The Mistress of His Soul

Obsessed and enslaved
…by the woman in the Painting

By
Dominique Verlaine

Copyright © 2017. All rights reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.

FDC

The right of Dominique Verlaine to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

“The Mistress of His Soul”

By
Dominique Verlaine

One

When he came back to the bedroom from his shower, Suzy was already on his bed with legs spread. They had been with each other for over a month now and it was something of a record for him lately. Since his divorce he just couldn't seem to make an emotional connection with any of the many women he dated. Though, according to his ex, he apparently hadn't been a master of sensitivity during his marriage.

It was lack that both worried and troubled him.

Why was such perfectly normal human commerce so beyond him?

After all, he was intelligent, wealthy and well-born, and, if his admirers were to be believed, extremely handsome.

So why did he seem so… *lacking* …emotionally?

Or were the above, so-described virtues, the very reason he seemed unable to make, let alone sustain, connections of a more sensitive and lasting kind?

"Come here, you," ordered his latest girlfriend since the divorce, pulling him into her arms, her energy surprising him as they kissed. To this point, their sex-play hadn't included much of the touchy-feely stuff but, tonight she ravished decided to ravish his mouth with her lips and tongue. Her hands were all over him. Aggressively. Rubbing them over his chest and running them through his chest hair before pinching his nipples teasingly.

As he slid his own hands up under her teddy she groaned into his mouth and pushed her full breasts against him; dragging them back and forth against the nipples and chest hair she had just been teasing; her nipples through the teddy hard and erect.

As turned on, in fact, as she had been since they first met.

Their foreplay continued with Suzy being more aggressive than usual, pulling off her teddy and gliding up and down his body, making sure to rub her belly against his erect cock then enveloping it in the valley of her breasts. Sliding her body around his with the sinuous effortlessness of a cat and making noises of pleasure in her throat, she planted her lips upon his once again and used her tongue to mark his mouth as her territory. And, as she did this, he stroked her back, her breasts, her thighs, and whatever was within his reach while continuing to enjoying her heretofore unheard-of licentiousness.

When she slid down lower, it was clear where her lips were headed and his already hard cock twitched with anticipation.

Up to now, she had shied from giving him a blow-job, but now she seemed as if it were important to her – as if not giving it to him lessened her chances of making into the kind of long-term relationship with him she was seeking. He was, after all, a handsome

and solvent man and would not be on the market for long if she allowed her game to slip – at least that was his own description of her thought-processes in his regard. Knowing as he did that her chances of achieving any kind of commitment other than an agreement to fuck each other when both were at a loose end were slim to non-existent.

But why?

She was, when it came down to it, kind and warm-hearted, intelligent and able to articulate and argument, well-educated, and highly desirable on the physical level.

So why, given he was aware of all these factors and even acknowledged his attraction to their owner, could he not even attempt to commit to the building of something… *deeper* …between them?

Had this been the reason his ex-wife had suddenly become so disillusioned with their relationship after everything had gone so swimmingly before and after they had married and entered into what had seemed to them both a final commitment?"

It was a lack in him he realised she had picked up on and was doing her best to stimulate, making it clear that this would be an all-out attempt to make him see and appreciate both what she had, what she could do for him, and, more importantly to her, what she could become to him.

Explaining why she was taking her time with his cock and balls and attempting to heighten his arousal via the use of anticipation: teasing him with her tongue before taking him deep in her mouth and then backing off as she licked his balls and stoked up the intensity, stroking his cock and cooing little affectionate words to the mushroom-head between licks and then sliding him back in her mouth again.

Again and again she made as if to take that bulging head into her mouth, and again and again she retreated back down its length to suckle upon his balls and then begin the whole process again; heightening his arousal and his anticipation by reaching underneath him and working a finger into his butt-hole that he might be stimulated there also.

Both girlfriend and boyfriend surprised that this most masculine of men allowed such an… *unmanly* …invasion.

A testimony, at least, to her successful attempts to take his lust for her to new heights.

By the time she deigned to take him in her mouth, and he finally exploded past her thick scarlet lipstick to fill her warm mouth with the cream of his desire, he had to confess to himself it was one of the best blow-jobs he could recall receiving.

Ditto the mutual explosion that came soon after.

Some ten minutes removed, in fact, after he had used the time necessary for his thirty-something cock to recover its vigour by using his tongue to take her to the female equivalent of oral heaven.

Explosion made, after he slammed his recuperated manhood into the morass his tongue had made of her pussy and fucked them both towards a shared and reciprocal detonation.

It was, all in all, he considered as he lay sleepless with her curled around him and her head resting upon his shoulder, some of the best sex he could recall having had.

So why was he left feeling both disengaged and, more pertinently… *dissatisfied?*

Two

The man surveying the crowds milling at the entrance to his gallery of choice, was handsome and, though his clothing spoke of affluence, wore his good genetic and financial fortune with an easy and non-exclusive grace.

Crowds or not, he was always at his happiest when surrounded by either artists or the work defining them and today was no different. In fact, given the unsatisfactory nature of his personal life and his inability to connect with that… *certain* …someone, it was a positive relief to be away from his latest *near* relationship and be able to focus his thoughts upon something with which he had a very *real* connection.

A true and abiding love for the arts in most of its forms.

His name was Paul Garrett and he had come to the Royal Academy to see a special showing of Turner's preparatory drawings. The opportunity to see the rarely displayed sketches - sketches that led to many of the Master's most breathtaking and advanced works - ensuring he put aside his distaste for large gatherings and braved the crowds of Piccadilly; many of whom were headed in exactly the same direction. An unhappy coincidence, for Garrett at least, ensuring that the gallery housing the rarely seen treasures was so popular entry was impossible. And, even if he had made it past the mass of art-lovers and curious tourists jostling for admission, there was nil chance of his getting to see or scrutinise anything for longer than a few seconds at a time before being forced by the press of the crowd to move on.

The above explaining, despite his genuine desire to witness these treasures, why he immediately moved away and began to wander through the other wings with their rows and rows of oils and intermittent sculptures, co-existing with redundant and forbidding examples of medieval armours, Oriental porcelains, ornate fans, and bronzed Egyptian gods specimens of creative output.

At length, though, he blundered to the head of a certain rear stairway and realised he had reached that part of the Academy where certain, more lurid and shocking, art-works – normally by artists not considered of the first-rank, hung on the landing wall.

Amongst them Joachim Riesdaal's, infamous and unsettling, *"Hungry Goddess"*.

Quite alone for once, in a museum not renowned for deserted rooms and corridors, he instantly descended the stairs to where the painting awaited him, relishing seeing once again Riesdaal's beautiful if antiquated demoness, in her bedroom rich with the primary colours that so perfectly accompanied the impression of something foul implied by the hands of the imploring lover as they reached out from his position on the floor to clutch at her alabaster feet beseechingly.

A study that never failed to stir something… *strange* …in his own breast.

And elsewhere!

But, as he descended, he saw that the Riesdaal no longer hung in its usual spot. Instead, there hung a painting with a heavy gilt-frame. A painting he had neither seen nor heard tell of in all his years of visits to the museum.

All the way down to the landing where it hung, he could not take his eyes from it, and his instant, if dark, enthralment went deeper still when he was finally before it.

He was, he realised, barely breathing in its presence.

And now he racked his thoughts for some mention of it ever having been in the museum's catalogue and came up wanting.

There was no accompanying plaque denoting artist and time, but Garrett had enough of an eye about him, in tandem with his copious, if dilettante, reading on the subject of both art and artists, to know that he was looking at a superior rendition of what was a most… *disturbing* …subject.

Disturbing and …he could do no more than confess as an erection tented his trousers at the groin beneath the three-quarter leather coat concealing it… *thrilling!*

But why?

Why would a centuries old depiction of such an… *unwholesome* ...theme react upon him in such a way?

And - if the manhood attempting take-off in his trousers spoke truly, in a way far more advanced than the Riesdaal?

Mind wandering from the scene before him for a few moments, he wondered if this sexual… *aberrance* …of his went some way to explaining his inability to sustain the marriage to Joanna that had so recently turned to dust after four years of a relatively happy, if childless, union.

Not to mention countless other relationships that had, for reasons he had been unable to quite put a finger on, been consigned to the scrap-yard.

Many of which had started with so much promise.

Had his inexplicable reaction to scenes of depravity, such as the one found in the Riesdaal and the unknown creation currently filling his senses, been the factor holding back both the women and himself on some subconsciously acknowledged level?

Far too engaged in the subject matter before him, he made a mental note to analyse the phenomenon when he was less… *preoccupied* …and contented himself to concentrate more fully upon the painting in oil before him.

What he was looking at was a dungeon. Deep in the bowels of what he imagined as a medieval castle whose country of provenance escaped him – though the school it most resembled, he thought, was a concordance similar to the Dutch from which had sprung the Riesdaal he had first expected to see hanging there. Neither the finish nor the

brushwork, however, he realised the instant he took the work in, was as sophisticated as that to be found in the *"Hungry Goddess"*. From the same school or not, this was painted by a far less gifted and technically proficient hand than that of his well-known colleague.

And yet…

As compelling as the Riesdaal was, this held Garrett's attention with a hold that seemed almost unbreakable; this as he drank in the scene and wondered why, on a deserted landing of the Academy, some four centuries from the period in which he guessed the picture had been conceived, its dark and terrifying scene held him motionless before it.

And, worse…

Held him there in a state-of-rut.

Unwilling to leave it, he drank in the scene again, as if willing an answer from the canvas for his inexplicable and quite deplorable reaction.

Unlike the somewhat airy and bright space of the *"Goddess's"* bedroom depicted in the Riesdaal, the visual that stared back at him supplied no such accompanying balm to counterpoint its theme of ownership and tyrannical possession that belonged in both the physical and the metaphysical realms.

What faced him instead, was a dungeon that was dark and dank and seemed lit only by the incandescent barbarity of the fully dressed woman at its centre and the candle resting on a holder affixed to the dark rock, illuminating a naked and shackled man.

A man whose back was a veritable crossroads of vicious and angry looking welts.

Of the sky there was no sign save for the merest hint of its existence beyond a tiny aperture set high in the dungeon's forbidding walls, but there was light enough from the woman and candle to reveal the various implements of torture and horror that hung upon those same walls and those resting threateningly and unyieldingly upon the stone-floor.

Despite the absent sophistication of both brushwork and technique, the artist had contrived to make everything about the painting speak of power.

And, in speaking of it, made the woman its focal point.

There could be no question that the wretch grovelling before her, hands turned up imploringly, had none of that power and was nothing more than the woman's prisoner – though why, and by what means he had been reduced to such a condition, was not addressed in any way by the artists depiction.

And why, when he came to think about it, was there any for such an underpinning.

Especially when the *crucial* relationship between the two was right before the eyes.

That of *owner* and *owned*.

With this thought in mind, Paul Garrett found himself compelled to move in closer to the painting that he might study the woman more closely; noting how her fiery red-hair, loose about her shoulders and flowing almost to the bodice revealed wondrously conical and full breasts that commanded his attention despite the absence of any great gift in the artist that he could discern.

An absence that begged the question of him: why, if even he could see the work was not fit to be included amongst even those of the second-rank, the curators of the gallery had not only seen fit to procure it but held it in high enough regard to hang in the museum itself – albeit on an obscure landing removed from the more luminous glories of the galleries themselves?

At that moment, however, he was far too preoccupied with the picture itself – and his baffling and disturbing reaction to its subject – to consider the anomaly for too long.

The setting about the flame-haired woman and the black bodice and floor-length dress that seemed to heighten its allure, was worked up in various shades of monochrome with, here and there, mostly on her captive's back but also in splashes upon the cold stone floor, varying hues of crimson pigment.

But it was her eyes that caught the attention of his own and arrested them to an almost breathless scrutiny.

They were of such a green as he had not beheld before.

Not in book.

Not in gallery.

And certainly not on any living soul he had ever come across.

They were the most knowing, the most sensuous, and the most… *promising* …eyes he had seen – on canvas or otherwise.

And he had no doubt that their owner was every bit as evil as the subject matter chosen by this unknown artist insisted her to be.

Suddenly, an image of her in contemporary dress, skirt raised to reveal powerful legs in sheer black nylon, transfixed his thoughts.

His arousal heightening as his thoughts showed her from the point-of-view of a man lying beneath her as she exposed herself.

Him!

He stood unmoving, transfixed by his own imagination as the nylon-clad derriere of the woman lowered itself towards his face and settled its gusset over his unresisting lips,

allowing him to take in her scent through his nose and take his arousal even further off the scale.

With an effort of self-control consisting of a violent shaking of the head, he manged to rescue himself from his sexual reverie and returned his attention to the painting and its model prompting it.

Again it was the woman's eyes that compelled his attention.

They were eyes that somehow managed to convey the certainty that the woman behind them was as patently sadistic and malevolent as any meditations of Satan as he contemplated his next burst of worldly carnage.

And yet, when Paul Garret managed to tear himself away from the twin green poles of the unliving eyes that held him in a condition of awe to match his sexual arousal, he noted that the artist , for all his missing gift, had managed to instil upon the features of the whipped and beaten cur at her feet – a former gentleman, if the quality of the shreds of clothing still clinging to his body spoke truly – a look of utter and complete reverence for this female monster who had reduced him to such a condition.

It was a look of adoration that fetched is schoolboy reading and Masoch's hero to mind as he attempted to persuade his beloved Wanda to be… *severe* …with him…

"…You know I am supersensual. With me everything has its roots in the imagination, and thence it receives its nourishment. I was already pre-maturely developed and highly sensitive, when at about the age of ten the legends of the martyrs fell into my hands. I remember reading with a kind of horror, which really was rapture, of how they pined in prisons, were laid on the gridiron, pierced with arrows, boiled in pitch, thrown to wild animals, nailed to the cross, and suffered the most horrible torment with a kind of joy. To suffer and endure cruel torture from then on seemed to me exquisite delight, especially when it was inflicted by a beautiful woman, for ever since I can remember all poetry and everything demonic was for me concentrated in woman. I literally carried the idea into a sort of cult.

"I felt there was something sacred in sex; in fact, it was the only sacred thing. In woman and her beauty I saw something divine, because the most important function of existence—the continuation of the species—is her vocation. To me woman represented a personification of nature, Isis, and man was her priest, her slave. In contrast to him she was cruel like nature herself who tosses aside whatever has served her purposes as soon as she no longer has need for it. To him her cruelties, even death itself, still were sensual raptures.

"I envied King Gunther whom the mighty Brunhilde fettered on the bridal night, and the poor troubadour whom his capricious mistress had sewed in the skins of wolves to have him hunted like game. I envied the Knight Ctirad whom the daring Amazon Scharka craftily ensnared in a forest near Prague, and carried to her castle Divin, where, after having amused herself a while with him, she had him broken on the wheel…"

…In the wretch at the model's feet, staring up adoringly and supplicatingly at the woman who was in the process of torturing and emasculating him for her own pleasures, Paul Garrett knew he was looking at an early role model for the supersensual Galician who could only take pleasure from the hands and at the feet of a cruel female.

It did not take long after this revelation for it to suggest itself to him that the erection threatening to erupt from his trousers placed him as an even later model for the same sexual malaise and the locomotia inertia that went with it.

Again:

But why?

Certainly, he had felt… *unusual* …stirrings in the presence of the Riesdaal painting and, now, this one. But never until now had the prospect of being tortured and dominated by a woman in such a fashion been even the merest part of his thoughts. Though, obviously, he had to confess, longings of such a perverse kind must always have been kicking around in the lower depths of his subconscious if this was his gut-reaction.

Had his ex-wife and all those former girlfriends sensed something of this in him and taken appropriate action?

Did this explain why he was still a bachelor at the relatively old age of thirty-eight?

Why else would he be gazing at the malevolent redhead in the picture as if he were dehydrated and she a fountain whose permission he needed to be able at last to slake his thirst?

For it also struck him that, though her hair was stunning and her eyes utterly compelling, this was no conventional beauty – despite the hour-glass shape and the conical breasts. There was a curved and angular severity to her facial particulars that hovered around the zone bordering a look of character and outright ugliness – certainly, she could never be described as a beauty. In fact, there was something distinctly inhuman in the features as captured by the artist and Garrett could only hope the depiction had stemmed from the artists imagination rather than an exact replication of his model. For surely, no human features could reflect the levels of malevolence and the sheer joy of inflicting the mental and physical pain possible when one owned another human being, as the woman in the picture seemed to own the wretch grovelling before her.

Could they?

The form of the almost supine and supplicatory victim, as wretched as he was, was also compelling in itself; despite the aforementioned lack of craft inherent in the creator wielding the brush that gave him life.

The head was writhed around, as if in mental agonies far greater than the physical pains caused by the lacerations visible upon his back. Lacerations, one did not have to guess too hard, that had been caused by the vicious looking cat and its barbed tails that hung

so casually from the woman's alabaster hand and trailed across the cold stone-flooring. Its barbs leaving a trail of blood upon the stone to denote the nature of its recent activity.

Though he could not see the face or its expression upon the handsome supplicatory, he could tell the man was by some years the woman's senior and this seemed to give another dimension to his own reaction to the subject matter.

Was there not something even more… *distasteful* …in the sight of a man being emasculated by a member of the weaker sex who was also younger than he?

In the tortured tenseness of the man's blood smeared muscles visible to him, there seemed to be a proclamation of shame intended for the witness to his incarceration and subsequent torture.

As if a message were to be divined from the sickly white sheen of the skin and the jagged streaks of gore the whip she wielded had written upon it.

And yet, the certainty portrayed by his cringing posture and the arms stretched towards his jailor so beseechingly – so *imploringly* – was of a man who, though undoubtedly broken and no more than a pale shadow of the man he had once been, was not just emasculated and tamed, but doing battle with feelings of adoration for the monstrous refection of nurturing femininity that had stripped him of everything he held dear.

And then came a voice that was as familiar to him in general as it was unknown to him on an individual basis.

"Hold on, there!" came a sharp and authoritative challenge from the stairs behind and below him.

Paul Garrett started, his perusal of the painting's victim interrupted by male-custodian whose sense of authority and superiority over those visiting the Academy who paid for his vigilance had been honed through many years of service and would remain that way for at least another year or two until he either took his retirement or his retirement was forced upon him.

"What are you doing here? And… what's *that* picture doing there?"

Garrett almost lost his footing and fell upon the speaker, so startled was he from his guilty and perversely sensuous perusal of the painting. The Museum guard was a slight old fellow with a completely hairless scalp that could be seen covered in the liver-spots of age. But this did not prevent him from advancing upon the lone visitor with all the righteous self-entitlement of the long-term and uniformed employed.

Recovering his poise a little, and finding himself annoyed with the old man – as he always found himself annoyed with officious little people for whom, sometimes, it took no more than a hat and a uniform to give them a belief in their own authority – Garrett's manner became more brusque and superior.

"I was going to ask somebody that self-same question," he told the man in a tetchy tone of voice of his own. "I was expecting to find the Joachim Riesdaal hanging here."

The guard relaxed his forbidding attitude at first sound of Garret's well-modulated voice, like most of his class confusing background with intelligence and endowing the good fortune found from birth a respect it, possibly, did not deserve; though, on this occasion, it was just possible he recognised Garret from one of his numerous former visits.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought you were a tourist. We don't like *them* wandering around as they please without supervision."

He sniffed disapprovingly:

"No telling what they might try to carry off as a memento of their visit."

Garrett nodded, willing to indulge the older man now their respective merits had been acknowledged.

"So, what happened to the Riesdaal? It's hung here for as long as I've been coming."

The guard rubbed his chin, perplexed.

"I can't rightly say that I know, sir. We're normally kept in the loop if a painting's taken away downstairs for restoration or just swapped, but there's been no mention of it on the bulletin-board."

He made a face of distaste and aimed a nod at the picture now occupying the Riesdaal's rightful position, then lifted his shoulders in what might have been a shrug but could just as easily have been a shudder.

"For what it's worth, I think their choice to replace it – temporary or not – is… is…"

He seemed at a loss for the right description, the vocabulary in his possession plainly not up to the task.

Either that or the word or words of choice he preferred to use were not a kind for public consumption.

Finally settling for…

"…Nasty!"

Garret nodded again, unable to do anything other than agree – constrained custodian's vocabulary or not.

"I was there when it came in last month," the guard went on, still with that look of distaste. "Must say, I wasn't the only one surprised the Academy had procured it."

"Why is there no plate?" Garret asked. "In all the time I have been coming here I have yet see to see a painting, sculpture or curio, without one. Why is this an exception?"

The aged custodian shook his head.

“Again, I can’t rightly say, sir,” he confessed to Garrett. “It had one when it was downstairs, waiting for the curators to allocate it a place. So it should be there on the wall next to it.”

“Well, as you can plainly see, it isn’t,” Garrett pointed out. “Do you recall, by any chance, the name of the painter and the title.”

“Only too well, sir,” the guard answered instantly.

Garrett’s look invited the man to continue.

“The title inscribed on the plate was *‘The Mistress of His Soul’*,” he said.

“And the artist? What was his name?”

The custodian shook his head, a small but pained expression twisting the aged skin of his face as if what he was about to say was as distasteful as it was baffling.

“Not a man, sir. A woman, I’m told. Sounded Belgian or something like that to me.”

Garrett gave him an impatient look, the guard’s guesses as to the provenance of the artist’s name of no interest to him, given his confidence in his own more… *cerebral* …ability to divine the answer for himself.

“And the name itself?”

“The name was Maartje Hendricks,” the old guard told him with a somewhat fanciful attempt at pronunciation inducing a smile of apology for his inability. “There was no accompanying biography on her and that’s why I guessed at Belgium.”

Going on then, by way of a vindication for his thought-processes:

“I served with a man named Hendricks during the last conflict, and his father had come to England from Belgium. Don’t know much about the country if I’m honest, mind. Save that they like their beers… That’s why I plumped for that as her place of birth.”

Garrett nodded, throwing the man a scrap by way of a small smile.

“By the age of it, I’d say Belgium would still have been a part of Holland at the time; but your instincts were correct in regard of the lowlands. The style also, though somewhat crude, seems to affiliate to a Dutch school of a period before the Golden Age. By the style of the female’s clothing I should err more towards the Dutch Renaissance School rather than that of the early-Netherlandish variety.”

The old guard was suitably impressed.

“Well, you seem to know your stuff, sir,” said the custodian, giving the impression he was anxious to make his leave. And, as you’re obviously no tourist and one of our regulars, I’ll leave you to inspect this… *picture* …at your leisure.”

And with that, the guard continued his journey upwards towards the atrium of the museum itself and to whichever room he was scheduled to supply vigilance, his footsteps echoing on the hard steps until a door was heard swinging open and the sound and memory of him faded from Garret's once again obsessed thoughts.

The study before him virtually erasing all memory of the old custodian and his unwanted intervention within moments of Garrett again taking up his perusal of its subject.

And, for all he was aware, for some considerable time.

He knew not how long, alone and in solitude, he stood before that picture, the erection arrowing upwards from inside his trousers as urgent as any he could recall.

And certainly more persistent.

Looking back, he would realise that the hair on the back of neck had begun to take on a life of its own *before* the voice spoke in his ear.

"Fascinating, isn't it?"

Garret almost jumped out of his skin at this.

The guard had startled him but this was another matter entirely.

The fact that the dominant subject of the painting he was obsessed with was a woman, and that the sibilant voice in his ear was unmistakeably female, shocked him enough that he leapt away from its sound and turned in one and the same motion; his back hitting the unyielding wall next to the painting as he took in the cause of his startlement.

The woman facing him was dressed in a two-piece grey suit, its jacket nipped in at the waist and the figure hugging skirt expanding out over curvaceous hips before a pair of powerful and shapely nylon-clad legs emerged at the thigh and ended in feet that wore a pair of navy-blue court-shoes with a low heel. In her blue Aviator sun-glasses she looked the epitome of the modern businesswoman. Driven, to the point, and no-nonsense.

And her hair, scraped from her face and tied fiercely at the back, was…

Red!

"You get the impression he adores her; despite the fact she is obviously responsible for his mental and physical agony," she finished, the sense her eyes behind the darkened glass of her Aviators were skewering his own almost palpable as he tried to find the wherewithal to make a response that was at least semi-coherent.

Wherewithal that was not forthcoming at this point.

For, as intimated, Garrett was stunned. Even without the disguise of the sunglasses he could see the curving and severe features below and sensed he was in the presence of –

if not the model in the painting – a direct ancestor of the woman whose cruelty and obvious relish in the wielding of personal power literally shone from the canvas.

“It is a subject sure to interest any woman with an interest in the relationships between the genders and the unnatural way and unjust way the unfettered path of male-led society has managed to… *slant* …them.

Wishing to take opposition to her assertion and defend his own gender at one and the same time, Garrett found himself too tongue-tied and startled to give voice to his thoughts.

The woman before him, however, showing no such reticence.

“I also see that you are a man after the same heart as the one depicted,” she went on, taking advantage of his vocal-chords temporary inability to function to elucidate her feelings on the subject. “A man, even if he is only now becoming aware of the fact, who senses the great joy to be had for the male who acknowledges the superiority of the… *right* …woman and the deep personal satisfaction of serving her in a manner of her own choosing.”

Though he could not see her eyes, and still finding himself too emotionally distraught to speak, Paul Garrett knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that, if the glasses were to be removed, his own would be greeted by the sight of the same unnerving and unholy green of the model.

Her head lowered a little and paid unmistakable attention to the area of his groin that, thankfully covered by the three-quarter-length of his leather, contained the most disabling and discomfiting erection of his thirty-eight-years.

Far in advance, in fact, of the prodigious example of the evening before inspired by a girlfriend his thoughts had already discarded as anything more than a fuck-buddy the following morning.

The rod of iron tenting his trousers beneath his leather of a power and intensity not to be compared to that of the night before.

Even if there were other feelings coursing through him that could not be compared with those experienced the previous night also.

Never, he knew, had he felt so humiliated before a fellow human-being as he did right at this moment.

“Do you imagine yourself in his position?” she asked, seemingly oblivious to all the rules of social interaction and certainly *not* on even nodding terms with the tact and reticence the English so valued. “Or do you see your service to such a commanding lady in other terms?”

His attempt to answer was unsuccessful and he seemed unable to frame a response likely to rid himself of the, admittedly, fascinating intruder into his private world within a world.

“Do not be embarrassed, *Mr Paul Garrett*,” she said, the somewhat sarcastic use of his formal name adding another layer shock and, yes, fear, to sensitivities already functioning at a heightened level. “I have much experience in the ways of the beta-male, and the blood-filled penis currently filling your underpants is in no ways novel to me.”

His shock at her knowledge of his name released his vocal-chords from their bondage:

“You…? You know me?”

The bespectacled head nodded and the curved and severe features below the sunglasses curled at the lips to form a most unsavoury smile.

“Better than you know yourself, my poor deluded boy. Your past, your present, and, most assuredly, your future.”

“But…”

“Be quiet, now,” she told him without raising her voice or even modulating her tones; neither necessary to make what was certainly a command reach his ears as if a whiplash had introduced itself into the space between them.

Marvelling at a docility no soul familiar with his company would ever have claimed to witness, he found himself obeying this strange woman, looking on both dumbfounded and alarmed as she continued.

“I also know how your soul yearns to be at the service of such a woman. To know each of her intimate scents, from the nylon-clad feet sweaty from a day’s shopping, to the fragrance of her unwashed armpits you so eagerly lick fresh. Your greatest desire is to be of service to this woman. Mentally, domestically, and physically. It is the missing link in your unsatisfactory life.”

He tried to summon the words that would adequately convey his outrage at both the woman’s assertions and the sheer jaw-dropping rudeness that allowed her to voice them.

And failed completely.

Of a sudden, he realised she was holding out a long cylindrical tube towards him, such as the type in which architects prints are ferried, and indicated that he take it.

“When you reach home,” she told him as it was pushed towards a hand resting at his side, “I wish you to give this print pride of place on the ceiling above your bed.”

For a few moments, Garrett wondered if he were having an episode of some sort and both the picture and woman before him were no more than figments of his sudden malaise.

A sense of wonderment banished when he felt the tube thrust into his hand and his arm returned to its side; realising he had obeyed the command of a woman he had met not seconds before and was doing her bidding.

"Get a grip of yourself, man!" his thoughts raged; even as his eyes drank in her severe features and the conical breasts disturbing the designer cut of her jacket and the blood in his cock threatened to make his desire volcanic.

"By doing so," she was continuing, seemingly assured he was not missing a word despite his understandable condition of extreme discomfiture, "you will ensure the scene is the last thing you see before sleeping and the first upon waking."

Her lip again curled in unholy mirth:

"It will instil in you a necessary attitude of… *reverence*."

As, untouched by human hand, his balls launched the excess of his manhood through his cock to explode into the underpants that had been clean on that morning, her last words before she turned on her heel and left standing there alone reached appalled ears.

"Be at the address written on the back of the print by nine this evening. Not a minute earlier, and *certainly* not a minute late."

There came a pause as she allowed her words to sink in and he realised he would have been utterly incapable of speaking a word – even if any likely to prove moderately intelligible had made themselves available to his flailing, post-orgasm, mind.

As it was, the voice that broke the silence, in perfect English with just a hint of something… *guttural*, was hers:

"As once you were my slave in days now gone, so will you be again in the time we experience now.

Suddenly, an image of her at the back of his head formed. He saw her tall and stately, moving through wild and broken scenery of forests and mountain caverns, the glare of flames behind her head and clouds of translucent smoke encircling her form. The dying leaves of autumn in a last gasp kaleidoscope of fading colour seemed to encircled her flaming hair as, unfettered, it was tossed by the wind and her body moved lithe and strong through the landscape about her. There were others about her too, seeming to cast covetous yet fearful glances upon her moving form, but her own eyes were always fixed upon a spot ahead of her and the man she was making for. An affluent and well-dressed man with a fearful expression who, yet, seemed compelled to remain in position before her advance.

She was, Garret's thoughts told him as the scene unfolded in his head, both regal and, utterly and completely… *terrifying!*

When her voice came next, he could not be sure if it were in actual time or in his thoughts, so off-balance had the situation made him.

"Your desire for me has placed you back in that place from which you were ill-advised enough to have yourself removed. And this time my presence and influence will be your master the remainder of your existence."

So great was his disturbance at this point that Garrett would have fallen backwards had it not been for the landing wall propping him up and it was all he could do to prevent himself from sliding down it with horror as her surprisingly tiny hands took a hold of his with a grip of incredible firmness and he both thrilled and quailed at the contact.

"You are back in that place from which you should never have left and did not have my permission to leave," her voice echoed in his skull without her lips seeming to move. *"For that insult and impertinence you will need to be chastised after a manner of my choosing. You are here in this place because I willed you to be so. I have called to you for years my absent chattel, and you finally came with the whole force of the past behind you."*

Her grip on his wrists seemed to intensify and moved her face his that he might feel the full force and authority of her at close quarters.

Then, leanings in so close to him he could smell the cloying sweetness of her depraved breath infusing his nostrils, lips finally moving and aloud in the silence of the stair-well:

"You had to come, Paul Garrett. For I own you, and I claim you."

In her expression, and despite the camouflage of the sunglasses, he detected what had so struck him from the painting itself.

A certain look of… *insolence*.

An insolence, he knew, that was born of… *power*.

Then, as he stood open-mouthed and weak-kneed, she turned on her heel and his last view of her was of a pair of substantial but shapely calf-muscles as her feet in their heels pecked their way out of sight and up into the *normal* environment of the Academy itself.

Leaving him with a deep-seated sense of foreboding and underpants saturated with the evidence of a desire *she* had triggered.

*****

It was not until he had paid off his taxi, still in a condition perhaps best described as a numbed bewilderment, and took the cylinder carrying a print of the work that had so unmanned him upstairs to his bachelor apartment, that the enormity and sheer unbelievability of what had happened to him struck home. His apartment was opposite Battersea Park's northern-end and overlooked both the Thames and the iconic, and under reconstruction, Power Station so recognisable as part of the capital's skyline and a certain Pink Floyd album. The balcony overlooking the river the first place he headed

to with a much-needed glass of Rioja, ominous cylinder and its contents neglected for now, to try and make sense of what had just happened to him.

And was no wiser or less trouble at the end of the third glass as he had been at the end of the first.

Three

At some time after the draining of his third Rioja, the print awaiting his perusal still untouched in its cylinder, Paul Garrett stumbled in from the balcony and fell across the three-seater sofa in a deep but troubled sleep.

His dreams were both nonsensical and chilling.

Capering and fully clothed female bodies danced upon the back of his eyelids, their poses fantastical, coquettish, and taunting, as he knelt in their midst with not a stitch of clothing to his name. Lights danced across his eyes and supplied a gloss and intensity to dancing forms that brushed against him and then swiftly moved away before his imploring hands could feel the warmth and firmness of their flesh beneath an array of outlandish costumes the most committed and passionate members of a fetish chapter would find over the top. A whole cornucopia of varying body-shapes – all of them highly erotic – passed across his vision and even brushed lycra-clad legs and breasts against him fleeting while blowing maddening air-kisses that stopped short of his reaching face and left him with only the residue of their scented breath.

It was an exhibition that had his dreaming form in a state of utter and complete rut.

Or would have been.

For there… where his erection should have been pulsing proudly and needily, begging one of his tormentors to have mercy upon him and lower herself to her haunches that his pride and joy might find itself enveloped in that cavern of femininity from when he came and for which he would, at this point, have given all his worldly goods that a certain part of his anatomy be allowed to return…?

For *there*, was a cage and a ring, the steel composing both glittering with unholy pride to be the jailor of manly cock inside as it pulsed with futility against the bars of its confines that its be-ringed scrotum might be allowed to spew its contents from the head above and bring him some respite from the need inspired by the devilish and erotic dancers surrounding him.

Then, suddenly, the dancers stopped and scattered, skittering away from him as if he had suddenly become contagious.

Which was when he heard the sound of heels clattering across the stone-floor behind him.

Prevented by the manacles that secured his wrists and ankles to the floor and kept him in place upon his haunches, from turning fully in the direction of the sound, the goose-bumping covering the whole of his naked skin told him the identity of his visitor.

She stepped around him, heels echoing in the empty high-ceilinged room, body devoid of clothing except for a sheer and diaphanous silk gauze and the heels themselves.

Her body beneath the gauze, he could do no more than admit, was… *marvellous!*

Less so, the short-tailed whip hanging casually from one insouciant wrist.

In comparison to the nymphs and wet-dreams who had just been tormenting him, his grudging thoughts conceded, she was as far removed in terms of voluptuousness and eroticism as that of a pre-pubescent to a fully formed and knowing woman.

Her eyes were holding his now and, shorn of their glasses, he felt unmanned to be the object of their interest; the green-ness that had seemed so unearthly in the museum given extra power by the fixity of their gaze and the power and intent that gaze conveyed.

Her voice when it came chilled him to his very marrow…

"You are going to be late," she told him.

His thoughts raced:

"Late for what?"

"And your owner is going to be *most* disappointed."

A grip that felt very much like doom seemed to take a hold upon his entrails as he racked his brains for the reason behind that *"owner's"* disappointment.

Then…

He leapt from the sofa fully awake.

And in a condition of stark staring fear.

The clock read just before eight-thirty.

And she had told him to be there at nine!

But be where?

She had given no address.

How could he be expected to…?

His eyes alighted on the cylinder and he snatched it up feverishly before sliding its contents from the cardboard tube.

So terrified was he of missing his deadline – even if a part of him acknowledged how illogical both his fear and what was happening to him happened to be – that he barely scrutinised the subject of the print whose original had held him spellbound only hours before.

Swiftly, he turned it to the back and read, in a somewhat antique hand:

Wollaston Manor
Meadowbank Close
Fulham
SW6

Confirming it to memory and snatching up his coat and his keys, he was outside and on his way downstairs to a waiting taxi before anything like rational thought could fight its way alongside the utterly unmanning sense of panic lending manic wings to his movements.

To the good fortune of his mental condition at this point, a number of London's Black-Cabs were queuing at the entrance to what was, after all, a very affluent development, and he was soon making impatient progress over Chelsea Bridge and West towards Fulham.

Eschewing all attempts by the driver to engage him and win him over to the cause of Brexit, and any other number of subjects of interest common to the generality of London's licenced and somewhat one-dimensional cabbies, Garrett attempted to get his feelings under a measure of control; his own thoughts berating him for how easily he was allowing himself to become unmanned the situation by which he was faced.

Attempts that had proved only marginally when, not two minutes before nine, he paid the driver and stood before a large house on the edge of the river. Not a *"Manor"* like any he was familiar with, but an imposing property at the end of a close and far enough away from the nearby properties to guarantee privacy of a sort. It was walled and the grounds beyond as he made his way to the entrance were scruffy rather than unkempt. The kind of grounds, he considered, that was not indicative of straitened financial circumstances so much as a general disinterest. A single light shone beyond the rather imposing front-door upon whose bell he rang.

An imposing front-door opened not by the woman who had invited – *commanded* – his presence, but by a younger and fawn-like individual with short page-boy cut black hair and a boyish body covered from neck to foot in material Garrett took to be grey latex.

That *"boyish body"* contradicted by a pair of outcropping breasts made all the more… *sensuous* …for their confinement within the stretchy fabric.

About to say the name of his would-be, and quite unwanted hostess, Garrett was suddenly aware that her name had not been supplied with the address and was lost for a few moments how to go ahead.

His avowal when he made it seeming rather lame to his own ears.

"I… I'm expected."

The dark brown eyes the girl trained upon him were both amused and, as the hairs upon his neck bristled once again, indescribably evil.

He sensed it and was repulsed by it.

Her unnatural desire to experience all that the world of debased and depraved behaviour could offer seemed to seep from her pores as a diabolical stench that imparted itself to his nostrils as knowledge.

The suspicion that she would like to experience that evil with him as her subject did not make him breathe any easier.

For, as surely as Paul Garrett had known anything in his entire life, he knew that he was in the presence of wanton malevolence of a kind that knew no bounds.

And was as unable to turn from it and leave as he would have been if there had been a sheer two-thousand-feet drop awaiting his retreat.

As if she sensed his inability for flight, the young woman stepped in closer and placed latex covered arms around him – grinning at the way he flinched and yet did not attempt to elude her as his cheeks reddened and his jaw tensed.

"Mistress Hendricks is *expecting* you," she whispered up at him with a voice that betrayed her callow youth and, yet, proclaimed a putrid degeneracy as old as time itself.

Allowing herself a tiny giggle as her hands cupped his trousered buttock and his handsome cheeks reddened further; fetching up her thigh then to make contact with the underside of his scrotum which was, at this point, underpinning yet another erection of momentous proportions.

His humiliation brought to an end by a sharp, and now familiar, voice:

"Elise!"

The girl tensed and moved herself away from him as if he had developed Ebola.

"Bring my boy through now!"

Then, as the girl named Elise had turned to the side and indicated a door behind her:

"He is not yours to use… *Yet*."

A smile curled the lip of the girl at the last word before, with a small push to his back, he was guided towards the open door and the light beyond.

Four

Something held him tight by the wrists and ankles and his semi-conscious thoughts sought a reason for the confinement.

His last memory had been of being led through to his erstwhile *"hostess"* as she awaited him in a high-backed chair, still dressed in the business suit and heels of the afternoon and, for some reason, despite being indoors, wearing the Aviators still.

He recalled the girl named Elise fetching them a tea of some kind and being told by his hostess, kindly and hospitably, to drink as she spoke to him…

"…You are now where you belong, once again. If not, exactly, in the position you will occupy from now on."

Garrett had stared back at the woman and realised she meant every single word she was saying.

And seemed to have no means with which to refute her claims in regard of him.

Especially as, once again, he felt compelled to remain silent in her presence and seemed to have only will enough to sip at the strange tasting but not unpleasant brew the elfin Elise had fetched for him.

"Never again will you leave my side," said the older of the two women who, at least in physical appearance, he took to be younger than himself by a number of years, "and, though my methods for instilling reverence and obedience in my subjects has tempered itself down the years and I now prefer the torments of shame and humiliation to physical suffering, it will be necessary to extract a somewhat painful price from you for having had the temerity to escape me all those years before."

He had no idea what she was talking about and, even if he had, would not been able to find voice enough to plead his case; but her words terrified him just the same; even as words of his own, from some text he had once read, by a writer whose name he could not recall, were triggered into life by the position in which he found himself and the sight of her before him…

…We are, some of us, so weak, so powerless, so ignorant, so small - we who live on this particle of mud which revolves in liquid air – and I divine that the reign of man is over.

She is among us!

She whom disquieted priests exorcised, whom sorcerers evoked on dark nights, without seeing her appear.

She to whom the imaginations of the transient masters of the world lent all the monstrous or graceful forms of gnomes, spirits, genii, fairies, and familiar spirits; this, following on from the coarse conceptions of primitive fear, before men more

enlightened gave her a truer form. Mesmer divined her and ten years ago physicians accurately discovered the nature of her hypnotic power.

Even before She exercised it herself.

They played with that weapon of their new Mistress.

The sway of a mysterious will over a human soul it was strong enough to enslave.

They called it mesmerism, hypnotism and suggestion, and I picture them now as they diverted themselves like rash children with the perfecting of this rash and unholy power!

Woe to us!

Woe to man!

She has come…

The… The…

What does it matter?

As a balloon, devised and sent aloft by us men, rises only to fall, so She rises of her own volition to reign over those responsive few fated to become her subjects.

Woe to me!

For I am the latest of those 'subjects', and the release of death, my female master has assured me, will only come to pass when nature itself is ready to take its due receipt and can free me of the bondage I labour under for her edification.

The vulture has eaten the pigeon, the wolf has eaten the lamb; the lion has devoured the sharp-horned buffalo and man has killed the lion with an arrow, with a spear and with gunpowder - but La Horla will make of man what man has made of the horse and of the ox.

Her chattel and her slave.

And by the mere power of her will.

I hear the voice of my master in the tinkling of a bell - the same bell she now uses to underline the position I occupy in her regard and whenever I am required in her presence – and I scurry to do her bidding.

I know now that she will never tire of my unceasing humiliation at her hands and have confessed to myself weeks prior to this current date that there will be no cessation in the imagination she applies to keeping my subjugation to her fresh and novel.

In this she is utterly relentless and implacable.

What awaits me when I reach her will only ensure the small essence of man that remains to me becomes smaller still, but scurry to her I do; beaten, abject, and with only one aim.

To serve and please that I may escape the wrath I have seen once too often and have no desire to experience another time.

Once again:

Woe to us!...

"…I have taken steps to prevent you from leaving my side again," he returned to terra firma in time to hear her say. "And I promise you will not enjoy them," she assured him. "Before, I made the mistake of believing my physical mastery of you was enough in itself to break you of the will to leave me. You proved me wrong on that score and, with the help of that cursed priest, found the means to remove yourself from my… *service*."

Garrett stared at her uncomprehendingly, assured there was serious evidence before him of mental malfunction. The woman obviously believed herself to be the model for the picture and *he* the lacerated supplicant at her feet. But how did this explain his own reaction? What was keeping him in place to listen to her nonsense and feel unable to find the voice to refute such obvious mental instability.

What was becoming a familiar – and quite hateful – smile appeared again at the corner of her lips.

"Of course, you have no means by which to remember what you were and what I made of you back in the day."

Her expression darkened and, almost to herself:

"Another insult for which that accursed priest was responsible and one he would have regretted many times over had not his regretfully natural death not kept him from my yoke."

After a few beats of reflection, the smile returned and was aimed his way.

"But that was the past and this is now. Whether you recall or not is of no moment. You are mine once again and, with the help of my lovely girls, such as Elise here, you will once again be shown how best to please the woman whose heart you once broke and trampled into the dust."

Her laughter was deeply unpleasant and even more unhinged.

"Before, that is, she took possession of you and reduced your male pride to nothingness beneath her heel."

She nodded to the girl.

“It is now time for you to look fully upon the woman who owns your very soul.”

Garrett was aware of Elise taking his cup from him and feeling sleepy as he saw the woman’s hand go to her hair and untie it before shaking out the red-tresses that hung to her shoulder.

Exactly like the picture, his thoughts screamed.

And then screamed aloud as the sunglasses were removed and the most unearthly green-eyes surely beyond the imagination and genius of even the most gifted of artists turned themselves upon his.

As his consciousness began to leave him and he slipped from a reality he wished no part of, he swore he felt cool lips upon his forehead and words cooed into his ear:

“Sleep, my chattel. And, when you awake, we will introduce you to your new… *existence*…

Five

…In his first half-moment of wakefulness he sensed that the room was filled with the women of his earlier, sofa-bound, dream. That they were women was obvious; though even in those first few moments of wakefulness it was obvious these females were neither nurturing nor maternal. Clad in a range of outlandish costumes in fabrics ranging from latex-to-lycra and leather-to-silk, the hungry look radiating from their eyes dispelled any notion that he, Paul Garrett, might be in for a fun time and that the whole experience, beginning at the Academy, had been nothing more than some elaborate practical joke by a playful ex-girlfriend or girlfriends.

For a start, he recognised none of the women and they were far too young for his tastes – though it did strike him, somewhat hopefully, that they could easily have been hired for such a purpose.

And some of his ex's were certainly wealthy enough and let-down enough to bring such a practical joke off.

But this was plainly no joke.

As he awakened fully, he realised there was a menacing ring of them standing about him.

Which is when he also realised that any hopes he might have had of it all being a practical-joke were stillborn.

After all, they might well have been able to pull off certain aspects of what had befallen him up to now.

So far, so possible.

But how on earth could they have possible manipulated his sleeping thoughts upon the sofa in his own home that so faithfully replicated the situation in which he now found himself?

They were arranged around him.

Exactly like the dream.

They were clothed and he was naked.

Exactly like the dream.

Both his wrists and his ankles were manacled and attached to rings set in the hard and cold stone-floor.

Exactly like the dream.

And, to his utter mortification and depthless horror, the cock he could feel stirring to life in the presence of so much female decadence was meeting the resistance of… *steel*.

Exactly as it had in the dream!

Without being aware he was about to do it, he was suddenly and frantically trying to wrench himself free of the manacles holding him in a squatting position upon the floor.

Maniacally, he tried to jerk loose, thrashing his body in its forced squat from one side to the other as the outrageously and provocatively dressed women above him mocked his impotent struggles and pointed with school-girlish giggles to the thick ring of steel about his balls and the equally substantial bars that defined his cock-cage.

Suddenly, one of the youngest amongst them, wearing leather shorts that showed off tanned and gamine legs and a halter top covering still fledgling but obviously budding breasts, approached him and his struggles ceased.

She was holding a bamboo walking-stick.

As her intention became plain, and still unable to find his voice for reasons beyond him, he began his futile attempts to gain freedom yet again.

Attempts that were halted when the bamboo made contact with target presented by his hunched shoulders.

Again and again the stick fell and, if he was unable to voice words of complaint, he was certainly capable of screaming his protest against the agony inflicted upon him.

He heard himself screeching with truly hysterical single-mindedness as the girl who could not have been more than seventeen laid about him as if she had been born to the task.

Which was when, above and through his own abject screaming and the laughter of the girls enjoying having a grown man to abuse, he heard the sound of heels clacking against the stone-floor behind him.

Exactly like his dream!

And, suddenly, his beating stopped and the girls were no longer to be seen. The heels came to a halt at my back and he sensed the presence of his maniacal hostess as she took in the war-zone that had been made of his shoulders.

Then the pecking of those heels echoed again as she came around to stand before him.

Body devoid of clothing except for a sheer and diaphanous silk gauze and the heels themselves, their straps fastened around her ankles in a less restrictive mimicking of the manacles restraining him to the floor.

And, in her hand, hanging from a leather strap fastened around her wrist?

A short-tailed, and vicious looking whip.

Again, exactly like his dream…

*****

"…And so," she began, startling green eyes fixed upon his and sending shards of ice to the very core of his soul, "we resume our natural relation to each other."

She took a step towards him that ensured his head was positioned at the vee of her… *commanding* …legs and reached out to ruffle his hair in the way an owner would ruffle the hair of dog recently returned with the bone thrown for him.

"Are you not happy to be back in the possession of your rightful owner?" she asked, actually sounding serious, as if he could possibly be pleased to find himself in such humiliating circumstances.

His eyes raised and his nose twitched as he found himself staring past the diaphanous silk and directly at her denuded womanhood – not a single hair visible either side of her depilated vagina or in the near vicinity and leaving him certain the first hair he would encounter before the flaming red mass atop her head would be that belonging to her sculpted eyebrows. To his self-disgust, an image of himself lapping at a smooth armpit filled his vision and, along with the obvious smell of her arousal wafting past the silk and into his nostrils, inspired yet another attempt by his cock to erect in its steel prison. Self-disgust that was not tempered any when his groan of discomfort fetched laughter from above.

"Can you truly say you have been happy in any of the forms you have taken since your… *sympathetic* …priest performed the rite that divorced you from my ownership – at least temporarily? Not that you can remember any of those incarnations, of course. But ask yourself this, Paul Garrett – and yes, I will allow you to continue under that name. Ask yourself if there has not been something… *missing* …in your enjoyment of your most recent life. Or has it been, bafflingly and demoralizingly, unsatisfactory?"

Breathing through his mouth that he might not take in so much of her undeniably exotic scent, and risk another painful attempt at erection, Garrett considered what she had suggested and could do no more than admit she was right at some level.

Which, of course, did not mean it was the absence of episodes such as this he held responsible for his… *disappointment*.

"You will find that my tastes have grown and become more sophisticated from those portrayed in the painting that so enthralled you on that museum landing. Since last you experienced my… *attentions* …I have grown less enamoured with the more physical aspects of power and control and find myself drawn more to the more metaphysical joys to be experienced when exercising my dominance over handsome beasts such as yourself."

Her fingers found his chin and tilted it upwards that he might stare into the dazzling green of her eyes and see the sincerity and strength beamed towards him.

“Are you not flattered to know that a woman such as I holds your handsome looks in such regard she would go to so many extreme lengths down the years to acquire you once again?” she asked, her tone telling him an answer was not required, even had he been capable of forming one at this time.

“Many people would describe my feelings for you as love,” she went on, crouching down that she might be on a level with him and revealing the full wonder of her marvellous breasts beneath their silk covering to his suddenly riveted eyes. “But not I. My need for you – and yes, I do describe it as a need – is considerable, but it is not based upon the finer feelings of sherd aims, hopes, or dreams. Your appeal to me lies almost completely in your own innate weakness in relation to me. An appeal heightened by the fact you are a man well-respected by men and seen as a person of substance by certain women. A perception on their part I, at least, can attest to being misplaced. Though I will confess that your hatred of the service I demand of you is yet another facet of the charm you possess for me.”

To his utter surprise, surprise that took the form of revulsion and excitement, she leaned in to him and wiped her tongue over his face from chin to forehead, eyes glittering with the joy of possession and the fact she could taste him in such a proprietorial way without him being able to lift a finger to stop her – not even if his hands had not been manacled to the floor by the wrists.

“My lovely girls are as taken with you as your rightful owner,” she informed him, still holding his eyes with her own as if they were a tractor-beam and he the most insignificant and tiny piece of space flotsam. “But they will be allowed only the most… *limited* …access to your charms.

Her lips mashed against his and, in a reversal of the parts taken by the genders down through history, he felt her tongue invade his mouth in a bastardisation of male-female interaction.

When she broke from the kiss her features were flushed with the unholy joy she took from her conquest.

“I have found you once again and, though my tastes have mellowed down the years, I fully intent to enslave you once more with an intensity even greater than that which was found wanting before. You may put all thoughts of rescue and redemption from your mind and certainly any thoughts you may recall of the accursed priest who took you from my control before. Your life in this form – and even beyond it – is mine now and I intend to enjoy you for all eternity.”

The perverse thrill he took from her words was only as great as his mortification upon hearing them and the latter of the two must been easily readable to her.

“Oh, do not look so downhearted, my lovely obedient boy,” she cooed in a voice she intended to be as soothing at it was mocking and succeeded only in its second aim. “As I said: your pain will no longer be the prime mover of my lusts. There are all kinds of psychological tortures and torments that move my hungry cunt and they have *nothing* whatsoever to do with physical pain.

“Simply to have you abject and obedient, and know that you hate every second of your serfdom to me, is a joy that will go on giving and never fail to arouse me. Knowing that the pride you take in being seen as a man of substance will be gradually eaten away as the world in which you move becomes accustomed to the fact you have become my manservant… Even if I do allow you to live at your home still… When not required here, that is.”

His look was puzzled and she laughed.

“That is what I meant by my tastes having changed,” she told him. “The law of diminishing returns is as real to the woman who values her pleasures as it is to the farmer who neglects to allow his fields to lie fallow from time to time, and I will not run the risk of diminishing the delights I take from my ownership of you through overuse.”

She shook her head.

“No. You will be surprised at just how *normal* many aspects of your life at my feet will be from now on. For though my girls like to dress up from time to time in the more outlandish costumes of the dominant and modern woman, they also value trapping a man into their service by use of more conventional means. We have many such… *fetish* …parties here, but *you* will never be allowed to dress in anything other than the standard manservant’s livery I intend for you.”

Her hand stroked his hair demeaningly.

“After all, we would not wish my friends and those of my girls to somehow mistake you for a guest, would we?”

She rose then, the twin columns of her magnificent legs almost straddling his squatting form and her hands going to her hops imperiously; the fearsome looking whip dangling from her wrist still as she gazed down upon him with a face that reflected all the joys of complete and incontrovertible ownership.

“But this lies in the future,” she told him, almost as if she were regretful, though something in her voice told him she was anything but. “For now it is necessary to reacquaints ourselves.”

With a flick of her wrist, the whip slashed at the air and Paul Garret with a fear that was pure and undiluted by manly backbone as he divined what was to follow.

“And, regretfully for you at least,” she went on, “it is necessary that you experience physical torment at my hand before you are considered broken enough to supply me the pleasure of your mental torment and fealty.”

The smile she delivered into his horrified yet still handsome features could not, it struck him, have been influenced by anything other than the most molten and most putrid corner of Satan’s subterranean dominion.

“You will know once again the pleasure and the favour of placing your tongue at the service of both your female-master’s superior cunt and her equally transcendent arsehole. But your much-vaunted cock will know neither. Though I may, if I find your service to me abject and sincere enough, allow my girls to allow you release after a manner of their choosing. But *never* yours, mind. No matter how servile your behaviour.”

Not for the first time, he took the obvious route and told himself what he was experiencing was no more than a vivid dream that he would soon awake from and find himself on the sofa in his apartment, the empty bottle of Rioja next to him all the evidence needed to explain the… *darkness* …of his booze-induced thoughts.

“For the first time since you escaped me,” the very *real* figure of his dream-woman intoned, “your life will have a purpose again. You will be my footman, my body-servant, and my most servile and diligent escort on those occasions when form dictates a need for a male *partner*.”

The word *“partner”* was delivered with a *“harrumph!”* of contempt and followed by a snort of derision.

“But this is all for later. For now we have another issue to address.”

By this time, Garrett was shivering uncontrollably in his own personal nightmare; the life he had led right up until that fateful moment on the Academy landing seeming more as if it were a dream and this impossible scenario he was being compelled to live out was the reality. Where last night he had been a potent lover being pleasured by a submissive woman who wished nothing more to please him that she might find a place in both his home and his life, and where this morning he had been a culture man of wealth and leisure taking his ease and his interest amidst London’s many cultural delights, he was now naked upon a stone-floor, shivering with utter fear at the prospect of what a *woman* was about to inflict upon him.

Fear that did not decrease when she addressed him again.

“First, before you again feel the purifying lash of your owner’s whip, and that its sting might more readily impress itself upon your very soul, there is the need to place my mark upon you. A brand of ownership I should have insisted upon way back and neglected, for reasons I cannot remember. But a lack I shall remedy now.”

Garrett’s mouth opened as if to beg, uncaring of the self-disgust at his core yelling and screaming for him to stand up to her in the way of a man.

And found he could not utter a sound.

“You will speak from now on only with my express permission,” she told him, lips in that severe face curling with contempt for what she had once made of him and was about to make of him again.

Even if she did intend his service, though he could not know it as yet, to be after a more… *contemporary* …fashion.

“Right now,” she went on in a voice as iron-hard as the substance it was imitating, “I want you to kneel before me upon all-fours.

“Now!” she barked, as he hesitated below her, watching with deep satisfaction as the tone of her voice alone was enough to have him adopt the desired position.

“Good boy,” she praised, this as she slung one powerful leg over his kneeling form to stand astride his back and the shoulder marked already by the bamboo stick of one of her more *enthusiastic* girls. “Your Master is pleased with you.”

To his amazement, on all-fours with a woman he had only met that day standing with her legs astride him, Paul Garret found his terror and bemusement joined by a ridiculous thrill of pleasure for having please her.

As the growingly faint screams of his departing manhood demanded he fight her dominance of him – if only with words – Garrett’s attention was once again drawn to the voice above him.

“You will be relieved to know that my *‘mark’* will not take the form of either a brand or a tattoo,” she told him. “Though it will be your behaviour from now on that decides whether or not I change my mind. But you *are* going to be marked as my property and, for now, I intend to do so by utilising the old ways. Then I am going to lacerate your back using more conventional methods more in keeping with cage currently imprisoning that cock of which I recall you being so proud… I can promise that the beating you will receive and my ownership of your cock and balls will make you think twice in the future should you ever be so unwise as to attempt to leave my service again.”

Still shivering with fear for what she intended for him and already tensing for the landing of the lash upon his back, Paul Garrett found himself in receipt of yet more words and prayed for it to remain that way.

“Then, tomorrow or the next day, when you have healed at least sufficiently to escort me, we will go to Saville Row where you will be measured and fitted for the uniform denoting your service your new Master.”

It was not seconds later, as the prospect of being humiliated in such a way before a tailor who was, no doubt, a fellow man, made his soul cringe with an agony of unwanted anticipation, that the first tentative splashes of her urine landed upon his back.

Morphing not a moment later into a stream that both stung the wounds placed upon his shoulders and ran downwards towards the crack of his arse before puddling on the stone-floor below him.

When the torrent reverted back to a drizzle and then to nothing, and the first crack of her whip landed atop her own wastes, the scream that burst from his suddenly serviceable lips was no more than a harbinger of the more heart-rending and soul-destroying screams to come in the beating fully intended to once again break him.

An intention that, not ten minutes later, the woman delivering it pronounced successful as the once-proud man on all-fours before her collapsed to the stone all screamed out and barely conscious.

The smile above that greeted his descent towards merciful Morpheus was triumphant, lustful, and utterly demonic all at once.

Maartje Hendricks had once again taken possession of her chattel.

THE END