Hellfour Leather



By
Jo Paso

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HELFOUR LEATHER

A Femdom Cave Publication

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PART-ONE

The Will Reading

Eric and Emily Helfour had set up their shoe business at a time when high streets up and down the country were a myriad of trades and tradesmen all flourishing from the feel good factor borne of the wave of optimism sweeping through a post war Britain.

That was then.

This is now.

The twenty first century.

Supermarkets had long since been strangling the life out of the small businessman and the classic corner shop had long been given over to immigrant workers as they attempted to establish a foothold in the land of milk and honey and were not being put off by the prospect of long hours and low pay.

Eric and Emily's business was in decline and the bank had explained to Eric Helfour the gravity of his situation:

'I'm a afraid that sentimentality and loyalty are not considered collateral and that the Bank has a duty to its other clients to maintain standards; so it is with great regret that unless the arrears are paid in full within a month, foreclosure proceedings will be implemented.'

Signed:
Hilary Jenkins,
per pro
Mr M. Meagerley
(manager)

Adding further humiliation to the impending foreclosure action, the manager did not sign the document personally, preferring his secretary, the very efficient Miss Jenkins, to do so.

The solicitor placed the document back on his desk and addressed the seated assembly:

'Subsequently we now know that the reading of this letter was a major factor on inducing your father's fatal heart attack and that you are all here today for the reading of the last will and testament of Eric Roland Helfour.'

The congregated mourners, daughter Mrs Penelope Black in her prim and proper black wool suit, 22 year old eldest son Henry, a waster and slacker, his black tie hanging in an untidy knot down the front of his white shirt which he chose to wear

outside his trousers and younger son Jeremy, at nineteen was the only youth dressed in an appropriate manner befitting a family funeral. He looked every inch the mummy's boy in fact the bows on his shoelaces were tidy enough to be his mothers work.

The deceased's wife, Mrs Emily Helfour completed the family gathering.

Mrs Helfour was the typical family mother, believing as she did in old fashioned values and old fashioned remedies. These remedies extended to corporal punishment for settling sibling bickering and squabbling. Whilst it was her husband who built the family business, it was Emily Helfour who was judge, jury and executioner when it came to family discipline. The teenage Helfour children knew better than to answer back or disobey the matronly mother of the house.

Emily was not a big woman but possessed a powerful personality that brokered no argument. When Mrs Helfour barked *'bend over!'* the only answer she wanted to hear was *'how far?'*

The gathering sat intently in the contrived silence that betrayed their true feelings, the anticipation of a generous hand-out.

Lionel Spindel the family solicitor was a tall lean man, his bony frame held together by an expensive looking blue pin stripe suit.

Standing, hands on desk he leaned forward and peered down his long nose on which his spectacles clung like steeple scaffolding to their lofty outpost.

He began:

'The will itself is a concise draft, which comes straight to the point.'

The legal eagle adjusted his round wire framed glasses before continuing,

'*I, Eric Roland Helfour being of sound body and mind leave the entire contents of my estate to my daughter Penelope, as she is the only one of you who has the remotest chance of saving the company.'*

'That ladies and gentlemen, is it,' said the solicitor taking his spectacles from his nose and folding them neatly into his waistcoat pocket.

The silent void left by the solicitor was rudely broken,

'The crafty old sod,' laughed Henry, who was hoping for a handsome sum and had planned a day at the races to celebrate.

'There were, after all, a lot of debts to be settled and the shop has to be sold to settle them, but Penelope will take care of that won't you dear?' said Mrs Helfour with sober reasoning.

'Yes mummy, of course, don't you worry your head, I'll see to it all,' said Penelope.

Jeremy didn't say anything, happy as always to go along with what his mother said.

Lionel Spindel put his arm around Mrs Helfour, but there was no compassion in the gesture:

'We'll forward our account to you in due course Mrs Helfour,' said the solicitor, wearing the smile of sympathy he kept with his bereavement accounts.

'You'll need some time with your family, of course,' he added, delivering his payment reminder with token compassion, a combination coming easily within his compass he could convey comfortably.

The family left and went their separate ways.

*****

Jeremy went home with Emily. He had lived with his mother his whole life and had no aspirations to find a place of his own. Mrs Helfour cooked for them both and took care of the washing, ironing and general household duties - though Jeremy liked to help and had told his mother he enjoyed housework. It was a preoccupation never likely to be described as *'macho'* and one that explained his lack of surprise whenever Mrs Helfour handed him a pile of laundry to iron.

In fact, Jeremy would always do a very good job when ironing, though on one occasion Mrs Helfour had needed to pull him up on a small point:

'There is really no need to iron my underwear dear, after all its only me who will see it, isn't it?' said Mrs Helfour, noticing Jeremy being meticulous with her personal items.

Jeremy went very quiet after that and Mrs Helfour recognised the mood immediately.

It was the same when his toys were taken away as a baby.

She thought for a minute he was going to burst into tears like he did when he was an infant but let it go and said nothing to her son.

Later that evening after Jeremy had gone to bed Emily Helfour sat and reflected on her conversation with her son earlier in the evening.

As she sat in her favourite chair, a glass of fruity red in her hand she contemplated how lucky she was to have a son who would glady involve himself in essentially a housewife task like ironing.

A task Emily particularly disliked.

It was a secret dream of Emily's that the family business would become so successful that she could afford to have maids attend her every need. Sadly, this was not to be and the business now was in a stage of redevelopment.

She knew that eventually Jeremy would find a girlfriend and move out of the house but, she reasoned, if her son wished to help her around the house until that time, then why not.

One other thing nagged at Emily as she sat sipping her sherry.

She found it strangely and disquietingly erotic that a young man should develop a fetish for her underwear and made her feel wanted again in a juvenile way.

Disquiet made all the more powerful by the fact the young man with the fetish was her son.

Emily walked to the kitchen carrying her empty wine glass and an enigmatic smile as she thought it through.

A while after the '*underwear* incident', as she had come to describe it, she noticed with disappointment that Jeremy was not asking to do the ironing anymore and she had got used to being helped with that particular chore as it was one she particularly didn't like.

Having decided to confront her son about it one evening she found him sat in his room watching television.

'Can you turn that off for a moment please Jeremy, I want to ask you something,' said his mother.

Jeremy flicked the remote control and the room went silent.

'You haven't been helping me with the ironing lately have you?' she said.

'No, mum,' replied Jeremy.

'Don't you like ironing anymore?' asked his mother.

'It's not that, mum," he began, a little flustered she thought. 'I still like it but…' said Jeremy.

'Do you think you could iron some things for me now?' said Mrs Helfour, talking over his indecision.

'Well… Yes. I suppose so,' said Jeremy without showing much enthusiasm.

'Then pop into the kitchen dear. There are a few items on the counter that need ironing,' said his mother with a smile.

Jeremy went to the kitchen and, upon entering, felt his mood brighten as found six pairs of his mother's panties awaiting his attention.

Picking them up and feeling the fabric, running them through his fingers, he clutched them to his chest and went back in to thank his mother,

‘Thanks mum, I’ll do a really good job for you with these,’ said Jeremy giving his mother a kiss on the cheek.

Emily Helfour smiled to herself and left her son to do the ironing and went into the sitting room to ponder her son’s preoccupation with her underwear.

As far as she could see there was no harm in the boy wanting to iron her underwear and she was sure it was not against the law, though she did decide to call daughter Penelope the following morning and discuss it with her.

She would make that call to her daughter after the call to her sister to make the arrangements for Katy, her niece and Jeremy’s younger cousin, to come over and stay for next half term.

A stay that would, she knew, take in the girl’s sixteenth birthday.

*****

Penelope’s husband Stanford Black had no intention of attending the family funeral.

In fact, the crucial two-day business meeting he had told his wife about was in reality an overnight stay in London with his mates ahead of the Premiership football match for which they all had executive box tickets, courtesy of Stanford’s business pals.

The man prided himself for having married such a gullible and passive woman as Penelope.

Oh yes, he could get away with almost anything with his quiet little lamb of a wife.

It was the proviso contained within the word *‘almost’* and his underestimation of his wife’s inner strength and determination that would bring about his downfall.

*****

It was obvious to Penelope Helfour the family business could not survive just selling shoes and it seemed there were only two choices open to her:

Either change the business or sell the business.

Penelope Helfour was no beauty in the traditional sense, but made the best of her attributes – even if those *‘attributes’* might have been better served by wearing clothing and shoes of a more… *erotic* provenance. Even her visits to the hairdresser every weekend were for general tidiness rather than vanity and the urge to attract. In fact, she had resisted Stanford’s suggestion of shorter or tighter clothes on numerous occasions, preferring instead to remain *‘fashionably neutral’* as she liked to put it.

Through the winter months Penelope favoured tweed jackets with beige or blue denim jeans.

The warmer summer months were reserved for billowy cotton dresses and tee shirts.

Penelope did have a fine selection of shoes, of course, some pairs even from Helfour's, but they were hardly in keeping with spike-heeled and pointy-toed variety Stanford was forever attempting to get her to wear.

Sentimentally, Penelope wanted to keep the business going for her late father's sake, but how could she possibly increase the turnover? With no money for investment it seemed an impossible task. The realisation making her decision simple, if difficult.

With great reluctance, she decided to place the property on the market the following morning.

Which was when, as she was on her way to the estate agents, by pure chance and with fate in its most giving vein, she bumped into an old school friend.

Olivia Martin.

Olivia was of French/Asian extraction. Her father was French and her mother was from Thailand – a potent combination that gave the stunning Olivia a mystic oriental beauty with a sexy French/English accent. With classic straight black hair to the waist, worn by preference in a ponytail, she stood at six-feet and one-inch in her leather heeled boots, striking a figure that attracted many appreciative glances from passing men.

And, not uncommonly, women too.

Her early years had been spent in France and French was her first language though, being something of a linguist, she also spoke fluent Thai and added English to the mix when the family moved to England for her schooling when she reached the age of eleven.

'Olivia! I haven't seen you since school days, it must be nearly ten years,' said Penelope.

'Yes it probably is,' agreed the Oriental.

'You used to have a lot of friends back then I seem to recall. I can still remember the time you put that brat Rawlings in his place,' said Penelope.

'Oh, what was that Penny, I can't remember,' said Olivia.

She knew exactly the incident to which Penelope was referring; she just wanted to hear it from her friend.

Olivia thrived on compliments.

‘You remember; that brute Rawlings had a nasty habit of spitting all the time and you and your girlfriends grabbed him after school one afternoon. You wrestled him to the floor and ordered him to open his mouth, when he refused you held his nose. Then, when he opened his mouth to breathe, you spat into it and had all the other girls do the same. I’d have loved to have joined the party but was too shy to ask,’ said Penelope ruefully.

‘You should have, Penny, we could have done with some more spit for that little shit,’ replied Olivia.

Both girls giggled.

‘So what have you been up to since school days then?’ asked Olivia.

Penelope informed her friend she had got married to Stanford Black and then explained her dilemma regarding the family business.

‘What about your husband, he works I take it?’ said Olivia.

‘Oh yes, but he has no interest in reviving my family’s business,’ said Penelope forlornly.

‘I see,’ said a thoughtful Olivia, before adding:

‘That’s not being very supportive is it?’

Penelope just smiled in resignation and Olivia made a mental note of the man’s attitude should they ever meet before suggesting she might be able to offer a solution. Olivia had cash to invest and was looking for a suitable opportunity. It took some cajoling on her part but, eventually, Penelope was persuaded to call the estate agents and cancel.

This she did and so the two girls went for coffee to discuss the matter further, occupying a table before a Georgian window as they sat and talked while the world went by outside.

‘So your father’s business is shoe making and leather goods right?’ said Olivia stirring sugar into her latte.

‘Well yes, it’s been that way for years,’ replied Penelope sipping her decaf.

Olivia thought it best to enlighten Penelope on her controversial but lucrative line of work before entering into a potential business partnership discussion.

‘I have a confession, Penny, I work in the sex industry,’ said Olivia.

‘You’re not a prostitute are you?’ asked Penelope.

‘God no, I couldn’t do anything like that. Get mauled and pawed by some fat old git who can’t get near his wife? No thanks,’ said Olivia.

‘Then what?’ asked Penelope.

‘I’m a dominatrix, I’m into S-&-M,’ said Olivia.

‘But isn’t it embarrassing if people know your name and what you do?’ asked Penelope.

‘I don’t use my proper name Penny,’ said Olivia incredulously, amazed at her friend’s naiveté. ‘I use a pseudonym.’

‘Oh, I see... So do you whip people?’ asked Penelope.

‘No, actually I do very little whipping. It’s spanking and paddling mostly. It’s more psychological than physical with a lot of them.’ Olivia paused. ‘Look, we’re getting off the point. You want to know how I can help you with your problem don’t you?’

‘Yes please,’ replied Penelope.

‘Well, it seems there is a big demand for fetish furniture in the sex industry. There is a market, of course, for the usual toys canes, paddles, hair brushes....’

‘Hair brushes?’ asked Penelope.

‘Yes, but I don’t get paid the big bucks for brushing their hair, Penny,’ said Olivia smiling again at Penny’s refreshing, if puzzling for a woman of her age, naivety.

‘The hair brush is for smacking their bottoms when they are across my knee,’ Olivia explained. ‘You know, naughty little boy gets punished by aunty for playing up, that sort of thing.’

‘I... think... I get it,’ said Penelope, trying to take in the scenario, trying not to giggle.

‘So, why can’t you adapt your shoe making factory and apply it to the booming sex industry?’ said Olivia.

‘I wouldn’t know where to start, Olivia,’ said Penelope.

‘I would,’ replied Olivia.

‘You want to be involved?’ asked Penelope.

‘Yes, if you’ll have me I want to be a partner. What’s more I have disposable income that would get us started on the business conversion. What do you say?’ said Olivia with a beaming and infectious smile that would have swung any deal.

‘Where do we start?’ asked Penelope.

‘I’ll come to that, but I have one condition,’ said Olivia.

‘Oh, what’s that?’ asked Penelope.

‘The business will be owned by you and me, I don’t want your husband involved,’ stated Olivia, for though she’d never met Stanford Black she’d heard enough to not want him anywhere near the business.

‘That arrangement suits me fine Olivia, after all I probably won’t have a business at all without your input,’ conceded Penelope.

Now it was her turn to look thoughtful:

'Just one thing. I'm not sure about having father's name on the front of a business that's connected to the sex industry, I don't think daddy would have approved and mummy might not like it either.'

'No problem Penny. We can simply change the name of the business to protect your father's good name and retaining the footwear theme in the front shop for all to see while we manufacture our specialist equipment in the new workshop at the back.'

'So we don't display any of your sex goods in the shop window?' queried Penelope, fearful of her family name becoming tarnished.

'Good God no, Penny, we sell on line and directly to my clients,' replied Olivia.

'That sounds fine by me,' said Penelope.

‘Right, now, we’ll go back to my flat and put together a business plan; then tomorrow morning we’ll make an appointment to see your bank manager,’ said a confident Olivia.

‘You sound very sure of yourself Olivia,’ said Penelope.

‘Oh I am, dear, I have a very successful business with a growing client base. A man will happily cut down on his spending in most areas but ask him to cut out his sex and it’s like asking him to cut his dick off.’

Olivia smiled:

‘A no brainer, darling,’ she explained. ‘Now let’s finish our coffees and go make a start on that business-plan.’

*****

Penelope made her way home to her one bedroom flat, a modest living space that suited her needs. Not too expensive to maintain and close to the family business property. The choice of decor was rather a reflection of her personality, so much so that it seemed an extension of herself, displaying the pastel shades that reflected her laid back approach to life and her easy going lifestyle.

As she sat and pondered, Penelope gave thanks for her good fortune in running into her old school friend.

Yes, all in all, it seemed a perfect solution to her problems taking up Olivia's offer of a partnership.

She had to admit Olivia had a very forceful and driven personality, the very qualities that she, herself would dearly love to have; admitting to herself in the process that when she had met Stanford, it was his arrogant and bossy nature that appealed to her - the way he told people exactly what he thought of them.

She found that sexy and irresistible.

Penelope realised soon after the honeymoon that the very things that attracted her to her husband were being used against her inside her own marriage.

How she wished she could be like Olivia so that she might have better control over Stanford.

Still, she reminded herself that we are not given all the characteristics in life we would wish for and therefore must sometimes look for support from others if needed.

This, she decided was one of those occasions and yes, she would look forward to a happy and successful partnership with her old school friend Olivia.

*****

As soon as Olivia got home she switched on her laptop and opened her client page.

The list of names unravelled down the page like a runaway roll of wallpaper.

Olivia kept a database on her clients, she knew that information was a valuable commodity and took every opportunity to collect and update her address book.

She soon found what she was looking for under the search tradesmen/submissive.

To refurbish and refit Penelope’s shop she would need tradesmen.

She would also need craftsmen who could make items of furniture from scratch.

Although Olivia had cash to spare, she had no intention of paying for any labour. She was counting on her clients to show some generosity for which she would repay them in their preferred currency, corporal correction.

Any necessary materials needed for the project might be procured via tribute gifts from clients so, having saved all the names and contact numbers to a separate folder she hit print before shutting down her pc and making a mental note to call Penny the next morning, Saturday.

*****

BOWLERS

BOWLERS had an address any gentlemen's club would be proud of boasting with an SW1 post code, making it easily accessible from most city work locations via tube, taxi or chauffeur.

Set in a three story Edwardian terrace, the front facade was modest enough, belying the plush salubrious interior that justified the prohibitive membership fees. The only concession to the outside world that this was a gentlemen's club was a brass plate on the wall with an outline of a bowler hat etched into the brass and the word *'BOWLERS'* underneath.

Although it wasn't simply a case of financial clout that got you membership at BOWLERS, you had to have status.

The club had some 200 members with a fair share of the rich and the famous fraternity.

Adjacent to the snooker room was the smoking lounge, walnut panelling framed the clutch of emerald green button backed leather chairs, a matching chesterfield taking precedence in front of the large inglenook sheltering a healthy log fire.

The expensive air freshener did little to mask the overriding stench of cigar smoke.

On this particular, midday and midweek occasion, the smoking lounge was unusually quiet when the door opened.

Lord Hardwicke, black silk smoking jacket and red cravat, reading the Times looked to see who had come in.

Barrister Geoffrey Swindler, in pin striped Saville Row sat down gingerly, inviting a comment from his Lordly fellow club member:

'Paid another visit to Ms Martinique, have we?'

The barrister was red in the face, suggesting the tanning he'd received on his bottom was still fresh in his mind. He liked that. It was, after all, what he paid for.

Geoffrey nurtured the sting on his bottom cheeks like a young schoolboy savouring the last of his gobstopper from the sweet shop on his way to school.

'Yes, I'm afraid so, necessary evil old boy, I'm afraid,' replied Swindler, knowing he was speaking to a fellow partaker and feeling no shame.

'I know what you mean,' Hardwicke, assured him. 'My weals are just touchable after a week. Strict discipline from an extremely attractive oriental young woman is, I'm afraid, a powerful aphrodisiac.'

‘She’s pretty handy with that cane, isn’t she?’ said Swindler with a knowing smile.

‘Ooh, don’t remind me, I’ll say she is,’ replied the Lord.

The weasel-ish Milton Meagerly, listening in the doorway walked in on the conversation and was eager to know more, especially the strict discipline and oriental references, two themes that peopled his masturbation fantasies on a daily basis. More than once his long suffering wife had commented on how long he had been in the bathroom before coming to bed.

Yes, Meagrely was a serial wanker.

‘I just overheard the tail end of your conversation gentlemen, did I miss anything interesting?’ said Meagerly fishing, trying not to get his feet wet.

Lord Hardwicke looked at Swindler,

‘Shall I tell him or will you?’ he said.

Geoffrey Swindler threw the matt black business card down on to the table.

The silver silhouette on the matt black card was of a woman in profile with hair tied in a tight pony - tail flexing a cane.

The gold leaf script underneath simply said:

Ms. Martinique
Report and Confess

Lord Fenwick and Geoffrey Swindler eventually got up and left the lounge, Meagerly followed them, leaving the matt black business card of Ms. Martinique on the table by the fireplace.

A moment later the lounge door reopened and in came Milton Meagerly.

Meagerly stealthily slipped out, quietly closing the door behind him.

The matt black business card had gone with him.

*****

Penelope was expecting Stanford back at around 6pm so she had prepared a hot meal that was in the oven, Penelope had placed candles on the table with a bottle of wine chilled, she was pleased with her efforts and looked forward to her husband’s return.

Penelope had put on her black stockings and suspender belt as she knew Stanford liked her in sexy underwear – on the rare occasions she could be persuaded to wear it for him.

Penelope sat and waited and waited……..

At 7.15pm Stanford Black swaggered in smelling of beer,

‘I was expecting you at 6 Stanford ,’ said Penelope.

‘Don’t start whinging at me I’ve had a hard day,’ slurred the tipsy spouse.

In fact Stanford Black had been drinking with his mates on the train ride home from London.

Penelope ran upstairs to her bedroom slammed the door and lay down on the bed crying into her pillow.

Stanford Black took a beer from the fridge and switched on the television.

*****

Penelope and Olivia met back in town for coffee Saturday morning and finalised their business plan for the Monday morning visit to the bank.

Noticing that her friend Penelope seemed preoccupied Olivia decided to find out if anything was wrong.

'You seem a little quiet this morning Penny, is anything wrong?' asked Olivia.

'It's nothing, just Stanford being a pig again,' confessed Penelope.

Olivia had already decided to teach the *'pig'* a lesson in respect while making Penny’s life easier in the process and resolved to set out a plan in which she and Penny could bring Stanford Black down a peg or two.

But first there was the business to discuss.

'So Penny we must diversify to maximise our potential,' began Olivia cheerily, trying to lift her friend's spirits.

Penny was impressed with her friend's command of business terms.

'How? What do we make?' asked Penelope.

'Whips, paddles, straps, canes and special hairbrushes, we'll need cots for the babies...'

'Whoa! Wait a minute I'm not getting involved with kids,' exclaimed Penny.

'No, not kids like that Penny, adult babies, silly,' explained Olivia.

Penny, mouth open, just stared at Olivia, speechless.

Olivia ignored her friend's incredulous response and carried on:

‘Spanking benches, adult school desks will have to be designed and constructed, don't worry Penny I have a lot of clients I know will be interested in buying from us,' said Olivia looking to reassure her friend who was looking a little concerned at the scale things were taking.

'We'll definitely need a couple of St Andrew's crosses and perhaps a rack or two… And, oh yes, for our AB's - that's short for adult babies Penny - we will need a selection of adult baby reins,' said Olivia pausing to think in case she'd forgotten anything.

'What have I got myself into,' muttered Penny to herself.

'Oh yes, leather mittens and ball gags and there is one other thing Penny. I have been working on an invention I call the glove whip. It’s a normal leather glove with leather thongs protruding from each of the four fingers,’ explained Olivia. ‘When the naughty boy is across your knee getting a well-deserved smacked bottom our little friends on the end of the fingers introduce themselves to the boy's penis and testicles hanging loose and unprotected between his legs, I always insist boys spread their legs when they’re over my knee, so my little invention should hit the spot.'

Then, as an afterthought:

'Oh, and yes, we mustn’t forget shoes'

Both girls laughed at the sudden contrast between a mundane item of footwear and Olivia's red hot bondage inventory.

*****

The Kingsbury Provincial is a well - established bank with a head office in EC1 and numerous provincial branches scattered around the UK.

The branch that held Penelope's family and business accounts is a small office with a manager, assistant manager, secretary, typist and cashier.

The branch had survived the recent purge of branch cutting and streamlining from head office, its large catchment area of wealthy clients staving off the impending axe which hung like the sword of Damocles over so many smaller branches.

The manager, Milton Meagrely, as we have already ascertained, was a portly man in his early fifties and bald save for a neatly trimmed band of hair which ran from just above his ears around the back of his head.

Meagrely was a man's man and had little time for a woman's point of view, preferring as he did to impose his own opinions on his female underlings.

He was not only sexist but racist as well, it was his opinion that the Bank's West Indian employee, Miss Celandine Devonshire, should consider herself extremely lucky to have the job she had, when there was plenty of well-educated and well spoken English white girls who could do the job just as well.

This point of view was never expressed outside the walls of BOWLERS.

Assistant manager Bradley Brown was in his mid-thirties, a tall dark handsome man with ambition. Bradley was the best dressed in the office, it was apparent he spent more on his suits than his manager, in fact he looked more like a manager than Meagrely. This annoyed Meagrely but he never let it show.

Brown wanted a managership of his own, his own branch where he could be boss.

Secretary to the manager, Hilary Jenkins was shy and conscientious, always the first to arrive in the mornings and happy to work late if asked. In short she made everyone else seem inadequate with her dedication to duty. Hilary liked to wear a knitted cardigan over her white blouse, even at the age of thirty she was still self-conscious about her breasts.

Celandine Devonshire, however, was the complete antithesis of her work colleague Hilary.

Outgoing and easy to get on with, Celandine was not in the least embarrassed about her forty two inch hip measurement and beautiful Barbadian bubble butt. Whatever skirt Celandine wore; it always looked a size too small. A happenstance that gave her a sexy wiggle as she walked about the office.

Celandine considered herself one of the manager's favourites and, in a way, she was right. Quietly racist or not, Meagerly favoured watching the West Indian women walking upstairs. He was always asking himself why it was that Mulatto women had such magnificent asses.

Completing the team was bespectacled cashier/counter clerk Gillian Fullsome. A girl with a mass of brown curly hair, buxom figure, with generously blessed breasts a new mother would die for. Gillian was a Londoner from south of the river, something she had in common with Celandine.

The bank closed its doors on a busy Friday afternoon and Gillian and Celandine agreed to meet at the Embassy Bingo Club for their usual Friday night out.

Celandine returned to her flat and Gillian to the suburban three bedroom semi of her parents, having eaten and refreshed they met outside the club.

'Let's hope we win more than last week Gill,' said Celandine.

'That won't be difficult, Celandine as we took home a big fat nothing between us,' replied Gillian.

The club was bustling as the two girls found themselves a table right at the front.

The single lines and full houses flew by without either girl having to raise their voice in victory.

Before they knew it the lights went down and the evening's cabaret show was being announced as the music started for the singer's opening number.

The singer in the sequined suit smiled through his spray on suntan as he sang his way across the floor.

Celandine and Gillian both agreed he was a good singer, but they were no judges of real talent when it came to entertainment.

The shortcomings of this performer relied heavily on the theory that entertainment is a subjective business. Real judgement would come from the critical acclaim, should he ever aspire to it, which judging by his opening number was unlikely. Such was the level of entertainment procured under the limited budget of The Embassy Bingo Club.

It was just as the performer was beginning his last song, a dramatic power ballad, that the woman cleaner appeared, walking across the floor in front of him mopping and dragging the bucket as she did so, seemingly completely impervious to the ongoing show.

Wearing a flowery wrap around overall and a scarf around her head, she wore a pair of granny slippers complete with bobbles and was the very stereotype of the stereotypical female cleaner.

The entertainer stopped singing to address the rude interruption,

'Excuse me, what are you doing?' he asked.

'Cleaning dear, what does it look like?' replied the floozy; fag hanging from her lips.

'I'm trying to work here if you don't mind,' said the singer indignantly.

'So am I dear, but you carry on love, you won't bother me,' replied the cleaning lady, missing the point completely.

The audience laughed along with the mop lady, encouraging her.

The exasperated singer snatched the mop from the floozy and a brawl ensued much to the amusement of the largely female audience who were cheering the scrubber woman on in her efforts.

The two grappled and clawed at each other and the cleaning woman's overall became torn greeted by the inevitable cheer from the audience.

The singer's shirt was the torn open in reprisal and the scrap diminished into a clothes - ripping frenzy.

The crowd were now on their feet cheering their chosen champion in this spontaneous scrap, a welcome active diversion from the tedium of bingo books.

Celandine and Gillian were on their feet too, joining in,

‘Go on Mrs Mopp get his kit off!’ shouted Celandine.

‘Go on dearie, let him have it!’ shouted Gillian.

One snatch and pull from the singer at the overalls left the cleaning lady standing in corset, directoire knickers and stockings.

Outraged at this indignant action the cleaning lady yanked on the waist of the singer's trousers, tearing them apart, they came away, leaving the performer standing in his underwear, stockings and suspender belt with a pink panty thong retaining his modesty.

The cleaning lady whipped off the scarf and wig from her head to reveal she was in fact a bald man, drawing an almighty cheer from the girls in the crowd.

Both now in their underwear took a bow right on cue as the music finished.

The compere came running on,

‘Ladies and gentlemen your appreciation please for tonight’s comedy double act,

‘Mop and Bucket!’

The two characters took a bow and left the floor together their hands around each other’s bottoms as they minced off, to a great cheer from the females in the audience.

Walking back to Celandine’s flat the girls were discussing the evening’s cabaret, until Gillian changed the subject:

‘Celandine, I hope you don’t mind me mentioning it, but you are aware that old miserly Meagerly is perving your ass as you walk upstairs, aren’t you?’ said Gillian.

‘Oh my God, is he?’ exclaimed Celandine.

‘I’ve seen him a couple of times and I’m not the only one,’ said Gillian, adding: ‘You DO realise you could have him for sexual harassment, don’t you?’

‘He’s the manager, Gill,’ protested Celandine.

‘All the better, I’ll talk to my union rep tomorrow, see what he says,’ offered Gillian.

‘OK,’ said the happy–go–lucky West Indian girl.

*****

Olivia parked her car in the multi storey and Penelope and Olivia walked from their car down the high street to the bank.

Penelope was feeling nervous,

‘Are you sure we’ll get the money we need Olivia?’ she asked.

‘Banks are happy to give away money to people who will make money Penny, that’s how it works and I’ve got a long list of clients who will pay me every week. It’s money up front before they see any action.

It’s a foregone conclusion,’ added a confident Olivia.

Ten minutes later in the manager’s office after Olivia had presented her sure fire profit making business plan.

*****

‘.....so you see ladies, you must understand, I can’t possibly lend you the money, I have the good name of the bank to consider,’ said Milton Meagerly.

‘We’ll, in that case we’ll go elsewhere,’ said a defiant Olivia.

When he’d shown the two young ladies out Meagerly took the matt black business card from his waistcoat pocket and studied the silhouette, running his finger over the face of the figure holding the cane. Meagrely flipped the card and stared at the telephone numbers.

Milton Meagerly had never taken his masturbation fantasies into the realms of reality, but here was his chance.

He turned the card over, there was a London telephone number and a mobile too.

Milton ran his finger over the indented silhouette of the pony – tailed figure with the cane and as he did so he picked up the phone and dialled.

*****

Penelope was busy doing the laundry when her phone rang,

'Hi Penny, it's Olivia,' sang the voice in Penny's ear.

'Your hubby's at work isn't he, can I come over for a chat?' asked Olivia.

'Yes to both Olivia,' replied Penelope.

'Be there in 10 minutes,' said Olivia.

Penelope finished her chores and prepared coffee for two.

Olivia arrived and the two girls sat in the kitchen with their coffee.

Olivia talked and Penny listened.

She explained that it was about time Stanford was taught a lesson in respect and asked her friend:

'Is there anywhere he goes regularly to drink with his mates?'

'Well, yes he usually goes to the sports bar in town if there is a mid-week match on,' explained Penelope.

'OK, we'll wait for a must-see game and then put my plan into action,' said Olivia.

'What plan?' asked Penny.

'We get someone to make a pass at Stanford. Waiting, of course until he's had a few pints, that way, his resistance will be lower,' said Olivia.

'That won't take long, if I know Stanford,' said Penelope. ‘But why?’

'All will be revealed,' replied a mysterious Olivia.

Trusting her friend and happy to go along with anything she had in mind for her husband, Penelope admitted to herself that she had long suspected her husband of infidelity but had no evidence to substantiate her belief.

Often when they were in town together she would see her husband’s eyes wandering in the direction of passing females. So it would only be a short step to a snogging session and Penelope was confident about her husband’s ability to make that step.

‘But who on earth are we going to get to make a pass at Stanford? I don’t know of anyone,’ said Penelope.

‘I do Penny,’ replied Olivia. ‘I have someone who used to be a client of mine, 5 feet10 inches tall, long blond hair and drop dead gorgeous and legs to die for,’ said Olivia.

Adding, when Penelope didn’t respond:

‘I can’t see your husband resisting the advances of this stunner,’ said Olivia.

‘I can’t wait to meet her,’ said a suddenly eager Penelope.

‘Oh you’ll just love Marpessa, I know the two of you will hit it off,’ said Olivia

'We’ll make sure my friend is all over him,’ said Olivia, ‘snogging and feeling him up when you and I walk in and catch them.

‘You make a scene in front of his mates, playing the betrayed wife and I’ll back you up with plenty of verbal support. It will be the start of us putting him on the backfoot in your marriage. And from there…What do you say? Are you up for it?'

'Yes if I have a couple of drinks beforehand; you will have the car ready afterwards won't you? I won’t want to hang around especially if Stanford is drunk,' Penelope offered, feeling she might need a safe harbour in which to run.

'Yes of course Penny, my love,' said Olivia, empathetically, feeling her friend's insecurity.

'OK then, there is a game coming up next Wednesday evening I know he'll want to see, it's a crucial cup tie featuring his team,' said Penelope.

'Excellent, I’ll set things up,' answered Olivia pushing her coffee cup toward her friend.

'Another one please,' she asked.
‘Just one question Olivia,’ said Penelope.

‘What’s that dear,’ replied Olivia.

‘If we are out to teach Stanford a lesson and he gets to grope and snog your beautiful friend, I would have thought he might enjoy that experience,’ argued Penelope.

‘Oh, didn’t I tell you Penny?’ asked Olivia.

‘Tell me what,’ replied Penelope.

‘Marpessa’s a transsexual.

*****

Whilst Olivia and Penelope were making secret plans for the night of the football match Stanford Black was doing the same, talking to his mate on the phone.

‘I’ll tell her I’m working late, if I say I’m going to the pub I’ll get earache about how we should be conserving money, she’s such a bore sometimes. So best we meet at the pub 7.30pm Wednesday night, OK?’ said Stanford.

‘Yeah 7.30pm is fine,’ replied his mate.

Stanford smiled.

*****

So, without knowing it and having done nothing out of the ordinary for him in lying to his wife, the husband had set the stage for the main event and his own fall from grace.

The 90 minute football match would kick off at 7.45pmand, with 15 minutes for half time and another 30 minutes drinking time for the intended victim, the action would start around 10pm.

The pub's busiest time.

Perfect.

For Penelope and Olivia, that is.

Not to mention the shemale Marpessa.

*****

When Olivia got back to her flat she checked her missed calls, of which there were a few, most of which she recognised. The one that caught her eye was simply *'mm'* and a mobile contact number.

She filled the kettle for a coffee and set her phone/audio system to record. She used this purely as a security measure, being in the business she was in she employed all the precautionary measures she could.

Placing the coffee mug on the table she tapped in *mm*'s contact number.

Olivia listened as the phone rang once and then again.

'Hello?' said an enquiring voice, (caller's number being withheld).

'You called me this afternoon,' announced Olivia, the non-committal nature of the statement left *'mm'* in no doubt as to whom he was speaking to.

'Ah yes ..I em, well, could I meet you?' the uncertainty that derailed the speech pattern of the caller, on hearing the young woman's authoritative tone was a technique Olivia had long perfected.

'Yes, as it happens, I'm free tomorrow afternoon at 2.30pm,' answered Olivia.

'Ah, that's a bit difficult, I have a business appointment,' said *mm.*

'Well, do you want to see me or not?' replied Olivia deliberately not moving her stance on the appointment time. Olivia believed in retaining authority at all times with clients, she found they preferred it that way.

So did she.

'I'll cancel the business appointment, where do I meet you?' replied *mm* compliantly.

Olivia recited her postcode followed by her house and flat number,

'Be on time' followed by the dialling tone was how the conversation ended for *mm*.

*****

Penelope wandered through the empty premises that were once her family's business, the stock shelves once full were now an empty reminder of the hard times that had fallen on the Helfour family. She remembered growing up during the good times when the family was financially secure.

She stopped for a moment, she thought she heard her father's voice echoing off the walls.
Penny's eyes watered as she walked.

Lost in reminiscence, in shades of pinks and purples, the smell of leather, Penelope rode a reverie of remembrances.

The ring tone of her mobile bought Penelope back to the present.

'Hello sis, was wondering if you could lend me some cash, I'm a bit short,' said her brother. Henry had always relied on Penelope's generous nature to bail him out from time to time, but Penelope had developed a steely resolve since taking over the family business matters and was not about to hand cash to her layabout brother.

'Why don't you get a job, Henry?' suggested Penelope.

'People don't seem to want what I do Penny,' said Henry.

'And what's that, betting on horses?' replied Penelope sarcastically.

Henry needed the money to pay off gambling debts.

'I'd get a job, Penny really I would if anybody would have me,' said Henry, though the truth was he wasn't really looking and Penelope suspected as much.

'I'm sorry Henry, you'll just have to find the money somewhere else,' said Penelope.

'It's only a couple of hundred quid sis, I'll pay you back when I get straight, honest I will,' pleaded Henry.

'The answer is still no Henry, have you tried mother?' asked Penelope.

There came no reply.

Henry had already hung up.

*****

Milton Meagerly parked his car in a multi-storey not far from the postcode address he'd been given on the phone.

It was 2.30pm precisely as he walked up to the flat and rang the bell.

The door opened and there stood a tall dark lady wearing a black velvet mask over her eyes with her hair tied tightly in a ponytail.

'You're late,' she said.

'It's 2.30pm on the dot,' protested Meagerly.

'Don't argue with me,' said the lady in black.

She showed him into the back room where they sat in easy chairs with a coffee table in front.

'So you want a session with a strict woman who will teach you some discipline do you?' said the lady.

'Something like that,' said Meagerly.

'These are my fees, cash only,' said the lady tossing a laminated flier on to the table.

'You're not cheap, are you?' said the banker.

'Do I look cheap?' replied the lady.

'No, you do not,' conceded Meagerly.

'I don't have money on me at the moment, can I come tomorrow evening at seven?' asked the banker.

'7 o'clock it is and I shall look forward to teaching you some manners for calling me cheap,' said the lady deliberately tricking Meagerly into answering back.

'I didn't call you cheap,' protested Meagerly.

'I've told you once not to argue with me, you'll obviously need some very strict discipline,' said the lady staring down the banker through her velvet mask.

Meagerly walked back to his car more concerned about how his backside might feel tomorrow evening than raising the substantial cash sum for his session with the pony tailed mistress.

As soon as she closed the front door the lady picked up her mobile and dialled.

'Hello?' said Penelope.

‘I think I’ve found a way to get the money we need for our business, Penny,’ said Olivia.

*****

Meagerly made sure he was early arriving for his appointment, the envelope stuffed with bank notes bulged in his inside pocket.

6.55pm he rang the doorbell, Olivia answered still wearing her face mask to retain her anonymity from Meagerly.

‘Yes?’ she asked.

‘I’m here for my seven o’clock appointment,’ said Meagerly anxiously glancing up and down the street fearful that someone might recognise his face.

‘It’s not seven o’clock yet,’ said Olivia and closed the door in his face leaving him on the doorstep.

Meagrely considered walking away but reminded himself that being made to wait for the beautiful lady was part of the experience he was paying for.

He stood and waited patiently anticipating more power play from the beautiful bossy pony tailed brunette. Meagerly ran through various role play scenarios in his head before checking his watch to see the time was three minutes past seven.

Eagerly, he rang the bell.

The door opened,

‘You’re late, for which you will be punished, get inside,’ barked Olivia, holding out her hand for the money.

Meagerly handed her the brown envelope,

'In there,' she pointed as she went to check the money and place it in her safe.

Meagerly shuffled inside, awaiting further instruction.

He was in a brightly lit room resembling a 1950's school room, there was a blackboard and easel a desk with a crook handled cane on it.

There was also a small table and chair, the scale of which suggested it was designed for a child.

‘Undress to your vest and underpants,’ ordered Olivia.

Meagrely did as instructed, he stood waiting in his underwear wondering what was in store for him, hearing the door close behind him he turned to see Olivia.

She wore a tight black pencil skirt, with a mortar board on her head and wearing black horn rimmed sun glasses she walked to the desk and picked up the cane.
‘No doubt you’ve seen one of these before’ stated Olivia swiping the cane through the air announcing its menacing presence with a wicked whistle.

‘Bend over. Touch your toes, it’s time I taught you some manners.

Six for answering back yesterday and six more for being early and another six for being late. You will count and thank me for each stroke, understood?’ said Olivia.

‘Yes,’ said Meagerly from his bending position.

Swish – Whack!!

‘Yes Miss, thank you Miss, you say,’ stated the pony-tailed instructress yanking down Meagerly's underpants.

‘Yes Miss, thank you Miss,’ replied Meagerly compliantly.

Olivia smiled as she began the caning.

Meagerly took the caning surprisingly well considering how hard the strokes were applied.

Olivia basked in her blissful retribution, the vindictive vixen dishing her vicious venom, her snake like arm striking and striking again, cobra like, at the businessman's exposed bottom cheeks.

The breathless bank manager remained bending attempting to regain his strength and composure following the discipline.

'You're out of condition, you should exercise more,' admonished the pony - tailed teacher.

'Yes,' was all he could manage followed by a belated and breathless 'Miss.'

'Sit at the desk, we're going to do some sums, should be easy enough for you, a man of your age,' said Olivia.

Olivia didn't want Meagerly knowing that she knew who he was, she'd managed to retain her anonymity with the mask and the sun glasses.

She was determined to exact a little more revenge for being refused a bank loan and humiliated in front of her friend and future business partner Penelope.

Meagerly struggled into the desk, the cheeks of his ample bottom sprawling either side of the small chair on which he perched.

Olivia took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard,

ADD TOGETHER: 1 1 AND 1

'Write the answer on your book and sit up straight with your arms folded,' announced Olivia in her best schoolmistress voice.

She was enjoying treating this arrogant banker like the little boy he was paying handsomely to be.

Meagerly sat smugly at his desk; his book in front of him.

Olivia walked behind him picked up his book, looked at it and smacked him on the back of the head,

‘Ouch!’ yelped the little boy banker.

'And what do you call this?' she said, staring at the seated man waiting for an answer.

'Three.

That's the answer, one, plus one, plus one, is three,' said Meagerly.

'Three is the wrong answer. You can't even add together eleven and one.

My God you're stupid.

Out to the front now!' shouted the teacher.

‘But I…’ Meagerly tried to explain that he thought she’d written 3 ones.

‘Shut up. I’ve told you once, do not answer me back,’ said Olivia pinching Meagerly’s ear tightly between her finger and thumb and leading him to where she wanted him to stand.

Olivia went to the cupboard and took out a leather strap.

‘Hold out your hands, palms up,’ she ordered.

The teacher administered two hard slaps two each palm.

The rest of the session followed a similar pattern, every time that Meagerly wrote down an answer to a sum, Olivia interpreted it differently and a punishment followed.

At the end of the session Meagerly was asked to write down what he would like at their next meeting.

Olivia wanted plenty of ammunition for her mission of revenge.

Meagerly completed his list and made another appointment for next Monday evening at 7.00pm.

Escorting her client to the door Olivia said,

'So *mm* I hope you've learnt some manners with me this evening and from now on you will be a good boy,' she said condescendingly and to emphasize her message delivered a firm smack to the Meagerly's bottom as he left.

There was no doubt Olivia's discipline had left its mark on the banker.

It showed in his walk.

The material of Meagerly's trousers tickled his sensitive backside as he minced to his car.

Olivia went back into her school room and switched off the bright lighting and video camera that had been trained on the room for the whole of Meagerly's session.

*****

Penelope came back from her afternoon shopping trip and checked her phone for missed calls.

Surprise, surprise, there was a message from Stanford,

Sorry I can't be home for dinner Penny love, I've got to work late. I'll get a take away. Don't wait up,

Stanford

How many times have I heard that 'don't wait up' line thought Penelope to herself.

She then called Olivia to inform her that Stanford had confirmed in his own little way that he was going to the game.

Olivia observed that at least his predictability was consistent even if his fidelity wasn't.

Penelope smiled at Olivia's clever words, their potency prickled, reminding her that commitment was a quality missing in their relationship.

*****

Wednesday evening 9.30pm and Penelope sat with Olivia in her car waiting for Marpessa to arrive.

Stanford had arrived at 7.30pm for the televised match and was downing his fifth pint of lager.

‘This is Marpessa,’ said Olivia as the gleamimg black Peugeot sports glided up to Olivia’s BMW.

The window on the Peugeot hummed down,

‘Hi darling, let me just get out of these trainers and into my 4 inch stilettoes,’ said Marpessa.

Her voice was convincingly soprano for a transsexual.

Marpessa closed the door of the Peugeot, flicked the central locking closed as she approached the BMW.

Wearing a figure hugging v neck red cotton dress cut just above the knee, her long blonde hair reached to her waist where a wide black leather belt, buckled tightly.

Her heels and clutch bag were in matching red and Marpessa’s makeup gave her an even natural complexion, the perfect canvas for her ruby red lipstick.

‘You look stunning Marpessa,’ said Olivia.

‘I always do, darling,’ replied the tall blonde flashing a snowy white smile of even teeth.

‘So convincing ,’ observed Penelope.

‘No darling, convincing is for transvestites. I’m the real McCoy, I don’t have to be any more convincing than you do,’ said Marpessa, adding with a smile: ‘I’ve got the implants to prove it dear,” a fact she underlined with a shake of her 38 inch breasts.

‘She’s so much more confident now she’s a girl, aren’t you Marpessa?’ said Olivia.

‘Well actually darling I’ve still got my boy bits, I’m still waiting for the op,’ said Marpessa.

She gave a flutter of her false eye lashes in a gesture of false modesty.

The three girls went to the door of the bar and Olivia held open the door so Penelope, keeping out of sight, could point out Stanford to Marpessa.

When Marpessa was satisfied the two women returned to the BMW.

‘Right, Penny, I’m going in to sit at the bar and I will call your mobile as soon as the action starts, so as soon as you hear the phone come straight in, clear?’ asked Olivia.

‘As crystal,’ replied Penelope.

*****

The football match had been a lively one the atmosphere translating to the bar itself. There was quite a buzz at 10pm as Marpessa walked in and straight to the bar where the group of lads who had been watching the game stood drinking.

Marpessa made her way around the bar so she was stood next to Stanford.

She pulled her top down tucking it into her belt, her breasts struggled inside the tight dress creating a voluptuous cleavage.

‘Good game was it?’ said Marpessa leaning forward slightly maximising the breast show.

Stanford turned his head to see the most beautiful blonde staring and smiling straight at him.
For once he was lost for words.

‘Cat got your tongue, honey?’ said Marpessa.

‘Ooooooohhhh,’ came a chorus from the boys now eager to see where the conversation was going with this beautiful blonde stranger.

‘Em, eh yes it was a good game,’ stuttered Stanford feeling a little unsure of himself with this beautiful confident creature who was paying him attention.

‘I do like a good game don’t you?’ smiled Marpessa, her deliberate double meaning hitting home with the randy Stanford.

‘Ooooooooohhhh’ chimed in the gang.

‘Oh shut the fuck up will you,’’ said Stanford not wanting to look stupid in front of this stunner.

‘Oh sorry, shall I go?’ said Marpessa pretending she thought Stanford was talking to her.

‘No, no not you darling, them,’ said Stanford, pointing at his mates.

‘Oh, so I am your darling am I?’ said Marpessa provocatively.

Stanford could only manage a silly grin in response.

‘If I’m your darling, you’d better give me a kiss then,’ said Marpessa offering her cheek.

Stanford hesitated.

‘GIVE HER A KISS! GIVE HER A KISS!’ chanted the gang, Jerry Springer style.

Stanford lent forward to kiss her cheek and Marpessa turned face on and kissed him on the lips.

An almighty cheer went up from the gang of lads:

‘More! More! More!’ they chanted.

Olivia rang Penelope’s mobile.

Stanford and Marpessa were engaged in a full on snogging session with Marpessa making sure tongues were in play.

Then Penelope came in.

With a wink from Olivia, Marpessa grabbed Stanford’s hand and placed it on her bottom at the same time forcing her own hand between his legs.
As the petting session continued Olivia got off half a dozen pictures with her mobile.

She then gave the nod to Penelope to step in,

Walking up to the couple she tapped Marpessa on the shoulder,

‘What the hell do you think you are doing!’ shouted Penelope, fixing her husband with a stare..

Stanford froze and sobered in seconds.

Suppressing a smile she then turned to Marpessa.

‘That,’ said Penelope, pointing at Stanford, ‘is my husband.’

‘You bastard!’ shouted Marpessa and slapped Stanford across the face leaving a bright red hand print.

She stormed out.

Penelope did the same followed by Olivia.

Stanford in his stupor, stood mortified wondering what the consequences would be of his actions.

Penelope, Olivia and Marpessa said their goodbyes on the car park and Olivia drove back to Penelope's flat.

'Coming in for a drink?' asked Penelope.

'Coffee would be good,' answered Olivia.

The two women sat and sipped as they talked through the events of the evening.

'I had this terrible vision of Marpessa picking on the wrong man,' said Penelope.

'I didn't think that would happen, Marpessa has a very good eye for men,' said Olivia.

'Let's have a look at the photos you got,' said Penelope.

Olivia opened her mobile and scanned through the images of Marpessa and Stanford locked in passionate embraces.

'I do like that shot of Stanford's hand on Marpessa's ass,' said Penelope.

'Look at this one, he has his hand on Marpessa's ass and her hand is on his crotch,' said Olivia.

'Brilliant!' shrieked Penelope.

'This shot will be ideal for the next stage of my plan,' said Olivia.

'What will that be Olivia?' asked Penelope.

'Blackmail of course dear. We're going to blackmail your husband into doing whatever you want Penny darling,' said Olivia displaying her stunning smile.

'Wonderful,' gushed Penelope.

*****

7.00pm Monday evening couldn't have arrived any sooner for Olivia.

It was time, she decided, to reveal her true identity to mm and, furthermore, let him in on his starring role in Olivia's latest homemade S and M movie.

*****

Olivia sat in her favourite leather armchair sipping on a cup of chocolate watching the second hand go around on her wall clock as the hands made their way to seven o'clock.

Sure enough right on seven the doorbell rang, Olivia put on her mask.

Olivia decided to let him stew for a few minutes until he rang again.

Opening the door Olivia spoke first,

'My, my, we are impatient tonight aren't we?' said Olivia adding, in a louder voice,

'I'd have thought you'd have learnt your lesson last time, you naughty boy,' she said as Meagerly cringed at the thought of someone overhearing the S and M implication.

'I didn't think you heard the door bell,' said Meagerly.

‘I always hear the doorbell,’ replied Olivia taking the brown envelope from Meagerly and closing the door behind him.

‘Straight through to my play room then. You’ll see I’ve had it set out as an office as you requested some discipline from your secretary. Do you work in an office *mm*?’ asked Olivia, knowing of course that he did.

‘Em, no not really,’ lied Meagerly.

‘I see, you just want to experience some female office discipline, is that it?’ pressed Olivia.

‘Yes, something like that,’ replied Meagerly.

Olivia’s play room office had large knee hole desk with a black leather swivel chair. On the desk was a computer screen an in/out tray a number of papers and documents.

There was also a straight back chair on the other side of the desk.

‘Make yourself comfortable while I get changed,’ said Olivia.

Meagerly sat in the leather swivel chair and leaned back and relaxed.

Olivia checked her fee and put the money in her safe, went upstairs to change and when she came down switched on the video camera before returning to her client.

Olivia had a white blouse, tight black skirt and 4 inch heels on her black court shoes. With her hair tied back in a bun and a splash of expensive perfume, she looked the perfect business woman.

‘What are you doing in *my* chair?’ asked Olivia closing the door behind her.

‘I’m sorry I thought…’ Meagerly tried to explain.

‘So typical of a male, assuming without asking first. You sit here,’ ordered Olivia, pointing at the straight back chair, ignoring this macho arrogance and setting about the role play scenario Meagerly had paid for.

‘I have been sent from head office to investigate claims of sexual harassment by you toward the female staff in this office. My investigations have shown here today, that these claims are valid ones, so you either accept my punishment or we take it to the courts.’

Meagerly’s session this time involved some over the knee spanking from the dominant business lady, using items such as desk rulers and hairbrush for variation then, at sessions end, Olivia played her ace card,

‘*mm* have you ever wondered what I look like behind my mask?’ asked Olivia.

‘As a matter of fact, yes, I have,’ replied Meagerly.

Olivia took off her mask.

‘Recognise me?’ said Olivia with a smile.

Meagerly thought for a moment, then realised who he was dealing with, going immediately pale and sitting down to recover his thoughts,

‘You realise we must be discreet about this. I have a position to consider,’ pleaded Meagerly.

‘Well, that depends *mm* doesn’t it?’ said Olivia.

‘In that case, I’ll just stop coming here and deny ever having been here,’ said Meagerly.

‘And if I have evidence to the contrary?’ offered Olivia.

‘What do you want?’ asked Meagerly.

‘Just the bank loan sweetie, that’s all,’ replied Olivia.

‘Out of the question,’ answered Meagerly.

‘I don’t think it is actually,’ said Olivia with a confidence that alarmed the bank manager.

‘What exactly do you mean?’ asked Meagerly.

‘Take a look at the monitor screen on the desk darling,’ said Olivia as she leaned over and hit enter on the keyboard.

There in beautifully lit high definition was Milton Meagerly touching his toes, trousers down getting a good smack bottom from the pony tailed dominatrix, his unmistakable voice ‘Yes Miss thank you Miss.’

‘Come in to the bank tomorrow morning 10am I’ll set up the account, I’ll need the name of the business for the account title. What’s the business called,’ asked Meagerly.

‘HELL FOR LEATHER’ replied Olivia.

PART-TWO

Olivia and Penelope had left the Kingsbury Bank feeling full with anticipation for their new venture and a new business loan having been agreed with manager Milton Meagerly.

Work could now commence on the development of the premises that would become the footwear store and workshop.

Having given her daughter her support for Olivia's controversial plan after having been promised the family name would not be used – not exactly, anyway - Emily Helfour was happy the business had been saved and recognised the need for change.

She was sure things would be secure in Penelope's hands.

Very secure.

All that was now required was for the men involved to be brought into line and that family business could move forward in its new incarnation:

"HELL FOR LEATHER"

*****

PLONKERS

Stanford Black left his sales office at 5.30pm and headed for PLONKERS the up market bistro/ wine bar in the centre of town.

He'd arranged to meet his wife there for an after work drink and was determined to have it out with his wife about the misunderstanding at the sports bar.

As far as he was concerned, it was just a case of too much to drink and getting swept away by the euphoric atmosphere following his team's win that night.

Yes, Stanford had his story straight and everything should get back to normal and he could continue doing things his way, just as he always did.

Little did he know, however, of the surprise awaiting him at the rendezvous with his wife.

*****

Olivia and Penelope had arrived early at the bistro and sat talking.

Penelope was having second thoughts about Olivia being present whilst she, Penelope, challenged Stanford to explain his actions at the sports bar.

‘Do you think it’s a good idea for both of us to be confronting Stanford, Olivia?’ asked Penelope.

‘*We* won’t both be confronting him Penny, you will do that, I’ll be here for moral support,’ explained Olivia.

‘Yes I see,’ replied Penelope, still feeling uncertain.

‘Penny sweetie, you really must exert a little more control over your relationship with your other half, believe me, if you did that, you wouldn’t know yourself. Just look upon it as giving yourself a reward, you’ll feel better about yourself plus you’ll get the respect you deserve,’ explained Olivia.

‘I’m not really sure I’d be strong enough Olivia, you see Stanford is so masterful,’ replied Penelope.

‘That’s because you let him, don’t you see?’ argued Olivia.

‘Well yes I suppose so,’ conceded Penelope, who harboured the fear that her husband, when confronted might throw a tantrum and want to end their marriage.

‘Would you like me to say something to him for you, Penny?’ asked Olivia.

‘Oh no, he won’t like that Olivia,’ said Penelope.

‘We’ll see about that Penny, Stanford doesn’t know about my little collection of pics from the sports bar does he?

‘No, I haven’t told him,’ said Penelope.

‘OK then; we’ll use the pics to apply a little gentle persuasion to obtain some compliance,’ said Olivia, spelling out her plan to the reticent Penelope.

‘Like you did with the bank manager?’ asked Penelope.

‘Yes, like I did with the bank manager,’ echoed Olivia in a juvenile but sympathetic fashion.

Penelope, although reluctant about challenging her husband head on, consoled herself in the comfort of her friend’s moral support.

The girls returned to their drinking to await Stanford’s arrival.

*****

Stanford swung his two-seater sports into the small parking lot at the rear of PLONKERS.

Flinging the door shut and snapping the central locking, he glanced around to see if his arrival had attracted any female admirers before striding into the bistro feeling confident of the meeting's outcome.

Stanford Black approached his wife and sat down at the table opposite her.

'This is my friend, Olivia, Stanford,' said Penelope, gesturing with her hand.

Stanford ignored the gesture.

Olivia said nothing.

'So this is who has been occupying all your time recently is it?' said Stanford ignoring Olivia.

'Yes as a matter of fact it is and that's why I asked you to meet me here, Olivia is here because I asked her to be.'

The glance he gave Olivia was cursory and dismissive but could not disguise the fact he was at least impressed by her appearance.

Very impressed.

'Now let's get to the point of this meeting, shall we?, said Penelope drawing inner strength from Olivia's presence.

'I suppose you've got an explanation for that disgusting display in the sports bar the other evening?' she asked.

'I'm not discussing our personal affairs in front of her,' said Stanton with a derisive wave of his hand toward Olivia.

Olivia spoke for the first time.

'I have no intention of leaving Penny, unless he wants these images published on Facebook and anywhere else I care to put them,' said Olivia, deliberately responding in the third person, just as Stanford had to her.

Sliding her mobile phone onto the table, to display clearly the pictures of Stanford locked in passionate embraces with Marpessa, she added:

'In case you're thinking of taking my mobile, the images are backed up on my lap top and I have a cd copy tucked away for good measure.'

Stanford scowled and studied the images on the mobile phone and turned to acknowledge Olivia for the first time:

‘Look sweetheart, you can do what you like with those; considering how hot that little slut was, I think my street cred will go up a few notches with my mates, don’t you? do I care? in a word - no,’ replied Stanford arrogantly.

Olivia smiled at Penelope.

Stanford frowned in puzzlement at Olivia’s considered smile.

‘He obviously doesn’t know the whole story Penny,’ said Olivia calmly, turning to look Stanford in the eye.

‘No, I don’t think he does Olivia,’ replied Penelope, her anger growing at her husband’s lack of repentance.

‘What story, what whole story?’ asked Stanford sensing that all was not well.

If there was one thing that Stanford Black could not stand it was being excluded and denied something that was public knowledge.

It made him feel the way he made his wife feel.

A conspiracy victim.

Olivia continued:

‘Your slut, as you refer to her, is Marpessa, real name Brian Pilkins… I think you should know, Brian is a transsexual,’ finished Olivia with a satisfied smirk.

Stanford paled, his jaw dropped open as the reality of the night’s events came back to him in vivid Technicolor. He slowly began to comprehended the consequences of Olivia possessing the images on her computer and what she might do with them.

‘Yes Stanford, you French kissed, groped and intimately fondled a boy/girl complete with penis and testicles and tits in front of a full house audience at your favourite sports bar,’ said Olivia, deliberately drawing out the description for maximum impact.

Stanford stood still for a moment and assessed his options.

He soon concluded that his options were limited to one,

‘What do you want?’ he asked Olivia.

‘Me? I don’t want anything, darling, but Penelope’s got a list as long as your arm. Let’s just say she wants you to change your ways,’ said Olivia.

‘Well, what do *you* want?’ asked Stanford turning to his wife, eyes boring into hers and hoping to intimidate her after his usual fashion.

Penelope looked at Olivia for support.

Olivia nodded and gave a smile of encouragement.

‘For starters, no more midweek visits to your favourite sports bar, I don’t want any repeat performances with Marpessa,’ said Penelope, sarcastically suggesting her husband may be bisexual.

‘Those business weekends away, from now on you won’t be doing any more of them,’ added Penelope as Olivia listened to her recite her demands to her husband with arms folded.

Stanford had heard enough, he had to make stand,

‘Wait a minute, do you intend curtailing all my recreational free time Penelope?’ said Stanford with his usual disregard for hyperbole.

‘That is the general idea?’ chirped Olivia, taking his comment on face value.

‘Who’s asking you?’ replied Stanford with a scowl.

‘I am, actually,’ said Penelope, growing in confidence.

Olivia just waved her mobile phone at the recalcitrant spouse and he backed down.
‘Hmph,’ he grunted, as he folded his arms and turned his back.

‘That’s settled then,’ said Penelope.

‘So, if you agree to my little lifestyle changes Stanford, then Olivia won’t be airing your little gallery of groping with our transgender friend Marpessa,’ said Penelope.

A grudging Stanford seemed satisfied to go along with the girls, hoping that things would get back to normal once he had those images from Olivia.

‘OK, so if I do as you say, you’ll destroy those images of me, right?’ queried Stanford looking for a least something from this new arrangement.

‘No, no darling, I didn’t say that. I said I wouldn’t do anything with the images and I won’t as long as you behave yourself,’ said Olivia, with a wink to Penelope.

‘I’m *not* your darling, What exactly do you mean by, behaving?’ asked Stanford.

‘Not answering back would be a start,’ said Olivia, continuing. ‘Let’s just say that if I get a call from Penny telling me that your behaviour is not in any way acceptable, I’ll start uploading and attaching images to places where people… *close* to you, let us say, would be able to see them – especially after having a link emailed to them.” She smiled, smugly. “Get the picture?’

Her following giggle was wicked, the picture, or rather the *pictures* was something that Stanford was definitely *not* going to get and Penelope couldn’t resist a smile at the pun, especially as the joke was at her husband’s expense.

The girls looked at each other waiting for a reply.

Stanford stood shattered, subdued, his usual smug manner submerged in the simple silence that suspended the girls' expectation.

'So, you are happy to go along with any changes I may implement then, Stanford?' asked Penelope.

Stanford shrugged.

'We'll take that as a *yes*, then,' announced Olivia cheerily.

As a sullen and inwardly fuming Stanford made his way from the bar Penelope turned to Olivia:

'Olivia I've never actually told anyone this because Stanford asked me to keep it '*in house*', as he put it. The fact is, when Stanford was very young he was adopted. Both his parents were career driven and Stanford was the result of an unwanted pregnancy, so rather than give up their jobs they agreed to have him adopted,' explained Penelope.

'That's not so unusual, Penny, and certainly doesn't excuse his arrogance,' argued Olivia.

'I know that Olivia, but you see Stanford was adopted within the family, his grandmother was wealthy took it upon herself to raise him. It seemed to suit all parties at the time, the parents were free to pursue their careers and the grandmother would enjoy the many family visits having a young child would bring. As for Stanford, well he was too young to know any different anyway.'

Olivia sat and listened as her friend continued to unfold the saga of Stanford's upbringing.

'Stanford's grandmother was very strict in her upbringing of the young boy. During his teenage years she would always vet any girl that Stanford courted, many of whom she did not approve. She did like me, however and confided in me, amongst other things, about a trust fund she'd set up for her grandson. She placed £2,000,000 in trust for him which he will inherit on his fortieth birthday… There is a rider attached however; should he become involved in anything that would bring the family name into disrepute, then that money will go to charity,' explained Penelope.

Olivia's face lit up like a fruit machine on jackpot day.

'So that's why he gave in so easily just now, I had my suspicions about him, have you never thought of using this knowledge against him Penny?' enquired Olivia.

'Well, no, Olivia I'll be part of that inheritance too, don't you see?' replied Penelope.

'We can still use that information to apply pressure when needed, Penny,' said Olivia, ignoring her friend's stating of the obvious.

‘OK, if you think so Olivia,’ conceded Penelope.

‘You know what Penny, if we can make our business pay enough, you could have Stanford give up his day job and become a full time house husband.’

‘No more washing and ironing?’ queried Penelope.

‘No more cooking and cleaning,’ added Olivia.

‘Hi, ho, hi, ho,’ sang Olivia.

‘It’s off to work we go,’ they sang in chorus.

*****

HELL FOR LEATHER

The new shop and workshop for Penelope and Olivia’s new venture was starting to take shape.
The shop front was given a new look and the window was stocked with all the latest footwear.
At the back of the premises a large workshop was created furnished with sewing machines and various wood processing tools. The staff had already been selected and were on standby to commence work the following Monday morning.

Olivia had taken out advertisements in the local papers to the effect that Helfour Leather under new investors were moving the business forward into the 21st century and had changed from the family name to Hell For Leather, but retaining the family connection and traditions with Penelope Helfour as co - owner with Olivia Martin.

*****

It was the Friday evening ahead of the opening day and the two girls had just finished a final tour of the workplace, checking everything was in place for Monday morning, before heading off to PLONKERS for a drink.

‘I’m so looking forward to Monday morning Olivia, I’m sure daddy’s looking down on us,’ said Penelope, turning the key in the shop door, trying the handle twice to ensure the lock was secure.

‘Yes, Penny I’m sure he is,’ said Olivia.

‘After clearing the air with Stanford, I feel I have a lot more confidence embarking on our new venture together, Olivia,’ confessed Penelope.

‘Didn’t I say you would?’ responded Olivia.

Penelope said nothing, just nodded and acknowledged her partner with a smile which was when, walking back to Olivia’s they bumped into someone they knew – a figure in a business suit who marched briskly down the street and did not want to acknowledge their greeting.

‘Good evening Mr Meagerly,’ said Olivia brightly.

‘Good evening ladies,’ said Meagerly abruptly, his stride quickening, not wanting to linger and risk engagement.

Continuing on his way Meagerly couldn’t quite make out the exchange of words that followed between the two women, but he did hear the raucous laughter that the exchange generated and his guilt complex turned his face red with embarrassment, leaving him grateful the two women couldn’t see his condition.

*****

Mrs Emily Helfour sat and pondered her son’s preoccupation with her underwear.

She sat in her grey knitted cardigan, hands clasped together in her lap, rolling her thumbs as she deliberated.

The cold cup of tea on the table beside her indicated how much consideration she had given the matter before reaching for her phone and dialling her daughter’s number.

‘Yes mum?’ spoke Penelope, into her mobile.

‘Penny, lovey, it’s Jeremy, he’s started acting a little em strange,’ said Mrs Helfour, her opening gambit neutral enough to give her time to prepare her next line of thought.

‘What do you mean mum?’ asked Penelope.

‘He’s developed a liking for women’s underwear, Penny, I’m a little concerned, is that normal?’ asked Mrs Helfour.

‘Well, mum, Stanford does like me in sexy underwear sometimes,’ replied Penelope.

‘Yes dear, but you are a married couple and that’s with you wearing it isn’t it?’ said mother.

‘Well yes, mum, but are you saying Jeremy is wearing it?’ asked Penelope.

‘No,’ said Mrs Helfour.

‘Then I don’t see a problem, mum,’ said Penelope.

‘There’s something I haven’t told you, Penny,’ said Mrs Helfour.

‘What’s that?’ asked Penelope.

‘It’s my underwear he has a liking for,’ said Mrs Helfour.

‘I’ll speak to Olivia,’ replied Penelope.

*****

Monday morning came round a little too quickly for Penelope; she was still feeling a little nervous about her new venture. She unlocked the premises at 8.30am together with Olivia and prepared to receive the new staff.

Along with the two young female machinists, Debbie and Donna was a family member; hard up Henry Helfour, given the job as third machinist by his sister Penelope.

Penelope had to enlist some help from her mother to get Henry to accept the job offer.

The carpenter, Dennis, balding and in his late forties was one of Olivia’s regular clients.

Jeremy, who was there by his mother’s request, arrived with Penelope and was given a job in the shoe store as junior sales assistant; all had turned up by 9.00 am on the dot, eager to make a good impression on their first day.

As the shoe store opened at 9.30 the sales manager Clare and sales girl Emma arrived at 9.15am.

It had been agreed between the two women owners that Olivia would be the one to deal with the staff issues in the workshop and Penelope would take care of the shoe store.

Olivia had already taken 6 advance orders ahead of opening day for fetish furniture some orders from clients, others from professional girls in the S & M industry.

She had also obtained some schematic diagrams of the various fetish furniture items and met with her carpenter the previous week.

So by 9.15 am the machines were humming and the workshop was a busy hive of activity.

During that first morning Penelope had many customers expressing their pleasure in seeing Helfour Leather open again, although Penelope had to explain to one or two of the older clients why the name had changed.

She stuck to the story of bringing the business into the twenty first century and that seemed to satisfy most people’s curiosities.

The excitement of the first morning together with the busy opening day rush had propelled the morning swiftly into lunchtime with satisfying speed.

With all the staff gone for lunch, Olivia turned the key in the lock of the store and with Penelope, headed off to the local inn for a Ploughman's lunch.

'Went better than I expected Penny,' said Olivia.

'It's just like old times, having the shoe shop open again,' replied Penelope.

The two girls took a table at the pub and ordered lunch and soft drinks.

'Penny, I think I may have to take on an assistant for my personal clients, because I know some of them like afternoon sessions. It's the married ones, they use work as there cover story for their wives, it doesn't bother me that they are married, explained Olivia.

'It doesn't bother you that some of your clients are married?' asked Penelope.

Olivia, never one to let morals get in the way of money, answered her friend with her usual honesty:

'I think a few sessions with me, Penny, actually prevents marriages from falling apart sometimes.'

'Mmm,' replied Penelope pensively, not totally convinced by her partner's argument, but at the same time not understanding why some women would rather not be bothered with sex and turn a blind eye to their husbands' extra marital activities.

'Olivia, I don't see a problem with you taking care of your business clients, after all they may well become our clients as well,' replied Penelope.

'If you are sure you'll cope alright,' said Olivia.

'Perhaps we should train an assistant to you here at HFL, so when you need to get away there isn't a problem,' suggested Penelope.

'OK, that seems a good idea Penny; by the way, I like the anachronym, HFL,' said Olivia.

Penelope smiled and felt good that her partner recognised her word skills.

It gave her the confidence to ask her friend's advice on a family matter:

'Olivia, mum tells me that Jeremy has developed a fetish for ladies underwear. It seems that because he's living with mum he's attached his fascination to her personal things,' explained Penelope.

'Is he wearing them?' asked Olivia.

‘No, I don’t think so, he likes ironing them and touching them,’ added Penelope.

‘He’s just a teenage boy growing up Penny, he’s bound to be fascinated by girl’s underwear. If he shows any inclination to wear women’s panties, let me know and I’ll ask Marpessa to come and have a chat with him,’ said Olivia adding,

‘I’ll call your mother tomorrow.’

‘Thanks Olivia,’ replied Penelope.

*****

The following morning…

Mrs Emily Helfour felt more at ease with her son after the conversation with Olivia. Olivia explained that young boys could often transfer their liking for female underwear to their mothers, explaining that the easy access afforded to Jeremy of the intimate female garments for masturbation purposes was probably the reason for his habits.

Better the mother’s bedroom than the neighbour’s washing line and their young daughter’s panties, argued Olivia.

Emily Helfour agreed with Olivia’s hypothesis.

*****

Olivia arrived home from work in time for a quick shower and a sandwich; she had an appointment with a client at 7.30pm.

She went straight to her bedroom after showering and dressed in the outfit she needed for the office scenario her client had requested.

Olivia did like to surround herself with quality, this liking for the finer things in life showed in her home. Although she didn’t watch that much television, there was a 42 inch Sony plasma TV on the lounge wall, this was wired into a top of the range Bose sound system. A digital radio was also on display.

Olivia favoured leather for her three piece suite, plum being the colour she had settled on, as she now settled on her chair with the retractable foot rest she contemplated how far the business had come in just a short time.. The plum of the leather contrasting nicely with the pink pastel wall colouring gave the living space a tonal balance that was easy on the eye.

A pastoral space that aided clarity of thought.

The floors were wood, real hardwood not laminate.

Olivia had a dislike for man made things, preferring leather, wood for her home and cotton, wool or silk for her clothes.

Olivia's home was a reflection of her life, natural, tidy and ordered.

For her next appointment with Meagerly, Olivia had selected sheer black stockings, 4 inch heeled black patent court shoes, a black pencil skirt and a white silk blouse.

Olivia looked the typical business woman, her outfit oozed confidence and femininity. A, not too, generous spray of perfume, just enough to unsettle her male client.

She had earlier set a desk and chair with a dummy computer and keyboard in her reception room, looking at the office clock, it showed 7.30pm.

The doorbell rang; Olivia marched to the front door,

'Ah Mr Meagerly I presume,' said Olivia, dispensing with the *mm* pseudonym.

'I believe you've come for the interview for junior office boy?' she said, going straight into scenario.

Meagerly nodded meekly and handed his mistress the obligatory brown envelope.

'This way please, through to the office, said Olivia, turning her back and walking away.

Meagerly followed her, although, he knew the way to Olivia's playroom.

Olivia picked up a straight back chair and placed it facing the desk,

'Sit,' said Olivia, walking round desk to sit behind it.

Meagerly took his place sheepishly, unaccustomed to facing a desk that represented an authority higher than his own.

Olivia picked up a folder from the desk.

'I'm afraid your CV is not very impressive, is it?' stated Olivia rhetorically.

Olivia knew from talking to and questioning her client that he was a humiliation addict and that she was the drug he desired, seeing Meagerly's shivering, as the thrill he received from humiliation by a beautiful woman – the same humiliation he constantly craved but could never explain.

Oh yes, beauty and cruelty, the cocaine cocktail of the S & M scene.

The session played out with Olivia belittling the bank manager at every opportunity, finally chastising him for not wearing short trousers to the interview as she had requested; she bent him over the straight back chair and caned his bottom hard before dismissing him.

Yet again Meagerly minced to his car nursing a sore bottom, the very tonic that would bring him back each week for his fetish fix.

*****

It was Sunday afternoon and Penelope was enjoying a cup of coffee.

Not so much the coffee itself, you understand, but more the fact someone had made and served it to her while she sat on the sofa enjoying her favourite soap.

That someone being *Stanford.*

In fact, Penelope had begun to notice little things about her husband's behaviour that she could not put into words.

All she knew was that she felt more secure and this new found security made her feel good about herself, so much so, that she rediscovered her appetite for sex, a sex drive that had been repressed since Stanford had become so controlling.

Had the acceleration in Stanford's control been linked to the fact that he felt sure his submissive wife would not jeopardise his inheritance by disclosing any misdeeds? Was it possible, she asked herself, that he now feared she would use that knowledge – not knowing it was hers already - to exert more control if she were to find out? Penelope found during these new power play days she could think clearer and reason easier.

One thing she knew for sure, she wanted to discover her body again, just how, of that she was uncertain but she was clear on one thing, she didn't want to share it with Stanford.

The doorbell rang shaking her from her thoughts:

'Get that, dear,' said Penelope, with no intention of leaving her comfort zone on the sofa.

Stanford opened the front door and Olivia walked straight in, ignoring him.

'He's not down the sports bar then?' she remarked sarcastically, adding, 'I hear there's a cracking live match on down there.'

'No, we don't go to the sports bar anymore do we darling?' Probed Penelope.

Stanford didn't answer; he stood in a silent sulk, so Olivia did it for him.

'We'll take that as a *'no'* then,' she said.

Penelope decided she liked being in charge in her own home, especially when she had visitors. Things had turned around just as swiftly as Olivia had insisted but she was acclimatising to the changes beautifully and was beginning to appreciate that being

queen of her home instead of princess to Stanford’s king was far more satisfying, especially when the king had been demoted to take care of the chores.

'Things have changed around here since that night with your friend and Stanford,' said Penelope.

'Oh, you mean Marpessa, Stanford's girlfriend or is it boyfriend,' replied Olivia pretending for a moment to have forgotten the notorious night in question.

'He's not my girlfriend, or boyfriend either, you two set me up,' stormed Stanford, resenting very much, the way the two women in his life were controlling him, he hadn’t felt so frustrated since he lived with his controlling grandmother.

But then, he consoled himself, he had been able to get round her so why not Penelope?

Living with his granny he had learned to lie well and Penelope, he decided, would soon learn just how well.

'Now, now, no tantrums please,' said Penelope unfazed by her hubby's outburst.

'In case you've forgotten, mister, I still have a nice selection of your finest hour on my pc at home,' warned Olivia, adding:

‘Why don't you pop out to the kitchen and make us coffee while we have a little chat.’

Stanford looked forlornly toward his wife for support which was not forthcoming.

'Off you go, then sweetie,' she said.

Stanford suspected that Penelope might be aware of his inheritance but he wasn’t sure if she knew of the conditions that might apply should he step out of line. Up until now he wasn’t too bothered, but since Penelope had formed an alliance with the formidable Olivia he knew he had to tread carefully, that overbearing oriental would not think twice about exposing any scandal, he thought to himself.

When Stanford had disappeared to the kitchen the girls got down to chatting:

'I understand, Stanford has quit his job Penny, what's all that about?' asked Olivia.

'Well, apparently some of the photos got on to Facebook and ended up being posted on the staff notice board at work. Well, you see Olivia, Stanford liked to portray himself as a macho type at work, which I've heard worked quite well for him; you know, impressing the younger girls, that sort of thing. It seems that once everyone knew of his exploits at the sports bar with Marpessa his macho image was shot and soon everyone started talking behind his back and whispering about him, excluding him from their conversations. I think it was all too much for Stanford and he handed in his notice last week; he took his months holiday in lieu of the 4 weeks’ notice he was required to give,' explained Penelope.

'He just wanted out,' summarised Olivia.

'In a word, yes,' answered Penelope.

'I wonder how those images could have got on to Facebook?' pondered Penelope, giving her friend an inquisitive look.

'I wonder,' replied Olivia, smiling ingenuously, shrugging her shoulders, feigning innocence.

‘Just as well his grandmother is not on Facebook, isn’t it?’ whispered Penelope with a smile.

‘That’s probably what he’s thinking,’ said Olivia with a nod to the kitchen.

Stanford reappeared with two coffee mugs and put them down on the glass top coffee table that stood in front of the sofa.

‘What am I thinking?’ echoed Stanford inquisitively.

‘Nothing dear, I was just telling Olivia how things are much better between us now that you have decided to spend more time at home,’ said Penelope.

Before Stanford could reply Olivia spoke,

‘No other choice now that you’ve lost your job, have you?’ observed Olivia cuttingly.

‘I didn’t lose it, I resigned,’ spat Stanford spitefully.

‘Tch, tch, temper, temper,’ sang Olivia sarcastically.

‘I’ll get a job, don’t you worry about that,’ stated Stanford.

‘It won’t be as easy as you think sweetie, there are a lot of people in the same position as you,’ reasoned Penelope.

Stanford, thought for a moment and had to concede that it could be tough, he might have to apply for benefit to meet his bills; especially the standing order on his car, he did not want to give that up and it was a good number of years before his inheritance paid out, assuming one of the girls didn’t scupper it before then.

‘We could always use someone at the factory, Penny,’ suggested Olivia.

Stanford’s spirits rose – for a moment.

‘But that’s for an office junior Olivia, a tea boy, a gofer. I don’t think Stanford would be interested in that, I think he’d rather sell his car and apply for benefit before taking a job like that,’ said Penelope.

‘Yes, I see what you mean, his ego would get in the way wouldn’t it?’ argued Olivia.

‘Just a minute, in case you’ve forgotten, I *am* in the room you pair, you can ask me you know,’ shouted Stanford.

The two women spoke as one.

‘Well – do you want to work for us?’ they asked in perfect chorus.

‘I’ll think about it,’ replied Stanford, clinging to dignity that was diminishing by the minute.

‘Don’t wait too long sweetie, we’ve got someone coming for an interview tomorrow morning,’ said Olivia.

The realisation that he might soon be without his precious wheels and the alternative of becoming something of a *houseboy* bought him to a swift decision:

‘I’ll do it,’ Stanford spouted before rushing back to the kitchen with the empty coffee cups to contemplate his new reduced status.

‘I didn’t know we had an interview for the junior post tomorrow Olivia,’ said Penelope.

‘We don’t Penny darling, I made that up especially for Stanford’s benefit, thought he might need a little encouragement.’

‘Actually, benefit is the one thing he won’t be needing now,’ said Penelope with a giggle.

Stanford could hear the peals of laughter that emanated from Penelope’s remark as he washed up the girls’ coffee cups.

‘You’d better put this on dear,’ said Penelope, entering the kitchen with Olivia, feeling a growing confidence in her relationship with her husband and happy to tip the scales of control in her direction on a whim.

Stanford turn round just in time to catch the apron Olivia threw at him.

Stanford, for his part, was happy to play along with the girls, he didn’t want risk upsetting his wife in case she did have knowledge of his inheritance.

He did, however, secretly resolved that when his money came through everything would change for the better.

Better for him.

*****

Milton Meagerly was pleasantly surprised to see the balance of the business account.

HELL FOR LEATHER was healthy and thriving.

The loan account was being serviced on time every month and both Penelope and Olivia's personal accounts were showing healthy balances.

Reflecting on his own relatively modest salary, it occurred to manager Meagerly that perhaps he had chosen the wrong line of business when leaving school.
But then there was his pension, to which he could look forward.

*****

Stanford Black and Henry Helfour were two very similar characters and very soon struck up a friendship at work, preferring their own company to that of the mainly female workforce. Jeremy preferred to mix with the girls, he felt safer in their company.

It was the Friday afternoon, pay packets had been collected and some people already had plans for their money:

'So what about a pint after work then, Stanford?' asked Henry.

Stanford knew his wife would never agree to him going to the sports bar with Henry and even if she did happen to forget, there's no chance that her friend Olivia would let it go.

'Ah, well that's a bit difficult Stanford you see, I've got to go somewhere,' said Stanford lying through his teeth, not wanting to disclose the details of the little arrangement he had been railroaded into by his wife and her friend.

'OK then next week perhaps,' said Henry.

'Yes, perhaps, next week,' repeated Stanford, hoping Henry would forget by then.

Henry Helfour was settling in well at his new job, courtesy of his sister; he had familiarised himself with his surroundings and was also becoming a little more than familiar with the young female staff members Donna and Debbie, often stopping them in their work to chat idly, mainly about himself.

In short he was becoming a pest.

*****

Jeremy Helfour watched as his mother walked down the path and into the waiting car, the door closed and the car sped away.

Jeremy went straight upstairs to his bedroom, retrieved the glossy magazine from under his bed and went straight into his mother's room.

Pulling open the bottom drawer of the chest he quickly found what he was looking for, a pair of black silk, lacy panties.

He lay on the floor, unzipped himself and pressed the purloined panties to his penis and testicles.

The familiar caress of the delicate fabric teased his arousal to completion. A fulsome erection.

Jeremy opened his magazine and began reading, fondling his cock and balls as he did so……

.....The man was secured firmly to the bench, on all fours ankles and wrists secured and with a bolster under his hips he presented his rear end naked to the two blond women.

The tall brunette controlling proceedings grabbed the man's testicles and spoke, 'I trust we are not going to have any nonsense from you?' she said with a twist of her wrist.

'Aghh! no!' screamed the man on the bench.

The blond at the end of the bench stood motionless watching tapping the cane on to her leather gloved hand, awaiting instructions from the brunette.

…….Jeremy stroked his cock as he studied the black and white images, drinking in the vivid text cranked up the pressure in his testicles, stroking faster he read on…….

The brunette snapped a rubber glove on and fed her fingers to the mouth of her bound captive,
'Suck,' she said.

The man was slow to respond, too slow for the brunette, she nodded to the blond.

WHAP!

'Aghh!' screamed the captive again as the cane struck his naked buttocks.

The brunette removed her fingers from the man's mouth and walking to the back of him pushed a saliva soaked finger against the man's twitching anus.

…….Jeremy stroked harder, taking the panties to his nose for a sniff, before once again wrapping his cock in the soft satin and lace……..

The brunette nodded at the blond once more. This time the blond started hand spanking the man with one hand and masturbating him with the other.

The brunette smiled as the spanking and wanking started, she then pushed her finger firmly against the resistant rosebud, pushed a little harder and felt the channel open, soliciting a little sigh from the captive slut, suggesting he was inwardly pleasuring himself. But of course the brunette knew this, she seen it all before.

The brunette finger fucked, firmer and faster as the blond stroked and spanked.

…….Jeremy gripped his mother's panties tight to his toss pole and wanked himself to the top and threw himself off. The white spunk splayed the black satin like a child's work of art.

Jeremy lay on the floor of his mother's bedroom spent and relieved, his heavy panting masking out the sound of his mother's arrival.

'What on earth do you think you are doing and with *my* underwear. You filthy boy,' cried Mrs Helfour, who had returned unexpectedly early from her shopping trip.

Jeremy just froze; his depleted penis, lay guilty on a bed of wet panty silk.

Mrs Helfour picked up the pornographic magazine.

'And, where, may I ask did you get this?' asked his mother.

'Henry gave it to me at work, mum,' said Jeremy.

'I see,' said Mrs Helfour. 'You disappoint me Jeremy, only this week I gave you some of my underwear to iron, as I know you enjoy doing it and you repay me like this, betraying the confidence I placed in you.'

Jeremy slumped off to his bedroom in disgrace.

*****

The following morning Emily Helfour was on the phone to daughter Penelope.

Penelope listened while her mother outlined the events of the previous day. Penelope decided to leave the matter of Jeremy's indiscretions to Olivia along with Henry's.

She set up a meeting where she, her mother and Olivia could decide what should be done about the Helfour boys.

The meeting was set for 7.00pm Monday at PLONKERS.

Monday evening at PLONKERS was quiet as the three women settled at a corner table.

Emily Helfour, as Jeremy's mother it fell upon her to open the discussion.

‘Thank you Olivia for joining Penelope and me for what is essentially a family matter.’

‘That’s alright Mrs Helfour after all, Penny is my partner as well as my friend,’ replied Olivia.

Mrs Helfour began her account of her son’s actions.

‘It seems to me Jeremy has a gender decision to make; whilst his pre- occupation with female underwear is only natural for a boy of his age, his behaviour is bordering on the obsessive, it’s as if he wants to own the items,’ said Emily Helfour.

Olivia considered for a moment Mrs Helfour’s theory of her son’s behaviour, before answering:

‘Perhaps, this obsession, as you call it, is his way of blocking out his heterosexual feelings, have you ever considered that your son may be gay Mrs Helfour?’

Emily thought for a moment, about her son’s interaction with his friends.

‘I’ve seen no indications in his behaviour that might point to that,’ she replied.

Olivia continued:

‘This pre–occupation with female underwear could be a psychological bridge he’s building, a bridge upon which he can stand, before crossing to the other side. The other side being a fully committed gay,’ explained Olivia.

‘Yes, I see,’ said Mrs Helfour assessing Olivia’s prognosis.

‘What I would suggest is this; let me introduce Jeremy to my friend Marpessa, Marpessa is a boy that wears ladies clothes.’

Olivia didn’t want to use the word transsexual and have to go through the explanations with Penelope’s mother.

Emily Helfour’s eyebrows raised as she looked to her daughter for enlightenment.

Penelope smiled at her mother and nodded in the direction of Olivia indicating there was more to come.

‘I think Jeremy might find a kindred spirit in Marpessa and be more likely to pour out his inward feelings,’ said Olivia.

Emily Helfour looked a little concerned for her son’s well-being and put her thoughts to Olivia:

‘Don’t think I’m being ungrateful, Olivia but I’m a little concerned for young Jeremy, your friend Marpessa is evidently an experienced person when it comes to relationships, I’m wondering whether Jeremy might be out of his depth,’ said Emily.

‘Mum, I think it’s time Jeremy learned a little of the big wide world and what a better way than in the safety of Olivia’s flat, better there than a back street bar somewhere,’ explained Penelope.

‘I know Marpessa would be sensitive with your son, Mrs Helfour, so there’s no need to worry on that one,’ said Olivia looking to reassure the older women.

‘So you’d like me to arrange for Jeremy to come to your flat Wednesday evening?’ said Mrs Helfour.

‘Yes,’ replied Olivia.

‘Wednesday evening at seven then,’ said Emily Helfour.

‘I’ll put it in my diary,’ said Olivia.

Penelope lowered her eyes and smiled.

*****

It was a Thursday lunch hour at Hell For Leather, Olivia and Penelope had decided to treat the staff to lunch to celebrate their first full month in business.

The returns had been excellent and orders were flowing in.

So Olivia and Penelope decided they would show their appreciation to their staff for all their hard work in a tangible way.

Olivia and Penelope were going to celebrate in their own way, they were going out to dinner together Saturday night.

Olivia had a notice placed on the store door so the staff could enjoy the lunch without having to rush back to work.

CLOSED FOR THE AFTERNOON.
STAFF TRAINING

All the staff was present and there was a buzz of conversation as everyone studied the menu deliberating over the local fare on offer.

Stanford was in the process of deciding whether he should have a pint or a short when his deliberations were interrupted by his wife,

‘Stanford, dear, you will be taking tomorrow off work, I need you to take my black dress to the cleaners first thing in the morning, it should be ready for collection Friday afternoon, but if you pop over there during your lunch hour tomorrow I expect it’ll be ready.’

‘Why can’t I take it in on Saturday morning?’ queried Stanford who didn’t see why he had to give up his lunchtime for some dry cleaning. He also resented the fact that his wife treated him like an errand boy in front of the whole staff.

If Stanford thought that was bad, he certainly wasn’t prepared for what was coming next.

‘Because dear, I’m going out to dinner with Olivia Saturday night and I’ll be needing my favourite dress, after all I want to look my best if I’m going out on the town won’t I dear?’ replied Penelope

Stanford’s brain stalled, facing a dilemma.

On the one hand he was busy trying to find a way to rebel against the errand boy reference and the humiliating prospect of his wife going out to dinner on a Saturday night without him; on the other hand he knew his livelihood, which included keeping his precious wheels, depended on keeping his wife in a sweet mood and more importantly to retain control over his impending inheritance.

Peace of mind over his trust fund took precedence.

‘It’s the dress with the sequins on the sleeves isn’t it?’ asked Stanford.

‘Yes dear, the very same one with the sequins on the sleeves,’ echoed Penelope, relishing her husband’s compliance in front of so many witnesses.

Mentor Olivia watched on proudly as her student practiced her paces,

‘Penny, I need a something from Boots tomorrow too,’ she said with no regard to Stanford.

‘Stanford would be delighted to fetch your shopping wouldn’t you dear?’ asked Penelope, confident of an affirmative answer.

Stanford took this as it was intended, a statement.

He just forced a smile to his wife.

Olivia thought it best to address Stanford directly with her request,

‘It’s only nail varnish remover, Stanford,’ she said with a sugary smile.

Stanford’s smile stagnated.

Stanford Black was finding it hard going working at the bottom of the employment ladder, but he reminded himself he needed the work and more importantly the money to keep his car.

Stanford had just finished unloading a delivery of timber, the timber packs being bulky and heavy he was just catching his breath when Olivia called out to him,

‘No time for resting Stanford, busy day today, Penelope needs you front of shop - right now if you don’t mind,’ she said wheeling away leaving Stanford pondering his present predicament.

Olivia added the addendum at Stanford’s reluctance to show any urgency.

Meanwhile, Penelope was waiting in the shoe shop with customers waiting,

‘Stanford, please attend to the two ladies over by the fitting room,’ said Penelope, adopting an attitude of authority over her spouse, something that would have been unthinkable before her confrontation with Stanford, albeit with Olivia at her side for moral support.

The two women waiting were in their twenties, both blonde, one had shoulder length hair the other girl’s was in a bob.

The girl with shoulder length hair wore a light blue tee shirt and blue denim jeans.

The other girl with the bob wore a tight top and a short mid-thigh, flouncy cotton dress, her long bare legs in white ankle socks were anchored by clean white trainers.

Both girls chewed gum.

As Stanford went to serve the two women they turned and recognising him immediately, the one with the bob spoke:

‘Oh my God it’s Stanford, so this is where you’re working. What happened to the big bucks job you told us about?’ said the blonde.

Stanford recognised the two girls instantly, he had been bragging off about how he’d decided to move on to bigger and better things now that he’d secured a new appointment with big money, one of the main reasons he had taken up Penelope and Olivia’s offer of work so eagerly.

After all he couldn’t possibly be seen about town using public transport.

If he was retain *any* street credibility he simply had to keep his wheels and, as demeaning as his new position was, the pittance he was paid allowed him to do just that.

‘It em.. it’s on hold at the moment, this job is only temporary,’ said Stanford, making it up as he went along.

He had lied to the girls when he worked with them and he was lying now.

Whilst working at his previous job with the two girls, it was because Stanford held a senior position in the company, that they felt obliged to stand and listen as he quite often would talk at length about himself and his car. They’d both refused his advances on various occasions, not for the fact that he was married, that wouldn’t have stopped them. It was because Stanford Black, in their eyes, was an asshole.

Stanford now found himself in the unusual position of trying to retain his former dignity whilst attending the feet of a former junior in his previous job.

It has to be said that neither girl was blessed with bountiful brain matter, but they both recognised an opportunity when it came knocking.

The blonde with the shoulder length hair handed Stanford a red spiked heel shoe she'd retrieved from the window.

'I'd like to try these on please,' she said.

As Stanford retreated to the store room to get the shoes the two girls whispered:

'I never did believe him when he told us about that top job, did you Sharon?' said one blonde.

'Hell no, he's such a bull-shitter,' replied the second blonde.

'A real butthole as well,' added the first blonde.

Stanford came back and handed the shoes to the girl.

'Well aren't you going to fit them for me?' said the blonde with the bob and short dress, sitting down on the chair and smiling at her friend.

Stanford got down on one knee and removed the girl's shoe and eased on the red stiletto.

The blonde girl pushed her foot to the floor testing the fit and moved her foot around as she appraised the shoe trying to decide whether to buy.

She let her knees slip apart, the standing girl nodded and smiled to her indicating that her knickers were clearly visible.

The seated girl adjusted her short skirt and smiled at Stanford, whose eyes were glued to the knicker display playing out before him.

'I'll try the other one as well please,' she said.

The second blonde stood, arms folded watching intently as Stanford worked away.

Stanford slipped the red stiletto on and wiggled it to ensure a tight fit.

The seated girl looked up to her friend and winked before shouting out,

'Are you trying to look up my skirt, you pervert!?'

'Absolutely not!' replied an indignant Stanford.

'Yes you were, you filthy shit, I saw you,' said the blonde in jeans adding:

‘I’ll get the manager and make a complaint.’

‘No, don’t do that,’ said Stanford, not wanting to give his wife and boss and Olivia any reason to fire him.

‘OK, but you’ll apologise to my friend for being a pervert,’ said the blonde.

‘I don’t see why….’ started Stanford.

‘Manager please!’ shouted the blonde.

‘OK, OK, I apologise,’ said Stanford.

‘For being a pervert,’ said the blonde.

‘For being a pervert,’ repeated a defeated Stanford.

‘Come on Sharon, we’ll get the shoes at the shopping mall,’ said the blonde in jeans.

Stanford stood and watched and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Penelope walked across the store to where Stanford stood.

‘What on earth was that all about Stanford?’ she asked.

‘Just a couple of girls from where I used to work, popped in to say hi,’ lied Stanford.

‘Why was she calling for the manager, I don’t want you upsetting my clientele Stanford, is that clear?’

‘Yes dear, perfectly clear,’ replied Stanford humbly.

‘Good, now take those stilettos back to the store and go and get the coffee on.’

*****

KATY

It was a rainy Saturday morning as Emily Helfour waited on platform one, she checked her watch as the 9.45 from Paddington rolled in, bang on time.

Emily peered through the maze of passengers looking for her guest, as Katy approached Emily greeted her niece with a hug,

'How was your journey, Katy?' she enquired.

'Oh just fine Auntie Emily, it's so nice to be spending a few days with you in the country,' declared Katy, whose home was just a few miles outside of London.

'I expect you'll be looking forward to meeting Jeremy again after so long,' said Mrs Helfour.

'Ah yes, Jeremy,' sighed Katy, recalling the sorry events that unfolded the last time they met.

The rain drummed a monotonous patter as Jeremy peeked through his bedroom window to see the car returning from the station.

It was a year since he last saw Katy, Jeremy was eager to see how she'd grown up since their last meeting, was she still as pretty as he remembered her, he wondered.

It was during Katy's last visit, when she, aged just sixteen, had witnessed nineteen year old Jeremy having his underwear changed by his mother, after he had wet himself whilst out on the morning shopping trip.

Jeremy had forgotten all about the wetting incident, he had no idea, however, that Katy had not.

Katy had deeply resented this incident, that she should in any way be implicated in such a disgraceful juvenile toilet display made her feel dirty and tarnished.

Since that day she had secretly despised her cousin.

Upon returning and under questioning from his mother as to why he didn't ask for the toilet, he confessed that he was too shy to ask in front of his cousin Katy and couldn't hold himself until he got home.

This confession took the form of a whisper to his mother, away from the enquiring ears of pretty cousin Katy.

Mrs Helfour was having none of this, she saw no reason why she should exclude her young niece from her son's secret confession; as Katy was present when Jeremy had disgraced himself in public earlier, she should therefore be party to any apology, she reasoned.

'Jeremy dear, there really is no need to be shy in front of Katy, after all she is your cousin, I'm sure she would have asked for the toilet if she needed it, wouldn't you Katy dear?' asked Mrs Helfour.

Jeremy cringed, clutching his hands to his face, a face which burned with embarrassment.

'Take your hands away dear,' said his mother pushing his arms to his sides.

Katy waited before answering her aunt's question, she then stared straight into Jeremy's eyes, enjoying the way he wriggled like a fish on his mother's hook,:

‘Oh yes Auntie Emily of course I would have asked, it’s so childish to wet your panties, isn’t it?’ replying to her aunt’s question but her eyes never leaving Jeremy’s.

Mrs Helfour knew perfectly well Katy’s answer was directed at her, but she insisted her son acknowledge the young girl’s remark too.

‘Answer Katy’s question Jeremy, is it not childish to wet your panties?’ demanded Mrs Helfour, deliberately retaining the feminine undertone with the word panties.

Jeremy looked at Katy, Katy stood glaring back; arms folded tapping her foot on the floor impatiently.

The young precocious maid older than her years by far, looked down on the distraught boy whom she intended to dominate during their days together.

‘Well come on Jeremy,’ prompted his mother.

‘Yes mummy, it is childish, I’m ever so sorry,’ mumbled the distressed youth, head bowed.

‘Then, I think you’d better apologise to your cousin for the embarrassment you’ve caused her,’ said his mother.

‘I’m sorry Katy,’ muttered Jeremy.

‘I should think so too,’ replied Katy inwardly vowing to wreak more humiliation on the boy.

Jeremy skulked quietly off to his bedroom and Katy went buoyantly to the kitchen to help her aunt with some chores.

*****

Stanford had a problem that he needed to resolve before the deadline of next Sunday.

The problem was he wanted to watch his football team’s performance live on TV at the sports bar and the deadline was this Sunday.

He also knew that Penelope would not let him anywhere near the scene of his recent disgrace.

There was no point in lying she’d be sure to find out, Stanford suspected, quite rightly, that there would be someone at the game who would be more than happy to spill the beans on him.

He had to somehow get her to agree to let him go and it would have to be done sooner rather than later.

He decided to stop off at the supermarket and pick up a bottle of his wife's favourite wine and surprise her at dinner time; then, when she was feeling a little mellow from the wine he'd pop the question.

As soon as Penelope got in she decided to take a quick shower whilst Stanford prepared the dinner:

'I'll only be ten minutes dear, I want to freshen up before dinner,' called Penelope, skipping up the stairs.

'I'll have dinner ready by then dear,' answered Stanford in the tone of voice he used when he needed something.

Stanford had put every effort into making this dinner right for his appeal.

He'd warmed the plates, placed the wine glasses on the table and taken the Chardonnay from the fridge and wrapped a tea around it to hold in the chill.

He stood obediently by the cooker awaiting his wife's entrance.

Penelope walked in and immediately noticed the wine glasses and the bottle of her favourite Chardonnay.

'Wow! Wine – what's the occasion Stanford, did I miss something?' asked Penelope.

Penelope was a little perplexed at this forthright consideration from her husband it was out of character, perhaps he was changing, she thought.

'No dear, I thought I'd get you some of your favourite wine as you've been working so hard recently,' said Stanford.

'That's really sweet of you Stanford, I think since we had our little talk you've been a much better husband, don't you think?' said Penelope sincerely.

'Yes, I think I have, I am trying to improve Penelope,' said Stanford.

'Come on, let's have a drink together for the sake of our new found relationship shall we?' suggested Penelope.

'Why not,' responded Stanford pouring the wine glasses to generous levels.

'Cheers,' said Penelope.

'Bottoms up,' replied Stanford.

As Penelope placed her knife and fork on empty dinner plate, Stanford refilled her glass feeling that the time might be right for broaching the football match issue; still not quite able to believe how the balance of power in their relationship could have twisted so much in so short a space of time.

So much, in fact, that he needed to ask permission to see his pals.

And, worse, felt nervous about doing so.

Nervous or not, Stanford thought it best to be forthright in his request and hold nothing back.

‘Darling, would you have any objections if I went with my friends to watch a football match on Sunday?’ he asked, busying himself with the dirty dishes as he did so.

Penelope thought for a moment before answering,

‘You are not thinking of that horrible sports bar are you?’ said his wife.

‘Well yes, I was actually, all my mates are going, Penny,’ pleaded Stanford.

‘How do you think it would make me feel if you went back there?’ asked Penelope.

‘Well yes I can see it would drag up bad memories, but I haven’t been there for such a long time I think everyone will have forgotten about that night by now,’ reasoned Stanford.

‘I haven’t Stanford,’ argued Penelope.

‘Is there anything I can do to help you change your mind?’ asked Stanford.

‘I’ll have to think about it Stanford,’ said Penelope.

Stanford took the dishes to the kitchen to wash up, he thought it best to leave his wife ponder the proposition, hopefully in a couple of days he might get the answer he wants.

Penelope went to bed that evening undecided about her husband’s request, what she did resolve was that she’d speak with Olivia about it the next day.

*****

Katy and Jeremy arrived at the bathroom door together from opposite sides of the landing.

The younger girl pushed the boy away and stepped inside and locked the door.

She knew that Jeremy would probably want to use the toilet so she deliberately took her time washing and brushing her teeth.

Jeremy stood on the landing and waited, still wearing the nervous smile that pretty Katy’s appearance always left him with.

He couldn't fight it, his lovely young cousin had one of those faces you had to smile at; the paradox was not that such an angelic countenance could harbour such a cold heart but rather that Jeremy could not see the girl for what she truly was.

A domineering bitch.

As Jeremy stood, hands clasped to crotch, Katy decided that her hair needed a good brushing too; she took her time over this as well. She then filled the hand basin and picking up water in the toothbrush beaker and pouring it out into the sink of water, the little minx knew the last thing that any young boy dying for the toilet would want to hear was the sound of cascading water.

Katy continued this torture as she listened to the tell-tale sounds of her cousin's shuffling feet on the landing.

When she finally came out of the bathroom she smiled at Jeremy, not a smile of affection more one of disdain, satisfied that she'd achieved her aim with her session of prolonged torment, she looked down at the wet patch on his crotch to confirm her suspicions and sneered,

'Still wetting your knickers I see,' and with a contemptuous flick of her ponytail, she stomped off.

*****

During the morning coffee break at HFL Penelope approached Olivia about Stanford's request to go to the football match with his mates…..

'Well Penny, if you are going to concede to that rat Stanford…sorry Penny I just call things as I see them,' Olivia stopped herself to apologise, not for referring to Stanford as a rat, she couldn't give a toss about him, but for any pain it might cause her friend and business partner.

A long way from affronted Penelope gave her friend a smile and Olivia continued:

'As I was saying, if you give in to him, get something you want, you must ask yourself what you want from him in return,' said Olivia.

'I don't think I want anything actually, Olivia,' replied Penelope.

'Oh come on Penny don't slack off on him now, men will backslide on you and before you know where you are you'll be back to stage one and he'll be down that bar whenever he wants,' explained Olivia.

'Oh dear, I wouldn't want that,' said Penelope.

'Well look if you don't want anything material from him, get him to do something he doesn't like or some humiliating task that will remind him that you are still the one in control,' said Olivia.

‘Help,’ said Penelope having no idea what she should do.

Olivia saw her friend was struggling and so offered her some advice.

‘Do you ever get him to wear panties around the house?’ asked Olivia.

‘Just panties?’ asked Penelope, being not sure what to ask.

‘Yes, or panties over his trousers, its symbolic Penny, the panties are a symbol of femininity. Him wearing your panties whilst doing the washing up is constant reminder to him that you’re in charge, after all how can he stand up and be all macho wearing a pair of ladies lacy panties?’ explained Olivia.

‘Yes I see, now,’ replied Penelope.

‘You just say to him, OK you can go to your football match on Sunday if you wear a pair of my panties around the house all day Saturday. You tell him those panties stay on all day if they come off before bedtime the deals off and no football match,’ said Olivia.

‘Do you think he’ll go for it, Olivia?’ asked Penelope.

‘He’ll go for it Penny, trust me,’ replied Olivia, adding,

‘Come over tonight to let me know how it went.’

*****

Meanwhile back at the Helfour household Saturday morning was not starting well for Jeremy.....

He was in the kitchen having breakfast with cousin Katy.

Mrs Helfour was collecting the washing from the basket, in the utility room.

Sweeping up a handful of clothes she felt something damp, she pulled out the wet item and upon closer examination discovered it was her son's pyjama bottoms, seeking an explanation, she called to her son,

'Jeremy dear, did you have an accident in your pyjamas last night?'

Jeremy's face rushed to a beetroot blush, he bowed his head avoiding his cousin's glare, and answered,

'Sorry mum, I couldn't help it.'

'Gross,' said Katy to herself staring coldly at her cousin.

'Your bed isn't wet is it?' called his mother.

'No, it isn't,' cried Jeremy, as he left his cereal and ran upstairs.
‘Liar!’ called Katy, loud enough for Jeremy to hear.

*****

When Penelope got home from work Stanford was already there, having collected the take-away meals on his journey home.

Once again he had bought a bottle of wine for his wife, he was expecting an answer to the Sunday football match issue.

Penelope saved him some mental anguish by broaching the subject first,

‘Stanford, you know I’m not happy about you going back to that bar on Sunday don’t you?’ she began.

Stanford began to fear bad news was on the way.

He stood in silence waiting for his wife to continue.

‘I’m prepared to let you go if you do something for me on Saturday,’ said Penelope.

Stanford’s demeanour picked up immediately,

‘Yes dear, anything you want, of course, shopping, would you like to go to the hairdressers? Stanford was interrupted full stream,

‘Stanford, I want you to wear a pair of panties all day Saturday, from when you get up to when you go to bed to do all the chores,’

‘Of course I will dear, I…..’ interrupted Stanford, blindly, seeing only Sunday, the pub and the match.

‘Stanford, be quiet and listen please,’ said Penelope, wanting to be sure her husband was aware of all the conditions.

‘You will wear the panties all day and night, if for any reason you take them off or I can’t see them, then the deal is off, no football. So are we clear on that? asked Penelope.

‘What about my trousers?’ asked Stanford, suddenly aware of his vulnerability.

‘If you wear those I won’t be able to see your panties, will I, and you know what that will mean?’ explained Penelope.

‘No football,’ replied Stanford, catching on quicker than usual.

‘Exactly,’ confirmed Penelope, noticing her husband’s attention to her words was improving by the day.

Penelope thought her husband might need a little guidance on dress code,

‘I tell you what I’d like to see you in, white tee shirt, white panties and white trainers with white sports socks. I tell you what darling I’ll lay out all that for you Friday night and the you can look forward to your Sunday match with the boys,’ said Penelope.

Penelope finished her demand with the promise of the football game to follow, a combination that did the trick.

‘Well when you put it like that Penelope it doesn’t sound so bad, so yes I’ll go along with your conditions, I will be having a couple of pints with the lads on Sunday, you don’t have a problem with the do you? Asked Stanford

‘Absolutely not dear,’ replied Penelope.

Stanford and Penelope finished their meal and Stanford started clearing away,

‘I’ve just got to pop over to Olivia’s for a moment dear, I won’t be long,’ said Penelope sweeping up her car keys from the work top and closing the kitchen door on Stanford’s reply.

*****

Olivia opened the front door to her friend, she knew why she’d come around after their coffee break chat

‘How did it go with rat face?’ asked Olivia.

‘He went for it Olivia, just like you said he would,’ replied Penelope.

‘I knew he would, he likes his footy too much. Now for the second part of the plan,’ said Olivia with a broad smile.

‘What second part, what plan?’ asked a bemused Penelope.

‘You are inviting me for tea Saturday afternoon, aren’t you,’ asked Olivia.

‘Am I?’ queried Penelope.

‘Of course you are, in fact you are going to host a tea party, Penny,’ announced Olivia.

‘I am?’ asked Penelope.

‘You have a cousin staying with your mother at the moment don’t you?’ asked Olivia.

‘Yes, Katy,’ replied Penelope.

‘You are going to invite them aren’t you?’ asked Olivia.

Penelope was beginning to see Olivia’s plan.

‘I see, we will all be girls together with my husband doing the chores in his panties, brilliant Olivia, he’s going to so not like it, is he going to risk missing the match, I wonder, I can’t wait,’ said an excited Penelope.

‘Yes it will be interesting to see if that football match is worth paying for with a few hours of humiliation, we’ll see,’ said Olivia.

‘I don’t know how he’ll cope with all girls there,’ said Penelope.

‘It won’t be entirely all girls Penny, didn’t I tell you,’ said Olivia.

‘Tell me what?’ replied Penelope.

‘I’m bringing Marpessa!’ shouted Olivia.

PART-THREE

Olivia was sat in the lounge with Marpessa catching up on what was hot and what was not in the world of transsexuals and cross dressers. Marpessa wore a red cotton skirt just above the knee, tan pantyhose and a pair of red patent 4 inch heels. She wore a clingy smoky grey top with a string of fake pearls around her neck,

‘I just love some of those outfits you have for your clients Olivia,’ gushed Marpessa stroking her stocking leg with red finger nails.

‘Yes, I know your quite fond of the rubber and latex numbers, they’re very popular with clients,’ replied Olivia

‘On you, I can see why,’ said Marpessa.

The figure hugging characteristics of the rubber and latex dresses did look stunning on Olivia’s slender frame, clinging to her every curve.

‘I know you’d like one darling, but flattery will get you nowhere, those dresses are going nowhere Marpessa,’ replied Olivia.

‘I could always hire you for a session, Olivia,’ smiled Marpessa.

‘Now there’s a thought,’ replied Olivia.

The door bell sounded.

‘That’ll be Jeremy, eight o’clock, right on time,’ announced Olivia.

‘Shall I get it?’ offered Marpessa.

‘No, I’ll go he’s probably with his mother.’

Olivia opened the front door,

‘I’ve brought Jeremy,’ said Emily Helfour.

Olivia smiled, ignoring Emily Helfour’s obvious statement, she waved them both inside.

‘Thank you, no, I’ll be getting along Olivia, I’ll come back at ten if that’s alright?’ offered Mrs Helfour.

‘Ten it is,’ confirmed Olivia with a smile, closing the door.

Jeremy followed Olivia through to the living room,

‘This is Marpessa, Jeremy,’ Olivia indicated with her hand Jeremy managed a small smile.

Olivia broke the icy silence,

‘I’m going into the kitchen to make some coffee; I’ll leave you two to have a chat.’

Marpessa thought it best to let Jeremy know up front about his sexuality,

‘Jeremy, what do you think of my dress?’ asked Marpessa, thinking it best to engage Jeremy with conversation on a relatively neutral subject first.

‘It’s… erm. lovely,’ replied Jeremy timidly.

‘Well, you may think I’m a lady, but I’m not. I’m a man who likes lady’s clothes.

What do you think of that Jeremy?’ asked Marpessa.

‘That’s alright’ replied Jeremy.

Jeremy was unsure what he had to say, so he said just what he thought,

‘Do you like wearing them?’

‘Yes I do, Jeremy, it makes me feel good when I’m in ladies clothes,’ replied Marpessa.

‘What do people say when they see you in them?’ asked Jeremy.

‘They’re a little surprised at first but when people get used to seeing you in them they tend to accept you as you are,’ answered Marpessa.

‘Your hair is nice,’ said Jeremy, not realising it was actually a hair piece.

Marpessa smiled at Jeremy’s naivety, recognising an innocence he once possessed himself, a virtuousness he had long lost.

‘It’s a hair piece Jeremy, a wig, it’s not my real hair, would you like to try it on?’ offered Marpessa.

Jeremy was a bit phased by the physical implications, so soon, he thought he’s just come to talk,

‘I er, don’t know, I’ve never worn one before,’ replied Jeremy hesitantly.

Marpessa removed the blond wig and handed it to Jeremy,

‘My real name’s Brian, Olivia calls me by my girl name, Marpessa,’ explained the blond trans sexual.

‘I prefer Marpessa,’ said Jeremy.

Jeremy ran his fingers through the synthetic hair,

‘Try it on,’ said Marpessa.

Jeremy tried, but without the aid of a mirror, was not having much success.

Marpessa straightened and pulled the hair piece into position and called to Olivia,

‘Olivia, come see, what do you think?’ asked Marpessa.

Olivia stood hand on chin appraising Jeremy’s appearance.

‘Oh yes, Jeremy you would make a beautiful girl,’ gushed Olivia.

It transpired that the wig turned out to be the ice breaker for Jeremy; he sat and talked all things feminine with Olivia and Marpessa until his mother called two hours later.

*****

Penelope was up early Saturday morning, and placed a pair of white panties on Stanford's blue jeans to be sure he would uphold his end of the agreement.

She came out of the bathroom just as her husband was dressing,
'I've left your panties on the bed dear,' she called as she passed the bedroom door on her way downstairs.

'They're not my panties Penelope, as you well know, I'm just borrowing them for today,' insisted Stanford.

Penelope stopped on the landing, smiled to herself and answered:

'I'm aware of that dear, but after you've been in them for a day, I really wouldn't want them back, so you may as well make them your own.'

Penelope was determined to get the most from her day by hammering home Stanford's agreed submission to panty discipline early on.

'For the last time they are not my panties!' stormed Stanford.

'Stanford dear, if you insist on kicking off now there'll be no kick off tomorrow afternoon for you to enjoy, do I make myself clear?' stated Penelope.

'Yes dear, perfectly clear' replied Stanford meekly.

Stanford’s lack of intelligence in most things cultural was compensated for in his ability to comprehend things for his own gain.

Now, whose panties are we talking about?' persisted Penelope.

'Mine,' smiled Stanford through gritted teeth, steeling his thoughts towards the match day piss up.

'Be sure to wear your panties outside your jeans Stanford, I want to see them to be certain your keeping up your end of the bargain,' said Penelope.

There was no usual 'last word' from Stanford, Penelope noted this, acknowledging that she was making progress with her husband's training, the observation pleased her.

Penelope had to admit to herself she felt good being in control, just as Olivia said she would.

She likened this new found power fix to tasting sugar for the first time, with each unfolding day the sugar got sweeter.

*****

Meanwhile back at the Helfour household Saturday morning was not starting well for Jeremy.....

He was in the kitchen having breakfast with cousin Katy.

Mrs Helfour was collecting the dirty washing from the basket, in the utility room. Sweeping up a handful of clothes she felt something damp, she pulled out the item and upon closer examination found her son's pyjama bottoms.

Being a fastidious parent Mrs Helfour wanted to know the exact circumstances of the wet clothing,

'Jeremy dear, did you have an accident in your pajamas last night?'

Katy looked up from the mobile phone she had been studying and drilled Jeremy an icy stare, she wasn't going to miss a moment of this.

Jeremy's face was beetroot, he bowed his head trying to avoid his cousin's glare.

'Sorry mum, I couldn't help it.'

'Gross,' said Katy her eyes never leaving her cousin.

'Your bed isn't wet is it?' called his mother.

Katy held Jeremy's paranoia like a child holding china, teetering, one slip from shattering his confidence; her expressionless stare moving Jeremy to reply:

'No, it isn't,' cried Jeremy, leaving his cereal and running upstairs.

'Probably is,' mumbled Katy to herself, punching text with a manicured thumb.

*****

Penelope retrieved her mobile before the insipid ringtone had time to repeat,

'Hi Olivia.'

'Penny, I'll be over after lunch with Marpessa, I've been working on some new fetish clothes, I've had some samples run up, I'll bring it for you to see,' said Olivia.

'Great, Olivia see you around two?' suggested Penelope.

'Yeah, two is good,' concurred her partner.

*****

Stanford came down for breakfast in his blue denims, the white panties he wore over his jeans looking the ridiculous statement that Penelope (with a little help from Olivia) had intended.

Whether Stanford was expecting any input from his wife on his attire that morning he was unclear, Penelope continued through the early morning saying nothing, letting Stanford carry out the list of household chores he had been assigned since the new domestic arrangement.

Although the two were not given to lengthy conversational exchanges, Stanford would have preferred a procession of conversational topics with his wife this particular morning so that he might take his mind of his state of dress and hope that the day would pass quicker with the distraction of talking to his wife, no matter what the subject might be.

For her part Penelope reasoned that Stanford didn't need any morally uplifting support in the way of petty conversation from her, she didn't want anything neutralising or compromising Stanford's concession to female control.

The equation was quite simple as far as Penelope was concerned, this morning was about Stanford doing exactly as he was told in exchange for the chance to watch his favourite team at his favourite sports bar.

It was while Stanford was clearing away the coffee cups that the door bell sounded,

'You'd better get that Stanford, I'm in the middle of a text message,' called Penelope from the living room.

Stanford thought, how the hell a text message can be so important as to prevent her going to the front door.

The text message, if there was one, wasn't important, it was more about policing Stanford through his morning duties.

Stanford opened the front door, standing behind it to hide his state of dress, he peered around to see who the caller was.

Olivia walked straight past Stanford, then glanced back feigning surprise as she saw what Stanford was wearing,

'My God what are you wearing Stanford, are you going to a fancy dress party or something?' asked Olivia.

Penelope, aware that her friend had no intention of enlightening her husband came to his rescue, after a fashion, and explained to Olivia why Stanford was wearing her panties, although, of course, both girls already knew the reason.

Stanford, on the other hand was not aware of the little play the girls were unfolding at his expense.

'No, not a fancy dress party Olivia, although I suspect he would be quite the centre of attention if he was going to one.'

'I thought he enjoyed being the centre of attention Penny,' added Olivia cuttingly without so much as a glance to Stanford.

'And not only to the ladies I wager,' interjected Penelope flashing Stanford a sympathetic smile.

'Yes I see what you mean, I didn't realise his bottom wiggled so much when he walked, but seeing him in panties, his little butt looks quite hot and feminine in those white panties, observed Olivia.

The look of thunder Stanford returned to the two taunting women was tempered with silence; an insurance against tomorrow's impending match day.

Olivia's remark did get Stanford thinking for a moment, did he wiggle his ass when he walked, did it look feminine from the rear?

What affect Olivia's comment had on Stanford is difficult to say, but he spent the rest of the day attempting to walk in a masculine fashion, he in fact only succeeded in mincing around the house like a practiced gay.

Penelope picked up where she had left off,

'Stanford and I have an agreement today Olivia, he has agreed to wear a pair of my panties around the house for me, whilst he does his chores, in exchange for a trip to the sports bar tomorrow to watch his favourite team in action, isn't that right honey?' asked Penelope.

'Yes,' replied Stanford, having no wish to embellish the subject further.

Olivia on the other hand had just got the taste for a little… man-taunting:

'Penny can I have a word in your ear?'

Stanford looked up suspiciously.

‘Privately,’ said Olivia, deliberately louder, for Stanford’s benefit.

The girls retired to the hall,

‘Would I be right in saying you’ve let him wear the panties over his jeans to leave him a little dignity, Penny?’ inquired Olivia.

‘Well yes, Olivia, what with you and everyone else coming, he doesn’t know about that of course, I haven’t said a thing, I thought it best if he kept his jeans on.’ explained Penelope.

‘Penny lovey, you’re missing the point here, don’t you remember how he humiliated you in the sports bar? Said Olivia, reminding her friend.

‘Well yes of course I do Olivia, how could I possibly forget?’ replied Penelope.

‘Well this is your time Penny, your time to turn the tables, let him know what humiliation feels like.’ argued Olivia.

Whilst Penelope pondered Olivia thought for a moment and smiled before speaking,

‘What a silly irony it is that the very weapon, humiliation, we’re wielding against your husband is the very same experience clients pay me handsomely, to bestow upon them.

Don’t you find that bizarre Penny?’ asked Olivia.

Penelope didn’t find the coincidence quite as bizarre as fully grown men paying to be humiliated, she didn’t have Olivia’s insight into the male psyche, nor did she desire it.

‘And men say they can’t understand women!’ said Penelope.

‘So come on Penny, let’s have that naughty boy’s trousers down,’ said Olivia encouragingly.

Penelope, once again drawing strength from her business partner and best friend called to her husband,

‘Stanford dear, be a darling and pop upstairs and slip your jeans off, I think I’d like to see you in just panties and tee shirt for the rest of the day.’

‘Is that absolutely necessary Penny, I am wearing the panties as you asked?’

Yet again Stanford’s arrogance had set his mouth in motion before his brain could reason, he realised he was close to the edge with his remark and steeled himself for the rebuttal.

Penelope took no time in delivering her next line, pretty confident of knowing what Stanford’s response would be,

‘We could call the whole thing off if you like, but that would of course mean you missing the game tomorrow, wouldn’t it?’

Penelope and Olivia waited for the reply they knew was coming, the sound of Stanford’s footsteps climbing the stairs.

Olivia gave Penelope a high five and both girls returned to the living room,

I’ve got to get off Penny I’m collecting Marpessa in an hour, then we’ll come straight over if that’s OK?’ asked Olivia.

‘That’ll be fine Olivia, Mum, Katy and Jeremy will be arriving about then too,’ said Penelope.

‘See you later then,’ said Olivia letting herself out.

Stanford heard the front door slam and looked out the bedroom window to see Olivia reversing her car out of the drive.

‘Thank God she’s gone,’ he said to himself.

Stanford was relieved he wasn’t going to be put on display in front of Olivia; that would be the last straw.

*****

It was the afternoon of the tea party and Brian Pilkins busied himself at his vanity dresser, he’d already showered and shaved, the shaving taking longer that the shower.

He didn’t want any unwanted hair showing, when Brian dressed for occasion he was always immaculately turned out.

Stanford Black would testify to that following their encounter at the sports bar.

Brian put the final touches to his make-up, pouting his lips and baring his teeth to the mirror to be sure there was no lippy on them. Satisfied, he reached for the long flowing curly wig, removed it from the manikin’s head and pulled it onto his own head. After a few adjustments for comfort Brian gave his head a well-practiced feminine flick, enjoying the cascading curls settling on his shoulders, he stood confidently in his heels.

Turning to leave, Brian looked back over his shoulder and smiled into the mirror, Marpessa smiled back at him.

Brian felt more assured in the guise of Marpessa, much the way a performer feels on stage portraying someone other than themselves; their assumed character being a buffer, protecting them from their own faults or shortcomings in life.

Brian Pilkins was no exception, today he was staying at home, because Marpessa had been invited to a tea party.

The door bell sounded, Marpessa went to greet Olivia.

The two gorgeous girls climbed into Olivia's car and set off for Penelope's place.

*****

Lunch had also finished at the Helfour household, Katy was upstairs choosing a dress to wear to the party whilst Jeremy was helping his mother with the washing up,

'When are we leaving for the party, mum?' asked Jeremy.

'When Katy is ready, pop up and ask her how long she is going to be Jeremy, will you?' asked his mother.

Jeremy didn't want to; he knew his spiteful cousin would seize on any opportunity to put him in his place.

But Jeremy was eager to go and it was at his mother's behest.

Katy was zipping her dress as Jeremy tapped politely on the door,

'Mum wants to know how long you are going to be,' stated Jeremy, presenting the request as a report rather than a demand.

Turning and seeing Jeremy surprised the young girl as she had not heard him coming up the stairs, Jeremy had made his approach rather deftly, fearful of his cousin's fiery temper.

Katy assumed the boy had been peeping on her as she dressed; her reply ignored the boy's question completely,

'How long have you been standing there, you pervert. Spying on me getting dressed were you, you're so gross, I despise you.

Get out of my bedroom I'll be down when I'm ready and I shall be telling your mother you were perving on me,' announced the minx.

Jeremy scuttled off downstairs wondering what he had done wrong; he thought it best to say nothing to his mother, hoping Katy would forget what she had threatened.

Katy of course would not forget.

Mrs Helfour was in the kitchen making final preparations to leave when Jeremy came in,

‘Is Katy ready yet?’ she asked.

Jeremy, not wanting to relay Katy’s curt response, for fear of sibling reprisal replied,

‘Yes, she’s em.. coming right down.’

Emily Helfour collected her coat from the hall and handed Jeremy his before calling up the stairs,

‘Come along Katy or we’ll be late.’

Katy came running down the stairs with her excuses all packaged and parcelled ready for delivery,

‘I know Jeremy told you I’d mislaid my shoes and was searching for them, but I do apologise for keeping you both waiting,’ said Katy with a sugary smile.

Jeremy was busy trying to work out why he hadn’t heard the remark about the shoes when his mother’s voice boomed in his ear,

‘Well, no Katy, as a matter of fact Jeremy didn’t mention anything about your shoes.’

Then turning to face her son she reprimanded him with the conniving cousin Katy in close and focused attention. So close she could almost feel the heat of Jeremy’s embarrassment.

‘Can’t you remember anything you’re told, young man? It seems to me your behaviour has worsened by the day since your cousin Katy came to stay.

Perhaps you could take a leaf out of Katy’s book, she, having the grace to apologise to us both for keeping us waiting, when in fact the fault was all yours Jeremy for not informing me of the full facts. What am I to do with you?’ said his mother.

Jeremy stood still as a stone in silence, as Katy looked on, his fear of the feminine aura and the power it represented paralysing his power of speech.

Katy smiled smugly to herself thinking,

‘Yes, that little ruse went exactly according to plan.’

The three left for the party with contrasting emotions; Mrs Helfour, yet again disappointed in her son’s behaviour, Jeremy, his reasoning swimming in a sea of uncertainty and guilt and lastly, Katy buoyed by the whole episode who was looking forward to a fun party.

Meanwhile back at Penelope’s house, Stanford couldn’t work out why he been asked to put out two large plates of chocolate biscuits; his curiosity soon got the better of him,

‘Are we expecting someone this afternoon Penny?’ he asked.

Penelope considered Stanford's question for a moment before answering, as the question, as she saw it was in two parts,

'Firstly dear, *we* are not expecting company, *I* am and secondly the 'someone' you referred to will be in the plural, OK?' stated Penelope rhetorically, with a finality that suggested no more explanation was required.

Stanford's expression was asking a dozen questions, none of which he could think of, his brain had panic stalled.

Penelope smiled at her husband's bewilderment and gave him something to do to occupy his mind,

'Be a dear and lay out some cups and saucers on the work top in the kitchen, will you,' she said.

Penelope once again, thought for a moment and decided it was time Stanford knew who was coming to tea,

'Let me see now, there will be Olivia and her friend (Penelope didn't mention Marpessa by name, she wanted that to be a surprise for her husband), then of course mummy is coming with Jeremy and his cousin (once again Penelope preferred to let Stanford assume that the cousin would be male, which he probably did).

So that will five, seven if you include me and you,' explained Penelope.

*****

THE TEA PARTY

Stanford began laying up the crockery, he was having second thoughts about being seen around the house by visitors. His wife had earlier given him the opportunity to back out, which he'd refused, partly because of Olivia's involvement.

Was it too late to back out, he asked himself. There was a problem though, he'd been on the phone to his mates saying things would soon be getting back to normal; his mates were all looking forward to the match as a sort of reunion.

But his main concern was that he wasn't sure just how much Penelope knew of his Grandmother's trust fund that would be so easy for him to lose and, with that overbearing Oriental in the picture, there was no knowing what might happen.

No, thought Stanford, he would just have to grit his teeth and go through with it, and also, if he didn't turn up at the bar for the game, the whole gang would draw their own conclusions, the only one they could; Stanford was a pussy whipped house husband who was under his wife's thumb.

Oh, no there could be no backing out.

‘Seven cups and saucers you said Penny, right?’ enquired Stanford politely.

‘That’s right dear,’ replied Penelope her eyes never leaving the magazine in her lap.

During the drive to her daughter’s Emily Helfour reminded Jeremy and Katy that uncle Stanford was being made to dress like a girl today as a punishment by Aunty Penny, because he’d been naughty.

Penelope thought it best that her mother inform the youngster’s ahead of the party, which she had done at breakfast that morning.

Emily Helfour had little time for Stanford Black and thought her daughter could have done better for herself, but she never let her true feelings be known out of respect for her daughter’s choice.

Just the same, Emily had no qualms about seeing the arrogant “Black” man brought down a peg or two.

*****

Just as Stanford had laid the last cup and saucer he heard car doors slamming out on the drive and voices, Penelope called from the lounge,

‘Sounds like our guests are arriving, let them dear,’ called Penelope.

Jeremy stepped out of the car and held the door for Katy, who ignored the gesture and went straight to her aunt to hold her hand.

‘Come along Jeremy, don’t lag,’ called Mrs Helfour with Katy on her arm.

Jeremy closed the car door and followed behind the two females, in a royal protocol fashion, hands behind his back.

Emily Helfour pushed the bell which didn’t sound outside the house.

The door opened, Stanford’s head peered around the jam,

‘Won’t you come in Emily?’ said Stanford backing away nervously as the party entered.

Emily Helfour gave her son in law a derisory glance, her eyes looking him up and down disdainfully,

‘Mrs Helfour, to you,’ she barked, Emily having never really got to first name terms with her son in law, telling herself it was her old fashioned values that got in the way, but she couldn’t deny the fact she didn’t care for Stanford Black much.

Stanford, now that the guests were arriving was becoming more and more aware of his appearance and predicament.

Until now, preferring, perhaps not to face up to the inevitable until it actually happens.

The white tee shirt, white panties, white socks and white trainers contrasting with his bare hairy legs left no one in any doubt of his adopted station for the day.

Stanford showed the guests through to the living room to Penelope.

‘Hello mum, hi Jerry, Katy.’

For the benefit of the youngsters, Penelope thought it best to clarify Stanford’s appearance.

‘I expect you’re wondering why Stanford is dressed the way he is,’ started Penelope, with a nod of acknowledgement to her mother, who understood her daughter’s thinking and nodded back with a smile.

Before Penelope could continue, Katy spoke:

‘It’s because he’s been naughty, isn’t it Aunty?’

‘Yes dear that’s right, now let Aunty Penelope finish and don’t interrupt again,’ replied Emily Helfour, (because of the age difference Katy had been bought up to refer to Penelope as Aunty.)

Katy felt proud she was right but didn’t like being told off, she scowled at Jeremy who was smiling following the reprimand.

‘As I was saying Stanford is on tea duty today and as he’s going out with his friends tomorrow, today is my day, and he has to wear what I want him to, isn’t that right dear?’ asked Penelope.

Stanford just nodded, standing like a footballer in a defensive wall with his hands cupped over his privates.

‘Do you like the outfit I chose for him, white knickers look good on him don’t they?’ asked Penelope to her mother.

‘Where’s his dress?’ asked Katy’

Stanford shuffled his feet, and quickly changed the subject,

‘Would you two like some orange pop,’ he asked.

‘Yes please,’ answered Katy, Jeremy just gestured with a nod.

‘But where’s your dress?’ persisted the precocious Katy.

Penelope thought it was time to rescue her husband,

‘Go on out to the kitchen with Uncle Stanford to get your pop, you two,’

The two youngsters left with Stanford.

‘Penny lovey, I know it’s none of my business but I think it’s wonderful that you are exerting more control in your relationship with Stanford,’ said Mrs Helfour.

‘Yes mum, me too, I could never have achieved it without Olivia,’ explained Penelope.

‘She’s a wonderful person,’ added Mrs Helfour.

‘I’m not sure that Stanford would agree with you on that one,’ said Penelope.

‘That doesn’t surprise me, it seems to me that Olivia and I share the same opinion of Mr Stanford Black,’ stated Mrs Helfour,

Penelope felt she should speak up for the man she married,

‘Mum, that’s my husband you’re talking about.’

‘I know, I know,’ replied Mrs Helfour without conceding ground.

The youngsters came back in with their orange pop,

Penelope left Jeremy and Katy with her mother and went to check on her husband,

‘How are you coping darling on my special day, you don’t mind doing this for me, do you?’ asked Penelope, hoping to pour oil on any troubled water that might be brewing.

‘Well I’m not exactly a happy bunny Penny, how would you feel if the boot was on the other foot?’ asked Stanford.

Penelope was a little miffed that the infamous night that led to this afternoon’s party had temporarily slipped his mind.

‘I know exactly how you feel Stanford, or have you forgotten again already why you are here?’

Penelope marched back to the living room leaving her husband to stew and reflect on what she’d said.

The fury she felt at her husband was extinguished when she heard the doorbell sound, she knew that would be Olivia and furthermore she knew that Marpessa would be with her,

‘That’ll be Olivia, be a dear and let her in,’ she called to her husband.

Stanford steeled himself to face the hard-nosed Olivia, taking a deep breath he opened the door.

Olivia walked straight in leaving Stanford face to face with Marpessa.

Stanford stood and stared, stunned into silence by the presence of the blond bombshell from the sports bar, the damsel of his demise.

Marpessa stepped in and as Stanford closed the door the transsexual flicked a handful of blond curls from her face and said,

‘I’d definitely think about waxing my legs if I were you sweetie, especially if you are going to wear virgin white panties, nice botty though, he added before disappearing into the lounge.

‘It’s going to be a long afternoon,’ thought Stanford to himself as he skulked out to the kitchen.

Katy had decided she wanted more pop,

‘What did you do that was naughty, uncle?’ she asked.

Stanford thought for a moment before answering,

‘I stayed out too late one night,’ he replied.

Katy seemed satisfied and returned to the lounge.

‘Well at least I haven’t lost my lying skills,’ thought Stanford.

Olivia was showing Penelope one of the new items of fetish wear she had been working on.

It was a black leather mini, minimal in its design and fabric, traditional mini skirt style with silver rings on the hips to accommodate slave’s handcuffs or leashes.

‘So you see Penny it just wraps around the waist and fastens with Velcro.

The feedback I’ve had from clients is they like their fun wear to be simple and easily accessible. This little beauty ticks all the boxes,’ explained Olivia.

‘Also I just love this little accessory; there is a zipped compartment in the waist band that contains a white lacy apron. You just unzip like this and out pops the apron with ties that go around the waist and fasten at the back. Nothing quite like an apron on a man to make a feminine statement, don’t you think?’ asked Olivia.

‘Excellent Olivia, what sort of money will something like that generate?’ asked Penelope, donning her business hat for a moment.

‘Somewhere between £30 and £40 per unit, Penny, I’m having a couple of hundred run up, explained Olivia.

‘Brilliant,’ said Penelope.

‘That wouldn’t keep you very warm in the winter,’ observed Mrs Helfour.

‘No, it’s for summer wear mum,’ said Penelope.

‘I can’t imagine who would wear that,’ added Mrs Helfour.

‘I can,’ replied Olivia and with a wink to Penelope she mouthed *Stanford.*

Penelope picked up immediately Olivia’s line if thought and called to her husband,

‘Stanford lovey, can you come into the lounge for a moment?’

Seconds later, Stanford’s head peered around the lounge door.

Stanford, still feeling self-conscious about his appearance stood off in the doorway.

‘Come on in honey, don’t be shy,’ coaxed Penelope.

Stanford had good reason to feel reticence.

His entrance was greeted with a gantry of female glares as if he had invaded each woman’s personal space.

Stanford felt like he was being assessed, he most probably was.

Penelope continued,

‘Olivia wants you to try on one of her new designs Stanford. It is for the business so we’re all expected to contribute.’

Stanford looked at the scrap of black leather Olivia was holding and turned a pleading glance to his wife.

Penelope was having no cold feet from her husband on her day,

‘Yes, that includes Stanford, you have to contribute too,’ said Penelope.

‘And besides I’d have thought you would have jumped at the first opportunity to cover up your white panties,’ said Olivia.

Stanford was not grateful for Olivia drawing attention to his state of undress, but she had a point he conceded.

Penelope took the skirt from Olivia and wrapped it round Stanford as Olivia took the waist band from Penelope and pulled it tight before fastening the Velcro.

Although Mrs Helfour thought it was an improvement, she had been secretly admiring Stanford's muscular legs, and was sad to see them covered up; the contrast of hairy muscular legs and white cotton panties was an abstract symmetry she couldn't explain.

'I think he should get his little apron out, Penny,' said Mrs Helfour.

Olivia obliged without consenting Stanford.

'Oh yes get it out, get it out,' purred Marpessa.

'Behave yourself Marpessa, I've bought my hairbrush with me,' warned Olivia.

Marpessa squirmed on the settee.

Stanford now looked the part of a transsexual maid with his black mini and white apron.

Penelope thought it might be a good time to have tea served,

'Tea for the girls please, Stanford,' she called.

Olivia smiled, pleased with her partner's assertive manner.

She often thought it would be good for their business if Penelope developed a stronger personality.

Katy was in the kitchen tolerating Jeremy when Stanford came in, she and Jeremy didn't know about Stanford's new outfit, seeing the skirt he was wearing she said,

'Oh I like that skirt, where did you buy it?'

'I didn't it belongs to your aunt, your too young to wear it anyway,' said Stanford abruptly.

'I'm not too young and you are a pansy for wearing a skirt,' said Katy stomping back to the lounge, nose in the air, leaving Jeremy scuttling behind her in fear of receiving a reprisal following his cousin's cutting remark.

Stanford eventually bought in the tea, unconsciously flashing his knickers to Emily Helfour as he bent over to place the tray on the coffee table.

Marpessa was quickest off the mark,

'Well, I say, that's not very ladylike showing your panties.'

'That's enough Marpessa, I've told you once,' said Olivia.

Emily pretended to show indifference to the repast between Olivia and Marpessa but the sight of Stanford's bottom in tight white panties had made her flush.

‘What do you think of theses Penny?’ asked Olivia handing her a pair of black leather shorts she had retrieved from her bag.

‘Another new line for the shop, Olivia how exciting,’ said Penelope running an exploratory eye over the item.

‘They’re similar to the mini in design, they fasten with Velcro for quick access, these too have an apron hidden in the waist band. But there is something special I’ve introduced with these, can you spot it Penny?’ asked Olivia.

Penelope held the garment closer for inspection,

‘Is it something to do with this square section on the seat?’ asked Penelope.

‘Yes, that’s it, just pull on it,’ said Olivia.

Penelope pulled and the Velcro reluctantly gave up its secret, as the square of black leather came away in her hand,

‘How cute,’ observed Penelope.

‘It’s what I like to call the *spanking window* Penny.

Particularly useful for on the spot bare bottom spankings, without having to go through the procedure of getting their trousers down, you can cut straight to the chase,’ explained Olivia.

‘Will they sell?’ asked Penelope.

‘Like hotcakes honey,’ answered Olivia.

As if on cue Stanford came in to collect the tea cups, Penelope needed no encouragement from Olivia this time,

‘Stanford, sweetie would you mind trying on these for us please,’ said Penelope handing her husband the shorts.

Stanford looked at the shorts suspiciously,

‘Are they big enough for me, Penny?’ he asked.

‘Only one way to find out,’ chimed Olivia, adding,

‘They’ll be fine for you, the waist is elasticated.’

Stanford stalled for a moment,

‘I should slip the mini skirt off first darling, if I were you’ suggested Penelope.

Stanford dropped the mini to his feet, stepped out and shimmied up the shorts.

Penelope and Olivia watched as Stanford's muscular thighs filled out the little leather pants.

'Pull the right up then,' said Olivia.

Stanford pulled on the sides of the shorts until the waist band was around his middle.

Emily Helfour was sat directly behind Stanford, she crossed her legs as Stanford's muscular bottom cheeks stretched the black leather to a taut and shiny consistency that fitted his shapely behind like a second skin.

'Excellent!' cried Olivia with a clap of her hands.

'Come over here sweetie, please,' said Penelope.

Stanford walked across to his seated wife,

'Turn around.'

Stanford did.

'Bend over.'

Stanford hesitated, tutted and looked back over his shoulder.

'Footie?' prompted Penelope, hinting that any rebellion now could still mean the deal would be off.

Stanford bent forward, hands on knees.

Penelope ripped off the *spanking window* and gave her husband a resounding slap on the bare bottom,

'Off you go and wash the dishes,' she said retaining the leather square.

Stanford waddled out with a fresh red hand print across his exposed bottom, the fresh afternoon air a soothing cool, as it kissed ass.

The assembled audience of females enjoying Stanford's modelling debut.

Olivia bought everyone back to earth, with an inquiring glance to Mrs Helfour:

'With your permission Emily I've bought a little present for Jeremy.'

Olivia proceeded on the basis of Emily's silent acquiescence.

Jeremy came forward at his mother's request,

'These are for you Jeremy,' said Olivia with a smile to Emily.

Jeremy took the proffered carrier bag and pulled out a boxed set of ladies panties, three pairs in all, one white one red and one black.

Jeremy felt a little embarrassed handling such intimate female items in the presence of predominantly all females.

Marpessa came to his rescue,

‘Let’s have a look Jeremy,’ he said taking the panties without waiting for Jeremy’s reply.

‘Ooh they’re gorgeous you lucky thing,’ he continued, shooting a bitchy glance to Olivia that said *where’s mine.*

‘Why don’t you take Jeremy upstairs so he can try on a pair?’ suggested Olivia with an inquisitive look to Penelope.

Penelope replied with and affirmative nod.

The two disappeared upstairs.

Stanford, alone in the kitchen, found he was glancing at is watch more and more as the afternoon crawled by, he was relieved to see his watch eventually show four o’clock the time that Penelope said tea would be taken for the last time.

Stanford picked up the tray of cups, tea and milk and took it through to the lounge,

‘Ah tea time,’ announced Penelope as Stanford placed the tray and retreated to the kitchen.

‘Well ladies, I hope you’ve enjoyed our little tea party together,’ said Penelope pouring the tea.

‘It’s been delightful,’ replied her mother, guarding the secret image of Stanford’s tight bottom peeking through the leather spanking window.

‘And so well served by the maid,’ added Olivia, her usual contempt for Stanford tempered with false praise.

‘Yes he did do quite well, didn’t he,’ acknowledged Penelope missing Olivia’s sarcasm.

Stanford was glad when he eventually showed the last guest to the door,

‘Come in the lounge for a moment Stanford will you?’ called Penelope.

Stanford stood waiting in his black leather shorts and fixed white apron.

‘Olivia says I can keep the shorts, isn’t that sweet of her?’ asked Penelope.

Sweet was never a word he associated with Olivia, but he decided for the sake of brevity acquiescence was the best way to go.

‘Thank you for making my day so enjoyable Stanford, why don’t you go and shower and change and I’ll order a take away for us,’ suggested Penelope.

‘That is the best news I’ve heard all day Penny,’ replied Stanford turning for the door.

*****

Emily Helfour drove as Jeremy and Katy sat in the back together,

Katy broke the silence coming straight to the point as usual,

‘Why would you want to wear girl’s panties?’

Jeremy considered ignoring his cousin’s remark, but his interaction with Marpessa at the party had given the boy new found confidence,

‘I like the feel of them against my legs,’ he replied confidently.

‘Aren’t you afraid you’ll wet them and spoil your precious panty present?’ said Katy, determined to reclaim her crown as bitch queen.

Jeremy didn’t answer, but vowed to treasure his gift of feminine underwear from Olivia.

*****

When Olivia got home the first thing she always did was check her client’s inbox for mail.

Amongst the usual spam was a message from ‘*mm*’.

Olivia read through Milton Meagerly’s email which contained a request for something special:

Dear Ms Martin,

Would it be possible, for our next meeting this coming Monday evening, to prepare a classic school room scenario of the 1950’s with you as Head Mistress overseeing me as the young misbehaving schoolboy?

I don’t know if you can arrange this, but I would love to have one or two young school girls in the class with me, (legal age of course), who might find it a little entertaining watching me being corrected by you.

I will as always leave the detail to your professional expertise,

Yours ever respectfully,

MM

Olivia was smiling as she replied:

Dear MM,

I will provide what you as; this extra service will cost you an extra £80,

The total cost of your one hour session with a party of three will be £230.

In cash a usual.

7.30pm Monday, be on time.

Ms Martin.

Olivia hit the send button and hurried off to the shower to wash the grimy, if humorous, thought of Milton Meagerly from her mind.

*****

Sunday morning could not have come around quick enough for Stanford, climbing from the shower cubicle; he felt a mixture of emotions as he spruced himself in front of the mirror.

He felt good that he'd managed to endure the whole day in front of Penelope's female friends, but he also felt a bit ashamed that he, Stanford Black, had capitulated to his wife's demands, all over a silly little drink in the sport's bar. Never mind, he'd be with his mates in an hour, in that very same bar, sinking a few pints before the game kicked off.

Stanford waltzed into the kitchen hoping to find the coffee made and on the table, all he found was a note:

Gone to Olivia's for lunch have a nice day,

Penny.

'So much for *my* day,' muttered Stanford switching on the kitchen radio to the sports channel, hoping for the latest team news.

The radio spewed facts and form and Stanford listened as he filled the kettle.

‘Oh yes, this was going to be some game,’ he thought to himself as he prepared breakfast.

*****

Olivia and Penelope were just finishing lunch as the doorbell rang,

‘That’ll be Marpessa,’ said Olivia.

‘Shall I let her, em. I mean him in,’ said Penelope.

‘Yes please do, Marpessa’s good with *she* Penny, in fact she prefers it,’ explained Olivia.

‘OK, replied Penelope hurrying to the door.

Marpessa came into the lounge wearing a tight pair of red cords with a lilac flowery top and a matching lilac head band in her blond curly hair.

‘Well you’ve certainly made an effort,’ remarked Olivia.

‘Yes, but I’ll never outdo you Olivia, will I?’ answered Marpessa.

‘You’ve got that right sweetie,’ replied Olivia with a flash of even white ivory, Olivia was proud of her perfect smile, it was an asset that had many applications in the S & M world. A timely smile to a sub can say more than plethora of pornographic publications.

Marpessa was getting impatient,

‘Well, come on then, tell me, where are we going?’

‘We are going to a certain sports bar where you, madam, became the talk of the town, do you remember Marpessa?’ asked Olivia.

‘How could I possibly forget darling, how exciting,’ warbled Marpessa in her best slutty voice.

*****

Another business week began at Hell For Leather with a frantic Monday morning.

The orders had been piling up and the manufacturing side of the business was struggling to meet deadlines. The current credit squeeze didn’t seem to slow the steady inflow of business and it seemed that with more and more people becoming unemployed the leisure industry was enjoying a boom, none more so than the sex sector.

Penelope and Olivia went about their respective duties with a feeling of satisfaction knowing their business venture was blossoming with success.

*****

Jeremy was in his room, sat on the bed fondling a pair of panties. The black pair from Olivia's gift set. His bedroom door was ajar, just enough for the prying Katy to see.

Jeremy lifted the lightweight lacy handful to his cheek, enjoying the satiny touch against his skin.

'Pantie pervert playing with his knickers, is he?' she called through the door.

'Go away!' shouted Jeremy.

Jeremy got up and slammed the door, angry that his private moment had been invaded.

He was having a private moment with what he considered to be Olivia's panties.

As far as he was concerned the panties he was caressing had once been worn by Olivia, (they hadn't of course, they were brand new), but when Jeremy pleasured himself with the panties to his nose, he pretended Olivia's body had been in them.

Oh yes, he was developing a big crush on the beautiful oriental Olivia.

Katy sat in her room pondering.

Katy was jealous more than anything, not only that her wretched cousin had been given a gift and she hadn't, but because she would have loved a box set of adult panties. She was determined to even things up, she wasn't sure how, but she promised herself she would think of something.

*****

Stanford checked his appearance one last time before in the hall mirror before setting out for the sports bar. The bar being a short distance from his home meant he could walk there have a few pints and walk home.

As he walked through the car park, as usual, he glanced around for any female attention he may have garnered on his arrival.

Frustrated that he hadn't he walked into the sports lounge, the bar was busy, it was less than an hour to kick off.

As he walked around looking for his mates, it was they, who spotted him first:

‘Hey Stanny! over here mate,’ shouted one of the boys.

Stanford made his way over to the group of lads and ladettes assembled near the giant flat screen TV.

They weren’t about to let him back into the fold without a jibe or two,

‘Long time no see Stanny, been on holiday?’ quipped one.

‘Or inside, perhaps?’ added another.

‘Oh leave him alone boys, he’s been on the wagon with Mrs Stanny haven’t you darling?’ said one of the girls.

‘Something like that,’ answered Stanford taking his pint from one of his mates, grateful for something to move the conversation on with.

‘Oh boy, have I been waiting for this,’ he said, bringing the pint glass to his mouth and emptying half the contents.

The time up to kick off passed quickly as round after round was bought and consumed, a crowd had gathered round the screen as the game started.

Stanford stood surrounded by girls and guys shouting and cheering the team on and didn’t see the entrance of his wife, Penelope, Olivia and Marpessa.

It was well into the first half of the game when one of Stanford’s party turned to a friend and said,

‘Who is that drop dead gorgeous oriental over in the corner?’

The colleague looked and looked again,

‘I’m not sure, but I can tell you who the blond is sitting next to her; that is Stanford’s transsexual friend from a few weeks back, don’t you remember?’ replied the first man.

‘Hey, yes, of course and isn’t that Stanny’s other half, sitting with them?’ answered the first man.

They both turned to Stanford to let him know the news,

‘Hey Stanny, I didn’t know your wife was into footy,’ said the first man.

‘She isn’t, she hates it,’ said Stanford concentrating on the corner kick being taken.

‘Then who is that sat over there?’ asked one of the boys pointing to the corner.

Stanford couldn't believe his eyes, his jaw dropped when he saw Penelope with Olivia and that blond thing Marpessa.

He wasn't sure what to do, he'd already had three pints and thinking clearly and rationally was a challenge in his inebriated state.

He wanted to go and confront his wife about misleading him, but there was still a while to go to half time, so he decided to have another pint to see him through to half time, when he would speak with her.

It would be difficult enough taking on Olivia when sober, but sheer foolhardy to tackle the overbearing oriental when one's mind is muddied with alcohol.

But would the extra self confidence that intoxication provides, be enough to see Stanford through the encounter with Olivia?

Or would the confident dominatrix shoot the supercilious Stanford down in flames as usual?

Penelope, Olivia and Marpessa were busily chatting all things girly, a strange incongruity in a mainly male populated sports bar.

Penelope and Olivia happily enjoying their Sunday afternoon drinks had noticed that their presence had been noted and relayed to the object of their renegade rendezvous.

'Don't you think we're being a bit naughty cramping his style like this Olivia?' asked Penelope, recalling how cooperative her husband had been the day before and what he had gone through to achieve his day of footy.

'Absolutely not Penny, we're free to come to this bar just as he is. He doesn't own the place you know,' stated Olivia in her usual forthright manner.

'Probably thinks he does,' surmised Marpessa.

Penelope gave Marpessa a sideways glance,

'Is my husband that transparent?' she asked.

'Like a window Penny,' replied Olivia.

'At least a window shuts up,' observed Marpessa.

Olivia and Penny smiled at each other; Marpessa joined in.

*****

The mass exodus to the bar indicated that the half time whistle had sounded at the televised match.

Stanford drained his pint glass and manoeuvred his way through the crowd to confront his wife about, as he saw it, checking upon him.

Penelope was sat with her back to the aisle not aware of her husband's approach.

Olivia, on the other hand greeted Stanford's arrival with a derisory glance and ignoring him completely continued to engage Penelope in conversation deliberately making no indication of Stanford's presence.

Marpessa just looked in the opposite direction leaving Stanford fuming at being made to wait.

Olivia eventually, with a nod in Stanford's direction alerted Penelope to her husband's presence.

'You're here to check upon me, aren't you?' stormed Stanford and as usual without waiting for a response carried on,

'You needn't have bothered, there's nothing going on here, just a televised football match,' said Stanford.

'What about those girls over there in your party, then?' chimed Marpessa.

'Who rattled your cage blondie?' responded Stanford indignant at an outsider sticking his nose in a private domestic affair.

Marpessa shrugged and turned his back on Stanford.

Olivia pondered for a moment as if something had grabbed her attention, it had,

'Mm, cage -, cock cage, now there's a thought for Penny, if she could get "Stan the tantrum" into one of those little beauties, all her worries would be over…'

Olivia was bought back to the present by a loud cheer from the crowd around the TV.

The second half had just kicked off and Stanford's team had already scored, unfortunately he didn't see the goal he was busy arguing with his wife and Olivia.

Stanford stomped back to his drinking party to catch the second half of the game, which, as it turned out, he didn't enjoy.

He did get to see two more goals, however, but they were both scored by the opposition, so his team lost the match 2 – 1.

Penelope and Olivia did enjoy their trip home, more so because of the result of the football match.

*****

The following morning in the Helfour household, Emily was preparing her charges for a shopping trip, but Katy was a little disinclined to join the party.

‘Are you sure you don’t want to come to town with us, Katy?’ asked Emily, a little bemused by her niece’s reluctance, as she usually enjoyed shopping, especially as Jeremy tended to treat it as a chore.

‘No thank you Auntie, I’ll stay in and watch television, if that’s OK,’ replied Katy, eager to seek her aunt’s approval and in so doing, hasten the departure of the shopping party.

Katy had a mission on which to embark once she was shot of the family.

The front door slammed shut, Katy stood like stone in the ringing silence, her mind buzzing with anticipation.

The stillness hung over the pretty face like a shroud, contriving a contrast with the mind that busily weaved a mischievous web of deceit that would prove to be Jeremy’s downfall yet again.

Collecting her thoughts she carried them, like a balls of soft wool, long slender needles sticking from them, upstairs, together with the menace of the ambush she was planning.

Katy waited for the accelerating car engine to diminish into the distance, before padding, stockinged feet into Jeremy’s bedroom. She knew what she wanted and knew where to find it, kneeling down she reached under the bed and retrieved the gift box of assorted lingerie. Opening the box she took the top pair of lace panties, smiled and muttered to herself,

‘White, perfect. They’ll stain nicely.’

Katy hurried to the bathroom hopping ungainly, she yanked her own panties down her legs as she tripped, stepping inside the bathroom she turned and kicked her knickers to the door.

Katy locked the door, although there was no need, being the only one in the house; she wanted to enjoy the moment doing her dirty deed, feeling safe behind a locked door.

Katy stepped inside the purloined panties and pulled them tight into her crotch cleft, sitting herself down on the toilet she paused for thought, concentrating, she allowed her body to release its tension, giving it the freedom of bodily function in its own time and to yield its yellow river voluntarily.

Katy was deep in thoughts of Jeremy’s humiliation when the first warm wet tickle caressed her pussy lips, naughty, so very naughty but so, so nice. The thought that something so personal and feminine as her pee could be used as a weapon to exert power over her cousin, began to arouse her sexually.

Her pussy was producing the power that would land that little dick in deep shit.

Katy toyed with her nipples as the warm pee first fillet the gusset and then spread across the fabric of her panties to her bottom hole.

Occasionally a draft of cool air would create a different sensation. Still she peed, until, as she finished she felt her anus opening and closing against the cooling wet pantie cotton that clung to her ass cheeks.

Taking a handful of toilet roll she dried herself between her legs before peeling the wet panties off and dropping them into the laundry receptacle in the bathroom, being careful to hide them under a bed sheet near the bottom of the basket.

Katy flicked the shower on stepped in, made sure she washed thoroughly between her legs before closing it, drying off and skipping innocently downstairs to await the arrival of her aunt and cousin.

Sure enough, she was sat watching TV with a towel round her head when her aunt and cousin arrived back from town.

‘I see you’ve had a shower Katy,’ remarked Mrs Helfour, seeing the towel on her niece’s head.

‘Yes, I thought I would leave the bathroom clear for Jeremy this evening,’ replied Katy smiling through the lie.

‘Isn’t that thoughtful of your cousin Jeremy?’ said Mrs Helfour.

‘Yes mum, very thoughtful,’ answered Jeremy, wondering why Katy was being so nice.

Not knowing that he would soon find out… And wish that he hadn’t.

*****

Olivia sat browsing through her dominatrix diary, when something caught her eye; she had two clients booked on the same night.

Picking up her mobile she thumbed in the number, as the connection was being made she cast her eyes around the room at the many possessions clients had gifted to her, thinking how could she have made such an error.

Before she could come up with an answer the mobile purred in her ear:

‘Ah yes, hi Marpessa, its Olivia darling, are you free on Monday evening by any chance?’

‘Yes, as a matter of fact I am.”

“Good. *Very* good.”

“Why?’ asked Marpessa.

‘I need you to help me out sweetheart, a male client of mine needs some company, there’s a round hundred in it for you,’ explained Olivia.

‘In that case I’ll be there, anyone I know, darling?’ asked Marpessa.

‘No, I don’t think so; his name is Milton, he’s middle aged, works in an office,’ explained Olivia.

‘So what’s his preference dear?’ asked Marpessa cutting straight to the sexual requirement stage.

‘He likes having his bottom caned,’ replied Olivia.

‘Naughty schoolboy, then,’ added Marpessa.

‘You’ve got it. Can you handle it?’ asked Olivia.

‘Oh yes darling I’ll definitely be handling it,’ replied Marpessa.

The assertive shemale was also pretty certain that the middle-aged office-boy she was about take possession of would *not.*

*****

Since Penelope’s new found liberation, Stanford’s end was something he had not been keeping up of late and Penelope did wonder whether her new found status had anything to do with Stanford’s subdued bedroom libido.

Stanford’s loss of control was definitely afflicting his erection count, so much so that he had taken to stealing secret masturbation sessions in the bathroom, whilst Penelope was out.

The interesting thing being, that the subject of these unofficial wanking sessions was Olivia dressed in black leather underwear, wielding a riding crop.

Surely the strapping Stanford was not turning to S and M for his kicks?
Could it be possible that he was turning from a dominant Master to a dominatrix’s sub?

Heaven help Stanford if Penelope finds out; but can you guess who’ll be the first person she’ll call?

You got it in one –

Olivia.

PART FOUR

Marpessa was dressed and dripping with diamante as she awaited the client Olivia had booked.

Milton Meagerly had been informed by Olivia, that her deputy was an experienced and entertaining host capable of providing a feast of fetishist fancy that would tantalize the tastes of the most demanding deviant.

Not wishing to jeopardize any impending role play, Olivia chose not to furnish Meagerly with Marpessa's sexual orientation, she did however inform Marpessa of Meagerly's ignorance of the matter, the spiteful symmetry of the strategy and its potential consequences, conveying a cruel smile to the Oriental's bone China complexion.

At 7.30 pm prompt Marpessa's black stilettos rattled across the parquet to address the urgency of the ringing doorbell, swinging open the beautifully carved oak door Marpessa, standing over six feet in her heels, spoke with a smile that belied any sincerity,

'Mr Meagerly, isn't it?'

If Milton Meagerly was in any doubt as to whether the question was rhetorical, his perplexity was short lived as Marpessa turned away without bothering to wait for an answer.

Meagerly addressed his reply to the advancing Marpessa, or rather the swaying behind of Marpessa, for that's where Meagerly's eyes were hungrily focused,

'Em.. er.. you can call me Milton, Miss em..?' stuttered Meagerly.

Meagerly was once again undone by the combination of beauty and arrogance, his speech pattern temporarily derailed and for reasons he could not comprehend.

Olivia had *conveniently* forgotten to inform Meagerly of his hostess's name and Meagerly, as always in the presence of Olivia was flummoxed and forgot to ask.

Marpessa permitted herself a smile at Meagerly's stammering, she liked to tick off these events rather like a dart player keeping score, on her journey to a completion.

The completion being that of her transformation to the perfect woman.

Marpessa held this maxim alongside her dream; a perfect equation existed in the pursuance of the persona of a perfect woman when in his/her eyes all women were perfect.

'My name is Marpessa,' announced the blonde as Meagerly came into the lounge.

'Marpessa what?' asked Meagerly.

‘Just Marpessa, dear,’ replied the blonde.

Marpessa marched through to the playroom with Meagerly in tow. She knew the older man was leering at her ass, so she deliberately accentuated her wiggle it in a more provocative way,

‘I hope you are not perving at my bottom, you naughty boy, because I have a way of dealing with naughty boys who do that,’ said Marpessa reeling off the practiced lines like an experienced dom; the saucy words falling on Meagerly’s ears like an erect nipple to a cherub’s lips.

‘Well, it is rather shapely,’ admitted Meagerly with a sickly childish grin.

‘If you keep this up I shall have to fetch my cane, won’t I?’ prompted Marpessa, feeding the masochist a classic turn on line.

Meagerly could feel the stirrings in his trousers getting stronger and had to adjust his erection to where it wanted to go.

North.

‘Well?’ barked Marpessa, after no reply was forthcoming from his client.

‘Em.. yes, I suppose you will,’ squeaked Meagerly.

‘Time to teach you some manners I think,’ stated Marpessa.

‘Yes please, Miss,’ answered Meagerly in his practiced compliancy voice.

So yet once again Milton Meagerly left the premises of Miss Olivia Martin with a very sore bottom, but this time the tramline stripes laid across his bare behind had been administered by a tall slim blond with a shaved penis and testicles in her panties.

Although Meagerly didn’t know this, he still made a point of insisting that at his next appointment he wanted Marpessa again and not Olivia.

Perhaps it had something to do with Marpessa doing something for Milton Meagerly that Olivia Martin would never, ever do…

A blow job.

*****

Katy was very fastidious about her privacy, she guarded it carefully, especially when her cousin Jeremy was around.

It was Katy’s firm belief that Jeremy would like nothing more than to rummage through the underwear drawer at the bottom of the pine dresser in her bedroom, especially if done surreptitiously when he was alone in the house.

Katy's suspicions were not just paranoia or based on supposition, for she was sure that certain items of her underwear were never quite in the same place as she remembered placing them and it was her belief that her nauseating young cousin was making unauthorized visits to her room when she was not there. Katy was as sure as she could be of this, without proof and without proof or evidence she could do nothing. Hence her need for a plan to obtain that evidence.

Katy had one in mind alright, the plan being to catch her cousin, on film, in her room doing whatever filthy things he did.

Namely, to catch him red handed with panties in hand.

Her panties.

What Katy didn't have was a camcorder, but she knew someone who did.

Her school friend Sara.

*****

The next morning started in the usual fashion for young Jeremy, waiting on the landing while his cousin, perfectly aware of his presence, took her time in the bathroom.

Eventually for Jeremy the bathroom door flew open and Katy whizzed past and down the stairs with Jeremy too desperate to relieve his bladder to be bothered about what his cousin may be up to.

'Morning Auntie, it's a beautiful day isn't it?' said Katy with a smile to her aunt.

'Well, yes it is Katy, you seem very cheerful this morning,' replied her aunt, a little bemused by her niece's unusual greeting.

'Yes, I feel really positive this morning Auntie,' answered Katy.

Jeremy eventually came down for breakfast and as he ate Katy helped her aunt clear up.

Jeremy was also puzzled by his cousin's offer to clear up, something she'd never done before.

'Do you need me to help with any chores Auntie?' asked Katy.

'No thank you dear, Jeremy and I will do them, you are on holiday, remember,' said her aunt.

Katy disappeared upstairs as Emily turned to her son,

'She's such a helpful girl Jeremy isn't she?'

‘Yes mum, helpful,’ echoed Jeremy, it was all he could manage, he was trying to fathom out why his cousin Katy was being so nice.

Katy was in her bedroom, she’d shut the door and was speaking into her mobile, quietly, but there was an air of excitement in her delivery,

‘….that’s great Sara, I’ll ask my aunt and if everything is OK I’ll text you and we can then arrange train times for you, see you, bye.’

Later in the morning, Katy came down for lunch as her aunt was giving some instructions to Jeremy, who was off to the corner shop on an errand for his aunt

‘Make sure you get the thin sliced bread for lunch, because Katy doesn’t like the thick, do you dear?’ said Aunt Emily, turning to Katy as she entered the kitchen.

Katy shook her head and smiled ingenuously.

‘Now is there anything you want from the shop, Katy, before Jeremy leaves,’ asked the aunt.

Katy pondered for a moment, there was, of course, nothing she wanted, she just liked the feeling of having her cousin wait on her answer, she looked across to Jeremy who was tapping his foot impatiently wanting to get on with the chore so he could get back to the sanctuary of his bedroom.

‘No thank you Auntie,’ answered Katy suddenly impatient for Jeremy to go so she could have her aunt to herself.

Jeremy quickly left, closing the back door behind him carrying a familiar feeling of relief he despised.

Katy waited a few moments, busying herself with the crockery, should her cousin forget something and come back in whilst she was in conversation with her aunt.

Satisfied that he was long gone, she sat down at the breakfast bar clasped her hands under her chin and pouted, portraying a practiced downcast expression toward her aunt.

Her aunt eventually noticing something wasn’t right with the girl, asked,

‘What’s the matter Katy dear is something wrong?’

‘Yes, well,’ began Katy,

‘I wanted to ask you something Aunt Emily, but was afraid to’ she said with false apprehension.

‘Well, go on girl, what is it?’ queried the aunt.

‘I really am missing my school friend Sara, you see she’s my best friend at school and we do everything together, I really am missing her,’ began Katy.

Aunt Emily listened carefully to her niece’s lament,

‘Go on Katy,’ she said.

‘Well, I was wondering if I she could come and stay for next weekend,’ pleaded Katy.

After giving it a moment’s thought, Aunt Emily couldn’t see any reason why not, perhaps she’d think differently if she knew Katy’s real motives.

‘Well, yes as long as her parents don’t mind I’ll have Jeremy make up the spare room,’ replied Aunt Emily.

‘Oh that would be fantastic, I’ll call her tomorrow so she can ask her parents.’

The two girls had already done that, they were one step ahead already.

Katy planned to inform her aunt the following day after informing Sara of the good news.

That same good news was yet to be imparted to the girl shy Jeremy, and would fall to Aunt Emily when she instructed her son to make up the spare room.

It never rains but it pours, eh Jeremy?

*****

Penelope and Olivia were at Plonkers doing a working lunch as Olivia had a business idea she needed to run by her colleague,

‘Basically Penny, I have a few contacts I’ve made through Facebook and they’re interested in some of our lines,’ explained Olivia.

‘If it’s the fetish furniture, then surely that’s you’re side Olivia,’ reasoned Penelope, a little concerned she might have to become involved in the adult sex industry.

‘No, no Penny that’s just it, it’s the legitimate footwear they want, your shoe lines,’ explained Olivia.

‘Oh, that’s great,’ replied a relieved Penelope.

‘But where did your clients see my stock, I’m assuming these aren’t local people,’ asked Penelope.

‘Don’t worry Penny I haven’t set up a direct link from my dungeon page to the shoe store, it’s just that on some of my gallery shots I’m wearing your footwear and it seems they are attracting interest,’ explained Olivia.

‘Wow, brilliant,’ replied Penelope.

‘Yes, I know these clients, they are very successful and have money to spend so there are potentially big orders here, but there is a hurdle we have to overcome,’ said Olivia.

‘What hurdle exactly?’ asked Penelope.

‘Our clients want to see and handle the merchandise first hand, we have to take samples to them. They won’t buy on line Penny, they want to handle the goods. I suppose they’re thinking of their clients too,’ explained Olivia.

‘’I see,’ replied Penelope continuing:

‘So you’re saying we need, like a traveling salesman, or saleswoman?’ asked Penelope.

‘Yes, exactly that,’ replied Olivia.

‘So we need someone in the company who can drive and who has the gift of the gab,’ said Olivia.

‘Mmm,’ murmured Penny thinking aloud.

Olivia caught Penelope’s eye and winked,

Both women paused for a moment, smiled at each other and said,

‘Stanford.’

*****

It was the Saturday morning of Sara’s arrival as aunt Emily served breakfast for Katy and Jeremy,

‘When you’ve finished breakfast Jeremy come upstairs with me and help me make up the spare room,’ said Jeremy’s mother.

‘Can’t Katy help, I was going in to town,’ whined Jeremy.

‘No she can’t, she’s going to the station,’ replied Emily.

Jeremy’s face lit up, was this the day he had been waiting for?

Was that cousin Katy finally going home?

‘Is she leaving mum?’ asked Jeremy.

‘No she is not, she has a guest coming to stay for the weekend,’ replied his mother.

Jeremy’s expression crumbled, that bought a smile to Katy’s face.

Mrs Helfour took Jeremy upstairs and left him with the bed sheets and covers with instructions to have the bed made when she, Katy and her guest returned from the station.

Jeremy would love to have gone to the station, he liked trains, instead he had to make a bed for his pesky cousin’s best friend.

Things just couldn’t get any worse, he moaned to himself.

Couldn’t they, Jeremy?

*****

Penelope sat on the sofa watching TV while Stanford was making a pot of tea, Penelope jabbed the mute button on the TV remote control as her mobile buzzed in her pocket.

Penelope listened to her friend talk then responded:

‘Hi Olivia, what’s that?

Yeah, sure give me five minutes to freshen up and I’ll be ready, see ya.’

Penelope called to Stanford as she hopped up the stars to the bedroom,

‘Won’t be needing that tea Stanny sweetie, I’m popping out with Olivia.’

‘Brilliant, just brilliant.’

The hyperbole of Stanford’s sarcastic remark smacked of resignation or perhaps the realisation of what he had become, an underling, at the hands of the two domineering women in his life.

The front door slammed, then the car door slammed and finally, so did the lounge door.

Louder and harder.

*****

Olivia and Penelope found a quiet table in the corner of the quiet room at PLONKERS.

‘I’ve got something to show you Penny,’ said Olivia.

Penelope looked a little perplexed as Olivia slid a small box across the table to her.

‘Go on then, open it,’ urged Olivia.

Penelope looked at the box hefted it in her hand, trying to work out what might be inside, she finally gave up and opened one end and pulled out a black velvet bag with an elegant tie string. She looked inquisitively at the bundle, her already furrowed brow tightening further with the intrigue as she pulled the tie and a stainless steel cage in the shape of a penis clattered onto the table followed by a small padlock with a key on a silver chain.

The silver chain carried a small silver heart with an engraving.

Penelope held it to the light so she could read it:

‘To Penelope from Stanford’ was all it said.

The brevity of the text and the all-consuming implication of the message took Penelope’s breath away.

‘I had it engraved,’ smiled Olivia.

Penelope was still looking puzzled.

‘You’re still not sure how it works, are you Penny?’ said Olivia smiling sympathetically.

Penelope shook her head.

‘It’s a cock cage darling, a male chastity device, once he’s inside this he can’t get an erection,’ explained Olivia.

Penelope grabbed the device and quickly slipped it back into the box, glancing furtively about for anyone who may have seen it as Olivia laughed out loud,
‘Penny darling, there are lots of people out there who use these things and believe it or not some husbands buy them for their wives because they want to be in chastity.’

Penelope’s silent stare spoke a thousand words.

Olivia shook her head and continued,

‘Once you have Stanford in this little beauty and you hold the key, you will sleep soundly at night while he is away. Simple isn’t it?’ explained Olivia.

‘So how exactly, do you propose I suggest this to my husband Olivia?’ asked Penelope.

‘Penny, trust me he’ll want that rep job, so the cock cage goes with the job. No cock cage, no job. I’ll tell him if you like,’ offered Olivia.

‘No!... I mean, well…e r, yes, I suppose… Look, let me think about it Olivia ,OK?’ replied Penelope.

‘Hell, he might even get to like wearing it Penny,’ ventured Olivia.

If Penelope wasn’t perplexed already, she certainly was now.

The girls finished their drinks and Olivia dropped Penelope to her door.

*****

Olivia didn’t usually take calls after 10 pm at night preferring her voice mail to do the work for her, but tonight was different she recognized Penelope’s mobile as the incoming call. Olivia suspected it might be about their meeting earlier, but chose to let her friend broach the subject first,

‘What is it Penny, must be important if it can’t wait till morning,’ said Olivia.

‘Yes, I’m out in my car at the moment I don’t want hubby to hear this. I’ve been thinking about that thing you showed me that Stanford should wear,’ began Penelope.

‘The cock cage,’ confirmed Olivia to her friend’s query.

‘Yes that thing,’ whispered Penelope, she couldn’t bring herself to even say its name.

‘Anyway,’ she continued, ‘I just can’t bring myself to ask Stanford to wear it, I know he’ll talk me out of it Olivia, I just can’t do it, you know what he’s like,’ confessed Penelope.

‘Oh Penny, you disappoint me, I thought we were coming along nicely in bringing out your dominant side, but never mind,’ said Olivia.

Olivia thought for a moment before speaking:

‘Penny, here’s what we’ll do. You tell Stanford, you’ve had a rethink and you’re not happy about him taking this job, considering how he behaved at the sports bar. I’ll follow that up by calling him into my office, I’ll inform him that after speaking with you, that you’re not happy and therefore I am going to offer the job to someone else.

“He will undoubtedly try to talk me round and that is when I will suggest to him he asks you if you will get him a chastity device, I will of course tell him that I will speak to you on his behalf should he go along with this.”

“I can’t see him accepting it, Olivia.”

“Oh, I think you’ll find he will, Penny.’.

Penelope looked hopeful:

‘Do you really think he might, Olivia?’

‘Yes, really, I do, Penny.”

Olivia’s sat in her office browsing an S and M brochure sent to her by a colleague dom, she was awaiting the arrival of Stanford, she’d told him to report to her at 2 pm.

The brochure was open on the page of a certain item she had just purchased. A colleague had a mail order business and it was only a short hop across town to collect and pay for it.

Olivia had decided to give Stanford the opportunity of accepting the chastity of his own free will, she knew there were times when her friend Penny needed her help and this was one of those times.

Olivia didn’t feel the need to reproach herself for coming between husband and wife, her oriental upbringing saw only wrong and right and anyway she felt much closer to Penelope than Stanford ever did or ever could be in the future.

At 2pm on the dot there was a knock on the door, Olivia called,

‘Come!’

It always amused her that just that one little word could have so many connotations.

One of Olivia’s favourite interpretations was ‘CUM’ – but in this instance it was indicative of her authority over a male at the workplace.

‘You wanted to see me Olivia…?’ started Stanford.

‘Yes I did, before we get to why I asked you to come to my office, you address me as Ms Martin please in office hours, well, in fact all the time if you don’t mind.”

His instant redness was a mixture of humiliation and suppressed temper.

“Now, as I’m sure you’re aware,” she began, “a vacancy has arisen for a traveling representative and after discussing this with Ms Black we thought that you might be a suitable candidate for the job. However, after speaking with Ms Black this morning it seems that she is not happy with you being away from home overnight,’ explained Olivia.

‘That’s the first I’ve heard of this, protested Stanford.

‘Something to do with the sports bar I think she said,’ replied Olivia.

‘Oh,’ was all Stanford could manage.

‘So you see, I have no alternative other than to offer the position to someone else,’ said Olivia.

‘But you can’t, I wanted that job, it’s not fair Oliv… I mean, Ms Martin,’ protested Stanford.

‘I’m sorry, if it were solely my decision things might be different, but there’s Ms Black you see,’ explained Olivia closing the file in front of her with a finality that spurred Stanton into action.

‘Please Ms Martin, I’ll do anything,’ offered Stanford. “Could…? Couldn’t you put a word in with Penelope for me?”

“Well…” Olivia pretended to be part persuaded.

“Come on, Oli… Ms Martin, you know I’m made for that job.”

“But if your wife doesn’t want you to have it…” she spread her arms wide in a gesture that said, what can be done?

“Please, Ms Martin,” he went on, desperation increasing as the prospect of the freedom going hand-in-hand with the position of becoming a travelling rep receded, “there must be something you could say that would persuade her? I really would do anything.”

‘Really,” Olivia asked. “What, anything at all?’

Stanford stalled for a moment realising the potential threat the wicked oriental could pose.

Olivia shuffled and tidied the papers in the file.

‘Anything,’ stated Stanford.

She looked at him for a long time as if balancing a decision.

‘And what if it was something you didn’t like?” she asked.

“Try me,” he told her with a bravado he had to admit to himself he did not quite feel.

“Very well,” she nodded. “But I am not a conventional woman and what I am about to suggest will not please you.”

“Like I said: *‘try me’*.”

Placing her hands upon the desk and interlacing her fingers, Olivia gave him her best no-nonsense stare before doing just that:

“There is one way and one way only I could see you walking out of this office with the keys to the company VW van and for Ms Black to be totally happy with you away at nights.”

His face was a mixture of eager and apprehensive.

But mostly eager.

“In short,” she told him, “a win, win situation for all parties,’ explained Olivia.

‘Yes Ms Martin, whatever it is, I’ll go along with it,’ replied Stanford seeing the promotion opportunity reappear out of thin air.

‘One hundred per cent?’ asked Olivia. “But I have yet to even tell you what that *‘one way’* is.

‘One hundred per cent,’ stated Stanford with and outward confidence he certainly did not feel.

Olivia threw the cock cage on to the desk, the steel enclosure rattled across the polished hardwood announcing its presence with a metallic menace.

“This is the *‘one way’* I spoke of,” she told the stunned man. “Only by wearing it do I feel you have any chance whatsoever of persuading Ms Black to accept you going on the road.”

Stanford involuntarily swallowed, his penis didn’t know which way was up, he felt his anus clench as his testicles shied away seeking the sanctuary of their puberty pockets.

Confusion reigned inside Stanford’s underpants, an experience his genitals were not accustomed to.

Stanford liked the sound of the proposition which he saw as promotion and he was more than ready to say yes but he did find it a little humiliating to have his wife referred to as Ms Black, surely it should be at least Mrs Black.

Despite the horror the with which the wearing of such a device filled him – for he had recognised it at once - he thought it best not to make an issue of it for he could certainly do with getting out of the office.

And, with his usual misplaced faith in his own cunning and ingenuity, he felt sure there would be ways of *‘slipping’* it down the line when the need arose.

Olivia, of course, had dropped in the ‘Ms’ title purely for Stanford’s benefit. After all, when she had a fish on the line it was nice to make him wriggle every now and then. Purely for her own amusement.

Olivia waited on the silence that she knew was Stanford’s consent before prompting to make sure:

“Do I take your silence to mean you wish me to speak with Ms Black on the subject?”

Not entirely without reservations, he nodded.

‘Good. It is settled. I shall make the necessary arrangements with Ms Black regarding your, em, metal companion here. I have every confidence she will find the arrangement acceptable so you can collect the keys to the VW at reception. The key and lock for your chastity companion I will forward to Ms Black later this afternoon.”

From the look on his face she knew this last had not gone down well and that it might suddenly have started to seem a little more real to him.

“As you know this job requires you to be away from home some nights of the week, for which you will receive overnight expenses. As you will be using the company VW van, all traveling expenses will be met by the company so keep receipts for fuel… And,” she added, “before you ask, there is no allocation for entertainment expenses.’

Stanford could hear Olivia’s voice but it sounded far away, distant, his whole attention was focused on the steel prison laying on the table and the solitary confinement his cock would shortly be enduring.

How long would his sentence be?

Could he take it off at weekends?

How could he have a wank?

Surely she wouldn’t deny him the basic needs of a man to masturbate?

All these questions pounded around Stanford’s mind in a melee of misunderstanding as again he assured himself there would ways around it once the contraption was on.

He was suddenly aware of his employer’s voice drifting back to him from a distance,

‘……so, do you have any questions?’ asked Olivia.

‘Er no,’ answered a bewildered Stanford as he collected the cock cage and headed for the door.

As he walked into the outer office, the last thing he would remember would be Olivia’s voice,

‘Close the door, please.’

As he did as she ordered it did not occur to him – *then* – that his sex life might just might be doing the same and be closing for a very long time.

*****

Jeremy had finished making the bed in the spare room and was laying on the carpet of Katy’s bedroom with his nose buried in her underwear drawer, he would really love to take out his cock and caress it with a pair of Katy’s panties, but he knew that time was short and he did not want to be caught, especially with Katy’s school friend coming.

He decided instead to close the underwear drawer and return to the safety of his bedroom where he could lie on his bed and have a leisurely wank waiting for the family's return from the station. He was so tempted to take a pair, she had so many, perhaps there was a pair in the laundry basket in the bathroom. He hopped off the bed and into the bathroom.

Yes, there behind the door was the laundry basket and just peeking out behind that blue towel was something pink and lacey.

Jeremy closed the bathroom door and swept up the pink panties, dropping his trousers and underpants to the floor he lay down on the bathroom floor, humping a fistful of pink cotton panties. Within a dozen stokes his hot semen splatted on the wood laminate floor, he quickly tore off some toilet paper wiped the floor clean and replaced the panties under the blue bath towel before returning to his bedroom. He flopped down on the bed has the front door slammed announcing the arrival home of the three women from the station.

Katy's aunt Emily went straight to the kitchen to put the kettle on for a cup of tea,

'Auntie shall I take Sara up and show her room?' suggested Katy, who couldn't wait to get Sara alone for some private plotting.

'Yes please Katy, you know where the room is, opposite yours, across from the landing.'

Emily Helfour had a habit of double checking everything, duplicating her statements, even when it came to something as mundane as directions to a bedroom in her own house, a mannerism which had been inherited by her daughter Penelope.

The two teenagers made their way upstairs Katy offering to carry the larger suitcase, leaving Sara with the shoulder bag.

Sara was a big boned girl a tall and elegant 17 year old with long blond hair her gym mistress could never get to sign up to the school hockey team as she preferred netball. Her superb legs did athlete's justice to her tight blue denims. The strawberry fluffy sweater she wore was sloppy in the fit except at the breast where two ripely formed mounds contrasted stunningly to the tight waist of the 501's.

Impeccable white Kickers finished the blonde's outfit.

Jeremy left his door ajar, just a fraction, he wanted a peep at the new guest when she passed his room; he didn't have to wait long and wasn't disappointed.

Katy noticed Jeremy's door ajar and didn't miss the opportunity for a cheap jibe,:

'Whatever you do Sara, do *not* go in there,' she said loud enough for Jeremy to hear, she was sure he'd be listening.

Katy motioned Sara to wait as she approached her bedroom door, Sara stood and watched.

Katy carefully pushed on the door until she was able to squeeze her head through the gap between door and frame, turning her head back to her friend she grinned in triumph, perhaps the sort of smug smile a fishermen may wear when having just landed the prize catch of the day, she explained in a whisper to the waiting Sara,

‘Just as I thought, the dirty little sod has been in my room again,’ hissed Katy.

Sara was a little puzzled at how her friend could be so certain, what was behind the door, she wondered.

Katy pushed the door open and waved Sara inside,

‘Shut the door Sara, come over and sit on the bed, I need to whisper, I don’t want that shit Jeremy hearing anything,’ she said.

Sara did as she was told and sat waiting restlessly to hear the conclusion of Katy’s story.

Katy went and picked up her teddy bear which had been lying on the floor behind the door,

‘See this,’ said Katy, waving her toy bear at Sara.

‘Yes,’ nodded Sara with a puzzled frown that urged Katy to get to the point.

‘Well, this is ‘Cuddles’ my pet teddy bear.’

Sara rolled her eyes at the distraction from the plot.

Katy noticed and moved quickly on:

‘Cuddles here, has been on sentry duty whilst auntie and I were fetching you from the station. I carefully propped him up behind the door before leaving, so should anyone enter the room in my absence teddy would fall over, and when I opened the door just now and looked, guess what?’ asked Katy, inviting her friend to draw the conclusion which to Katy was an obvious one.

‘Teddy had fallen over?’ replied Sara, not quite seeing the full implication of Katy’s plan.

Katy was convinced that while she had popped out to pick up her friend, perversion had paid her a visit and plundered and rummaged through her unmentionables, then stealing away seemingly unnoticed, but for the mute, blind prone figure of Cuddles who had recorded the intrusion as clearly as a track of blackbird claws on Christmas morning virgin snow.

Katy continued,

‘You see, Sara, that is only the first part of my plan, there’s more, the best is yet to come’ explained Katy as she took her mobile from her pocket.

‘Come over here to my dresser, I want you to open the bottom drawer, that’s my undies drawer, but do *not* touch anything just look,’ explained Katy.

Sara knelt on the carpet and pulled open the bottom drawer of the dresser and looked up at Sara inquisitively.

Sara was busy thumbing her mobile, the broad grin on her face suggested she’d found was she was searching for,

‘Check this out Sara,’ called Katy as she handed the phone to her friend. “Look at the way my panties are arranged in the photo and then check that with how they are in the drawer,’ said a confident Katy.

The realization suddenly dawned on Sara,

‘Oh my golly!’ shouted Sara.

‘Shush, Sara, he’s next door,’ whispered Katy.

‘You took this pic before going out and whilst you were at the station your undies have been moved around, that is so scary Katy,’ said Sara.

‘Yes Sara, it’s scary and a really shitty thing to do to a girl. There was only one person in the house while we were out and the little pervert is in the next room,’ announced Katy.

‘You should tell your aunt right away Katy,’ suggested Sara.

‘Oh no, we’re going to get much better proof than this and when we do, we won’t be telling auntie anything, we are going to have some fun of our own with that pantie sniffing wanker next door and if he doesn’t cooperate then it’s time for Auntie to get involved, get the picture Sara?’ asked Katy.

‘Oh yes Katy, how exciting, how bloody wonderfully exciting,’ replied Sara.

Katy got the picture alright and if young Jeremy didn’t play ball with the two minxes, his mother would be getting the picture too, in pretty short order and in multiple episodes.

*****

Milton Meagerly, sporting his best blue pin striped suit and a little too much Old Spice, marched briskly down the street that led to Olivia Martin’s house; he wasn’t on his way to visit her however, but the stunning blonde, Marpessa that had entertained him so royally on his last visit.

Since his last appointment, Meagerly had been spending a lot of time on the internet viewing pages on medical fetish play and had found one dominatrix that looked the spitting image of Marpessa.

She was dressed in a tight white rubber uniform with matching stockings and absurdly high heels.

One of the dom's specialties was administering enemas and this is what Meagerly wanted Marpessa to do for him.

Also, Meagerly had never experienced a blow job before Marpessa's parting gift at his last appointment and he was hoping for the same treat tonight.

The doorbell responded to the pressure of Meagerly's eager forefinger as he stood waiting, excitedly.

The front door swung open and Marpessa stood resplendent in a fire red figure hugging satin gown with a yellow feather boa about her shoulders, her make-up was as usual on the tarty side of immaculate, as she spoke her words flowed like warm honey into Meagerly's greasy ears,

'Milton darling, do come in,' sang the blonde bombshell brazenly.

Marpessa noticed a look of concern on her client's face,

'Don't worry sweetheart, I've got the outfit you requested, it's not something I like to answer the door wearing, because you never know it might be Avon calling, mightn't it?' quipped Marpessa

Meagerly said nothing but stepped into the house and followed the host through to the playroom.

Olivia and I have set the room as you requested dear, I hope it is to your liking.

Meagerly glanced around the room, yes it was all here, standing on a large, temporary, rubber floor covering was a hospital bed, a tray with various medical items the charged enema bag waiting on its stand, yes it was all here for a session of medical play, just what Meagerly wanted.

'Shan't be a jiffy darling,' called Marpessa as she started up the stairs to change.

Marpessa laid her red gown on the bed in one of the four bedrooms and taking the rubber dress on the hanger to the bathroom. After clipping on her suspender belt and stockings, and drawing the matching white rubber panties up her legs, she stood in the bath and covered herself in talcum powder to allow the tight rubber dress easier passage over her clammy skin, she eased the tight fitting side zip to under her arm and shimmied the dress down her hips for a comfort adjustment. Picking up her blocked heeled shoes she carried them downstairs, stopping on the bottom stair to slip them on, then standing her full six feet four inches tottered off to the play room adjusting the quintessential token red - cross nurse's hat as she went.

Upon entering the playroom Meagerly's jaw dropped as he beheld a vision not unlike the images that had been feeding his masturbation fantasies through his computer monitor everyday for the last week.

His hostess had left the room as Marpessa but returned as Nurse Nasty Marpessa.

‘Right let’s have those clothes off, I can hardly examine you with all those layers, can I?’ said Marpessa, adopting a tone rather like the strict matrons of the fifties that ruled the wards with a voice of thunder.

Meagerly had spent some time in hospital as a child in the fifties and witnessed first-hand the steel like authority of those martinet medics in their starched white uniforms, the excitement and trepidation he felt in those early years became charged with sexual overtones as he discovered puberty.

His Victorian upbringing instilled in him the belief that masturbation was a filthy habit and to the adolescent Meagerly, who found the secrecy of wanking, coupled with the cleanliness of a clinical medical scenario drove his naughtiness to ejaculatory heights.

‘Right down to your underpants please,’ stated Nurse Nasty Marpessa, busing herself with the medical props.

Meagerly hesitated, shooting a sheepish grin to the hanging enema bag, he’d often wondered what having an enema would feel like.

He was soon to find out as Nurse Nasty Marpessa filled the bag with warm soapy water.

‘Off with those underpants and up on the bed please, on your back, feet in the stirrups,’ ordered Nurse Nasty Marpessa.

Meagerly eagerly dropped his off white pants to the floor and climbed into position.

Nurse Nasty Marpessa took a pair of pink latex gloves and snapped them onto her hands with provocative slap as the rubber sprang around her wrists. Opening the jar of lube she emptied a generous dob of gunk onto the three fingers of her right hand and moving to the foot of the bed applied the cool gel to Meagerly’s anus.

‘Oooh,’ sighed Meagerly in a falsetto voice that he didn’t realize he had.

‘Nice and slippery, just how we like it,’ commented Nurse Nasty Marpessa.

Meagerly didn’t answer, he lay anticipating his enema experience, his anus had been anointed and now he waited. He was used to waiting; he used to wait on the platform of Marble Arch underground each weekday morning, waiting for the 8.30am to Bank, knowing that the train was on its way because of that rush of air that preceded its arrival at the platform. There was to be no such warning this time, no rush of air just warm soapy water filling first his ass hole and then his bowel,

‘Oh, oh, oh, ahh, ooh OOOH!’ cooed Meagerly, reprising his falsetto performance of a few minutes before.

‘Now, now don’t be a baby, I don’t want to have to spank you, you are certainly in the right position for one,’ remarked Nurse Nasty Marpessa.

‘I think I need to go to the bathroom, nurse,’ whined Meagerly.

‘You’d better not make a mess or Ms Martin will never have you here again, I’ll tell you when you need the bathroom, now just lay there and stop whining,’ ordered Nurse Nasty Marpessa.

A muted Meagerly muttered into the mattress as his mistress ministered to his needs and took his medicine like a good boy.

*****

It was the Sunday afternoon following Sara’s arrival at the Helfour house and plans were afoot to trap Jeremy in the act of purloining panties.

Katy was well aware that her aunt Emily had made arrangements to go to Penelope’s for Sunday afternoon tea and a chat, so she made appoint of informing her aunt over breakfast that she and Sara planned to spend the afternoon in town together, she was going to show her friend around, was the plausible reason she gave her aunt. Jeremy sat at the breakfast table silently, taking all this in, he was still wondering why his cousin had been so quick in the bathroom and not drawn out her visit as she had done every morning since her arrival.

Katy of course was not interested in that particular wind up that morning, she had bigger fish to fry.

‘I expect you’ll enjoy a walk down by the river and through the park, the weather looks good for an afternoon walk,’ commented Emily Helfour.

‘Yes, I’ll take Sara down by the river, we’ll probably walk back through the town and stop for an ice cream at Mario’s Italian cafe in the square,’ suggested Katy.

‘Wow, perfect,’ thought Jeremy. He’d have the house to himself for a good couple of hours, he’d been pondering all weekend about the colour and style of underwear dishy Sara would choose to wear. He could look and feel for himself while they were in town.

Katy and Sara finished their breakfast and went back upstairs to prepare Katy’s room for the afternoon show.

The girls had decided to place the video camera on top of the wardrobe pointing down at the dresser, which at ninety degrees on the adjacent wall. This way, when Jeremy is on the floor facing the dresser, his body won’t be masking the camera’s view which will be angled to focus on the bottom drawer, the underwear drawer.

On top of the wardrobe Katy put CUDDLES the bear,.

He would be the one holding the camera, or rather, the video camera would be concealed within his generous folds of fur with just the lens peering through.

The mains cable they fed down the back of the wardrobe to a power outlet behind.

The girls had already had a dry run, yesterday evening before retiring, with Sara taking Jeremy's part as the pantie perv and Katy operating the camera. They both had a good laugh when they sat on Katy's bed and viewed the results.

Jeremy who would have heard the girly giggles from his room would have had no conception of the implications of the peals of laughter emanating from his cousin's bedroom.

It was now coming up to two o'clock and Emily Helfour called a farewell up the stairs to the youngsters,

'Jeremy, if you go out, don't forget to lock up, I given the girls a spare front door key.'

'OK mum,' shouted Jeremy from his room.

Satisfied, Emily Helfour closed the door behind her and climbed into her car and set off to her daughter's house.

Katy and Sara were in Katy's room with the door closed whispering through their final movements before leaving.

'Are you ready to set the camera Sara?' whispered Katy.

Sara nodded as quietly as she could, and stood on the bedroom chair to press the record button, the red light glowed, the camera was live, the girls went into action,

'Come on Sara let's go for a walk down by the river I'm really looking forward to that ice cream,' shouted Katy as the two girls stomped down the stairs grabbed their tops and swept out the door slamming it loudly behind them.

Jeremy rushed to the front bedroom and peered through the gap in the half closed curtains and waiting with breath baited he watched as the two girls ambled up the road and eventually around the bend some 200 meters distant and finally out of sight.

Satisfied that he had the house to himself he leapt off his bed shed his trousers, tee shirt and socks and headed straight for Sara's bedroom, but when he entered he saw her suitcase on the bed. She had packed for her Monday morning train trip home.

Jeremy's quick search of the chest of drawers confirmed this so he moved across the hall to his usual hunting ground Katy's room where he knew he could sampled the delights of fresh panties or if he was lucky worn panties.

He turned the handle and stepped inside closing the door behind him.

The Sony camcorder's small 2 inch screen eventually picked up his approach to the crime scene and began recording with incontrovertible accuracy the secret sex session on which Jeremy was embarking.

The near naked youth clad in only his purple underpants squatted next to the dresser and pulled open the bottom drawer. The miscreant youth paused for a moment, seeming to deliberate which pair of Katy's panties he would favour for his clandestine afternoon wanking session. Eventually his hand dived into the drawer and buried itself in the cool cotton collection, re - appearing a moment later with a fistful of fresh female lacey underwear.

With one hand grasped to his prized panties, the other yanked his underpants clear of his erected tossing rod which once free of its constraints sprang forward in anticipation, the single eye on the bell end of his piss stick was already open and ready for business.

Jeremy was a practiced wanker, when he was out on maneuvers in enemy territory he could catch his ejaculated scum in the palm of his hand and not leave any recriminating evidence in his wake.

Oh yes, Jeremy would often think to himself, he was far too clever to get caught by any silly female who was stupid enough to leave their underwear within his reach.

Far, *far*, too clever!

Jeremy let out a final sigh as his penis drizzled its last drop of goo onto his hand, taking a tissue from his pocket he wiped first his penis then his hand clean.
He then replaced the pair of panties he'd taken from Katy's underwear drawer, making sure he tucked them down in the same place he'd found them, then grabbing his underpants stole back to the safety of his own bedroom to await the girl's return.

CUDDLES remained on top of the wardrobe, staring through dead, doleful eyes, cuddling the camcorder; the camera's red record light still active, the small screen recording the action as Jeremy exited stage left, leaving a crime scene empty and still but vibrant with liability and the anticipation of impending reckoning.

*****

Olivia and Penelope sat drinking their lunchtime coffee at the corner table at PLONKERS.

Olivia was explaining the maintenance schedule for Stanford's chastity term,

'Now that we've finished our sandwiches I'll explain how and why you will need to milk Stanford's prostate regularly. Firstly, he doesn't get any physical contact to his genitals from you, that way, he remains nice and horny and willing to do anything you say in the hope of release (actual and sexual) which of course you will deny him – except on occasions necessary to keep the carrot of reward in place.

“He will also need to wash and keep himself clean down there. This you *must* supervise so he doesn’t use it as an excuse to get himself off. Tell him if he doesn’t go along with your wishes he’ll lose his salesman position and he’ll be back in the office again.”

Olivia’s smile was evil:

“Trust me; this something he will *not* want.”

Penelope waited, knowing her friend was not yet finished.

“You can explain to him that he can be relieved of his sperm without removing his cage by milking his prostate.”

Olivia went on to explain the actions of this to her friend,

‘I do what?’ Penelope listened, incredulous as Olivia slowly unrolled the steps of the classic prostate massage to her friend, punctuating her replies with gasps of disbelief.

‘Smear the lubrication on his bum hole?’

‘My two fingers?’

‘Up his bottom?’

‘Oh yes I will definitely be wearing a pair of latex gloves.’

‘..and while I’m frigging him in the bottom, I tickle his balls without touching his willie, am I right?’ asked Penelope.

Olivia nodded.

‘….. and his cum will just dribble, not shoot, out the end of his willie?’ continued Penelope suppressing a giggle that had bubbled to the surface.

Olivia gave an asserted nod.

‘No,’ gasped Penelope, wide eyed.

‘Oh yes,’ affirmed Olivia with a little girlish grin that was returned by Penelope.

*****

Katy beckoned her friend Sara into her room and onto the bed, where the two girls sat. Sara had connected the camcorder to the Katy’s TV set with the phono connecting cords, something she’d learnt for her father. The two girls sat on the bed sharing a large bag of popcorn as if they were at a movie together. In fact that’s exactly what they were doing, but this movie they’d never seen before and they’d been waiting a long time for its release.

‘Ready?’ asked Sara.

‘Ready,’ replied Katy.

The camcorder whirred as the images began to unfold and play out on the screen in front of them. The two girls chewed on their popcorn, but both stopped chewing when master Jeremy made his entrance.

The two girls watched entranced as Jeremy clad only in his purple underpants padded into view, Sara was first to break the silence,

‘Hasn’t he got a boney bum,’ she remarked.

Katy started to giggle clasping her hand to her mouth, Sara did the same.

As Jeremy opened the pantie drawer and foraged around Katy added some commentary,

‘I knew it, the filthy little shit, that’s my personal items he’s molesting,’ she said adding:

‘..and we’ve got the little pervert caught on tape.’

As Jeremy removed his underpants Sara moved closer to the TV.

‘Sara,’ admonished Katy at her friend’s brazen move.

‘I want to see his thingy,’ replied Sara not taking her eyes from the screen.

‘Ugh, gross,’ replied Katy, adding,

‘Is it small?’

‘It must be, its inside his fist.’

Both girls giggled out loud and simultaneously clasped their hands over their mouths.

Sara reset the video and Katy went to fetch the accused, Jeremy.

She banged on his door and called:

‘Jeremy, can you come into my room there is something I would like to show you!’

Jeremy leapt off his bed and followed his cousin to her bedroom. As he entered the room the door slammed shut behind Sara stood guard as Katy switched on the video.

‘Watch.’ was all she said.

The TV screen flickered to life and the home video began to roll.

Jeremy sat in silence as his charge was broadcast to the occupants of the bedroom.

Although Jeremy's eyes were glued to the screen the two girls were watching him for his reaction. As guilt flooded over him, his breathing got faster, then his face reddened with embarrassment as he glanced across to see the two girls drilling him with their icy stares.

'Seen enough?' asked Katy.

Jeremy nodded, head down.

'Right then, this tape goes to auntie,' stated Katy.

'Or the police,' added Sara.

'No, no, no, I'll do anything please don't I'm so sorry,' pleaded Jeremy.

'Trousers down, now!' barked Katy.

Jeremy hesitated, Katy nodded to Sara, she grabbed his waistband and unbuckled his belt unzipped him and yanked down his trousers.

'Well, well, purple underpants, we've seen them before, haven't we Sara?' asked Katy referring to the video images.

'Get, 'em off,' ordered Sara.

More hesitation from Jeremy prompted Katy to yank down the pants leaving the youth naked from the waist down.

'Hands on head!' shouted Katy.

This time Jeremy complied, Katy smacked him hard once on each bottom cheek.

'Your turn, Sara.'

Sara did the same.

The ordeal lasted well over an hour during which time poor Jeremy had to explain why his penis had erected whilst he was being punished by the two girls. He couldn't, of course, come up with an answer.

When he got back to his bedroom he masturbated and tried frantically to regain the stinging sensation that was applied to his bottom by the hands of the two girls, he didn't know it yet but he was becoming a discipline addict.

What he also did not know was that it would be an activity he would explore further with Marpessa.

Katy and Sara decided to keep the video recording in a safe place so they could have more fun with Jeremy again in the future. The two girls did make one more visit to the Helfour household and did have a memorable session culminating in the discovery of cunnilingus a first for both Katy and Sara and definitely a first for Jeremy's virgin tongue.

*****

Conclusion

It had been five years now, since Olivia and Penelope had undertaken the renovation of the Helfour shoe business and the company Helfour Leather was now a very profitable and desirable going concern.

It was this very matter that Olivia planned to talk to Penelope about over their usual PLONKERS lunch.

But this was to be no usual mid-day meal break.

*****

'Penelope, I've been looking through the accounts with our accountant this morning, do you know what we are worth, or rather what the company is worth?' asked Olivia, a weighted tension in her delivery.

'No,' replied a unconcerned Penelope.

'Only a cool three and half million,' replied Olivia evenly.

Penelope was about to drink from her coffee cup, the cup paused in transit at her lips, like car at a railway crossing waiting for the train to thunder through. The train, being Olivia's statement of fact had thundered through to Penelope's brain and all she could gasp was,

'Pounds?'

'Yes Penelope, pounds, not ping pong balls,' replied Olivia the last rejoinder a phrase learnt in the kindergarten playgrounds of the Orient.

'My word, I had no idea,' exclaimed Penelope, who never really got involved with the book keeping side, she felt there was no need as they employed an accountant.

'Anyway, Penelope the reason I'm saying this is that we have had an approach from an international internet company to buy us out, at that exact price. So how do you feel about retiring?' asked Olivia.

‘I’ve never even considered retiring I’m not even thirty yet Olivia,’ was Penelope’s reply.

‘Penny sweet, you don’t have to wait until your sixty to retire, especially if you have independent means,’ replied Olivia.

‘OK Olivia, but I’ll have to go away and think about it, there are so many other things to consider if we sell up, what about the staff, Stanford’s job and things like that,’ explained Penelope.

‘Come around to mine tonight. I’ll order some food in, I’ve got some nice wine and we can have a good long chat, what do you say?’ asked Olivia with her best charm smile.

‘Eight o’clock?’ suggested Penelope.

‘Let’s make it seven thirty, we’ll have an aperitif before dinner,’ offered Olivia.

‘Seven thirty it is,’ confirmed Penelope.

Lunch break was over so they paid up and headed back to work.

*****

During the drive to Olivia’s for dinner, Penelope’s head was swimming with unanswered questions and questionable answers.

As she stood at Olivia’s front door pondering not even able to recall the drive there or for that matter, locking her car, or if she’d even rang the doorbell yet…

Penelope’s puzzlement popped like a puncture as she heard the door opening,

‘Penny darling come in, I’ve ordered Indian as I know it’s your favourite, it’ll be here in twenty minutes,’ Olivia’s greeting was as warm as ever, handing her guest a glass of Chablis in exchange for the coat she carried.

Penelope stepped inside and the two girls proceeded to the lounge where the lighting was low and through the generously proportioned archway Penelope could see the dining table laid out and adorned with two expensive looking candelabras, already charged and shimmering, the gentle yellow light reflecting on the silver ware lending a sleepy ambience to the space.

Somewhere in the shade, Sade sang soul, supplementing silkily the subdued mood of the room.

Olivia and Penelope seated themselves, each in a leather armchair as they sipped their wine and waited for the dinner bell to ring at the front door.

The dinner arrived and the two women dined, the fine wine flowed in the sumptuous atmosphere of Olivia's apartment.

Olivia emptied the last of the second bottle of Chablis into Penelope's glass and went to fetch another,

'Let's relax in the lounge I'll open a fresh bottle and bring it through,' said Olivia.

Penelope flopped into the armchair a little dizzy from the heady white wine.

'I shall have to stay over Olivia, I can't possibly drive in this state, although I could call a cab I suppose,' suggested Penelope.

'Absolutely not,' replied Olivia.

'You're staying here; I've already made up the spare room.'

Penelope had to admit to herself yet again, how attractive she found Olivia's no nonsense attitude in getting her own way.

Olivia returned with an opened bottle of German white wine from the Mosel region, near the confluence with the Rheine outside of Koblenz.

She sat on the sofa and patted the seat with her hand, beckoning her friend with a crooked finger, to sit beside her.

Penelope slid out of her seat and settled down beside her friend on the sofa.

'Do you know Penny, in all the time we've known each other we haven't once had a crossed word,' observed Olivia.

'Yes, I suppose we haven't,' answered Penelope, smiling at her confused tenses, her broad grin revealing that less than perfect incisor that Olivia always found attractive.

Olivia mused at Penelope's artless naivety; that Penelope was not conscious of the slight imperfection in her smile made her a more likeable person.

Olivia's smile, of course was perfect. An immaculate set of beautiful ivory white teeth, that any dental display would die for.

'I was just wondering Penny, do you think I'm attractive?' asked Olivia.

'Yes, of course, Olivia you are stunning, everyone knows that,' replied Penelope.

'No that's not what I meant Penny. What I meant was, do *you* find me attractive?' asked Olivia once more fixing her friend with a wide eyed gaze.

For Penelope, the music that was there seemed to go away, the directness of Olivia's question had a sobering effect on Penelope; it was as if the moment had been frozen in time and she was left hanging in space while she thought of an answer.

As she looked into the clear green unblinking eyes of her friend she whispered under her breath just loud enough for Olivia:

‘Yes Olivia, I suppose I do find you attractive.’

Penelope’s mouth opened slowly as Olivia’s perfect lips made contact, the two girls held their positions fleetingly, their breaths mingling, each wanting to dive in but both wanting to savour their virginal moment of bliss.

Olivia continued to watch as Penelope closed her eyes, this simple gesture of submission spoke a thousand words to Olivia who had wanted this to happen for a long, long time.

She waited a few moments, for her friend to become accustomed to the intimacy of the embrace before applying a gentle pressure with her mouth and an exploratory tongue around Penelope’s lips and teeth. Penelope responded in a similar fashion and the two girls lay back, embracing on the leather sofa, French kissing in hot passion, both tongues and lips busying themselves to their partner’s quickening heartbeats.

For the moment kissing and fondling was enough for both girls to consummate their union, but the intensity of passion in the kisses suggested there was more to come.

A lot more.

*****

The Saturday morning sunshine poured like hot honey across Penelope’s face as she opened her eyes to the unfamiliar surroundings of Olivia’s guest room.

Slowly the events of the night before unraveled, she could still taste Olivia’s mouth on hers and a smile crept across her lips as if to crown her bold conquest of the previous evening.

Though they had stopped at heavy petting and explored only each other’s upper bodies.

‘Some joys,’ Olivia had explained, ‘are better for the anticipation.’

Over breakfast the two girls talked normally as if their new found relationship was already steady. It didn’t then, seem a bridge too far, when Olivia suggested they live together, to which Penelope readily agreed as Stanford was away a lot being the traveling salesman.

It was during the first week after Penelope had moved that Olivia revealed that she would love them both to go back to Thailand, where Olivia was brought up.

Penelope of course found plenty of obstacles to which Olivia found solutions and eventually it was decided they would leave together for the Orient.

One of those aforementioned obstacles being, of course, what to do about Stanford.

Stanford was quite happy traveling the country dealing with people in the sex industry, although he was required to demonstrate a few of the items from time to time, this didn't detract from his enjoyment of his job and the freedom that came with it.

So although it was something of a shock when it came, Penelope's request for a divorce seemed to Stanford like a chance to get out while the getting was good.

Stanford readily agreed then, to give Penelope a divorce, happy to get away from the Olivia, he was promised the key to his chastity cage when the divorce was completed.

Olivia left the key in the safe hands of Emily Helfour (after Olivia explained to the widow what it was, Emily clapped her hands in glee and accepted the responsibility).

It turned out that Stanford was happy to help out his mother in law.

At least for a while.

And on the understanding that he would be getting the key, which, whenever he asked…

…was always a week away.

Marpessa and Jeremy became an item and spent most of their free time at cross dressing clubs and events.

Katy and Sara returned home laden with stories of sex and blackmail to which they would regale their friends and acquaintances. Their personal lives had taken a turn in a direction that would leave them both wanting submissive husbands as they had both fallen in love with being the dominant woman.

Two more young and beautiful, intelligent females soon to take their pick of the hapless male selection on offer.

Helfour Leather was eventually sold and the proceeds distributed to the various benefactors and Penelope and Olivia left the UK for the Far East.

It was during their first class flight on Singapore Airlines that Olivia casually mentioned to her lover:

'Penny you know I was brought up in Thailand don't you?' asked Olivia.

'Yes,' replied Penelope.

'There's one thing I haven't told you Penny that you should know about me,' said Olivia.

Puzzled, Penelope turned to face her lover.

Olivia delivered the line slowly and deliberately so there could be no misunderstanding,

‘Penny, I’m a ladyboy.’

Penelope hesitated for a moment as the gravity of the statement sunk in.

“Does that offend you,’ said Olivia, looking concerned and anxious for the first time Penelope could recall.

‘You’re a … man as a … woman?’ she asked incredulously.

‘Yes, I have the physical features of a boy down below, but have been blessed with a woman’s body,’ explained Olivia.

Penelope’s head shook from side to side, still stunned by the revelation.

‘Do you…?’ a still anxious Olivia began, ‘do you feel differently about me now?’
There were a thousand questions Penelope wanted to ask her lover but in that instant she had grown up and made the decision of her life:

‘How wonderful Olivia, how absolutely bloody wonderful, we are going to have so much fun.’

‘This is the captain speaking we will be landing at Bangkok International Airport in a few minutes the weather is a balmy 30 degrees, I hope you’ve enjoyed your flight with Singapore Airlines, be sure to take your stowed luggage and have a safe and enjoyable onward journey.’

They did.

END