“The Sirens of Omphale”

Formed to Subjugate Men

By
Willem Overmars

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PROLOGUE

The six women seated around the dining-table, attention shared between the stunning views across the river from the penthouse apartment and the even more satisfying repast just served them, each had common ground between them.

And were, if their hostess had divined their characters correctly, about to find more.

Sex, of course, as it always did when women of a more independent mind-set gathered together, had been more than well-covered by the time they had finished dessert and the handsome man in his early-forties serving it had been the subject of more than one libidinous enquiry from the female guests.

Of the diners, four of their number were women in their early-to-late-twenties and all ran relatively profitable businesses throughout the great metropolis in which all resided.

Their hostesses, by way of a contrast, were of German and African extraction and were both in their mid-thirties.

All of them, however, shared one thing in common…

They were all women who, while sexually attractive to men, had not proved of a kind that those same men were in any hurry to marry.

"Have sex for lust, but marry for love", as all of the women, not just the four in question, had heard on many an occasion, was not a sentiment which made much appeal for them – other than the lust element of the phrase, that is.

And, if the truth were known, it was not husband material of the traditional kind in which any of the women present were interested.

A disinterest that had led to their friendship with the hostess and her lover in the first place.

Strangely enough, given their geographical location, only one amongst them was English-born, while the others ranged from Bilbao in Spain's Basque country; Zakamensk, on Russia's Eastern border with Mongolia; and another from the port of Porbanda on India's Arabian Sea.

As for their hostess and her lover, provenance could be traced to Northern Europe and to Africa, where Nigeria's southern coastline recedes into the Gulf of Guinea.

For five of them there was common ground in that each of them had left their homeland to be free of the overbearing influence of the man found in those lands.

The men of England, each of them considered, and entirely different and more easily mastered problem.

It had been this uniting factor which had led their hostess to cultivate their company – of four of them, anyway – and eventually extend tonight's invitation.
If all went well, she knew, there would be four more converts to her small but passionate group of likeminded women by the morning.

It was also the first time the four ingenues had met.

For each of them, it was a first visit to the apartment of their hostess, and each of the four were suitably impressed as they ate, drank, and conversed, uncaring of the accented English which marked them as aliens in their adopted land; albeit that each of them spoke their adopted tongue with great fluency.

"I must compliment you once again on your apartment, and I would like to thank you for this evening, Adele," said Bhavanna Navuluri, the youngest of the six women at twenty-seven and an owner of a small chain of beauty emporiums that had grown from her first small shop. "The views are simply stunning and it is so much quieter than my own apartment in town."

"And very tasteful," added Inessa Sokolov, the Russian who was the oldest

and least well-off of the four with a Dry Cleaning company that at least provided her with an acceptable standard of living to go with her much cherished independence. “The pastel colours and the shadows thrown by table-lamps are so… relaxing.”

“But you forget the most outstanding aspect of our most generous hostesses hospitality,” the third of the women reminded her friends; a woman by the name of Consuela López-Fernández, the Spanish woman who was by far the… *curviest*… of the women around the table.

“I do not think we will have much difficulty guessing what that might be,” smirked Bhavanna Navuluri, gesturing to the empty dessert dishes before the guests.”

There was laughter at this, as Consuela’s helmsman-ship of a late-aunt’s chain of Tapas-Bars bought in to the love of food that showed itself in the flesh covering the curves of her voluptuous body.

“That food was simply divine, Adele... and you too, of course, Nuala.”

The fierce and compelling looking African woman who had yet to speak a word since their arrival responded with a nod and a tight smile.

“I must congratulate the cook you hired if she is still here… If she can cook Tapas in the Spanish way rather than the bastardised slop the English claim to from my land, I will do my best to employ her.”

“HE is here still,” the hostess had confirmed in the over-precise and somewhat ugly English she had learned in her homeland. “He will shortly be in to clear away the rest of the dishes before the washing and putting away.

The voluptuous Spaniard’s eyes had raised with increased interest.

“You may your compliment give then,” her hostess promised. “I am sure it is happy he will be to hear it – though I doubt it much that you will have any luck in having him accept your job offer.”

“You mean it was our handsome and sexy waiter who prepared such a sumptuous repast for us?” asked a disbelieving Russian woman who could not hide her delight, coming from the patriarchal region she did, at hearing a male had not only waited on her so obsequiously but had actually cooked the food they had been served.”

And by him!

Consuela nodded, regretfully, “Then I assume he works for himself. A sensible move. A handsome man who can cook so well is sure to be much in demand to cater events of any kind.”

“A handsome man nature intended to spend much time between a pair of superior Indian legs,” said Bhavanna, a sudden lustfulness rearranging her serious features.

“You are bad, Bhavanna,” giggled Inessa along with the others.

Even her hostesses were amused.

“Perhaps,” answered the Indian woman with a shrug. But I am also truthful. Even as you titter, I see the same pictures in your own heads that are running through mine. That of his handsome English head between our legs as his tongue takes us to paradise and beyond.”

The somewhat giggly silence greeting her statement doing nothing to suggest the Indian lady had called it wrong.

It was at this point, unaware he was the subject under scrutiny, that the man himself entered, footsteps audible upon the expensive wooden flooring.

“Ah, Ollie!” exclaimed their hostess, voice taking an unmistakably authoritative tone towards the handsome Englishman as he approached, his immaculate white linen tunic and tight black trousers leaving the diners in no doubt that he was there to serve – had, that is, they had been in any doubt of the fact.

There to serve *them*

“My guests were just singing the praises of your culinary efforts,” Adele informed him as he stood, almost to attention, at her side and awaited instruction, looking uncomfortable and ill-at-ease, even as he attempted to put a game face on his obvious sense of humiliation.

Though he did, older than all of the women he was being forced to serve, redden at the cheeks and seem even more uncomfortable in the humble domestic role their two hostesses had seen fir to assign him.

“Do you not think my guests should be thanked for their compliments, Ollie?” asked Adele in a somewhat peremptory and haughty voice which served only to emphasise the stereotypical world-view of her race.

A haughty tone which prompted her guests to ask themselves if the man was being… *chastised*.

They would learn the truth *very* shortly.

“Y-Yes. Of course,” he had spluttered, smooth and youthful face with its burning cheeks all the evidence the women needed to tell how embarrassing he found his current predicament. “My sincere thanks, ladies. I.. I’m pleased you enjoyed your meal.”

His thank you fetched smiles from each of the four… *“ladies”*.

Smiles that, despite the fact they had just eaten so gloriously and so copiously, remained…*hungry*.

“Clear the table and fetch coffee now,” came the terse order from their hostess and the man, as if under the lash of a whip, hurried to clear the table and scurry back to the kitchen as the four women shared knowing and excited looks.

That terse order made all the more shocking for having come from the African woman at the side of the hostess.

The same compelling and fierce African woman with short-cropped hair and the powerful hour-glass shaped figure and conical breasts which put those seeing her for the first time in mind of a particularly warlike Amazon of the Nubian variety.

The same seldom smiling Nubian Amazon who had yet to utter a word until now.

It was the lone Englishwoman amongst them - Gillian Hawley, a Bridal-Shop owner from Farnborough – who was first to break the shocked yet intrigued silence that ensued:

“You and Nuala between you seem to have your temporary chef and bottle-washer very well trained in such a short time, Adele,” she observed with no small amount of… *arousal*.

Adele and the African woman had shared conspiratorial looks at this as the other women awaited a response, and it was not until something unspoken travelled the airways between the two hostesses that the German half of the pairing finally deigned them with a reply.

A reply which stunned and aroused the already animated guests to a degree that was almost salivatory.

Indeed, by the time Adele had finished explaining exactly how she had achieved the man’s deference and attention to detail and that no time-limit was involved - given he was in her service full-time - shock and arousal, though still present, had turned into outright envy.

Envy that deepened when their hostess explained that, far from being a temporary chef and bottle-washer, this most handsome and deferential of men just happened to be…

…Her husband…

ONE

The day was growing older when he awoke and it was near dark.

Laying on the sofa motionless – or as motionless as one could be when one's body was shaking uncontrollably – he berated himself for having fallen asleep at all.

Eyes wide with fear, he lay in the silence of the shadowy living-room, straining to hear some sound, some indication of their – of *HER* - presence.

So unnerved was he by even the thought of her and the black woman who was never far from her side, he even fancied he could detect the scent of them in his quivering nostrils as they took in the air of his hideaway; almost as if he was descended from the great scouts of the American West and would know if they were in the mere vicinity.

A scent of them he knew, with thanks to the Almighty, that was present in his imagination alone.

To his relief, along with absence of their *peculiar* aroma, the only sound was the depressing meeting of raindrop against window-pane as a downpour made its way the four-feet or so further earthward to drop upon the pavement below.

No other sound intruded to heighten his fear and was hardly required to do so given the power of the dread hand squeezing upon his vitals.

For he knew, without the merest hint of doubt, that SHE was coming for him.

No!

Not SHE.

THEY!

And worse.

He knew also that he had not the slightest defence against either of them.

He shook his head to clear the sleep from his already troubled thoughts as he turned his plight over and over in his mind.

With the same, singularly unsuccessful, results.

“Why, in god’s name,” he asked himself for the umpteenth time, “could I not see it before?”

Was a game they played with him?

Sick.

Depraved.
Most certainly evil.

But no less a sport to the felines for whom he was playing the nerve-wracked mouse.

It was not an idea that hadn't occurred to him before, but he knew now that, if it had ever been a game, that the game-playing was over.

SHE wanted him in her possession now.

And there was no way for him to escape the perverse and emasculating fate she had in mind for him.

Sweat beaded on his back beneath the crumpled shirt he had dozed in as he sat up on the edge of the sofa and waited.

Ears keened.

Listening, for any creak of heel against floor, or any other sound by which a predatory female might give herself away, the perspiration cold upon his forehead as the image of her dominated his thoughts once again.

But why, in the midst of this hunt that might result in the death of him as a man – of a man worthy of the description, anyway – had he allowed himself to sleep?

Is any man, anywhere, less able to defend himself than when in the embrace of Morpheus?

Exposed.

Helpless.

Having allowed himself to drift from consciousness and vigilance when every ounce of his attention should have been diverted to the power-play he knew SHE was preparing to play.

Was his subconscious already submitting to her somehow?

His thoughts raced to the visions he recalled from his recent and unwelcome slumbers.

The black woman who was all muscle and sinew and looked as if she would have no trouble mastering him physically, with or without physical help of a male kind, dressed head to foot in brown leather and spiked heels as she walked him naked and on a collar along a crowded thoroughfare; stopping now and then only to insist that he go through the motions of relieving himself in exactly the way of a canine and glorying in the looks of shock and disgust she drew from passing shoppers and office workers taking their lunch…

The German woman with the severe blonde hair to whom his dog-walker had returned him, just in time for him to bathe her and then dry the magnificent body below her compelling yet somehow… odious … face.
The same woman who had snatched a handful of his still thick hair and mashed his face into her denuded womanhood and insisted he use his tongue the way a loyal do g should before forcing him to…

He forced his thoughts from these day-mares of perverse and unnatural sex with an effort and again cursed his inability to sleep without experiencing the same torments.

But he was fully awake now and, if still afraid, at least focused on the fate she had planned for him and determined to do whatever was required and necessary for him to avoid the plans she had in mind for him.

And not *only* him.

Even if he was beginning to seriously doubt his ability to escape this demon in female form.
Stealthily, slipping into a cardigan to combat the chills causing him to shake in tandem with his perspiration as it met the unheated air, he sneaked a look through the window into the street beyond.

When nothing untoward met his scoping vision, a great rush of air left his body and it was not until then that he realise he had been holding his breath all the way to the window itself.

The respite from his predicament, he knew, would be short.

But the knowledge made that respite no less welcome.

And, where there was respite the was…

His face contorted into a humourless and self-mocking smile as he finished the thought in a way more truthful to his real thoughts.

…Denial.

Outside, the last of the light was fading and already the street-lights had clicked on and he allowed a wry smile to flitter across his pale and handsome features as he realised that, despite his harried look, he was determined to enjoy what little time remained to him.

Remained to him before…

The bathroom and toilet into which he voided a suddenly volatile stomach was tiny and windowless.

An absence which at least allowed him to switch on a light, safe in the knowledge it would not be seen from outside.

But did provide respite him from the battered and sunken-cheeked reflection staring back at him from the mirror above the sink.
The forty-one year old in the mental and physical prime of his life Silverton had known himself as prior to this, he thought, was not the careworn individual staring back at him now.

The same cock-sure and deluded man, in fact, secure in the certainty of his own beliefs, who had started out on his ill-fated quest of avoidance what seemed a lifetime ago.

A lifetime ago he knew, in reality, could be measured only in weeks.

This Oliver Silverton was a being driven by a fear of what he knew would prove inevitable.

SHE, it had turned out, was far too… *forewarned* … for him.

Far too, cunning.

Far too…

EVIL.

Still shivering, he turned the shower to hot and undressed, stepping into the spray in the hope it would warm him.

And, after he had dried-off, feeling himself even colder than when he had started.

With distaste; he had rubbed himself down and put himself back in the

clothes saturated with his own perspiration.

Deep breaths he sucked in next, attempting to relax himself enough to at least think a little more clearly.

Unsuccessfully.

There was simply no means he knew of by which to banish the terror of what she intended for him.

A terror diluted no less for him by the knowledge there were certain men – some of his own acquaintance even – who paid good money to be treated by a woman in *exactly* the way she assured him he would be treated once committed to her service.

A perversion on behalf of a number of his fellow men, he assured himself, that might at least have made his coming emasculation more… *palatable* … to him.

A *"perversion"*, even had he been in possession of it, that would have made his shame no less keen and destructive.

It was, after all, one thing to hand over cash to a dominatrix in order to be thrashed and mistreated for whatever murky reasons provoked sexual responses of the kind – while, all the time, being in total control of just how much humiliation one required and exactly when it would stop.
Quite another, though, to be under the influence and power of a female who obeyed no such rules and would *not* stop simply when asked.

A female, moreover, who was neither *playing* nor simply following a profession likely to keep her in a certain style, but desired complete and *total* control of a member of the male sex.

And a female who had chosen him, Oliver Silverton, to suffer under her domination.

With that thought, the fear he was trying to hold back again flared into life

and burned through his mind.

A montage of the past weeks raced through his thoughts as if they were a wildfire and once again his already sodden clothing knew the moistness of how own sweat as her… *scent* …again appeared in his nostrils as if by some by some satanic female alchemy.

Until more sensible reflection ameliorated his lack of clarity and heightened imagination.

Back in the front-room he stood to the side of the window in shadow and scanned the street outside with near unblinking concentration, body as stiff and unyielding as the wall against which he half-leaned.

Nothing!

The house was as still as the tomb, but with every sound from outside his muscles tightened, to lock him in a condition of terror he felt could not be too far removed from rigor mortis itself.

Unable to do anything other than look and listen, he was not reassured any to hear his own breath shallow and rapid in his ears, emitting from his lips as a most geriatric rasp.

So on edge was he, it struck him that he almost wished something *would* happen.

Anything!

Kill or be killed.

Or, in this instance, submit or be forced to submit.

Anything but this awful stasis of waiting.

For a moment, he felt he must scream at the sheer unfairness and unbelievability of it all. To rush about the front-room in a fever of destruction

smash boot and fist into innocent fittings and furniture. The waiting was killing him and was only made worse by his certainty that what awaited him after that waiting was complete would be – literally – the death of himself as a man who could ever again be worthy of respect and not utter contempt.

The street continued to be empty and he could not see a soul.
At first.

Which was when, a minute or so later, he felt the perspiration on his back take on an even more chilling aspect.

No sooner had his senses alerted him, than a figure turned the corner and made its way into the street.

A familiar figure.

Confident.

Powerful.

Feline.

Had Oliver Silverton not vomited only minutes before he would have been sure to have done so again.

It was HER.

He was sure of it.

Who else would stroll the street in such a way as if she owned it?

A blond with light brown eyes; he knew her height to be 5' 10", with shapely legs showing beneath the bottom of her fitted calf-length skirt and enhanced by the heels of her shoes.

Heels which also lifted her derriere and tightened it to an almost perfect replica of a heart-shaped arse.

Despite his fear and the knowledge of what she was doing here and what she wanted from him, his lips were suddenly dry.

She was well endowed at the chest too, he knew despite the part concealing top-coat and, though he was primarily a leg man, he found he could not tear his eyes from them as they seemed to acknowledge the eyes of her prey running over them and headed in his direction.

In her mid-thirties – and for all her other womanly assets she was not a woman one would describe as a goddess or even beautiful.

There was simply too much in her features that was… *wrong* …for either description ever to be applied.

Which, in terms of sexual appeal, still left her with a lot to be going on with.

For the briefest instant those brown eyes turned toward the window and Silverton thought he caught the curl of a derisory lip as his thoughts screamed out for help – even as he knew there could be none.

There was simply nobody he could trust to provide such assistance to him.

Not, he was sure, a single solitary soul on the whole of this benighted planet.

Not even James ("Jimmy") Webber, the close friend and criminologist superior who he believed had inadvertently engineered their first meeting.

For Jimmy Webber, he felt sure, had succumbed to the woman's unearthly power as completely as he himself was still fighting to avoid it.

And what could be said anyway?

What would anyone say if he told them that there was a woman out in the world – and lord knows how many others – who were…*?*

His thought halted in their tracks.

Stymied.

How exactly do you step into the reality that was James Webber's office in the centre of a thriving modern metropolis and leave it on the arm of a woman one had only met minutes before?

A woman, moreover, who had claimed he was her soul-partner and would *never* leave his side again?

Indeed, any man attempting to fob him off with such a story would shortly have been staring down the barrel at his committal papers.
What else would a rational individual make of the claim that there are women who are capable of not only controlling certain men who cross their paths, but actually take sexual pleasure from making them perform to their order and, sometimes, even destroying them.

As mentioned above, it was something Silverton himself knew, despite all he had witnessed to this point, that he himself would have laughed out of town.

How also could he explain that his knowledge was nothing more than what he had divined from the thoughts of one woman alone who seemed able to impose the workings of her own mind upon his?

His friend and superior, as he had considered Jimmy Winston to be before all this started, was nothing if not logical and proud of it.

So how on earth could he have been convinced?

And especially when the friend he himself had asked to investigate the woman had not one scrap of rational and damning proof save for the conversation with the woman his friend had witnessed in his own office.

How could such a man of logic be persuaded of the metaphysical certainty that this horror of a female was, gradually and insidiously, imposing her will upon his great friend and colleague.

Winston would be certain – and who would blame him - that he had gone mad.

And, in this, he would not be alone.

Had not everyone: colleagues, friends, and even family, proclaimed just that when he had tried to persuade him of what was happening with him?

And, besides, he was not even sure of Winston's own loyalty to him now that he knew his friend had actually met and been acquainted before with…

HER.

No.

He was alone and could neither do anything nor tell anyone.

Oliver Silverton shook his head and, for the first time since the school-yard, considered crying.

The street-lights were becoming more defined as the darkness grew thicker and a picking up of the wind, which brought a creaking from the floor-boards of the old terraced house, intensified the fear threatening Silverton's mind with hysteria.

Of a sudden, he knew.

All would be settled tonight.

The tendrils of her own thoughts winding themselves about his assured him of.

She had found him in his hideaway and had come to take him.

Here, in a modern metropolis and amongst five million other souls, he was about to become the property of a woman.

Her bondsman.

Her flunky.

Her chattel.

A door banged shut and he started, eyes drawn towards the sound the way a tiny rodent is drawn towards the reptile about to devour it.
He froze, back thrust tight against the wall.

Then, from the hallway…

Footsteps.

Heels pecking upon wood.

Unhurried and, it appeared, supremely untroubled.

Until they came to a halt.

His whole body was shaking by now and his eyes fixated upon the entrance to the front-room; expecting at any moment the hated face of the woman who wished to own his existence to appear around the lintel and fix him with that evil smile that was, in reality, no smile at all.

And then…

The telephone screamed out!

A strangled gasp escaped Oliver and his legs all but buckled at the unexpected intrusion.

Again and again, the telephone rang, its echoing tone from its resting place in the hallway where the intruder resided utterly terrifying within the confines of the room when taken in tandem with the presence of the woman he knew waited alongside it.

Which was when, with a relief almost the equal of a stay-of-execution, he heard the heels retrace their steps and leave the way they had entered; breath leaving him with a rush of relief as he realised he had won a temporary – *very* temporary – furlough of freedom.

Knowing the caller could not be his female tormentor, at least, he picked up the receiver and brought the phone to his ear.

"Oliver!... Is that you?" the familiar voice boomed down the line.

“Wh-Who wants to know?” Silverton rasped, though he knew already the answer to his own inquiry.

“It’s James, Oliver… James Winston… Jimmy.”

“What do you want?” asked Oliver in a none too friendly tone.

“You need to talk to me, Oliver. I’ve been waiting for weeks since you too off so suddenly without an explanation. You simply have to come and see me?”

Oliver’s eyes remained fixated upon the door leading to the hallway, though he knew the owner of the footsteps had vacated the premises.

“Why?” he asked suddenly.

Accusingly.

“Why would what happens to me bother you?”

“What?... Are you serious?... How about, because I’m your oldest friend and I’m concerned for you.”

Silverton’s snort of laughter held nothing by way of amusement.

“Were you concerned for me when you invited me to her office and allowed me to leave with her?”

“Oliver, I…”

“Knowing what she is and what she… *wants* …from men such as myself?”

“Please, my dear friend, there is more to this than…”

“Or were you simply taking the heat from yourself because she had begun to show an interest in you?”

The embarrassed silence at the end of the line told Oliver his hammer had made contact with the nail – though his oldest friend remained in a kind of shamed denial:

“That… That’s not true. I simply had misgivings about the woman and wanted our best investigator to meet her and check her out before…”

“…Before she put her perverted collar about your own neck,” Oliver finished for him, his every word filled with bile for the treachery of the great friend he was beginning to think responsible for his plight – even if he couldn’t be entirely sure.

“Is… Is she there with you now?” asked Winston’s guilt-ridden and disembodied voice.”

“Not right now,” answered a suddenly fatigued Silverton. “But I expect her any second. The ringing of the phone must have made her pause – though for the life of me I can’t think why. She is at the entrance to the house and could enter at any moment.”

“The ringing of the phone stopped her, you say?” Winston asked.

“Yes. What of it?”

“I… I’m not sure. Maybe… Maybe nothing… Look, can you not make a break for it out the back of the house?”

“To what purpose. And I really wish you’d stop pretending to care when, really, we know you’re just relieved it’s me and not you she’s set her evil heart upon.”

“That… That’s only partly true, Oliver. And yes, I have failed you. Both as a friend and a colleague. But… But I want to help now and you have nothing to lose by allowing me to do so.”

Silverton thought about, desperately needing someone in his corner but to injured by recent betrayals to give his trust readily.

“Can you get away from her or not, Oliver?” Winston persisted.

“To go where? To do what? She has already promised to punish me for having defied her to this point. Running again now she’s managed to find me will only make what she intends for me worse.”

“Well, at least try, Oliver. Get here to the Precinct-House. I’ll do everything I can to help you. We’ll put the place on lock down. We’ll…”

Oliver ended the call without making a reply; the prospect of a *“lock-down”* making a good deal of appeal to him and a reasonably certain means by which he might gain more precious time out of her hands.

If, he thought, assessing his ability to make such an escape and such a journey across town in his current condition of nervous exhaustion, such an aim could be realised.

Which was when, the words of the woman as she described what his life would be like in her service and that of her likeminded coterie of female perverts thundering in his ears, he rushed from the room, threw open the backdoor and made to make his escape.

Which was also when his nostrils filled with that certain scent and he stared once again into the dark and mesmeric eyes of a motionless woman of African descent whose flat-ish nose, with high cheek bones either side of a full and sensual mouth with plump lips, belied the cruel and spiteful nature of

his tormentor’s lesbian lover.

As the woman simply stared at him with a knowing little smile that promised nothing but bad and humiliating things, he felt the scent grow more powerful and his consciousness slipping from him.

The scream that was torn from his throat before the darkness closed in upon him and he fell as if from a great height, was as high pitched as that of any soprano.

And, as it echoed in his departing thoughts, and just as he had heard it described from those who had drowned prior to rescue, his past life - or, to be more precise, the events of recent weeks – played out upon the last of his consciousness…

Two

Three Weeks Previously

"And who, exactly, are these 'Sirens of Omphale'?" Oliver Silverton had asked, at his ease before the desk of his friend and head of criminology at their HQ in the centre of the teeming and crime-ridden metropolis.

"Sound like a stage-act to me," he snorted dismissively

"Your glibness on the subject is both understandable and woefully misplaced," observed his friend in a sombre voice which carried with it a hint of warning and nothing resembling amusement.

There was nothing resembling humour Silverton could detect upon the still handsome but heavy and careworn face as he sipped at the tea his friend and superior had supplied for him,

Instead, Silverton saw worry beaming across the desk at him.

James Winston was a large man with broad shoulders that gave off a suggestion of immense power to match the intellectual intensity of dark and wide-set eyes.

The overall effect being a combination of physical and cerebral power.

So, if *he* was worried, then Silverton knew he also should find himself concerned.

"Then, Jimmy," he said in a familiarity reserved for behind the closed office door, "perhaps you had better explain why such a quaint title should effect a different response from me."

"Jimmy" Winston ran a hand across troubled eyes and Silverton pressed him:

What is it about these *'Sirens of Omphale'* that troubles you? What are they?"

“They are a Sisterhood,” Winston responded finally, as if this and his heavy and put-upon sigh was answer enough.

“And…?” Oliver prompted, arms spread wide enquiringly.

“Sorry?”

“What nature of Sisterhood might that be?” asked Silverton, never to this point having seen his estimable friend in such a preoccupied condition.

“Of a nature which stands against nature,” Winston answered mysteriously, voice almost sotto voce, and leaving his friend to wrinkle his forehead with puzzlement.

“At least,” he went on, “of nature as we know it.”

He shook his great head with solemnity and added:

“Even as the vast majority of their more…*everyday* … sisters know and expect nature to be.”

Silverton, unused to such cryptic behaviour from a friend and colleague he held in the highest of personal and intellectual regard, was becoming irritated.

“Then perhaps, Jimmy, you would be so good as to furnish me with just a little more information about these… *sirens* …who appear to have you off your oats. Instead of leaving me to sit here like some latter-day Nostradamus and try to divine your meaning via more metaphysical applications.”

Silverton’s light-hearted barb produced no corresponding humour from his friend.

“Omphale,” Winston began, mention of the name seeming to deepen his mysterious concern, “was an Amazon Queen into whose ownership Hercules fell while attempting to complete his famous labours.”

He paused again, as if mention of this antique queen known to both of them

from a shared classical education was an answer in itself.

This time, it was his expression alone that teased more information from his unusually unforthcoming friend.

“Not only did this cruel and sadistic siren insist he serve her in the menial guise of a domestic but she insisted he do so while attired in female garb.”

Silverton could not help a laugh which won him a scowl and made it his turn to apologise.

“I’m sorry, Jimmy, but really…? The Sirens of Omphale want to dress men as women?”

Winston remained unamused.

“It is not, from what I gather, a foundation stone of their beliefs, though it is possible there may be those among their number who would enjoy being able to insist on just that for their men.”

“Then what is it they do want exactly?” Silverton asked, suspecting for the first time that he might be on the receiving end of an uncharacteristic practical joke from his friend. “To put us to domestic service?”

“You are not so far from the truth, Oliver,” Winston sniffed. “These women believe the female the superior of those of our own sex in all save physical strength - and even that, they say, should be placed at the service of female-kind if the world is to be spared the male’s misuse of power.”

Again, Silverton allowed himself a derisive snort, unable to see why Winston was allowing himself to be so perturbed by such a trifle, and again suspecting an out-of-character prank on the part of his friend and superior.

“I find it hard to credit any woman the right side of insanity could believe such nonsense.”

“And you would be wrong,” Winston insisted. “If my research is correct, the

membership of the Sisterhood is not large, as you say – though it is *very* discerning… and impressive."

He paused, then:

"As well as… *troubling*."

Silverton waited for an example and a name to describe one of these... *discerning* …women.

"Many of these members who are not the *'right side of insanity'*, as you so entertainingly described them," Winston went on, "are women of position and influence in both society and education. They consider this Sisterhood as a kind of rarefied society, despite the fact it seems only to have existed this past year or so and…"

He hesitated and looked more troubled than his friend could ever recall having seen him.

Then, as if the words were drawn unwillingly from him:

"It … It is the belief of these women that only by humbling our male conceit – and in ways you may take it from me are…"

He broke off to mop at his forehead with a kerchief and Silverton suddenly knew with certainty that this was no practical joke upon which he found himself upon the wrong end.

"…are not to be described from civilised lips… Only in such a way, they insist, will we be brought to our proper position in respect of our female superiors."

"Hmmph!" Silverton scoffed. "And this nonsense is what has you so troubled?"

Winston remained silent under the rebuke.

“Well, I can’t say you haven’t surprised me, Jimmy… But just what, precisely, might the position they have in mind for us be?”

“Upon our knees, Oliver,” Winston answered instantly with no trace of rebuke in his tone for having been taken to task by his friend and subordinate.

Then:

“After all, is that not the posture demanded of a supplicant and servitor from its female master?”

Silverton’s mocking chuckle was not shared with Winston and it was impossible to miss his most genuine and acute discomfort.

Winston was also becoming irritated by his friend’s failure to attach gravity to his words.

“There is a woman,” he began, the merest intimation of her existence fetching kerchief to forehead once again. “Her name…

Silverton waited, in spite of his regard, finding himself becoming amused at his friends… *credulous* …agitation.

“Her name is Adele Anschütz-Frink… Of German extraction, as you may have guessed – though her true provenance is… *suspect*.”

Again, Silverton waited, his friend’s obvious and uncharacteristic nervousness finally banishing his sense of jocularity and making him focus.

“Adele…” he began, before immediately correcting himself, “Fraulein Anschütz-Frink, has a way of… *persuading*…”

Again he mopped at a forehead Silverton knew was usually found impervious to stress of such a kind, and, again, Silverton’s own concern deepened.

“She has, you see, a way of getting *certain* men of previous unblemished character to… to do and commit actions they would normally find…

repugnant."

"And what kind of *'certain'* men might these be, my old friend?" asked Silverton, concern having entirely replaced the light mockery of but a few moments before.

Asking a second question before Winston could even think about the first:

"And exactly what kind of *repugnant* actions."

Winston paused at this, obviously finding it difficult to say what needed to be said, and it was left to Silverton to reassure him that he might feel more freer to speak:

"We have been friends since our days of study… and other diversions ..at St Andrews, Jimmy. There is nothing you can tell me that will alter my perception of you as a good and decent man."

He allowed his tone to become a little lighter:

"During our studies in Scotland, we were both known to be… *appreciative* …of the female in ways not always… *polite*… I'm hardly about to stand in judgement of you."

Winston seemed to be persuaded somewhat by this and his great head gave an almost imperceptible nod.

"You're right, Oliver," he said finally, looking relieved to finally unburden himself. "The *certain* men of whom I speak are, without false modesty, men such as you and I. Handsome men - you especially; and solvent men; men generally considered capable and not at all biddable. Men of understanding and compassion. For they know that, when all the facades of civilised behaviour are stripped away, we remain men still – and with all the human frailties co-existent with the condition."

The stare he gave his friend disturbed the listening man.

“A condition, you may trust me, the Sirens of Omphale are intimately aware of and adept at using for their own depraved ends.”

Closing his eyes a moment as if the weight of whole Western hemisphere were upon him, Winston rubbed at them before continuing:

“There is… There is something… Something of the supernatural about them.”

“Come on, Jimmy,” Silverton chided him. “I see your concern – but *supernatural?*”

“Why not?” his friend snapped, referencing their surroundings. “Is this all so *normal* then? Isn’t the fact we’re here at all proof of the supernatural? What you accept as logic, if you give it some thought, is nothing more than a tag attached to experience. Were we all born with three heads and six arms from time immemorial *that* would be our logic and all else fable and folklore.”

Oliver Silverton contented himself with silence on the subject, too much the man of logic to bring himself to believe his friend’s claim of external agencies, yet unable – as all were - to frame an argument capable of dismissing it with any certainty.

“Suffice it to say, Oliver,” Winston began again when he realised no answer, at least on the subject of the other worldly would be forthcoming, “that for all this so-called society’s grandiloquent outpourings on the subject of male perfidy and the female making the world a safer and more just place, these women wish to know nothing more than power.

“And they really don’t care if that power is of a public or a personal kind.”

His head shook thoughtfully:

“In fact, it appears to me that they far prefer their power to be of a domestic and individual kind… It is considered, at least I have heard from one of their victims, that they consider this a more… *hands-on* …and more satisfying form of authority than the once-removed control of either politician or

bureaucrat."

The eyes in that large head took on a harrowed look.

"And there is another advantage…"
Silverton's eyes asked his question for him…

"For in that way, at least, they can act out their perverted desires without the wider scrutiny. of a general public.

Again, his friend's sincerity or not, Silverton could only profess to himself that what he was hearing was absolute nonsense and that Winston was suffering under some malady or other.

A malady it seemed best to mollify at this point.

"And in what *supernatural* way do they go about achieving these *perverted* desires, Jimmy?" he asked, attempt at pacification not going unnoticed.

"You humour me, Oliver," Winston observed before allowing himself a wry smile. "I cannot say I shouldn't do the same in your position."

Silverton returned him a smile, knowing, if it was indeed a malady of some kind, that his friend was not so far lost to it he could not call upon other considerable faculties.

"However," he went on, "your cynicism will soon do an about turn – as did mine – when you become more closely acquainted with…"

He caught himself, as if in the process of divulging more than he had intended.

Then:

"…with the facts."

Winston fetched the cup containing his tea to his lips but hardly seemed to

taste it before returning it to the saucer resting upon his desk.

“You ask how they go about drawing a man into their power?... Then I shall tell you. They go about it, my dear Oliver, in a way that, while hardly original or unheard of, appears nonetheless to enjoy continued success when applied to those of our own gender… Although there are certain of their methods – and one in particular – of which I remain in ignorance.”

His somewhat reproachful and accusatory stare washed over Silverton as if he himself were responsible for the phenomena.

“Their ends are met, in the first instance, by the use of sex,” he went on. “In the usual way a woman nurtures a desire for her in the male of choice and can either grant or withhold as her fancy takes her.

“As we know through the writings and research of Havelock Ellis and Krafft-Ebing, as well as our own experience as men, the desire for her charms endows a woman with a certain degree of power over men of a particular kind It can, according to the case-histories found in their research, also breed dependence and servility on the part of the male if used with the right kind of malevolent correctness.”
His eyes again found Silverton’s.

This time, however, they seemed… *shamed*.

“But then,” he went on, averting his eyes as he did, “that is something I would know more of first-hand than you.”

Silverton began to fidget in his seat, convinced he was about to hear something on behalf of his friend that was not likely to sit well with him and not looking forward to the hearing of it.

As it turned out, he was not entirely correct:

“I know of it through a man who somehow found the courage to make an attempt upon his own life. A poor soul who was brought to my attention by the physician and friend of mine who treated him… It…”

Again the kerchief was called into service.

“It did not make for a heart-warming tale with a happy-ending, I can tell you.”

A nod urged him to continue.

“I will spare you the man’s entire story,” Winston began again. “But, suffice it to say, the particular, *‘Siren’*, who had inserted herself into this man’s veins so successfully was, he told me, of a particularly sadistic and vindictive kind. It seems that - once she had him in her clutches and had contrived to make him both emotionally and financially dependent upon her and thus finding himself powerless to either fight his need for what she had to offer him or place his hands on funds enough to take himself away from her - she introduced a domestic regime that not only reduced him effectively to the role of male chattel but insisted upon little shows of ‘respect’ from him she said were necessary if she were to be convinced of his acceptance of his new… *status*.”

“Wh-What kind of… ‘shows’?” Silverton asked, appalled in spite of the disbelief refusing to release him from its Ostrich-like grip.

“Symbolic to begin with,” Winston replied. “Gestures of respect she knew, made constantly, would come to seem like normal behaviour and reinforce in him her position as his superior… He was, he told me, required at all times – and I assure you he was deathly serious; literally so - to address her as… *‘Master’*.”

“Master?” Silverton exploded to the friend who had already anticipated his outburst and was nodding at him.

“I jest not… Then, when she had gotten him used to addressing her in such a way, as if it were no more than the norm, she upped the ante.

“From then on, and whenever they were alone, she began to insist that he kneel when entering her presence for the first time.”

“But…? Why would a man with even a scrap of pride allow…?”

Winston held up a hand to forestall him.

“Do not be in so great a rush to judgement, Oliver. You have heard nothing yet. And think about it. If this man was so bereft of pride, as you insist, then why – how – would he have summoned up the strength for an attempt upon his own life?”

Silverton simply held both arms wide in a gesture of mea culpa and waited.

“The man’s experience was, as you’ve no doubt guessed particularly humiliating – emasculating goes without saying – and he assured me shamefaced that only the promise she made of her body and the deep and perverse joy of the bedroom compelled his continued subservience to her.

“So great did her power over him become that it was not long before he was lowering his eyes when in her presence and placing his lips upon the toes of her feet – in shoes, boots, or bare - whenever she returned to the house in which he toiled as a domestic rather than husband and head-of-household.

“Equally as debilitating for his manly soul – a soul he assured me had been proud and protective of its honour - she began demanding that he ask her for permission to speak.”

“This is too much! You joke, surely?” spluttered Silverton to an emphatic shake of his friend’ head.

“And only then,” Winston added, “when it was absolutely necessary for him to address her.”

Now it was Silverton whose head shook, unable to comprehend of a being – and a *male* being at that - taken do low by a female of the species – of *any* species.

“In fact,” Winston continued, “so completely was he under the heel of this

modern day Cleopatra that it was not long before she insisted he dress more formally in a kind of servant's livery she herself chose – *"that visitors to my home might not mistake you for someone of consequence"*.

"She eventually had him living below stairs in their cellar as if he truly was her manservant – at least until those times when she considered his behaviour had been servile enough to have merited a visit to her bedroom."

Winston paused to allow his friend and colleague to take in his words.

"My only surprise," Silverton began finally, "is that, finding he lacked the necessary will to leave her, it took him so long to try and end his miserable life."

His somewhat brutal judgement received only a non-committal shrug.

"But tell me, Jimmy, her control of him being, as you say, so total, be it due to sexual or supernatural means, how did the man we speak of find the will to take a course that would end with his leaving her anyway?"

"He didn't," answered Winston, baffling his friend.

"But…? I thought…?"

"I told you he had tried to end his life. And he did. Unsuccessfully. But I don't recall saying doing so provided him with the escape from his marital humiliation he had been looking for."

"Then…?"

"Even as we speak, he is back in the home of the female master who treats him no better than a family pet… A very *useful* family pet, I might add.

"The arrogance born of complete dominance had led the lady into too great a confidence where her chattel was concerned and would not, he was informed, be repeated once he was returned to her care."

Silverton was outraged:

“If all this is as you say it is, Jimmy, how in hell could you allow the man to be returned to her? Knowing you were consigning him back to the same heel he was willing to end his own life to avoid?”

Winston could only manage another regretful shrug which went no way to pacifying a suddenly incandescent Silverton.

“Surely, with his testimony, some charge of marital abuse or other could have been laid against the wife?”

“Maybe so,” Winston agreed. “Had the husband been willing to give such a testimony. Without it, and the authorisation of a certain judge we suspect of involvement with a Siren of the society, we were unable to even have him committed and placed beyond the reach of either the society or the wife.

“So…”

Silverton finished for him:

“So… when the wife demanded he be returned home, both you and the medical establishment treating him had no option but to do so.”

“And with a troubled conscience, believe me,” Winston added.

Before going on:

“Especially as it was at this point, and in her over-confidence still, that she decided he was ripe, beaten and servile enough to display her command of him to not only her sisters of Omphale but the world at large.

His listener’s outrage seemed matched only by his revulsion for such a prospect.

“This so it could see the rightful control she, a woman, exercised over her husband,” his friend and narrator assured him. “So shaming, in fact, was

having his humiliation reflected back at him in the eyes of friends, acquaintances, and even passers-by, to the returned from near-death husband that, even his decimated manly pride was stung beyond forbearance and he took himself from the house he had once considered his to brave the streets penniless; rather than endure further humiliations of such a kind."

"An escape is an escape, I suppose," Silverton conceded, looking both relieved and concerned. "However uncomfortable the consequences of it."

"Under normal circumstances I would agree with you, Oliver," Winston replied with a look of regret. "But…"

"But…?" Silverton paraphrased when his friend paused.

"But not in this case," he finished and now Silverton's eyes were enquiring.

"In this case," Jimmy Winston went on, "it appears our husband and victim who related his ill-treatment to me has since returned and begged the lady – the very same lady he had married before having her turn him into an unpaid flunkey – to take him back."

It took a few seconds of speechless wonderment, before:

"You…? You're not serious, Jimmy?" said Silverton, coming forward in his seat as if ready to go and redress the situation.

Winston was nodding even before the explosion of outrage had finished.

"He is with her now. And under a condition of even more debasing subjugation than he was previously."

The hearer of this unwelcome and curiously dispiriting turn of events suddenly slumped back into his seat, as if the world had suddenly become a place he did not recognise and he wished no further part, either in it or on it.

"Now you may understand my *'troubled conscience'* more fully," Winston told him as Silverton eyed the surface of his friend's desk as if it were hiding

a solution to the husband and flunky's nightmare.

"A conscience that led me to make a fuller investigation of these *'Sirens of Omphale'*."

Silverton came alive suddenly:

"And…?" he demanded after a few moments of silence from Winston.
"Hmmm?"

Silverton saw that his friend seemed to have retreated into a distant place.

"This *'fuller investigation'* of yours?" an impatient Silverton nudged at the man's memory as glazed eyes looked back at him questioningly.
.
Thankfully, his friend and superior seemed to return from whatever distant nebula he had just visited.

"Yes… It… It led me to the woman I believe is the guiding light of the… *Sirens.*"

"And…?"

Winston looked at him, eyes faraway and uncomprehending once again.

"Presumably this *'guiding light'* has a name, Jimmy?"

"Oh, yes… Her name's Fraulein Anschütz-Frink. First name Adele. A German."

"You don't say?" asked Silverton, unable to hold back his sarcasm. "What other nuggets of information did you find out about her?"

A flicker of something Oliver Silverton could not quite decipher drifted across his friend's face and was gone – a face while, nowhere near as handsome as his own, was not exactly unappealing to the opposite sex.

For some reason, being unable to pin down that expression concerned Oliver.

Concern which receded as Winston began to speak, his powerful and sonorous voice filling the room and reassuring Silverton as it always had.

“There was very little known of her, so let’s see if I can recall without asking for her folder to be sent up,” he began, preparing for the task by steepling his fingers and concentrating.

His recall not taking long:

“Our Fraulein Anschütz-Frink was actually born in Bohemia of German parents. A contralto mother who once sang at La Scala and a lifetime diplomat father from a rather regal background in a town of Schleswig-Holstein known as Norderstedt. Both parents passed away some time back and left their daughter wealthy enough to at least be self-sufficient when it came to the day-to-day realities of household finance.

“The Fraulein herself had once considered a career on the operatic stage but it appears certain… *temperamental* …difficulties made her taking of direction impossible. She has made residence in a number of European countries but England seems to have proved her location of choice as she has been here a number of years now and appears very settled. She is unmarried and, so far as we know, hasn’t tied the knot previously.”

Winston cleared his throat before imparting the next titbit of biographical info:

“From what we can gather, she is sexually attracted to both men and women. Seeming to take her emotional nourishment from her own sex while using men to satisfy her other less usual and somewhat sadistic preoccupations.”

He pushed across a picture of a savage looking African woman with facial markings and Silverton felt an unaccountable thrill of dread as he took the powerful body and its owner in.

“And is she the founder member of this so-called… *society?*” Silverton

asked.

“Along with her long-term lover and confidante you see in the picture,” Winston confirmed, consulting his memory once more as his friend waited.

“Nuala Anichebe, if I remember correctly. An African woman who, once seen as you have seen her, will stay fixed in the memory. They are, near as damnit, as close to being a married couple as two women can be.”

Winston waited a few beats and only succeeded in making his next words even more chilling:

“And are about as close to pure evil as I ever wish to come.”

Silverton had been about to question him on the subject when a knock came upon the door and the young and not altogether unattractive woman Winston had elevated to the position of his assistant only recently put her head in, looking breathless and a little flustered, cheeks rosy with an emotion beyond his descriptive powers at that moment, Oliver thought – it being a not too dissimilar look to that he had seen on the faces of the more easily impressed upon meeting a Royal, minor or otherwise, for the first time.

“You have a visitor, Sir,” said Sally Redmayne.

Winston looked puzzled and it seemed to Silverton that he had not been expecting anyone.

“She says she hasn’t an appointment but she’s sure you’d want to see her.”

The same expression that had troubled Silverton earlier crept over Winston’s face as the young constable concluded:

“Said to tell you her name is…”

The young woman looked unsure of herself and produced a slip of paper.

“Just a sec, I wrote it down in case I forgot it… Her name’s…”

“Fraulein Adele Anschütz-Frink,” finished an accented and female voice that sent sharp shivers the length of Silverton’s spine just as a certain indefinable scent drove the untainted air from his nostrils.
Almost, it seemed, as if the heels of a woman were walking the length of his back.

He would learn soon that his spine and his nostrils together had united to divined what his more cerebral senses would not learn until later…

THREE

"For you it will be so much the easier, if in that tiny mind of yours it is decided to accept the one simple truth," the North German accent that was so harsh and cumbersome with the English verb informed him, this despite the sibilance of its delivery that the still groggy Oliver Silverton told himself was intended to make its owner seem both seductive as well as agreeable.

He was not taken in by the latter prospect, though the second, at that moment could hardly be refuted.

How could it, when she was above him, shapely and powerful legs either side of his waist and the arms she had trapped inside them, riding what he described to himself as his, *"treacherous manhood"* while talking down to him at the same time.

That she resembled some savage and magnificent goddess as she stared down into his gradually refocusing eyes, was not in issue with him and neither had it been.

From that first meeting in Jimmy Winston's office, he had found himself… *beguiled* …by her.

Beguiled but *not*… persuaded.

A first meeting that had later led him – unthinkably – to question the motives of his great friend for having requested his presence there.

Why, Silverton asked himself, knowing that she would be there at the same time, had he arranged for him to be there also?

And especially if he knew, which he did, the kind of woman she was.

And, more importantly, the *kind* of man she liked.

Handsome men.

Like Jimmy Winston himself.

And even more handsome men such as he himself.

Had his friend fallen subject to the woman's power and tried to escape her clutches by turning her attention to fresher prey?

Even if the unwitting lamb he was leading to her altar was his oldest and truest friend?

But he had no time to ponder his suspicions again as her voice continued to speak down to him:

"As I explained to you shortly after our first meeting," she said, voice remarkably clear and unaffected despite the pleasure he could see from her expression using him in such a way brought her – English usage actually improving under it:
"Freedom is a luxury wasted upon men. Your true fate is to be owned by the female fortune has decreed I should be your owner. An honour I am delighted to accept and… *maintain*."

It was the most arrant and insulting rubbish, Silverton told himself beneath her – doing so even as he was being ridden as if he were a young colt she were in the process of breaking to the saddle.

A young colt sensing the first tell-tale signs of an imminent explosion bubbling away at his loins.

Nonsense of an insulting kind or not, he could not deny the feeling of incredible… *rightness* …that refused to wither under his attempts at denial. The manhood that had only recently been his to dispose of, if one might coin the phrase, was reacting with such instantaneous and savage need that he felt so light-headed he felt sure he must return to the comatose and blessed oblivion from which he had just wakened.

He was being taken!

There was no other description his scrambled thoughts could apply.

And being taken as if he were a coy maiden being mastered by the all-powerful Squire – a metaphor which sprang to his mind unbidden and shamed his thoughts still further.

His contempt for the men – even as he had expressed concern – Winston had described in his office was no more than a memory now that he felt the true power of the poison with which she was only now infecting his veins more… *completeness*.

The weakness and susceptibility to these females he had heard Winston describe was his own now also as, too late, he realised his running from her and his time in hiding had achieved no more than a brief stay of grace before she assumed full control of him.

Her and the hell-spawned African-lover who had… *re-acquired* …and who he was assured would soon be taking a more active in training him to his new and irrevocable servitude.

For he knew, even as the velvet softness of Adele Anschütz-Frink's pussy held him in its vice-like grip and rode his girder-hard manhood to slow submission, that he would never be free of either her or her lesbian lover again.

In the midst of his oncoming explosion, he still found a space in his jumbled thoughts to recall that first meeting in Jimmy's office, and how his thoughts had suddenly fallen into a hazy lack of certitude and resolution.

This as Winston's visitor had been introduced and they had sat to make small talk.

Her eyes, from what he recalled, fixed upon his the whole time as Winston remained behind his desk and listened – strangely aside from events, even after the warning he had only just supplied his friend in regard of the very woman to whom he had just supplied that friend's name…
…In spite of himself and the voice of warning screaming at the back of his

head, his eyes had drank her in.

Her dress was made of silk with a hue that seemed to shift from ultramarine to stygian-blue with every movement she made – not that she had made many, so fixated upon Silverton had she been. The dress hugged her sculpted body as if it were a lover seeking to devour a conquest, as tight about her curves as it could be without proving… indecent. The valley of her décolletage made all the deeper for her wondrous breasts being thrust together.

And the scent of her that had dominated his nostrils from her first entrance to Winston's office…!

A strange, savage and indefinable essence that seemed to cloy at his nostrils and insinuate itself into the blood-vessels of his brain and downwards into the main arteries themselves, was like nothing he had ever experienced.

Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, he had become aware of her lower body.

Below, outlined by the fabric hugging them, a suddenly dry-throated Silverton had sensed a pair of legs that were no less glorious and erotic for not being of the kind one might find on a runway model.

And, of course, she had found him incredibly handsome.

No feat of divination was required to know it.

She had, after all, told him.

To his complete amazement – being used to flattery of such a female kind – his eyes had lowered with embarrassed.

Only to be met by sight of a pair of delicious feet in a pair of sandals with straps about her shapely ankles.

Sandals which revealed her toenails and the blood-red varnish in which they were painted.

Again, his thoughts had expressed amazement:

Since when had he started describing feet as… delicious!

Unable to tear his eyes from the sight below as she continued to speak words he did not hear, he noted how the delicate bones in her instep shifted as she flexed her toes in the heeled sandals.

He had a vague awareness of attempting to refute some ludicrous remark of hers, but his usually forensic intelligence was not at its most… engaged … upon the occasion.

"Your gender has many attributes Fraulein Anschütz-Frink, yet you surely concede that it is only recently that your 'sisters' have made the significant contributions to civilisation that men have been making from time immemorial."

"On the contrary, my handsome Mr Silverton. What it is you describe is no more than a lack of opportunity and recognition denied to women by the wishes of a superior, brute and physical, strength, Primate-like ignorance that has managed to convince itself a corresponding and superior intellectual facility exists in its favour also."

Still lost in his sexual reaction to this erotic woman who was, nonetheless, not beautiful, Silverton found himself irritated by her familiarity on such short acquaintance and was fumbling together a response when she saved him the trouble:

"Despite this… Was ist das Wort…?"

She seemed to think for a moment, though Silverton knew it was simply for effect.

The word was already known to her he was sure.

"Subjection, ja?" she asked, confirming his suspicion.

He must have nodded because she continued, but his conscious thoughts were too consumed with lust and that damned scent in his nose to be sure.

"Despite this, many women have done the most amazing things," she told him. "From Joan of Arc, as you English call her, through to Marie Curie and the suffragettes themselves. And have done so under the most intolerable of brute male neglect and mockery."

With an effort, Silverton had forced his eyes up to hers and made an attempt to defend both himself and his gender.

Aware as he did so that he was receiving no assistance whatsoever from his friend and superior.

Her words curtailed his effort:

"The doctor, the scientist, or the artist, forced by the farmer to work in the fields in order to eat, Mr Silverton, is no less an entity for the enforced demotion."

Silverton had, in his just and fair way – and despite the disturbance at his groin of which he hoped she was unaware - considered this no more than a fair and factual use of metaphor.

"It is also to be said, my handsome Mr Silverton, "that the fear men rightly have of women's superiority over them, the same fear that has ensured they have limited women to those forms of occupation and behaviour they regard as most basic to the female – and the least threatening to their own gender - implies anything but the mental, aesthetic, technical and moral, precedence of which you suggest."

Seldom on the weak side of a debate, and with his sudden desire for this strange – dangerous too, if Winston were to be believed – woman running at fever-pitch still, Silverton found himself singularly ill-at-ease and hoped his friend and superior would come to his aid.

He did not.

"Despite my contempt for the false and ludicrous vanities of your sex, Mr Silverton," she had gone on instead, this as he sat in what he would later describe to himself as a kind of paralysis, "I believe men can be made useful to myself and those of my sisters of character strong enough to make best use of them."

She had paused for effect.

"Be it sexually, domestically, or as the beast-of-burden for a woman for which nature best-fitted the gender."

As he sat with open-mouth at her outrageousness, she continued – and still Winston moved not a muscle nor ventured an opinion:

"This is particularly pleasing if the beast accepting our burdens is as fetching as yourself," she finished.

Or at least he thought she had.

"You will forgive me if I leave you, my little Jimmy," she said in a preposterously patronising voice. "But I believe I require more privacy in which to convince our Mr Silverton of his inaccurate views and lead him to a more complete… acceptance …of a woman's attributes…"

…As Silverton came back to the unfamiliar room in which he had woken and found her eyes beaming down into his with an intensity he found… *terrifying* …as she literally writhed and squirmed upon the iron-pylon that was his seemingly indefatigable erection, he recalled her words as they had sat secluded in a private-booth of coffee-shop to which she had led his unresisting and compliant body.

The hand holding his as she escorted him, it had struck him, intent on declaring him a trophy of some sort as they entered the steamy confines of the coffee-house and she guided him to a seat of her choosing…

"...Even now, I warrant, a small voice in your head is telling you the only reason you find yourself yielding to my authority over you is so that you may feel the cock – the same cock that is so hard under the camouflage of your trousers - making its way into the female shrine at which you wish it to worship... Already, you sense that you have finally found your physical, emotional and intellectual, master – even if your manhood refuses to concede the possibility."

At this point she had fixed the full force of her magnificent eyes upon him and, to his shock, Silverton realised he had neither the power nor the fortitude to meet them.

"You are lost, Oliver Silverton. And it makes no matter that you ask yourself how it can be after having known me no more than a few minutes or that you have no earthly idea how such a capitulation can have been achieved."

As much as her face and body... energised ...him, the little laugh with which she preceded her next sentence did not prove delightful.

"That, Mr Silverton, is for me to know and only me."

But...?" he began, finally finding his voice, though his desire for the woman across from him remained unabated – and especially as she placed a sandaled foot between his legs to satisfy herself of his arousal. "But if you hold men in such contempt, why go to all the trouble of bothering with them – even marrying them?"

"On one level, you are quite right, Oliver – I may call you, Oliver?"

She continued without waiting for his assent, a harbinger of things to come.

"I am a superior woman, mein liebling, and really have no use for a man in such a capacity."

"Then...?"

“Why marry him?” she had finished for the intelligent and articulate man whose tongue she had near tied.

Silverton had nodded, scarce trusting himself to speak, so great were his feelings of longing for this woman he already loathed and his surprise at her effect upon him.

“Just because a man is allowed a certain title, it does not mean a woman must permit him to exercise the rights permitted under it. Marriage, my dear Oliver, is the perfect medium for a woman to exercise her powers – and especially when that woman marries a man and insists that he take her name.”

Her smile, woman or not, truly terrified him.

“As well as carrying out those duties normally considered hers – and more besides.”

The way she said it sent a shiver the length of his spine.

“It is but a small step towards the kind of world myself and my sisters wish to see. Eventually, if we are successful, and those women of a more lowly outlook come to see such female biased unions as more natural, there will be no man-made barriers to prevent women adopting their rightful place at the very head of the societies that once denied them.”

“And men will just accept this, I suppose?” he asked mockingly, finding something of his former manner under such stupidity and shameful wish-fulfilment - even if he did still struggle with… other …considerations.

“Men,” she snorted derisively will do exactly as their betters and female masters tell them. They will have no choice and, therefore, no say in the decisions of their superiors.”

“Amazing,” Silverton scoffed. “You truly do believe what you are saying.”

“And why would I not?” she asked, as if she had done no more than describe nothing less outrageous than night following day. “Do you think you are the first to feel the way you do right now, my sweet little Oliver? Did not your oh, so, very clever friend, Jimmy, not tell you of what we are capable?”

She laughed, though whether at the prospect of Winston or the capacities of herself and her fellow Sirens, Silverton had no idea.

“When all is said and done,” she said seriously her foot pressing against his erection still and him quite unable to bring himself to remove it, “to be controlled by his woman is what a man… needs. This is what humanises and makes him more… useful.”

She increased the pressure of her foot against his bolt-hard cock as he made a futile attempt to refute her.

“Am I not right, Mr Silverton?”

Still, Silverton could find no reply.

At least not until, the foot manipulating his cock removed itself.

He had never known such… disappointment.

And self-disgust.

“I ask again,” she said, eyes leaving him in no doubt of what she required from him if his need for a returning foot and its ministrations was to be granted:

“Am I not right, Mr Silverton?”

As ill-prepared as any one man could be for the withdrawal of the incredible pleasure he was experiencing from a woman’s foot for the first time, Silverton fought it.

“N-No,” he stammered. “Y-You… You are not right at all.”

“You have learned enough of me in the short time since we met to know my character,” she told him. “So when I tell you something to be so, you may believe that I have VERY good reason for believing that to be so, ja?”

The Germanic suffix was yet more evidence that he was dealing with… something …beyond his experience and he knew also that, whether he believed what she was saying or not, that it did no alter the fundamental fact that she THOUGHT she was right.

“I believe you when you say you believe it to be true,” he told her, scolding himself for the way he yearned for the return of her displaced foot.

The smile that transfused her features could almost have been construed as one of fondness for the man she had at her mercy, so amused was she.

“Mein liebling,” she chuckled, “you speak the language of the diplomat. But I only believe a thing true when it undisputedly is. However, I do believe your own answer to be truthful.”

She licker her lips and added:

“As far as it went.”

Again, the breath of Silverton left him with a rush as a burst of her scent caught him once again.

This as the indescribable pleasure brought by nothing more than a simple agitation of her sandaled foot against his hungry manhood again placed a partly locked collar and chain about his once proud spirit.

“What I tell you is the truth of things. The fundamental division of nature that ensures I am master and you slave.”

His cock twitched beneath the thin sole of her sandal and her smile of triumph acknowledged it.

"You are not so stupid that you cannot admit it is only that same nature's necessary endowment to men of brute strength that they may be of use for physical labour unsuitable for women that has allowed humankind to reach such an unnatural pass. It is my belief – OUR belief – that society would not be at such a sorry pass if women were in their rightful place in respect of gender relationships.

Silverton could barely decipher her words for the pleasure her foot was supplying him and knew, that if she did not stop soon then he too would be unable to do likewise.

"I divine your feelings, Oliver," she told him in a voice almost kindly. "But you must not worry. You have not earned the right for such a release from your goddess at this point."

She laughed that laugh which was not a laugh.

"Shame on you, Mr Silverton. And you an Englishman? We barely made acquaintance an hour ago any yet you expect me to pleasure you as if I were some lowly prostitute?"

Her mock outrage, for some reason, only served exacerbate his desire.

"I am not heartless, however, Oliver," she went on, alternating between first and surnames. "If your behaviour pleases me I may allow you to accompany me home. Once there – again, only if your behaviour os good I shall allow you to beg to be allowed to remove my footwear that you may show your devotion to me more fully by tasting the perspiration moistening the soft skin of my foot itself."

For some reason, her words allowed him to summon up the wherewithal to respond – though, and again, not enough to thrust her foot from his yearning and increasingly trigger-happy cock.

"I refuse to believe your words," he breathed with difficulty. "You simply play upon the natural desire nature has given man for the female. When that desire is sated and a clearer head regains perspective, it can only be too

obvious that your claims are nonsensical."

Her response was to shake her head and tut – though, to his relief, her foot was not removed.

Yet.

"You do disappoint me, Oliver. You have spoken with your meddling friend Jimmy and I am sure he must have made you aware of all the particulars surrounding both me and the Society I head. That being the case, and knowing your almost as handsome friend as I do, you must know that there have been a number of others before you."

His expression and his thoughts both screamed:

"Before… ME?"

"Why, even now, the handsome Geoffrey Benson, a once respected diplomat at the Foreign Office, awaits for me at my home to be schooled further in the ways he may make himself useful to the young woman who will shortly become both his wife and his master. And you may be assured he is not alone in his… schooling."

Silverton's jaw dropped.

He had actually met the man!

A decent and dutiful type as he remembered.

Attractive to women, too.

"You…? You say: 'one time respected member'?"

"Of course," she told him, as if nothing could be more natural. "There could be no question of his continuing full-time in an occupation likely to divert his attention from serving his new wife.
"And it is hardly surprising that the respect his colleagues once felt for him

would be… lessened …once they learned of the dominance his fiancé wielded over his decision-making… As well as the fact that he has asked to work reduced hours that he may take care of the home he will shortly occupy with his new wife."

Fraulein Adele Anschütz-Frink, had punctuated her speech with little jabs to his arousal with the sole of her sandal and continued to do so as she went on:

"It is hardly that difficult to grasp, Mr Silverton, that obedient behaviour is easier to come by if one's man is financially as well as sexually dependent upon his female master… When these things are in place, it is so much easier to demand the domestic service which must follow. "

"Domestic service?" Silverton questioned to himself sotto voce.

Then, and despite the competition from her foot, aloud:

"How…? How could a man possibly allow such a thing?"

Her not especially pleasing laughter trickled into the booth and was lost in the general hubbub of the coffee-house.

"But that is just it, sweet Oliver. He has allowed nothing. As you have not allowed my shapely foot in its sandal to supply your English cock with so much cock since we entered this place. It is his partner, with my assistance, who demands it."

She had paused for a few moments, eyes not leaving his once as he sat opposite in a condition of some agitation; his attempts to hide it not missed by the woman.

Or the sandaled foot as it rested upon his groin which seemed impervious to the efforts of his enfeebled hands to remove it – even if it was amongst the last actions he wished to make at this point.

"It would seem to me," she said with a sneer that, far from lessening her sexual and sensual appeal for him, seemed to madden his already heated

desire further, "that your larger head is more than just a little behind the message it sends, despite its disparagement, to the smaller version threatening to make a circus-tent at your waist."

Again, he felt his cheeks colouring and, feeling utterly powerless before her, gave pause to Jimmy Winston's use of the word… "supernatural".

The insinuation of its involvement not seeming near as preposterous as it had back in his friend's office.

Not ANYWHERE near, his thoughts told him as her peculiar scent again filled his acquisitive nostrils.
"Deny if you can," she went on, "that there you sit, in a condition of rut that has not left you since your eyes caught their first sight of me.
"Yet even now, as your needy English cock threatens to disgrace you prematurely, you attempt to tell yourself that it is anything rather than what you know it to be."

"And…? And what might that be exactly, Fraulein?" he asked, aiming for nonchalance and achieving only… neediness.

Rising from her seat with the most impossibly feline grace, so that he felt as a tiny and incapacitated rodent might feel at the approach of a predator from which there was no escape, Silverton could only watch as she leaned her impossibly sensuous and non-beauteous but erotic face to his and placed her plump and kissable lips upon his own.

Action made before inserting a tongue between those unresisting lips to explore the interior in a bastardisation of the usual mating ritual.

Then, his breathless face and glazed eyes proclaiming her point was made, she quickly reached a hand down his front to where her shapely foot had recently rested and gave the pole that was his erection a little squeeze.

All the above before resuming her seat once again and gazing at him with complete confidence in her eventual triumph.

When the breath that had deserted his lungs returned in sufficient quantity for him to think at least a little more coherently, he knew that something significant had passed between them. As if a deal had been sealed almost. But without the slightest agreement upon his part except for the throbbing penis still in his trousers.

He also knew that he needed to leave.

Immediately.

A feeling of resolve suddenly moved him to action:

"I… I need the… the men's room," he told her without making further eye-contact, knowing the coffee-house from previous visits and aware there was an emergency exit in the gents that led to an alley, which itself led back to the street.

"By all means," he heard her mocking voice.

And so it was that he had escaped her.

Until her lesbian lover had found him and…

FOUR

The table was set for three as the man in the crisp white-shirt and immaculately pressed black trousers above similarly monochromic and highly-polished black shoes served them their coffees.

The red-headed woman in a figure-hugging cream-leotard which exaggerated the ample body guaranteed to take male criticism of features plain rather than pretty, pointed to a corner and watched as the man who had served them with downcast eyes that were shamed and hungry at one and the same time made to it with his tray and simply stood to attention until such time as his services were required again.

“As it should be,” commented the African English of Nuala Anichebe. “The dog must always know its place and keep a civil tongue in its head.”

That the *“dog”* in question had been until recently a man of some authority with a relatively high position in the Foreign Office as well as having a sizeable family income, was neither here nor there. For though he might still have both position and income, he did *not* authority of any kind. Either over himself, his working decisions, or his finances.

To the unsmiling African’s side, Adele gazed at her lover of so many years and was as smitten as ever by the sight of that savage face under its almost cropped hair, the tribal markings adorning her cheeks doing nothing to detract from the sexual appeal of a body as powerful as a man’s and as voluptuous as any ancient goddess.

“Unlike the tongue my lovely Nuala allows to leave her head from time to time,” she remarked with a coquettish smile that fetched laughter from her younger hostess.”

Basking in the smile of adoration her African lover supplied her for the praise, Adele recalled again the way her lover’s tongue had taken her to the heights of paradise and on to a whirlwind tour of Parnassus, Valhalla and Arcadia, before supplying the finishing touches guaranteed to send her screaming and kicking into the waiting arms of Olympus itself.

And all in the presence of her very own naked and chastised bondsman as, just like the chattel ordered to his corner by the young wife in her leotard, he was forced to look on powerlessly as a superior woman – a superior black woman – took on the role he had always assumed would be his.

A role impossible for him to adopt any longer without the permission of his German owner.

And, of course, the key residing on a chain about her neck required to release his cock from the metal restrainer in which she and her savage lover had locked him as a symbolic reminder of their power over him.

“Has he been pleasing?” Adele asked and a shiver of the purest dread, so strong it almost made the man in the corner swoon, ran through the chattel’s entire body.

And, even clothed, what a body it was, both German domina and African sadist acknowledged to themselves.

A body, in fact, *almost* a match for the dehumanised and morally unrecognisable creature awaiting their return to the home they both shared.

“He’s been very obedient since the taking in of Nuala’s scent,” said the newly empowered young wife who’s name was Donna; the position of head-of-household one she appeared to thrive in – and especially when the household she was heading belonged the man who had once been married to her late-aunt and the sister of her equally *late* mother.

A handsome man of some forty-seven years she had once addressed as… *“Uncle”*.

“He obey you in everything?” asked that thick Gulf of Guinea accent.

The young red-head hesitated and Adele could see the beginnings of anger on her lover’s tribal-marked cheeks and knew she needed to step in quickly.

“Donna, when we accepted you into our circle and ensured the man of your desire became your property, it was on the strict understanding that he would obey you.”

She allowed her expression to grow hard as she added:

“And obey you in *everything*.”

“But he does, Adele,” the young woman gushed quickly, the firm and nubile body revealed by the leotard in which she had been exercising when her guests had arrived fidgeting and ill-at-ease under the obvious displeasure being aimed her way. She had warned that the privilege of ownership with which she had been blessed could also be taken away and, given how truly alive she felt for the first time since becoming the master of a man she had admired and lusted after for so long, the prospect of losing that control was enough to have her feel… *uneasy*.

“Honestly, Nuala, he does,” she said in a near desperate appeal to the savage features taking her in with disapproval.

She gave it some thought under the twin stares.

“Really… Well, except when…

“Tell us,” demanded Adele when she seemed hesitant; the older white woman knowing all too well how events could get out of hand were Nuala to feel she needed to step in and extract the information.

“Well… He didn’t disobey me as such, but he did…”

“Go on,” Adele urged.

“Well, it was when I had him attend me in the bathroom…” cheeks of a sudden became a match for the flaming hair above. “It was after I had… You know?... Relieved myself. Like you said, I stood in front of him as he knelt in front of the bowl and…”

“Go on…”

“I know how important you said it was to have him… you know?... worship *all* parts of my body. So I…”

She could barely look them in the eye, so acute was her embarrassment at speaking of such things before others – even if she did love those *things* and the women in question were the ones who’d helped her to achieve them.

“So I… So I told him to clean me with… You know?”

Her eyes met theirs and were at least as excited as they were embarrassed.

“With… With his tongue.”

Adele nodded.

“And he refused to do this?”

“No, no!” the young wife cried. “He didn’t refuse but…”

“Go on, Donna,” urged Adele in a more sympathetic voice; this as her lover threw vengeful looks towards the creature cowering in the corner and unable to withstand her gaze.

“It wasn’t that he disobeyed me exactly,” said the young wife, “so much as he really hesitated. As if it was the last thing on earth he wanted to do.”

At this, Adele let out a peal of laughter and even the stoic and unforgiving African woman next to her almost cracked a smile.

Donna was perplexed, having thought they would be angry:

“I don’t understand.”

“That is because you were so excited to be taking ownership of him that you did not listen to what it was we were telling you,” Adele chastised her –

mildly. “You were told that there would be times – many times - when your chattel would hate what you asked of him… Remember?”

The young wife gave a nod that was not entirely persuasive.

“You were also told that it would make not the slightest difference and that he would find himself required to obey you anyway. That all you needed to do was to be absolutely firm and insist he do as you command… Either that or you would be forced to ask myself or Nuala to ensure his obedience to you.”
The handsome man in the corner was literally shaking now at the thought some kind of deferred retribution under the hand of the monstrous Nuala.

His concern was not misplaced when the woman herself rose from her chair and pointed to the black leather toes of her calf-length boots.

“All fours,” she ordered.

There was *no* hesitation.

In seconds, as if he actually were the dog she was treating him as being, the one-time respectable man was below her, nose pressed to the floor between her boots.

“If I hear you hesitates when Master Donna give you an order again,” she assured him in her not always correct English, “I will be paying you the visit in your quarters downstairs an’ you be very sorry for yourself whens I leave.

“Now, you can show Master Nuala you understand by placing your lips on the toes of her feet… And then you show the same respect for Master Adele and Master Donna.”

Again, there was not a trace of hesitation as his tongue protruded and began to lap at her leathered toes.

As she looked on at the once masculine man abase himself at the shiny black boots of her lover, Adele Anschütz-Frink felt the usual delicious turmoil

begin in her head and travel the length of her spine towards the core of her womanhood. It was feeling like no other she had ever experienced until she had met Nuala on her travels in Africa and the slightly older black woman had introduced her to the joys of lesbian love. Together with the joy which came of controlling another – and male – human being.

The ancient scent Nuala explained made such control possible, something she had laughed off – even as she wished it were true.

At least until Nuala supplied her with her very first experience of it on a man when he first made contact with a woman who wore it.

One experience of it enough to make him no more than a vassal and a creature of the woman – or *women* – he encountered wearing it.

Her own man. The man she had already fallen so hard for in the office of his meddling superior. Awaiting her now in the home she shared with her African lover as he performed his chores in anticipation of their return.

A home in which he cooked, cleaned, and performed any number of other *physical* duties he too, as with Donna's former uncle, found repugnant and destructive of his manly soul.

A home he was forbade from leaving, save with their express permission which, save for being walked around the garden as if he also were a canine in need of exercise, had yet to be given.
As the man who was almost the equal of her own – *almost* – lapped at Nuala's toecaps in the hope of avoiding what he knew would be an excruciating punishment at her hands, and young Donna massaged her clitoris beneath the leotard in her arousal at the sight, Adele felt a great urge to return to her chattel and break him into the toilet-training Donna had already started with the wretch who was now paying for his hesitancy to serve her in such a way.

And such was his fear of her Nubian lover, Adele laughed to herself, she thought the force of his eager tongue must lick the very skin from Nuala's

feet.

Her own fingers found the vee of her legs at the sight and began a rhythmic rubbing as she pictured her own chattel below her on the bathroom tiles as she squatted above him, fingers either side of her moist womanhood as she eased her lips apart, took aim at his open and waiting mouth, and…

FIVE

That he had been betrayed was no longer a doubt for him

His friend since their undergrad days, Jimmy Winston, had deliberately placed him in the orbit of Fraulein Adele Anschütz-Frink that he himself might be taken off the hook upon which she had somehow speared him.

Be her power over men supernatural or, as Oliver Silverton now suspected, chemical.

Certainly, Jimmy had made attempts to assist him during those weeks when he was in hiding from his fate at her hands. But it was mere cosmetic surgery. The damage – the *irreparable* damage – had been done by then and there was, for him, Oliver Silverton, no escape from it. It had been only his friend's guilt that had made him make the attempt to spirit him away even further; knowing even as made the offer that he was no longer trusted enough by his friend for the offer to be accepted.

The call placed to him at his hideaway shortly before the hateful and – yes, terrifying – African woman acquired him for her mistress was simply another attempt to pacify the guilt he felt for his betrayal of a man who never been anything less than a brother rather than a friend.

And now, the life of Oliver Wendell Silverton had become a nightmare.

A nightmare in which every day a little more of his manhood was chipped from his spirit.

By the savage, unbending and unappeasable woman named Nuala.

Together with the equally unyielding – albeit in an entirely more civilised and European way; Fraulein Adele Anschütz-Frink herself.

This despite the fact his German owner and emasculator had told him he was, in looks and temperament, her soul-mate.

Strangely, he had told himself with great irony, this protestation had not filled him to bursting with great pride.

She had confided her thoughts on his behalf to him not an hour after he had regained consciousness upon her bed and she had ridden his unwilling yet totally compliant body to the most explosive orgasm of his life.

He could only imagine his treatment at her hands if she didn't care for him!

As he knelt naked at the side of the bed in his first owner's room, adorned only in the body-jewelry which marked him as hers – a metal cock and ball restrainer to which only she retained a key, and a thin chain at his neck to which was attached a metal tag with his name and her initials attached to it, that it might serve as yet another symbol of her complete possession of him – he felt his treacherous cock again attempt to harden in its cage.
The two women on the bed, acting as if they were completely oblivious of him as his presence drove their perverted arousal to greater altitudes, were sprawled atop each other head-to-toe, mouths busy at the pussy of the other as they made use of their free hands to knead and stroke the other's body.

On his haunches on the carpet, Oliver Silverton looked on as the woman he had only recently taken as his wife – or, rather, been taken as her husband, to be more accurate – cavorted with the monstrous Nuala. A woman for whom he now had such a deep and abiding terror just the dark flash of her eyes could bring him to his knees at her feet in a fever of the most debilitating fear. That he and the Fraulein – now *"Frau"* - had not consummated their marriage since tying the knot at a ceremony attended by, of all people, Jimmy Winston and his assistant Sally, was not as troubling to him as the way his imprisoned cock attempted to leap to attention against the bars of it cage the moment she showed him the least hint of attention.

As he took in the incredible body Adele had kept hidden from him until now – even as she kept him naked around the home; and even as he went about the abject chores that fell to him now he had been forced to resign his position with the Agency and Jimmy Winston – his only thought was to be set free from his restrainer and be allowed to please it.

Savour it.

Pamper it.

Worship it.

And if that meant he would have to return the compliment for the monstrous Nuala, whose equally stupendous body held appeal for him – even if it wasn't at the same molten and shaming levels – then so be it.

So far had he fallen since that day in Winston's office when he had laid eyes upon her for the first time and, unknowingly, taken the first fateful whiff of her scent.

A handsome, considerate and courteous, man he had been used to regular female partners and regular sex. Unsurprising then, that the absence of it was yet another torment to set beside the unbelievable transformation that had been wrought upon him. A torment Nuala's infrequent offer of a big black leg to hump – this after releasing him from his cock-cage and if she considered his behaviour merited such a reward – only served to exacerbate and make the absence of coitus - and the positioning of his cock in the orifice for which nature intended it - even more painful and demoralising.

And now, to make matters worse, if they could possibly be made any worse, he had been ordered to his knees that he might watch the woman who had so completely captured his senses on the bed naked, allowing her unrefined lover to do everything to that same body his manhood screamed to be able to do for her.

This despite the indignities the German woman inflicted – and continued to inflict – upon him.
On the bed itself, he saw that Adele's eyes were glazed over in almost a frenzy as she lapped at the hairless black pussy being thrust against her mouth with increasing urgency.

A compliment that was returned in the deep and menacing orbs of her

Sapphic lover as the contrast of their two skin tones added an even greater eroticism to the scene and took Silverton's already considerable need off the chart.

His torture, he told himself, no doubt taking their own arousal to heights so high planet-earth itself could probably be viewed from them.

The women broke off suddenly and the kneeling man was surprised to see a black foot raise itself to the face of his ersatz wife and run it the length of her cheek.

He could not breathe suddenly.

If he had been aroused before, his lust had been taken to hitherto unexplored regions by this one act of… *assertion*.

Their was no other word for it.

Nuala stared intently at her employer – expectantly.

Their roles as seeming equals no longer seemed to exist for the moment and it was the African woman who was assuming control.

"Does my lovely my Adele want to show her appreciation of her wonderful Nuala by kissing her pretty black foot?" came the question in that still savage and heavily accented voice from the Dark Continent.

Adele, he noticed through his own growing excitement that seemed to be taking him off-world, seemed unable to respond, so great was her own.

"Little Adele would not want to anger her Mistress Nuala, would she?" came another question, so explicit with threat Silverton found it hard to believe what he was witnessing was play-acting.

If it was not some kind of role-play then it was obvious to him from his abject perch at the side of the bed that Adele was not troubled bu it.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

Actually seeming to come even more alive at the suggested… *abasement*.

Certainly, Adele did not hesitate and instantly placed her full German upon the black girl's instep.

And not just to kiss it.

As he looked on and his cock threatened to buckle the metal cage confining it, his German owner, the same woman who made his life hers and relegated him to the position of her personal dogsbody, began to lick at the smooth pink skin at the base of the African's foot, licking with a passion Silverton had neither seen nor expected from her.

"That is my lovely girl," Nuala praised in a voice full of softness and affection he was hearing for the first time and had never expected to hear from her.

Then she laughed that evil and mirthless laugh of hers and, to his horror, turned her gaze down so it rested upon him in his humble squat.

"Look at your big manly husband, my lovely Adele," she mocked and, reluctantly it seemed, Adele's attentions transferred from the black foot she had been tasting to the wretch who had once been a man upon the floor. "To think, he once see himself as the big powerful one and us women put on earth to obey his wishes."

Laughing together, they bot sat suddenly and swung their leds over the side of the divan, powerful and shapely calves, smooth and monochromic, inches from his suddenly lowered eyes.

"Look at him now though," Nuala went on. "On his knees where we put him, praying that his female masters might release that pitiful cock from the prison we place it and allow it the release he crave."

Rather than shrivel under her derogatory and quite inaccurate words,

Silverton's caged cock engorged more and it took a physical effort of will not to groan with discomfort as it met the restriction of metal and found itself barred from the natural progress no longer its own to make.

It was Adele, his so-called wife, however, who continued the belittling of him familiarity was not making it any easier to bear and he knew she had no intention of ever stopping.

"Yes. I knew from the moment I saw him that he was intended to be mine. It was if his friend did not exist the moment I entered his office and sensed our peon waiting for me."

He felt her shift above him and heard the sound of a kiss placed upon lips.

"And, of course, he was lost the moment he took in our… *scent* …for the first time.

It was not the first time he had heard them make mention of their scent and his thoughts went back to that first meeting and the indefinable mix of cloying tanginess and earthy womanhood that had assailed his nostrils and appeared to take possession of some kind over his senses.

Then, as if to underpin Silverton's suspicions of the incident and especially that first meeting:

"What a disloyal and faithless sex they are," Adele snorted, disgust unmistakable. "That the man Winston could betray his oldest and dearest friend into such a life, simply to save his own worthless carcass only serves to prove it."

Suspecting his great friend's treachery towards him had been painful enough for the kneeling man, but hearing it confirmed took his pain too a whole new level.

"I should rather be consigned to flames than ever betray you in such a way," the German woman assured her black lover."

Her lover nodded.

“They be base and worthless and fit only to serve,” sneered Nuala in the thick and stuttering English Silverton had come to despise. “What more fitting use for the beasts can there be than to serve the needs of a superior woman.”

It had not been said as a question and Adele Anschütz-Frink did not deign to acknowledge such self-evidence.

He was there before them, on his knees with his manhood in shackles.

What more required saying.

Only something that raised his spirits at least a little as the black woman, and the second of his owners, stretched out the foot his first owner had only just stopped licking and placed it beneath his ringed scrotum before applying a gentle and tantalising upward pressure – this as Adele Anschütz-Frink did speak:

“I do not think my chattel’s great and disloyal friend will agree with you when your new friend and yourself are finished with him tomorrow…

PROLOGUE

“You be too gentle with him, girl,” Nuala told the fully clothed woman as she sat astride her mount. “The only thing the beast respect is strength. Show it your power. Make it obey.”

The young woman was dressed simply in figure-hugging denims and an equally clingy cerise tee-shirt, the feet jabbing in to the naked mount’s side, this as she guided him about the spacious room in the house left her by a recently departed father, covered by a pair of navy heels she seldom got the opportunity to wear – and certainly not at her workplace.

The long blonde hair that hung free in his presence for the first time swirled about her shoulders as the African woman who had taken it upon herself to mentor her directed her this way and that as her unwilling mount did his best to keep up.

Having left the woman to prepare him shortly after their arrival at her home, the young woman had expelled air from her lungs with shock and delighted surprise when the African found her in the kitchen and told her to come through. A delight which was not explained so much by the tight leather covering her ebony skin and showing it off to such perfection as what she found awaiting her when she entered her own front-room to find the furniture pushed back against the walls.

The beast in the centre of that room had remained motionless as the two women had entered. Shivering in the perfectly pleasant and warm room as he rested upon all fours and not, it seemed, daring to move. Simply remaining on display as the two women walked about him to survey the black woman’s work.

“I not bother with a saddle,” the black woman informed the householder in her fluent but imperfect English, reaching out to take up the leather reins of a bridle attached to a steel bit locked between the mount’s lips.

Her smile almost humanised her as she added.

“I always find it more right to let the beast’s back have contact with its master’s body – whether her body be naked or not.”

The reins were handed to the younger woman.

“That way it can feel your power and so’s can you.”

The young woman had taken the reins from her, still marvelling at the fact what she had been told would happen was actually happening.

“Sit astride it and take possession,” she was urged. “It be yours to use as you wish now and you must never show weakness if you want it serving you to the best of its ability.”

It was all too incredible and the young blonde woman felt a flooding between her legs assuring her she was reacting to the stimulus provided in positive way.
An *extremely* positive way.

Slinging a denim covered leg across her mount’s leg she suddenly thrilled to the power of it all and the knowledge that the control she had been promised by the two women was actually going to be hers.

And in ways she had once considered no human being should never have control of another in such a way.

“What do you think?” she heard the dark chocolate tones at her side ask.

“I… It feels…”

She could not finish but simply shook her head in wonderment at the sensations flowing through her as she sat astride him, hands pulling tight at the leather reins that he not get comfortable and his head might remain up.

“I know. It is an amazing feeling. But you will soon get used to it, even if you will never tire of exercising your new authority. Our scent has made him

yours now and he will remain yours in whatever the form you chooses."

"He will obey all your instructions and, if he not do so, then you must have no hesitation to punish him."

"P-Punish him?" asked the blonde girl, having thought that stripping a man naked and placing a halter about his neck to ridden by a young woman half his age was punishment enough.

By way of an answer, her mentor simply brought the riding crop she held down upon his arse three times in quick succession.

The girl gasped as her mount yelped into the bit and his body convulsed, but he made no attempt to buck her off and stand that he might avoid the punishment meted out to him.

It was, to that point, the most thrilling moment in her life.

"Look how nicely those red marks stand out on his fair white skin," her mentor observed. "Was he not made by the gods to be the beast-of-burden for a lovely young woman like you?"

"He… He doesn't mind you hitting him like that?"

"What he mind or not only a matter for you. You his owner now, my lovely girl and you needs be strict with him at all times."

She handed her the crop.

"Here. Take him for a trot about the room and use this if he not do it to your liking."
Still keeping the reins tight, the girl took the crop in her hand and looked down at it wonderingly.

Was this really happening?

Was she really about to ride a naked grown man about her own front-room?

And could she really find the level of cruelty inside her necessary to punish him if he refused or didn't perform the task to her liking?

"Just jab him in his side with your heels and tell him to *'gee-up'*," Nuala advised her.

The look on the girl's face above her mount spoke of a shame and an even deeper and powerful… *longing* …as she asked instead:
"I'd… I'd much rather do something else, Nuala."

Then, as hopeful as she was hesitant:

"May I?" she asked.

Nuala laughed and leaned forward to kiss the top of her head.

"Oh, you silly, lovely, girl. Do you not realise yet? He is there for your entertainment and comfort. He is yours. I am here only to help you assert your superiority on this first occasion and will always be there along with Adele if you need our assistance. You must feel free with your chattel to exactly as your mind and your senses tell you."

Red-faced but determined, the girl – just as the black woman had known she would – reached behind and underneath her to take her chattel's tackle in her hands.

And found instead only metal.

Her hand came away as if scalded.

"What on earth!"

"Do not be alarmed," soothed Nuala, slipping a small chain with a key dangling from it over the girl's head as she did so. "It is no more than a gift from Adele and myself to you.

“That your ownership may be as symbolic as it is real and serve always as a reminder to your chattel that you are his owner and that *everything* he once thought was his is now yours.”

“But…”

Nuala hushed her and simply took her hand in her own and guided it back in the direction from where it had just come.

Again, the girl felt a shiver run through her body as Nuala guided her hand to first his balls and the ring encircling them, then up and over the cage containing his manhood itself.

A strangled cry of pure lust escaped youthful lips unused to such… *control*.

She had been gifted ownership of a live human-being.

A man!

And not just any example of the gender.

The thought was utterly intoxicating.

“The chain I just place round your neck has the key to unlock him,” Nuala told her, completely aware of the feelings swirling around inside her young protégé. “It up to you whether you ever let his cock out to play or not – though he will need cleaning from time to time. But it always good for a master to reward a well behaved chattel, if you take my meaning.”

“That… That must be terribly hard for him,” the girl ventured, though without any great outpouring of sympathy.”

“It not be hard at all,” Nuala snorted, “less you lets him out of his cage.”

“No. I meant… You know?... Not being able to… You know?”

The African woman did indeed.

“Whether he in it or not,” she said, “he be trained to come only after he given permission by one of us.”

Then, as if as an afterthought:

“You must always be careful to punish him also, if he has any unfortunate spurts when he is sleeping.”

“But… How can he do it if he’s… thingy …is all locked away?”

“That down to nature, my love. But, with enough… *incentive*,” she flicked a glance at the crop in the girl’s hand, “even nature can be… *trained*.”

She smiled that mirthless and disconcerting smile as she added:

“And especially the nature of a man.”

After a second, or even less, her young acolyte smiled with her and Nuala felt a surge of affection for the young woman she was already considering as a bed-mate, by way of a change from her lovely and much loved Adele.

“Now, I think it be time you took your beast-of-burden for his first trot beneath his new master.”

As the man known to the world as Jimmy Winston felt the heels of his female master jab into the side of his midriff and heard her tell him to gee-up, he was not to know that, at that very moment, his great and former friend was also undergoing a similar humiliation in the service of the woman to whom he, his friend, had betrayed him.

A service involving the German woman’s rear-entrance and Oliver Silverton’s tongue that would soon be his also when young Sally grew used to her position as his master.

Both at home and at their place of work.

As he crop slashed down upon his already lacerated flanks and he yelped before scuttling about her front-room floor with more haste, Jimmy Winston knew that the self-loathing his treachery continued to inspire in him would at least be matched with a suffering that was the qual of his friends.

And would endure for as long as they both lived…



The End