to adopt towards him despite the gap in their respective years. "Did Mummy Hilde give you permission to lick her?"

She felt him flinch and exulted that she, a large young girl from a tiny and poverty-stricken Romanian village – a girl he would not once have given a second thought – could have such an effect on a man of his looks and former background; though it had been the idea of the mistress for her to treat him in such a way.

Even if she had no idea of treating him in such a way herself.

"By treating him as your infant, you will make his feelings of worthlessness all the more intense."

Hilde smiled to herself at the… *rightness* …of her mistress's words; knowing just how much more intense it had made her own sexual response to treat such a man in such a way.

“What does my bad boy have to say to his mummy?” she asked in a mock stern voice he would know from experience could become the real thing – and with actions to match – if he were to…

Test her.

The face below her, its scalp only recently denuded of the hair of which he was so proud in order to make him look more servile, infantile, and doglike when required in those roles, was one-hundred-percent abject in its misery.

A misery made all the more potent and demoralising for young woman above for the knowledge she was at least a part of its cause as well as responsible for the perverse excitement his treacherous cock took from such treatment.

Her thick, Romanian accented, English reached his ears above as if it were a death-sentence:

“Mummy is going to count to three and if her bad boy has not said sorry by then he will be going over her knee for another spanking with the back of her hand and some corner time until she thinks he has earned his lesson.”

To her utter and nasty joy, she had not even made the count of one before the memory of his first spanking across her massive thighs, followed by almost two hours on his knees with his nose pressed to the wall – this as she took her ease and the absence of her mistress to drink coffee and read magazines – kick-started his tongue.

This time in the manner she required of him.

For now, anyway.

“B-Baby’s sorry, m-mummy,” came the stammering apology from beneath her sodden panties. His body literally squirming with shame against the sheer black nylon covering her powerful legs as they kept his arms trapped to his side.

Superfluously so, she knew.

Had he been as free to fly about the room as if he were a bird she would have had but to whistle and he would have perched upon her wrist and twittered.

She could picture the tears falling freely beneath her and, once again, knew he was asking himself how he could ever have been manoeuvred into such a wretched and powerless position.

In truth, she did not know herself how her mistress had performed such a miracle.

What she did know, however, was that he had not been manoeuvred so much as he had been forced.

Though, and despite the rumours and urban legends she had heard of her mistress, she had no idea how Andrada Lupei had subjugated him nor how she made him continue to obey.

It was of no matter and would hardly serve him any purpose if he pondered his situation for the life remaining to him.

Andrada had assured her that he was, despite appearances, a very weak man and that she, Hilde Antonescu, should not trouble herself with the how and why but simply thank her good fortune that her mistress had gifted her the use of her servant when she did not require his services.

The large and fleshy young woman had been only too willing to take such advice to heart and her wholehearted adherence to

Andrada Lupei's rules, stipulations, and mentoring advice impressed the older woman.

The *much* older woman.

"You are forgiven this once, my baby," she told him a mock reassurance that contained a warning just the same. "Mummy forgives her little boy. But remember, you must never touch her without receiving permission first."

Speaking to this handsome middle-aged man in such a way never failed to thrill her and, no matter not an hour before she had been flat on her back in a Greenwich Village apartment being fucked senseless by a huge black-stud she had met in a coffee-shop, she felt herself ready once again for some *loving* that was entirely different in nature.

For a moment, the question of just why she found treating this handsome older man in such a degrading fashion thrilled her flashed across the back of her eyes and she felt a pang of guilt.

But only a pang.

And its duration was minimal.

She could not, she told herself give the proverbial fuck in regard of his feelings; so long as the levels of pleasure his slavery imparted to her remained at the same elevated altitudes.

"Very well. As you were a good boy and said sorry right away, you can lick and suck the juices from mummy's panties a she takes her ease on your face."

Lowering herself again, she felt the sodden panties make contact with his nose and almost came again as it brushed across her clitoris.

She allowed him to lick and suck at the fabric and professed herself delighted that – so willing to please her was he these days - he seemed to go into a frenzy as the taste of her arousal exploded upon his servile tongue and her perfume inflamed his senses.

Then, considering she indulged him enough, she slid a hand between his feverishly licking tongue and the object of it desire to pull the panties to one side and reveal her young pussy in close-up to his ravenous eyes.

As she took hold of the headboard to steady herself, she ordered him to lick her clean.

Only informing him of what it was he was actually cleaning from her as his worshipful tongue made its way into the groove of her slit before proceeding into her cunt itself and the present her lover had left for her waiting for him to take receipt.

“I have a confession for my baby boy,” she told the adult lapping at her as he suddenly flinched.

“The big black-man who filled the pussy of your mummy earlier did not wear protection.”

It was only after she leaned back and delivered a number of powerful and corrective slaps to his vulnerable balls that Craig Deerborne’s tongue again protruded from his head.

Protruding so that it might resume the nauseating task of cleaning his young Romanian *“Supervisor”* of her lovers semen…

EPILOGUE



He could feel the eyes on him and hear the odd giggle from little girls and their mothers as he kept to the heels of the two women who ruled his life.

The one, stately and haughty in the cool beige linen dress that reached to her knees, and older than the origins of the bustling Indian town in which they found themselves.

The other, shaped like an over-laden hour-glass, in a similar but less expensive dress in pale green, and young enough to be his daughter.

The older his principal and undisputed owner.

The younger a girl from a poor Romanian village that owner had selected to join her household and take responsibility for the older American she described as her…

"Ascultător de sclavi de sex masculin."

Neither the looks nor the amused derision aimed the way of that *"obedient male slave"* won a reaction from him as he followed the women about the market, carrying the goods the women purchased piled upon the arms he held out from his body as the forehead above literally dripped with sweat.

Hardly surprising, given he was wearing the formal black livery the Romanian woman who owned both his soul and his body preferred him to wear as a *"badge of your service to me"*.

The town of Paravur in the state of Kersala had seemed a change choice for Andrada Lupei to make, Hilde Antonescu had considered when they had first made the move from New York. But now, after month in residence in the towns most residence, the younger Romanian woman felt she understood why. And especially when she noticed the looks of awe and admiration aimed towards her mistress from both women and men. Already the local Police and other important men were outdoing themselves to be of service to her and, given the status accorded to her, Andrada was far freer to let her hair down than she had been in New York under the constant glare and scrutiny of photographers and journalists alike.

She was treated, in fact, as if she were visiting royalty and given all the respect an essentially backward people could offer to those of such standing – deserved or otherwise.

So, where the fact a woman of her kind kept a man in her service excited all kinds of rumours and intrusions in the new world, here, in the very old, such an arrangement was nothing new and went – *almost* – without comment.

Which did not mean the appearance of the handsome American chattel at the heels of his dark and Romany mistress and the equally dark, though less svelte and aristocratic, young woman who seemed to have responsibility for the man did not excite speculation from the locals on market days.

Contempt from those men who saw themselves demeaned by the servility offered by one of their own sex to those of another.

Envy and conjecture from those women who would only ever be able to imagine how it would be to have such a male creature at their complete disposal.

As instructed, and not deviating from the code of behaviour drilled into him, the man who had been Deerborne remained three paces behind the women who effectively ruled his every moment. The absence of the hair he had once prided himself on did not diminish that still handsome face, but that said, it also did nothing to dispel the impression of a well-trained and thoroughly obedient manservant escorting his mistress and the housekeeper who ruled him as they shopped.

“Do you still believe my decision to come here a strange one, my dear Hilde?” he listened from behind as they conversed in the English that ensured their conversation would be confidential, given that nearly all the locals were only functional with the tongue and many not even that.

“I will follow you anywhere, my mistress,” the girl answered without hesitation.

Then:

“Though I must be truthful and say I was a little doubtful.”

“And now?”

Again there was no hesitation:

“I adore it here my mistress. It feels… feels as if you are a queen and I, if you will pardon my presumption. Am a princess.”

Andrada Lupei laughed and, unlike the laughter he was used to having aimed at him, her merriment seemed genuine and warm.

“And with our very own serf to please and perform for us in ways of our choosing… ALL ways””

Now it was young Hilde who was laughing.

“I had no idea such pleasure was possible my mistress. And you are so right to keep your power focused and personal. Yes, you could be a ruler of governments and countries in your own right – it is the gift of your Romany genes should you choose to use it. But why would you want that kind of power with all the problems and constant scrutiny? Was it not you yourself who told me you had tried it for yourself in the olden days and found it to be a barrier to your true pleasure?”

Andrada smiled and nodded at the young peasant girl who was increasingly taking on the role of confidante and – something new for her – friend.

“You are correct, Hilde. Bending the will of the people as a whole to me soon became tiresome. Why should I have to engage in perpetual battle with politicians, business moguls and generals in order to exercise my need to exert the control that fills my soul with a joy so complete? I have found that exercising complete sexual and social dominion over one man at a time is far more satisfying and far more… *intimate*.”

Her smile beneath the bible-black Romany hair was reflective and anticipatory and seemed to prove that her years of exercising such control had neither blunted nor dimmed her hunger to continue experiencing it.

“Who wishes to be bothered with the needs and problems of the little people one rules as queen, president, or first-minister, after all.”

She laughed dismissively.

“Even the most brutal and indifferent of tyrants has responsibilities she must make time for – and why should I want that?”

“I understand you, my mistress. But do you never feel the need to try and discover why you were chosen to receive these… *gifts*?”

The reply was instant:

“Why?... Were I to suddenly discover the origins of life itself would I be any less compelled to live it?”

“Then you never question why you are able to dominate certain men the way you can?”

Andrada Lupei shook her head.

“Again, to what end? Would knowing make me enjoy humbling and controlling them any less? All I know is that I was told of my… *uniqueness* …as soon as I was capable of retaining a thought in my infant head.”

She paused as a woman with a daughter of Hilde’s age fawned a greeting in their native Urdu, her eyes taking in the fascination the younger woman’s own eyes held for the handsome man walking behind them laden with their purchases.

“I was told the power of the Romany matriarchs ran through my veins and I would always wield it over those *‘certain men’* you spoke of, as well as outliving generation upon generation upon generation of the men and women around me.”

A wistful look crossed her face as an Indian trader, with but one-tooth inhabiting his lined and smiling face, thrust a woven and patterned blanket under her nose and was himself waved away with a fluttering of her hand that was as final as it was majestic and unanswerable.

Andrada Lupei returned her attention to her young companion, aware that the latest of her chattels was at her heels listening and not caring a whit.

His opinions, along with his ability to have a say in even the most trivial aspect of his life if she deemed he shouldn’t, meaningless to her and, increasingly, the plump young protégé at her side to whom she had delegated some of her authority.

The sexually voracious and surprisingly inventive girl blooming in her new role as housekeeper, lover, friend and… *governess*.

As well as, on occasions, pet-trainer and – the aspect that demeaned the once strong and powerful Mr Craig Deerborne once – *mummy*.

The latter aspect of his continued bondage to both women not one that appealed much to his principal owner.

It being to… *maternal* …or her tastes – no matter how the adult male on the wrong end of it hated such humiliation.

Andrada found she loved nothing more these days than to take her ease in the cool and airy conservatory of their new home and listen to her baroque favourites as she read or simply listened and the growingly gifted and eager tongue of her serf lapped away at her with tireless attention; as if he were attuned to the effect of the music upon her and wished his tongue to be in synchronicity with the delight it delivered.

“Of course,” she went on, regaining her thread, “and as is the way of the young and always shall be so, I was dismissive of what the women of my family told me was my inheritance.”

Her expression became a mixture of nostalgia, pleasure, and darkest reminiscence as the delights of past cruelties and the faces of the men who suffered beneath her yoke were fetched to mind by her protégé’s gentle and respectful questioning of her.

“Though, after making my first adult male obey my wishes and force him into my domestic service – though at not yet twelve years in age and unaware of the sexual aspects I could demand of such service - I was *never* dismissive again.”

By this time, they had reached that point of the market through which they had entered and, with a last regal wave and acknowledgement of the farewells of the locals, they stepped onto the paved road that would see them in their new and comfortable home.

Hilde turned as they reached the gated wall supplying the residence with yet another layer of the privacy her mistress demanded and patted the moist and still perspiring of his tanned and now bald dome:

“Good boy,” she praised after her mistress had stepped onto the cool of the verandah and seated herself expectantly, loving the way patronising and talking down to this handsome man never failed to degrade him and excite her. “You may leave the shopping on the kitchen table and prepare your Amantă and your mummy a nice refreshing drink before you take some water from the tap for yourself.”

He stepped away instantly, as usual in a hurry not to be in her presence but unable to disobey and leave it without either her permission or that of his principal owner.

Only to be halted in his tracks with a warning he knew was not made lightly:

“And do not even think to drink before your Amantă and your mummy.”

Suddenly, as Andrada Lupei looked on from the cool of her seat upon the verandah, the young woman moved to his side and stretched upon her tiptoes that she might whisper into his ear:

“You have been very pleasing recently and I am not a cruel mummy,” she told him as his skin mottled at her closeness and his treacherous cock took a more positive to the nipples pressing against the side of his chest. “Fetch us our refreshments and cool our warm feet with your obedient tongue as we drink it and your mummy will have a reward for you later…”

In the courtyard of the old colonial house that had been built at the time of the Raj, hands full of shopping as if he were and Indian domestic doing the bidding of a strict memsahib, it struck the former Craig Deerborne for the first time that he would *never* regain his former life and what he had now was what he would have – with variations – for the rest of his life; or at least the left to him until he either expired or his Amantă grew tired of him and sent him to join Fellows in the same place to which he had been banished.

No surprise then, he being the pragmatist he was, that he was resigned to the receiving of small pleasures at their hands – even if it meant spending time beneath a table licking the dust from the toes, ankle and instep of dark-haired and evil goddess to whom his mind, his body, and his cock itself belonged.

Not to mention her younger protégé whose feet would expect the same treatment after wards.

It was a pragmatism in the absence of any choice on his part which explained the almost involuntary stirring beneath his manservant's livery as the girl who was now his self-appointed *"mummy"* whispered her final words before shooing him to the kitchen…

"…A reward," she finished with a husky sibilance that tickled his inner ear even as it repelled the man to whom that ear belonged, "that involves your little American cock and will be most pleasing to it…"



THE END