

MALE MAIDS!

S152

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CHAPTER ONE

One reason why John like to stay with his aunt and uncle was that he was left alone. He remembered how little they had worried him during the previous vacation he had spent with them: he had been able to read to his heart's content. He had had even felt safe reading books about sex, quite unlike at home where his mother and father were always asking him what he was doing and where his father had confiscated a novel he had been reading because it made a reference to sexual intercourse.

If his father knew what books he had brought with him to his uncle's he would have punished him severely. He had saved up his pocket money for three or four weeks before the vacation and the day before being taken in his father's car to his uncle's he had visited the town to get a nice selection of books on sex.

Already he had dipped into a few of them and he planned to spend a lot of time reading them before he went back home.

It was not only the reading of these books that he wanted to be alone for. It was what he did while reading them that he wanted to be alone for. It was what he did when he read them. He had started to masturbate the day after he had a museum in Brussels and seen a statue of a Greek youth performing the act, and ever since - it had been three months before - he had indulged in the practice, stimulated by the scenes in the books he read.

He had also been encouraged by reading that masturbation among the Greeks was not regarded as a vice. His form-master had warned his class against the practice, but John was quite sure that the Greeks would not have done it if it had been wrong or harmful. Suddenly he found a way out of the terrible adolescent frustration that had started when he was thirteen; it was a wonderful substitute for the sexual act itself which, at a boys school he had no chance to perform. And in any case he was very shy of girls and would have found it difficult to talk to one about sex, let alone make love to one.

He had, in fact, become quite adept at it. At first he had

simply done it with his hand, coming as quickly as he could then he discovered that it was far more exciting to delay coming by slowing down the movements of his hand when he felt that he was near coming. He would almost stop moving the foreskin back and forth, allowing his prick to slacken a little before resuming. He would repeat this eight or ten times until his whole body tingled on the brink, and then finally he would move his hand back and forth as quickly as possible and he would enjoy the tremendous excitement of the long-delayed release, his seminal fluid shooting, if he was lying down, as far as the top of his chest.

It was tremendous and he did it three, four and sometimes five times a day, although the book on the Greeks had said they had not done it to excess.

Then he had tried to reach his prick with his mouth for he read that some men could do this, but he had not managed it. He had then masturbated resting on his shoulders with his legs up against the wall at the side of his bed and when he had come the spunk had spurted down to this face, some of it hitting his lips. He had started to taste and even to swallow it but then he had felt nauseated and rapidly got up and spat it out. But when he felt roused again a few hours later he had repeated the same performance as things seem quite different when one is sexually excited.

Then he had placed two pillows on the bed and lying down with his cock between them he had managed to ejaculated between them. Once he had almost been caught by his mother in the very act of coming this way but he had somehow managed to deceive her into thinking he was carrying out some sort of athletic exercise!

At his uncle's he would not be interrupted, he felt sure and he would be able to experiment further. He wanted to make some sort of cunt between his pillows and for this purpose he had brought with him a glass measuring jar from the chemistry outfit he experimented with at home. It was about two inches in diameter and he planned to fill it with some sort of gelatinous lubricant, or perhaps vaseline and then to place it at a suitable angle between the pillows.

At arriving at his uncle's John was, however, surprised to find a French teenager staying there. His aunt explained that

he was a paying guest and that he was really in England to perfect his English. The two boys were introduced by John's Aunt Janina.

"In any case I thought you would like a companion during your stay here," she said pleasantly. "Andre is nearly sixteen so he's a few months older than you," she added, turning to John.

John noticed his aunt's breasts seemed to fill out her black blouse and for the first time he looked at her with some interest. She was quite young - thought he - about thirty - and she had taken to mini-skirts, revealing that she had a pair of shapely legs, with thighs, John thought a little thicker than they ought to be. Somehow they excited him and he had difficulty in dragging his eyes from them as his aunt turned round to pick up the cup of tea she was drinking from the small table. But he averted his eyes in time to look at the French boy.

Francois was the only French boy's name he knew, but he liked the name Andre. And he also took to the taller dark-haired boy at once. He reminded him of a french actor he had seen in a film but he could not remember his name. Andre smiled back at him engagingly and John felt sure that they would be good friends.

"You'll be able to play tennis together and go swimming" said Aunt Janina. "Then, perhaps, you won't spend so much time reading books in your room."

John flushed with embarrassment because for a moment he believed that his aunt had seen some of the books he had kept in his suitcase, but then he realized she was referring to his previous visit when he spent almost all his time reading.

"Now it's just four o'clock," his aunt went on, "you've just time for a nice swim in the pool before Uncle Jim gets back. Why don't you run along and get your swimming trunks"?

"Good idea, Auntie," said John, eager to find out more about his new friend. "Let's do that," he added, turning to Andre.

"Yes, it's a very good idea," said Andre in almost perfect English but with a strangely attractive accent.

The two boys made their way to their rooms and a few minutes later they met at the small pavillion used for changing at the side of the pool. Uncle Jim had had the pool installed since John's previous visit and it certainly looked clean and inviting.

The two boys undressed together in the small pavillion

and John noticed at once that Andre had a fair sized penis and a thick bush of pubic hair that clothed and almost hid his balls. A quiver of excitement ran down his spine as he saw the naked French boy standing in front of him, stretching himself before donning his trunks.

Their eyes met for a moment and then Andre looked down at John's genitals, but then quickly averted his eyes. John wondered whether he thought he was small and, in some embarrassment he turned round to put on his swimming trunks.

A moment later the two boys plunged into the water, the French boy shouting something about racing to the far end of the pool and back.

It was going to be exciting, John felt. Something had stirred in him on seeing the French boy naked and it brought back the time some strange rumours that had circulated round the school during the last week of the term, rumours about certain boys being caught together doing things to each other.

John had not been able to find out which boys had been discovered nor exactly what they had done, but the rumours circulated through the school during the last week of the term to the effect that the boys had been caught in the same bed, stark naked. Four boys were involved as far as John could make out.

He began to think out it as he swam up and down the pool. It would, he thought, be quite exciting if another boy touched him down there. At the very thought he began to feel a stirring in his balls. But then he would never dare to suggest such a thing to another boy, least of all the French boy who would doubtless be terribly shocked at any such suggestion.

When they returned to the house Uncle Jim was not back so that the two boys went off to their rooms, saying they would see each other at supper. And John no sooner reached his room than he lay on the bed and, unfastening his trousers, he began to play with his penis. He kept a vision of the nude French boy in his mind, trying to imagine that it was he who was touching him. He became erect very rapidly and then he started to move the prepuce of his hard prick back and forth over his glans, feeling very excited at once.

Not really intending to masturbate and knowing that his aunt was busy preparing supper and that the French boy had gone to his room, John had not bothered to lock his door. He was in the middle of his act of masturbation, and reaching the point when he felt it would not be long before he came, when there was a knock at his door and before he had time to cover himself or get to his feet Andre walked into the room.

He looked at John with some astonishment, while the English boy, covered with confusion, flushed to the roots of his hair and lay quite unable to move, such was his surprise and horror at having been discovered in such a situation.

"Oh, er " he stuttered trying to push his prick back into his trousers. "I was just ..."

The French boy interrupted him.

"You were masturbating. Yes? Is that the word in English? Do not be embarrassed, I do it myself, Please, please stay where you are."

John hesitated and then, sitting up on his bed, he just looked at the French boy, leaving his trousers gaping open, his prick just stuffed inside.

"Yes, why not? It is good for adolescents," the French boy smiled and then, walking over to the side of John's bed he said in a lower tone of voice, "if you like..... if you like we can do it together. It would be very exciting, don't you think?"

"Together?"

John was not sure what Andre meant, but he at once recalled the strange rumours at school. Perhaps that was what the boys had been doing when they were caught. Masturbating together !

"Yes, why not?"

Well yes..." John felt a tingling excitement in his loins that he had never known before, but he was still strangely embarrassed. "Yes, if you think ?"

The French boy unbuttoned his trousers and drew out a larger cock that John had admired in the swimming pool. He sat at John's side on the bed and taking John's hand he placed it round his prick. Then he reached into John's trousers and drew out his prick awkwardly at first John, sitting on the French Boy's left,

started to move the boy's foreskin back and forth, but slowly even from the position he was in he was able to work it more effectively and it soon grew to its full size. Meanwhile the French boy using his right hand from John's right side fondled and moved the prick in his hand with great adeptness and in a few minutes he was drawing the prepuce back and forth with speed and vigour, causing John to gasp with pleasure.

"You lie down and I finish you," said the French boy, breathing hard, "then you finish me."

John was excited enough to want to lie back and he "finished" as the French boy had put it and he at once lay back, Andre bending over him and vigorously working his cock.

"Oh - oh," John gasped as he felt the first pulsations of his prick, "slower, slower! "

The French boy slowed down the movement and then deliberately drew the prepuce back and forth as John ejaculated over his shirt, gradually slowing down until every drop had oozed from John's prick.

John had gasped with pleasure as he had come and now lay back as his prick slackened.

In a few moments he sat up and hardly daring to look the French boy in the face he bent over him and took hold of his prick which was still erect and firm. It was the first time he had ever taken another boy's prick in his hand and the first time he had ever really had a chance to look at one. As he drew back the prepuce he saw that Andre's was more purple round the rim than his own and he felt too that it was thicker and stiffer. It took him a moment or two to get into the right rhythm but when he did so the French signalled his pleasure by completely relaxing and giving out short grunts of pleasure.

"Harder, harder," he gasped, panting.

John gripped the shaft tighter and began to move it with immense speed, increasing the friction a little as he felt the boy was about to come by squeezing his thumb and fingers round the prick a little tighter.

"Ah, oui, that's it ... slower, " suddenly Andre gasped and as John slowed down the boy's spunk shot from him over his uncovered belly, "Aaaaah, bon....," he murmured as the last



droplets oozed from his prick.

Aunt Janina felt pleased with herself, it seemed to her that her carefully laid plans were coming to fruition.

She had not told Jim her real reasons for inviting the French boy - the son of a distant relative, - as he might have raised objections. She would have quelled them at once for Jim almost always did as he was told in the end, but he might, in view of what his wife had in mind, have put up stronger resistance than usual. But when presented with that which would virtually be a *fait accompli* she knew that he would quickly fall into line.

She was pleased, too, because she had seen the books her nephew had brought with him and she had also noticed the way he looked at her legs. So at last he was interested in sex!

She had rather hoped that he would have shown such a preoccupation earlier but when during his previous stay he had obviously been absorbed with books of science fiction and had displayed no reaction at all on the evening she had gone to his room in her dressing-gown, she had deemed it wise to be patient.

As for Andre she felt sure that he was just the kind of boy who would allow her to have her way with....he was plainly more advanced sexually than John and it also appeared that he had a slightly feminine streak in his nature. She felt sure that she would soon get the right responses from him and that he would rapidly fall into her plans.

She looked at her naked body in the mirror. She was quite tall, full and heavy breasted with a pair of plump, even opulent thighs, a superb triangle of sleek black hair ran inverted from the lower part of her abdomen to the angle between her legs. Lifting her eyes a little she admired her own curved belly and narrow waist and, half turning to see her profile she felt a pang of narcissitic pleasure at the shapely haunches that the mirror reflected back.

She was about to try on a new outfit she had bought in London two days before.

It was a black wet-look bikini set, sold for bathing, but which she planned to wear under her outer clothes. Made of cire it looked almost like leather and glistened in the light. She took the bra and slipped the black straps over her shoulders and then

fastened the gilt link that joined the cups in her deep cleavage. And then into the panties - wide, low-cut and tightened by a side belt fitted with another gilt link. The glistening bra cups and the tight fitting panties showed off her heavy breasts and splendid haunches to her full satisfaction, lending her an air of sophisticated power, at once wholly feminine and yet having a touch of the masculine about it. It was to the boots that she then turned, a smile of pleasure on her face. They were almost knee length, covering only the front of her legs, the back consisting of thick laces of the same material strung through heavy gilt links. When she had drawn them on and laced them up she tied the laces behind her knees and then strode to admire herself once again in the mirror.

To complete the ensemble she fitted a snake chain she had bought in Paris round her waist and saw with pleasure that it sagged slightly on her convex belly. She would enjoy wearing the outfit before Jim and the boys, and her eyes glinted with something bordering on lust when she envisaged the boys and Jim doing up her boots and fixing the gilt links of her bra and panties. A kick of the toes of the strong boots would, she felt sure, do the trick if they were disinclined to cooperate ! She went to her wardrobe and examined some of the other purchases she made.

An observer would have been surprised if he had been present when she pulled out one of three similar waitress outfits, consisting of a black frock, trimmed with a narrow lace collar and fitted with a small patterned apron fixed to two large buttons at the waist-line. There was a neat matching cap to go with each outfit. "I can just see John in one of these and wearing a pair of black stockings," she mused as she held the frock in front of her.

She put it back and then turned to a drawer in which she had put a number of lingerie purchases. She smiled as she unpacked a nylon pull-on girdle, a pair of pantie girdles in satin lycra, and then a tight-fitting pull-on corselette in nylon elastic with shoulder straps and nylon lace cups. She sniggered as she thought of her husband wearing it as, she had no doubt, he would be only too pleased to once he got over his initial reluctance to admit to his longing to wear female underwear.

She had made the discovery only a few weeks earlier. She had got the impression once or twice that her lingerie drawer had

had been disturbed when she was out and suddenly suspecting Jim she had laid a careful trap. She had, first of all, placed each item in a special position and on her return had found that once again someone had been in the drawer. It was the day that the woman who did the cleaning had been away, and only Jim had been in the house. Following up this clue she had casually mentioned the next morning that his underwear had not been returned from the laundry and then she said, "You wouldn't mind wearing a pair of my panties just for once would you Jim? Your stuff will be back today."

She had taken a quick glance at him and though he had put on a show of surprise at the suggestion she had seen at once the pleasure in his face when she had flung a pair of nylon panties across to him.

She had known for some time that he had a weakness for submitting to her and of late he had frequently taken a passive role when they had had intercourse, pretending that it was a nice change. Pursuing her discovery she had laid all kinds of traps and he had fallen into them all, though she had carefully avoided making any comments on his behaviour.

He had taken to cleaning her knee-length boots, taking great pains in doing the job and then, one day, saying they were really quite suitable for a man. She had said, "Yes, why not try them on?" and he had jumped at her suggestion with alacrity. On another occasion she had deliberately refused him sex after they had been in bed indulging in preliminaries for nearly half an hour. Turning on her side she had said she was tired. Roused, he had protested and in the end she had said "well, if you suck me off, perhaps I'll let you have me then." He had started to lick her genitals and then she had suddenly turned on her belly and parted her thighs. He had resumed his licking from behind and then she had slowly moved her body down the bed so that almost inevitably his tongue had come into contact with her anus. It was the first time he had done that to her and she had encouraged him, moaning "go on, go on," when he seemed likely to draw his tongue away.

It would not have been a real test for it is not unusual for a man to lick the arse of a woman he desires sufficiently. But warning him not to take his mouth away she had suddenly farted

in his face. She was more convinced than ever of his submissive attitude to her when he had continued to lick the small rosette, despite the unpleasant odour of her fart.

She put away the clothes and slipped a frock over the bikini undies, immensely pleased at the way things were turning out. She would not admit it to herself but deep down she was vaguely aware that she had been waiting all her life to subjugate the men round her.

At last she had prepared the scene and she was going to make the most of it. It would give her particular pleasure to have a completely submissive and abject husband at her beck and call, and she knew she would have special delight in corrupting the two boys even before they experienced the joys of normal adolescent love.

CHAPTER TWO

Aunt Janina had suggested that they should have a fancy dress party one evening, inviting just a few of their friends from the neighbourhood.

Uncle Jim jumped at the idea with alacrity for it would provide him with an opportunity to dress as a woman, while even the boys thought it would be rather fun.

Janina did not, however, reveal that she had already planned what the two boys should wear, though she had already known in her mind that Jim would dress as a woman or a girl. She intended to bring up the question of the fancy dress costumes after a day or two.

Meanwhile there were to be some unexpected developments that would play into her hands.

The very next evening after the two boys had been together in John's room and masturbated each other, they decided to do it again, this time fully naked. They waited until after supper; then, John announcing that he was rather tired, left the sitting room to go up to his room. About a quarter of an hour later Andre decided that he too would retire and excusing himself he made his way upstairs too. He immediately joined John.

"Did they say anything after I'd gone?" asked John,

now feeling a little nervous and guilty about their plans. "No, nothing ! I think you feel guilty, don't you? laughed the French boy. "No, no," said John blushing, "but we don't want to be caught. But I suppose Janina will think I've come up to read. I did that a lot when I was here last time." "I don't know why you think about it. Aunts and uncles never think about what young nephews are doing, We're quite safe, I am sure."

John was feeling nervous now that it come to the point. He would have to undress in front of his friend knowing that they were doing it for the deliberate purpose of mastur.

As he saw the French boy remove his jacket and start to undo his tie, he consoled himself with the thought that two Greek boys would have done just the same thing. So after all there was nothing so terribly unusual or wrong in what they were about to do to each other.

Shyly at first but with increasing confidence he took off his clothes and when he finally slid down his pants to reveal his nakedness he felt a thrill of excitement. Aandre stood there, already naked, watching him.

"We could do something more this time," said the French boy. "We could suck each other....it is very exciting to be sucked."

John was surprised but pleased to hear the French boy make the suggestion. It had not really occurred to him to do such a thing with another boy but he had suspected that to have somebody's lips round your prick would be truly exciting and he had tried to contort himself into a position where he could do that very thing to himself, like one of the boys he had heard about at school As Andre went to lie on the bed he followed and almost at once Andre took hold of John's prick and began to lick it.

The sensation was exquisite, more wonderful than he had ever dreamed possible. And he was just getting used to the wonderful tingling feeling that now went like waves through his body when the French boy moved his legs near to John's face and said in a low almost hoarse voice "And you do it to me at the same time.....more exciting."

O course, thought John, it was like a man and a woman he had read about doing it to each other at the same time, what

the sex books called soixante-neuf, except that it was two cocks and not a cock and a cunt that were involved. He grasped the boy's balls and took the flaccid prick between his lips.

At first the taste was not too pleasant and he wondered if the French boy had felt the same when he first licked the knob of his prick. But it was too apparent that if he hadn't liked the taste at first he no longer minded or cared for he had taken half the shaft into his mouth and was now moving it quite quickly up and down between his lips. John was quivering with pleasure and he plunged into lapping and licking his friend's prick with a will, rapidly overcoming any slight hesitation or nausea he had felt momentarily. Soon the prick swelled between his lips and he began to move it hard and thick into and from his mouth.

John was now almost underneath the French boy and with another jerk the latter came up with his body firmly planted on John's, his genitals in his face, the heavy, hairy balls against his eyes and nose, his knees on either side of his chest, his head bent over his belly and thighs. Oh! it was strangely exciting to be underneath another boy's body, to feel his weight on top of you, to feel that in some strange way you were surrendering yourself to another person, thought John.

The two boys now went with a will to their tasks, their mouths slobbering eagerly at the two pricks, their bodies tremulous with excitement. In a moment they would be at the point of no return and John knew that he would be unable to escape the squirts of his friend's spunk. They might even go into his mouth.

When the door opened neither of the boys could stop what they were doing immediately so intense was their excitement, so intense was their mutual desire to reach their climaxes. But when Uncle Jim, closing the door after him, said in a voice that could not be ignored, "Ah! so that's it" they at once stopped what they were doing, the French boy raising his head and looking at the man with terror in his eyes while John twisted his head from under the French boy's body to look with terror at his uncle.

"So that's it, " repeated Uncle Jim, "Get up will you. "

The French boy drew his leg over John and got to his feet at the side of the bed, his prick jutting from his body, while John slowly followed suit.

The two boys then stood side by side, speechless and shamefaced in front of John's uncle.

"Well," said Jim, his eyes eagerly searching the faces of the boys, "What's the explanation?"

They were silent, dumbfounded and filled with horror at their situation.

"No answer, well, I don't know what I am going to do about this. You ought to be sent him, both of you at once...that would be the best punishment I think."

He continued to eye the boys up and down, waiting for some response, it was John who spoke first.

"Not that, Uncle, please. Punish us in any way you like, but don't send us home. Daddy would....he would go mad....he might kill me."

"Yes, sir, please," now pleaded the French boy. "Do not send us home. Punish us another way."

The older man pretended to be thinking, and started to walk back and forth across the room in front of the two shamefaced boys. Then he seemed to have reached a decision.

"All right," he said, "Perhaps we'll think the matter over before reaching a decision, you Andre, you put your things on and go to your room."

"Thank you, sir," gasped the French boy with relief, and he rapidly put on his clothes and then made his way from John's room."

"Thank you, sir," gasped John, also.

"Now, John," said his uncle. "I think we might have a little experiment together."

John looked up in surprise at his uncle, not knowing what to expect but still fearing the worst.

"It seems to me that you are in grave danger of getting the wrong ideas about sex: you will end up being unable to make love to a girl when you grow older if you get into the habit of - well of mutual masturbation. I think it's my duty to teach you otherwise. I think you had better come with me to Aunt Janina."

"No, please - don't tell Aunt Janina," John said, his voice so full of terror that it was almost inaudible.

"Yes, come now, come just as you are. Now!" He almost

barked the last word. Slowly the boy began to walk towards the door, followed by his Uncle Jim.

Jim had begun to work things out in his mind. He suspected that his wife would like a young boy at her mercy. On the pretext of showing him what was right and wrong sexually she would be able to gain a great deal of pleasure. In doing so she would, of course, put herself in an awkward situation, as far as Jim was concerned. Jim would then, he felt certain, be able to manoeuvre things in the house to his own satisfaction.

By the time they reached the door of Janina's room Jim had a fairly clear idea of what he intended. He would soon, if things worked out as he planned, have three people in a position in which they would be unable to refuse his own desires.

As soon as they entered Aunt Janina's room Jim gave a brief explanation of what had happened, Janina sitting up in bed, and looked with increasing interest at the naked boy.

"I see, I see," she said when Jim had finished. "Then he will really have to learn about women and also to do as he's told. The only alternative would be to send him back home first thing in the morning." She looked at John with eagerness in her eyes, sitting up in the bed and revealing that she was naked.

John was quivering with fear and filled with utter shame and confusion, but in his heart he didn't care what happened so long as his father was not informed. He at once pleaded with his Aunt not to send him home, saying that he would do whatever she wished rather than that.

She realized at once that things had worked out better than she could have hoped and with unexpected suddenness. She might start right now, giving herself some of the pleasure she had sought for so long. However, she was still uncertain of her husband's reaction and she hesitated to take a step that might turn out to be unwise and that would interfere with her plans. Pliable though Jim was she was not certain that he would submit to her in the way she wanted, nor certain that his weakness for women's clothing would enable her to get a hold over him to such an extent that she could completely humiliate him. It was for this reason that she had thought of the fancy dress party where there would be

an opportunity to put things to the test. But her eyes suddenly revealed that she had made a decision.

"I'm a little tired tonight, Jim," she said, "yet I don't think we should let this opportunity pass to direct John's mind towards the other sex. As you said he might well become fixated on the other men, or the image of other men. He should immediately be provided with the female image."

In the elaborate game being played out between Jim and Janina - a game which acted as cover for their own strange sexual needs so far only partly revealed to each other - Jim sensed he was going to get his way. He did not know that the thoughts passing through his mind at that moment were just what Janina would have wished if she had had the power to determine them.

"You're right, Janina," said Jim, then what do you suggest.... as far as tonight is concerned?"

"Well, as I say I'm a little tired. I think you could act out the feminine role to take his mind off his pre-occupation with other boys.... other boy's genitals."

Was it possible? thought Jim eagerly, his heart pounding with excitement.

"You could put on some of my things and I could act as a kind of prompter...make yourself as feminine as possible and teach him a lesson or two...." Of course she had had such a thing in mind for a long time but she had never expected that she would be able to make such a suggestion without actually committing herself or revealing her own true desires.

She saw at once that Jim had taken the bait.

"Rather a good idea," he commented. "Yes, it's a pity to get you out of the bed. "Let's see now if I put on some of your underclothes John'll begin to get the right idea about a girl and what she looks like.....then later perhaps you'll give him a genuine opportunity to see the female body....?"

"That's what I have in mind. Yes, once he gets oriented towards the female - female clothes and female ways... I'll reward him with something really authentic." As she spoke she had placed one leg outside the bedclothes and when John saw its shapeliness he felt a quiver of excitement in his loins,

Jim needed no further prompting. He felt he was covering it quite adequately and doing no more than fall in with a perfectly normal suggestion of his wife's. In a minute or two he was naked and fumbling through a pile of undies in Janina's bottom drawer. So far so good.

While Janina talked to the boy about the wrongness of what he had done in order to impress on him the seriousness of his plight, Jim pulled on an attractive bra and pantie set in shining black nylon, then he put on a garter belt and drew on a pair of suntan nylon stockings. He felt a sudden surge of pleasure and excitement at being able for the first time to wear some women's undies in front of his wife while having a very good excuse for doing so.

He thought - certainly felt as he looked in the mirror - that he was now sufficiently "female" for anything his wife had in mind, so he stepped into the centre of the room between the naked boy and his wife, now sitting naked on the side of the bed, already half abandoning the pretence that she was "rather tired".

"Good , Jim," said Janina admiringly, "you look really quite like a young woman."

Then she turned to John who looked nervously at his uncle. "You see now what a girl looks like when she's got her undies on and if you look at me you'll see what a naked woman looks like. But I want Jim to show you quite a lot more before we go any further."

She turned to Jim.

"I think we'd better pretend that John wants to make love to you. He needs to learn how to go about dealing with a girl's underclothes, doesn't he, Jim?"

"Yes, that's so. Much more important than pulling another boy's cock out of his trousers ! " He smiled, for things were working out according to plan. He wanted nothing as much as to pretend to be a woman and to have a young boy or man undressing him.

Jim stood near the end of the bed and waited for the young boy.

John was shaking from nervousness but as he looked at his aunt he knew that he would have to carry out her wishes.

Slowly he advanced towards his uncle and when he was about a foot away Jim said, "Remove my panties, John".

Jim was himself roused intensely by what had happened and his prick was forcing the panties to jut forward as John took hold of the top of the dark nylon and began to pull the garment from his belly and buttocks.

Slowly he peeled the tight-fitting panties from his uncle's bottom and belly and then pushed them down his stocking-ed legs.

He tried to avoid seeing the enormous male prick that jutted from the forest of pubic hair in front of him, but he was at once fascinated and horrified by it.

It was Janina's moment: she would get both the boy and her husband completely into her power if she succeeded now.

Abandoning for the moment the pretence about learning about women and feminine ways, she said suddenly in a clear peremptory voice, "Well, John, as you like sucking a man's penis, suck your uncle's." The words horrified the boy but filled Jim with intense excitement and turning approvingly to his wife he smiled at her and indicated that she should assist in the process. He sat back on the bed and almost at once Janina got out of bed and coming behind the boy she ordered him to bend down on his knees facing his uncle's parted legs. The boy at once obeyed her command and then she took him by his neck and forced his head forward over the erect prick.

"Suck it!" she commanded.

John had no alternative and a second or two later he bent right over and inserted the knob of the hard, massive prick between his lips and began to lick it and then to suck it.

Jim lay back giving himself totally to the immense pleasure he was feeling from having a boy sucking him off while he was dressed in a bra, garter-belt and stockings. He moaned with pleasure, his eyes closed, as his wife urged the boy to move the glistening knob in and out of his pursued lips.

"Harder, harder !" she commanded, forcing the boy's head down on the throbbing phallus. "Make him come and when he does you swallow the stuff that comes out."

The boy continued to work his mouth on the prick and



began to get a certain quiver of pleasure from it as he got used to the fact that although it was his uncle it was after all a prick. Soon he went about his task without inhibition and suddenly he felt the first convulsive pulsation of the prick in his mouth and this was followed almost at once by a gush of semen to the back of his throat.

He was about to remove his mouth but now his aunt held his head down on it with a grip of iron and he felt his mouth filled with the acrid-tasting fluid, almost choking on it and forcing him to gulp it down his throat.

She held him there, a little less harshly so that he could half open his jaws, until the last jerk of spunk spurted from her husband's prick.

Then she released him, and walked back to the side of the bed, jumping in as Jim rose into a sitting position.

"I think we shall continue his lessons tomorrow," said Janina, looking at her husband quizzacally and also revealing in some subtle way that she had now got him where she wanted him. After all he had got his nephew to suck him off and that, on any count, would be considered an act of the grossest indecency, especially as the youth was only fourteen.

She had him practically where she wanted him now, and she was determined to make the most of her power.

"You can go now John," she said, and as soon as the boy had left she said: "Oh, Jim, I want you to suck me off now and I want you to suck me off now, just that and then I shall go off to sleep. But I want you to lick the whole of my genital area, crotch and anus as well."

Jim felt no urge to do such a thing now that he had enjoyed such an intensely satisfying orgasm, but he knew that his wife would insist.

Wearily he came to the side of the bed, pushed back the bedclothes and bent over his wife's luxurious public hair and, with his fingers parted the pigmented labia before his plunging tongue went into her swet swamp.

He placed his tongue at the top and gradually worked it the full length of the slit and only gradually brought his lips into contact with the soft genital flesh. As gradually his enthusiasm

grew he moved his mouth eagerly and deeply in the dribbling gash and slowly nosed forward until his lips reached her crotch. Lapping at the dank angle of her legs for a moment or so he moved his nose into her anus and then as she pushed him forward slightly he found the rosette with his tongue and started eagerly to lick it before pushing the pointed end into the small, discoloured orifice.

It was then that she farted in his face.

"And one day, she said suddenly, "I'm going to shit on your face too. I think you'll rather like that."

CHAPTER THREE

Uncle Jim went to sleep satisfied that things were going his way at last, and little realizing how cleverly his wife had manoeuvred things her own way, exploiting his weakness and taking advantage of the two adolescent boys staying in the house.

Janina had secretly suspected her husband's transvestite tendencies long before she had had proof and her awareness of this perverted side of his nature - for that's how she regarded it - filled her with contempt for him. Yet it was in some ways her own reluctance for normal sex that had provoked or at least acted as catalyst in bringing to the surface Jim's weakness.

It is possible he would have been content with a normal sex life if he had not gradually found his desires frustrated and if he had not slowly come under and grown almost to enjoy his wife's refusals and her dominating ways.

Janina saw it as lack of manliness. But she liked to find this in a man because it gave her an excuse for showing her contempt and at the same time freed her from the tiresome obligations of normal sex.

It was a bore to lie on her back while a man went through the conventional, hackneyed procedures of love-making, she thought. Off with his pants, into bed and then to her side. They were all the same. They kissed your lips and slid their right hand down to your thighs, pushed the hand between them and then began to fondle your vulva, seeking for a moment or two your

clitoris but having very little patience in trying to rouse you and soon tiring, pushing a couple of fingers into your cunt. Then a suck at your breasts and hey presto ! they were ready to put it in.

The old routine bored her: the certainty with which they all followed practically the same pattern disgusted her.

She had decided some time ago that she would get the utmost pleasure first from denying them the routine and, secondly, from imposing her own.

What had begun with a mild contempt for men mixed with sheer boredom had gradually grown into an obsessive desire to humiliate and to reduce men to a kind of psychological servitude.

At first this had been enough for her and to a large extent she had succeeded with her husband. But she had of late felt a deep sense of frustration and sought new means of expressing her latent desires and of demonstrating her sense of superiority to men. Never tired of saying it was a man's world, she was determined to have it otherwise, or, at least to make her own small contribution around her to making a change.

The idea of physically humiliating a man had only slowly formed in her thoughts but once she had reached this position it had slowly become an obsession with her. Her first two little excursions into the field was the contemptuous way she had twice farted in her husband's face as he licked her arse.

This was only a beginning. She had determined to see that her husband obeyed her every whim and to see him to that, she knew, would give her immense satisfaction, even possibly, some sort of sexual fulfillment. And then the letter had come from their friends in France asking if Andre could spend a few weeks with them during the vacation, following by a request from her sister-in-law to ask whether her son could come again for the vacation as she and her husband wanted to go for a visit to America. She felt pretty sure that she would soon tire of her husband's submission. In some ways he was so feeble that she would get no more than a couple of kicks out of humiliating him on her own; but if others could witness his humiliation and if she could proceed to humiliate those witnesses in turn - then, indeed, she would begin to get her own back on the man she despised as well as on any

others who she could force to fall under her sway.

The presence of the two youths in the house presented her with a unique opportunity and the unforeseen development of the two boys being caught by Jim masturbating each other had played into her hands. It put them, too, at her mercy.

She decided at once not to wait for the fancy dress party but to go ahead with her plans.

Next morning she called the two boys to her room.

John had spent a miserable night, horrified at what had happened the previous night. Now he looked back on the events of the evening he was more upset by the way he had been forced to suck his uncle's cock than about being caught masturbating, though he knew it was the latter fact that put him at the mercy of his aunt and uncle. For the moment sex was almost repulsive to him, for it had done nothing but bring trouble for him.

He went to his aunt's room filled with forebodings; perhaps she was going to send him home after all to wait his parents return and the severe punishment that he knew could be his lot; or, possibly, she would punish him in some other way, making him suck off his uncle again.

She was wearing a startling outfit when he reached her room.

It was simply a shiny black bra and panties, like a bikini, the bra fastened between her splendid breasts by gilt links and the pantie drawn tight at one side by a short belt tied by a gilt buckle. Apart from the bikini she wore a pair of black almost knee length boots that were laced at the back through a series of gilt rings. He stood glued to the spot as he entered her room, barely looking at his friend who had already arrived.

"Now that you are both here," she started almost at once, "I want to impress on you the seriousness of what you were caught doing last night. I have decided not to send you home, either of you, or to inform your parents, but instead, to punish you my own way."

The French boy looked relieved while John moved his weight from one foot to another.

"You know that we have been unable to find a maid to do

the lighter housework, nor have I been successful in finding a personal maid. I have decided, therefore, that you will act as maids for the rest of your stay here."

There was relief on the two faces. It could not be so bad to do some household chores and other duties and was certainly infinitely preferable to being reported to their respective parents. There was a smile on the French boy's face.

"But, of course, you will have to dress like housemaids" she added, now looking keenly at their two faces.

"Dress like housemaid? queried John taken aback.

"Yes, that's what I said. You can't do the sort of things you'll be doing dressed as you are. And in any case it will be an experience for you to live the role as maids, and I hope to teach you a proper lesson." she paused, then went on:

"I have, therefore, got out the maids uniforms I was going to give the new maids and I want you to put them on now." As she spoke she pointed to two sets of uniforms laid out on her bed.

"Will you remove your clothes and put them on. They're complete and I think it would be just as well if you wore them complete, underwear and all. It will be much better if while you are here you forget all about your boys' clothes and get into the habit of wearing a bra and panties, a pair of stockings which you keep up with a girdle and suspenders. The bras, I see, are fairly well padded and that will enhance the appearance of your frocks. As for shoes, I think you had better wear them too, even though they have got high heels. Now will you put them on."

They had meekly removed their clothes as she spoke and stood there naked in front of her, bewildered at what she was now asking them to do. The idea of wearing a woman's clothes not only filled them with horror, but they knew that they would not be able to look anyone in the face when they wore them.

When they hesitated Janina suddenly barked out one word: "Hurry ! " and they knew at once that there was no way out of it.

A moment later the two boys were struggling into the bras and panties and then pulling on the black nylons that were part of the outfit. Then after fixing the stockings to the garter

belts they struggled into the black frocks, already fitted with aprons.

It that had been all it would not have been too bad but then came the high-heeled shoes and, finally, little caps of the kind that were rarely seen nowadays.

Filled with utter confusion, their faces scarlet, the two boys now stood meekly in front of Aunt Janina.

"You must always call me Mistress, of course, don't overlook that. Now, as to your duties, I think you had better share them between the two of you; part of the time you will be doing ordinary household chores - I have had a word with Mrs. Jones who will outline these to you - and part of the time you will act as my personal maid."

Her eyes glinted with satisfaction as she eyed the young men up and down. They had got into the clothes meekly and seemed ready to accept their new status so frightened were they of the consequences of refusing her.

"Perhaps we'll begin with the personal maid part first. I don't have to tell you the many details that such work involves, it is simply looking after my personal toilet, my clothes and so on. You'll pick up your duties, I have no doubt, within the next few days.

"Now, for example, I am going to change into different underwear so one of you will get that for me from the drawers over there - I want the sky-blue set in the top drawer - and one of you will remove what I am wearing. We'll do that first."

The boys stood glued to the floor, but when they saw the anger grow in Janina's face they both made a dash for the dressing table. As soon as John saw that the French boy had beaten him to it he turned reluctantly towards his Aunt.

"Take you things off, did you say?" he stammered.

"Yes, I did, hurry up."

Weakly, he walked over to his well-built Aunt and seeing the gold link between her breasts he started to fumble with it, managing finally to undo it. Then he drew off the bra cups to reveal his aunt's massive, full breasts. He shivered with a strange kind of excitement, despite the fact that his body was trembling with fear, and wanted to touch her breasts. He found his desire



overpowered him and suddenly and quite unexpectedly he reached out and touched one of the large titties.

At once Janina smacked his hand. "How dare you do such a thing. You will be punished at once for that....." Her face flushed with anger she went to the drawer in her bureau and returned with a short whip.

"Get over the bed" she commanded.

Hardly knowing what was happening John lay over the end of the bed whereupon Janina lifted up his frock to expose his pantied bottom.

At once she struck him quite sharply across his buttocks. "Yes, I had forgotten to tell you that when you fail to do exactly as I tell you, or take liberties of the kind you have just taken you will be punished." She hit him again sharply enough to send him a shock of pain through his body and he could not suppress a "oooooh! "

Meanwhile the French boy stood nearby not knowing what to do, but still holding out a set of sky-blue undies he had found in the drawer.

Janina struck the boy a third time and then she told him to get up.

"Now let that be a lesson to you. But it is not all: I think you have a long way to go yet, John, and the sooner we get things straightened out the better."

She sat down on the end of the bed and then, pointing to the floor in front of her booted feet, she said, "Get down on your knees".

John still smarting from the three strokes of the whip bent down and got to his knees about two feet in front of his aunt. "Kiss my boot," she then ordered him as she placed one leg over the other and thrust the top boot towards the boy.

Totally humiliated in front of his friend Andre, John bent over and taking hold of the shiny black boot he kissed the toe perfunctorily.

"Kiss it properly! "

He kissed it again this time continuing to keep his lips to the toe of the boot until Janina said "That will do now. Get up!"

John got to his feet.

"Now you will continue to undress me," she said her large breasts hanging heavily from her shapely figure. "Take off my panties." And suddenly remembering Andre she looked at him and said, "Oh, you can start unfastening my boots."

The two boys bent to their tasks, John trembling lest he should make a mistake as he undid the buckle at the side of the bikini panties. When he had done this Janina got to her feet and John slid the bikini down her legs, interrupting Andre's activities for a moment. Then the two boys began dealing with a boot each, the splendid thighs of the woman close to their faces.

They removed them without mishap, wondering what she would demand of them afterwards. They were soon to learn.

"Now," said the splendidly statuesque woman who stood naked before the boys, "I want you to massage me before my bath. I shall lie on the bed and you will use a circular motion with your hands on my back and buttocks."

Almost as soon as she had spoken she lay face down on the bed to the amazement of the two boys. Already the French boy found himself roused at the sight of the naked body of John's aunt and when he bent over and touched her flesh he found the greatest difficulty in controlling himself, his prick hard in the panties he was wearing.

John was bewildered. She was humiliating and punishing him and Andre for what they had done the day before, but at the same time she was providing them with an intimate view of her body and letting them touch and do things to her. It was only gradually that John realized that she was torturing him and Andre in one of the most subtle ways.

It was soon apparent to Andre however, for no sooner had he begun to touch the top of her back and work his fingers in a circular motion on her shoulder muscles than he felt an almost overpowering urge to run his hands down her back and feel between her legs. He was almost relieved that John was massaging the lower part of her back for the temptation to feel her legs would have been too much for him if he had been massaging her buttocks.

John was rapidly confronted with such an urge.

"Lower, on my buttocks !" cried Janina as John's hands massaged her coccyx and he at once found his fingers kneading the fleshy buttocks. He trembled with excitement as his fingers worked into the soft, resilient flesh and his prick was now hard in his panties. He wanted desperately to feel between her legs and even to touch her genitals. But he knew that it would be almost more than his life was worth to do so.

Trembling in every limb he continued to massage her buttocks and the backs of her thighs when she told him, a minute or two later, do do so.

Andre had worked his hands down to the lower part of her back and Janina was feeling quite invigorated by the way the boys had done their job. Now she decided to torture them directly, to put temptation in their way to such an extent that they would undergo the most intense psychological anguish.

"Now, I shall lie on my back and you will follow my instructions." With that she turned over and the two boys now looked down at a fully exposed naked woman, perhaps for the first time in their lives.

They could hardly believe their eyes. They could hardly believe their good fortune. And yet at the same time they knew that one false step, one momentary slip into temptation and well John could imagine that his fate would be sealed.

She lay there, her massive breasts jutting from her body like two mosque domes, capped with hard blunted spires. John had never seen such large nipples nor such a wonderful halo of darker brown round a nipple, even in the pictures he had bought of naked girls.

It is true that few woman had such shapely, full and heavy yet unsagging breasts as Janina, nor few such wonderful areolas surrounding such massive teats, any man would have found it well nigh impossible to resist those fleshy teats, and how much more so two young adolescents presented with such an opportunity for the first time? Janina knew that she was torturing and tantalizing the two boys to the most intense degree and she got the most exquisite pleasure from it.

They hardly dared look lower down for there - there was something that neither of them had ever really seen before: the

treasure of a mature woman's genitals, and as her legs were slightly parted and the luxurious-haired labia were even slightly parted, neither boy dared to look.

But Janina was going to exact the last ounce of satisfaction from the boy's excruciating agony for she now told them both to massage the upper part of her thighs, John her left one, Andre her right.

Almost in a dream the boys moved lower down the side of the bed and bent over to touch the opulent flesh of the thighs. John's prick throbbed in his panties as his fingers made contact with the flesh about half way between her knee and the top of her leg. He cast a swift glance at the now exposed slit of her vulva and a tremor of desire surged through his body.

Andre's hand was a little higher on the other thigh and spellbound he started to massage the flesh as she had instructed him. His eyes were glued to her genitals and as if drawn by a magnet his fingers worked higher up the thigh and were drawn closer and closer to the wonderful swamp he so desperately desired to touch.

Nearer and nearer and then it was all too much for him for suddenly Andre's fingers touched the luxuriant labia and he found himself working a finger in her wet swamp.

Janina's cry of horror was explosive.

She was on her feet in a moment and slapped the boy across his face.

"You how dare you? My God, Andre, you will have to be punished most severely....."

"I'm sorry, I did not ...mean....please....please..." the French boy stammered.

Her eyes flashing with anger mixed with excitement she told the boy to follow her to the bathroom. Striding angrily towards the door of the bathroom she said, "My god, you will have to pay for taking that liberty. I cannot imagine what made you do such a thing."

Once in the bathroom she waited for the boy to enter. Then she told him to lie down in the empty bath.

She felt a sense of power over another human being - a

young boy in particular – she had never experienced before and she was determined to make the very most of it. She would utterly humiliate him.

Quivering with fear the boy did as he was told and then to his utter amazement Janina got into the bath and stood over him feet on either side of his chest.

The lowering her body slightly forward she half knelt over his face and before he knew what was happening he suddenly felt a hot steamy jet of urine on his face. He tried to move his head but the hot stream of acrid stinging fluid following his nose, eyes and mouth and soon his whole face was covered in the obnoxious stream. Half choking as he had to open his mouth to breathe as some of the urine had entered his nostrils he suddenly found his mouth filled with it and before he could stop himself he had swallowed a mouthful.

Lying there, covered in urine, spitting and spluttering, the boy only vaguely saw Janina get up from the kneeling position, and step from the bath.

Then he heard her speaking.

"That, my young friend, might teach you a lesson. Well, if it does not we shall have something else in store for you. I am determined that you will learn to respect and obey my wishes – my whims if you wish – for you are my slave so long as you stay here. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," the boy gasped. "Yes, I'll do what you tell me Mistress... Always, from now on, I promise."

"You promise to obey me?"

"Yes, Mistress, I promise."

With that Janina left the boy in the bathroom and returned to her room.

There she found John not knowing what to do. "Come", she said, "you will massage my thighs but I warn you not to fall into the temptation that Andre did for he has just been punished most severely."

She was feeling strangely roused and if she should get the boy to behave himself strictly according to her wishes she might allow him to help her to a climax. But it would have to be done not so much as a reward for good behaviour as something



that she wished in the normal course of life and that he would have to carry out quite unsexually, unemotionally and precisely. He was certainly not going to be allowed to have any obvious pleasure from anything he did to her.

After three or four minutes' massage Janina parted her thighs widely and then she said:

"Now bend down on your knees at the end of the bed and I shall move my body forward. You will lick my pussy with your tongue - up and down - just that until I tell you otherwise..."

John could not believe it. He suspected some kind of trap but he desperately wanted to lick her down there and he decided that whatever the temptations he would do exactly as he was bidden.

He got into position and she moved forward so that her long legs reached the floor, her exposed genitals at the edge of the bed, completely exposed to the boy's gaze.

"Now lick me," she commanded.

He pushed his tongue into the wet slit and began to move it up and down precisely as she had told him.

CHAPTER FOUR

When Jim arrived back from his country office that evening he was eager to find some excuse for wearing the bra and panties, garter belt and stockings Janina had given him on the previous evening. All the way back in the car he tried to think of some appropriate excuse for putting them on again. Inevitably he worked on the idea of further education of the boys.

But he had no need to worry for as soon as he got back Janina asked him to come to her room. He washed and changed into a sweater and slacks and made his way there.

"I've dressed the two boys in maid's uniforms, Jim, and as long as they stay here they will dress in this way and carry out the maids' duties." She waited to see the effect on him.

"I see," he began. "You think that's a good idea?"

"Yes, they have to learn to obey - that comes, I think before everything else....."

"And you quite like seeing them obey.... I mean you get pleasure out of it, don't you?"

She looked at him enigmatically.

"Take it that way if you will, Jim. And I think you are quite jealous of them, aren't you?"

"Well, hardly," he was not prepared to admit that he would have liked to have worn a miad's uniform. He was not prepared as yet, to reveal his deep desire for domination.

"Hardly" Come you know very well that you like being dominated by a woman and that such clothes would be a symbol of domination." And then she added, slyly, "And besides you like dressing in women's clothes, don't you, Jim?"

He was caught and he knew it. He did not really want finally to admit to himself still less to others including his wife that he was really a transvestite and that he like to be wholly and completely dominated. But this was his chance if he was prepared to take it. He decided he could not bring himself to it.

"What nonsense you talk, really Janina," he said, somewhat lamely.

Janina smiled but she knew that she had won. She would tempt him another way into a full admission of his deviation.

"Look," she said suddenly, walking over to her drawer in the dressing-table in which she kept her lingerie, "I bought this wonderful corselette. I think it would be rather fun if you wore it as part of your ensemble at the fancy dress party. You did say you would dress as a woman, so why not do it properly?"

She flung the lovely white nylon and satin corselette over to him and he felt a pang of pleasure as he caught it in his hands and felt the soft sexy material and saw the suspenders hanging from the lower end.

"Why not try it on to see if it fits you?"

He was eager to and he cast aside his fears that by doing so he would reveal his deepest desires. He was able to deceive himself that he was merely playing a part for the fancy-dress party that had nothing to do with the sexual desires he had.

"All right, I'll try it on, darling," he said, and immediately stripped off his clothes, his balls already tingling with suppressed excitement.

He was naked for a moment and his wife eyed him indifferently. Then he started to pull the corselette up his legs and body until it was in place, large padded bra cups over his flat breasts, shoulder straps in position, and a diamond shaped area of satin holding his tummy bulge. The suspenders hung down the back and front of his thighs.

"Want some stockings?" she said, going to get a pair from the other drawer.

She flung a pair of black nylons to him and he sat on the bed, his prick slowly hardening as he pulled them on, sheathing his legs, and fastened them behind and in front, taking infinite pleasure in doing so.

He stood up and could not resist a glance at himself in the mirror that did not escape his wife.

"Yes, you've got quite nice legs - almost pass for a girl," she sniggered.

Fifteen minutes later Jim was in a gym-slip and wide belt that Janina had produced from her wardrobe. He also wore a pair of black nylon knickers and a pair of flat-heeled strappy shoes. He had more or less given up the unequal struggle, the temptation to dress as a girl being too much for him.

His wife surveyed him critically and then she commented "Yes, with a nice blonde wig you'd pass very well as a sixth-former, one of the tennis, hockey-playing sort. You should go down well at the party."

"Think so?" He tried to appear indifferent.

"I'm certain," she smiled cynically. Adding, "And you know, that's just what you want, Jim, don't you?"

You are just ridiculous, "said Jim, still embarrassed at some of the things she had said, but nevertheless trying to find some way whereby he could indulge his desires without wholly revealing his perverse inclinations. "I don't mind pretending to be a woman just for fun, in fact it's nice to think I'm not one of those ghastly males without brains who haven't the slightest feminine streak in their make-up - quite loathsome I'd have thought as far as a woman is concerned...."

"All right then, Jim, we can have a game of let's pretend

if you like - just for the fun of it. Now I'll dress up as a form mistress as far as I have any suitable clothes, or, at least, like a woman who has some sort of power over a young girl... let's see, well the knee-length black boots are obviously essential," and with those words she took them from the shoe cupboard. "Then I think... I know the short black frock with the buttoned up collar.. the on.' with the brass buttons, looks like a uniform and to complete the ensemble black stockings. What do you say? Might almost have been worn by one of those women in the concentration camps...?

As she had been speaking she had fetched the black frock from the wardrobe and had slipped it on over her black bra and panties and stood there, still without stockings and boots for Jim to admire.

It was certainly very effective and lent an air of power, almost masculinity to his wife, despite the bulges of her breasts.

Even as she stood therein her naked feet Jim felt the urge to be dominated by her increase because of the semi-military cut of the frock, and as she pulled on the black nylons followed by the pair of knee-length black boots, his desire quickened. In relation to the well-built, dominating woman in the short black frock with its brass buttons and high collar, black nylons and black knee-length boots, he was, he suddenly felt just a schoolgirl.

She stood in front of him, looking down at him at he sat in his gymslip on the bed.

"I think you need to be punished, don't you, my dear," she said, play acting.

"I'm sorry, Miss," he said, taking his cue, I did not mean to

"Did not mean !. Then you should have not done. Bend over the arm of the chair, will you?"

At once he obeyed.

He bent over the arm, displaying his long stockinged legs and the base of his buttocks, but Janina at once drew up the gym-slip to reveal his bottom sheathed in black nylons. She had taken a leather belt in her hand and she at once brought it down across his buttocks.

"Half a dozen of these and then perhaps you'll do as you are told in the future," she said.

She enjoyed the minutes that followed, exerting herself to the utmost to make the strokes as painful as possible. Jim felt them but it was the emotion of submission that completely dominated his feelings and he scarcely noticed the pain she was causing him. When she had finished the play-acting seemed to dissolve into reality by a strange alchemy that neither of them noticed at first.

"In future Jim," said Janina, her eyes glowing with excitement as she panted to regain her breath, "you will have to obey me, obey me in the minutest particulars of our life Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think so...." Jim was not quite sure whether she had become serious or not, but he did not really mind in either way. He just wished to know what the minutest particulars were.

"Well you'll soon know what I mean and if you disobey Jim, then you'll have to be punished in a suitable way. I think I'll call you Jane from now on, incidentally, and you'd better call me Mistress."

"Yes, Mistress," Jim was quite serious now and felt a strangely exciting tremor of pleasure in his genitals at the thought of being called Jane.

So far what had gone on between them could still be considered play-acting but if Janina brought someone else into the game it would determine just how far Jim was prepared to go. Especially if that other person became in some way involved with her body. Only a man ready for domination would permit her body to be touched, caressed, fondled or washed by another person. And if that person were his own nephew...?

Janina had arranged that one of the boys was to stay in the domestic quarters during the mornings and early evenings, and that when she rang the bell in her room it had to be answered. When, three minutes after pressing her bell, John entered the room she was pleased. It would be nice to see his reaction to his Uncle dressed as a schoolgirl.

He came in wearing his maids outfit and looked with a mixture of embarrassment and genuine astonishment at his

Uncle. "Oh, this is Jane," said Janina introducing him to Jim so eager was she to test out her husband's reactions that she forgot she should have introduced them the other way round. "And this," she added looking at John, "is Jeanne."

The two men were embarrassed but tried not to show it. Jim looked with some interest at his nephew dressed as a maid and he felt strangely stimulated by the sight of him in such clothes.

"I want you Jeanne to remove my boots and then my stockings and then I have a special task for you." She took a quick glimpse at Him as she spoke but there was no indication of any reaction on his face.

She sat on the end of the bed and a moment or so later John was carefully removing the boots she had just put on and then started to unfasten the stockings high up her legs. He quivered with excitement as his fingers lightly brushed her soft flesh at the top of her thighs.

Jim felt jealous to see the boy touching his wife but in some peculiar way the sight also excited him. It was the first time another man or boy had even touched Janina since they had married and his reaction was not quite what he would have expected. Indeed as John reached behind to unfasten the back suspenders and seemed to have his hands on his wife's buttocks if only momentarily, Jim felt a quiver of excitement surge through his loins.

It was almost as if he were surrendering part of himself to see his wife touched in such an intimate part of her body to someone else, his nephew at that, still nothing irrevocable had happened and it could really all be part of an elaborate piece of play acting.

Then John had finished and Janina sat back on the bed naked except for the frock and the bra she wore underneath, she asked the boy to unfasten and remove her frock. She edged to the side of her neck and then the six large brass ones then ran down the middle of the frock. In a moment he had helped her to divest herself of it.

"Now my bra," she commanded him.

He trembled with excitement as he touched the clasp between her bra cups and he could scarcely get hold of the two pieces of metal. But in the end he managed to achieve his end without aggravating his aunt. The bra slid from her shoulders and she sat there naked, her heavy breasts fascinating the boy.

The fact that his nephew could now see his wife completely naked began to irritate Jim at first. Perhaps, after all, the play acting had gone far enough. She was, when all was said and done, his wife and there was no reason why she should expose the intimate parts of her body to another man, even if he were only a young one.

Janina knew that she was testing him now but she would have been surprised if he had started to raise any objections. She was, however, not so sure at what she was about to do.

She lay over the side of the bed and told John that he had to lick between her legs.

Even John was surprised that she should do such a thing in front of Uncle Jim, though he was by now quite used to strange things happening in this house.

When he hesitated she raised her back for a moment and said in a commanding voice, "Lick me between my legs at once ! "

He at once knelt on the carpet and bending forward started to lick her between her legs. His interpretation of her command was that he should lick the inside of her thighs but no sooner had he started to do that than she called out "Higher, between my legs! " To Jim's horror he realized that she meant that the boy was to lick her genitals.

As for John himself, he quivered from head to foot as he brought his tongue to the thick fleshy flanges on her genitals and started to lick then tentatively.

The tension in the room was immense and there was utter silence apart from the sound of John's tongue lightly moving over the woman's outer lips. And then slowly Janina began to move her body a little and before long she was rolling the upper part of her torso rhythmically from side to side, the movements accompanied by louder inspirations of breath as gradually the contact of the boy's tongue roused her.

It is almost impossible to describe the feelings of either the boy or his Uncle. The one was at once horrified and fascinated by what he was doing, while the other was filled with a mixture of chagrin and unusual pleasure. John was horrified that he was licking his aunt's genitals in front of his uncle, yet at the same time he was now filled with intense tingling sensations in his loins. and his prick had hardened inside his black nylon panties. He was so excited that he now wanted to plunge his tongue into the slit itself but he knew that he had to do exactly as he was told and she had only said "lick. between my legs".

His hands moved onto her luscious thighs to steady himself and he proceeded to lick the labia now with long, firm strokes that almost parted them as Janina continued her rhythmic side-to - side movements and loud panting for breath.

It was in the mind of Jim that the most intense turmoil was going on.

As we have said when the boy was first asked to assist his wife with the removal of her boots and stockings Jim had been both irritated and excited. The jealousy he had felt as first soon gave way to a strange sense of surrender, almost as if he were surrendering his own body. But even as he reached this psychological situation he also added the proviso in his mind that nothing very serious was happening anyway.

But when she finally told the boy to lick her genital lips the situation changed completely. Now she was giving the boy something intensely personal and intimate to do, and at the same time virtually excluding him, making him watch from the side lines. He began to feel intense anger at her behaviour and for a moment was on the point of dragging the boy from his wife.

But then, slowly, he became aware of the most intense sexual sensations: the sight of his wife allowing a young boy to lick her genitals began to be strangely stimulating and the sense of surrender he had experienced before came flooding back to dominate his feelings. Yes, now he was giving something up that was infinitely precious, surrendering to his wife's wishes completely and totally. Forgetting the boy, he identified himself fully with his wife and her desires and as she became roused he reacted in the same way, his own surrender absolute. His prick now

hardened in his knickers.

But this "victory" was not won easily and all the time there was an undercurrent of jealousy that could at any moment rise to the surface.

"deeper, in between ! " suddenly gasped the woman now almost writhing on the bed.

John could hardly believe it, that he was really to lick in between those lips, in her vulva itself, perhaps in her cunt. He pressed his mouth to the lips and thrust his tongue eagerly into the dribbling slit and felt a shiver of excitement surge through his body.

"Right in, harder, harder ! "

His tongue thrust into the orifice itself and a moment later he knew that his tongue was as high up her cunt as he could reach. He began to tongue fuck her as her body began to dictate its rhythm. Now her entire luscious body rippled with delight and she began to emit strange sighs and moans of pleasure. Soon her body seemed to convulse and the boy had to hold onto her thighs tightly to be able to continue the thrusting movements of his tongue. And then she raised her legs straight into the air, her buttocks vibrating up and down so that John was forced to withdraw his tongue, his nose and mouth sufficient for her to rub her slit against as she came to her climax.

Both Jim and John were roused to fever pitch by the sight of her curvaceous sexy body rolling in orgasm on the bed, the boy of course intensely stimulated by the mouth contact he had enjoyed for more than ten minutes with her pudenda. But neither dared to grab the writhing flesh and make it his own and had to be content with watching her slowly come to and end her movements and relax back, exhausted on the bed.

For the first time Jim began to see that he was really in his wife's power for it seemed that she was going to obtain her sexual fulfillment in this way while denying her body to him. And yet the very idea had a strange and rare appeal for him. He somehow wanted to be utterly submissive to even her unfairest wishes. He almost wished to be denied her body and to undergo the awful tantalizing experience of seeing another man if not enjoy or

possess it at least have some sort of intimate contact with it - just as his nephew had done.

John, on his part, was more than ever bewildered by what was happening but if he was to be allowed to suck his aunt's genitals sometimes then he did not mind very much what happened to him in other ways. He was quite prepared to do her bidding as a servant and even to go on wearing the maid's outfit.

He was suddenly dismissed by Janina but told to come back to her room in an hour's time together with Andre. When he had left Janina, still naked on the bed, looked at her husband and said: "Well?"

"Well, what?" He still wanted some sort of explanation or at least some kind of proper understanding with his wife, even if in the end he was quite willing to accept the new situation.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked smiling.

"I don't really see how I could enjoy myself in those circumstances," he said sulkily.

"Come, come, Jane, you know you did. You like to see another man doing things to me. Perhaps one day I'll let him fuck me. That's if he's very good at obeying me for a week or two. We'll see..."

"No, not fuck you..." Jim was now alarmed. He was not quite prepared for that.

"Why not? If I want it that way you'll have to accept it, my slave, won't you and watch it too if I insist."

Jim looked hurt now. He had not expected for her to take things this far.

She raised her eyes to him. "Look, do you allow me to do that or don't you? I want a straight answer."

"I'm not sure," Jim was unready to commit himself.

"You are not sure! I see then I'll make you sure."

Her eyes flashed and she went to her wardrobe and brought out a long leather whip, and without further ado she brought it down across his shoulders. He fell to the floor, so surprised was he at the sharpness of the blow and she at once began to lay into him, a naked woman slashing down across the back and buttocks of a man dressed in a gym-slip.

"You're not sure?" she demanded.

"No, no, please...." he gasped as the whip hit him on his knickered buttocks, "No, please..."

"You're still not sure?" she demanded again as she lashed him across his back and then bent over and ripped the gym-slip belt from his waist. "You're not sure?"

As he did not answer she pulled at the gym-slip and dragged it from one shoulder and then from the other, soon pulling it from his body. Then she ripped the blouse away and he lay there like a dog, whimpering in his bra and panties, garter-belt and stockings, wholly at the mercy of the woman.

She now hit him with the whip and told him to move into the bathroom.

Dragging his body across the floor, having no time to get up in the face of the succession of blows from the whip he made his way into the bathroom. As soon as he was inside she closed the door and told him to lie on his back, waving the whip over him threateningly.

He did as he was bid and then she stood over him, her legs on either side of his face.

"You are going to learn to submit to me completely," she began in a hoarse voice that he scarcely recognized as hers. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," he gasped.

"And I am going to make you, whether you like it or not. I don't accept your word for it, I am going to prove to you that you accept surrender to me completely." As she spoke her eyes glinting she moved further forward and then bent down so that his face was just beneath her bottom. She knelt further and brought her anus just over his mouth.

"Lick my anus," she now commanded.

He did not mind doing that even if it was symbolic of complete submissiveness, so he began to lick at the small brown rosette eagerly.

He had licked it for a minute or two when without warning he saw her buttocks clinch together and then a load of excreta suddenly left the passage and covered his mouth, nose cheeks and chin. Before he could move another mass of steaming shit hit his face and she then lowered her bottom onto him and



rubbed it around so that the shit was virtually rubbed and ground into his face. She sat there until she had finished and then, standing up, she ordered him to wipe her bottom.

Scarcely able to see what he was doing he got to his feet and quickly wiping the shit from his eyes and mouth he took the paper from the roll at the side of the lavatory pan and wiped her bottom as carefully and thoroughly as he could.

"Now," she said eyeing him up and down, "I think we understand each other, don't we. We had better get this crystal clear, we are no longer play-acting, understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," he muttered.

"Now clean yourself up and come back in an hour will you?"

With that she stalked out of the bathroom, leaving the abjectly dominated man to wash the shit from his face and neck.

CHAPTER FIVE

His submission was complete but he was deeply frustrated sexually and decided to go to the boy's room. He had heard that John had to return to his wife's room after an hour and that apparently Andre was to come too. There was just time for him to carry out his plan.

He went into John's room and found him lying on the bed wearing only his bra and panties, stockings and garter belt. But the panties were pushed down over his thighs and he was masturbating furiously.

"So you're at it again" said Jim . He was delighted to find the boy in so compromising a position. "Well, you can turn over on your face. I'm just as frustrated as you are and I've got to work it off on someone."

He slid from his trousers and shirt and then got on the bed and began to finger between the boy's bottom cleft. Finding his anus he wet his fingers in his mouth and then transferred the saliva to the small orifice.

"I'm going to bugger you, you little bastard," said Jim suddenly.

"Oh , no, please, please not, Uncle," pleaded John.

"it's no use pleading with me . I'm simply telling you to get ready. It's going to hurt at first." And with that short warning he thrust his prick against the small brown orifice and with one lunge his prick was almost as far as the sphincter. It hurt the boy but not as much as it would .

He gave a cry of pain but then, as Jim remained still for a moment preparing for the thrust up the rectum that would really hurt the lad cruelly, he relaxed and then waited.

Jim looked down at the boy's bra straps and back at his stockinged legs and felt some sort of new excitement. He wanted to be dominated by a woman but he did not mind dominating a young boy or girl. It somehow put the balance right with him. He felt a sudden sadistic delight in seeing the boy's body at his mercy underneath him, even more at his mercy than a girl he was about to rape would be, for the pain of insertion in the boy's case would be ten times more painful.

He ran his fingers over the boys almost girlish back and then bent lower and leaned on his elbows on either side of his chest. Then he gripped the boy's shoulders and with one massive thrust he drove his prick deep into the narrow passage.

The boy gave out one long scream of agony as the searing red pain hit him and sent a shock through his body.

Jim guessed how painful it was for the boy and kept still three or four minutes to give the lad a chance to get over the worst of it. But slowly he sank his prick deep into the hole as he allowed more and more weight to fall on his body.

"There now, still hurting?" he asked him.

"Yes," he gasped, "but not so much now."

Then his uncle began to move very slowly down the narrow passage and when he reached the sphincter he pushed slowly up again. He was not out to hurt the boy even though he did enjoy the sense of domination over him; he was mainly concerned to relieve his pent-up frustration and wanted to take his time. He was quite ready to give the boy time to get used to the massive prick up his bottom.

Gradually it seemed that the lad was not suffering undue pain so Jim began to increase the force and tempo of his thrusts

into the bottom. Soon he was lunging powerfully, thrusting his prick so deep that the whole shaft went in and his balls dangled closed against the boy's crotch.

His lust was gradually roused to fever-pitch and frenziedly he began to rape the bottom, driving the prick into the upper part of the rectum so that the knob was almost in his bowel.

The tightness of the passage stimulated Jim intensely and as he began to approach the point of no return, his whole body tingling with anticipation and pleasure, he decided that he would take the first opportunity to have Andre in the same way.

Then, panting and gasping for breath, his body hot and sweating, he drove in and out of the lad's bottom until he felt the sudden pulsations in his prick and a moment later he was flooding the rectum with his spunk.

Andre arrived in Janina's room first. He found her dressed in a riding jacket, jodphurs and riding boots. He was surprised to see her in such an outfit so late at night but he was not long before he learned the reason for it.

"I'd like you to take off your maid's clothes now, Andre" she said. "I want to ride you naked."

"Ride me?" he asked.

"Yes, ride you. But I don't want you to ask questions, you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," he managed to say. He struggled out of his clothes and finally stood naked before the taller woman.

"Now you will lie on the bed on your back and get yourself ready to be ridden."

He was not sure what she meant but it mattered little because at that moment John entered and he was at once told to manipulate his friend's prick so that it would be hard enough to be "ridden". He was a little sick of sex as he had just undergone the terrible experience of being buggered but he began to get excited as he felt his friend's prick slowly harden to his touch.

When he was really hard and erect, Janina drew down the front zip of her jodhphurs and then mounted the bed, straddling the youth. She took hold of his prick and placed in between her outer lips and then began to mover herself on the thick shaft, manoeuvring herself so that the prick soon slid deep inside her.

Andre could hardly believe his good fortune for suddenly he was the lucky recipient of a woman's cunt, his prick deep inside the hot, wet clinging flesh.

But if he thought he was going to have a pleasant time he was mistaken for Janina rode him energetically and leaned so far back in her "seat" that he felt as if she would snap his prick from his body. Painfully he tried to keep in step with her vigorous movements and long before he was ready to come she had achieved her object and lifted her body from him, leaving him disconsolate and frustrated.

She had just done so when Jim entered the room, this time wearing only the corselette and stockings with a pair of high-hell shoes.

"Ah, there you are, Jane," smirked Janina as she sipped her jodphurs up again and saw her husband look in astonishment at the naked boy on the bed, his prick still erect. "You've just come in time. I want you to take the boy's penis in your mouth and make him come, and you must swallow every drop of his spunk."

"Oh, no "I can't do that..." he gasped.

"You can't do it ! You disobey me. Then I see that you are not yet aware of your true position as my slave. Get on your knees, Jane, on your knees.

He got to his knees and the jodphured woman moved right in front of him and hit him on his shoulders with her riding crop. First one shoulder then the other, then to this left shoulder and so on for a dozen times or more.

"Now before you lick the boy and give an orgasm you will lick his bottom. Turn over," she shouted, now addressing the boy on the bed. And when Andre turned face down on the bed she told her husband to go ahead.

By now he knew that he had no alternative and he soon found himself licking the boy's anus furiously, almost enjoying it.

But the pleasure he got out of it was more than matched by the intense satisfaction that Janina got out of seeing her husband carry out her merest whim, however, humiliating. For what could be more humiliating than being told to lick a young boy's arse?

After five minutes' licking she ordered the boy to lie on his back and then she told John to get on the bed.

"You can lick your friend's prick," she said "and Jane here will lick your bottom."

His face red with shame Jim now had to kneel at the side of the bed and lick his nephew's arsehole as the nephew in his turn had at least the pleasure of taking a cock in his mouth. It was utterly humiliating but Jim was slowly finding himself reconciled to his abject position, even inferior it seemed to that of the boys who at least were allowed to touch her.

Gradually John became excited and as he felt the pulsations in his friend's prick he also began to feel a tingling pleasure from the licking tongue on his arsehole. His own prick was hard against the edge of the bed but he knew there would be no way of reaching a climax and that he would just have to swallow the spunk as it came into his mouth and forget his own pleasure. He was sure that if he did not swallow every drop he would perhaps have to undergo some frightful humiliation. As the first spurt of Andre's spunk entered his mouth he gulped but kept his lips firmly over the upper part of the shaft, taking as much breath as he could through his nose as with five or six gulps he swallowed the seminal fluid that jerked from Andre's cock.

"Now," said Janina, "I want you, Jane, to do that to Jeanne."

Jim felt a certain repugnance to do it to his nephew but at least it would give him a certain pleasure, as he remembered that at a youth he had frequently sucked off boys at school. But he had not heard the whole of Janina's wishes.

"You will keep as much as you can in your mouth, do you hear? and then you will transfer that to my vulva and if possible into my cunt."

Jim heard her words with something akin to horror.

"Transfer it to your ... cunt...?"

"You heard what I said." Her eyes glinted lustfully and she slid her jodphurs from her legs having first removed her boots. And then she turned to Andre, and said "Put on your maid's uniform and you will part my genital lips so that Jane will



know exactly where to deposit Jeanne's semen."

She lay on the bed and waited.

John lay across one end as soon as he was naked and then Jim his face flushed, took hold of the boy's prick and slowly worked it to its full size. Then he began to excite it in his lips and it was not long before he had the young boy moaning with pleasure on the bed.

Gradually the boy approached his climax and Jim was ready to receive as much spunk as he could take without choking. He feared the worst if he failed his wife.

When the first jet of spunk hit the back of his throat he held the prick tightly in his hands his lips pouted round the upper end of the shaft and then as two or three jets of the hot acrid fluid entered his mouth he suddenly drew his mouth away, closed it and rushed to the side of his wife where the French boy had her labia wide apart.

Jim bent over and bringing his mouth as close as he dared to his wife's open cunt he parted his lips and allowed the white fluid to drip into the gaping hole.

Somehow it was the moment of supreme humiliation: he had taken on the menial task of taking semen from a young boy and depositing in his wife's cunt.....! and only a little over an hour ago he had been shat upon and had face rubbed in his wife's excrement.....

Jim had not noticed that Andre had taken the liberty of thrusting his finger into his wife's cunt just after he had deposited John's semen therein. He was too preoccupied with his own feelings and sensations, a mixture of horror and perverted pleasure at what he had just done. But Janina at once got to her feet and shouted at the youth:

"How dare you do such a thing ! Lie on the floor at once ! "

The boy, in his maid's outfit, lay on the floor and Janina now knelt over him bringing her urethral orifice right over his lips.

The two other men stood, Jim in his corselette, John naked, in amazement looking on.

"I am going to urinate in your mouth and if you dare do anything but swallow it all, then I shall thrash you within a inch of your life." She would not have done that but she wanted very much to see the humiliation in the boy's face as he drank her urine. It would also, she felt sure, teach him not to take liberties with her body. It was one thing to have urine over your face, quite another to have to swallow it. She made a mental note to make her husband swallow her urine the next time she wanted to piss.

The boy's face was flushed and filled with horror, but he knew that he would have to do his best or worse would befall him. He opened his mouth wide and waited for the stream of acrid piss.....

When it came it was hotter and more unpleasant than he had expected but he gulped some down doing his utmost to keep his mouth open. But inevitably he let some go over his face as he gulped but soon had his mouth open again to receive more. This he repeated five times until she had finished pissing when finally he sat up, his lips and mouth filled with the nasty taste of her urine.

"Clean the floor ! lick it up at once." She meant, of course, the smaller quantity of urine that had run over his lips onto the carpet.

Feeling nauseated the boy now bent over and began to lick the urine from the carpet.

Jim and John looked with horror at what was happening for even Jim had not been forced to eat her shit. To have to swallow her urine; that was almost the ultimate way of a woman dominating a man, and he could not say he was prepared for it.

As for John he felt very sorry for his young friend, but tried to comfort himself with the thought that they both might have another chance to be ridden by her sometime or to lick her genitals again. In John's view that was worth a lot of unpleasantness and punishment.

As a matter of fact John was to be given a special reward that night.

Janina despite the immense pleasure she had got out of the domination she now had over the three males lacked a certain

final fulfillment and she made up her mind when she next reached the point where fulfillment was necessary to allow one of them to fuck her thereby completing it.

She had decided that it would not be her husband, for to make him watch another man fucking her would in itself be the complete form of humiliation she would like to see him undergo. So it would either be by Andre or John, depending on their behaviour. She asked all three men to dress in their particular outfits and then ordered them to do particular chores - bringing coffee upstairs, clearing up the room and so on. She now put on a garter belt and a pair of diamond nylon stockings and then her knee length boots, otherwise she was naked. She would, she had decided, be wearing the boots when she allowed one of the boys to fulfill her sexually. The various tasks took about half an hour and by the time they had had coffee it was well-nigh midnight. "I am going to give the two boys a task to perform," she now announced, "And the one who carries out to perfection will be rewarded. You will simply watch Jane for the moment," she added, speaking to her husband. "Now," she continued, "you will each massage one of my breasts with your hands or hand and the boy who gives me the most pleasure, will, as I say, be given a reward. If, of course, anyone of you take the slightest liberty, then that person will be severely punished."

It was not surprising that she had mentioned the possibility of taking liberties for who would not have been tempted to do so when he saw the magnificent body of Janina lying on the bed, her legs apart, revealing her luxurious pudenda, her massive breasts like two enormous ripe pears, her full and opulent thighs tempting any man's hand, her seductive lips made for kisses, her lovely mouth for tonguing? "We'll start now," she said. The two boys, their pricks already hard in their knickers, now went to the sides of the bed.

John was on Janina's right, his hand at once taking hold of her still small teat and twisting it so that it soon grew to its full size, engorged with blood. Meanwhile Andre on her left side had knelt at the side of the bed and begun to massage the massive titty with the fingers of his two hands, pressing them deep into the soft mammary glands.

John went on fingering the flipping nipple for a while but soon his friends moved to the flesh of the heavy breast itself and he began to adopt a massaging movement of the flesh with his thumb underneath the breast and his four fingers uppermost, pressing deep into the flesh.

Both boys roused the woman simultaneously and as she gradually felt a tremor of excitement run from each breast to her genitals and loins she found it hard to decide who was giving her most pleasure.

In time she began to roll and arch her body so intense were the feelings of pleasure she was getting from the four hands manipulating her splendid breasts.

She was trying to make up her mind who she would ask to bring her to her conclusion when Andre unable to contain himself brought his lips to her throbbing teat at his side of the bed.

"Ah, I see you disobey again. Then later you will be punished very severely," she shouted as she pushed the boy to the floor. "But meanwhile I shall ask Jeanne to give me satisfaction. You will fuck me, Jeanne," she now commanded "but first you lick me in my pudenda."

"Fuck you?" gasped the boy unbelievably.

"You're going to let him fuck you" cried Jim, unable to believe his ears.

"Yes and you are going to watch him do it," Janina smiled "Perhaps you'll now really enjoy seeing someone else do it to me. Occasionally I can submit when I need fulfillment, but never, never to you Jim."

CHAPTER SIX

"I want you to put on a maid's outfit, said Janina, turning to her husband as they sat drinking coffee that had been brought to her room by Andre. "A maid's outfit? Me." gasped Jim. "Yes, just like the boys. I've got a larger size in the drawer and it should just fit you. I want you to put it on now before John fucks me." Jim sulkily at her. He had suffered enough humiliations for one day and that was why he resented now having to dress like the others. If it had not been for what he had already gone through he might have welcomed a chance to wear the efficient-looking

frock and nylon stockings with the other items making up the ensemble, especially the black bra and knickers. "All right" he said, "where is it?" Janina gave him the bra and panties and then handed him a garter belt and a pair of black nylons. When he had put the underwear on she gave him the frock and a pair of high-heeled shoes, together with the maid's cap. In a few moments Jim stood there set up in the full regalia of a maid's outfit. "You look fine," Janina smiled. "Now Jeanne," she said addressing John "You will undress and get ready to fuck me." She was continually using the word to bring home the full humiliation to her husband - the humiliation of having to watch a young boy fuck his wife while he was now forbidden to touch her sexually again. She got the maximum satisfaction from this final act of surrender; she was quite certain that he would not revolt. But Jim was inwardly rebelling. This was something so utterly humiliating that he was finding it hard to accept; for, come to think of it, is there any conceivable situation more utterly humiliating than having to watch another man fuck your wife? Above all a boy of fifteen? and your own nephew at that? and when the boy knew that you yourself were barred from making love to her?

A few moments later he watched the boy naked on the bed with his wife start the preliminaries of love-making, his wife naked except for her knee-length boots. The boy felt the white softness of her luscious flesh and a pang of longing gripped Jim's heart. Then his wife kissed the boy on his lips as he half bent over her and she shivered with delight as he reached out and took hold of her left nipple. It was soon apparent to Jim that she was excited for her whole body was soon thrilling and writhing gently in anticipation. Jim felt the levels rise within him and despite himself his penis hardened in his knickers. Suddenly he felt the deep sense of surrender he had known earlier, as if he were himself being possessed by the boy. At the same time the peculiar sense of humiliation from having to witness the boy making love to his wife began to give him a strange, exquisite pleasure. And then she drew the boy on top of her and they embraced violently. He realized that his wife was like a smouldering volcano. Despite herself she had from time to time given herself to a man even though, in

part, she would despise herself for doing it. But no doubt, Jim decided, she would be able to compensate by thinking of the frightful humiliation she had made her husband suffer. The boy was kissing his wife frenziedly now - that extremely sensual, kissable mouth that Jim had loved from the day he met her. He could feel some of the excitement that the boy must have been feeling. Not only from her mouth, he was thinking, but from those resilient, heavy breasts underneath the boy's chest.

And now he was between her thighs, his engorged prick rubbing against her mons veneris. And then as he watched the awful moment came when he saw his wife reach down, take the prick in her right hand and guide it to her parted cunt lips. The boy gasped with pleasure as he felt the contact of the sensitive glans with the luscious pudenda and then the soft wetness and warmth of the cunt lips closing on the delicate penile rime. And then, a second or two later, the boy's penis slid deep into his wife's body and he could see to his chagrin the immense pleasure he was now getting from her.

But the words that she now spoke though to some extent chiming in with his desire to surrender himself completely also irritated him at first and made his jealous once again: "Love me darling!" she gasped as she drew him to her clasping him around her body with her booted legs. "Give it to me deep inside, as deep as you can!" She gasped out the last words as her hands passed down his back and as she began to roll and writhe under him, arching her pelvis to his thrusts, her mouth seeking his as he moved a little from side to side. And then for some moments the room filled with the moans and cries of pleasure from the two of them as the boy's lust reached fever-pitch and for the first time in his life he enjoyed the wonderful experience of fucking an experienced and beautiful woman. She, in her turn, no longer concerned about dominating the boy gave herself to him and lifted and rolled her body to suit his movements. Yet, in a sense, using Jim for her own ulterior purposes, telling from time to time what to do. John was too roused to listen any more and with a series of massive lunges he suddenly reached his climax and found himself on the luscious body of his aunt as his prick jerked deep in



side her, inundating her with his spunk. She cried out like an animal seconds later and then Jim saw that she was convulsing in one of the most intense orgasms he had ever seen her achieve. And then, slowly, their movements subsided and the two of them lay in each other's arms as gradually they became aware of the presence of Jim and Andre.

"I want you to lick me clean," she now told her husband, "while you, Andre, can lick John's prick." It was truly humiliating to have to lick his wife's cunt when it was filled with another man's spunk, but at least it gave him a chance to make contact with her flesh, which despite the desire for domination he still longed for. But the humiliation he at first resented suddenly gave him immense pleasure. He began to feel an intense urge to surrender himself completely to her, hoping that she would make even more incredible demands on him. He bent over and lowered his face to her thighs and then slid his tongue into her dribbling vulva, tasting it at once, the boy's seminal fluid. To his enormous delight his wife now sat up and she then moved into a kneeling position, telling her husband to lie on his back. When he had done so she moved her genitals across his nose and mouth, the spunk now dribbling from her. He licked eagerly, feeling a sense of utter surrender now that his face was almost smothered by her genitals, and genitals dripping another man's sex

Mean while Andre doing as he was bidden licked his friend's penis clean of the mixture of spunk and Janina's juices. He would have like to take the prick in his mouth but his mistress was not sitting up and she could see his every move. He had learnt not to disobey her in the slightest particular and he was still due for punishment for his last transgression.

Janina wanted to administer a kind of coup de grace that night. She wanted to take things to the very limit, to assert her domination over the three men once and for all, in a way that would not permit of any denial. Ideally she saw that she would have to assert her domination over the three males - her husband her nephew and his friend - simultaneously. It would be the supreme moment if she had all three of them actively surrendering to her at the same moment, not separately, carrying out individual tasks, but in some way submitting as a group.

Yes, it was group surrender she wanted: the total abject of submission of three males at one and the same time, the three of them involved together in the moment of abjection. She was partly motivated by a feeling of regret at having allowed herself to be fucked by the boy, her nephew. In some ways it had given her great satisfaction, especially to see her husband submit to being a cuckold; but in other ways it had revealed a certain flaw in her character and she was now determined never to allow a man to have intercourse with her again. She would also make her superiority and power finally clear so that they would not understand her by recalling the fact that John had been allowed to mount his aunt's body. John most of all would have to have it brought home to him. For a while as she thought over things on the bed she had the three of them running about after her, fetching and carrying. Then she decided to bath and the three men in their maid's uniforms all had tasks to perform. Jim ran the water and tested it while John and Andre removed her boots. She would make them do literally everything for her she decided. They had to carry her, the three of them to the bathroom and then lift her into it, letting her down gently into the hot water. Then Andre was given the task of washing her back, using soap, sponge and a loofah, when he had satisfied her she stood up in the bath and Jim was given the opportunity of washing her legs and between her thighs. Once more she tantalized the wretched man. "Just use your hands with the soap," she said, "and I need hardly add - no liberties."

He ran his wet soaped hands up her legs and washed them as far as the middle of her thighs, rinsing away the soap when he was satisfied he had done his job thoroughly. Then the upper part of her thighs. He took his time about soaping the luscious, opulent flesh and then he rubbed his fingers well into the muscle, but took good care as his hand moved between the thighs not to touch any part of her pudenda. There was still a terrible temptation to do so, but he was also enjoying the strange situation of being disallowed in front of the boys from touching his wife's sexual parts. He was getting more and more used to humiliation and he was enjoying it. It was a kind of martyr complex and now the greater the tests to which she might put him the more likely he was to succeed.

When he was finished John was asked to wash her genitals. She stood apart for him so that his hands could work the soap into her slit and soon he was lathering the lips and the pink gash between, briefly inserting a finger into the vaginal orifice. Then he turned to her mons Veneris, carefully washing the sleek pubic hair before finally rinsing the soap away from the whole area of her pudenda. "You will lift me out," she now commanded, "and then you will dry me. After that I want the talc powder rubbed over me and then you will carry me to my room where you will help me to dress." They lifted her from the bath onto a large, warm towel, and then all three of them took part in the task of drying her, Andre managing to get the job of drying between her legs. "Shall I dry you....there?" he asked Janina, looking at her luxurious pudenda. "Yes, you may do that," she replied curtly. He took a certain amount of pleasure from rubbing the towel over her mons Veneris and then over her cunt-lips but he was very careful indeed not to overdo it. A few moments later Jim had the special delight of rubbing her body with talc, over her genitals and inside the upper part of her thighs, thinking he was well rewarded. They carried her to her room and she pulled a purple bra and panties set from her lingerie drawer. It was John's job to see to the bra, while Andre drew on her panties. John had some difficulty with the clasp between the large bra cups and for a moment his fingers came into contact with his aunt's breasts. He thought for one horrible moment that he would be punished, but for once he got away with it. Meanwhile Andre drew the panties up her legs, over her highs and buttocks and succeeded in his difficult task without mishap. She put on a purple suspender belt and then a pair of white nylon stockings, the whole ensemble having a particularly stimulating appeal. As Jim looked at her magnificent body, her long black hair down to her shoulders, the enormous breasts almost bursting from the imprisonment of her bra, he felt his lust for her return and his prick hardened in his black knickers. Andre was similarly affected by the sight and presence of the beautiful Englishwoman. He had not altogether accepted the role he had been given in the house of his friend's uncle and aunt, but so excited had he been at the many chances the role had given him of being in her presence - even naked

presence - that he had accepted it willy nilly. But he was always having to fight the temptation to grab her and throw her naked onto the bed. That's how he was feeling at that moment and he itched to finger her genitals and suck her breasts as he stood close to her. This feeling to some extent communicated itself to the other two, the uncle and nephew and as Janina continued to attend to her toilette, getting one of them to comb her long hair, another to dab scent on intimate places of her body, yet the other to paint her toenails, all three of them began to touch her flesh quite openly. She allowed them to take these new liberties and soon John as he combed her hair from behind let his hand on her shoulder stray to her bra cup; soon Jim who was dabbing scent on her in between her thighs let his finger brush against the flimsy nylon covering her vertical lips, while Andre openly carressed her feet and ankles. Suddenly Janina spoke: "You all seem very keen on enjoying your sex; you seem quite unable to control you libido. Right I am going to see that you are not frustrated. I want all of you to remove your knickers ! " It was all quite unexpected but perhaps it meant she was going to satisfy their longings in some strange way. They took off their knickers with alacrity. "Now", said Janina, "I want you Jim to lie over the end of the bed with your frock pulled up so that your buttocks are exposed." He hesitated but when she looked at him he realized that he would have to do as she demanded. He went over to the bed and lay face down over the end, his buttocks exposed to the gaze of the two boys.

"Come here, John," she now commanded. When he stood in front of her she told him to lift his frock. When he had done so she took hold of his half-flaccid cock and fingering it skillfully rapidly brought it to its maximum size. Then taking the tumescent cock in her left hand she spread vaseline over most of the shaft and knob with her right. "Now," she told him "insert that in your uncle's anus." The boy hesitated and Jim rose from the bed. "No, no," the latter protested. "Do as I say - at once," shouted the woman, her eyes now flashing with anger, "and you Jim, lie on the bed as you were." The two of them at once obeyed her and a moment later John was forcing his prick deep into his uncle's bottom, while Janina prepared Andre as she had done her nephew.

She ordered Andre to insert his prick in his friend's bottom



and he was soon thrusting the massive prick deep into John's bottom. Now Janina took a whip and standing behind Andre she brought it down on his naked arse, urging him and the others to move their pricks with more vigour. It was a strange sight indeed and had an outsider entered the room at the moment the sight would have appeared nightmarish to him. How could such things happen ! Three men, one older and two only youths dressed in maid's outfits, lay over the end of a bed, the older one being buggered by the other one. But most extraordinary of all it was evident that it was being done at the behest and to the rhythm of a large, buxom and shapely woman dressed in a purple bra and purple panties, a suspender-belt and white nylons, holding a short whip like a riding crop in her hand. "Fuck, Fuck," she was shouting, slamming the crop down on Andre's bottom and forcing him to drive deep into the bottom in front of him. In turn the force of Andre's thrust affected John's movement and he was driven to thrust even deeper into his uncle's bottom as the whip hit Andre.

"Do you like sex?" she demanded. "Well, now is your opportunity to show it. Fuck away boys and come, come as quickly as you can." She cried harshly as she wielded the whip and soon John felt unable to contain himself and he slumped forward on his uncle as his spunk shot from his pulsating prick. A moment or two later he felt the surge of Andre's spunk in his upper rectum.

"I hoped you enjoyed yourselves," now said Janina calmly. "But in future do not take liberties with my body as you were doing just a few minutes ago. I notice everything and I do not forget. I shall always punish any transgression and as far as possible I shall see that the punishment fits the crime." The three stood there sheepishly looking at her, only Jim completely dissatisfied, his prick still hard under his frock and desiring some form of relief from his frustration. Janina recognized this at once and she turned to Andre and said, "Now you will suck off Uncle Jim." The boy did her bidding immediately, going over to the older man who held up his frock and taking hold of his erect cock he drew it between his lips and then, kneeling down he started to work the uncovered knob rapidly in and out of his mouth. "You will, of course, swallow his spunk," she now ordered the French boy. In

another few minutes Jim found release from his tension and with the sudden jerking movements of his prick he knew that the boy's mouth was inundated with his spunk. The boy almost choked in swallowing the acrid fluid but somehow he managed to obey Janina's command. He stood up, his mouth dribbling with spunk and he tried to lick away the dreadful taste. Janina was ready for the coup de grace. It would not quite be the simultaneous humiliation of the three men that she had hoped for but it would be close to it. She ordered all three to remove their clothes except their bras and knickers and then to lie side by side on the bathroom floor. When they had taken up their positions, more or less side by side, she stood over them and slowly removed her panties. "I am going to urinate in your faces, moving from one to the other of you, and when I am ready I shall do more than urinate. I don't know who will be the recipient of my shit but whoever it is must not move but stay in that position as I shall rub my arse over his face when I have finished." So saying she stood right over John's face and bending down released a jet of urine. Then she moved quickly to Jim and repeated the operation, then to Andre. She continued bending over John's face. Without any warning she leaned further forward and released her shit over his face. The boy coughed and choked and in doing so the vile-smelling stuff entered his mouth. A moment later Janina rested her arse on his face and began to rub it from back to front, spreading the shit all over the boy's face. "Now wipe my arse," she ordered Jim. Jim got to his feet with alacrity and began to wipe his wife's bottom, while Andre began to clear up the mess on the floor of the bathroom. "Yes, and you can help John to clean his face," she ordered him.

In the days that followed the two boys and the Uncle Jim spent the whole of their time doing the bidding of the all-powerful dominating female who utterly controlled their lives. There was nothing that she would not demand from them and daily they suffered new and frightful humiliations. When, on occasions, they protested then they were punished sometimes with the utmost severity. And yet none of them would have preferred any other way of spending their days. The fact that for many of the twenty-four hours of the day they were in the presence of the incredible female who dominated them, gave them almost complete satis-

faction and fulfillment. And there were always the small rewards handed out to them after performing a particular task with special care and skill. Indeed on one later occasion before Andre left for France he was given the special honour of sleeping with his mistress and it was that more than anything else that prompted him to ask whether he could come to stay with them again the following year. "Yes, why not?" said Janina, a smile on her face. "You like it here?" "Very much, Mistress," he replied. "I shall look forward eagerly to next summer." "And you will then be a perfect slave to me?" "Of course. Always." Those were his last words to her. Later the same day John took his leave, thanking his Aunt for the 'lovely time' he had while he stayed with them. "And shall we see you again next vacation?" "Of course, Auntie" said John enthusiastically remembering the first that she had allowed him to make love to her and the other times when he had been permitted to caress or touch her breasts or genitals, "of course, I can hardly wait." When John had left there was only Jim. "It looks as if you will have a lot of work on you hands now, Jim," she said, using his male name. "If you think I am imposing too much on you then you had better find another suitable man to share your tasks. What do you think?" "I shall try to satisfy you on my own but if I find things get too much for me I shall do as you suggest." He was completely happy to serve her, cost what it might, but he realized that he would have to be almost superhuman to carry out the many duties she requested in the course of a day and night. "Well, it is ten o'clock Jim and you have a day's chores to attend to. But I think you had better assist me in dressing and attending to my toilette first. Go and run a bath in the meantime and then get out my pink lingerie. You can take off your maid's clothes and wear some attractive undies if you like while you attend to me."

With a smile of the utmost pleasure on his face, especially at the thought of wearing some of his wife's most attractive underwear, Jim left her and ran to the bathroom.

T H E E N D