Venus Is Rising

A Tale of the Erotic & Female-Led

The Complete Two-Parts

By
Ms Omphale

FDC

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“Venus is Rising”

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Part-One

One

Corinne

My prey was all the more charming for being, I knew, ill-suited to the kind of life in which my fantasies pictured him.

But then, despite my youth, I at least had enough savvy and self-awareness to know that most men would be ill-suited and unwilling to submit to a life of the kind I envisaged for them at my side.

Most men in possession of even the minutest amount of pride, that is.

The man of my fantasies, I can say without fear of being contradicted, not least by the long-suffering wife in the process of removing him from her life, possessing amounts of that self-regard far too great to be described as… *"Minute"*.

Opposite me, the flames from my fireplace flickering across his chiselled and troubled features, he sat.

My neighbour.

My ideal.

And, soon, my complete and utter underling.

Should his circumstances – and the unwavering power of my own precocious and unnatural desires – so dictate.

"Desires" I had long ago conceded to be such – and especially when residing in the breast of one so young.

He sat in an armchair and before a gas driven fire whose reflection ran in red flames over his pale and troubled face and the white of eyes that seemed to be forever searching for an answer to his current problems in the rug of mine beneath his feet. And yet, despite the dead stony eyes – perhaps because of them, my fantasy burned bright. Brighter than ever, in fact.

The complete and entirely enduring control of a man.

A handsome man over twice my own tender years who was about to be shocked when he discovered the strength of my desires in his regard and the lengths I was willing to go experience them.

As he sat before me, eyes absorbed by the dark liquid he was swirling in the tumbler I had just served him, my thoughts ran riot and it was all I could do not to excuse myself to go and relieve the sensations inspired by his presence.

Sensations translated from imagery of the most soul-destroying and sexually emasculating kind for a man of his kind.

That he was sexually uninterested in me at this point was immaterial to me. Despite my flaming red-hair and my full and youthful breasts he showed a fleeting interest in, I was neither his type and nor was I in the age-range from whom he chose his illicit and sexual partners.

An oversight on his part I would soon be correcting if I played my hand right and he proved as ultimately weak as I was beginning to sense him to be.

"How much longer do you have?" I asked in a croaky voice that nonetheless managed to sound full of understanding and concern, when truly my only motive was to keep the sorry nature of his plight to the forefront of his thoughts – and how best I might utilise his desperation for my own ends.

It worked perfectly, if the sombre expression – even *more* sombre expression, I should say – he adopted spoke truly.

"Less than two weeks now," he answered, the deep, formerly manly and deceptively self-reliant tones answered; tones so much more attractive to me now they were so… *needy*.

"You poor man. So little time. You must be worried out of your mind?" I remarked, aware that such words must seem terribly patronising.

He shrugged, no doubt finding it difficult to confess to such weakness, given his hostess had only recently arrived at her twentieth year while he was fast approaching the midway mark in his forties. He, and the wife in the process of divorcing him, had been neighbours to myself and my late parents for some fourteen years now and, in truth, I could not remember a time when they – more especially *he* had not been in my day to day life. Or, even more *especially* in regard of him in my adolescent schoolgirl fantasies that, far from waning as I entered my teens and onwards, seemed to grow in strength to such an extent I could do no more than confess I was obsessed by him.

"I can't believe she is taking such a hard line on this," I marvelled, having no such trouble with incredulity and grateful that his wife had gone nuclear on him after discovering his dalliance with a local barmaid. This in the village some two miles inland from the secluded promontory overlooking the sea upon which stood both our houses. Her reaction and subsequent departure, along with the aforementioned seclusion of our two homes, actually spurring me into giving *serious* thoughts to my fantasy and the possibility that, if approached in a sensible and suitably intransigent way on my part, I could actually find myself in receipt of that of which I had long dreamed.

"You're a handsome man," I told him, brushing unfettered red hair from my shoulders before speaking again, simply in order to allow the *sincere* compliment to complete its effect upon his vanity. "Surely she could forgive you one little lapse, knowing all the temptation that's put your way."

The quick way he averted his eyes told me what I, and my late-parents before me, had long suspected was roving eye and a willingness to indulge it on his part – though he had not been so quick to look away that I hadn't spotted the interest he took from hearing me describe him in such a way being stored for later use.

Something to be used in his cause.

And exactly as I intended him to use it.

To *try*, anyway.

As my parents had suspected, the event precipitating his fall from marital grace had been no one-time error, and his homely looking wife had reached the end of her tether and used the clout gifted her by a position of financial superiority and an iron-clad pre-nuptial to cause him some serious anxiety.

Suddenly lost in his own thoughts, aforementioned anxiety uppermost, he shook his handsome and self-pitying head before taking another sip of my late father's Napoleon brandy. The same *"favourite French tipple"* that had lain untouched in the drinks cabinet since the brain tumour had taken him. My father having passed some six months before and not two months after my mother herself had succumbed in a car accident.

Leaving yours truly, 20-years old and their only child, in receipt of the family home on a windswept but picturesque Kent promontory and with enough money to be able to indulge her somewhat reclusive ways and not have to work, if such was her choice.

And *such*, most definitely, was.

My compassion and understanding were, as per my intention, making him feel a little sorry for himself – as if his cheating upon a wife with all the financial power in their marriage and backed-up with the cast-iron pre-nup mentioned above was somebody else's fault and his wife was being totally cruel and unreasonable by moving into their/her apartment in London and placing their/her Kent home up for sale.

"I can't believe she won't forgive me," he all but wailed. "It… It was just the once and I'd been drinking."

It did not take a psychic to guess the above estimate was no more than a bald lie, but I was more interested to see a weakness in him I had not seen before and was beginning to believe the long dreamed of and unbelievable was… *possible*.

Could the life I fantasised over with this handsome and unattainable older man actually be possible?

Could I, the bullied plain-Jane of the playground and a bookish Janey-no-friends, just embarking upon her second decade, possibly make such a man my compliant and utterly abject lover?

My dependent?

My slave?

I clamped my thighs tight together – the same thighs I had always had mocked for being chunky; even if I knew from my reading that there were men who found matronly but

shapely legs such as mine a turn on. Clamping required in order to subdue and control my own arousal. At least enough to think half clearly.

That the hiss of my navy pantyhose had not been missed by him was evident in the little start he gave and filled me with yet more optimism that my conquest of this handsome older man was possible.

Flushed by the excitement of knowing he had just paid me some – minute, I admit – attention of the sexual kind for the first time, I reined my arousal in.

Even if it was difficult.

If I were going to lay the ground work in my scheme to become the new woman in his life – the *only* woman - then I needed to stick to my plan without diversions.

And a young and voracious pussy flooding my panties was what I called the very definition of exactly that.

Besides, if all went to plan and he was as weak as I hoped him to be, there would be plenty of time to have that handsome head and the tongue within it take care of my… *needs.*

On the other hand, if he was not as weak and desperate as I hoped and was disgusted by the prospect of what I had to offer?

Well, he would be leaving soon and I wouldn't have to face his disgust again.

Though my disappointment would be absolutely boundless.

"Where will you live, Stephen?" I asked, already knowing that he was having trouble securing accommodation for himself as a direct result of his having no work – other than the writing in which Patty, his wife, had indulged him and which paid little or nothing; and mostly nothing. He had been looking for both work and accommodation since the boom had been lowered on him and the barmaid and had been incredibly successful… in being unsuccessful.

Consequently, he was now less than two weeks away from being homeless and jobless and being thrown upon the mercy of that nice Mr Osborne and his "I'm alright Jack" approach to the welfare-state.

If I was right, given he had always known of my attraction to him – if not its true nature, and the hospitality and sympathy I had offered since his wife lowered the boom, he would be thinking what I wanted him to think right about now.

But I needed him to be the one to ask.

Any offer on my part would not set the right tone at all, you see.

“I’m still working on it,” he told me. “Afraid I’ve been so busy writing these past few years that the bank-account isn’t what it was and my credit-rating’s about non-existent given I don’t do a normal nine-to-five job.”

It was nonsense and I knew it.

I might not be a writer but I was a voracious reader and I was pretty certain from my conversations with him that he didn’t have anywhere near the self-awareness or imagination required to write anything anyone would want to read – let alone buy.

Even if he did have a facility with language markedly absent in his speech on this occasion.

No. What he had wanted from his once devoted and comfortably off wife had been a free-ride. A life without responsibility and a woman who, while not a looker in common with yours truly, took over the role of housekeeper, banker, and available sex-toy if no other outlet were forthcoming and trusted to be secretive.

In short, his lack of funds, job, and barely existent credit-rating, had nothing to do whatsoever with his desire to write and everything to do with a fundamental idleness and a tendency to rely on his looks to get him what he wanted.

Youth though, does not have to be unobservant.

And lust – my variation of it, at least, and differing from his ill-used and long-suffering wife – did not have to make one… *compliant*.

That lust, together with the love she had wasted upon him, one reason that his well-off wife had been willing to indulge him in his… *fecklessness*.

All of which, to my mind, made him ripe for what I intended.

Should I go about it in the right way, that is.

Crossing my prematurely matronly legs with their strong and over-defined calf-muscles, I tested the waters to check that his first reaction had not been just that... a *reaction*.

It wasn’t.

Armed with yet more tenuous evidence that if my *“Pocket-battleship of a body”*, as I had heard it described, was not his playground of choice - full and self-supporting breasts notwithstanding – I continued to subtly lead him:

“And what will you do if, when the two weeks are up, you still haven’t found somewhere? Not to mention finding the employment necessary if you’re to pay for it.”

He took another, larger, gulp of the brandy and I thrilled to think I was manipulating this handsome, older, and far more worldly man. I was also coming to understand, now that I was seeing him in the new light of my comfortable position and his more desperate

and needy situation, that he was neither as intelligent nor articulate as my more accepting younger years had believed. In fact, I was certain that not only was I better read then the would-be writer but brighter also.

Mentally stronger, too.

Perhaps.

None of which made him any less desirable to me.

Quite the opposite, I should point out, sick puppy that I am - acknowledging the self-evident fact before you decide it's time to bring it to my attention.

The man sitting crestfallen in an armchair by the fire in *my* home was the epitome of all that I desired in a partner and even in these early skirmishes in which I began to lead and manipulate him for the first time I could feel I would not be disappointed at the joys awaiting me as I set about overmastering my older and more desirable neighbour.

Though he did not know it yet, I no longer regarded him as my equal and had no intention of ever allowing him to think of himself as such agai…

Forgive me. My intentions and how I intended to achieve them will be far more explicable – if, I'm sure, no less shocking to you – for being revealed gradually. Rather than revealed to you all in one great burst of expositional prose that will surely save great swathes of text but will likely kill much or all of the perverse joy my fellow travellers will take from our shared journey. Save it to say, that the joys promised by my voracious reading on the subject of female supremacy over the male promised every likelihood of being as incredible and fulfilling as the text of various authors on the subject promised.

"I… I don't know," he answered in a voice inviting my sympathy, not knowing he would win it, and my indulgence, only at a cost. "Neither jobs nor homes fall off trees. And even if they did I'd be right at the back of the queue of those needing them."

Another sip of daddy's brandy attempted fortification.

And failed miserably.

"If I'm honest, I'm bloody terrified," he added before raising the tumbler to his lips again.

It was a big admission for a man of his age and looks to make before a girl less than half his years - for whom I was sure he had not once possessed either a lecherous or even a covetous thought.

Until now, that is, if his reaction to the hiss of my hose spoke truly.

Sexual interest on his part something I swore I would do my best to nourish, if and when I managed to manoeuvre him into a position of full dependency.

“But surely you have relatives who…?”

He was, as I knew he would be, already shaking his head.

“Friends then. Surely one of them can…?”

“Seems, Corinne, the people I thought were my friends were really only friends to Patty.”

I’m *“Corinne”* by the way.

Corinne Blackstock.

“But surely,” I began, “there must be someone who…?”

“Afraid not,” he cut in, looking to my delight as if he were on the verge of tears.

“And you’re certain you can’t persuade Patty to forgive you?”

“It’s a bit difficult when she’ll only speak to me through her solicitors,” he answered before throwing me a hopeful look. “I don’t suppose you’ve spoken to her or know how to contact her?”

I nodded and he looked at me expectantly.

“I’m sorry, Stephen,” I told him truthfully. “I have spoken to Patty and I am in contact with her. But she promised me upon pain of never talking to me again not to give you her new number at the London flat.”

“Is that where she is then?” he asked, suddenly alert.

“Stephen, I’ve already said more than I should have,” I told him as I prepared to make his situation seem even more hopeless.

“What?” he asked, seeing from my expression I was on the verge of adding something – oh, how I adored leading him!

“Well, and not to sound brutal, but after what she told me I really can’t see how you speaking with her will change the situation.”

“What did she say?”

“Are…? Are you sure you want to hear it?”

He gave me a hesitant nod and I could tell he was not sure at all.

With an apologetic shrug, as if it would prove as painful for me to say as it would for him to listen, I supplied enlightenment:

“She told me that she wasted the best years of her life upon you. That you were a parasite, a cheat, and a leech.”

More brandy was taken and his expression was truly pained as I tried to keep my own expression sympathetic.

This as I incinerated any last hopes he might have of winning her back.

“She also said – sorry, but I think you need to hear it – that she had met up with one of her old boyfriends and that she had feelings for him. She said his name was Piers and that they…”

I pretended to hesitate.

“It’s okay, Corinne,” he assured me, *soldier* that he was, the moistness of his eyes inspired more by his own self-pity than for any sense of regret at the treatment of his soon-to-be ex-wife; though I had no doubt the village barmaid was no longer looking as *beddable* as she had before Patty had lowered the boom.

I was also in no doubt that, in common with most people, he would be missing the wife who had decided she was no longer his.

“She told me they were going to get together and that it still wasn’t too late for her to have the children your…”

I allowed my expression to become apologetic and regretful.

“That it wasn’t too late for her to have the children your selfishness and her blind love for you prevented her from having.”

I let him dwell on this for a few moments, then:

“I’m sorry, Stephen.”

He waved my apology away with a hand, unwilling to let me see his pain – even if his pain was for himself and not the woman his faithlessness had alienated.

“It’s not your fault,” he assured me; not that I needed it. “She was with Piers when I first met her. I was the one who took her from him.”

His laugh was bitter and not at all attractive.

“It seems he’s returned the compliment.”

“With a massive bit of assistance from you,” I wanted to tell him, but my words had already achieved their objective and I knew any lingering hopes he had of her coming back were no more than ashes he was in the process of using brandy to swallow back.

“I hate to be the one to have to tell you, Stephen. But she’s not coming back.”

He stared at me for a long moment and I saw resignation forming in his eyes that would soon be replaced by a pragmatic approach to easing his fears.

“Not your fault, Corinne,” he began, playing the great man who, though his heel had finally found him out, fully intended to endure his agony with dignity.

I fought back a laugh as he continued:

“From her words and actions since finding out about my, hmm, drunken indiscretion, I was already about as certain as I could be that nothing I could say would change her mind.”

After delivering what was music to my ears, his eyes returned to the rug as if it might somehow have a solution to his crisis.

It was not forthcoming.

Though, to my inexpressible joy, the solution I had wanted him to pursue – and prayed he might do so – suddenly sprang to his mind and, as self-interested as I had suspected and now knew him to be, I got the impression it truly was doing so for the first time.

When he raised his head and his eyes met mine, I could see he had finally realised what had been under his nose the whole time.

Namely:

A young girl with a long-time crush on him who just happened to have inherited her late-parents comfortable home and was, into the bargain, financially comfortable.

Perfect!

And the mercenary bastard did not disappoint.

In full charm mode and playing upon the vulnerability he thought made me vulnerable in turn, he gave me a hopeful smile mixed with sadness and acted upon this new avenue that might lead to at least his temporary salvation.

“Corinne, I don’t suppose…?”

He allowed his voice to trail off, knowing it would come across all the better if he made me work for his intent.

Happy to oblige him, I accepted the role his need and opportunism were scripting for me.

“What is it, Stephen?”

“No. Forget it. It was just a thought.”

I almost laughed, so pathetically transparent was he in his supposed subterfuge and the attempt to… *draw me in*.
"Stephen, I've known you since I was a child. I'd like to think that now I'm an adult we can…"

Now it was my turn to leave his script and introduce my own:

"…I'd like to think that we could, sort of, get to know each other, hmm, better."

The flash photography of opportunity exploding behind his eyes would have come with a government health warning had it been of the visible variety and I knew I had used exactly the right lure to draw him in.

Older or not, he was no more than a self-centred predator.

And self-centred predators were not exactly difficult to manipulate.

Even to a girl of my tender years whose life-experience came almost entirely from books and *not* the experience granted to those with the requisite... *looks*.

Life-experience that came *entirely* from books when it came to sex with a partner.

"Thanks, Corinne," he said in his small and *'ever so humble'* voice. "That means a lot to me. I… I know I'm a lot older than you but… But I always thought we had a connection."

I smiled and nodded.

He didn't, after all, have to be told what connection I had in mind at this point. Did he?

"And god knows I need a friend right now."

I gave him a smile of understanding and hoped he saw before him a young girl he was manipulating, rather than a ruthless and determined – some might say *"perverted"* – young woman intent upon being the manipulator.

"What were you going to ask me, Stephen?" I reminded him in a soft and inviting voice.

He attempted a look of embarrassment, as if this were his last resort and he hated asking.

Then:

"I was just wondering, Corinne – and I know it's a lot to ask – but…"

"Go on," I urged, less than impressed with what was less than an acting masterclass on his part but determined to make him think I was buying it.

"Well… Look, Corinne, how would you feel about letting me stay in one of your guest-rooms for a while?"

I didn't answer but, instead, adopted a thoughtful but non-committal expression that I knew would serve to increase his agitation.

"I mean," he went on. "It's not as if you'd be letting a stranger or a would-be Hanibal Lecter into the house would it?"

I didn't acknowledge his clumsy attempt at humour and simply pursed my lips as if I were thinking about it and coming down on the negative side.

"I could pay you something as well," he began quickly – almost desperately - but blushed red when my eyes grew quizzical.

"You know, when I… when I… you know?... Sign-on for… You know? The dole."

That, I knew, was not going to happen, but there was no point telling him that and exactly why it wasn't going to at this moment in time.

My continued silence must have unnerved him because he placed his glass down and reached across to take my hands in his.

Earnestly.

Beseechingly.

This as I imagined that handsome head lowering to place its lips upon the toes of the reclusive loner with the matronly legs.

"I wouldn't ask if I wasn't desperate, Corinne. You know that. Please. Say I can stay for a while."

Then, when I still remained in my thoughtful silence, he uttered the words providing me with exactly the opening I had been looking for – though I would make him spend another night sleepless with worry in the home from, which he was shortly to be evicted before utilising it.

"I mean, this is a big house for you to keep by yourself and I'm sure I could be a big help to you?"

At this point I decided to give him some small encouragement and allowed myself a nod as if I were thinking his suggestion over, his hands still clutching mine as if making a promise of further… *contact*... should I be persuaded.

Finally:

"Look, Stephen, I've… I've always liked you. But…"

The look of terror on his face at that *"But"* literally thrilled me to my core and for the first time I *really* believed that all the fantasies I'd masturbated to over the friendless years of my teens could actually be brought to life.

“I’m not saying no, Stephen,” I told him before adding some vinegar to the mix. “But I’m not saying yes, either.”

His face was a picture of bemusement.

“I… I’m not with you Corinne.”

“What I’m trying to say, Stephen, is that I need to think about it.”

He was bitterly disappointed, I could tell, but he struggled to remain courteous and understanding of my position.

Well, what other choice did he have?

“You know I’ve always been on the solitary side. Even when my mum and dad were alive I spent most of the time in my own room with my books and the computer. Then, when I… lost them… I really got used to having my own space and not having to share it. There… There’s a lot about me you don’t know.”

“But Corinne, I promise I wouldn’t…”

I held up a hand to forestall him and felt an incredible rush of power when, amazingly, this handsome man some twenty-five years my senior fell silent.

“I said I’ll think about it and I will,” I told him, injecting just a soupcon of authority into my tone. “But for now I need you to go back to your house and let me get on with it.”

Two

Corinne Again

A large dark fur flows down to my heels as he stands dumbfounded and stares at me in amazement.

I see an indescribable fear pass over him he takes flight.

To no avail.

I am a power he can no longer deny.

Irresistible!

Unstoppable!

Imperious!

As he turns aside into one of the green walks I am already there, awaiting him upon a stone bench, a goddess of love who derives her power not from her youthful but matronly looks but the authority of her self-confidence and her knowledge of man's shortcomings.

My white gown shimmers in the moonlight and from youthful and alabaster shoulders the dark fur flows. My lips are the deepest red and contrast with the pale angularity of my cheeks. I train two diabolical green rays out of my eyes upon him and then I laugh.

My laughter seems somehow mysterious to this older and attractive man and seems to take his breath away with its power and, as I delight in the trappings of authority over him my mere presence guarantees, I watch him attempt to flee yet again. Pausing after every few steps to take breath, so great is his fear of me as my mocking laughter pursues him through the dark leafy paths. Across light open spaces and through the thicket where only single moonbeams can pierce.

He can no longer find his way and wanders utterly confused as cold drops of perspiration ripple across a now furrowed forehead.

"Donkey!" I say to him as I approach, his legs no longer capable of flight, so transfixed is he by the young woman he senses will soon be his master.

This word exercises a remarkable effect, like a magic formula, and I watch as tears spring to his eyes.

So ecstatic am I with my effect, I repeat:

"Donkey!"

And then:

“My donkey.”

As I stand bathed in moonlight, I feel for the first time in my young life that my hourglass but prematurely matronly body is full of the poetry and grace of which power is the source.

Power over men.

And this man especially!

He is staring at my red-hair now and I see it increases his terror for some reason apparent to him but not me.

Why?

No matter. In this instance the effect is all. Do the reasons inspiring a thirst place us in greater need of the refreshing chalice?

Perhaps it is the naturalness of my crown that disconcerts my donkey. For that crown is most certainly red. As red as the womanly growth at the apex of my matronly legs I am at such pains to have removed at regular intervals that it might feel more… sensitive.

My eyes meet his in an effect of green lightning and he shivers from their power.

And then, delight of delights, he bows to me.

To me!

From the neck down and on into the waist, as if by this servile act he will avoid some unnamed punishment he feels sure I must inflict.

I move closer and give out with a contemptuous snort of derision for his submission before, with surprising courage, he asks of my name.

Impertinent donkey!

Impertinent or not, it is important to me that I answer him and define the coming nature of our relations:

“My equals know me as Corinne Blackstock,” I told him.

Then:

“And to you, donkey, I am to be addressed as ‘Ms Corinne’.”

Thus our new acquaintance begins.

“Do you want to be my slave, donkey, for it is all that I offer an animal such as you?”

He replied in the negative, the prospect alien to him, even if he remained in terror of my… femininity.

"Love will never be an option between us, if you think that by winning me over in such a way you might soften my rule of you. For even in love there is no equality," I told him solemnly. "Our only choice is whether we allow ourselves to rule or be ruled."

He protested in a stammering voice that he possessed no love for me but even as his lips moved I could tell he knew such a pronouncement would serve him about as much good as it would to deny the authority I was already in the process of wielding over him.

"Though you question it now, you will be servile to me because it is your nature, and the inclination of the weak is to follow the strong. For one such as you it is necessary to be the chattel and possession of a woman, no matter the tenderness of her years or be she beautiful or, simply… matronly. Your need – the need you are only now beginning to acknowledge – is to bend your knee to the woman who knows how to rule with self-confidence which awareness, while sometimes necessarily harsh, ensures she rule by sheer force of superiority rather than gaining her power by means of shrewish and petty nagging?"

To this he had no answer and I truly believe he could read his future in the green eyes that held him captive.

"I, for instance," I went on. "I have a real talent for sexual and domestic despotism – even if I have yet to wield it - and it is only my due right to have a donkey of my own to serve as an outlet for these… growing… desires."

The horror he felt at being thought of as just such a beast of burden was almost humorous to me, but my own needs were too great at this point to share levity with a man who was, after all, soon to be my underling.

"YOU," I told him with heavy emphasis, "are the donkey of choice for this particular goddess and will remain so until the end of your servile but abjectly useful life."

He was still shaking his head and mumbling no when with a slashing and vicious cut my quirt made contact with the side of his neck and he squealed before finding a slither of back bone that enabled him to blaze into my eyes with hatred before he succumbed to their superior power and turned his gaze to the paving stone upon which I stood.

"You may now kneel and pledge yourself to me by placing your lips with seemly reverence and servility upon my bare instep…"

…My sheets were sodden as my dream lover pressed his unwilling lips to my toes in his first act of submission and the power of my own orgasm as it went beyond crisis brought me to a screaming wakefulness.

The closer I came to my ideal, it seemed, the greater the strength of my nocturnal wanderings.

Three

Stephen

Terrified did just not cut it.

I was beyond terror and, for the first time in my life, was facing a future without a home and a woman.

Unless…

I was jobless and about to be made homeless. The cast-iron pre-nup Patty's parents had insisted upon – bastards both of them! – leaving me with nothing but what I came brought into the marriage. Which was pretty much nothing save for some nice clothes still in my wardrobe Patty had either forgotten to requisition or couldn't be bothered about. Even my car had been taken, but then, given it was in Patty's name and she had kept up the insurance, road-tax, and just about everything connected with my Alfa other than driving it, that was not so much of a surprise.

Everything lost.

And for what?

A few romps in the hay with a barmaid in receipt of bounteous mammaries and a willingness to… *play*.

I was an imbecile after the event. Only now seeing the consequences. An easy and pressure-free life in tatters, simply because I couldn't resist dipping the old Tompkins wick into a less familiar receptacle.

Cunt, cunt, cunt!

But then, I'd done it so many times with so many other willing bed partners without Patty catching on, how could I have known that she had known from the start and this was one fuck-partner too many.

The incriminating pictures and audio gathered by her *"Man"* all she needed to enforce that pre-nup and turn my life into a terrifying war-zone.

So here I was, a semi-serious writer who had never come close to having something published, no work-skills to speak of and pretty much unemployable. Unemployed as well as homeless. No funds, fewer friends and family, and about as fucked as a man in his forties could be without being a complete and utter derelict.

Another image taking my terror into new and uncharted war-zones.

All the above my future.

Unless…

Of course, I knew young Corinne had been in awe of me for some time now – for about as long as I'd known her, in fact. Even Patty used to make jokes about my *"infatuated admirer"*. But I had – I'm might be a lot of things but I'm no paedophile and can't stand the bastards – no desire for her even when she reached her mid-teens and began to fill out.

Though I will say that her incredible young breasts could certainly take the attention from her angular and oh, so, serious features and the chunky, if not unwomanly shaped, body below them.

Just the same, she was too young, too chunky, and too serious for my tastes. Even her speech was something from another period and was no doubt explained by the fact she was a bit of a loner who had been the butt of the cool kids at school and had found solace in the books of other ages and more refined times in terms of language. She was also, by dint of her mother and father's death's one shortly after the other, a mini heiress who owned her own secluded house opposite mine – sorry, my wife's – and was set-up for life by the various trusts left by her parents for just that purpose.

One young woman who would never know the agonies of uncertainty and fear for the future making my days and nights a waking or sleeping nightmare.

But she was besotted by me.

I knew it.

Patty had known it.

And infatuation is a useful tool for the one who is the object of such… *yearning*.

So I was feeling just a little more upbeat after returning across the grassland separating our two houses atop the promontory. Return to the house that would soon no longer be mine to live in made after having accepted young Corinne's offer of a drink. And I had not missed that my young neighbour had eschewed her usual jeans and a tee-shirt for heeled shoes and navy hose below a shortish black skirt; while a figure hugging black turtle neck that enhanced her two best features completed the outfit.

After leading her on and eliciting her sympathy, mindful of how she kept crossing and re-crossing a pair of legs that reminded me of certain librarians from my own youth, I had tentatively suggested the possibility she might let me stay with her for a while.

My suggestion was not met with the enthusiasm I expected; even though I sensed she was thrilled by the possibility of having me so close.

In fact, I felt sure her reason for telling me she needed to think about it was some immature need on her part not to have me see just how thrilled she was.

Buoyed by the first sniff of good news since Patty had lowered the boom on me, I even managed some sleep that night.

Which was just as well, given what the little bitch laid on me the following evening.

Four

Corinne

“Have you lost your mind,” cried my soon to be ex-neighbour, Stephen Tompkins.

“It’s your choice, Stephen, I told him, my dream of the previous night in which I had truly made him my *‘Donkey’*, together with the fact he was still seated opposite me in my kitchen, shoring up both my resolve and my confidence.

What had I to lose, after all?

Unlike *him*.

Having sensed his interest in my hosed legs the night before I had dressed similarly for our encounter. Black hose this time, leading down from another black skirt that, this time, ended a few inches above the knee and a ribbed and body-sculpted top that placed even more emphasis on the breasts beneath it I had chosen to remain bare and un-supported.

This time, though, for once wishing to make my angular features appear even more harsh and, hopefully, *authoritative*, I had scraped my long red-hair from my face and tied it at the back as I set about explaining what it would mean for him and what I would expect if I were to allow him to take advantage of my… *“Sanctuary”*.

He was shaking his head sadly, eyes looking into mine as if I had ripped the heart from him. “Last night you told me you saw me as a friend,” he reminded me. “And now you…”

He threw up his arms with despair and disbelief and, this time, I knew he was being sincere.

“Can you really hate me that much?” he asked.

“If I hated you, Stephen, I wouldn’t be giving you this opportunity.”

His mouth, were it fall open any wider, would have made a sinkhole of the promontory hosting my house and the one his ex-wife was selling out from under him.

“A…? An opportunity?” he marvelled once the facility of speech had been returned to him. “You call what you just described to me an opportunity?”

His features hardened.

“I call it a fu…”

I came in at this point, interrupting him before he gained a head of steam that might persuade him, in his temper, to leave; and also because by doing so it placed me in the superior position.

“Whether you like it or not, Stephen, you are a supplicant,” I went on, relishing my somewhat Victorian description of him. “You need me, whereas I have no need for you at all, should it come to it.”

Those of you who have read this far will know this to be not entirely true. Yes, my life would go on without any visible depreciation were he not to be in it – as explained by my *“should it come to it”*. But with his departure would vanish any possibility of turning my long-held fantasy in regard of him into reality. I was also aware that, if I misjudged the depths of his weakness under that veneer of handsome and manly bravado, and that he was made of more principled raw materials than I thought, he would be exiting my door never to return but a few seconds after I let him know what it was I expected from him if he were to know the sanctuary and security of my home.

That he was still opposite me, even if the coffee he asked for from me was now ignored as if it did not exist, encouraged me.

Despite acknowledging to myself that I had a long, long way to go.

“If my honesty troubles you, then so be it. But I have no intention to follow your lead after seeing how dishonesty has ruined what was for you a comfortable life.”

He seemed affronted by this observation.

“Surely you can see how your own deceit has led you to where you are now? If you hadn’t been cheating on your wife you would still be in a home and a relationship with a woman who not only looked after your needs but genuinely cared for you as a person.”

“You speak as if I didn’t – *don’t* – genuinely care for Patty too,” he snapped, the offensiveness of my earlier suggestion regarding what I wanted from him if I was to allow him to stay forgotten – at least for the moment.

My answer was neither long nor difficult to form:

“Fucking a slut of a barmaid behind her back, and on numerous occasions, seems an unusual way to express this care. Not to mention the gratitude she was owed for having carried you for so long.”

The shock of hearing such language exit my lips for the first time, despite the fragility of his current condition and together with the knowledge I was his best, perhaps only, hope of easing it - seemed to absent his situation from his mind temporarily.
Just from his expression, I could tell he was about to… *“Man-up”*.

“And yet, there you sit,” he observed with a half-smile, half-scowl. “A hypocrite in waiting, ready to take advantage of my treatment of a good woman and what it’s costing me simply to ease a perverted little itch of your own.”

He leaned across the table to bring his face closer to mine and I found the anger I could see written there thrilling.

Thrilling because I had placed it there and felt confident I could just as easily replace it with something more akin to… *fear*.

"Since when, and how, did a young woman of your age, get to become such a nasty little deviant."

If he thought his closeness as he rasped his bile into my face would faze me, then the look of utter and unimpressed contempt I gave him must instantly have set him to a revision.

Though not before he added another observation intended to shame me and which only served to make me more determined to reduce him to the servility and instant obedience, both sexual and domestic, of which I had long dreamed:

"What I did was just sex. Wrong and hurtful to a wife who didn't deserve such treatment. But not a mistake people haven't been making since Eve first eyed the apple and bribed Adam into giving it to her. He was weak, I was weak, and men will go on being weak. Not much of a defence, I agree, but at least a human example."

If this was a sample of what he considered eloquence, then I didn't hold out much hope for his writing and declared my thoughts unsurprised he had yet to be published.

"But *you*," he went on. "What possible defence can you put forward to try and humanise what you just asked of me?"

He leaned back in his chair, arms going wide:

"And how on earth did I not realise there was such a… a… pervert hiding underneath your bookish and oh, so, old-fashioned, exterior?"

To my surprise, I felt totally calm in the face of his outburst and, in truth, it had been no more than I had been expecting.

In fairness to the man of my – *perverted* – dreams, how could he have reacted any other way to the bombshell I had dropped on him that, were he to accept it, would place our relationship on the same footing as an arrival from Africa to the antebellum plantation owner who had just purchased his, to put it politely, indenture.

And intended that indenture to become more far reaching than my initial words on the subject conveyed.

The little he had heard of my expectations enough to incense and repulse him, but not quite to the point, it seemed, of simply upping and leaving.

As I say: my confidence was growing by the second.

"If you can stop acting like a petulant child long enough for me to answer, I shall endeavour to do so," I told his shocked face and revelled in the sensation of overmastering this man so many years my senior for whom I had long pined.

“This should be interesting,” he *harrumphed*, though I could tell it was the humiliation of my speaking down to him in such a way had struck home and pricked his masculinity into bravado.

“You know already how I love to read,” I reminded him as his eyes stared to the side and the view of the English Channel as it made its way into the Thames Estuary. This rather than meet mine. The flush of his cheeks more evidence of his surprise and deep humiliation at my request of him as his continued presence at my table and in my home underpinned what I knew to be his terror of what awaited him without a job and a home of his own.

And Cameron and Osborne’s UK was no place to be a homeless and unemployed writer.

And an *unpublished* one at that.

“You also know that I particularly love the classics of the past which explains what you once remarked upon as my *‘curiously old fashioned speech’*,” I went on.

He sighed with feigned boredom, unable to accept that I was impervious to all his petty little tricks that were meant to place me upon the backfoot and make me feel as if I were no more than a fanciful adolescent behaving badly in front of an adult superior.

“Have you read Sacher Masoch?” I asked.

His sigh was even louder this time.

“More specifically,” I continued unfazed, “have you read his *‘Venus in Furs’* – *‘im Peltz’*, if you understand the German?”

His intellect, and his own erroneously high opinion of it, was pricked.

“I’d hardly call it a classic,” he said, half sneeringly.

“Really?” I asked, feigning surprise. “A book that was written almost a hundred-and-fifty-years ago and is still being read, analysed, and made into plays and films today? A book so famous for its subject the author’s surname has become a word known throughout the educated world to describe those of a… *submissive*… nature?”

He was staring at me, annoyed that I appeared to be talking down to him.

“A book capable of having such an enduring effect upon succeeding generations, not a classic?”

“Yeah, well, I’m sure it’s top of the classical reading list for those sad bastards who can only get off when a woman treats them like shit. But I’m not one of their number and I can’t believe anyone – especially a girl of your age – could find such a prospect or such a man exciting when it boils down to reality.”

“Then you couldn’t be more wrong,” I told him. “Ever since I was eleven and first took the book from the shelf in my father’s study, I was absolutely captivated by the character of Severin.”

With a shake of the head, he again turned to the view through the kitchen window and the slow progress of a tanker as it made its way towards Tilbury.

“He, with one big variation, has always been the man of my dreams,” I continued, his presence at my table still confirming me in my belief that, whether he admitted it to himself or not, the deal between us had already been sealed and all that remained was to discuss what that deal would cost.

Cost *him*, that is.

“I can’t tell you how many nights my eager little fingers teased my budding womanhood after a long day of being alone and bullied by the half-wits at my school who ensured I would want nothing further to do with higher education when my time there was run.”

To my delight, though still not looking at me, I could see my frankness had reddened this *“man of the world’s”* cheeks and I fervently wished those “*eager little fingers”* could tease my womanhood right there and then.

Almost swooning with the intensity of my building arousal, I forced myself to continue:

“To dream, at that age, of a man so devoted to me his whole soul would gear itself to anticipating my pleasures and desires - as well as those more every-day and tiresome chores I always knew I would hate to be responsible for – was as near as I came to paradise in my younger years. That a man could acknowledge with certainty that all that was important to me, my senses, presence and personality, were absolutely essential to him, was as intoxicating then and remains even more so now – even if the nature of my fantasies have changed somewhat since my somewhat one-dimensional adolescence.”

I paused to see how he was taking this and could see he was watching the skies scudding over choppy grey waters with imperceptible little shakes of the head as if he had just walked into a nasty and decadent dream from which a thunderclap would soon arrive and deliver him back to reality.

“Back then though,” I resumed, “it was always a certain kind of weak but honourable man who appealed most to my imagination. A man secure enough within his own weakness to paraphrase Masoch’s hero and say to me:

‘Do with me what you will, make of me your husband or your slave.’

“How wonderful I thought it would be to have a handsome and older man who worships me and who admits himself to be completely in my power. So completely, that I might use him in whatever way amuses or appeals to me; whether it be a plaything, a suitably respectful lover, or a totally servile manservant.”

I paused for a second or two, then:

"Of course, the thrust of my early-teen longings changed as I became older and more… *discerning*. It struck me that it would be of no value to have a man give me exactly what he wants to give. What power would I be exerting in such an arrangement, after all? Far from exerting influence, I would be the one buckling under to his.

"No. What I wanted – what I *want* – is a man like you who has no desire to serve anybody, let alone me. A man who, for whatever reason other than masochism, needs me so badly he can be fashioned into the creature I wish him to be. A chattel who, despite his hatred of me, will eventually come to worship me.

He had turned to stare at me now and the look he gave me would not have been out of place had I been Cerberus himself, come slathering up from the underworld in search of diversion and sustenance.

Far from bothering me, I was thrilled.

"Worship?... You?" he asked, as if I had just asked him to frolic naked in the sand with a Komodo Dragon.

I was unperturbed.

"Nature dictates that in the relations between the sexes only one can be the hammer whilst the other must necessarily be the anvil. Contrary to Masoch's *'Severin'*, I am the one who wishes to be the hammer when you enter my service. In fact, now that you and the desperate straits in which you find yourself have presented me this opportunity, I know I cannot be happy until I look down upon you and see in your eyes that you accept me for the master I intend to be to you."

I smiled, my eyes not leaving his for a second:

"If anything, you should be flattered. You are, after all, the first person I've confided in when it comes to my…"

"Sickness?" he offered.

"I was about to say, *desires*," I corrected him, still smiling into his reddened face.

Suddenly he was standing, and for one terrifying moment – yes, I wanted his submission that badly – I thought I had been too bold too soon and he was about to leave.

Then, placing his hands upon the back of the chair he had just left:

"Okay. I get it. Weak men turn you on and you're a *very* sick young puppy."

He snorted and shook his head again.

“As I say: I get it. But let me ask you this. Where on earth did you get the ridiculous idea I was one of these little sissies that sends your fingers rushing to soothe your nasty little pussy?”

My thoughts were viler than his words:

“We’ll see how nasty you find that pussy when you realise it’s the only one you’ll ever know from now on.”

My thoughts also brought a huge smile to my face:

“Even if your cock NEVER gets to experience it.”

“I’m glad you find my misfortune and your own perversions funny,” he told me and succeeded only in turning my smile to outright laughter.

“Tell me, Stephen,” I began piercing him upon my stare and exulting in the way he couldn’t make his eyes meet mine. “If you are so repulsed by my *‘perverted’* offer to you and find me so… *nasty*… why are you still standing in my kitchen?”

He did not answer.

“After all, you have less than two weeks before you are not only jobless but homeless. Shouldn’t you be out and about trying to find a roof over your head and some means with which to pay for it?”

I could tell he would have done just that if he had thought for a moment that there was the slightest chance he could avoid becoming the latest statistic in the country’s growing list of the jobless and roofless.

But he had been there and done that.

And, in fairness, on numerous occasions since his wife’s departure and avowed intention to divorce him.

“Because,” I began in a voice of authority that belied both my own years and his, “unless you leave in the next ten seconds, I expect you to sit opposite me quietly and deferentially as I explain how things are going to be between us from now on.”

As it turned out, it was nearer a minute before, suppressed anger becoming suppressed fury, he gave me one last hate-filled sneer and…

…Stormed from my house…

Five

Corinne Again

My piercing green eyes rested on him with a mocking satisfaction as, overcome by a desire towards me made all the more powerful since I had placed the means he had to express it under my personal control, he flung himself down before me and slathered at my hosed ankles as if they were an oasis at the end of a long and arduous journey.

"Do you tell me you now accept what you are?" I smiled down at the top of that handsome head as he slobbered at my insteps, the harshness of my stockinged feet against his needy and growingly servile tongue oblivious to him as he concentrated solely upon satisfying his… thirst.

"Yes! Yes!" he cried, taking his tongue from my feet only for as long as it took to utter the confirmation before bathing them once again in a slavish adoration he would once have found impossible.

Not to mention unbelievable.

I bent at the waist and put my hand on his neck to mash his lips against the harsh and perspiring material his tongue was already saturating, feeling my power as if it were the most natural thing in the world and that the handsome older man reduced to such servility and supplication below me was no more than a payment due.

"And this is?"

I was seized with a sweet intoxication that set my veins afire as with no more than the fingers of my warm little hand I kept him in his rightful place at my feet, taking the pressure off a little that his mashed lips might find it possible to respond.

"To… To be the slave of a woman," rose the words I longed to hear. "A superior woman who… who owns me."

It would, I knew, not be long before I was almost as desperate as he and would be in need of that grovelling tongue he was using upon my feet upon a higher and far more… moist… part of my anatomy.

"And does this woman who owns you have the right to discipline her property should he be found… lacking… in his diligence towards her?

"Yes!" he cried, desperate for the release only that 'owner' could deliver him and willing to confess to anything in order once again experience what was once his to provide himself.

"And, if she were to whip you and then place fetters about your wrists and your ankles while she gave herself to a man worthy of the description, would this too be no more than her right of ownership?"

A sob rose upwards, so far had I lowered his manhood and sense of self."

“An owner who, in the security of her utter superiority over you, will even make a gift of you to her male and female lovers that you might please them with your subservience and take the service due your true owner to even more… abject… levels?”

My feet felt his flinch and the inability of his tongue to frame the words guaranteed to consign what remained of his life as a free man and the masculinity that necessarily went with it.

“By your silence, I sense you are unwilling to offer this submission to your Master and are not as committed to her as your words and actions suggest and I must take this into account when… rewarding… you.”

“NO!” he screamed, the plea torn from him as he realised his hesitation might have lost him a chance at completion his most diligent service had been geared towards achieving these past two months.

“No?” I said, taking a handful of the hair I was contemplating taking from him as yet another stripping of his… independence. Pulling upon it that he might have no choice but to stare into eyes I ensured, young as I was in regard of him, remained implacable and utterly without pity. “You say ‘No’ to me! How dare you!”

“Please, Ms Corinne,” he begged, aiming piteous eyes up to mine. “I… I’m trying to please you. But this… This is too… too cruel.”

I could not help myself at this and laughed into his face before slapping it.

“Yes, we women are inventive in the satisfying of our own needs and the cultivation of donkeys likely to prove useful to us,” I said. “And a dependent such as you would be advised to prove totally useful if he did not wish his owner to treat him with more cruelty and contempt than he has experienced up to now.”

I read his eyes as easily, as if he and they were no more than an exceptionally facile bedtime story of a type understandable by even the least precocious infant.

“You feel that your suffering under my yoke cannot possibly become more arduous?” I asked, before cuffing the top of his head as if he really were the least advanced infant of my thoughts.

“You abject and deluded fool,” I cried. “Look at how low I have reduced you in so short a space of time and ask yourself if there is anything I cannot inflict upon your person without you being incapable of so much as lifting a finger to protect yourself.”

I spat in his face to underline my words and felt a momentary disgust for having myself to such… gutter-type… behaviour.

Behaviour that may well have chastened me had it not been for the look of pure submission and helplessness upon the face of the man I intended to own body and soul.

A man who found not only his day-to-day life totally under my command but whose body was also mine to dispose of.

That he had just allowed a woman under a half of his years to cover his face in her own saliva as a means of showing him both her contempt and her power, could not have been lost upon him.

It was certainly not lost upon me as I raised my skirts and, tugging upon his hair, mashed his face into my sodden cunt.

"Show your Master a proper and humble contrition," I advised him as the tip of his nose nudged into the groove and tickled the underside of my clitoris, "and she may rethink her intention not to reward you."

Adding then, as he placed attentive and thoroughly motivated kisses upon my hyper-sensitive slit:

"Perhaps in a month or so…"

Part-Two

Six

Stephen

As I paced the increasingly inhospitable kitchen that once been the hub of the home I had shared with Patty and was soon to be removed from, the last of a Jack Daniels' bottle that was itself the last of the alcohol left to me about to be devoured, some of the words from my *unbelievable* encounter with my nerdy, if big-titted, neighbour made me consider spending the small amount of cash available to me on more.

"Words" I would never have expected to have directed at me in this or any other life; and certainly not from one of her age and looks.

"How wonderful I thought it would be to have a handsome and older man who worships me and who admits himself to be completely in my power. So completely, that I might use him in whatever way amuses or appeals to me; whether it be a plaything, a suitably respectful lover, or a totally servile manservant."

"Cunt!" I hissed at the bare cupboards of the kitchen as yet more of her filthy and emasculating desires in regard of me bounced off the interior walls of my head.

"Have you read Sacher Masoch?" she had asked, voice already taking on the tone of a great lady addressing a menial. *"More specifically, have you read his 'Venus in Furs' – 'im Peltz', if you understand the German?"*

I ignored her patronising question and attempted a dig of my own, the fact I had been reduced to making such a response to one of her age and looks not lost upon me as it was delivered:

"I'd hardly call it a classic."

With a curl of the lip that did nothing to make her angular features any more palatable, she had responded instantly:

"Really? A book that was written almost a hundred-and-fifty-years ago and is still being read, analysed, and made into plays and films today? A book so famous for its subject the author's surname has become a word known throughout the educated world to describe those of a… submissive… nature?"

Not for the first time, the hiss of her hose as she crossed her matronly young legs buzzed in my ears and I realised with some discomfort that I developing a most *unwanted* erection beneath the table at which we were seated.

"A book capable of having such an enduring effect upon succeeding generations, not a classic?"

Pulling my thoughts away from my most puzzling and unwanted arousal, I'd framed what I thought was a decent response under the circumstances:

"Yeah, well, I'm sure it's top of the classical reading list for those sad bastards who can only get off when a woman treats them like shit. But I'm not one of their number and I can't believe anyone – especially a girl of your age – could find such a prospect or such a man exciting when it boils down to reality."

It hadn't fazed her in the slightest and I hadn't missed the fact that she seemed completely untroubled at voicing such disgusting sentiments to me. Relished doing so, in fact. As if she were completely confident in her ability to master me.

She was wrong.

Or at least she would be wrong for a while.

"What I want – is a man like you who has no desire to serve anybody, let alone me. A man who, for whatever reason other than masochism, needs me so badly he can be fashioned into the creature I wish him to be. A chattel who, despite his hatred of me, will eventually come to worship me as his master."

I remember thinking she was insane and had difficulty reconciling the delusional young pervert suggesting such things to me with the adoring young neighbour who had always seemed so… *awe-struck* in my presence. A presence, it occurred to me, she had always sought out when Patty was away shopping or on some social engagement or other. Insane or not, though, the proposition she was putting to me – no matter my desperation – was making me *extremely* angry.

"Nature dictates that in the relations between the sexes only one can be the hammer whilst the other must necessarily be the anvil. Contrary to

Masoch's 'Severin', I am the one who wishes to be the hammer when you enter my service. In fact, now that you and the desperate straits in which you find yourself have presented me this opportunity, I know I cannot be happy until I look down upon you and see in your eyes that you accept me for the master I intend to be to you."

This was one *very* sick puppy and I told her as much.

For all the difference it made.

"You have less than two weeks before you are not only jobless but homeless. Shouldn't you be out and about trying to find a roof over your head and some means with which to pay for it?"

I recalled her words with no less exasperation for their being true.

"Because, unless you leave in the next ten seconds, I expect you to sit opposite me quietly and deferentially as I explain how things are going to be between us from now on."

It was too much and, rather than dignify her with the rage and shouted obscenities I could tell she was expecting, I surprised myself by simply rising from the table, turning upon my heel, and leaving her kitchen.

Though I did give the front-door a house rattling slam as I exited the home itself.

Now, in my own – for as long as I had it anyway – home, I eked out the last of the Tennessee Bourbon and raged at the humiliation the young bitch had tried to heap upon my already put-upon shoulders.

"Me?"

"Become her manservant??"

"A manservant willing to serve her sexually???"

From which fucking exploding planet had the rocket transporting the misbegotten infant crashed into her surrogate parent's garden?

And why had it taken me so long to divine her true provenance?

Nuthouse candidate, pervert, alien, or all three, I was not so desperate and without pride I would ever accept having such contempt and shame heaped upon me.

Not from the most beautiful and alluring example of the female kind.

Let alone a prematurely matronly young woman barely into her twenties.

It would never happen.

Never!

Seven

Ms Estenson

"I am duty bound to point out to you, Mr Tompkins, that the signing and witnessing of these documents is a serious matter and should not be entered into unless one is entirely sure it is the correct move and has implicit faith in the person to whom you entrust your power of attorney."

In my twenty-five-years as a female solicitor representing females only – yes, it is discriminatory in terms of gender and mildly illegal, but, in regard of women towards men, rather than the reverse, totally achievable without bringing down the wrath of a politically correct establishment upon one's own head - this was the very first undertaking of a such a kind I had been asked to preside over in my capacity of solicitor. Not the power-of-attorney I had drawn up and was about to witness, you understand? I speak more of its nature and the fact that, as a lifelong feminist and lesbian who considered men lesser beings, this was the first time I had witnessed a document – with an agreement to match, of such a… *thrilling*… kind.

The man himself was well-dressed, middle-aged, and handsome, which went to make the situation even more piquant to me. A man with the kind of looks and bearing who would be amongst the last one would expect to seeking or allowing such a… *demeaning*… arrangement. But, as I have learned over my life and career, appearances are nothing if not beguilingly deceptive.

That Corinne Blackstock, the young woman to whom he was giving over such responsibility, had only just left her twenties and did not appear to be the type of young woman such an obvious predator could ever be smitten by was in itself another intriguing aspect of the affair.

Corinne had contacted me via email some weeks before and given me a short outline of the type of agreement she was looking to implement; explaining she knew of my reputation vis-vis women's rights and my work for single-mothers and thought me ideal to draw up the contract and power-of-attorney she had in mind.

She also made haste to assure me nothing of an illegal nature was intended and that any agreements would be reached with the complete consent of Mr Stephen Tompkins.

It being the above assurances, you understand, that at first led me to suspect I was being used to rubber-stamp an agreement between a young dominatrix and yet another perverted man who wanted to get his masochistic rocks off and make the situation he was seeking seem as real as possible; this while being in an erotic situation to which he could call an end whenever it suited him.

It took but a couple of weeks of growing contact, confidence, and a certain amount of communicated intimacy with young Corinne to doubt my suspicions – if what the girl was telling me of the older man were true, that is.

For, if that were the case and the motivations of the man genuine – if contemptible – then the desires of only one of them were perverted and it was not, for once, those of the despicable male.

And that fact alone certainly warmed me to the girl – despite her assurances of heterosexuality.

Where there was life there was hope, after all, and even if she should prove as attractive to me physically as she did via phone and email and remain immune to my own charms then there was always the *piquancy* of the situation she had invited me to rubber-stamp legally.

Despite my own alignment, I was not immune, after all, to the attentions of a suitably docile and attentive male tongue.

A happenstance I could easily envisage the arrangement I was presiding over providing me.

Now, seeing the girl in the flesh and looking upon that prematurely matronly body in the somewhat severe two-piece suit in charcoal grey, muscular legs sheathed in black opaque pantyhose and feet shod in court-shoes with a low but spiked heel that matched the clothing at her upper body, I could not help but feel a certain excitement of my own and a growing need to – somehow – make myself a part of this female-led equation.

Why not?

So long as *all* remained – ostensibly, at least – legal.

I would not contemplate endangering my livelihood in such a way.
No matter how… *exciting*… the prospect.

The male half of the arrangement I had been asked to draw up being a *"failed writer"*, according to my young client, who was without family, home, friends, job and money, now that his wife had divorced him. More importantly, as my email correspondence with her had gleaned, he was utterly terrified at the prospect of being a man of his years at the mercy of the state and, in her emailed words:

"A man willing to accept my mercy rather than the alternative."

The mercy on offer, it transpired, being extended on the understanding he, a man in his forties, would virtually hand total responsibility for the running of his life over to a young girl we all of us knew he would not have deigned a second glance had his life been running smoothly.

But it wasn't and, I confess, it thrilled me to know from the girl's own lips – or her keyboard along with her mobile phone, as it were – that she had no intention it ever run smoothly in a way of his own choosing again.

"It is, if I may say," I began, careful to make sure I addressed myself to the girl that the man might feel even more marginalised and… *insignificant,* "a most unusual arrangement in my experience but one that is totally above board, should both parties be in agreement.

As I'm sure you suspect, my observation was made that his obvious feelings of shame and humiliation at finding himself in such a position were heightened.

The young woman next to him clearly had the man on the backfoot and it was no less than my duty as an older and wiser sister to help her keep him there.

Sure enough, he tried to mitigate his shame:

"I haven't been myself recently," he began, looking down rather than meet my eyes, allowing me to share a smile with the girl to whom he was about to sign himself over – to all intents and purposes, anyway – that was both conspiratorial and supportive. "M-Ms, hmm, Corinne, has been, hmm, good enough to offer to hmm, look after me until I… You know?... Hmm, recover and get back on my own feet."

A thrill of pure electricity energised my veins.
He had just addressed this younger and unprepossessing girl, looks wise anyhow, as *"Ms"*. That and the fact he found it near impossible to hold my gaze – I can be quite imposing to men, what with my short and French-Cropped hair, strong features and thick framed glasses above a powerfully compact body – galvanised my already energised imagination. All kinds of scenarios involving service and humiliation – of *him* – were making it a challenge to stay professional and keep my mind on the task to hand.

And without being prompted, if the mortified look upon his handsome features spoke truly, by the motivation of that inner masochism I had first suspected when young Corinne had explained the situation to me.

He was, it did not take much in the way of perception to gather, intensely embarrassed at having his deference to one so young and of the opposite sex witnessed by another; a young girl who seemed to be prompting him to say more when his eyes flickered to hers.

"M-Ms Corinne has my complete trust to administer my affairs from this moment until such a time as I feel... feel better," he added, sounding as if he were reciting the words from memory rather than simply responding to the situation.

"It is also most unusual," I began, my own sexual response to the situation before me making me more… *intemperate*… than perhaps I should have been, "to see a man of your years showing such respect to a woman so many years his junior."

His face reddened and I thought he was about to rebuke me, but he simply lowered flashing eyes to the floor and bit his lip as my own eyes sought out those of *"Ms Corinne"*, grateful and relieved to note she was not at all miffed at my untoward boldness.

Far from it.

"I know it seems strange that Stephen should address me so respectfully, given the difference in our ages and…"

I knew she had been about to say *"Looks"*, but had caught herself in time.

"…and experience," she added, "but we have agreed that, if I am to take full responsibility for his well-being during this time when he is… *not himself*… it is only seemly that he maintains a respectful manner and

appropriate language when serv… *assisting*… me."
It was amusing to hear such Victorian language on the lips of a young woman in this day and age and, for some reason, it made the arrangement they were here to have witnessed all the more… *exciting*.

"And it is, I understand," I went on, taking on the usual gravitas of the solicitor I was, "to be a live-in position. Mr Tompkins is willing to provide you, Ms Blackstock, with domestic service in exchange for a room in your home and such necessities as food and clothing, etc."
"That is correct, Ms Estenson. Even as we speak I have builders and decorators readying his new quarters for him."

I nodded then pretended to scan the agreement before me and read from it, simply to twist the knife in the man's obvious discomfort by having him listen to what constituted his fall from grace spoken aloud:

"There is also provision made for the giving of a weekly…" my pussy flooded as I read the all too emasculating words "…allowance in the way of *'pocket-money'*, should Mr Tompkins behaviour be to the standard required of him."

As the man himself kept his eyes affixed studiously to the floor I saw a flush of colour that could only be described as conquest and anticipation of what was to come suffuse young Corinne's face and felt a certain lightheadedness join the wetness between my legs.

"I trust there are no employment laws – or those of any other kind – being broken by this agreement, Ms Estenson?" the girl asked. "And I do realise such an agreement must seem a little… *old-fashioned*."

Unseen by our floor gazing male-supplicant, I gave her a supportive smile that assured her I was in her camp and, if she read me in the way I hoped, more than willing to provide her with more *"hands-on"* assistance, should she, as I now fervently prayed she would, require it.

The smile returned my way was *not* discouraging.

"For this you can thank my late-parents," she told me. "they were firmly of the late-nineteenth-century mindset and firmly believed that those favoured by nature in the way of wealth, intelligence, and moral purpose, had a duty to assume responsibility for those within their orbit less blessed with those attributes."

“Admirable sentiments, Ms Blackstock,” I agreed; even if I was not over-enamored of that same century when it came to its treatment of women.

“Please, Ms Estenson, call me Corinne. I’ve long been an admirer of your tireless work on behalf of women.”

To my surprise, I felt my cheeks flush under the younger woman’s praise as my thoughts pictured my lips on cheeks belonging to her but *not* residing upon her face.

It took me a few beats to recover myself and I had the distinct impression the young girl was aware of my lechery.

“In that case, Corinne, I should like it if you also used my given-name.”

She smiled expectantly, though I knew she was aware of my first-name. “It’s Phoebe,” I told her anyway.

“Phoebe. What a lovely name,” she said without sounding in any way patronising. “Anyway… *Phoebe*… my parents, though very liberal in many respects, were both firm believers in the old notions of personal service. Though not true-blue Tories, they did regard the nanny-state and its ruinous welfare provisions as being morally repugnant and responsible for the deterioration of our once great land.”

For someone whose parents were not true blue she certainly came across that way herself – an impression not gainsaid by a use of language and tone of voice that would have made a fire and brimstone preacher of the period in question proud to adopt in his lighter moments.

“That is why, though I am more than willing to help Stephen here find his way back to his true-self,” she went on, “I will not have him claiming benefits from the government while he is under my roof.”

The man’s head flinched and, had I not been staring at the top of it as it did so, I would have missed this evidence of the humiliation he was suffering under.

Delicious!

“Anyway,” I went on, addressing myself directly to the girl, “in accordance with your wishes I have drawn up a Lasting Power of Attorney,” feeling wonderfully empowered myself at being able to sideline the man in the

presence of this young person of my own sex who circumstances had so obviously in charge of the older and handsome Englishman.

"This," I went on, "will mean you continue to administer Mr Tompkins's affairs until such a time as his capacity and confidence to decide such things for himself return to normal and without the need for any further involvement of the courts."

As delightful as I found the situation, I was still astounded that a man of his looks and greater age could possibly be thinking of committing himself to such a… *demeaning*… arrangement.

Allowing a young woman who was not his equal in terms of age, looks and experience to take on a position of such authority over his life?

If he wasn't a masochist, then what was it that forced him to accept such an indignity?

What was wrong with him? He did not seem incapacitated; either physically or mentally; so I could only assume that the financial penury forced upon him by the divorce from his wife, this and the ruinous consequences of the pre-nup he had signed in the event of either he or his former wife cheating, had him so terrified he was willing to abase himself in such a way. Along with the excitement I took from the control the girl obviously intended to wield over him, it was impossible to not feel contempt for the weakness of a man of his years – a man who had obviously made his way in life with nothing more than his undeniable good looks and charm; even if I had yet to experience any of the latter.

And yet, I felt no similar contempt for the young woman intent on capitalizing upon his weakness for ends I now had no doubt were sexual.

And perversely so in the extreme.

"There is also the possibility further down the line," I began as that same delicious possibility occurred to me for the first time, "that should Mr Tompkins condition find itself impervious to improvements or, worse, deteriorates even further and he becomes even more dependent upon you, that you might consider having yourself appointed his legal guardian."

My proposition entered the already charged atmosphere of my chambers like an electricity surge. Placing time itself on stand-by as the outlandish proposition of a man such as he becoming the legal responsibility and

dependent of a young person of the opposite sex, and the consequences that would follow, impacted upon each of us. And with an understandably different response from the man that followed.

His head started upwards from the floor and for the first time since he had entered my chambers real anger was visible behind the sullen but resigned expression he had worn since entering; cheeks blood red with fury and humiliation as his eyes sought mine with accusation for having had the temerity to suggest such a possibility.

I stared back at him unblinkingly, eyes and manner resolute in the face of his anger; becoming even more energised when he could not meet my own, unflinching, stare and once again returned his eyes to the carpet below.
"Is such a thing possible?" I heard Corinne ask as I struggled not to use my hand to soothe a demanding pussy that was becoming more and more impossible to ignore; a slight catch in her young and, oh so, formal voice telling me she was just as galvanised by the prospect I suggested.

With a smile, I nodded.

"But…?" She hesitated and, for the first time, her youth really struck home to me. I knew at that moment that she was not sexually experienced and that what she did know of such human interaction had most likely come from the reading she had informed me was such a passion for her. Books, given the nature of what I took to be her sexual preference, that were not, I felt sure, of the usual and lovey-dovey romantic kind young girls were usually drawn to in the formative years of their youth. Another piece of common ground between us.

"But," she began again, "is such a thing possible?" Her eyes flickered to the older man at her side who remained with head lowered and her eyes could only be described as… *devouring*. "He is over half my years in seniority. Surely a court would demand an adult of greater years than mine be given such responsibility?"

I shrugged, the presence of the man all but ignored – and certainly the possibility he might be expected to contribute some input on the subject of what was, after all, his own future.

The whole situation was exquisite to me.

And incredibly erotic!

This was not power-exchange, as the adherents of consensual BDSM relationships would term it, but power being stripped from one and stolen by another. The stripped a man in his fifth decade; the other a girl barely out of her second.

"It would depend upon the level of Mr Tompkins' needs and his inability to function under the pressures of everyday life. Also, your sincerity in wishing to take on these responsibilities for him and the court's assessment of your own character would play a part."

Corinne was nodding her head and I could see her strong but less than comely features take on a look of complete seriousness and intent as the prospect gradually began to seem real to her.

"Your relatively tender years in regard of Mr Tompkins would, of course, be a factor in any decision they reached," I told her. "But, having said that, I must say that if my impression of you is correct then there should be no problem in that regard… Should, of course, Mr Tompkins' inability to care for himself become more… *pronounced*."

"Stephen has been a neighbour for many years now and my mother and father were fond of him in their own way," Corinne began, adding: "even if they were aware of a certain *'weakness of character'* in him."

His head did not rise at this, but it did flinch and I could see the high colour at his cheekbones that betrayed his outrage at hearing himself described in such a way.

"I'm sure they would have wanted me to do the Christian thing when his nature led him into the trouble they were certain it would. He is certainly not a bad man," Corinne continued, "but he has used his handsome looks to carry him through life with no thought – aside from his spectacularly unsuccessful attempts to become a published writer – to forge a path for himself. Even at his late age, I'm convinced he can become a useful member of society and make his own way. Even if that way is as the servant of his former neighbour."

"Your caring nature does you much credit, Corinne," I observed, to yet another wince from the man upon whom that care was supposedly being visited.

"It is how my parents raised me, Phoebe. Stephen's divorce from Patty – which, without going into detail, was entirely of his own doing and has

nothing to do with the sympathy and help I have decided to extend him – has brought home to him just how precarious his social position is and, with no career, money, or family, to fall back upon, how incredibly limited are his options unless he decides to throw himself upon the mercy of the welfare-state."

I knew my young client's words were chosen deliberately to enhance the man's sense of shame and hopelessness; sensing as she did that the further down this road he went – and he had already travelled a fair way, after all – the less likely the possibility he would be able to negotiate a return and become more and more accepting of her youthful and female authority.

With this in mind, and my own excitement reaching off the chart levels requiring all of my professional manner in order to keep it concealed, my next words were slanted towards the same objective; speaking of him in the third-person that, despite being within a foot or two of us, he might feel still more marginalised and powerless:

"Yes, Corinne. I can well imagine how daunting such a prospect must seem to a man of his years – admitted good looks or not. In my years as a solicitor I have seen a number of such cases where a man has taken the affections of a wealthy wife for granted and come to regret the fact."

The above was no less than the truth, I make haste to say; though it must also be said that this was the first time I had seen that *"regret"* taken advantage of in such a calculating and… *abject*… way.

"That said," I went on. "The nature of being a man is to make mistakes and that of a woman to correct them. It can only be to your credit that you have not turned your back upon your neighbour, despite his behaviour towards his wife who was, I believe, also a good friend of yours."

"She was and is," Corinne nodded, smile conspiratorial as she realised we were truly upon the same page. "Though I no longer see her in the flesh since she moved back to town and began a new relationship. We do, however, communicate via Skype and mobile-phone from time-to-time."

"And what does she make of your offer to help her former husband?"

Again, there was a wince to our side.

"Nothing, as yet," Corinne answered. "It would obviously mortify Stephen were his former wife to know he had petitioned to become my live-in

manservant rather than attempt to fend for himself in the real world beyond. That is why I promised him we could keep our little… *arrangement*… to ourselves."

Wince had turned to an uncomfortable *fidget* now, yet, encouragingly, he remained in place with head lowered and made no attempt to refute our sly put-downs in regard of his masculinity.

"Do you think it would come as a surprise to her then?"

"Not if the remarks she has made to me since about his masculinity and his *'sponging'* from her during their marriage are a guide. According to her, it was only out of her misguided love for him that she put up with his feckless nature and idleness."

Now his head did shoot up and he appeared to be on the verge of reprimanding his would-be… *mistress*… when:

"Yes?" Corinne snapped at him, voice taking on the tone of an owner at the interruption of a disobedient pet. "Were you about to speak?"

The two or three beats of silence seemed like an eternity as I looked on in a condition of panic that he might re-discover his manhood and leave, and fear that I might swoon from excitement and slither unconscious beneath my own desk.

The next exchange between them nigh on ensured the latter:

"N-No," he stammered, unable to meet the young woman's stare.

"No, what!!" she snapped back at him and I was stunned to hear the level of authority contained in her voice; the confidence she had in her own ability to master him amazing in one so young.

"I, hmm, I mean, no, er Ms Corinne," he mumbled, face beet-red as he averted his gaze to stare out of my window into the high-street below and the scene of more *normal* people going about their business.

"Don't forget again, Stephen," she admonished him as if he were a pre-schooler. "This is not a game and my patience will only stretch so far. You have assured me you feel unable to take care of yourself in the outside world and asked for a place in my home. A place I was more than willing to offer, so long as you know your own place within it and show me the

respect I deserve. Understand?"
I watched him swallow – with difficulty, then; voice barely audible:

"Y-Yes, Ms, hmm, Corinne."

"Don't be so rude!" she barked, allowing me a tiny smile that told me this was for my benefit as well as hers. "Look at me when you address me!"

The face he turned to her was so suffused with the competing emotions of humiliation and fury, fists clenched at his sides, that I thought she had gone too far and must lose him; his eyes blazing into hers and threatening all manner of retribution.

Then, just as I thought he would rise from his seat and take his leave:

"I… I'm sorry. I mean… Y-Yes, Ms Corinne."

And just like that, her manner changed. I couldn't say for sure at the time – though I now know she had already learned much through her extensive reading – bit it struck me that she must have studied psychology at some time. What else could explain the almost motherly smile and the words she used to soothe the older man?

"You're forgiven, Stephen. I accept that this is as new to you as it is to me and I have no wish to be too hard on you. But the sooner you come to understand that we are no longer friends and neighbours but employer and employed, perhaps more, then the easier we will adapt to our new roles."

It was masterful! From internalised shame and anger, her words and manner took him directly to a condition of tears and near sympathy. Almost as if she truly were his mother and he was responding to some kind words after a dressing-down.

"Now, Phoebe," she said, turning from her soon-to-be servant to me, manner changed once again to that of the business-like. "I believe we are ready to have the necessary document signed and witnessed."

Which is exactly what we did before an even more authoritative lookin young woman and the sheepish older man for whom she was now responsible left my chambers.

Though not before we had both agreed to keep in touch and she had made me promise – no hardship this, I assure you – to visit her when things were

a little more… *"settled"*
As it turned out, it would be another two-months before I received an invitation to Corinne Blackstock's home.

And when I did…

Eight

Venus Im Peltz

"Come in!"

He entered, shut the door, and stood to attention as I had trained him.

He is a different man now.

My man.

My creature.

The days of his believing our relationship temporary are long gone. And how could it be otherwise? Given that he now resides in the cellar I have had converted into both a utility area with laundry and other household facilities as well as living-quarters that he may be reminded if his servile status even as he enjoys the, surprisingly, frequent leisure hours I allow him.

I have made myself comfortable and sit in a negligée of white muslin with silken laces on a small red divan with my perfectly pedicured feet on a footstool that matches. In keeping with Masoch's heroine and a role-model it is my intention to thoroughly transcend, I have thrown my fur-cloak about my shoulders; knowing that even if HE is not as taken with the garment and its skin as his Mistress it is HER wishes and HER tastes that count. It is as near identical to the cloak depicted on many book-covers as imagined by various artists and designers down the centuries and has been created exactly to my own specifications.

It is also of REAL fur and most distasteful to my servant's sensibilities – though he is far too cowed and mastered these days to question his Mistress on her wearing of what these days is considered such a barbaric item of clothing.

His sensibilities, for better or worse, of absolutely no matter to me, you understand.

The yellow lights of a large candelabra cast their reflections, Kubrick-like, in the large mirrors and the red flames from the open fireplace play beautifully on the green velvet collar and the dark-brown sable of my cloak,

the smooth white skin, and the red, flaming hair I had allowed to hang loose, were – in distinct contrast to my angular features and precociously matronly young body - almost enough to persuade me I was a beautiful young woman and he was my servant by dint of that fact and that alone.

But, as I turn my deliberately cold face to his and rest basilisk green eyes upon his own, I realise that, age difference or not, it is not my non-existent beauty that keeps him enslaved but the sheer power of my personality and its ability to… DOMINATE… him.

"I am satisfied with you, Stephen," I began, eliciting from him a respectful bow of a kind I had trained him to deliver and would extract a pound of flesh were he not to do so in just the manner I expected. "Come closer."

He obeyed, looking, to my delight, like a delinquent private invited into the presence of a General and fearful of the frightful punishment about to be meted out to him.

"Closer," I managed to bark without the necessity of raising my voice, a new talent I had discovered during my domination of him, this as I stroked the sable with the fingers of one-hand.

"Is it not fitting you should be before me in such an abject manner?" I asked and did not ask, the rhetorician in me unable to resist the provocation; knowing as I formed the words that questions from my lips of such a rhetorical kind threw him into a frenzy of indecision as to whether to answer and be rebuked for stupidity or not answer at all and find himself flogged for his impertinence.

On this occasion, it was his female master who saved him having to make any such decision.

"Now we both know you for exactly what you are and no longer can your seductively decorated carapace conceal the chattel and supplicant residing underneath it. The sort of man who is ready to debase himself before a stronger force rather than find himself crushed beneath it."

His face, as always when on the more scourge-like temper of my tongue, reddens and his eyes drop, the rush of warmth to my womanly centre assuring me that I will never tire of debasing him in such a way and his weakness and misplaced pride will NEVER allow him to prevent me from abusing him should the whim take me; even as that pride ensures he hates being treated in such a way by one so young and physically his inferior.

“I value this… servility… in you,” I assure him. “It is so much more becoming to you than your pitiful attempts at pretending to be a man. There is even a kind of strength in this. The recognition of one’s failings and abilities – meagre as those abilities might be. For only with that can you begin to accept the service to your betters for which nature placed you here.”

I laughed as he flinched.

“No? After all that has happened between us do you still seriously see yourself as my equal? Have you somehow managed to delude yourself that this is but a temporary arrangement? That you can somehow, at your advanced age, be anything other than my chattel?”

I sprang to my feet suddenly, startling him, my furs slipping down to pool at my well-tended feet with the immaculately painted blood-red nails, the young and matronly body to which he had previously proved so impervious bared to him.

The ONLY female body to which he now had access.

When, that is, I deigned to allow him such a concession.

And on MY terms.

Slipping a finger into my shaved and glistening honey-pot, I held it out to him invitingly, thought it was, in reality, nothing less than a simple command.

As the light from the fire flickered upon the juices coating my beckoning forefinger, I saw the acknowledgment of defeat in his eyes and the acceptance of his own emasculation at my hands and feet.

The above as I pointed the anointed finger towards the floor that he may kneel and suck it pristine one again.

This before he squatted upon his haunches and applied his newly taught oral expertise upon the motherlode at the apex of his owner’s thighs…

Nine

Corinne

I had truly expected, once I began to live the dream, that my dreams themselves would become… *less*… vibrant.

Not so.

Not only did they continue to feature the man I was going about enslaving but they were becoming even more vivid and, incredibly, satisfying. This despite – perhaps because – those early dreams I had once considered unattainable in regard of him were now, one by one, being realised. And becoming more incredible by the day, it seemed.

That they all seemed centred upon and around Sacher Masoch's *"Venus"* text did not surprise me overly.

It had, after all, been a constant of my adolescent sexuality and had, with variations to both the character of Corinne and Severin, become the consolation of my somewhat reclusive late-teens and into the beginning of my twenties.

Two months on from having him sign that power-of-attorney in Phoebe's office, I had gradually upped the ante with each passing day of his service to me; leading him with a patience I didn't feel towards a condition of dependence and, unbelievably, fear of me I found hard to believe myself.

Of course, my relationship with Phoebe had grown from our early correspondence and had taken on a life of its own after *that* meeting in her office where it was obvious we were two women, despite the gap in years, who were on the same page when it came to men. Even if there was some distance between us on how we viewed those same men sexually. Apart from her obvious excitement at the arrangement she was helping me to set-up with Stephen, and being aware of her proclivities, it was easy to divine her thoughts in regard of me and what she hoped would happen between us down the line.

Not that it ever would, you understand, as I just don't operate in those… *areas*… so to speak. But I had yet to tell her that during our weekly get-togethers in town and hoped any coming rebuff of her attentions would be offset by allowing her a small share in my new domestic situation

that seemed to excite her so much. In this I was fairly confident, as I knew from her own lips that she was not averse to a man's tongue doing what nature intended for it at the shrine of her womanhood – even if the simple thought of a cock entering that same temple was enough to make her tight-lipped with outrage.

And not just at the mouth.

I also knew from those same lips that my new *"Man"* was just the type whose tongue she preferred *"Serving"* her desires.

I knew also that she was chomping at the bit to be allowed to take on a more hands-on role with my new manservant.

The above something I was giving some serious thought as I was not too inclined to share at the present time. I had, after all, only just realised my childish fantasies and was still at the early stages of cementing my holdover Stephen that I may take those dreams and make of them a reality. It did not make much in the way of appeal for me to have another woman present and risk diluting both my growing influence over him and the possibility of having all these delightful sensations that went hand in hand with human conquest… *lessened*.

Just the same, I was careful during our weekly lunches and frequent Skype sessions to acquaint Phoebe with just enough of his growing domesticity and grudging and sullen submission to his new owner – though I was sure he would have some mealy-mouthed description of having bared his neck to me that would be more acceptable to him.

That, and my promise to her that she would be the first outsider to witness him in his new and servile incarnation, was enough to keep her satisfied.

For now, anyway.

In fact, I thought she was going to orgasm over her meatballs and gorgonzola, when I told her that not only was he quartered in my basement with all the comforts of home – minus windows of course and with the addition of the usual items needed for laundry and cleaning – but that I had chosen a uniform for him he was to wear about the house whenever he was *not* in his quarters.

And the constituents of that uniform?

Tasteful and uncontroversial, I assure you; even if the black trousers without pockets and collarless black shirt were pretty obviously an outfit chosen for him by someone other than himself for the purposes of work.

The shirts even had my initials, *"CB"*, scrolled upon the fabric where one might have expected a shirt-pocket to reside.

My mark.

At least until I had him in such a position of dependence and servility I would allow him to petition me for a more enduring sign of my… *ownership*.

Phoebe had seemed a little disappointed by my description of his new *"uniform"* and I did wonder if she hadn't had something more obviously fetish and BDSM in mind. Not me at all. I wanted Stephen's service to me to be real and 24/7 and in no way consensual – even if his financial and living circumstances had ensured his agreement to an arrangement that clearly mortified him. Which was exactly what I wanted. A servant who hated his service to me but was compelled out of circumstance to offer it.

In the beginning, that is.

The nature of the male beast being what I knew it to be from my reading on the subject, I was convinced my *forced* position of superiority over him would soon come to seem more… *natural*… to him.

And so it had.

Anyhow, the leather, chains and restraints Phoebe had most likely pictured him as wearing were *never* likely to happen and when I explained to her just how much more real the uniform I had chosen for him made his modern-day enslavement, rather than some consensual play between a sexually adventurous couple, she was soon convinced and could not wait to see him wearing it in the flesh.

It would not be long before she did but, before that happened there was a more *"fetish and BDSM"* item I fully intended to lock upon him underneath the uniform I insisted upon.

I had long been curious – *excited* goes without saying – by the prevalence of male-chastity wear to be seen upon the Web and my attention had been grabbed by one particular device.

A shiny, industrial, and *very* forbidding looking example of the phenomena.

Perfect!

The cage arrived by Air-Mail in an anonymous looking box and was, as I knew it would be, postmarked *Slovakia"*. Impatient, and not *quite* at that point of command where I could simply demand he drop his trousers and allow me to measure his manhood, I had said to hell with the *considerable* cost and ordered it to be sent with three cock-cages in various sizes. Impetuosity explained by the frustration I would feel were I to get him in a position where I could lock it onto him, only to find he was wither too big or, worse, too small to fit into his new and permanent restrainer.

By permanent, you understand, I mean that it would be on him for the duration of his life with me – which I hoped would be as long as he breathed and walked unaided – *not* that I would *never* unlock it.

Should his behaviour prove diligent, respectful, and servile enough to be worthy of a small… *reward, that is*.

The object intended to solidify my control of him arrived in a number of sealed plastic bags and comprised the three shiny metal cages, a set of locking pins, 3 different sized base-rings intended to be fastened around the scrotum, a set of spacer devices, with three extremely tiny but impregnable looking titanium padlocks, and a storage pouch for when it was not in use.

The latter, I'm sure you will have guessed, placed to one side and forgotten almost immediately.

As soon as I opened the package containing it, I knew the considerable and extra expense required to purchase it would *not be m*oney wasted.

What I will also *never* forget is the sensation of utter euphoria and… *rightness*… that washed over me after I had ensured his pubic hair had been removed to my satisfaction and set about securing him in the new restraint that would be a constant reminder of his fealty to me, this as he lay spread-eagled upon the bathroom floor with his back to the cool terracotta floor-tiles and I knelt above and between his – *delightfully* – shaking legs…

Ten

Stephen

"To fit it, I need to choose the base ring that fits you best and most comfortably – you still have work to complete and I would not want you uncomfortable as you went about it, would I?"

Incredible! Unbelievable! Warped!

You take your fucking pick. But, whichever word best describes the situation to those of you reading this, you can come nowhere close to having any real idea of how it feels to be on the wrong end of the words and actions I am about to describe.

How could you?

Barely two months had passed since I had allowed this young bitch of a woman, a girl I had come to hate with every fibre of my being, to take advantage of my understandable fear of being both a homeless and a penniless man in his forties. A fear the perverted young girl had used to coerce me into an agreement before another female solicitor that had to rate – until then, at least – as the lowest point of my life. Two months that had seen her change me from an independent husband and would-be writer into a total flunky, dependent upon the food that entered his stomach and the roof above his head on doing *exactly* as she said and *precisely* at the time she said it. That she was a pervert and enjoyed what she was doing to me was in no doubt and had been confirmed from her own lips almost from the moment I asked her about the possibility of staying with her when my ex-wife sold my home from under me. But what did my presence here in spite of that knowledge say about me?

You can rest assured that the contempt I sense you feeling for me is no greater than the self-hate I feel at myself for the weakness ensuring I accept the disgrace heaped upon me. Accepted for no greater reason than that I'm terrified of the life that awaits me on the outside now I've finally screwed the pooch and lost the wife who made my indolent and care-free life possible.

Believe me, you can be no more surprised at the unmanly pusillanimity allowing me to accept the growing indignities *she* inflicts upon me than I find myself. In just over eight excruciating weeks she has turned my life around and downward until I no longer recognise myself. And

signing the power-of-attorney in front of that other bitch was just the start of it.

The cold of the floor-tiles covering the bathroom is no more biting against my flesh than the chill of utter self-revulsion I feel as the young and matronly looking woman, who had always seemed so in awe of both my intelligence and my looks, handles my recently denuded manhood as if it were her property and not mine.

With a feeling of sickened disgust, I realised it soon would be.

"You have made good progress, Stephen," she told me, as if I should be proud of the fact. "I know how much you hate all your domestic duties and having to… *satisfy*… me in other ways, but that is your reality now and I think even you would have to agree I have kept to my part of our original bargain?"

I kept my eyes screwed shut, trying to blot out the image of her smug features, red-hair scraped from her face and tied at the back, her firm and full breasts hovering above my flaccid and denuded cock and balls tauntingly as she squatted between my legs in a clingy tee-shirt and tight jeans that accentuated her sizable arse and Mateus bottle calf-muscles.

I recalled that hateful memory of wearing the *"uniform"* for the first time and driving her to the local shopping mall while wearing it. My only consolation as I followed her around the Superstore with a trolley being that our fellow shoppers would have no way of understanding the significance of the *"CB"* embroidered into the black cotton of my shirt.

Any number of other hateful and repugnant images of my own servility and her growing ability to demand it from me flashed across the back of my eyes, not least of them the image of me kneeling before her to place my lips upon her toes – bare or hosed – as a sign of my respect for her. Something she had insisted upon after our first month with each other. Demanding that I begin and end each day by kneeling before her and kissing her feet.

I hadn't thought she was serious at first but a withdrawal of *"privileges"*, as she described them soon had me – weak and despicable as I am – conceding the point.

I tell you, nothing is more degrading than – or at least I regarded it in those terms at the time – than kneeling before a young woman and showing her respect in such a way.

A showing of respect that became even more degrading when, at the end of the day, after she finally gave me permission to retire to the windowless basement I was increasingly coming to view as a haven, I was obliged to kneel before her and place my lips upon sweaty hose that had been upon her feet all day.

Yes, I know. It's ludicrous and barely credible that I could concede, and continue conceding, to demands of such a kind. But, you know, the more I argued and tried to convince her of the *"wrongness"* of what she was doing the more set she became and the more… *uncomfortable*… became my time in her home. It may sound like a small thing, but the withdrawal of computer and television privileges, as well as no possibility of an hour or two alone at the pub, began to seem massive to me. More than ever, my writing had become an outlet for me and to be denied the means to continue it hurt; as, in a lesser way, did the inability to be able to watch television as if I were a regular guy and not a dependent flunkey.

And with all this was also the knowledge that, power-of-attorney signed and witnessed, she held and administered all my personal details.

Bank accounts, Passport, and Birth-Certificate, were all locked away and deposited with her bitch solicitor for safe-keeping.

Even if I could summon up enough self-respect and manhood to slap her senseless for her disrespect and sexual aberrance and take my leave, what would I do once I had gone?

"That was a question!" she snapped, bringing me back to the real – and *excruciatingly humiliating* – real world.

Adding:

"And open your eyes when I speak to you."

"Y-Yes, Ms Corinne. I'm sorry," I apologised instantly, appalled at the cur-like timbre of my voice and the unmanly fear opening my eyes to stare into hers caused me. "Y-You have kept to your part of the bargain."

"I leave you adequate leisure time to continue with your writing," she continued, referring to the old computer without an Internet connection she allowed me in the basement; along with the small portable television that at least allowed me to access terrestrial and digital channels. "And on three occasions now have been so pleased with your behaviour I've given you pocket money that you might relax for an hour or two at the pub. Hardly Torquemada, am I?"

Her mention of the Grand Inquisitor, this while cupping my scrotum in her cool hand, was not guaranteed to make me feel any easier about the situation, but I answered anyway:

“N-No, Ms Corinne,” I responded, recalling the seemingly endless amount of time she had kept my tongue at her gushing young pussy in order to earn those visits to the local that enabled me to watch more *normal* people go about their leisure. It being an unsurprising – and, I assure you, unwanted – erection that had led her to suggest locking me in the device resting on the tiles between my legs.

How could I let myself be dehumanized in such a way?

“We are gradually coming to an understanding,” she said, “and that pleases me. I think you are beginning to realise that I am your natural master and coming to resent my younger years less and less.”

She thought wrong.

On both counts.

“Look at where you are now if you still question the fact,” she went on, picking up my thoughts from my eyes. “Fate, through your weakness and my strength, has placed us together and I have no intention of *ever* allowing you to revert back to the way you were when married to Patty.”

The mention of my now ex-wife brought a tear to the back of my eye and I felt a telltale sting as yet more gathered there. I was surely the old fool the was no fool like. I’d had it all. A woman who adored me and who – forget my cheating – I loved in return. And I had fucked it as surely as I had fucked that barmaid and the others before her.

And now the tears did fall.

“Too late for regrets now,” the young bitch above assured me. “Though, to be totally fair to you, the blame was not entirely yours. Patty is a good woman but she was altogether too soft and indulgent with you when a firmer, more disciplinary hand would have yielded greater rewards.”

Even as I reflected on my hatred of her, she seemed to reflect upon her own words, before, allowing herself a derisory little laugh, adding:

“Still, all’s well that ends well, eh?”

Her eyes stared down into mine threateningly and, not for the first time, I asked myself if women *ever* asked questions that were rhetorical.

I also asked myself how I could possibly have allowed myself to have slipped so low I could permit her to treat me the way she did.

At first, of course, I had tried to charm her.

To no avail.

Decidedly so!

Then I'd brought reason into play.

"What would your parents think to see you treating a fellow human being in such a disgusting and contemptuous way?"

The above prior to her laying her denuded snatch over my lips as I lay prone upon her bedroom carpet. The first time she insisted I let her use me in such a fashion if I wished to keep a rook over my head. Though she insisted it would by no means be the last and the using would not always be as… *friendly*.

If ever there had been a time when I would take up what was left of my manhood and leave, that had been it.

Laying there in impotent fury as she placed her feet astride my head, powerful young legs rising before me as she placed hands upon hips and smiled down at me mockingly.

This before she slowly squatted to bring young and unwanted pussy into contact with the appalled but unresisting lips of her chattel as his lack of resistance sealed his fate for all time and he allowed himself to be engulfed by the pungent aroma of her arousal.

Finally, back in the present:

"Y-Yes, Ms Corinne," I agreed to her rhetorical question that wasn't rhetorical.

"Good boy," she smiled, tone that of a pleased owner whose pet had just rewarded her efforts by learning a simple lesson – no matter that pet was over twenty-years her senior and a handsome man used to the attentions of women who made her look like nothing more than a youthful selling-plater.

"Now then, back to the job in hand," she chuckled, giving my denuded scrotum a little squeeze to highlight her attempt at humour.

She held up a shiny steel ring with three rods protruding upwards and evenly spaced on the circular restrainer.

I felt my already protective scrotum shrivel in her hand; knowing what she intended to do with it.

“This base ring, sits behind your balls,” she explained unnecessarily as she slipped it over the head of my decidedly unforthcoming cock, shriveled to at least a half of it usual flaccid dimensions by a mixture of the cold of the floor tiles and its, understandable, trepidation concerning what it knew was to come.

She held up what appeared to be the medium option of one of the shiny steel cages and pointed to the holes bored into the bottom of the bars that went over one side before ending on the other, enclosing the chosen penis completely.

“After I’ve gotten you into the base-ring,” she began, I will place your little cockle into its cage and slide it onto the locking pins, lock the padlocks in place, and voila!”

She actually said all this as if I should be as overjoyed as she to have my manhood under her control when, in reality, I was feeling about as sick and doom-laden as one man can surely feel.

However, in reality it's not quite that simple. The first problem is that to successfully fit the contraption the man needs to be completely flaccid, and, even though I could certainly be said to be in such a condition, it was still a job to slide my balls past the base-ring she had chosen. A difficulty that explained her frustration and led to her actually slapping my unprotected thighs when I flinched at her attempts to insert my scrotum into the ring and beyond and confine it.

“There!” she said, when, to my relief if not my joy, she had me tucked away nice and snugly, having myself… *handled*… in such a way by one so young and feeling unable to prevent it as uncomfortable as it was mortifying. “That looks nice and… *permanent*.”

The spacer and the cage, to both our relief, went on with far less difficulty and it was not long before she had indeed locked the padlocks shut and attached the small and shiny key to a thin silver necklace she hung around her neck. The last completed while looking down upon me with an expression I can only describe as ownership and contempt, mixed with great sexual excitement.

She stood then and, with hands upon hips imperiously, allowed the full perversity of her stare to beam down at me:

“If you were labouring under any illusion that this is *‘temporary’*, your new… *jewelry*… is in itself an answer. Even your sexual release is now dependent upon your owner and the fact you are too weak to prevent her from making you wear it should be all the evidence you need to tell you that your life is no longer your own.

I lay below her as the shame washed over me, grown exponentially by the addition of the metal restraining my manhood to which only she had the key.

But also, unwilling as was to admit it to myself at the time, other feelings were stirring in me as I stared up at this young girl who, even as she pretended to be my saviour, was riding roughshod over my life.

As she stood with feet pointed outwards and hands upon hips, our eyes locked and I found myself unable to tear my gaze from hers.

Was this how a mouse felt beneath the stare of the devouring python, asked myself?

I knew then with certainty and if I had been deluding myself before about my reasons for accepting her treatment of me, and its likely duration, I wasn’t any longer.

This perverted young bitch I had known since she was a small girl was in the process of overmastering me, and what I had once found soul-destroying and disgusting – even if I felt the same still – in her warped desire to make me serve her was beginning to… *stimulate*… me.

No!

That is the wrong word to describe the feeling that seemed to pollute my very veins as she stared down, silent and authoritative.

Naked and chilled, back to the bathroom tiles as she stared down upon me in the contraption she had just trapped my cock and balls, something gave way inside me for the first time.

And it was *not* unpleasant.

I can’t say I recognised the sensations for what they were at the time but my imprisoned manhood must have because it began to swell against the bars of its cage.

It was only after my expanding cock bit into the unyielding steel and I gave out an involuntary yelp that she laughed.

Not pleasantly.

“Yes. That is just as it should be. Now I can really begin fashioning you to be the most obliging, servile and obedient, manservant aa woman could possibly have.”

Her face as she slipped the pointed toe of high-heel under my scrotum to jiggle my trapped balls was purest evil:

“Even if you will continue to hate me for having shown you your true nature.”

Eleven

Ms Estenson

I love my visits to Corinne's.

Love them so much, in fact, I have no problem adhering to her wishes and not mentioning them to another living soul.

Not even to Sandy, the latest female lover in a long line of them before her.

Not that I'm particularly smitten with her, though the sex is adequate and she is… *malleable*… enough.

Then again, even if I was head over heels in love with her and the sex spectacular, I'm pretty sure I'd keep young Corinne's confidence anyway.

She does remain a client after all and, well, the fact we are the only two people on the planet other than the weak-willed bastard she has trained more completely than a dog somehow manages to keep the excitement I feel whenever I'm included at stratospheric levels.

In fact, the degree of command she now exerts over him is something that not only makes me envious bordering on the jealous but, were it not also for the fact she is very generous with her invites and the use of her manservant's newly trained tongue, I would actively be devising a means of taking her handsome chattel from her.

That and the fact we have become fast friends who share everything, of course.

Corinne has even mooted the possibility of my staying over for a week if she decides to travel to Hay-on-Wye for a festival celebrating the literature she so loves to read, and you can only imagine how such a possibility intrigues me.

A whole week to manage and command my very own man!

"Good evening, Ms Estenson," the man himself answers upon opening the door to her home to me, eyes flashing over my shoulder to the distance where resides the only other dwelling for miles. A dwelling that used to be his home. At least until his ex-wife sold it from under him and triggered

the divorce and loss of income his new owner and saviour made such clever use.

He was dressed in the usual black uniform, tight pocket-less trousers and shirt monogrammed with his female owner's initials, but I notice – and this is not usual – that his feet are bare; despite the fact there is a distinct chill in the November air coming off the channel.

But there is another, and far more significant, change.

The lustrous and thick, only slightly greying locks of which it was easy to see he had been so proud were gone. The scalp on the deferentially lowered head standing to one side to let me pass was completely shaved. It seemed to shine in the early evening air, so pristine and well-groomed was it.

I couldn't resist it:

"Something about you seems changed, Stephen," I said, stopping and turning to face him in the hallway as he closed the door. "Have you done something different with your hair?"

He had also dropped a fair amount of weight and, though he looked better for it, his face was more gaunt and, in tandem with the shaven-head, looked quite different from my first meeting with him and his, at that time, prospective… *master*.

His face suffused with colour and I could see him biting back a retort. Corinne had him well trained. But I was not Corinne and she was not in the hallway with us.

I would soon be seeing her though, and he would not want a complaint about his behaviour being the first thing to leave my lips.

As he begrudgingly explained that *"Ms Corinne"* felt a shaven head was *"more in keeping"* with his position in her household, I remembered the last time I'd had cause to complain about him and the bare-hand spanking his young master had delivered to his behind.

The above after he had lowered his trousers and underpants, stepped between her legs and lowered himself over her knee while she used her free leg to keep him in position.

The way he had placed his hands flat on the carpet, that she might keep them in position with the sole of her foot, told me that if this was my first experience of seeing him… *chastised*… it was not the first occasion Corinne had provided it.

And, if that wasn't enough to set my pussy afire, then my first sight of the metal cage encasing his penis and the steel ring at the base of his balls to which it was attached reacted upon so violently I felt sure a fire-alarm would be raised.

Corinne had mentioned a *"surprise"* when she had called my office to invite me over, but I hadn't thought it would…

Let's just say that it was my first time seeing a man in chastity, and the fact it was a handsome forty-something I knew not to be a masochist but a one-time user of women made what I was witnessing all the more arousing.

Arousal, you can be sure, that went off the charts when, after reducing the older man to a condition of infantile crying and pleading – simply by the use of her hand – she rolled him from her lap and ordered him to crawl to me upon all-fours and kiss my ankle-boots before giving me a sincere and abject apology for his behaviour.

Arousal that forgot the charts and left the galaxy when she insisted I use his tongue to soothe my *"insulted"* pussy while she excused herself for a few minutes.

I tell you, the sensations of having this handsome man on his knees before me, knowing he both hated me and would rather be anywhere else, yet felt compelled to do exactly as he was told by his young master, was about the most amazing experience I had ever had to that point.

And the knowledge the cock that had plundered so many female pussies was secure behind reinforced steel to which only his young owner had access was enough to ensure it took but a few sweeps of his tongue upon my outer labia to ensure I exploded into an orgasm of a power I had only dreamt of until then.

Thought the second required far greater diligence on his behalf – even if it did go hand in hand with much restraint upon mine.

And now, here I was again at his master's home. As excited as I always was whenever I received what was to me a far too infrequent invitation. Again with a promise of a surprise to come.

"I enjoy your servant's new look," I told her after we had embraced, just before that *'new servant'* took his leave but ensuring he heard my words.

"Looking the part isn't he?" Corinne agreed, looking much the same herself in a severely cut two-piece tweed suit, skirt resting just above the knee and jacket tapered in at the waist; costume far too old-fashioned for one of her years but, I have to confess, giving her a look of confidence and natural authority. She had truly taken her adolescent sexual fashions and run with them, using the man's parlous economic situation and his own natural *weakness* to fashion him into the creature her matured fantasies had led her into desiring.

"What's the surprise?" I asked, accepting a glass of ice-cold chenin-blanc and taking a seat on the sofa, my own crossed legs and charcoal grey outfit, I had come here straight from chambers, as authoritative and no-nonsense as her own and displaying a good amount of – without sounding boastful – my more shapely legs in their navy hose.

"All in good time," she laughed, raising her glass to mine before adding:

"Actually, it's more of a surprise for him. But I sincerely doubt he will get anything like the pleasure from it we will."

"I'm sure he won't," I said, smiling back, a little disappointed if I'm honest, but knowing enough of Corinne's *'surprises'* to feel sure there would be something… *arousing*… in her servant's discomfort for me too.

Suddenly, almost as if he were a well-trained houseboy honed by the strictest and most formal of Japanese domestic training in personal service, the man formerly known as "*Stephen Tompkins"* and now simply as *"Stephen"*, entered with a minimum of noise and offered up a tray appetising little bites his master assured me had been prepared by his newly trained hands.

"You've done wonders with him," Corinne, I congratulated her. "Who could have believed such a creature could actually be made useful?"

"Thank you, Phoebe. Though I don't tell him often, he really is very pleasing to me. Of course, we had our problems when he first took up

residence with me but, the moment he knew his only hope of any kind of a life was with me, he soon began to knuckle under and improve."

"With the help of a certain amount of correction from your own fair-hand, Phoebe," I reminded her, guiding her thoughts back to that wonderful interlude when she reduced him to tears with nothing more than the application of her hand to his naked behind – my own thoughts, and hungry pussy – thinking more of the aftermath and hoping for a repeat sometime after his coming *'surprise'*.

"It was only to be expected," my dominant young friend answered after accepting an appetiser and seeing her servant move to stand in the corner to await further instruction; tone of voice that of a senior in authority over a much junior pupil rather than that of a young woman to a man so many years her senior. "His wife is a lovely woman and someone of whom I'm very fond. But she was far too soft and indulgent with him. Smitten by his good looks and allowing him to run roughshod over him."

I flicked a glance to the corner where he stood, still amazed that a man who was *not* a masochist could allow himself to be treated with such flagrant disrespect and function as a man.

His eyes were lowered to the carpet, blocking us from view, but I knew his hearing was functioning and could only imagine how he felt to hear himself described so… *dismissively.*

"Men like Stephen respond only to a firm hand," Corinne went on. "Kindness is seen as weakness and he will exploit such generosity of spirit if given the opportunity. This was Patty's mistake. A well-meaning mistake, of course. She loved the man, as undeserving of it as he was. But a mistake just the same."

Without looking I could sense the man squirm as his new master's description of his past failings and the life he had lost because of them hit home.

Again!

"That is why I was convinced I was perfect for him once Patty had seen the light. Not only am I blessed with my own home and financial independence but I am immune to the more… *mercenary*… aspects of his charms. I may not be his equal when it comes to physical looks and

attraction but, in terms of sheer power of will and intelligence, I am his superior."

I was about to echo this sentiment when the bell came from outside.

"Ah!" Corinne exclaimed. "That will be my other guest."

The man's head came up at this.
Aghast.

He had, after all, only just gotten used to having me witness his emasculation.

"Well, Stephen?" Corinne demanded, more than a hint of the whip in her voice.

The look he threw her was piteous.

She had none.

"Open the door for my guest! Now"

Looking as if he were walking towards a firing squad, the knowledge another person was about to witness the shame of his service to a woman young enough to be his daughter weighing upon his shoulders as if he were a modern day Atlas, Stephen Tompkins placed the tray of appetisers he had been holding upon a table and made his way the front-door.

Corinne followed, "Come on, Phoebe, come and be introduced to my guest."

The woman to whom the door opened was expensively dressed and heavily pregnant – as well as surprised to find a shaven-headed man at the door rather than her hostess; the eyes that took him in somewhat puzzled, I thought.

"Well?" Corinne snapped. "Don't just stand there, Stephen. Welcome Ms Patty in and take her coat."

As the colour left both their faces, it was hard to be sure who was the most shocked.

Ex-wife or former husband.

Though both Corinne and I had absolutely no doubt which of them was the most humiliated!

Epilogue

Stephen

When my head rises from the toenails I have only just painted blood-red, this after having sucked upon each of them that my saliva might bring them to full lustre, my female master turns upon me a look of infinite boredom and thrusts me away with her foot.

My unmanly fear is boundless.

Suddenly, she claps her hands and in answer to its sound two imposing and Amazonian black women in their late-twenties enter.

With smooth unblemished skin that looks as if it has been carved of ebony, they are clad in black leotards that emphasize their muscularity and physical prowess.

Each one has a rope in her hand.

With a rush of pure fear, I Suddenly realize my position, and am about to rise when Corinne plants a foot squarely in my chest and thrusts me to my back upon the floor, her cold and implacable young face with its sombre brows and contemptuous eyes is turned down toward me as she rises from her seat imperiously.

With a mocking smile that at least banishes her boredom with me for a second, she gives a sign with her hand and, before I really know what has happened to me her two black assistants have tied me hand and foot, the strength in their handling of me evidence enough that any struggle I might make, should I find power and pride enough to instigate it, will be futile.

One of them – they are both indistinguishable to me – rips the shirt from my back, while the other presses my nose to the floor and places a foot upon my neck to keep me there while the other, having discarded my shirt, has taken my arms and with a minimum of effort binds my hands behind my back, so that combined with the pressure upon my neck I can scarcely move.

"Give me the whip, Haydee," commands Corinne, with unearthly calm.

I hear the black woman addressed so hand it to her and feel myself begin to shake as the fear of the punishment I know is to come unmans me.
With a foot pressed into my neck and the weight of the other black woman upon the back of my legs I am unable to move and my bowels open to soak the front of my trousers as I realise what is to come.

"Disgusting!" I hear my female master's comment from above and slightly behind.

I see a bare black foot, nails painted a similar colour to those on my wife, and feel its counterpart resting upon my neck with enough pressure to keep me pinned to the carpet.

Then my world explodes and translates itself into the most incredible pain as Corinne lays the whip upon my back with a force and strength of purpose I had not believed her capable; despite that prematurely matronly and compact body.

Again and again the whip landed upon my naked back and between my pitiful screams and entreaties for her to stop I could feel blood warm against my bared skin. Before this, I had been slapped, and even punched on one occasion, had even found myself bare-arse naked across her knees for a spanking before being sent to a corner to reflect upon my wrongdoings; but this was the first time she had invited total strangers to witness my shame and the whip was definitely a new development.

I was hoarse of voice and all but senseless when the whip finally stopped falling and that black foot was removed from my neck, having no idea how much time had passed between my beating stopping and being hauled up to my knees.

By the ear, and painfully so.

Surprisingly, it is Ms Corinne, as I now acknowledge her, even in my thoughts, who has done the hauling and there is no sign of her powerful black helpers or the infernal whip.

She towers above me, legs still bare from her pedicure and breasts heaving from her exertions with the whip.

Between her hands is a scarf of the sheerest red silk with which she toys thoughtfully, looking down at me as if I am a project she has completed

and for which, finding herself disappointed with the result, has no further use.

"To think I once considered you a real man," she mocked, underlining her contempt with a light slap to my reddened and tear-stained cheeks. "But then I was but a child with no knowledge of your true nature. But I have now. And do you know what? Your true nature bores me. What challenge is there in ruling over something as weak and despicable as you have proved yourself to be."

I wanted to refute her, to scream that my weakness was of her making, but no words came.

How could they?

She was right.

I was both.

"I laugh at you and despise you," she went on. "A pitiful cur who has come to be infatuated with the young master who corrects him. A plaything of a man who once saw himself as a masterful lover."

Her laughter was not warm.

"And now you have had your first and last taste of the whip as a final send-off. It is only fitting that such a pitiful specimen of masculinity should be bidden adieu in such a way."

My fear brought life to my tongue once more:

"You…? You are sending me away?" I asked, eyes piteous and the whipping forgotten in the face of my tormentor discarding me.

Her answer was deceptively soothing:

"No, my slave. I would never do that. How could I after all the humble service you have given your young female master?"

She saw my relief and laughed.

Cruelly.

“What a simpleton you are.”

She twirled the scarf and stretched it between her hands.
“Just because you are not leaving my home does not mean you are not leaving.”

I truly had no idea what she was saying.

“I suppose I will miss having you at my side and by the foot of my bed like the loyal pet you have become,” she told me, confusing me still further. “But you will still be here in spirit and, if I wish to speak to you, I have only to step to the end of the garden to do so.”

End of the garden?

My thoughts raged as she stepped behind me to loop the scarf over my throat and tighten it, her strength surprising me even as the air was prevented from entering my lungs.

“After all, isn’t that where all pets who have either sickened or outlived their usefulness end up?”

I tried to shake her off but, with my legs tied and in the position I was in it was useless; already my eyes were beginning to glaze.

“Buried with their Master’s former dogs at the end of her garden.”

The blood was pounding in my head and my glazed eyes bulging outward.

I could feel the life leaving me.

Then…

…Cold with fear I jack-knifed into a sitting position, awake and not awake.

The terror of looking into Ms Corinne’s eyes as they beamed into mine and the silk scarf tightened about my throat, knowing I had lost my value to her and it was right to remove me from her life, was no less disturbing when back to full consciousness as it had been when a dream.

So real had it seemed that I immediately felt my back for the blood I felt sure must seep from its lacerations.

There was nothing, just me and my basement abode, the ironing board laden with her clothing as it awaited my attention and the basket of her intimate undergarments demanding the utmost care she insisted only a gentle hand-washing could supply looking on in quiet condemnation of my plight.

Their unspoken criticism was of no concern to me.

What disturbed me far more was that the dreams were becoming more and more frequent and I truly worried that, one day they might become something more than simple… *night frights*.

There and then, all manly pride and desire for my former freedom a memory, I decided to do something about the abject condition of fear at the root of my dreams.

I would, I told myself, become the most devoted, humble, hard-working and obedient, servant a woman could have.

Whether it be attending her toilet or sucking her toes, I would go about my unmanly tasks in such a way as to give her the most pleasure I could and earn the right to have her remove me from my cage and honour my released cock with the feel of her feet either side of it as she brought me to full and deserved tribute of her power.

This I swore, so far had she forced me to travel.

Life, despite the way it had turned out for me, was still precious.

And, such being the case, I would do anything to prevent the dream's eventuality becoming a reality.

Gulping down some water from the glass I kept at the side of the bed and replacing it on the small bedside cabinet, I caught sight of the book my thoughtful master had given me and knew my reading and re-reading of it was the cause and the content of my nightly terrors.

Yes, you're right. And its title?

"Venus Im Peltz."

The End