

miss irene presents

tale 16



**Fantastic Tales
of
Female Led
Fiction**

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“Klara’s Kingdom”

Miss Irene Clearmont

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“Klara’s Kingdom”

By

Miss Irene Clearmont

Our life always expresses the result of our dominant thoughts.

Soren Kierkegaard

Woman is the dominant sex. Men have to do all sorts of stuff to prove that they are worthy of woman's attention.

Camille Paglia

Once made equal to man, woman becomes his superior.

Socrates

Part One

Baptism

In the Beginning...

It began at an ending, as so many things in life do.

The cluster of umbrellas lowered as the drizzle faded. The mourners stood for a moment on the canvas that surrounded the hole where the two coffins lay with their handfuls of earth melting onto the light oak. Next to the nonplussed son stood the sister of his mother in black. Dry eyed she looked into the wide opening with an expression closer to curiosity than misery.

None of the mourners seemed to wish to be the first to move away as they stared down at the mortal remains of Mary and John Willis. It was the priest that finally stepped back, allowing them to break the stasis.

Billy was the last to leave the gaping hole and he looked at the sodden group that were making their way to the cars that could be seen through the trees. His aunt lifted her veil and smiled at him and Billy tried to smile in return. She linked arms with him, and they made their way silently back over the sodden graveyard lawns towards the waiting cars.

He recalled the cheery goodbye from his mother, the muted clunk of the car door being slammed closed and the sound of the engine as Billy had glanced out of his bedroom window and seen the car pulling from the driveway.

That had been the last time, such a banal last departure as they headed for a church meeting while Billy sat hunched over his laptop, a box of tissues at his right hand. As a boy, forced to attend, those days had long gone. An hour later,

in the large kitchen of the Rectory the sound of a car arriving could be heard and a tentative knock on the door before the doorbell was found.

Half a minute the doorbell had rung.

Billy had tried to ignore it, but eventually, he had heaved himself from the table and headed through to answer the door. Standing there had been the two young police constables with their caps in their hands. Five minutes later he knew about the accident and was numbly pulling on a jacket and heading for the hospital.

“A truck,” the policeman had said. “Ran the red light... Hit broadside, over in an instant!”, as if the suddenness of the accident would be some sort of particular comfort.

The look on the young constable’s face had been less sympathy than the personal stress of having to pass on bad news.

A missed red light, a momentary loss of concentration, and suddenly Billy’s world was turned upside down. His parents were gone, just like that! Now he looked at the backs of the mourners making their way back to their lives and shuddered. He cast a last look back at the yawning grave and raised his umbrella as the drizzle started again. There was still a reception to get through. The sincere and insincere utterings of relatives and friends, the final handshakes and kisses and then he would be all on his own.

Despite the arm of his aunt through his, he was now truly alone.

Billy reached the long limo that had brought him to the cemetery and slipped in next to his Aunty Klara. She placed a hand on his knee in a consoling gesture and he tried a wan smile as the limo pulled away.

“A terrible, terrible accident,” she said.

Billy just nodded. Words that he had heard so many times in the last week. They would not bring his parents back, all they did was to deepen the sense of loss. It seemed that Aunty Klara had decided to chat all of the way to the hotel where the reception was arranged, and Billy gritted his teeth at the intrusion into his misery.

“You will be all alone in that huge house,” she said. “Are you sure that you can manage?”

“I’ll be fine.”

Billy’s voice almost cracked, and he stared from the window at the passing houses and wished that he had stuck to his plan of driving to-and-from the ceremony in his own little car. It had been Aunty Klara that had talked him into riding in the limo instead of his own small car and he felt a sense of resentment for her intrusion.

“I’m sure you will, boy,” she said.

Another thing that annoyed him. The woman never called him by his name,

always ‘boy’ and it rankled enough for him to make a comment.

“I am not a boy,” he said sullenly.

“You are just turned eighteen,” said Aunty Klara. “You will understand when you get to my age!”

Billy sighed and put his hand on hers. A gesture of reconciliation, he had never really managed to get along with his mother’s sister. In fact, his mother had never liked the woman either! Under his fingers he could feel the rings that covered her fingers. Billy shrugged, soon she would be out of his life with just the occasional appearance at family gatherings to break the silence. He smiled as she managed to look down at him even though her eyes were no higher than his.

What had it been that his mother had said about her sister in an unguarded moment?

“Your aunt and I have never got along, she was such a tyrant when we were young. I do not approve at all of the dissolute life that she leads. She is never in church, never where she should be, and she just cannot accept that our parents gave me the Rectory. Really, it gives me no pleasure for her not to be close... Seeing her once a year at Christmas is quite enough!”

Billy reflected on his mother’s words. It occurred to him that the thing that had most upset his mother was that the woman did not follow the strict Catholic lifestyle that she personally found such a consolation and he looked at Klara with fresh eyes. Heavy set, quite unlike her sister. A face covered in make-up, another thing that his mother had complained about. A tight black dress that really showed how plump she was and the stockings and high-heels that his father had dismissed as making a silk purse of a sow’s ear.

“Mary and I never got along,” said his aunt she reflected his thoughts, as she turned her hand over and squeezed his, “Complained that I was never in church, that having a few boyfriends was a sin and when I did not get married, that was the final straw!”

The limousine cut through the rain as Billy was absorbed in his thoughts.

Aunt Klara started to chuckle and squeezed his hand.

“Mary was Mary. Catholic, so sure of herself, but actually quite contrary in a stiff sort of way,” she laughed. “My sister was everything that our parents wanted, and I was the sinful black sheep. No matter how we argued, she was my sister and I loved her...”

“I know,” said Billy.

“You don’t know the half of it!”

Billy shrugged and then said, “Mother never said much about you really...”

Aunt Klara laughed.

“Well of course she wouldn’t, boy. She had no time for me and I suppose that I had none for her! She was the favourite, the perfect little Catholic, and I had to make my own way... never judge a book by its cover!”

Billy shrugged and watched the world go by through the windows of the funeral limousine. He had never really figured out why his mother loathed her sister, she had never fully revealed to her son why she always referred to her sister as a sinner. Just that she was somehow unworthy, that he life was immoral.

The limousine slit into the hotel carpark and the two chief mourners slipped out into the drizzle and hurried for the door. Others were there waiting, hands to be shaken and commiserations to be exchanged. Billy found himself the centre of attention and tearful mourners and wished that he could escape. It was Aunt Klara that rescued him and dragged him to the patio where she could smoke.

“Another thing that proved that I was an immoral slut,” she said with a grin as she lit a long cigarillo and blew a cloud of blue smoke into the air from her cherry-red lips. “Apparently it is all in Leviticus or Genesis or something!”

Her lips curved to a broad ironic smile.

“Thou shalt not smoke!”

“I don’t remember that one,” said Billy with an emerging grin. “Was it after thou shalt not have fun?”

He started to feel closer as Aunt Klara laughed at the weak joke and drew on the cigarillo.

“No that comes before! After that is thou shalt not fuck!”

Billy could not help laughing at hearing the obscenity. It seemed that there was a great deal about Aunt Klara that was actually quite likeable and irreverent.

She smoked and looked over the lawns as they hid under the sunshades that had been lifted to shelter smokers and puffed on the cigarillo while they enjoyed the quiet. Eventually, she flicked the butt over the lawn with a flick of manicured nails and turned to Billy.

“I suppose that there’s just the reading left to do now?”

“The will?”

“Mmm. I remember the last time.”

“When Mamma got the Rectory?” he asked.

The smile dropped from Klara’s face and then re-emerged, and he realised that he had offended her, or perhaps just recalled a painful memory.

“I was the older one,” said Billy’s aunt as if that explained what she obviously felt was a great injustice. “It should have been mine!”

Even though she was not an inch taller than her nephew, Billy felt as if she was

looking down on him from a great height with disapproval.

“Sorry,” he said. “I didn’t mean to upset you!”

“No offence taken, boy. It is yours now... You have to decide what happens next.”

Billy sighed and watched a last thin plume of smoke from the remains of the cigarillo on the wet lawn. Aunt Klara was right, the last piece of the puzzle would fall into place and then at last he could contemplate what to do with himself.

“You will be wealthy, I suppose...” she added.

“I never really thought about it.”

He expected a probing comment, but Aunt Klara lit another cigarillo and seemed satisfied with his answer.

“So, do you have a plan now?”

“A plan? Whatever for?”

“The rest of your life, silly. I mean, as I understood it, Mary wanted you to go to a seminary...”

Billy shrugged.

“I have the place, but it can wait a year. I can’t go now... not after this.”

“If you wanted to, you could. Of course, you could.”

Billy remembered all the arguments with his mother while his father just sat quiet and watched the strife. Suddenly it occurred to him that now that his mother was gone, going to the seminary in Italy was his choice to make and not hers. He could actually do what he wanted.

“I doubt that I will go,” he said at last as he made up his mind. “Mamma always wanted a priest in the family, I never really cared to be the one!”

Aunt Klara turned to him and smiled.

“Well, you can do what you want, so what will that be?”

“A year to take stock,” said Billy at last. “Sort out this mess and then see how the land lies.”

“Good plan,” she said approvingly. “There’s no hurry at all. Any help you need...”

“I’ll call,” said Billy. “I will need help to sort out the will and have to decide what to do with the house...”

“Sell it?”

Billy smiled.

“It’s been in the family for generations,” said Billy. “I won’t sell it without asking if anyone in the family wants it.”

“I might just go for that,” said Aunt Klara. “If the price is right, of course.”

“First the will, then I’ll see,” said Billy as he tried to sound grown up. “I can’t imagine not living in the rectory.”

“It’s full of ghosts,” said Aunt Klara. “On the other hand, they are sort of all old friends. I remember playing hide-and-seek there with Mary. She searched for hours while I ran to a friends’ house and played!”

“I never had anyone to play with,” said Billy. “Mamma did not approve of friends from the state school. Then she put me in the Catholic boy’s school and I never really made any friends there.”

“Tsk, tsk,” said his aunt. “No girlfriends either then?”

“Ooh, that was strictly off-limits,” said Billy with a laugh. “Girlfriends were taboo, and self-abuse was to be guarded against at all costs...”

“No games behind the bike sheds then,” laughed Klara.

Billy looked down at his feet and shook his head.

“There were games, but...”

“Catholic school, eh?”

“One or two of the teachers, were...”

Klara could see that the memory hurt, and she changed tack a little.

“Must have been sad, being alone?”

“I was alone, never-ever lonely,” said Billy. “There was always so much to do, Mamma kept me busy all the time. Anyway, that’s all behind me. What I plan now is to get out a little and find my feet.”

“A perfect plan.”

“Boys will be boys,” said Billy’s aunt with a shrug. “They get up to all sorts of little games.”

Billy started to laugh. It was so refreshing to listen to his Aunt Klara and he really felt that she was on his side.

“That’s what the year is for...”

“You’ll never get to heaven, boy,” said Klara with a sly grin. “Not by kissing the girls and making them cry!”

“I have a lot of lost time to make up!”

Aunt Klara looked through the glass doors and shrugged.

“I think that this event is at an end,” she said. “Let’s get inside and polish off the formalities and then we can both escape!”

Billy followed her inside.

Wilderness Days

The knock on the front door of the Rectory was a sharp rap of knuckles. The door opened, and the two women entered.

“The boy will be here in a moment,” said Aunt Klara to the woman in the long coat. “We’ll wait...”

The other woman raised an eyebrow and looked around at the bizarre mixture of Victorian and IKEA furniture that had been crowded into the hallway. A worn carpet led up the steep stairs and the ticking of a grandfather clock was the only sound. Eventually Billy’s face appeared at the bannister at the top of the stairs.

“You quite forgot,” said Aunt Klara. “I told you that I was popping round...”

“Oh yes, it’s Thursday,” answered Billy without moving.

The two women could see that Aunt Klara’s nephew was only wearing a dressing-gown. At five in the afternoon, he had not even bothered to dress.

“Come on down, boy, there is someone here that I think that you should meet.”

Billy hesitated for a few moments and finally pulled the bathrobe tight and

padded down the stairs.

“This is Patricia,” said his aunt as she introduced her friend.

“Er, nice to meet you,” said Billy extending a hand. “A close friend...”

Patricia ignored it and Billy withdrew his hand.

“Let’s go through to the lounge,” said Aunt Klara.

She led the way and looked around the piles of take-away containers and forks that littered the table before turning to Patricia and smiling.

“As you can see, there is a lot to be done here,” she said, and Patricia nodded in disdain as she took in the disorder and chaos.

Billy looked sheepish and started to clear the mess, but a word from his Aunt stopped him.

“Billy,” she said. “You really must get this place in order. I thought that it would be like this, so I brought Patricia along. She does a little cleaning work for me and I thought that you could do with her help!”

“I’m fine,” said Billy as he put down the containers and forks in a pile and held his bathrobe closed in embarrassment.

Aunt Klara started to chuckle.

“Really, boy, this is not fine. I feel a small responsibility towards you and I have brought Patricia along to clear up and get the house in order. You will give her the keys to the house and she will pop by every day of the week for an hour or so to do all these bits and pieces! The Rectory is huge, and it will take some looking after!”

“Really, Aunty,” said Billy. “There’s no need...”

“I think that there is,” said Patricia. “You won’t even notice me passing through! I’ll do all the cooking, ironing, cleaning and arranging for you. Klara will arrange my salary and then you will be all set!”

“Aunty...” implored Billy. “Really, I will get it all into order, I don’t need any help.”

“Nonsense, boy,” said Klara putting her fists on her hips. “It’s the least I can do. You are eating badly, probably not even going to bed at the right time and a little structure in your life will set you on the right track. Now that this house is yours, I insist on it being looked after and kept an eye on. All you have to do is arrange to pay for Patricia and then she can start.”

“Er, how much?” said Billy, trying to give in gracefully.

“The same that I pay her,” said Aunt Klara. “Thirty pounds an hour for forty hours a week!”

Billy tried to do the sums in his head and wondered at the cost.

“Boy, you can afford it and Patricia is the best! The whole place will be spic and span in the first week and then it will be all downhill from there.”

Patricia wiped her finger over a book shelf and looked at the result. Her nose turned up and she turned back to face Billy.

“This house is difficult, that’s a fact,” she said. “But we’ll soon have it spruced up. It will take more than just an hour or two...”

Patricia was an imposing woman. Perhaps a little taller than Billy, she was stocky and, even though the long raincoat hid her bulk, he imagined that she and his aunt were similar in stature. Her hair was pulled up into a tight bun and when he looked down, he realised that her height was because of the towering heels on which she stood.

“Patricia will need a little money to buy bits and pieces and a uniform,” said Aunt Klara as she sat down and patted the sofa beside herself. “Five hundred pounds should be enough to start...”

Billy sat down next to his aunt and sighed.

“Isn’t this all a little expensive,” he said. “I mean the salary comes to over thirty thousand a year...”

Aunt Klara laughed at Billy’s inability to calculate such a simple sum.

“Now you are penny-pinching, boy! You are starting to sound like your mother. Every penny will be well spent, Patricia will give you an accounting and get your finances in order as well. You have so much money in the bank and you cannot begrudge a living wage for the woman who will do all of the work! All you have to do is to allow her to do what she does best, and you will find that you have loads of time to do whatever it is that boys do.”

Her hand closed on his knee and Billy shuddered.

“I trust Patricia with my household expenses, so why shouldn’t you?”

A thought occurred to Billy.

“If she’s here forty hours a week, then when will she have time to do the cleaning for you?”

“Boy! Let me worry about that. I only have your interests at heart, that’s all. If you are to get out of your shell and live a little, then you need this push. Don’t burden yourself with my problems, simply accept this little gift of help as it is intended and stop trying to do everything on your own.”

“OK, we’ll give it a try,” said Billy conceding a little. “But, only a couple of months and then we’ll see how it’s getting on. Anyway, I am still thinking of selling the Rectory, so it may not be all that long anyway.”

“Mmm, I might be interested,” said Aunt Klara as Patricia moved to stand behind the sofa where they were sitting and put her hands on his shoulders. “Have you had it valued?” The grip was strong, and Billy felt her fingers digging into the muscles on his shoulders.

“Not yet,” said Billy.

“Well I could go as far as quarter of a million,” said Aunt Klara.

“I think that it’s worth more than that,” said Billy as the powerful hands clasped him.

“Well, boy. You have it valued and then we’ll see,” said Aunt Klara with a smile. “I have contacts, so I can find a suitable agent.”

“I haven’t decided yet,” said Billy. “I’ll tell you if I think that it’s the best thing to do.”

He moved his shoulders and stood to get away from Patricia’s grip.

“As you like,” said Aunt Klara as she stood to tower over him in her heels. “Meanwhile, I will pop round again this evening and we can sort out the details of Patricia’s contract. Then she can start tomorrow.”

Billy’s lips parted as he tried to think of something that he could say that would stop his Aunt’s plan, but the presence of Patricia inhibited him from having that argument. She had seemed so sympathetic two weeks ago at the funeral, now she was almost forceful and obviously would not take ‘no’ for an answer. Still, he thought. When she came back, he could put the brakes on politely...

Aunt Klara kissed his cheek and Billy kissed hers.

“That’s good, just wait in for me tonight and we will sort it out so easily,” she said. “I’m so glad that you have taken up on my little idea. It has been so much trouble to sort out the details...”

Billy felt overwhelmed by her. The strong perfume, the way that she had kissed him and the presence of the silent companion who it seemed, he could not stop becoming his housekeeper.

“Now then, boy,” said Aunt Klara with a small smile. “You can’t spend the day in a bathrobe. What would your mother say?”

Billy clutched the bathrobe tight and led the way to the door. The two women followed him, and he opened the front door to let them out.

“At nine,” said Aunt Klara and offered her cheek for another kiss.

“Nine?” said Billy.

“That’s settled then!”

God's House

Billy sat in the glow of the laptop screen and idly clicked here and there. He looked at the girls on the Internet page and felt that excitement that he so relished. There they were, girls who wanted him, girls that offered themselves. All he had to do was to click and fill in the details. See the webcams, the introductory films and he could meet the girl of his dreams.

An endless parade of horny girls.

His hand opened his bathrobe and he settled the tissue on his knee as he slowly scrolled and imagined that he dared to just click and find the one that was there right now. She looked like a schoolgirl, small neat breasts, smooth thighs and the hint of her pussy under her tiny tartan skirt made him so hot and horny that he almost gasped as he touched himself.

Down there!

His relationship with the girls on the screen was entirely in his head, because even though he always almost ventured to register, somehow it was all over and done before he got up the nerve. No doubt but that he could afford the registration fee and then seek freely, but somehow the allure was too much and his little cock spilled onto the tissue every time at the slightest pull.

He gasped.

There it was, that surging feeling that turned to a sticky spill into the tissue in his hand. Drained, he stared at the girl with her long white stockings and high heels and sighed. This had always been something to hide from his parents. Now he no longer needed to hide it ever again. No longer would he have to take the laptop to the bathroom and lock the door while he sat and relieved the tension in his head.

The screensaver switched on and the screen went blank.

He sat a while and decided that next time it would be for real. Next time he would click first and wank after! The same thought that was always in his head as he gathered the tissue gingerly and carried it to the kitchen. In an hour he would do the same, an hour before he had done it. If his mother had been right, Billy would have been blind years ago!

Guilty as charged!

He had just thrown his guilt in the kitchen bin when there was a knock at the door. For a moment he wondered who it could be, before Billy remembered that at nine, Aunt Klara was coming around. He glanced at his watch, it was half past eight. Half an hour early. He paused while he considered pulling on his jeans and a T shirt when the knocking came again.

More insistent this time.

As he hastened to the door, Billy wondered why Aunt Klara never used the bell. She only ever knocked as if the signal was more likely to be heard when it was her knuckles on the wood. His naked feet rasped on the worn carpet of the

hallway and he heard Aunt Klara's voice through the door.

"Boy? Are you there?"

He opened the door to find Aunt Klara standing on the step with her friend. Pauline looked at Billy with what seemed to be a slightly disapproving look and he held his dressing gown closed as they entered.

Aunt Klara looked him up and down.

"I brought your Pauline around to help with the details," she said. "I see that you did not even bother to dress!"

"Er, no time," said Billy as housekeeper and aunt entered the house.

"I haven't got much time either," said his aunt in a strict voice. "We are going out on the town tonight. There's a new club opened, and Pauline is just longing to see it..."

Billy tried to imagine what sort of a club these two formidable middle-aged women would go to and his imagination failed him.

Billy's Aunt was dressed almost formally. The short glimpse that Billy got before he turned to lead them to the lounge, was of a dress that was almost a corset and the above-knee hem of her dress showed the black stockings on her

shapely legs. Pauline, it seemed to Billy, was dressed almost like a schoolteacher from the fifties and the pulled-back hair just emphasised her stern appearance.

Aunt Klara led the way into the lounge where the pile of take-away cartons still littered the table. She sat on the sofa and opened her hand bag to pass an envelope to her friend.

“I thought that you would be alone,” said Billy weakly as his aunt watched her friend pull some papers from the envelope.

“We do everything together,” said Pauline.

Billy watched Pauline as she put on a pair of large reading glasses and scanned the papers in her hand.

“I run households, it is what I was trained for...”

Aunt Klara broke into her friend’s testimonial to say, “What Pauline has done is to prepare the bank mandate for you. She has the bank manager in the palm of her hand!” said Klara with a small laugh. “Of course, she will be paid weekly...”

“It’s all here,” said Pauline as she started to pass the papers to Billy.

“Not like that, all at once, dear! First the mandate that makes sure that you are paid. First things first, then you become my nephew’s employee and can sort out

the rest.”

Pauline smiled and reshuffled the papers and passed one to Billy’s hand and then passed on the ballpoint pen that his aunt took from her bag. Billy looked at the mandate, a much-folded sheet with his bank details on.

“You have my account number?”

“Of course, I called the manager for it. Make it all easier... Anyway, saves you having to search since we are in such a hurry.”

“A hurry?” asked Billy.

“Of course, we have just ten minutes here before we have to go,” said Klara.

Billy scanned the form before commenting, “There are no details of the amounts, Aunty.”

“Of course not! Silly boy,” replied Pauline. “Occasionally, I will need to buy materials, bits and pieces like an iron or something. This just allows me to buy them and give you the bill once a month when I do the household accounts.”

Billy looked doubtfully at the paper and the hand with the pen hesitated.

“I’m not sure... I mean, can’t Pauline just ask for the money, when she needs it?”

Aunt Klara nudged her friend with her elbow and she spoke.

“Why make it all so complicated,” she said. “Now you will never have to worry that you haven’t any cash in the house. Just sign, we have to go...”

The nib of the pen hovered over the paper and he looked at his Aunt, as if looking for some final argument that could make him sign.

Aunt Klara sighed and then looked a little upset.

“Here I am, trying so hard to make sure that you are looked after, and you worry about the details that I have already arranged. I can tell you, hand on heart, Pauline is a dear, dear friend and not just anybody. I am giving up so much as she will have less time for me and you just don’t appreciate it! Sign or don’t sign, but she will be so disappointed because she was so looking forward to looking after you...”

The small speech was followed by another dramatic sigh and she held out her hand for the unsigned paper.

Billy signed and passed it back.

“There, boy, that wasn’t so difficult, was it? Now I can make all the arrangements. Pauline will arrive at seven tomorrow and you can give her the keys. Then she can get started on the huge clean-up that this place needs so much.”

Aunt Klara tucked the signed paper in her bag and stood.

“Oh, just one more thing, boy. She has a bit of a bad back at the moment, so it would be sweet of you to help her if there is any lifting. She always cooks at eleven for lunch, so make sure that you show her how appreciative you are and get some proper food inside you. Not this foreign muck...”

Her hand moved to encompass the take-away cartons and then she sailed out of the room with Pauline in tow. As they reached the front door she turned for a last word.

“Pauline is very particular, that’s what makes her such a perfect housekeeper for you. Just follow her instructions and you will be right as rain!”

Billy was about to speak, but the two women were already in the car and he watched as they sped away with his aunt at the wheel.

Jezebel at The Window

At seven, there was a rapping at the door.

Billy pulled himself from his coffee and went to answer it. Sure enough, there was Pauline with a scowl on her face and a large bag in one hand.

“Seven sharp,” she said.

“Er, hello,” said Billy as he took in the large woman and allowed her into the house.

“We need to get things on a proper footing before we start. Kitchen first...” said Pauline.

Billy led her to the kitchen and the large woman dumped the bag on the floor, put her hands on her hips and looked around the kitchen. In a fit of guilt, Billy had spent much of the night getting the place into order, but it seemed as if she was not impressed.

“What a mess,” she said as she wiped a finger across the table and inspected it.
“That can go first...”

Pauline picked up the still steaming coffee and poured it in the sink before dropping the mug into the bin.

“That was my coffee,” said Billy and he picked the mug from the bin. “I wash up, I don’t throw things away like that!”

Pauline watched him swill the mug under the tap and tutted.

“Really, cracked mugs and Nescafé? What sort of a dissolute life are you living? I can see that it is more than the house that needs to be tidied up!”

She seemed to loom over him and looked down into the bin. Billy followed her gaze and suddenly remembered that he dropped all of his tissues there and he started to blush. Pauline looked up and smiled and then sat down at the kitchen table. Her hand tapped on the surface and she raised an eyebrow.

“There are a few rules that we need to abide by,” she said as he took a seat, relieved that she had not gone fishing in the bin.

Billy was still muddled by the fact that it was just past seven in the morning and his coffee had been poured away. He sat at the table and decided that this was the right time to lay down the law.

“This is my house,” he started. “I am very grateful that Aunty Klara and you have decided to get my life in order, but really it is the house that needs putting to rights and not me...”

Pauline's face took on a sardonic expression, but Billy ploughed on.

"I am paying you a lot to keep the Rectory in order and I would be grateful if you understand that it is only the Rectory that needs cleaning up... not me!"

The look turned to a smile.

Billy hesitated and then allowed what he was thinking to slip from his lips.

"In two months the Rectory will be on the market. After that I will sell it and there will be no need to keep you on!"

Pauline waited to see if he had more to say. Her fingers tapped in a rhythm on the table with the small clacks of her long nails making a ticking sound.

"Are you quite finished, boy," she said sternly. "If you want me to leave just pay me the month's money that you owe me, and I shall inform your kind aunt that you are an ungrateful little child who wants to make a mess of his life and his house. That will be the end of it. Here and now!"

Billy blanched at her response and suddenly felt guilty.

"I didn't mean to be rude Pauline," he said. "It's just that you said that we

needed to get ourselves off on a proper footing and I was trying to explain it from my point of view.”

Pauline’s smile softened.

“Of course, you are, boy. You have just lost your parents; the guiding lights of your world and I can take account of that! However, for the next month I will do my utmost. I keep my promises and if you are paying me for the month, then the month it shall be!”

“I’m sorry, but that’s just the way it is,” he said weakly.

“Good, then let’s start afresh,” said Pauline. “So wrong to get on the wrong foot with a new employer. I shall pull this place into a state where you can show the agents around, attempt to bring a little order to this chaos and at the end of a month, you decide if I will be staying or going. Is that a deal?”

Billy nodded.

He had almost had the woman out of the door, but somehow it had all been twisted around. Now she was here a full month and it seemed to him that he had agreed it. Still, if he was paying the month, then at least she should work for it!

“A few rules,” she persisted.

“Rules?”

“Of course! I shall tell you what I expect, and now you can tell me first, how we will work together.”

Billy looked at her and nodded slowly.

“First of all, you start at nine,” he said cautiously. “There is no need to start so early.”

“Fine, then nine it is!”

Almost surprised at the relaxed way that she gave way to his first stipulation, Billy launched into the next rule that came into his head.

“Next off, just tell me if you need anything and I will get it for you,” he said. “I mean cleaning stuff and all that...”

“As you like, but it will be a lot of trouble for you,” she answered.

Billy coughed and cleared his throat.

“Last of all, I am sure that you are an excellent cook, but really, I don’t need you

to cook for me,” he said bravely. He saw the cloud on her features and continued. “Of course, you can cook for yourself as you like...”

“That suits me fine,” said Pauline. “More?”

Billy breathed a sigh of relief and mentally checked off his points to decide that money, meals and starting time were established. Maybe this would go better than he had expected. He had taken the bull by the horns and it had paid off in spades.

“Er no,” he said.

“I only have one rule. It may seem a little old-fashioned, but if I am the housekeeper and you are the master of the house, then it is better that we keep our relationship on a professional footing,” she said. “You will call me ‘Miss’ at all times and that’s that, boy!”

Billy looked at her and shrugged his shoulders.

“If you like, it makes no difference to me!”

“Miss!” she said severely. “Let’s get it right from the start!”

“Oops! I meant that I don’t mind, Miss,” he said. “I stand corrected!”

“Good, then I can get to work,” said Pauline. “Kitchen first?”

“Kitchen first... Miss.”

Work of the Lord

At three in the afternoon, Pauline left with a wave. She climbed into her little old-fashioned sports car and Billy watched her go with a sigh of relief. The last eight hours had been just one thing after another as Pauline started on the kitchen.

Billy had soon been divested of the idea that he could wander off while she worked. It seemed that she wanted him there to help move the furniture as she worked. The Welsh dresser was moved a dozen times, the chairs and the heavy table needed to be dragged around and the fridge needed moving. All tasks that she had to avoid because of her bad back.

At eleven, she stopped to cook a meal and Billy managed to escape. The delicious smell wafted through the house and Billy was eventually drawn to find Pauline eating a delicious meal of spaghetti and sauce that he really started to wish that he could have joined her for.

After the meal, Pauline decided that a few other rooms would benefit from her attentions. She tidied his bedroom, attended to the bathroom and then wandered around the house as if planning where the next assault would take place after the kitchen was satisfactory. Endless bedrooms, box rooms, two reception rooms and then the old servant's quarters. It would take more than a month to set the place in order.

Billy had to admit that Pauline was in fact, incredibly thorough. By the time that she left, half of the kitchen was clean, and he admired the old terracotta tiles that had been scrubbed so clean that they looked almost new. He started to regret that

he had been so rude to her, but in the end decided that it had been the right thing to do.

He had to be firm.

The strangest thing was calling her 'Miss'. To Billy it seemed that her incessant calling him 'boy' was almost an insult, while she insisted on her title and never failed to correct him. When Aunt Klara called him 'boy', it seemed almost right; when Pauline said the word he felt slighted. By three, when she left, 'Miss' came naturally to his tongue and he had convinced himself that Pauline was simply being old-fashioned.

Now that she had a set of keys, he would not even need to get out of bed. Another advantage of giving way a little. It was only right that she could let herself in.

Billy took a last look at the kitchen and decided that it would be a good idea to move the furniture over onto the tiles that had already been cleaned. That would stop her needing him tomorrow and he could relax a little. It took an hour, but in the end, he had managed it and stood proudly admiring the way that it looked.

He retreated to his room and flipped open the laptop.

It was not long before Billie was staring at the attractions of the girls on that favourite site of his. As always, he hovered on the edge of registering. As he gazed at the pictures of those attractive sluts that he always wanked to, Billy made up his mind. It was time to get out there! The idea of socialising, making friends, putting himself out-there never occurred to him; what he wanted was

right here, in front of him.

Sex!

He clicked.

A web-form appeared, and Billy stared at it long and hard. The question was, should he now create a persona for the website or should he be just Billy? The form was not complicated. It required just a name and a password and then took him to his vital statistics. Billy clicked here and there, selecting and rejecting the options, each click a small thrill as he decided his preferences and completed age, height and other personal details. For the photo he used a passport shot from a year before. The site then took him to a series of photos, each of which allowed a choice until his ideal partner's looks had been chosen.

After that was a list of sexual preferences.

Billy clicked on the first that was labelled 'female' and then looked down the list. Some were obvious. 'Anal' and 'BDSM' were obvious. He hesitatingly clicked on the first and rejected the second. 'GGG' and 'GSOH' were not obvious and looked threatening, so he left them blank. He stared at the list and felt confused. How could this all be so difficult? He almost gave up.

It never occurred to him to seek advice from the Internet. He simply clicked almost at random. 'LGBT' he rejected and accepted 'TS' but rejected 'Ds' and 'SM' because he thought that he understood what they meant. He reviewed the list and impulsively clicked his way through. So many pointless choices! Was it really this complex to find a girl for himself? His ignorance and inexperience

shamed him as he realised how little he knew of the outside world but was relieved when the simple entry of credit card details appeared, and then it was done.

From there it was on to the actual site. Billy browsed the pages and marked a few girls as possibilities. They all seemed impossibly attractive, some in poses that were obviously holiday snaps, others posed like porn models with various states of undress. The final stage, to select and write a message to one of the girls was almost too much for the panting young man. He typed a few words of introduction and pressed 'send'. Then, Billy reached for the box of tissues to end the session on the computer in a sweat of self-abuse.

Billy wandered around the house.

Some of the familiar musty smell was gone, windows were open and he moved around almost as though he was looking at the Rectory for the first time. Two weeks since the funeral, a week since the reading of the will. A few hours after Pauline's leaving. That this place was all his, that there was money in the bank and yet more to come. Of course, he could still feel the oppressive presence of his parents. His father on the sofa in the lounge, his mother pottering around in the kitchen. For the first time since the accident, Billy entered his parent's bedroom.

A typical portrait of Madonna and child over the bed, old fashioned sturdy furniture, the bed with the sheets still turned back. Billy looked out of the window at the garden outside and opened it a little before tip-toeing to a chest of drawers and opening it.

In the first drawer, a Bible with bookmarks. Clothing neatly stacked. He pulled the second and the third to find more of the same. A little jewellery; his mother had never worn much, so just earrings and a few pearls. From there, Billy wandered to the wardrobe to be confronted by a row of suits and evening

dressers. Low shoes stacked at the bottom, a box underneath full of folded stockings and tights. Billy rooted around through the hanging ties and belts, accessories and a few handbags that had obviously never been used and then closed the wardrobe doors to contemplate the rest of the room.

This was the place that he had been conceived in a fit of Catholic purity.

In the darkness and shame of sex, purely for the sake of Catholic procreation.

A dull and formless space that contained no excitement and no hint of who his parents had been in private. There were no saucy diaries, no signs of fun and games. Nothing that was hidden and secret from the world. His parents had been in private as they were in everyday life. So, it seemed after his half-hearted browse.

Strict, Catholic, boring and uneventful!

A sense of disappointment filled Billy. A feeling that there must have been something more to his parents than he knew, but the bedroom seemed a shrine to normality, a haven of sleep and most of all a place that signified nothing!

Billy closed the door behind him and realised that he was lonely.

A young man with money, house and a strict Catholic upbringing. No friends, no girlfriend, no close family apart from perhaps his rather dissolute Aunty Klara. He headed for his kitchen where the laptop lay open and idly surfed a little

before he headed back to the raunchy dating site and entered his password.

It was a minute before he noticed that the discreet mail icon at the top of the page was now shown in green. He clicked on it and a new page loaded to show his mail. At the top was the short welcoming mail that accompanied his log-in. Below that a few words that caused him to sit up.

‘Heather has confirmed your contact.’ It read in bold.

Billy clicked, and the mail opened with a picture of a dark-haired girl at the top. On her face was a smile, that suggested to the naïve boy depths of sexuality and lascivious corruption. One arm covered her small breasts while the other was tucked between her thighs. The small tattoo on her shoulder seemed a symbol of her immorality ...

Underneath was her answer to his call.

‘When and where?’

Billy stared at the message in turmoil. He had hoped and dreaded this moment happening and now he was suddenly confronted by a fear that caused him to slap down the lid of the laptop and stand to stare down at it with anxiety.

Billy had found his girl and she was so very hot!

Seek and Ye Shall Find

Billy decided to meet in a public place.

Even he knew that the precaution was wise!

He sat in the bar feeling uncomfortable as couples and groups chattered around him and the gin and tonic felt strange in his hand. The girl behind the bar seemed amused by the young man that sat perched on the barstool in a suit and tie and leaned with both elbows on the surface to say a few words.

“So, waiting for a date?” she asked with a sly smile.

“First time,” admitted Billy.

“Ooh, a blind date, I just love that,” said the girl. “Arranged by a friend?”

“Er, no. Internet dating...”

“I’ve heard some stories,” she laughed. “You know, the woman turns up and she is twenty stone of middle-aged desperate house-wife and all that sort of thing.”

Billy felt defensive.

“I have seen the photo!”

“Of course you have,” laughed the bar girl. “The photo!”

She started to laugh and seemed about to add to her comments when another customer called her away to leave Billy sitting uncomfortably on his stool. The bargirl was right, he decided. Heather could have used any photo and even her name could have been invented! He looked at his watch, ten minutes to go. It had seemed a clever idea to arrive early and scope out the bar, but the actuality was that it had just heightened his sense of anxiety.

The door to the street opened and a small group entered, and Billy felt a wave of dizziness. That could have been Heather, but it was just another false alarm. He sipped at the gin and tonic and realised that he hated the stuff. Bitter and sickening it merely made him yet more uncomfortable. The door opened again, and his heart jumped as he recognised the girl from the dating site, following her came a man who seemed quite at odds with her slim sexy look. Rough and dressed in a scruffy suit, he looked more like her father than anything else and Billy wondered why on earth her father would come along on his daughter’s first date.

Heather looked around, scoping the barflies and then focussing on the nervous young man that sat with a glass in his hand. The man shrugged and moved to sit at a small table in the corner while Heather strolled over to her date.

“Honey,” she said, “You must be Billy?”

Billy nodded, and she moved to sit beside him.

“Mine’s a straight double vodka,” said Heather as she settled on the stool.

“I’m drinking gin and tonic,” said Billy not realising that she was telling him what she wanted.

“She turned her pretty face to his and pouted, “So, what’s it to be?”

Billy’s prepped opening speech left his mind and all he could say was, “You are so pretty!”

The compliment seemed to amuse her, and she turned to the bargirl and ordered the vodka.

“Glad you like what I’ve got, and there’s plenty more!” she said and her hand dropped into her lap suggestively. “A hundred an hour and the specials are on top of that!”

Billy was confused and tried to decide what slang she was using, but Heather added more, “First time with a TS?” she asked.

“First time,” muttered Billy blushing as he admitted that he was a virgin.

Heather started to laugh and made a small discreet movement with her hand.

“OK then, the specials are on the house, I just love fucking fresh meat!”

Now it clicked, as he realised that this was purely a business arrangement, and Billy shuffled on his stool in fright. Heather drank her vodka in one quick toss and slammed the glass on the top of the bar.

“I have a place just around the corner,” she said. “Pay the drinks and then let’s go and fuck!”

Billy pulled out his wallet. He needed to escape and paying was the first step. Heather’s hand extended and he allowed himself to be dragged from the bar by her. It was a nightmare, on the dark street, Heather pulled him to face her and held out her hand.

“A hundred now, then the fuck!”

“I haven’t got enough,” said Billy as he tried to show her his wallet where just two twenties were displayed. “This is a mistake...”

“What’s this?”

A brawny hand tore the wallet away from Billy's hand and pulled out the notes. It was the huge man that Billy had taken for Heather's father and he tossed the empty wallet back.

"Another fucking time-waster," said Heather.

Billy took a step, but his exit was blocked by the brawny pimp who took his wrist in his massive hand and pulled him close. Billy could smell his breath, beer and a sour smell that nauseated him as Heather rifled the pockets of his suit.

"Just forty," she sneered. "Not even enough for a blow job... waste of a time."

The brawny man smiled and pulled Billy from the pavement down a small alley by the side of the bar. Billy so wanted to scream for help, but the other passers-by simply stepped around him laughing as they moved into the darkness of the narrow passageway.

"Strip him Pete," said Heather and Billy found himself divested of watch, wallet and gold communion ring.

"Please, let me go," said Billy weakly as Pete pocketed everything, "this is all a mistake..."

Heather slapped him hard, making Billy's eyes water and her hand moved between his thighs and grasped him hard.

“Got a little hard on, cutie,” she hissed. “Want a little real cock?”

“This I’ve gotta see,’ said Pete as his hands grasped his tie and dragged him to his knees. “Fucking little twink!”

Billy screamed thinly and looked up to see Heather smiling as she lifted her skirt to reveal a long, curved stiff cock that pointed directly at his face.

“Suck me off, bitch!” she said. “Gotta get your money’s worth!”

There was brief struggle, Billy avoided the horrible threat, his tie gave way, and he managed to evade the huge hands that attempted to grasp his neck from behind. Heather thrust her hips hard and Billy felt the warm-hard wet prick on his cheek for a second before he was up and running. A kick to his behind from Pete speeded him on his way and he turned into the street like a frightened hare.

Billy ran and ran and ran. His breath came in gasps, tears streamed from his eyes, sweat soaked his torn shirt and the ragged remains of his flapping tie. He did not know where he was when he finally stopped. He looked behind him, but he was alone.

Alone with the aching hard-on that betrayed the stimulation that his first sexual experience with another had given him.

A manicured finger tapped the button on the mouse and then moved to scroll down the open file that displayed every keypress and interaction that had occurred on Billy's laptop. The rest of the screen was filled by the browser that mimicked each event by replicating it step by step as she clicked through.

The smile on Klara's face became broader as she watched each field of the form being filled. Then cancelled and then filled once more. Every hesitation, every change forwards and backwards signalled her nephew's confusion as his sex-consumed thoughts brought him to the climax of his registration.

One by one the credit card numbers appeared, and then there was a pause before the naïve boy started to surf the site for his date. Klara took her time, enjoyed peeping at every thought that filled his gullible head as she watched her nephew's deliberations. At last he made a selection and she started to laugh as Heather's face appeared. Did he really think that this was a dating site, she wondered as she looked at the message he sent before settling back to see what the response had been.

Pure gold!

The time and place had been set, and she looked at her watch to realise that she was too late to see the fun. Never mind! Even though it would have been fascinating to see the result, she might have been seen and that would have ruined everything!

Klara saved the passwords and made a note of the credit card details before closing the browser and flipping her lap top closed. It could be months before the account held enough to be worth emptying, after all, wills took months to get to completion.

There was plenty of time and so many delicious possibilities.

She switched out the light in the kitchen before she headed upstairs with her head filled with schemes and exquisite plans that caused a wetness between her thighs. The keylogger that Pauline had installed on Billy's laptop would give her the drop on him, her presence in the house would keep him well in line.

Klara stood by the bedroom door and imagined that she was in the Rectory that was rightfully hers, stolen from her by her bitch sister. Standing before the master bedroom where all sorts of pleasurable activities awaited her fertile mind and the long hours of the night. As she stood she could feel that intense feeling that always caused her pussy to melt into liquid bliss. The delicious sentiment that she was in control, dominant and avid for gratification.

Her hand reached out to the tall bin where her canes stood and she grasped the handle of the nearest and fondled it lovingly. Drawing the cane from the sheath with a rasp she bent it in her hands before she shed her dressing-gown to stand in her heels and stockings.

The moment was flawless, the gathering of the storm.

A thought occurred that was so malicious that she chuckled as she imagined how her plan could make a sideways turn that would make her ultimate triumph so much more complete. The addition of another piece on the board that could so enhance the grip of her on her naïve and helpless nephew.

In the grand scheme of things, it would not cost so very much! Especially when the Rectory was factored into the gains to be won. Maybe there were even possibilities to...

Klara's thoughts slid in her oiled mind and her anticipation moved up a notch.

She opened the door to find her latest foolish young man kneeling at the foot of the bed.

"Five over my knee, boy," she announced. "Then you can show me what you are for!"

"Mistress, I would do anything for you," said the young man.

"And you will!" she replied as she imagined Billy at her feet and settled to sit on the edge of her bed. "Now, attend to me!"

The young man shuffled forward to the wide held ass and felt her hands take his hair and pull him in to that cleft where Klara's pouting ass-hole waited for attention.

"Fuck me, boy and make me come..."

Manna from Heaven

“So, boy,” said Pauline. “Changed your mind?”

Billy looked at the delicious stew on his housekeeper’s plate and nodded sheepishly. For a week he had managed to resist, now he had finally got up the nerve to admit to her that he was wrong.

Her hand put down the lipstick-stained fork on the plate and she pushed it over to him across the table.

“Eat!”

“It’s yours,” he said guiltily as he looked at the delicious sauce that soaked through the pasta. “Tomorrow, please Miss.”

Pauline simply pushed one of the chairs under the table to indicate where he should sit and watched him take his place. He clasped his hands a moment in prayer and Pauline pushed the plate in front of him.

“Of course, if you want me to cook for you, then it’s every day,” she said as he took the fork and looked at the red lipstick stain on the tines.

“Without fail...”

Billy looked at her and nodded.

“Good! There is another rule, boy,” she continued as she watched him lift the fork. “Clear the plate, eat everything that is put before you without complaint and thank me afterwards. That’s the penalty for refusing in the first place!”

Billy nodded again. The aroma of the food overcame his hesitation and he filled his mouth with the appetising stew.

Pauline watched him eat with a small smile. It had been a week since she had started as his housekeeper and not much seemed to have happened in that time. Seemed to have happened, but in actuality that week had seen a great deal of progress!

Small things, little steps in the right direction that pointed the way forward.

On top of all of that, Billy seemed to have been shaken by the date that he had been on, cancelled his subscription to the dating site and spent all of his time in a fugue of boredom and furious self-abuse.

Klara had shown her Billy’s latest searches on his laptop and Pauline knew that the direction of his entertainment had moved on a little. No longer attracted to the dating sites for his viewing, it seemed that Billy had discovered the pleasures of other sites and interests.

As she watched Billy eat the stew she decided that soon it would be time to move him along a little more. Firstly, she needed to get past his insistence that she was only going to be working for three more weeks. Then it would be time to insert herself fully into his life. What was needed was twenty-four-hour supervision instead of the limited contact that presently applied. Once that was established, there would be no limit to her ability to mould and shape the boy until he was ready for his Aunt's use and abuse.

Billy finished and thanked her politely.

"Good boy," she answered.

It was important to establish that she was the adult and he was the child. That the natural order was that Pauline's decisions were beyond question. Every exchange of words, every time that he thought of her had to establish her right to decide for him. Next would come the sexualisation, the teasing, fleeting moments that would make following her orders compulsive for him, desperate to receive rewards that could be teasingly dangled before his eyes.

Without ever being realised, of course.

"There is something that I wish to discuss, boy," she announced as she took the plate and stood to drop it into the sink.

"Miss?"

Pauline rewarded him with a smile and was glad that she had prepared for this moment. For the last two days, now, Pauline had been ready, now was the time. She turned to face him and noticed the way that his eyes took in her tight dress and shapely legs.

“First of all, are you satisfied with my work?”

Billy nodded dumbly and shrugged.

“Is that a ‘yes’?” she asked.

“Yes, Miss. You are certainly getting it all in order.”

Pauline stepped a little closer and carefully posed one stiletto in front of the other to allow him to appreciate her generous figure. The stance made her hips swell and emphasised the lacy stockings that clad her legs. Billy’s eyes were still downcast, and it seemed to Pauline that he was fully focussed on her high-heels.

“Then, I really think that I should be here to look after you until the Rectory is sold,” she said. “Personally, I think that we are getting along so well, and it would such be a shame if we were to come to a parting of the ways just when my attentions were critical to sell the house!”

It seemed that Billy was so absorbed with looking at her posed legs that he had not heard her properly and Pauline wondered if she would have to rephrase the proposal.

“Fine, Miss,” he said, just before she started to speak.

“Excellent,” she smiled, and she slipped a foot slightly from her shoe as a reward.

Now Billy could see the delicate seams at her painted toes as the foot slipped from the patent leather and then slid once more into the shoe. A sensual little motion that did not pass him by.

Pauline felt a surge of triumph at her small victory and wondered if she should press her advantage, but Billy’s eyes lifted to her face and he said, “I suppose that it is better than at the start, Miss...”

“That was a week ago, boy,” she said, realising that the moment had passed. “I think that we both needed just a little time. In the next few months I am sure that we will get along even better until we can call each other friends!”

Billy nodded again.

He was overawed by the woman that stood before him. The only person in the world that he really had much contact with, a woman who seemed to him to be more than just a housekeeper. For a fleeting moment, he wondered how it would be to be intimate with a woman like Pauline. A mature, self-confident woman who knew what she wanted and knew how to...

Billy's imagination failed him at that point as he imagined her naked and he blushed with the thought. For a moment his other obsession gripped him. The moment when he had escaped in the alley, the transient touch of Heather's cock on his cheek, the fear and the excitement and his mind fused the two emotions into a single sense of stimulation.

A memory from his days at school surfaced, a close call, a moment in the choir when the chorister had taken him to the vestry. They had been disturbed and it had never gone further than that, but the memory of that 'nearly' still haunted him.

"I have work to do in your bedroom," said Pauline just as his thoughts reached a crescendo of recollection and 'what if'. "I would not want to stumble on anything that is private... intimate!"

Billy flushed pink and shook his head. Only the laptop was a risk and the password that locked it would keep it safe.

"There is nothing, Miss!"

"That's good, boy. Glad to hear it. Now, I'll run along and do the work while you clear up here in the kitchen."

Billy stood and Pauline exited to leave him to do the first small household task that would get him moving in the right direction. She closed the kitchen door behind her and picked up the bag that contained all the things that she had carefully selected, before she headed upstairs.

In the kitchen, Billy started on the washing up and felt a grateful sensation that Pauline had not made a fuss of him wanting her to cook for him. Since his encounter with Heather, he had not dared to go into town to fetch any food for fear of meeting her. Or Pete, that evil man who had been with her...

He had eaten all of the biscuits, the contents of every can and used up everything in the house and now he was feeling a little faint. The delicious stew had filled him and he was thankful that Pauline had so easily given way, even though, as he had expected, added stipulations to his request.

Pauline gave a small glance to make sure that her employer was not following her and slipped into the stillness of his parents' bedroom. She carefully noted that a couple of drawers and the wardrobe had obviously been looked through and started to empty her bag of tricks.

The wicked cane, she slipped under the double bed, just out of sight. Where the coverlet hung to the floor. The fishnet stockings she put in one of the bedside cabinets, hoping that it was the side that Mary had always slept on. They were mostly hidden by the New Testament in the drawer and a couple of condoms were carefully placed beneath them.

The next thing was the shoes.

Pauline looked at the bottom of the wardrobe and decided that it had already been rifled through, so she looked around the room for possibilities. It was not just important that her boy would find them, but that she had placed them where he had not looked so far. Finally, she settled on the folds of the curtains as a hiding place and placed them, well hidden from sight, by the side of the

windows. The touch of her fingers on the stilettos thrilled her and she smiled as she rearranged the curtains carefully looking for a hiding place for the final main item that lay on the floor.

The strap-on dildo was by no means the largest that Klara had given her, but it suited perfectly. It would have to be hidden well, so that the other items would prompt a thorough search and she mused on a couple of possibilities. The other bedside-cabinet was too easy, so eventually she settled on the chest of drawers and placed it between the floor and the bottom drawer.

Satisfied that she had moved the bottom drawer exactly to the slightly open position that it had been in, Pauline opened the top drawer to find a neat pile of knickers. She took away all but the top pair of dowdy pants and replaced them with the frilly ones that she had brought to the room.

The scene was set, all she would need to do now was to ensure that Billy searched the room again. Then she would find out if her victim would fall for the little ruse. In Pauline's mind there was no doubt...

Pauline slipped from the bedroom and went into Billy's room.

Four hours later, Pauline was done. The room was spic and span. Every single thing in it taken, ordered and replaced, every mote of dust hunted out and eliminated and the stained bedsheets changed.

She emerged to find Billy at the bottom of the stairs and took the opportunity to walk down them slowly and see the effect that she was having on his feeble male mind.

“I think that the time has come to clear and clean your parents’ room,” she announced.

“Why, Miss?”

“Because it needs to be done, that’s why!”

“As you like,” he replied noncommittedly.

“Make sure that you give it a little look-over before tomorrow,” said Pauline. “I don’t want to intrude.”

“I already have,” said Billy. “It’s all ready, Miss...”

Pauline’s face took on a scolding look.

“I am trying to be respectful to their memory,” she said. “Make sure that you have sorted through all of the intimate and personal items before I get here at nine.”

Billy sighed and nodded. At least there was something purposeful to do.

“OK, Miss. I’ll bag up all the clothes and so on.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

Billy watched Pauline slide into her little red sports-car and held up a hand in farewell. He had always wondered why a woman like Pauline drove such a cute little MG.

Somehow, now, it made sense...

...it suited her somehow!

There was clearly more to his housekeeper than met the eye.

By Their Clothes...

Billy dropped the four empty bin-liners on the rug by the bed and looked around the room. His parents' bedroom looked monotonous with its dull patterned wallpaper and the ancient furniture that filled it. The pictures on the walls scarcely lifted it from that state and he looked around to decide what was so sensitive that Pauline had asked him to clear the room.

With a sigh he started on the wardrobe.

First, he took the suits and threw them on the bed with his mother's dresses. Pale insipid prints and cheap suits. Considering that they had had so much money and lived in what could even be called a mansion, nothing had ever been spent on luxuries. As he bagged the clothes, Billy tossed the hangers on the bed. Next came a whole row of white shirts. All of them the same, his father had only ever worn white. The wardrobe was cleared by the fourth bag as all of the shoes joined the rest of the clothes, and Billy carried the bags down the stairs and piled them in the hallway.

He climbed the stairs again and decided to make a break.

He opened his laptop and entered the password. He sat a moment contemplating what would be the reward for the work so far and his mind pictured Pauline. He smiled and tapped the keys and then watched the list of available porn sites open. It was clear to him that the combination of 'mature' and 'maid' was not giving the correct options and he added the latest acronym that he had learned in the last week.

The vista was breath-taking and Billy found himself reaching for his box of tissues. With over a hundred thousand results for his search, he realised that he had mined into something that was apparently quite normal! Why else would there be so many sites offering film and photos if this was some rare fetish?

His thoughts turned to Pauline and Billy decided that she was sort of sexy in a motherly sort of way. Not his type at all, he decided, but certainly she had a certain mature sexual magnetism. Such a shame that she did not even realise it...

Billy looked at the hard cock in his hand and decided that it would be better to finish his parents' bedroom before he indulged himself! He knew that he would not be able to stop wanking now that he had a new interest and the room had to be cleared.

Reluctantly he closed the lap top and headed for the bedroom.

A simple job...

Now that the wardrobe was done and the doors showed it empty, Billy started to strip the bed. The worn sheets were bundled and bagged when he stood on something hard under the edge of the bed and reached down to pick up the hook-handled bamboo cane. For a few moments, Billy stared at the instrument of punishment and turned it in his hands. Slightly curved, well worn by countless uses, the cane caused his mind to quake. This was certainly something that needed to be hidden from his housekeeper and he was so grateful that she had asked him to clear the room!

The nature of the task changed.

Billy moved from one place to another and dumped everything in a single heap. He quickly found the stockings and condoms under the Bible and carefully laid them by the cane on the naked mattress. He tried to imagine his mother wearing them and then turned the condoms in his hand as he realised that everything his mother had said, had pretended to be, had been such a sham!

Catholics using condoms...

By the cane was now a pile of transparent lace knickers and Billy held up a pair to inspect them. Unlike most of the clothes, they seemed new or almost new, but it was clear that they matched the fishnet stockings and Billy felt a curious emotion. Akin to a thrill matched with angst he ran them through his fingers and then dropped them back to the pile before continuing his search.

The shoes were next.

Tucked out of sight where no one would find them. A pair of stilettos that arched in his trembling hands. The spikes of the heels were like daggers and the soles were still polished. Clearly only worn in the bedroom! Billy wondered how he had missed all of these items before and carefully stood the shoes by the rest of his treasure trove.

He looked around the room to look for other possibilities before he started to bag up the clothes, Bibles and other items. All that was left was the evidence of his parents' secrets and a small pile of jewellery on the bed. He looked at the furniture and decided that it would be good to move it all into the centre of the room so that Pauline would not call for him.

Starting with the wardrobe, he walked it across the floor a couple of feet with great difficulty before piling the bedside cabinets on each other at the end of the bed. The last job was the chest of drawers. Billy took out the top drawer and slipped in his arms to lift the whole thing. It lifted easily, the cheap plyboard and wood easy to carry. It was not until he had placed it in the centre of the room that he saw Pauline's final offering.

Delicately, by the thick rubber straps, he added it to the pile and shuddered. He imagined the scene as his parents dressed for their bedroom games and then wiped away the image with a slight sense of sickness.

'How could I have ever thought that they were so virtuous?' he wondered.

The bags of clothes joined the others near the door, the other items he moved to his own bedroom. He washed the dildo carefully with distaste, even though it was clean to start with, as if new, before laying it all out on his bed and deciding that it would be a shame to throw them all away. After all, now that he knew what his parents had been doing in their bedroom, how could it be wrong if he had his own little obsessions?

The thought comforted Billy and he opened his laptop.

With one of the shoes in his hand, the other on the mouse, he reopened the search and started to devour the content with avid eyes. The smooth patent leather under his fingers gave him a real contact to his fantasy and he searched for something that was similar. It was not difficult to find a film where a woman was wearing shoes like the one in his hand and he watched with open mouth as the film played. The mature woman with her stilettos was fucked by a man that

was tattooed with what seemed to be peacock feathers that covered his back and ass.

Now that he had a free hand while the film played, Billy readied the tissue while his eyes moved from the red stiletto in his hand to the ones that closed on the tattooed back. He was kneeling on the bed with his thighs open, the laptop playing out its film just in reach. Billy watched the man dismount from the woman and felt a disappointment as he rubbed himself as slowly as he could manage. When the man knelt between her legs and kissed those shoes, he found the point of his mother's shoe at his own lips.

It was almost as if he could be there.

Be that porn star that was paid to fuck! Take the gasping bitch as she played with herself! That feeling washed over him as his lips contacted the tip of the heel and he climaxed in a rush that left him gasping as he struggled to keep his mess in the tissue while his whole body shook with the reaction.

It took a couple of minutes before Billy realised that he could kneel no longer. His legs were almost numb, and the shoe dropped to the bed as he uncurled and stopped the film. It was the most intense experience that he had ever felt. A climax to end all climaxes; and he knew that in just a few minutes it would happen again.

He took the shoe and turned it in his hand before experimentally trying it on his own foot. How interesting to see what shoes like this felt like, he thought. The front was a little narrow and squeezed his toes, but the shoe slipped on as if it had been made for him. Billy stretched out his leg and looked at the effect. The spike that lunged from his heel, the bright red patent leather that fitted like a glove and he hastened to add the other one to his other foot.

His cock hung limp as he stood and wobbled.

This was what it was like...

Billy steadied himself and experimentally took a step. His ankle almost turned and twisted. He managed to catch himself on the bed and started to laugh as he tried to stand again. This time it was a little better. He managed two steps before he had to brace his hand on the wall. Billy felt ten feet tall on the six-inch heels and managed a few more steps before returning to the bed.

Just those few steps, lurching and unsteady filled his mind with a strange feeling and he looked down in astonishment to see his cock standing as though it had not just been milked. He kneeled on the bed and took himself in hand and realised that the shoes were a means of stimulation that brought him back quickly, so quickly to hardness.

Billy clicked on the mouse to enjoy the last ten minutes of the film. The points of the heels dug into his ass, his hand rubbed slowly up and down and the woman in the film climaxed with a scream!

Pauline looked over Klara's shoulder at the screen of her laptop.

On one side there was the code that ran and showed every action taken on the

distant computer. At the other end of the screen was another small window that showed a porn film running that the two conspirators could not have chosen better.

In the centre of the screen, filling it from top to bottom was a window that showed their victim from the point of view of the laptop on his bed. His red face, his lips kissing the heel of the shoe, his hand rubbing frantically and then the slime that fountained into the tissue.

They sat in elated silence as they watched Billy manage to fit the shoe and then the other. He left the picture and they heard his stumbling attempts to walk before he returned to kneel before them and make another offering to the possibilities that they had created.

“Now, that is perfect,” said Klara.

“Hot, so very stimulating...” added Pauline with a small chuckle. “In a week your nephew will start on the long, long road that he has yet to travel.”

Klara rubbed her hands in glee.

“All we have to figure out is how to make sure that he sees the one that we chose,” said Pauline.

“Oh, that’s easy,” said Klara with a smile. “When he is on, I will open it in another tab of the browser each time until he is hooked...”

“You are so wicked,” laughed Pauline.

“Oh, I’m much worse than that!”

“You really hated Mary, didn’t you?”

“I still do.”

Gomorrah Revisited

Billy was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea!

On the one hand, the deep blue sea.

His new obsessions that conspired to leave him thinking of nothing but the moment that Pauline would leave in the afternoon and the pleasures that wearing the shoes and stockings brought when that film played. That special film that he had found four nights ago, the one where he could become one of the characters as he dressed before watching again as she allowed the weak man to give her a climax that ended in cries of gratification.

Then, the devil...

Pauline was that devil! The woman who walked into the house in her high red stilettos the day after his apotheosis, the woman that teased him with every word and yet did not even know what she was doing to him!

Sadly, there was just no way to proposition Pauline!

The embarrassment and mortification would cause her to run from the house and never return. Of that, Billy was quite sure. He played with scenarios in his mind, juggled what words could tempt her, what things he could do to create a situation where she would allow herself to... Words failed him, his imagination was not

far behind. He tried so hard to maintain his dislike, his show of independence and yet, at the same time, Billy was caught in a trap and could not ever hope to express his need.

In the end, Billy did nothing!

He slyly watched her walk and attempted to imitate it when he was on his own. He imagined the tops of her stockings and what lay above. He watched her large breasts sway and compared them to the film that he looped with his cock in his hand and watched her kneel as she worked and imagined being permitted to lift the hem of her skirt.

And, through it all, Pauline was Pauline!

As far as Billy knew...

Ignoring the young man that she called 'boy' at every possible moment, she paraded herself unselfconsciously, knowing that his frustration was being vented every time that she left. She even sensed the slight envy in her friend who was planning the whole game and yet could not take part. That envy gave her hips an extra wiggle, her heels a louder click and her slow enticement of Klara's nephew a piquancy that stimulated her as never before.

The moment would come, of that she was sure.

It always did.

The young man's desperate state would create a crack through which she could wriggle and invade his mind. As she and Klara watched the continuous wanking each evening, she saw his lips move and guessed that he was whispering her name. As she watched him slip on the stilettos that she had planted she saw an ever-stronger reaction that she imagined placed him ever closer to making an indecent suggestion.

But she waited in vain!

The week that followed brought no lever that she could use, no natural burst of outrage and embarrassment and Billy did not fall. Mealtimes were the best possibility. Starting with a few tasty dishes to make him look forward to her cooking, she removed the carbohydrates from his diet with ruthless efficiency. No potatoes, no pastas, no bread. Pauline purged the kitchen of the foodstuffs that created energy and growth, minimising protein and using flavourings to simulate what was missing.

This, of course, was all part of Klara's underhanded plan.

To leave her nephew weak and tired, to make the physical domination that was to come so very overwhelming. Billy ate as directed and craved for snacks, but Pauline ensured that there were none to be had. Vegetables and just a little fruit bulked up the meals while she kept up a steady rhetoric of healthy living that permeated mealtimes. For herself, she ate the same food and then found herself gorging at Klara's while Billy dared not head out of the house into public places in imagined fear of meeting Heather or her brutal guardian.

The week passed in sexual tension.

Pauline showing no sign of being anything other than a forceful middle-aged housekeeper, while Billy wondered how he could create a possibility of making some sort of advance without upsetting her.

Ten days after Billy had discovered the shoes, Pauline started to become irritated with her charge. The foolish boy was so shy of making any sort of indecent suggestion that she started to discuss the problem with her friend.

Klara just placed a hand on her friend's arm and said, "Don't worry, it will come. Can't you see that my little nephew is starting to lose his mind?"

"But, I need to move it along," said Pauline with a grimace. "We need to be in full control as soon as the rectory goes on the market."

Klara had just smiled as if there was no problem and then shrugged as if it was of no importance.

"That will only happen when we allow it, dear. Let's just leave it to run," said Klara. "He is in the jaws of the trap, if we close it too soon, he will escape!"

"You are really enjoying this," said Pauline.

"More than that," laughed Klara. "I have decided that I want my naïve nephew to agree to each abuse as it comes! If it takes some time, then that gives us all the more time to enjoy his corruption!"

“OK, nice and slow...”

“The important thing is that you have all the time you need. What would be the perfect move now, would be to suggest that you move into the Rectory!”

“I know, I know,” said Pauline with a sigh. “Billy will never accept it!”

“Why ever not?” asked Klara.

“Because it might put an end to his fixation with his laptop. He would spend his time worrying about me being there and surprising him. That’s why!”

“Perhaps you are right! Well then, dear. We shall come to that stage later,” said Klara. “Just concentrate on teasing as you have done and let it develop. He still needs to fixate fully on that film... become his obsession.”

Pauline was frustrated and bit her lip. How could Klara not see that a balance was not what was needed? The scales had to be tipped so that there was always new movement that would drive Billy to distraction?

She left the words unspoken and watched their nightly dose of Billy’s games. It seemed to Pauline that there was now no movement at all. He seemed satisfied with what he was doing, and the panties lay out of sight. The dildo was never seen from Klara’s laptop and Pauline was sure that he had never played with it again.

In the end, Pauline went home that night with a feeling of frustration and desperation that filled her with lust. It had been months since she had a man at her feet and the lack was making her irritated. That night she slowly fucked herself with her favourite vibrator and even that did not satisfy but brought a yearning that drove her to distraction.

The next morning, she drove to the Rectory, determined to decide what the next move was to be. There had to be something that would tempt her foolish victim to make a mistake. Break the rules of a game that he did not even know that he was a playing.

She let herself into the house and looked in distaste at the results of all of the hard work that she had had to do. There was another problem! Billy was not helping nearly enough and the balance that had been established gave her no excuse to make him do more. A little washing up and a few small bits and pieces were nowhere near enough! She should be supervising him by now. Standing over him with a cane in her hand while Billy grovelled and obeyed.

Pauline parked her handbag in the hall and slipped on her red stilettos. There was no way that she could drive in them and worse yet, they made the housework almost impossible! A problem that she had not foreseen over a week ago when she had swapped the four-inch heels for the towering six-inch ones that she was now wearing.

The frustrated thought made her infuriated and she started to wonder if the best route was simply to launch herself at him and make him play by force. Pauline shook her head and decided that it might not work and would burn every bridge that she had created so far as well as making Klara angry. Billy was at the beginnings of obsession and fetish, he had to be drawn willingly into their world.

As Pauline went into the kitchen she looked up the stairs and saw Billy at the top in his pyjamas. That was another thing that had to change!

“You are early, Miss,” said Billy.

“Just ten minutes,’ she replied. “I promise that I won’t charge you!”

Yet another failure, decided Pauline. By now she should have complete charge of Billy’s’ finances, but he was still checking receipts and his online accounts and that made any embezzlement impossible.

“I know that you won’t,” said Billy. “I’ll be down in a moment, Miss, I really need some breakfast!”

Pauline nodded and acted to pre-empt him. She boiled the kettle and made the back coffee before starting to reheat a little food from the day before. A minimum of oil and the pan was sizzling as Billy arrived in the kitchen.

“Miss? Do you know what I really want?” he asked.

“What’s that?” she asked as she filled the bowl.

“Cereal!”

“I will get it on the next shopping expedition,” she said as she put the bowl before him. “If you must... sorry, we ran out of sugar...”

Billy swallowed the coffee with a small grimace and started to eat.

“Perhaps you want to come along shopping next time?” she asked.

Billy pulled a face and shook his head.

“Don’t fancy it, Miss,” he said as he thought of Heather and her pimp.

“As you like...”

Pauline lifted her cup and watched Billy finish his coffee without enjoyment. The lack of sugar being just another small piece of the jigsaw puzzle. He looked wan and pathetic, she thought as she stood over him. Billy put down the mug and his gaze fell to her shoes. A lump came to his throat as his imagination caught and then he realised that today his housekeeper had decided on fishnet stockings instead of the sheer nylon that she always wore. For a moment he wondered why she always seemed to dress up for her work, but the sight of the black criss-cross threads drowned the thought in his longing.

“Box room today,” announced Pauline as she followed his gaze. “I quite forgot that it is such a mess...”

Billy looked up and said, “I can help move the stuff around, Miss. Actually, it all needs throwing away, so I’ll do that as well...”

“Good boy! I think that I am a little overdressed.”

She took a step to the side and planted a red stiletto on a chair. She could feel Billy’s eyes on her as she reached under her tight skirt and started to roll down her stockings.

“I’ll ruin them if I have to do all of the cleaning on my knees,” she laughed sourly.

Billy looked at her face and then the hands that were finding the clasps that held the stockings high. Was this the moment that he had waited for?

A lump came to his throat and then he shied away from a compliment and said, “I’ll do the cleaning, if you like!”

The words were out of his mouth before he could stop them, but his aim had got him what he wanted. Her hands reappeared, and she smiled.

“Just to save my stockings, boy?”

Billy blushed and hung his head. Was he really that transparent?

“Er, no Miss, I was thinking of your bad back,” he lied.

“That’s nice and thoughtful, OK, then,” she said, “we’d better get started...”

Billy made sure that Pauline was ahead of him on the stairs and enjoyed the sight of her stockinged legs moving and that rounded ass swaying as he followed her. He reached the top of the stairs and held the bannister for a moment. A feeling of dizziness had overcome him, and he needed to steady himself before he could follow her to the room that she had decided upon.

The room was not all that large. Piled, covering most of the floor were packing boxes and piles of all the things that his mother had never got up the urge to toss away. Pauline was in the centre of the room when he arrived, and she stood with hands on hips and looked at the massive job that needed doing.

“First, we need to sort through all of this stuff and see what can be thrown in the bin,” she said. “After that, we clear the room and then the deep-clean can begin.”

Billy looked at the piles of boxes that had lain there undisturbed for years and felt dizzy. He propped his hand on the door frame and gathered himself. Pauline did not seem to notice his faintness and moved to the nearest pile.

“These horrible curtains can go, for a start,” she said as she lifted them and passed them to Billy. “Just pile it all outside for the moment.”

Billy took the armfuls of curtains and dumped them to find Pauline opening the first box. She tore off the tape and opened the box to reveal the box was full of books. She picked one out and raised her eyebrows.

“Interesting,” she said and passed it to Billy.

He opened it like she had and blanched. ‘An erotic novel by Anais Nin’, was the by-line and the dusty cover with a girl in stockings caused him to gulp.

“I don’t know why this is here, Miss,” he gulped.

Pauline turned and passed him the next book and he read the title on the spine.

‘A Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom,’ he read.

Now, Billy was blushing hard, and his eyes ran over the piles of boxes with a feeling of hopeless embarrassment. Who knew what lay in the rest? Videos, magazines, other things like he had found in his parent’s bedroom? It had never occurred to him that there could be a room full of his parents’ playthings outside the bedroom!

Pauline pulled another book from the box and started to laugh.

“Here look at this!”

Gingerly, Billy took the book and looked at the spine. ‘Great Railway Journeys,’ it read, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

“Do you really think that I am upset by this?” she asked as she pointed at the books in his hands. “I have seen far worse!”

Billy dropped the books outside the door with the curtains and went to take the box that she now had in her hands.

“You’ll have to sort through them yourself,” she said as she passed on the box.

Billy peeped inside to see a copy of a pornographic magazine from the Eighties inside and took the box out. The box was heavy, and he returned to find Pauline opening the next one.

“Nothing but cracked china,” she said, passing him the box.

The sigh of relief that he uttered made her chuckle.

“I know all about it...” she said.

“What, Miss?” said Billy.

She chuckled again and then said, “Do you really think that I don’t know what was in the bedroom? That’s why I wanted you to go first...”

“Oh, I see!”

“Miss!”

“Miss!” replied Billy.

Pauline put her hands on her hips.

“Repeat the whole sentence, boy. Get it right!”

“I see, Miss,” he said.

“Better! Now tell me what it is that you see, boy?”

“What I meant, Miss,” said Billy carefully. “Was, that I understand that you wanted me to be saved the embarrassment...”

“Tsk, tsk, boy! No, that was not the reason! I wanted you to see the reality of

your parents. It's important to know that there are always secrets and that they are best revealed and dealt with. When you threw away the shoes and cane, you learned an important lesson."

"I did, Miss?" he asked.

"Of course! Partners and friends have to know everything that there is to know about each other. I consider that we are friends, and that means that there should be nothing between us!"

Billy ruminated on what his middle-aged housekeeper had said.

"Miss. You have them as well? Secrets?" he asked hopefully.

"I do, but first we need to know that we are friends and not employer and maid," she chuckled. "That's the way that it works."

"I suppose that we are, Miss," admitted Billy.

"You suppose, boy?"

"We are, Miss! At least I hope so..."

“Then both of us have something to say,’ she said. “I’ll start!”

There was a pause and Billy looked hopeful.

“My first secret is that since my husband left me for another woman,” said Pauline in a fit of invention. “I have not had a single partner!”

Billy swallowed and frantically thought of his endless porn and the shoes before he thought of a secret to tell her.

“I didn’t throw away the things from my parents’ bedroom, Miss!”

“Very good, boy. Now then we have a room to clear. Too many secrets all at once is not a good thing. I think that we should make a little confession every day and see what we discover about each other!”

For some reason, Billy had imagined a gushing rapport to follow and a look of disappointment filled his face.

“We have all the time in the world,” said Pauline as she looked in the next box. “I suggest that you keep all the little things that we find that interest you. They will remind you that people are not always what they seem. In the meantime, let’s get to work!”

Billy sighed and took the box from her hand.

He desperately wanted to say so much more, but his fantasies and Pauline's stern tone crashed into each other, and he dumped the box in the corridor.

At least he had moved a little forward, he thought.

Part Two

Communion

Good Book

“You put my books in those boxes?” asked Klara

“I got the magazines from a collector’s shop,” laughed Pauline. “I suddenly realised that you nephew needed a little push, and this was the best way of doing it!”

“Well, it seems to have worked,” laughed Klara. “Look at the boy go!”

The two malicious women watched Billy playing with himself. His cock tented the silky lace knickers and the come from his previous efforts lay un-mopped on the fish-nets on his thighs. This was the third in just an hour and Klara started to laugh as she realised what the problem was.

“He’s all sore with that wanking,” she chuckled. “He ought to get some hand cream!”

“Don’t worry, dear. I have a bottle ready for the bathroom on the list,” said Pauline as she watched him inspect himself and pull a face.

“I never thought that this would be so much fun,” said Klara. “The poor little boy is all sore and still he just keeps on going...”

“It’s a good sign!”

“In what way?”

“Pleasure and pain,” laughed Pauline. “It’s what we want!”

“That’s so evil! Making him do it himself.”

“I have to be true to myself,” said Pauline as they watched Billy’s face as he tried to come.

Obviously, he was struggling as his hand went up and down his cute little cock with no effect.

“I think that he’s at the limit,” said Klara.

“I will have to feed him more red meat,” laughed Pauline as a small drop of come spurted and Billy kneeled panting in front of his laptop. “This morning he was breathless at climbing the stairs. By the time that I left, he was shattered. He can scarcely even carry the boxes any more. The furniture is probably beyond him.”

It seemed that their prey was exhausted, and he curled up before the camera and closed his eyes and started to slumber.

“Tomorrow should be fun...” said Pauline. “If he’s still in that state I will catch him.”

A small look of envy came across Klara’s face and Pauline patted her knee.

“I know that you are longing to take part,” she said. “When he’s ready, then you can come to play as well, but let’s not confuse him at the moment. I have to get him broken to obsessing all the time, get him feminised. Everything has to be ready before you finally become his owner.”

“Next week?” asked Klara hopefully.

“Time will tell. Or the week after that or even a month, who knows?” said Pauline. “Now look who’s hurrying? Not until I have him all locked in chastity. Also, he won’t need that hand cream, we can save the expense! You are the one that said we should be patient, I am going to hold you to it.”

“You are right, I can wait forever if there is movement. I want this to last forever,” said Klara at last. “I mean the fun and games. I don’t think that I have had so much fun since I had that bank manager on his knees! It will be so much fun to play with a new little boy that is made to our personal specifications from the ground up!”

“What happened to the last one?” asked Pauline mischievously.

“Oh, I thrashed him, and it was all too much for the little sissy! I just could not hold back... you know how I am!”

“Well, let’s make sure that your nephew has no choice!”

“It will last forever, dear! When he’s broken, you can keep him on at the Rectory forever. Having this one is going to keep you so busy! You will be able to take him into a really dark place.”

“That’s the whole idea! To have a sissy-slave who cannot ever escape me!” said Klara.

Klara looked at her friend and pouted.

“Have you thought what you are going to do when this is over?”

Pauline laughed.

“As long as I am with you, I don’t care,” she answered. “Let’s see how this works out first. You might even tempt me to move in to the Rectory with you.”

“I might just like that,” Klara.

“Tempt me!”

Klara leaned over and kissed her friend on the lips.

“Two old harridans like us living together,” she said. “What we find to do all day?”

“I have some ideas... then of course, poor little sissy Billy will be there for us.”

Klara looked at the exhausted Billy lying in stockings and knickers on the screen and sneered.

“I’ve seen enough,” said Klara as she closed her laptop.

“I can never see it often enough...”

The two women poured themselves another drink and sat comfortably back in the sofa. Pauline put an arm around her friend’s shoulder and kissed her.

“You really do make life fun,” she said.

“Together with you, it always will be,” said Klara. “We just need to add my feminised nephew to the mix and the fun will be endless.”

“You could arrange that here,” said Pauline. “Then we can enjoy the fun!”

Klara shook her head.

“That’s not an arrangement that I want! The Rectory is where I want to be, it’s been too long a wait.”

“I have spent ages in those fetish heels,” said Pauline. “I am really looking forward to a little soothing massage!”

“Soon there will be the perfect slave to sooth your feet,” laughed Klara as she stretched her legs and kicked of her heels. “Billy’s tongue between my toes, he will make such a good little foot slave.”

“It will happen,” said Pauline as her shoes slipped from her feet and she imagined Billy at her feet.

“My parents cut me off when they saw my first boyfriend,” said Klara, “but then they never appreciated that there are better ways of living than were ever named in the Bible!”

“Your family always were a bunch of prigs.”

“Is that why you want poor little Billy to think that my sister was a sex maniac?”

Pauline shrugged.

“I still remember how that emaciated cow refused to invite me to her wedding all those years ago, even though we were together,” said Pauline with a sly smile. “She said that I was a whore from Babylon, a Jezebel and a shame to all right-thinking men. She sensed that we were an item, and I think that she was envious...”

“I doubt it,” laughed Klara. “Mary was the biggest religious prig I ever met. She would never have done anything as unnatural as sleeping with another woman.”

Pauline shrugged, “You did!”

“You seduced me, bitch! You took this little Catholic girl and made a whore of her. A sinner, even!”

“I seduced you? That’s not how I remember it.”

“Well, at any rate, now I’m paying my sister back. I’m going to make her son the most unnatural little whore this side of Sodom.”

“She’s dead Pauline and buried!”

“True, but that son of hers is going to pay for the sins that we have invented!”

“Starting tomorrow?” asked Klara.

“Maybe, let’s see! Like you said, we have loads of time.”

Famine

Pauline let herself in and quietly closed the door to the Rectory. Half an earlier than usual she walked into the kitchen and made a coffee before checking her phone. The laptop in Billy's room was still switched on and she could see his exhausted figure lying on the bed. One shoe had fallen out of sight, the other was still on his foot as he lay curled on the bed in a deep sleep. Exhausted from cleaning the box room and his little wanking games, he was breathing deeply. By the bedside stood the alarm clock and Pauline focussed on it. The alarm hand was set for ten minutes time and she started to shake with suppressed laughter.

A tray with coffee and the remains of yesterday's broccoli hot-pot was prepared in a moment. She breathed a sigh as she swapped out her shoes. It always took a moment for her to adjust to the height and she walked a couple of steps before returning to the tray.

In the hall, she admired herself in the full-length mirror and put down the tray to make a couple of adjustments. Touch up the almost black lipstick, open the third button on her blouse to reveal a little more and then lift her breasts with her hands to bulge a little over the lacy bra. Satisfied with the result, Pauline hefted the tray and headed up the stairs. She knocked on the door of Billy's bedroom and went straight in.

Billy was sitting on the edge of the bed, his mouth agape in shock, one stocking lying discarded on the floor, the other just half rolled down. Crumpled tissues lay scattered on the floor and he uttered a small cry of shock as Pauline loomed over him.

“Boy, whatever are you doing?” she said in mock surprise.

“Miss,” said Billy as he froze in shock. “Here... I...”

A furious pink flush spread over him and Pauline noted in satisfaction that his adolescent body looked almost emaciated. Ribs showing, stringy muscles on his arms and a haunted look of humiliation in his eyes. Without his clothes on, Billy looked like a fourteen-year-old boy and the look of shame and the blushing was the final touch.

Pauline smiled for a brief moment and then managed to put on a stern and uncompromising mien. She had thought to confront him and push hard, but his weakness and vulnerability suggested another course that might be more productive.

“Boys will be boys,’ she said as she placed the tray on the bedside cabinet. “This can be your little secret for the day!”

Billy was still frozen, and he looked at the tissues that his housekeeper trampled under her red heels. He stuttered in embarrassment for a moment, noises that were almost words before he managed to get them out.

“This is not what it seems...”

“Miss!” said Pauline sharply. “Always ‘Miss’!”

“It’s not what it seems, Miss!” he said obediently.

“Nothing ever is, boy,” replied Pauline.

In order to emphasise the way that she stood over the quaking young man, Pauline put her fists on her hips and took a stance with her feet a foot apart. The pose stretched her skirt around her thighs showing the tops of her stockings and the multitude of clasps that held them in place as shadows through the thin cloth. Her reading glasses and the disapproving frown made the stance perfect.

“So, tell me, boy. What is this then?”

Billy’s hands pulled the half rolled down stocking back up his thigh as though he was just putting it on and Pauline tapped her foot slightly.

“I just wanted to see... Miss.”

“What did you want to see?” she asked.

Now it was plain that a mother-like approach was called for. Understanding and caring, but firm. Pauline picked up one of the cast-off stilettos from the floor and inspected it. She sat down next to him and put an arm around his shoulders. Little Billy was so thin, so gaunt, helpless and Pauline felt him being drawn into her body as she clasped him.

“Miss, Miss, I just wanted...”

Billy's words faded, and Pauline struggled not to chuckle.

"You wanted? I understand, I really do," she said. As she formed his excuses with her own lips. "You just wanted to see what it was like?"

Billy seized at the pretext and managed to blink back the tears in his eyes.

"Yes Miss. I just wanted to see..."

"Darling," said Pauline. "We are friends, you don't have to make excuses. Not for me! I quite understand what is going on in your mind."

"You do, Miss?"

"Of course! Most young men go through this little phase, testing and trying out things that are a little naughty! It's how they find out about what they like, what they want and how they feel. There's no need to get all embarrassed about it."

"You don't think that it's silly, Miss?"

"Why should I? I remember as a girl borrowing my brother's clothes when the house was empty. I always wanted to be a boy and really desperately wanted to see how it felt... That's my little secret out for the day and I'm not ashamed to tell you because we are such good friends."

Billy heaved a sigh of relief and started to roll the stocking down again.

“Why are you undressing?” asked Pauline.

“Miss?”

“Come on, dear, I’ll help and let’s see!”

Billy felt a stiffness in his cock and moved his hands to cover up. It seemed that his housekeeper had not noticed because she passed him the shoe in her hand with a small smile and then her eyes roved over the ten or so tissues that littered the floor by the bed.

“Here, try it on, boy.”

He took the shoe uncertainly with one hand while the other kept him covered. The thought that Pauline was encouraging him was so very exciting, but the mortification of his erection shamed him. Billy started to pull the shoe on his bare foot and Pauline’s hand stayed him.

“Not like that, boy. On the stockinged foot! Only whores go with stilettos and bare legs! What sort of an impression are you trying to give me?”

“It was the right shoe, Miss,” he muttered. “It has to go on that foot.”

“Silly boy, put the other stocking on then!”

Billy was glad that he had to lean down to get the other stocking from the floor because it covered his shame, and he remained bent down as he gathered the mesh of the stocking and slipped his foot in the toe.

“Not like that, dear. Oh dear, what are you trying to do? You’ll ruin them and then where would you be?”

She leaned down and took his hands and put his thumbs inside the fish-net material and then watched him roll the stocking up his leg to the thigh. All the time, Billy managed to stay hunched and Pauline watched as he awkwardly attempted to get the seam straight.

“That’s better, now let’s see if Cinderella’s shoe fits my pretty little princess!”

Billy’s foot easily slipped into the red spike heeled shoe and Pauline passed him the other one.

“Now this one,” she said, “then you can stand for me so that I can appreciate the effect.”

Obediently, Billy slipped on the other shoe and then started to stand. As he did

so, he moved a little sideways to conceal himself from her gaze. Pauline did not comment but watched the scrawny young man stand uneasily in the high shoes and controlled the smirk that threatened to give away her amusement.

“There, it all fits, boy. Like a glove and so very flattering.”

“I look silly, Miss,” said Billy as he managed to stand straight.

“Well, I don’t think so...”

He jumped as he felt a finger on his ass. It slipped between his skin and the lace of the knickers and tugged a little.

“Just need to get them right,” said Pauline. “No good if they get pulled into your behind. There, that’s better. Now I think that you should try a few steps.”

Once again Billy blushed a deep pink as he looked over his shoulder into Pauline’s eyes as if to see if she was laughing at him. She managed to keep her face straight and Billy stepped forward and away from her.

“A nice little fashion show,” she commented. “Now, get undressed and ready. Have your breakfast before it gets cold. We have work to do and we have already wasted half an hour.”

She stood and patted his ass.

“Pretty boy,” she commented as she headed for the door.

“You really don’t mind, Miss?”

Pauline turned at the door to look at her little embryonic slut and smiled as she saw his hands jerk to cover his erection. It did not even emerge from his scanty knickers, it had looked far more impressive on the film that she and Klara had watched!

“Why should I mind, boy? It’s quite natural, or at least that’s the way that I see it!”

Billy heaved a sigh of relief and looked down at the floor.

“I like wearing them,” he muttered.

This time, Pauline did not correct Billy, she just smiled and winked before leaving his bedroom.

“They look good on you, you can wear them whenever you like for me,” she said without correcting him with her title. “You look sort of cute!”

“Cute, Miss?”

“I won’t tell Klara, she need never know,” she chuckled.

Lord's Service

Pauline had not mentioned it again and Billy felt a gratitude at her understanding. Even the scattered tissues, evidence of his hobbies had not brought a comment and Billy realised that the woman that looked after him obviously had a broader mind than he had guessed. His mother would have been in fits; she would have thrown him from the house with curses in his ears, Billy thought, half in shame.

Then, Billy remembered where he had found everything! In her bedroom, with the cane and that other terrible toy! She was no one to preach about the games that he played! That's all they were, games! Nothing more. He wondered what Pauline really thought. Was she really shocked and indignant, hiding her reaction to keep her job? The thought gave Billy new confidence. Of course, he was the one that paid her and that put him in the driving seat! He could dismiss Pauline with a flick of the fingers and that put her in his power.

Perhaps he could force her to...

The fantasy was almost inexpressible except in the flickering of his favourite porn films! Somehow, he knew that any attempt to test his power over her would result in abject failure, so Billy retreated and just stayed quiet, secretly hoping that his formidable housekeeper would renew the conversation and allow him to move the whole thing along.

Three days passed without incident.

Billy made sure that his journeys into his fantasy were always completed by the morning when she arrived. He disposed of every tissue in the toilet, carefully folded the stockings and hid them at the end of every wanking session.

When Pauline finally mentioned the incident again, Billy was caught out and once again, Pauline got the drop on him. They were in the kitchen eating a whole plateful of spinach each when she dropped the bomb.

“I am doing a wash and a little ironing this afternoon,” she said. “Anything need doing?”

Billy shook his head and struggled to eat the soft mess that he pushed into his mouth. He was so dreadfully hungry, and Pauline had forgotten to buy the potatoes and rice that he so desperately hungered for.

“What about knickers and stockings?” she asked.

“Er, no Miss,” he replied with a full mouth.

Pauline sighed as if the entire world rested on her shoulders and said, “Don’t be silly, they are sure to need a delicate-wash and I have time this afternoon.”

Billy shook his head again and blushed.

“My dear boy,” she started. “You really must not get so secretive. What did we

say about friends telling each other everything? I did say that I really think that it's cute..."

"But, Miss, they don't need a wash," he lied.

"Once worn, once washed is the rule for dessous," announced Pauline. "Bring them all down and I'll make sure that they are ready for when I leave!"

Billy swallowed and hung his head as he blushed.

"No need for that, boy," she said as she put a manicured finger under his chin and lifted his face to look into hers. "I told you, bring them down. And, while you are at it, bring down those shoes and I'll show you how to clean them properly! These things need looking after properly. How can you wear them if they are all covered in... your slime!"

Now Billy was really blushing hard and tears welled in his eyes.

"Come on now! Do you really think that I don't know what is going on in that bedroom of yours?" she announced. "Go upstairs this instant and I'll do them all first so that they have time to be dry by the time that I leave."

With his bowl half empty, Billy stood and hurried to do her bidding while Pauline sat drumming her nails on the table. It was about time that Billy realised that she was in control and this small step was just the thing to move him along.

By the time that Billy arrived back in the kitchen with the stockings and five pairs of knickers in one hand and the shoes in the other, Pauline was already at the washing machine with the door open.

“Pop them in and I’ll show you how to set it,” she said.

Billy was grateful that he was the one to put the soiled knickers into the machine. The tissues had run out and they were stiff with his dried come. He tossed the few items into the machine and Pauline threw some of her own dessous in after them.

“I haven’t time to wash at home any-more,” she commented as she set the dial and showed him the setting. “Delicates, slow spin at five hundred, thirty degrees and just the soap never detergent,” she lectured.

Billy nodded.

“Good. Pile up the rest of the wash by the machine. Jeans and all that stuff and then I can do the rest when this one is done. You’ll find my washbag in the hall.”

“Yes Miss.”

Billy brought the bag into the kitchen and then went up again to fetch the rest of his washing, while Pauline watched the machine fill and slowly warm up. When he returned she pointed at the half finished dinner.

“Finish up, I need to show you how to set everything up.”

Billy sat and dutifully ate the unappetising green soggy mess. What a difference from the first few meals he thought.

“Don’t pull a face boy,” said Pauline as she stood over him. “It’s good for you and one of my mother’s special recipes. So, eat it all up, this wash won’t take long.”

Billy choked down the cold leaves while Pauline bustled around the kitchen neatening up pots and pans and wiping surfaces. When he finished he did the washing up and she disappeared for quarter of an hour and he could hear her tidying the hall.

“There, nearly done,” said Pauline as she came into the kitchen and inspected the washing machine. “A quick program, just twenty minutes. Delicates really need hand washing, but the machine will do if we are careful. I’ll teach you how it works another day. See, the spin’s already done.”

The machine ground to a halt and Pauline carefully pulled out all of the dross and put it in a basket. Billy watched her work and she turned to present him with the full basket of cleaned clothes.

“This is your job, boy,” she announced. “I have to get the next wash on and attend to some other work. I’ve set up the ironing board in the lounge and you can do these while I work.”

“Ironing? Miss?” asked Billy, looking dubiously at the basket. “Can these be ironed?”

“Tsk, tsk,” said Pauline. “Everything gets ironed when I am in charge. A low temperature and a little patience, that’s all that’s required. Then folded and packed in the drawers with soap cakes. That’s the way that it’s done because then they slip on so easily and feel far more comfortable. The stockings can be folded and not just tossed in a heap and any ladders can be found and darned. Really, boy, you have a lot to learn!”

Billy suddenly realised that he was going to be the one that ironed Pauline’s knickers and stockings and he felt a breathless excitement that he was going to be allowed to touch her untouchables! He followed her into the lounge where the ironing board had been set up and the iron readied for use.

“Never steam, and never over the first line,” said Pauline as she showed him the settings on the iron. “Slow strokes, patience rules the day. Each article sorted and piled on the sofa ready to be put away. Understand?”

Billy hefted the iron and dipped his hand into the slightly-damp washing.

“Careful, careful. If you ladder my stockings you will have to darn them yourself,” laughed Pauline. “That’s the punishment!”

“I will be careful, Miss,” said Billy as he laid the lacy knickers on the ironing board. “They all need to be completely dry?”

“That’s the general idea, boy.”

Billy started to work and Pauline added a few guiding words before she left Billy to his task. It was almost as if the ironing board had been deliberately set to a height that made Billy rub against it with his erection! He took each stocking and laid it out carefully as she had directed. Seam flat on the board, exactly straight, the fashioned foot stretched out with the heel tucked in. As he worked he dreamed of the place where these stockings were destined to be worn, as each pair of knickers was dealt with he imagined them being slipped up her generous thighs until they settled on her rounded ass.

The work began to absorb him and when Pauline popped her head around the door to see how he was getting along, she was delighted to see that almost dreamlike look on his face. Soon he would reach the special pair that she had added to the wash and his excitement would become bliss!

A pair of knickers later, his and hers, Billy found a pair of knickers in his hands that were different from the ones he had worn. He held them up and almost gasped as he realised that the crotch was split wide with lacy edges, almost from waistline to waistline. Carefully, he laid them out on the board and stroked the lace with a reverend hand. Now his imagination was a runaway train as he imagined why Pauline would need knickers like this if she had no interest in sex... was this her way of coming onto him?

He gulped as the iron touched the thin lace and lovingly stroked the knickers flat. He had never seen anything so sexy and arousing and the thought of Pauline wearing them turned him on until his hands shook and he could barely work. When he had finished he held them up to the light and then slipped them on to the pile of her other panties with almost veneration.

How much would he like to see them on her ass?

He would give all of the world! More than everything he had, for just one chance.

When Pauline returned from the kitchen where she had been enjoying the morning papers, Billy had a last stocking on the board. She noted the split-crotch panties on the top of the pile and smiled as she presented him with the red stilettos.

“Once these are done, boy,” she said. “You are finished for the day! Polish them until they shine and then fit the forms inside.”

“Forms, Miss?” asked Billy.

“You have shoes like this and don’t have the wooden formers for them? Patent leather needs stretching a little to keep it smooth. I’ll bring some tomorrow. Now then let’s have a look at the work that you have done.”

Her hands flicked over the piles and she nodded approvingly.

“The odd crease, but very good for a first try,’ she commented. I think that you deserve a special reward.”

Billy felt proud. He stood by the board with the iron still in his hand and glowed

in the praise.

“It was easy, Miss,” he announced.

“It is easy,” she replied. “In future this will be one of your little tasks for the week. I have decided that it is only right that we share the work just a little. What you do well, is what you should do instead of twiddling your thumbs all day!”

Billy nodded and noticed that the special knickers were no longer at the top of her pile. He smiled at her embarrassment but made no comment.

“A reward, Miss?” he asked.

“Something special I got for you,” she smiled as she thought of the perfect way to make sure that Billy would become hooked on the porn film that Klara had found.

“Miss?”

“Tomorrow, boy tomorrow! I just have to finish up now and then I’m popping off.”

Billy glanced at his watch. He had just spent four hours ironing dessous without even noticing the passing of the time.

Temptation

Somehow, Pauline had managed to get confused! Billy carefully laid the five pairs of knickers in his drawer and noticed a larger pair that stuck out from the rest. With bated breath he pulled them free to realise that -that- pair of knickers was now in his hands.

Would she notice?

Billy lovingly caressed them and flipped open his laptop. It took a few moments to start and he stripped while he kept an eye on the screen. A quick password, a click on the browser and he waited for the connection to resolve.

It did not!

Billy started to frantically check the settings, but he could not find the problem. There was a connection, the bars of the wireless signal were high. The laptop started to upload some system updates in the background, but he could not get the browser to show the Internet. Billy fiddled for an hour with the settings and then sat disconsolate on his bed.

How could this happen now?

Just when he needed it?

Downstairs he checked the modem, it was fine, all green lights. Then he returned to reboot the laptop, but that also had no effect. He started fiddling with the settings. By eight o'clock he gave up in despair. Without being able to see his favourite site the evening's amusements were on hold. A thought occurred to him and he decided to have an old-fashioned night in. He opened the bottom drawer of the chest of drawers and pulled out his father's porn collection.

The pile was five high.

Creased and well used, the magazines seemed to be contact magazines from the seventies or eighties. Brash and boring in comparison to modern porn. The girls were all wan and uninteresting, bushes between their thighs that was not what Billy wanted to see, poorly dressed and posing self-consciously, the effect was more of a turn-off than a turn-on.

Billy shrugged and then had another idea.

An idea that caused an immediate reaction! A certain stiffness... he frantically pulled on his stockings and slipped on the shoes and a pair of knickers before he took the object of his desire and held them up. His right hand fondled his stiff cock as he sniffed the knickers and admired the way that the crotch opened and closed. The small ties that could keep it shut also interested him and he laid them on his thighs to see what they would feel like when worn.

It did not take long!

In his feverish mind, he imagined Pauline wearing them. His hands caressing them and untying the little silk bows. One at a time. One by one. Each one opening to reveal a little more of her, until at last they all lay open. His hand caressed his prick and then released. A fountain of come splattered the knickers wetly, soaking the lace and bows and Billy gasped as more poured forth soaking stockings and knickers with gobbets of sticky white liquid.

He sighed and refocussed his thoughts.

This was far closer to reality, almost too close, but Billy just could not help himself. The image of the stern housekeeper that was his special friend filled his mind and he allowed it to fill the imagination of his vision. She understood him. She was watching him, he could feel her gaze. Smiling slightly as he wanked slowly again over the delicate lace.

The second coming was even better!

“Oh my God,” said Klara, as the two women that controlled their puppet by remote control from twenty miles away watched Billy’s Damascus moment. “That was so clever! How did you know?”

“It was obvious,” said Pauline. “It could not possibly have turned out otherwise.”

Klara moved her finger between her legs a little and enjoyed the teasing feeling that warmed her thighs. A small gasp signalled the intimate contact and she looked to see Pauline smile.

“You are enjoying every moment of watching me devour that little proto-slut,” she gasped.

“Slow orgasms are the best ones,” said Pauline with a chuckle. “Poor little Billy, I could have taken him a week ago and we would have had our little slut eating from our palms. But, this is so much better. Feminising him, sissifying him with slow strokes that he just cannot help. In the end, Billy will fall so deep, but the best is, that he will do it all of his own volition!”

“You are such a bitch, Pauline darling.”

“My dear Klara, that’s why you love me so much. I led you down this road just as I am leading your nephew astray. Step by small step, each fork chosen as if self-chosen.”

“You are the devil!”

“No, I am much more than temptation, Klara. I am the path that leads to perdition!”

“You really are,” said Klara. “Here is what you asked for...”

Klara sighed as her hand left her thighs and she reached down to lift a shoe box.

“The red ones, Pauline. I will miss them!”

“You have loads! The important thing is the size, and my feet are too small. Yours will fit perfectly. Is the other thing I asked for in the box?”

“Yes, Miss,” laughed Klara.

Pauline smiled and did not comment as she took the box in her hands.

“Such a shame that you won’t see the gift giving,” said Pauline. “But, I’ll tell you all about it and I’m sure that you will see the after effects.”

“This evening should be fun!”

A Gift Given

When Billy arrived in the kitchen, Pauline was already sitting with his breakfast prepared. A steaming coffee and a small bowl of the greenery that he had eaten for lunch the previous day. It always seemed that Pauline made too much and that she insisted on never wasting food. Billy glanced to see if she had bought any cereal, but then he remembered that the shopping day was in three days. He would have to remind her...

On the table lay a box wrapped with a broad pink ribbon.

The reward!

Billy sat down and looked at it hopefully.

“Good morning, boy,” said Pauline.

Her hand stayed firmly on the box.

“Can I open it, Miss?” asked Billy as he looked down at the spinach that was to be his breakfast.

“When breakfast is all eaten,” she said. “The best meal of the day!”

Billy grimaced and started to eat. The food in the bowl was cold and the taste almost tart. A sour vegetable taste that almost made him retch. If he had not eaten similar so often, he would not have been able to keep it down. The taste of the coffee helped, and Billy realised that he did not miss the taste of the sugar any more.

“That’s better,” said Pauline as she watched her victim force down his food. “I am here to look after you and a good start to the day is so important!”

“Can I open it now, Miss,” asked Billy plaintively.

Her hand lifted and then pushed the box to his eager fingers.

“First wash up,” she said. “Then you can see what I bought you.”

Billy shrugged as if he was not impatient and moved to the sink with his bowl. Pauline’s already lay in the sink and he could not know that she had not eaten what she forced on him. He washed the two bowls and scrubbed the pan to the shininess required and then packed them away.

“Now you can see what I brought my little boy,” announced Pauline. “Something very special because they are mine! I have only worn them a few times, so they are almost new. Then there is something else for you inside. Something that I know that you will just love...”

Billy's trembling hands opened the box. He pulled at the bow and pulled it free and Pauline made him roll up the satin ribbon before he was allowed to lift the lid. Inside the box was paper scrunched up and Billy carefully pulled it out to find the pair of red stilettos that nestled underneath.

He was shocked.

Pauline had given him a pair of her shoes and he just did not know how to respond. It was almost as if she approved of his obsessions and he flushed as he pulled one free and held it up.

"Like them?" asked Pauline.

"Yes Miss," said Billy uncertainly.

With towering heels, the shoes were plain red and like the ones that Billy already had. The soles were a little scuffed and from the high backs dangled long ankle straps. He fingered the brass clasps in his fingers and noted the small key holes.

"Oh, I forgot to bring the keys, boy," said Pauline. "Never mind, I'll bring them tomorrow. Just don't do them up or you'll never get them off! Now then, they are still mine and I expect that you will be careful not to damage them in case I need them again. They should fit perfectly..."

Billy thanked her and then looked into the box.

At the bottom, under the other shoe and the packing was the slim case of a film. He lifted it out, but the box was plain and when he clicked the case open there was just the shiny disc of a DVD with a large number-one written on it in black marker.

Pauline started to laugh at his puzzlement.

“What is on it, Miss?” he asked as he held up the disc.

“A little film that my ex-husband loved,” she lied with a chuckle. “It sort of goes with the shoes, so have fun... Think of me!”

Billy tried to imagine what sort of film Pauline would think was appropriate for him, but he thanked her and slipped the case back into the box.

“Now then,” said Pauline. “Time to get to work. Today I am going to start on the guest rooms. This old place is so large. I never imagined that it would take this long to get it all in order!”

“Can I help, Miss?”

“Certainly, boy. Let’s go and have a look.”

She led him upstairs and watched him put the box on his bed before he joined her to look at the three guest rooms that had not been used in years.

“This is going to take all day,” announced Pauline. “We’ll give lunch a miss and work on through.”

Billy nodded, but the hole in his stomach that yearned to be filled yelled at him to feed it. He managed to overcome his dizziness and wondered at his house-keeper’s endless energy.

“Strip the beds,” she ordered and the work began.

Watching Sinners

Billy tugged at his ankles and felt a sudden fear.

The straps on the shoes had been threaded and pulled tight and there was no give at all. He had not meant to thread them, but somehow, he had believed that he could open the tiny locking buckles with a pin easily enough and he had loved the tight feel of the shoes on his ankles.

He pulled and tried to inspect the locks before fetching a paper clip and trying to pick the locks. There seemed to be hope as the lock clicked and moved, but the buckle did not come undone. The other shoe responded in the same manner and Billy thought of cutting them off with a pair of scissors.

The problem was that Pauline would be so angry!

Finally, he gave up and sat on the bed and admired them. The heels were like slender arched spikes and the worn soles added an extra touch of subtle erotica. These were Pauline's. Her feet had been in them. She had strutted in them, worn them....

Billy realised that now he could not even get his stockings off and he felt a hopeless feeling. He was trapped, when Pauline returned with the keys tomorrow he would have to shamefacedly admit his mistake! Billy looked at the box and pulled out the DVD case. He held it a moment and thought of the stairs that he would have to descend in the high heels and then his eye fell on the laptop. Even though the Internet was still out of reach, the disc would play there.

A touch at the side opened the tray and Billy found himself holding his breath as he closed it and the disc booted up. A window opened and Billy clicked the 'yes' button, expecting to see some action film or similar that the middle-aged Pauline thought was suitable for him.

Instead, a large banner appeared that he recognised, and he felt his eyes rivetted to the screen. Instead of the poor quality that he was used to on the Internet feeds, this film was in the original resolution. He waited while credits scrolled and then a woman in tight latex strolled towards the camera and cracked a whip before the film started.

It was then that he realised that somehow, by some incredible chance, his favourite film was playing out on the screen of his laptop. There was a difference, of course. This was not merely the ten-minute clip that he always watched, it was the full hour's hour film from which it had been stolen.

Billy watched with bated breath as the film rolled. Instead of starting in the bedroom as he expected, he saw the actors fully dressed as they unfolded a storyline that was now complete. The Goddess in her car with the man that would fuck her in latex, the husband that Billy had never seen before at home dressed as a maid doing his chores. There was so much more to the film than the ten-minute segment that Billy had seen. Now it was clear that the woman that he lusted after night after night had not just one man, but two at her beck and call. The pathetic husband and the lover who was the trainer in a gym.

His cock was almost forgotten as the story unfolded.

She fucked her lover in the gym on one of the weight-lifting machines before heading home to her cuckolded husband. There she dominated him and made him kiss her feet, after which he slaved in the house for her. A little maid's

uniform looked almost silly on him, but after a few minutes of housework, the woman demanded that her feet be massaged.

Soon it did not seem silly, but perfectly natural that the husband was such a sissy.

That was the first time that Billy came in his hand!

The next scenes rolled by and finally the film got to the few minutes that Billy knew so well. Her strong lover fucked her while the husband was locked unseen in a cage under the bed. Billy had never noticed the bars on the bed and the scene unfolded to the point where the it had always ended. The wife on the bed gasping as her lover left her to go back to the gym.

Now it was fresh territory again and Billy watched intently as the glamorous woman slowly stood. Her naked pussy streamed with her lover's come as she bent provocatively and allowed him from under the bed on which she had been fucked. She tugged at the leash and he crawled free before she sat on the edge of the cage-bed and watched as he kissed her shoes and begged for her to keep him and not move in with her lover.

That was the second coming for Billy.

The wife made conditions and the husband looked up in fear as he used the cane in her hand to make him lick her lover's sticky come from her thighs as a punishment for being such a pathetic specimen. Billy watched in astounded lust as the husband was not permitted to touch her pussy but had to content himself with her legs and feet on his lips.

The last minutes of the film was like a revelation to the dazed watcher. The wife persuaded her lover to move into her fabulous villa and he was introduced to the wife's maid. There was no shock and soon the husband-maid was serving them both in bed as they fucked. Kissing her ass, teasing the balls of the man that fucked his wife, pleasuring them both like a slave. Then, her hand on his leash as the lover thrust to please her endlessly while the husband could only admire how his wife's lover could satisfy her.

She cried out in the agony of the ecstasy enjoying both the men that struggled to satisfy her lust. The one deep inside, thrusting with long strokes of his impressive cock, the other almost weeping as he watched another man satisfy her cravings.

The final scene, the last minute was the incredible climax that the wife enjoyed as she forced her husband to suck the dripping cock of her lover while her own hands and fingers ploughed her cunt with frantic strokes.

Billy was exhausted!

Three times he had climaxed, the last time when he watched that huge cock buried in the husband's throat and the lover forcing himself ever deeper between the husband's lips while she urged them both to amuse her. Then, Billy felt a moment of terror as he remembered Heather, the alley and the man that wanted to do the same to him! He switched off the film and vowed that he would never watch it again.

He took out the disc and placed it on the bed and then tried again to get the shoes off his feet. At this second attempt, he tugged and the steel wires in the straps and shoes became apparent. Clearly there was no hope of cutting them off. Billy could not possibly go to the shed in the garden to find the pliers in his heels and

stockings. He would have to wait for Pauline to arrive and allow him to free himself.

The disc beckoned.

He could not help himself!

He watched the film again from front to back another two times before he finally collapsed on the bed and sobbed himself to sleep.

Anointment

“I’m really sorry,” said Pauline as she looked at Billy standing with his bathrobe covering most of his embarrassment. “I forgot them, I’ll bring them tomorrow!”

Billy stared at her and then looked to the door.

“I’ll have to cut them off then, Miss,” he said.

The look on his house-keeper’s face was of pure annoyance.

“I told you not to do the buckles,” she said. “Now you can wear them for the day and do the ironing in them!”

“But Miss,” he begged.

“There are no ‘buts’ boy,” she said. “You put them on, you live with the consequences. You disobeyed a direct order and I just cannot abide your disobedience. Now you want to ruin my shoes because you made a mistake? I don’t think so! Anyway, you look kind of cute, boy!”

Billy was about to argue, but Pauline stepped up close and held his shoulders.

“Now take off that bathrobe, you know that I can’t tolerate a man who wears one all day. Then you can help me prepare the wash and do the ironing! I am not happy at all! At all! I gave you a lovely present and you are showing no gratitude! I suppose that you didn’t even bother watching the film?”

Billy hung his head.

“I did, Miss,” he said.

“Well, that’s something at least, boy. Later you can tell me what it was all about.”

“Miss? You haven’t seen it?”

“I told you, it was my husband’s film. Maybe this afternoon we can watch it together!”

Billy panicked.

“I have the ironing and washing to do...”

“Of course, I quite forgot. Maybe I will stay on tomorrow evening and we can watch it together with a nice little drink?”

“Tomorrow?”

“Why not?”

That was a question that Billy just could not answer, and he allowed her to slip off the bathrobe. It fell to the floor and Billy started to cry.

“I know, it’s so difficult at your age. Don’t worry, I will look after you. Anyway, you look sort of cute like that! I am no prude and I understand that young men need to experiment a little... live inside the fantasy.”

She looked at the fishnet stockings and decided that white would be better for his scrawny legs. Make him look a little sexier. Perhaps candy stripes...

“Do you mean that, Miss?”

“I do, and what’s more, I think that it is sort of just a bit hot!”

Billy’s hands moved to cover his thighs and he stopped crying.

“You are so understanding with me, Miss,” he said.

Her hand took his chin and she moved his face upwards to look into her eyes.

“A little lipstick and you would be a perfect princess,” she said and then her hand dropped to her chest. “You need a bra,” she commented as her fingers brushed his skin. “Like most little boys, you have a sweet pair of titties that might almost go in an A cup!”

Billy moved his hands to his chest and squeezed. Pauline was right, there seemed to be the beginnings of a pair of small breasts that he had not noticed before.

“It would look so silly, Miss,” he argued.

“Not at all, you would have been a perfectly pretty little girl,” said Pauline as she turned away to hide her smile.

All those meals, all the breakfasts and lunches, each one laced with a few hormones to provoke his body to become more feminine. He was scrawny and weak, muscles wasted and loose, but there was now a definite girlishness about Billy, since the breasts had started to grow and the hips fill out a little. At last the effects actually showed. Soon it would be time for another diet change.

“Please, I need to change...”

Pauline turned back to him, the smile was gone and now there was a stern look on her features.

“You chose this against my advice,” said Pauline harshly. “Now start the wash and make sure that you put all of your dessous into the machine.”

Billy turned to the kitchen with a click of his heels and then came the words that showed that she saw right through him. That Pauline could read every thought in his head and turn it against him if she so chose.

“That pair of mine that you stole... make sure they go in as well!”

Part Three

Reconciliation

Mark of the Devil

Pauline settled on the sofa and picked up her drink. Beside her sat Billy in a huddle. The tiny bra added to the disconsolate helplessness of his situation and pulled at his shoulders. Pauline had apparently forgotten the key yet again and the shoes on his feet hurt at every step. The stockings rasped at his legs and the thin knickers were quite inadequate to hide his little stiff cock.

As she sipped her whiskey, he had to make do with a glass of water and he felt faint as he pulled his legs up to try to hide his shame. Billy was sobbing inside, a continuous internal wailing that filled his head as he struggled in the grasp of the woman who seemed on a course to belittle and shame him. She did it with such aplomb, such ease! Never showing any overt sign that she understood what she was doing to her employer while he was always left on the back-foot in every exchange. Almost as if she was plotting a debased play and he was the mere actor.

Billy watched the titles on the TV and looked at her face.

Impassive as always, Pauline seemed to take everything in her stride.

Yesterday she had been so angry when she had seen the dried mess on her knickers, made him wash them twice by hand before he could iron them, and he really was almost scared that she would hit him in her irritation. Then she had calmed herself and managed to smile as she watched him do the ironing while seated on the sofa.

The whole episode had been stressful and even his deep apology did not entirely seem to satisfy her. But, in the end, calm prevailed and she left on good terms.

Billy quite forgot that she intended to stay to watch her ex-husband's film and he had had no chance to hide it. She had poured a drink, lit a cigarette and settled down and he had to answer the call of her hand patting the sofa beside her.

"My husband had strange tastes," she commented as the film started. "A little perverted really, but then most men are like that... Maybe that's why I am just a little kinky myself..."

The film rolled.

Every now and again, Billy looked at Pauline as she watched the action and wondered that she made no comment or sign all the way through. For that he was glad, and a feeling of sheer relief came over him as the final credits rolled and the film was ended.

"Did you like it?" asked Pauline.

"Er, I suppose so, Miss."

"It's just a silly fantasy," she said as she gave her opinion.

"I suppose so, Miss."

“Do you think that something like that could happen?” she asked.

“Not really, Miss,” said Billy as he stretched his legs.

“Well, I’ve seen it and that’s that. I’m not sure if I approve of porn, it just seems to pander to those who have not got the nerve to do anything for real. Never mind, I’m sure that you will be watching it again...”

“Possibly, Miss,” said Billy cautiously.

Pauline pouted and then smiled.

“What you need is a real girlfriend. She will get you out of this rut of playing around and get you out of the house as well. We can’t have you sitting here for the rest of your life,” said Pauline. “Do you have one that I don’t know about?”

“No Miss,” said Billy.

“Mmm, perhaps I can help?”

Billy swallowed and looked up at Pauline. Now she was suggesting that she could help him find a girlfriend and he shivered at the thought. It was Pauline that he wanted! To fall to her feet and...

“I think that’s something that I need to do all by myself, I can wait,” he said quietly.

“Don’t be silly, boy. I have just the young woman in mind for you. In fact, a perfect choice.”

Billy swallowed.

“Who is she?”

“Oh, just the daughter of a friend,” said Pauline. “She’s away at the moment, but in a week, I could bring her here to meet you. Would you like that?”

“Miss, how old is she?”

“About your age and very attractive indeed,” said Pauline. “When she gets back, I’ll bring her around and you can get to know each other.”

“In a week?”

“Just over. Your Aunt Klara knows her as well, so I’ll make sure that she approves of the match and then maybe true love will blossom?”

“I don’t know if...”

“You will love her. Such a sweet looking thing.”

Pauline leaned over and whispered in Billy’s ear as if giving a confidence.

“I heard that she has a little experience behind her, but that’s not something that you need to mention! I’m sure that she won’t mind the little games that you play!”

Billy gulped and moved to stand.

“Off to bed already, boy?” asked Pauline.

“Yes Miss,” he replied.

“Well, thanks for the evening,” she said. “Since you were so good, I have something for you.”

Her hand raised, and she displayed two small keys.

“You remembered them,” exclaimed Billy. “I thought that you’d forgotten, Miss.”

“Of course! Now let’s get these off and then you can try something else that I remembered to bring!”

Billy followed her into the hall of the rectory where she picked up a bag. She started up the stairs and he hurried to follow.

“What is it, Miss?” he asked as she went into his bedroom.

“Just a little ‘kiss and make up gift,’” she smiled. “We got all huffy and puffy yesterday and I wanted to show you that we are still best of friends.”

She passed the keys to him and then opened the box as at last Billy was able to pull off his shoes and take off the stockings.

“Here you are,” she said with a smile.

In Pauline’s hands was a short belt. A plain pink leather strap with a buckle and a little plaque in metal on the outside.

“What is this?” asked Billy.

“Something to remind you of your aunt whenever you are not wearing my shoes,” said Pauline with a slight smile. “You can try it on if you like!”

Billy looked at the pink leather and saw that the name of his aunt was inscribed on the metal plaque. ‘Property of Mistress Klara’. He looked at Pauline and was about to ask, but the look on her face told him that a question was not welcome. There was a buckle and he could feel that the leather was incredibly new and so very stiff. It was too short to be a belt, so he attempted to wrapped it on his wrist.

“Don’t be so silly, boy,” she said. “It goes on like this...”

She took the strap from his hands and held it up before moving to wrap it around his neck. The collar was not too tight, and Billy’s hands went up to stop her buckling it. His feeble attempt was ignored as if not even attempted and Pauline buckled it on and straightened it.

“I like it, Boy,’ she said. “It means that you won’t have to wear the stockings and stilettos all the time. This can be your reminder of me and your loving Aunt Klara. I think that my name would have been more appropriate, but she insisted when I told her about your likes...”

“You told my aunt?” said Billy in a shocked tone.

“She’s far more laid-back that you could ever imagine,” said Pauline with a smile.

Billy pulled at the collar and started to undo it.

“I think that it should stay there, Boy,” she said, and her hands moved to the collar and moved the buckle to the back. “I had it especially made for you and it would please me if you wore it all the time for me and your generous aunty.”

Billy stopped struggling and his hands dropped to his sides.

“Miss, Miss. OK, I’ll wear it,” he said as he realised that it would be much better to remove it when she was not there.

“Promise?”

“I promise Miss.”

“All the time? For me? I will hold you to this promise!”

Billy nodded agreement and it seemed to satisfy her.

“Well, I’ll see you tomorrow,” said Pauline as she turned for the door. Get plenty of sleep...”

Billy heard her heavy footfall on the stairs and then the outside door closing, and he breathed a sigh of relief. His hands went to the collar and he grimaced as he ran them around to the buckle.

It was then that he discovered the padlock that would force him to keep his promises to his only friend.

Underneath the pink leather, Billy could feel a steel band.

Fallen Woman

Klara insisted, so it was she that went.

She waited in the bar and sipped her cocktail with a superior look that caused the bar-girl to shy way to the other end of the bar to avoid her. Klara looked around at the various clientele, lovers and small groups that made up the early evening trade. Soon they would both be here, and she braced herself for the confrontation.

However, this worked out, it might just get unpleasant.

Just a little length, down the bar sat two rough looking men who were commenting about the barmaid's large breasts. Klara waited until the bargirl was forced to draw a couple of pints for them and headed to the group.

"If you need a real man," one of the men was saying, then I can show those tits of yours a good time, all wrapped around my big fat cock!"

The other one laughed as Klara arrived.

The bar girl gave Klara a look that could be interpreted as a warning, but Klara simply walked up to the one that had just spoken and slapped him hard across the face.

“Keep a civil tongue in your head while you are in my hearing,” said Klara in a cutting voice.

The bar went silent as all the drinkers stood with mouths agape to watch the confrontation. Burt was not a man to be put down in front of his friends, a well-known trouble maker who left a trail of smashed faces wherever he went to drink.

Burt looked at Klara with his face reddening where she had slapped him and really looked as though he was about to launch into a furious attack before his mate put an arm out.

“Sorry, Lady, he was out of order.”

“I accept the apology,” announced Klara and she simply turned and sat down again at her place on the bar.

It was a couple of minutes before the chit-chatter of the bar started again and the barmaid poured the pints and presented them.

Burt sullenly paid with a twenty-pound note and his friend said, “Keep the change!”

Klara turned her attention back to the door as it opened. A thick set man arrived with a pretty girl close behind him. Klara crossed her legs and waited for the

approach.

“You Klara?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Heather costs a hundred an hour up front and the extras on top!”

Klara looked at Heather and smiled. She was really pretty; slim figure and small rounded breasts and the long tight tubular dress hugged her figure from thighs to décolletage.

“Five thousand and she’s mine,” said Klara to the man.

He looked her up and down with a calculating expression.

“You wanna keep the bitch?” he asked. “Buy her off me? Like, forever?”

“Exactly! Five thousand and she belongs to me!”

Heather looked at Klara and then her pimp. It was clear that she was not overjoyed by the transaction and she put a hand on her pimp’s shoulder.

“Don’t sell me... please!”

“I’ll do what I fucking like, slut,” said the pimp and he threw her hand off his shoulder. “Ten Grand and that’s the lowest I can go. Heather is a real good earner!”

“Five and it’s a deal.”

“Well go fuck yourself, bitch!” said the pimp. “This little bitch is worth more and you know it.”

“Cash,” said Klara. Right now!”

The pimp was making a calculation and then it seemed that he had changed his mind.

“Show me the cash,” he said.

Klara smiled and pulled two sealed packets of fifties from her hand bag and then tucked them back in again. The pimp looked at Heather and then at the door before nodding slowly.

“OK, bitch you got a deal. All five-grand here and now.”

Klara took the two packets back out of her hand bag and offered them. His hand reached to take them and she pulled her hand out of reach.

“Heather is mine?”

“Only after you pay me the cash,” he said.

“Then here it is...”

The pimp took the two bank bags of cash and ripped them open. Like a teller, his fingers and thumbs riffled the notes as he counted before slapping Heather on the ass.

“Keep her,” was his parting shot, “the slut is just trouble with tits on!”

“I will,” said Klara and she put an arm around Heather.

Without another word, the pimp left the bar and Klara offered her a drink.

Heather wanted a Sambuca and she downed it in one gulp.

“So, what happens now?” she said. “He’ll be waiting outside for you! What the fuck do you want?”

Klara just smiled and finished her own glass.

“Oh, there’s someone you have to meet,” she said.

Heather just nodded.

“Well, let’s not tarry,” said Klara. “I need to get you cleaned up and then we’ll see what we can make of you, so let’s go. In a week or two you will be ready...”

Klara stepped out of the door of the bar onto the street and sure enough, the pimp stood with his hands on his hips waiting for them.

“I changed my mind,” he said.

“Then I’ll have the cash back, my good man,” said Klara.

“Too late, I already spent it,” he laughed. “If you suck my cock I’ll give you a tenner!”

At that moment, Burt and his pal stepped from behind Klara.

“You heard the man, he wants his cock sucked,” said Klara with a smile as Burt and his friend dragged the pimp into the alley that Billy had escaped from. The sounds of a scuffle in the dark ended in just a few seconds before the sound of boots crushing hands on concrete caused the pimp to scream in terror and agony.

Klara took Heather’s hand and pulled her into the alley where Burt was busy stripping the pimp of his rings and chains. With a cry of triumph he held up the thick bundle of notes and slipped them into his pocket.

“It’s all yours except...” said Klara.

Burt turned to Klara.

“You promised it all!”

“I did, indeed I did, but I need the taxi back, so I’ll have fifty back!”

Burt’s friend reached and took a fifty from his friend’s hand to proffer it to Klara.

“Thank you! Now then, I suggest that you run along now, because the police will be here in a minute,” said Klara as she passed the note to Heather. “I need a private word with this gentleman...”

Burt and his friend disappeared up the alley and Klara stepped to where the pimp lay broken and battered.

“A gentleman always keeps his word,” she began. “So, does a lady, so you will be glad to know that I can offer you that attention that your festering cock needs so much.”

The pimp only groaned in reply as Klara lifted her stiletto.

He screamed in agony as she stomped down between his legs, the heel of her shoe stabbing between his crotch with all of her weight.

“The moral, and I hope that you understand it, is that a real gentleman keeps his word. Do so in future, bitch!”

A minute later, Heather and Klara were in the taxi she had called for and a mass of blue lights lit the ruined figure of the man whom the ambulance had been called for.

Doubting Thomas

Billy was in terror.

The collar on his neck was tight and immovable, his laptop and the DVD forgotten while he cried and sobbed as he lay on his bed. The locked-on shoes were nothing to this collar. He could have cut them off easily enough while he had the chance. This collar was something else. No room to slip cutters between collar and neck, it almost choked him. The lock was embedded in the steel, buried to allow no access to the hasp. This was permanent, and he knew it!

His panic stripped him of all rational thought.

He could leave the house and drive into town to the police, he could go to the shed where all the tools were and attempt the bolt cutters on the body of the small brass lock, but he knew that he was trapped by something stronger than the steel that circled his neck.

The small plaque proclaimed as much!

He sobbed and cried himself dry and headed down the stairs. Billy was so hungry and weak that the trip to the kitchen caused him to have to stand with his hand on the kitchen table while he recovered. Then he searched for food. All he found were masses of salad, turnips and other vegetables that the sight of which turned his rebelling stomach.

Even the cans held no hope.

He stood and tried to decide what to do. Surely there was a solution if only he could think of it, but he was confused and devastated and looked around frantically for the tools to free himself. At last the idea of the tool-shed came to him and he went into the cold dark to see what tools could help get the pink excrescence from his neck.

The lawn was wet and he shivered.

The shed beckoned in the dark and he made his way towards it. The trees in the garden loomed over him and a gust of wind caught his bathrobe. For a moment, Billy almost lost his balance before he gained the door to find a huge, recently fitted padlock on a hasp.

He pulled futilely at the door and then inspected the window. Mesh over glass and bars behind that. No hope of entry and in his weakened state he could feel that he was flagging, merely by standing in the cold. Billy started to make his way back to the house. Following the wall of the Rectory in the dark until he felt the small stones of the driveway under his feet.

With warmth in sight, he reached the door and found that it had closed behind him, locking him out of the house! Now, Billy had managed to make his own panic worse and he kneeled at the door through which the light was shining before collapsing to the step.

From his prone position he looked across the shadowy drive and realised that Pauline's little red sports car was parked in its usual place. The lights were not

on and he looked at the house. If Pauline was not in her car, she had to be in the Rectory!

Billy hammered on the massive door with his fists.

There was a pause and the door opened to shine light onto the huddled figure that crouched there. Billy looked up. The black stilettos, the seamed stockings, the darkness of her dress and looking down at him, Pauline's concerned face.

"Billy," she said in a concerned voice, using his name for the first time. "What on earth are you doing outside at this time of night?"

Billy reached up and her strong hand easily pulled him to his feet.

"Miss, please..." he sobbed.

"Poor little boy," said Pauline as she half carried him into the Rectory and closing the door. "You'll catch your death of cold..."

Billy was terrified and comforted. The woman that had saved him had collared him and now he needed to explain why he was going to the tool-shed.

"I popped back because I forgot my handbag," she lied. "Lucky I did!"

He leaned on her and looked up into her face.

“I think that you need to go to bed, boy,” she said. “Come on.”

It seemed easy for her to help her victim up the stairs. She half carried Billy with an arm around his waist and lifted him at each step.

“Come on, poppet,” she said. “Let’s get you all tucked in, shall we?”

Billy allowed her to lay him in the bed and then loomed over him as she felt his forehead.

“All I wanted was to get into the tool shed,” mumbled Billy deliriously.

Ignoring the lack of her title, Pauline smiled and patted his head.

“You need never go out again, darling,” she said. “Aunt Klara and I will look after you all the time...”

Billy looked up into her concerned face and his hands went to the collar.

“Is this the problem, darling?” she asked in a soft voice.

“Miss.”

“Oh dear, oh dear, poppet! Pauline will take it off tomorrow when Aunty comes to visit. I never thought that it would upset my little boy so much!”

Billy sighed, and his eyes closed and Pauline patted his head again.

“There’s nothing to worry about, boy. Pauline will stay the night and look after you.”

Between Temptations

Billy woke to find that Pauline sat beside him on his bed. In her hand was a glass of water that she offered him before she spoke.

“Here you are, boy. It’s after midday and I think that coffee would be a little strong for you.”

Billy lifted the glass and drained it.

“Miss, please take the collar off,” he mumbled.

“As you like, but you could take it off yourself if you were that upset,” she said, but her hands did not move.

Billy raised his hands hesitatingly and found the buckle. With a fumble he managed to slip the collar off and he turned it in his hands. It was the same collar, of that he was sure! The small plaque and the steel that was in the leather.

But where was the lock?

More to the point, where was the place that a lock could even fit? There was no enclosure for a padlock, no place to even hang one and he looked at the collar

and then at Pauline with confusion in his face.

“There was a lock, Miss,” he started.

“Darling. Why on earth would I lock on a collar on you?”

He looked at the plaque and saw the words engraved on it, ‘Love from Auntie Klara’ and he shook his head. Had he really dreamed it all? No way! He knew what he had seen last night and felt the lock, Billy was sure!

“You had a bit of a temperature last night,” said Pauline. “A touch of fever.”

Her hand touched his forehead.

“Still there now. I think that the best thing would be for me to stay here a few days until you are better. You can lie in bed and I’ll cook for you and in a couple of days, you’ll be right as rain.”

“It’s a different one,” said Billy as he inspected the pink collar.

“Miss!” she said sharply. “Always call me ‘Miss’, it’s just rude not to! Now then, you dreamed it after that nasty film of my husband’s. I will throw it away, it is obviously turning your mind!”

She looked around and Billy realised that it was back in the DVD player by the TV. After a few moments futile search, she gave up and turned back to Billy.

“There is lots to do and then I will make a nice meal for you. Nothing heavy like usual, something light and easy to digest.”

Billy watched her leave the room and she turned as she reached the door.

“Aunty Klara will be coming to visit, so I’ll make a nice stew and noodles for this evening and we can all sit down and enjoy something on TV. I will get her to bring my things and then I can stay a week or three to look after you.”

Billy slumped back to his pillow and Pauline switched off the light.

He woke to the sound of his aunt’s voice.

Answered by Pauline, he could not hear the words, but he recognised the tones. In the dark, his hands went to his neck and he felt that there was nothing around his neck. It seemed almost like a bad dream, but he remembered, or at least he thought that he did.

Billy went to the curtains and opened them and saw that it was evening. Had he really slept away the whole day? He stared at the wet garden, the small tool-shed and the trees that lined the Rectories boundaries. An outside world that he was no longer part of, a world that was out of reach.

He turned and saw the pink collar on the bedside cabinet and picked it up. It really did not have a lock, nor a way of fitting one and the small metal plate with his aunt's name engraved upon it just said plain 'love'. How had he ever imagined the horror of the night before, he wondered?

Downstairs there was the sound of a door closing and Aunt Klara's voice was cut off in mid-stream. He peeped from the bedroom door and the delicious smell of pasta and stew hit his nostrils with its heady aroma. The reaction was an almost heavenly feeling of bliss and he almost started down the stairs, even though he was naked!

It filled his mind, it filled his head and he could not help salivating and drooling as he imagined the delicious plate that awaited him in the kitchen. Frozen between the scent and the need to dress, Billy moved back to his room and frantically searched for his clothes. He looked for the ones discarded last night and then in the drawers, but they were all empty. Nothing, not even his bathing trunks remained. Billy became frantic and drawer after drawer to find them all empty. The knickers were still there, fresh after the last ironing and he pulled on a pair and moved to the top of the stairs.

"Miss," he called down into the hallway. "Miss, Miss..."

The kitchen door opened and Pauline looked up at the mostly naked young man at the top of the stairs. Opening the door to the kitchen caused the aroma to wash over Billy and he almost ran down in his desperation.

"Are you up already, boy?"

Billy danced from foot to foot in his agitation.

“Miss? I can’t find my clothes...”

“They are drying, I washed them all.”

“I am so hungry... Miss.” he called desperately.

“I’ll bring a little salad up to your room,” called Pauline.

The sound of the word ‘salad’ caused Billy to become anxious and Aunt Klara’s voice came from the kitchen.

“Tell him to hurry up, it’s nearly finished.”

Billy hesitated and then rushed back to his room, grabbed the collar and buckled it on as he hop-skip-jumped down the stairs.

“Really, boy, you are just a little too much in a hurry,” scolded Pauline as he ran into the kitchen to see his aunt scraping pasta from a pan into a small flat bowl.

Aunt Klara looked around and opened her mouth in shock.

“Really, Billy, go back and dress. You can’t come in here half dressed.”

“Please, please Aunty, please, I’m so hungry and please again...”

Aunt Klara looked at him and Billy suddenly moved his hands. From his crotch to his small breasts and back again as though he had no idea what to cover first. She looked at him and smiled.

“I’m so glad that you wore my little present,” she said looking at the collar.
“Pauline has made a delicious salad for you...”

“No, no, please, I want that....”

Billy pointed at the bowl and moved forward. The smell of the pasta blinded him to all else and even though the portion in the bowl seemed rather small, he slowly approached, while his aunt watched him.

“What on earth is possessing you, Billie,” said Aunt Klara. “Get dressed this minute.”

He started to cry and then felt a tap on the shoulder as Pauline passed him a pair of pyjama bottoms and a loose T-shirt. Thankful to her he slipped them on and turned to find that Aunt Klara was scraping the bowl into the bin with the spoon in her hand.

The sight of it caused Billy to sob bitterly as he watched her throw in the food and follow it with the dust bag from the vacuum cleaner. He watched a cloud of dust rise and his knees suddenly bent. There on the table were two empty bowls that still had the last of the pasta lickings, a huge pan that showed that the two women had eaten a hearty meal and the two glasses with the lees of red wine.

“I made this specially for you,” said Pauline as she opened the fridge and pulled out a bowl heaped with salad. “You have been ill, and you need something easy to digest.”

Billy just sobbed.

Aunt Klara put her arms around him and Billy felt almost crushed by the strength of her.

“I see that Pauline has been looking after you and the house so well,” she said. “I understand that she’s even living in for a few weeks until you feel better.”

Billy struggled free of Aunt Klara and sat at the table.

“I am so hungry...”

“Well, do you want me to cook a little pasta?” asked his Aunt. “Not too much, mind.”

“Oh god, please Aunty, please, please, pretty please!”

“Well, since you asked so nicely and since you look so cute in that collar of yours, then here we go. Pauline says that she has a film for us to watch. Watch first and eat after or the other way around?”

“Please, eat first, Miss” said Billy desperately.

Klara went to the bag on the table and pulled a bag of dried pasta free and showed it to her nephew.

“Ten minutes and then it will be ready,” she said as she poured it into a pan.

“Ten minutes?” wailed her nephew.

“It will give you time to get dressed properly, dear. Ten we can settle down and watch this film that Pauline keeps going on about.”

Billy looked at Pauline and she shrugged.

“Sorry, they are all being washed and it’s not right to wear them without ironing...”

The world seemed so confusing to Billy. One moment, pasta. The next salad. Then pasta again, but he had to wait. One moment he was undressed the next he was dressed but it was not adequate. Then that film... Billy gulped in fear and looked at Pauline for guidance.

“Please Miss, help me...”

Pauline put her arm around him and walked him to the kitchen door.

“Just pop up and put on the nice shoes and the rest with the T shirt, darling. I’m sure that Aunt Klara will not mind...” then she leaned and whispered in his ear. “If you leave her present on, she will be so happy anyway...”

Billy struggled up the stairs. Half way up, he looked back to see that the kitchen door was closed and only the sound of feminine laughter could be heard.

In his room he found the stockings and hastily pulled them on. The shoes, the ones that were Pauline’s, and then he slipped the T-shirt back on and headed back down. The kitchen was empty, and he could smell the pasta. He headed for the lounge to find the two women sitting on the sofa, the room in darkness and the opening titles of the film already bright on the screen.

The only space available was between aunt and house-keeper and Billy sat down to find the bowl of pasta on the table before him.

“Ooh, I forgot a fork,’ said his aunt.

“Too late,” said Pauline and the film began.

“Can I eat, Miss?” asked Billy as the film began.

“Shhh, boy, we’re watching!”

Billy looked at the bowl and then at both women next to him in the dark and started to eat with his fingers. A slight tutting sound came from his aunt as he tasted the delicious dry pasta. Never had a meal tasted so good to Billy. Never had he been so hungry and never had a meal been eaten so quickly! The pasta was gone in seconds and he scratched at the bowl as if he could find more.

Aunt Klara put her hand on his knee and Billy dared not move.

“Ooh,” said Aunt Klara as the scene where the gym instructor fucked Billy’s screen Goddess unfolded. “He’s a bit of alright! I love strong men who know what to do with what God gave them.”

“You should see the husband, Klara. A weak little sissy-slut,” said Pauline in reply. “Gets what he deserves in the end, doesn’t he Billy?”

“Yes, Miss,’ said Billy, blushing in the dark.

His stomach rumbled and the hand on his knee moved up a little. In the dark he watched the film and felt his cock stiffen, glad that the two women next to him could not see in the dark. As Billy watched the film play out, he realised that the husband was so lucky to be allowed to serve his glorious wife. He watched the scene that played out in the bedroom and as the husband licked the lover's come from her smooth thighs he gasped because Aunt Klara's hand moved up a little more. He could feel a tension as the two women resettled and he felt their shapely bodies press in on him.

By the time that the lover moved in with the sissy-husband's wife, Billy was at breaking point. Pauline's breasts pressed against him and his cock was rubbing on the knickers at his every breath. The nails from Aunt Klara's hands bit into his thigh and he felt himself at the very brink. Billy tried to move a little but all that he managed to do was to feel his panties slip down and his cock jerk free of his panties.

At that moment he came.

His little cock fountained a few drops of come and Billy caught his breath in fright.

"What on earth?" said Klara as she moved suddenly. "Billy, was that you?"

"Oh God, Miss, I'm so sorry," said Billy. "please, Miss..."

Aunty Klara had been absorbed by the last climactic fuck as the unfortunate

husband was finally forced to prove to his wife that he could satisfy her lover and she turned to Billy.

“Were you doing what I think you were doing?”

“No, Aunty, it was an accident!”

“I really think that my nephew is turning into a bit of an addict,” said Aunt Klara. “Pauline, if you are staying a while here at the Rectory, then please get him under control. Mary would have been so disappointed if she had known that her own son was addicted to endless self-abuse. You are naughty for indulging him like this.”

“I’ll sort it out, Klara,” she said gravely.

The lights came on and both women looked at the blushing boy between them with an intense stare.

“Billy, if you are going to dress like that, and I really don’t approve, then at least wear a bra and keep your panties up,” said Aunt Klara. “It’s all very well pretending to be a little girl and dressing up like that, but I must insist that you behave like a good girl if you do...”

Pauline looked at the damp patch on her skirt and scolded Billy.

“Go off to bed this instant, girl! Klara and I have indulged your little games a bit too much, I can see. In the morning we will discuss what penance you will have to pay for being so rude! All the begging and then eating like an animal! Then your disgusting behaviour when your Aunt and I were enjoying the film.”

Billy jumped up and went to the kitchen.

As he left he heard his aunt’s words.

“He is a sissy just like his father,” she said. “I know what Mary got up to and I have to say that a little strict parental discipline is required.”

Billy stopped and listened as Klara continued.

“He can’t go out like this. Make sure that my nephew wears the collar every day without fail. I want him nice and pretty in his girly clothes, because if he wears things like that, then he can suffer the consequences and do it properly or not at all. Do you hear me Pauline? Make sure that Billy keeps his hands out of mischief!”

Pauline answered in an apologetic tone.

“I will put a stop to it, Klara,” she said.

Billy fled to his room.

Part Four

Eucharist

Satan's Intentions

“So, what do you think?” asked Pauline.

She stood in the darkened drive way with Klara and they discussed what Klara had seen. For a minute they discussed the evening and Pauline chuckled as she watched Klara in a state of euphoria as she breathlessly commented on Billy's transformation since she had last seen him. It seemed to Pauline that she had never seen her friend so animated and breathless.

“Billy will be perfect. Though to be truthful, he is painfully thin and unattractive! Especially as a girl. He needs fattening up for the slaughter,” said Klara.

“Don't worry, Klara. Now that I have managed to get his muscle-body-mass to a minimum, he will be starting now on the fat diet. This will add loads of weight without adding the muscle tone again. I also like my little girlyies plump and juicy and Billy will be at ten stone before you know it... really I just don't know what you see in those scrawny boys you manage to find!”

Klara clapped her hands with excitement.

“Pauline, I am so looking forward to this. Can you make sure that he has nice soft white skin and is always nice and smooth? You're right; they are really not ideal except as toys to keep me in constant climax, but it is all I have at the moment! What I would so like is a cute, chubby little girly-boy that will squeal when she is punished and just melt into tears when she knows that mistress is not

happy with her.”

Pauline nodded and started to laugh. “You and I are so alike, Klara. That’s why we get along like a house on fire, because we both want the same. In a couple of months your porcelain doll will be ready and by then all the details of the Rectory will have been sorted out and you will be firmly in control by the time that you move in.”

“I don’t think that I have ever enjoyed playing so much, Pauline! This is so fucking hot. I just wish that I was there all the time like you are. I watch him every night as he crumbles and wish that I could be there...”

“That’s the problem with you, Klara! You are in so much of a hurry despite getting me to hold back!”

Klara smiled wickedly and laughed.

“I have something else as well for little Billy, boy. I tracked down Heather – the girl that he tried to date with and guess what?”

“You have her?”

“If you mean, do I control Heather, then I would have to say no. If you mean, have I bought her, and will she play along with Billy, then the answer is a definite yes. She told me that he just ran and ran when he saw her juicy fat cock in his face. He is going to be so, so frightened when she turns up again...”

“I knew that you would manage it and get hold of her,” said Pauline. “To get him even more worried, I took a risk and already told him that you were going to get a girlfriend for him, Klara. So, this just fits like a glove. How do you want me to arrange it?”

“Since we have him all dolled up now and the collar on. Well at least the informal one, I think that we should simply bring her round to the Rectory and see what happens.”

“He overreacted and panicked,” said Pauline, “so I’ll wait a while and then he can wear the training collar when he is ready.”

“OK, OK. We’ll take our time, there’s no rush,” said Klara breathlessly. “I get it! I am far too impatient, and that you know what you’re doing, but I really want to be there when we reveal Heather to the little slut. You are really going to fancy her, but watch out, she’s a real little bitch and will need some controlling!”

“I’ll think about it, darling. End of next week?”

“If my nephew is ready for the shock of his life. Fine!”

Pauline turned her gaze up to the Rectory where Billy’s pale face looked down at the two women chatting on the driveway.

“You want more than just the rectory,” she said. “Don’t worry, you’ll get it all,

every penny, the house and revenge on that sister of yours...”

“I just hope that she’s looking down on all of this,” said Klara reflectively. “She will be having an absolute fit!”

“She is,” said Pauline. “I can feel her presence...”

Billy watched their conversation in the darkness and wondered what they were saying. Every now and again, one of them laughed and they seemed so animated as they spoke. Moving their hands, Pauline patting his aunty on the shoulder and then that final look up at the window where he was looking down.

Even in the glow from the open door of the hallway, they both looked so strong, so powerful and he shivered as he watched the interplay. Somehow, since the funeral, his aunt had managed to insert herself into his life. The woman that his mother had disdained and scorned, the sister that she so despised.

And yet... thought Billy.

What about all the secrets that his mother had hidden from him? How she had been so stiff and proper and yet, she had been doing what she scorned in a hypocritical orgy of deviant sex! How was she better than the sister that she despised? His mind was confused and he retreated from the window as Pauline’s gaze turned upward and sat on the edge of his bed.

Everything that had happened in the last weeks simply sent him into a spin.

He no longer knew what he was, what he wanted!

A sob slipped from his lips and he raised his hands to the collar that clasped his neck. Last night he had been so sure that he could not get it off and then in the light of the morning he had slipped it off and found that the whole episode was just a bad dream.

Billy curled up on his bed in a huddle, his fingers still feeling the collar. Her toyed with the buckle, undoing it and rethreading it as he tried to understand what was happening to him. The fact that he could remove it gave him reassurance.

He was still in control, he could still decide!

His hands went from the leather and slipped down to his chest. Every bone in his body stuck out in relief. Every rib, his shoulders, his collar bone. Below that was the softness of his budding breasts. He stroked his nipples and got a reaction below. Sighed and shook his head in disbelief.

Was it true? Really true?

Had he been wanking and dreaming of sex so much that his body was unconsciously reshaping itself? How was it that he could he not resist the constant nagging need to play with himself?

There was a knock on his bedroom door and he raised his head to see Pauline silhouetted in the light.

“Is everything OK, boy,” said Pauline as she entered the room.

“Yes Miss,” he replied automatically.

“That’s good. Now you get some sleep and then we can discuss this illness tomorrow. I think that I have been a little too careful about that diet of yours. Perhaps you need just a little change...”

“I loved the pasta, Miss,” said Billy piteously.

“I know. Maybe you can have some more tomorrow. Aunty Klara told me that she’s worried about you...”

“Why?”

Pauline sighed theatrically.

“She thinks that you are all alone here and that you need some friends...”

“I have you, Miss,” said Billy, hoping that he would get to hear more.

“That’s what I told her, boy, but she thinks that you need someone of your own age.”

“What else did she say, Miss?”

Pauline laughed and patted Billy’s head affectionately.

“Aunty Klara loves you very much,” she said. “She only wants the best for you. Can I tell you something in confidence, something she said that I think that it would be good for you to know?”

Billy nodded mutely.

“Your Aunt is a very broad-minded woman, but she thinks that the film I gave you was just a little too stimulating! She can be a little like her sister sometimes. She asked me to put it away because she thinks that this and this is not good for you!”

As Pauline spoke she ran a hand down Billy’s stockinged thighs and then over the shoes locked to his ankles and he felt a surge of embarrassment.

“She didn’t say anything, Miss,” said Billy.

“Of course she didn’t! You’re all grown up and she did not want to upset you. I think that you can do whatever you want, but maybe it would be best not to watch it again...”

Billy’s mind was bewildered and he sobbed while Pauline stroked his legs softly with her hand.

“Listen, I understand! When she’s not here you can watch it whenever you like,” she said and she held up the silver disc of the DVD and carefully placed it on the bedside cabinet. “Just don’t let her know that I have given it to you. It’ll be our little secret because I know what a hard time you are having since your parents’ death.”

“I miss them...”

“Of course you do, of course you do,” said Pauline in a gentle voice. “That’s natural...”

Billy’s sobbing slowly declined and he propped himself on his elbow.

“Can you tell me something, Miss?”

Pauline looked down at him and he thought that he saw her smile in the half-light.

“Anything, boy.”

The words did not come easily, and Billy’s voice cracked as he spoke.

“Do you really think that I might be gay?”

The question almost caused Pauline to gape. Her poor little victim was getting so confused with his sexuality that he was slipping into her arms willingly.

“Why do you say that, boy?”

“Because, Miss, I love the feel of the stockings and...”

Pauline took a deep breath before she replied.

“You are maybe a little confused, boy. But I am here to help you through this as a friend. All I can say is that you have to do whatever makes you happy.”

Her hand slipped over him in the dark. Trailing over his stomach and then his budding breasts before coming to rest on the stiffness of the collar.

“That’s what I want to do, but I am scared of what I feel!” he mumbled. He paused a moment and then said, “Miss!”

“I wouldn’t have given you my shoes if I didn’t think that you would look good in them, boy,” she said as she moved towards her target with unerring accuracy. “How about; I teach you to walk in them properly and we get a little more to see if that’s what you like?”

Billy sighed.

It was not really the answer that he had been hoping for, but he felt as if he could not argue with his dear friend. He had hoped that she would help him to escape his urge to dress...

“You need some sleep,” she said kindly. “It’s been a long day. Tomorrow, I’ll pop out to the shops and get you some bits and pieces and we can play a little dressing up to find what suits you...”

Billy looked up at her and his hand closed on hers.

“I love you, Pauline,” he said.

Her hand squeezed his and she leaned to kiss him. The overwhelming scent of her perfume filled his nostrils and he felt an urge to tell her what he longed for. His lips opened to speak the words, to tell her that what he most wanted in the world was for her to take him, to show him how to please her. To feel her naked skin under his fingers and the little cries that would come when she climaxed. He wanted to tell her that he would do anything for her, that every mote of his body longed for her.

“I know that you do, you are such a sweet little princess!”

Billy sighed.

Pauline would be outraged, upset and angry with him and he dared not speak his mind. In the end, Billy just laid back and loosed her hand as she stood.

“Goodnight, boy,” she said.

Pauline closed the door softly and leaned back on the wall in the corridor. A thrill went through her nerves as she stood and bathed in the delicious sense of power that filled her soul.

Poor little Billy!

Her hand ran over her breasts and lifted her skirt, and she gasped as they touched the naked flesh of her pussy and slipped through the wet skin. Tomorrow would mark a next stage of his plunge into servitude. The clothes were all ready and waiting. Then Heather had to be loosed into his life. Physically he was so weak and now that the small breasts showed at last, the moment had come to take the little bitch to the next stage, shape him a little more and guide him down the path that she was creating for him.

Pauline stifled a moan and slowly pushed her fingers deep as her thighs trembled and she moved towards a climax. The bliss overwhelmed her, and her thighs

trembled as she slipped down the wall to sit on the floor with her legs wide and both her hands bringing her the most perfect of climaxes.

Un-defenestrated Jezebel

Aunt Klara looked out of the window of her small house and watched the passing cars. Behind her the television was on the loud side, the crackling of a packet of potato chips sounded and then a steady munching. Heather was not the easiest person to get along with, but Klara had taken a few precautions to keep her in line.

The most obvious was that Pete, the bitch's pimp, would be interested to know where she was. At least after getting over the beating that he had received. The second insurance was the nice little collar that announced that she was the property of Klara. Even though it did not chain her to the house, it certainly had the effect of rousing Heather's interest and was a constant reminder of her new mysterious existence. The third little control was a constant flow of snacks that disappeared into the girl's mouth one after another. Being kept in Pete's rather dingy flat and under his constant eye, Heather was happy to cooperate in these rather better conditions. The last and, perhaps the most effective chain on Heather's ankle was the hints that Klara gave about what she had to do to gain her total freedom.

Something that aroused her interest.

So, she sat on the sofa and watched a succession of soaps and mind-numbing entertainment, ate endless snacks and enjoyed the fact that she was not forced to get onto her knees to suck and endless string of malodourous cocks and then pay most of her winnings to a man that enjoyed her charms from front and back.

Klara turned and looked down at the sprawling girl.

Not a girl!

Though it was difficult to tell!

At just twenty with a life behind her that would have filled volumes, she seemed unfazed by it all and munched away as though she did not have a care in the world. Klara had taken her to buy clothes and it turned out that Heather did not really have expensive tastes. A few tight dresses, knickers and long socks and a couple of pairs of sneakers. Easy and cheap to satisfy as long as her neat breasts were on show and her long shapely legs were on display. Heather had borrowed some of Klara's make-up and Klara had to admit that the black on her lips and the pale face suited her round face. Even more than a casual inspection would have passed her as a young girl, any intimate inspection would have revealed the long cock and low hanging balls and the hands that were just not quite slim enough for a woman.

Perhaps her nephew could pay a visit to the surgeon that had created the slut that reclined on her sofa? The idea caused Klara to smile to herself. It was all very well dosing Billy with hormones, but for a truly feminised slave, the knife was surely the way to go...

"I think that it's time for us to make a deal," said Klara as Heather looked up at her.

"Ah, to find out what you need me for," said Heather.

"Do you want the sugar-coated version or something a little more frank?" said Klara.

There was something quite refreshing about Heather to Klara and she enjoyed the company. It was a little difficult to stay on the straight and narrow and not complicate the relationship because Heather had an attitude towards sex that was really quite unrestrained. Several times she had almost tempted Klara, but each time the offer had been refused.

“Well,” said Heather as she tossed the empty packet to the floor, “I suppose that you don’t want to be fucked?”

“And if I did?”

“Then I would fuck you,” said Heather with an innocent smile. “Most older women find it interesting and I just love doing it! Making them squeal as my big cock fills them so much better than their tired husbands. Then they convince themselves that they are not cheating because they paid to be shafted by a woman!”

“I don’t have a husband, tired or not,” said Klara. “That might happen, but it’s not part of the arrangement that I want us to agree on. I have bought you to help a little scheme along with a young man... my nephew.

Heather laughed.

“I’ve heard of a father buying a slut to take his son’s cherry, but never an aunt doing the same for her nephew.”

“Well, now you have, and I want you to be part of my little plan.”

“So why not have just paid Pete a grand for a week’s work?”

“Because it is all more complicated, that’s why.”

“How old is he?”

“Eighteen.”

Heather turned back to the television for a minute and then looked up at Klara with a calculating look.

“What’s in it for me?”

Klara started to laugh.

“The fun and games, a little money and perhaps a little time to decide where you go from here. You can’t work the streets forever with a pimp, what you need is to be self-sufficient! I will teach you how much fun there is to be had when you have a little imagination and a nice little sissy to play with!”

Heather suddenly looked interested. She had been on the game now so long that she no longer hoped for independence.

“You would set me up? What the fuck do you get for that?”

“Darling,” said Klara. “I’m not going to fund your whole life for a few months’ work! You have to do that, but what I can do is give you time to make it happen.”

“OK, I get it, “so tell me about this nephew of yours. Why does he need me to fuck him?”

“Ever done any BDSM?” asked Klara.

“Oh yes, but never as the bottom.”

The fact that Heather knew the specific vocabulary caused Klara to sigh with relief.

“Some men like to be forced...”

“Some men don’t.”

“Your nephew?”

“Needs to be forced, well let’s say, frightened into it!”

Klara noticed the bump in the stretchy dress and was satisfied as Heather stroked it a little with her hand.

“Security?”

“You mean, what happens if my nephew gets difficult?”

Heather nodded.

“He won’t, that’s the fun of it! You see, Billy is going to be a pushover and you are going to be the hand that pushes. It’s a little project of mine.”

“Sounds fine so far...” said Heather.

“Good! All you have to do is to be his new girlfriend!”

“What happens when he discovers this?” said Heather as she slowly pulled up the hem of the skirt and gripped her upright cock.

The sight of the thick prick caused Klara to shiver with desire, but she resisted the temptation.

“You have to persuade him that he wants it!”

Heather stroked her cock slowly, making it rear upwards and display the plump purple apex. A single drop of pre-cum hung like a dewdrop.

“And if he doesn’t?”

“Then you won’t have done what I need doing!” said Klara. “I want you to take him, frighten him and then fuck him. Make him beg for that cock, make him hate it and want it. But, slowly...”

“When do I meet this poor little boy of yours?” said Heather lightly, but a sly smile twisted her pretty face and her hand kept moving the length of her.

“Soon! You will be the perfect girlfriend from hell!”

“Just like you are the aunt from hell?”

“Wait until you meet Pauline! Next to her I am an angel! My poor little nephew is under her thumb and being feminised under her strong hand as we speak! All

you need to do is to show him that he will do anything when we tell him to.”

Heather slowed a little as drops of precum dribbled the length of her and lubricated every stroke.

“Jesus, you are such a bitch!”

“It’s you that I need to be a bitch, darling,” said Klara as she watched Heather slowly stroking herself. “All you have to do is to take your time and follow Pauline’s instructions to the letter. Tomorrow we go to get some clothes, and then we just wait for Pauline to fire the starting gun.”

Klara lifted her foot to rest between Heather’s thighs, the toe of her shoe resting lightly on the slack balls, the hem of her tight skirt moving upward until her hems of her stockings showed and then she knocked Heather’s hand away from the pulsating cock just as she climaxed. Come spattered the stockings to the knee and Heather gasped in the sheer bliss of her orgasm. Her thighs lifted in a thrust and her mouth opened in surprise as Klara grabbed her hair and pulled them to her legs with a fierce pull.

“I may be a bitch, slut, but you are my mine! Now lick it up and tell me what you are going to do to my nephew!”

Heather greedily licked her own come from the hard nylon and looked up as her tongue ran around her lips.

“I’ll train him to love lapping at my come,” she whispered with a smile.

Good Works

“Just wait until you meet her,” said Pauline. “She is so hot!”

Billy turned from his ironing and tried to smile.

Somehow, he was losing control!

Had already lost control.

Pauline sat comfortably watching him do the housework with a glass in her hand and a long cigarette dangling from her red lips. Billy had spent the whole afternoon washing and ironing while she had supervised closely. It was already after five o'clock and his housekeeper showed no signs of going home.

Pauline crossed her legs and allowed one shoe to dangle from her toes.

“I don't think that I want to, Miss,” he said.

“Nonsense, boy, you'll love it. Tomorrow Aunty will bring her here for the evening, so you'll be perfectly safe. Then, if you like her, perhaps she'll come again?”

Billy missed the double-entendre.

“Will you be here, Miss?” asked Billy.

“Do you want me to be?”

Billy nodded and laid the panties he had been ironing on the ever-growing pile. He desperately wanted Pauline to go home so that he could see his film again and have a little fun, but when she refilled her glass, Billy realised that she was not heading home yet.

“I think that I should cook a little supper,” said Pauline. “I have a nice ham joint if you fancy some?”

That sounded better, but he tried...

“I can cook it, Miss.”

“Silly boy, I’ll put it on and in a couple of hours it will be ready.”

Resignedly, Billy took the next pair of pink knickers and held them up. Small bows held the crotch closed, but they were not the pair that he had seen before. Too small for Pauline, they were almost see through.

“Oh, I forgot to say,” said Pauline. “I bought ten pairs for you. You can’t spend all your time in your mother’s panties, can you? That would be so wrong! These will mean that you have your very own to wear and use.”

Billy laid them flat and sighed. Pauline had bought him stockings and tights, a girdle and panties as well as the red shoes. Every day she seemed to have some small gift for him. Three days ago, all of his socks and pants had been thrown out and it had been quite a problem to stop her making a clean sweep of all of his clothes. Eventually he had managed to save some T shirts and a pair of jeans from the bags where his other clothes had been tossed and Pauline had even made it feel as though he has won the argument!

“Thank you, Miss,” he said dutifully.

“You need more clothes to replace the rags that you threw out a couple of days ago. When I have time, I’ll go shopping for you...”

As if he had thrown out his clothes!

“I suppose so, Miss”

“Well, don’t be so grateful, boy. I am looking after you and you really need some nice things to wear! Feminine suits you so well...”

Billy nodded and finished the knickers and laid them on his pile before picking

up a stocking and laying it out as Pauline had taught him.

“I’m not ungrateful, Miss. I could go shopping if my car wasn’t in for a service.”

“You’ll get it back in a few days,” said Pauline. “The clutch is broken, and the service-centre said that they had to wait for the part.

The little car that his parents had bought him when he passed his driving test had been new, but Pauline had taken it in for service and discovered that there was a serious problem. Billy was part frustrated and part relieved. The thought of bumping into Heather or her pimp still worried him, but he was starting to recover from his fears.

“So, it’s decided, boy. I will pop out tomorrow and get some things for you! Now then, I’d better put on the joint or it will take all night.”

Billy watched her leave the room. He wanted to say so much, argue with her, tell her that he could manage on his own, but somehow, he never got the chance. At least he was getting some proper food! A small victory! He imagined the ham-joint and his stomach started to growl.

In the kitchen, Pauline took the joint that she had bought and turned it in her hands. She had picked it because it had so much fat on it and it looked perfect for her purposes. She would get the meat, of course...

She placed it in the pan and switched on the gas before starting on the vegetables. Plenty of butter and a cream sauce. No potatoes or other carbohydrate. In a week it would show; he would be putting on weight like crazy

and it would all be in the right places! Hips and thighs, breasts and tummy. No muscle of course, all just plump smooth puppy-fat!

If Klara wanted a smooth chubby little girl to play with, then that was what she would get!

For tomorrow, Pauline had two events planned. A little try-on of the clothes that she was planning to buy and the arrival of Heather! How he would panic when he saw her again!

A thought came to her and she checked in the drawers for the supply of pills that she had been giving him for the last two months. Four a day, and the effects were becoming noticeable even on the emaciated Billy. Mood swings, a little confusion, the budding breasts that were now starting to sprout. When his diet changed from today, his obsequiousness, the effects would be magnified...

Pauline saw that the supply was a little low, just three weeks left in the three foil packets and she decided to ask Klara for more. She pressed the four for today into her palm and crushed them with a spoon.

One thing was for sure.

She would not touch the sauce, she had quite enough hormones!

Holy Vestments

Heather ran her fingers along the rack of clothes and pulled out a hanger with short black dress. She held it up against herself and then turned to show Klara.

“How about this one,” she said. “Far too small, so I need it in my size!”

Klara moved to take both sides of the dress and pulled at it. The latex stretched under her fingers and she said, “This is probably a little large!”

Looking at the dress, Heather looked doubtful and raised an eyebrow.

“How on earth do I get it on?”

Klara took the hanger and slid the zipper that ran down from the low cut back to the hem.

“I’ll help you. Now then choose something else as well and we’ll pop to the changing room.”

The girl behind the counter seemed disinterested in her clients and polished her nails with a disinterested pout. In charge of a vast selection of fetish gear, she looked so out of place in jeans and a baggy top. Klara held up the black dress

and the skirt that she had chosen, and the girl just looked up and made a small motion with her hand.

“What about shoes?” asked Heather looking at a wall with endless pairs of stilettos and platforms.

“That’s in the next place,” answered Klara. “These are all just cheap rubbish!”

Heather followed Klara through the racks and stands and they entered a small room at the back of the shop.

“OK, strip off and let’s see how they look...”

In a minute, Heather had kicked off her shoes and stripped naked with no embarrassment at all. Her long cock hung between her legs as she took up the dress and looked at it. Klara moved behind her and helped her get her arms through the sleeves. The tight latex tubes were thin, but expanded to leave her with a shiny black skin from wrist to shoulder as Klara lined up the dress and pulled hard to engage the zipper.

“Nothing underneath,” said Klara as he started to pull up the zipper. “Anything you wear will show through the latex, so to get that smooth look right, wear nothing...”

“I thought that it was too big, but it’s so fucking tight,” said Heather, looking in the mirror. “Jesus, I can hardly breathe!”

“It’s supposed to be,” chuckled Klara as she smacked the rounded ass and then started to pull here and there to get the wrinkles out. “You will have to learn to walk properly or it will ride up from the bottom. Now then, let’s have a look!”

Klara walked around Heather and made some adjustments before stepping back to admire the look. Her palm patted at the bump on the stretched latex between Heather’s thighs.

“This will need adjustment,” she smiled.

Her fingers massaged the long cock and then she slapped it playfully.

“You need something on your legs,” she commented. “They have matching stockings here or we can get nylons in the next place. A little make-up would not be out of place either! What do you think?”

Heather posed in front of the mirror, turned sideways and ran her hands up her body and started to smile.

“I have never worn anything like this before, what does it cost?”

“Don’t worry about the price, dear, my nephew is paying,” said Klara. “Just concentrate on being his latex slut...”

Heather slipped on her heels and posed again.

“I just love the feel of it,” she said.

“That’s the idea, dear. Like skin but smoother, I just love the stuff!”

Klara stepped forward and ran her hands over Heather. She lingered at the small round breasts and then smoothed the front. Between Heather’s thighs the swelling showed where an erection was stiffening. Klara chuckled and moved close to press herself against Heather who started to breathe heavily and rubbed against her companion.

“You see?” asked Klara.

“Fucking hot, that’s what!”

Klara stepped back and was gratified to see the reaction. Under that dress was trapped a hard cock that was pressing from inside.

“You can wear this on the first date,” said Klara. “All you need now is a nice braided crop and stockings and poor little Billy will be helpless in your power.”

“I need to get it off,” said Heather as she tried to reach the zipper that started at the small of her back. “Three steps and I’m almost coming!”

“And that’s the other beauty of latex,” said Klara. “Just a little lick of the tongue and it’s spotless. Anyway, Billy will be washing all of your clothes when you move in, so it will be ready for use all the time.”

“I’m moving in?”

“Eventually, of course!” laughed Klara as she unzipped the dress and helped Heather with the arms. “That’s the whole idea. You are the malevolent siren that will finally break him for my use.”

“Malevolent?”

Klara laughed.

“Evil, wicked, nasty, whatever you like.”

“Oh,” said Heather. “I get it, you want your nephew to like cock?”

“No, dear, I want him to hate it,” said Klara as she held up the skirt that she had chosen. “I want Billy to be scared and controlled. I want him to be under our complete domination, hating every minute of it, but with no chance to escape! You will make him do things that disgust him, make him so terrified that I am giving him to you that he will do anything to escape.”

“Into your hands?”

Klara laughed.

“That’s right, dear! Poor little nephew, he is having a rough time already under Pauline’s tuition and you will just make it so much more intense...”

“I see...” said Heather as she pulled the skirt tight and ran the zipper from calf to waist.

The skirt was far tighter than the dress. A much stiffer latex, it forced Heather’s hips to bulge and formed a smooth skin from just below the knee to her waist. Klara looked on approvingly and tugged at the hem a little. She had to press her cock and trap it between her thighs before the zipper would close.

“How the fuck do I walk in this?” asked Heather as she looked down at the tightly stretched latex.

“With small steps, said Klara. “Anyway, in the shoes that you’re getting you’ll struggle to step more than a few inches at a time. Then we will put him in those shoes of yours and hobble him even more. You’ll see what I mean later.”

Heather took a step and felt the latex that gripped her giving just a little and she watched in the mirror.

“Fucking hot, just like the porn films...”

“That’s the idea, Heather,” said Klara. “I want you to be a total porn star. It will all be filmed anyway, so reality and fantasy will be blurred.”

“I’ve never done anything like this before,” said Heather. “I think that I’m starting to like the idea.”

“It will be fun,” said Klara. “You will be Billy’s only chance for a fuck...”

“He sounds like a real pathetic guy,” said Heather as she unzipped the skirt and fondled herself. “Not really my scene...”

“You’ll get there, babes,” said Klara. “When you find out that you are on top, there will be no stopping you. It’s all about just enjoying the control and fear you will command.”

Heather started to dress in her jeans again, and Klara took the two latex costumes over her arm.

“You have spent far too long being used, it’s time to get your own back and find out just how delicious it is to be the one in charge. Just follow Pauline’s lead and you will have fun, that I can promise! Billy is a push-over, all you need to do is get him terrified of you and everything will go fine.”

Heather and Klara headed back into the shop where Klara put the chosen items on the counter and then led Heather to the back of the shop for more.

Three shops later, Heather found that she was so enjoying shopping with Klara. She might look like a middle aged and middle-class housewife, but she was both indulgent and almost eager to give Heather free rein to buy whatever she wanted. Heather started to think of her as a friend, possibly the first that she had had since she was a child and the whole idea of playing with Klara's nephew was becoming something that she was starting to looking forward to.

"This place is incredible," she commented as she turned a pair of stilettos in her hand. "So are the prices..."

Klara pulled at the tag on the shoes and raised an eyebrow. Two hundred pounds for a pair of shoes was not all that expensive, in fact, rather good value.

"You can have them if you want," she said dismissively. "You'll need some casuals."

Heather's fingers played over the arched spiked heels and started to laugh. If these five-inch heels were casual wear...

"These are much nicer," said Klara as she held up a pair of blue stilettos with a run of steel spikes that ran the length of the heels. "There's nothing like spurs to make a man perform properly..."

"If they fit," said Heather as she took the shoes from Klara's hand. "Though we almost have so much stuff that we can't carry it all," she added as she hefted the four bags in her other hand.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get a taxi back,’ said Klara. “Anyway, there’s one more pair to get...”

Heather looked to see her companion with a pair of ankle boots in her hand. En-pointe like ballet shoes they were in red leather with endless tight laces and ankle straps.

“Try them on, dear! Drop dead gorgeous, you’ll look in these! We need to get them a size larger to fit my poor little nephew. Pauline wants him properly hobbled and helpless and these are perfect. Look, the straps have the loops to take padlocks.”

Heather turned the boots in her hands and slipped her hand deep inside.

“Jesus, Klara, these are going to take some getting used to!”

The heels were almost parallel to the soles and the toes just had a square inch that would press on the floor.

When we get home, you will be wearing them all the time to get used to the feeling for a while. And all the other stuff as well. You will learn to carry them off with no problem, after all you have the figure for it. It’s all about letting the clothes taking control and being what you look like!”

“A total bitch!”

“Now you’re starting to get it,” laughed Klara.

“When he sees me in these, he will probably come in his pants,” chuckled Heather.

“In his panties, darling! My little nephew is already looking more and more like a pathetic girly as Pauline trains him...”

“Fuck, Klara, this is going to be so much fun...”

“It already is,” said Klara indulgently.

“I’m glad that you bought me Klara,” said Heather.

“You were a bargain,” said Klara with a small chuckle. “All you need is a little education, that’s all.”

“Just like ‘My Fair Lady’,” answered Heather.

“Exactly,” said Klara. “You are more a Jezebel than a Liza Doolittle, that’s for sure.”

Heather smiled as if she understood, but the reference escaped her.

Sacrifice in the Temple

He felt so tired.

Almost out of breath with each step. Somehow Pauline had been arriving and leaving later and Billy was overwhelmed by her constant presence. She teased him with every step, played to his weaknesses and never allowed him room to argue. Everything she said seemed so rational, so sensible, so easy to do that his own petty objections were sidestepped and overruled. Every second word was 'Miss' and her relentless insistence on the title wore him down. It was not the 'Miss' that accompanied a young lady and respect, it was the 'Miss' of 'Mistress', an acknowledgement of her superiority and it had now become a habit that could not now be broken.

He felt mentally as well as physically weak and that allowed her to guide him verbally and with her hands. Pushing him, coaxing him, linked or with an arm at his shoulder, proving mental and physical superiority at each step. Billy's moods swung from depression to hope, from despair to anticipation by the minute and Pauline moved with him and exploited his constant need for reassurance. He tried and tried, strained so hard to resist what she convincingly suggested, but he cowered in the clear light of her dominance and found that her presence in a room, always shrank his half-hearted challenges to insignificance.

Each step that she pressed Billy to take was a step that ensured that the following footfall would be easier yet. Meal times had turned into a new torment. Fatty bacon, rich sauces, buttery cakes and creamy toppings that filled him to bursting. She sat over him each time and ensured that he licked the bowls clean.

Never plates, only bowls.

Milk to drink that could have been pure cream, cakes composed almost entirely of slick buttercream, cheeses that were pure fat with a smattering of salt flavour. Billy's stomach was always bulging full. As soon as it went down, another meal magically appeared, and he found himself bloated once more. He could feel the fat piling on, turning him into a plump little girl.

Then there were the clothes!

The dressing that she helped him with.

Billy found that the single pair of jeans was perpetually damp from the wash. Pauline seemed to love dressing him up all the time. Dresses and knickers, tight undergarments and feminine underwear. Three times a day she made him change stockings, knickers and dress for her as she treated him like a doll and cooed encouragingly at the result until he learned to bathe in her approval.

All the clothes now had to be hand washed, by him. Pauline told him that he had a talent for it and of course the washing machine was broken, so what other way was there? Afternoons were spent ironing each single item of clothing and Billy realised that Pauline's clothes made up a large part of each wash.

Most of all, Billy was tired and irritable.

His complaints sounded foolish, whining even to himself, and he never had the

energy to follow through on his battles to escape Pauline's hand. She teased him with her body and charms, showing a little stocking-top, appearing in just corset and stockings in the kitchen in a casual way that suggested that it never even occurred to her that he might be affected by temptation.

Billy started to long to hear the click of approaching heels and feared the sound as well. Feel her strong hands on him as she dressed him and then praised him at the way that he looked so perfect as a girl. Emotions overwhelmed Billy at every moment and Pauline hugged and kissed him, comforted and helped him through the bouts of sobbing and mood changes.

The three days after she had disposed of the contents of his wardrobe became an almost continual distressing time of moods and weeping when he was alone. The only thing that Billy did not lose the appetite for was watching the film that he now so identified with. He watched it time and time again and slowly wanked to each scene, pausing the film to allow a recuperation time before watching the next act with staring eyes. It was the only time apart from sleep-hours where he was alone with his thoughts and the film bent him backward and sideways as his outlook changed.

At first, he had identified with the glorious bitch who played lover and husband like puppets. Then with the glorious lover, the gym trainer that slowly fucked his married slut while she played with both men's excitement. Now, Billy found, the scenes with the husband serving and slaving for his beautiful owner and wife were the focus of his eager interest. He replayed those parts of the film again and again and watched the husband's downfall as a reflection of his own. He longed to prove to his friend that he could satisfy her intense enjoyment of his dressing up for her so that he could move to more intimate communion.

Of course, there were so many things that were wrong with the film!

Things that Billy now could mentally criticise and mock. The husband was useless at the housework, that was clear. He never seemed to be doing anything that actually mattered apart from the occasional bit of ironing. Walking around

with a feather duster half the time while his wife looked on with a cane in her hands. He even wore his feminine clothes poorly and he walked like an elephant in his high heels. Billy was, by now, far more proficient at all of it.

All but one thing...

Billy had never served as a sex-slut!

The omission rankled, even though Billy felt that Pauline had been close so many times to needing him to serve like that. It always seemed like it was about to happen! All he had was the film and the teasing that Pauline administered with constant pressure as she dressed and primped him. She kept on telling him how sexy he looked, how just a bit more gloss on his lips or higher heels would clinch the deal, but she never allowed him to make a pass, a move in her direction.

Then there was Billy, the growing girl!

An inch here and an inch there. Pale oleous skin that seemed to ooze back all the fatty diet. His pot-belly that she ran her hand over, careful never to go lower. The small breasts that were almost proof to Billy that wearing women's clothing could cause strange things to happen. Pauline had given him a small bra, but in reality, he had never needed it.

Yet!

The bra-straps pulled at his shoulders and were uncomfortable and the strap at his back was starting to cut into the roll of fat that was accumulating in just a couple of weeks of the new diet. What had been a skeletal body with just the remnants of strength was now coated with a layer of soft plumpness with almost no additional muscle-mass. Pauline seemed attracted, hot even, at these changes that were taking place. She overwhelmed him with clasps and kisses, pressed against him, each time proving that he was so weak that he could not resist but, somehow, she never took those lingering touches and caresses any further. He even started to worry that she was really not attracted to him after all!

A week after the new diet had begun, Pauline commented that the collar at his neck was too tight and that he was allowed to use the next and last notch in the buckle.

“I’ll speak to your aunt about a wider one,” she had said. “I’m sure that she would love to get something for you to show how much she cares for you.”

Billy wondered why he had to even wear it, but it seemed to please Pauline, so there was value just in that. Hearing her praise was his main goal in life now.

Two weeks after the diet had been changed, and his new regime of pretty dresses had begun, Billy found himself trapped by Pauline in the kitchen. He bent to lick the bowl and her hand tousled his hair.

“I have not forgotten,” she said.

“Miss?”

Most questions were just now asked by using her title.

“The girlfriend that Aunt Klara has found for you.”

Billy finished the glass of thick milk and felt like he was about to explode. Pauline stood and took the empty bowl and glass and set a huge slice of buttermilk gateau in front of him.

“Just this lovely piece of cake,” she cooed. “I got it especially for you in case you were hungry.”

“Perhaps later, Miss,” said Billy.

“Don’t be silly, it will go off...”

Billy eyed the cake that was his enemy and picked up his fork.

“As I was saying, Aunt Klara has found the perfect playmate for you. Such an attractive girl, so pretty and pleasant. Eat up and tell me how good it is...”

“Please Miss, I don’t need a girlfriend. I have you!”

Pauline laughed and tousled his hair.

“Of course you do, boy,” said Pauline as she watched him force in the second forkful of slimy cake. “But, I believe that all little boys should be matched to a nice girl, by someone who knows exactly what they need.”

Billy managed to swallow and said, “What do I need, Miss?”

The question would have seemed confrontational if it had not been spoken in a whisper.

Pauline ticked off her fingers.

“Pretty, that goes without saying. Then of course she needs to be sexy and broad minded because you can be a little offbeat sometimes. Emotional and sensitive. Someone that can look after you as well and also that you can chat to intimately about your problems, likes and dislikes. That seems to cover it!”

Billy finished the cake with a final effort and groaned as he moved and felt an ache in his stomach.

“Please, Miss,” he said plaintively.

“What, boy?”

“Please, can I wear my jeans when she comes around?”

“If they are dry,” said Pauline as she realised that Billy had given up resisting the idea that she would be a matchmaker for him. “You still have those sneakers?”

Billy shrugged, “Can’t find them, Miss.”

“I’ll have a look for you... sometimes you are so careless that I think that I need to be here all the time to look after you. I could take the little box room?”

“Oh, Miss,” said Billy and he just could not keep the desperate tone out of his voice. “Really, there is no need, I can manage quite well, and it would put you to so much trouble and the box room is horrible and...” The excuses tumbled from his lips and Pauline took on a stern expression. She towered over him and looked down as he carried on, “...and you have a nice house and it would be so upsetting to move into the Rectory and...”

It seemed that Billy had run out of steam. Pauline put a finger under his chin and smiled wickedly.

“Boy, why do I get the feeling that you don’t want me here?” she asked.

“Of course I love you, Miss, of course I do, but there are so many practical considerations to take into account,” he said, realising that the word ‘love’ had been uttered without a thought.

“Billy tell me something...”

Pauline was now on the chase and the fun would begin.

“Miss?”

“Are you scared of me?”

Billy started to speak, but Pauline would not let him.

“It’s just that sometimes I get the feeling that you are hiding things from me, almost as if we did not tell each other every little confidence. Sometimes I just feel that you are not being honest and keeping secrets from me. That’s not what best-friends do, boy. Best friends tell each other everything, they never hide their feelings... just like I am doing now! I am only doing what I can to make your life easy. I do all of the shopping, all of the housework and I look after you all the time, but you don’t want me to move in? Darling!”

As she spoke her hand moved down and slid between his bra and the skin and she touched his nipples, caressed them and pinched them a little before retreating.

Billy was in an utter funk! Was this Pauline’s way of saying something else? That she fancied him and that was why she wanted to move in? Was this an indecent proposal? If it was...

He took a chance, his cock allowed him no other choice!

“Of course, Miss. If you really want to move in, then you are welcome,” he said.
“It’s just that...”

“You really mean that?” asked Pauline. “Are you begging me to move in?”

“Please, Miss. Yes, I am begging you...”

“That’s so sweet! Well as you said, there are some problems, but I think that we can overcome them with a few little sacrifices,” she started. “Obviously I have to make the greatest sacrifice, but you will have to as well, boy.”

“A sacrifice, Miss?”

The hand moved again and teased the small breasts ruthlessly and Pauline felt her prey go limp under her hand as he groaned.

“It would open a brand-new chapter in our relationship, dear,” she said as she pinched a little at the soft flesh, and then she made as if her hand was about to slip under the bra and head south. “Something special between us... perhaps more intense!” she whispered in his ear.

Billy’s mind was swimming, a woman was touching him for the first time in his life and he felt a desperate need to surrender, to show her that this was what he wanted. His cock stiffened in his panties and he hoped that she would lean down and touch him. The perfume that she wore overwhelmed his senses as her soft breasts pressed into his neck. The contact was so intense, so powerful that he

would do anything to prolong it.

“Anything, Miss,” he murmured.

Now her other hand was on his shoulder and she pressed against him while her fingertips reached his belly.

“That’s a good boy, Billy, I won’t forget this promise...”

“Please, Miss.”

The friction of the lacy panties, the breathing in his ear, the way that she controlled him, the fingers that played. All of these things bore down on his mind and Billy felt vulnerable and helpless as one of her hands slid down over the top of his dress, while the other teased his breasts mercilessly. It slid down, past stomach and stroked his hip before slowly moving to enclose his straining cock.

The touch of her nails through the thin cloth of the dress was enough to trigger the climax. Just a brief contact, a slight motion on the tip of him. A caress that retreated before the climax came, a slight touch that was so delicate...

Billy sighed as a blotch of wetness stained the dress and his hips heaved as the hand made its way to cup his breast.

“I don’t know if you are ready for a woman like me,” said Pauline into his ear.
“A demanding bitch who wants everything from you and more...”

“Miss,” whined Billy. “Please, please, I am ready...”

“It will change your life, Billy! Pleasing your aunt and myself as we demand is not just being best friends, it will make you ours... You will become a lover and not just a friend!”

“I am yours already, Miss!”

“I know that, Billy, but so far I have not played with you...”

Billy moaned, and Pauline nipped his sweet little breasts playfully.

“I am exclusive, boy! I decide when we play and when not. That means that you will have to sacrifice something to prove that you are ready to beg me to move in. You will have to be exclusively ours, can you do that boy?”

“I am begging you, Miss.”

“That’s good. That’s the way it has to be, Billy! I think that you know by now that I always need to be sure, I need to have you prove that you want me!”

“Please, Pauline,” said Billy forgetting himself in his desperation. “Please let me prove it.”

Inside, Pauline was laughing, a glee that took hold of her as she considered the two possibilities that she had lined up for this moment.

Which was it to be?

What would be the best thing to do?

The locking collar that she had taken back or the malicious steel chastity cage?

Which was best?

Until this moment, Pauline had not decided!

In a flash, she saw which was by far the best, which would remind him of his promise, which was the one to bind him to her. The choice that Klara would demand for her nephew.

She reached for her bag.

Part Five

Marriage

Canaan Schemed

“Don’t get so upset,” said Pauline soothingly. “She will love you as you are and if she doesn’t, then we still have each other!”

Billy’s sobbing did not stop, he simply laid his head in Pauline’s lap and cried as she stroked him and soothed him. Pauline’s hand brushed between his legs and she smiled. She had chosen correctly, two days ago. The object was not to break the little slut, it was to melt him down to become what his aunt really wanted. A helpless nephew begging to be abused and degraded, now wearing the steel that would enslave him.

Soft as butter.

“I don’t want to lose you, Miss,” he sobbed.

“I am here for you, boy. I have decided that I want you to do this for me, so do it you will. You promised me that you would try for me and Aunty Klara would be so disappointed if you broke your word. You know what she said about self-abuse?”

“Yes Miss.”

Billy turned his head in her lap and looked up at her smiling face. He longed for her to unlock him from the steel jacket that she had locked to him, touch him

again and make him come. Tease his little breasts and possibly even be permitted to show her that he so desperately wanted to please her, but it was Pauline that decided, and he just had to meet the terms of his promise.

“Perhaps I am being selfish?” mused Pauline.

Billy looked up at her and watched the emotions cross her face.

“Denying you relief...”

“I don’t mind, Miss, really I don’t,” said Billy. “Not if you think that I need it...”

Her face looked down at him and he winced as the steel on his cock bit into the root of him. It seemed as if she was coming to a decision and Billy desperately hoped that she would free him.

“You don’t mind?” she asked. “Then I think that it’s all for the best, dear! It will teach a little self-control. I can’t have you endlessly wanking in the dark, there has to be a little restraint on your part!”

The constriction between his thighs hurt Billy, it caused him to pull up his knees as the erection was stifled and controlled into the narrow-curved tube. The lock chafed at his balls, the collar that clasped them weighed him down. He understood that he was no longer allowed to wank every night, he knew that everything was for her, he knew that he had to save himself, but...

Had it only been two days?

After the evening when Billy had begged Pauline to move in, nothing seemed to have really changed. She still controlled every instant, from the moment that she picked his clothes to tucking him in at night. Then she slipped to his parent's old bedroom and slept just yards from him, just two doors away, just out of reach.

"You won't lose me, Billy. I will be here all the time if you like. You will get to meet your chosen girlfriend and Aunty Klara will be here as well to make sure that you are a good boy for your new playmate."

Billy's tears seemed to be drying and Pauline thought that it was time to show him just how dependant on her he really was. Her hands moved to cup his breasts and teased him a little while she enjoyed his quandary. The nipples that sent pulses of bliss and pleasure that caused the terrible constricting punishment as his natural response followed.

The thin tube that shafted his cock and curved inside as did the outer one that confined him. The small rounded studs at the base of the steel that pressed into him, not allowing him to shrink, but punishing any swelling with terrible pangs. Designed for commercial sex-slaves who had to suffer and remain strictly chaste for their legitimate owners, the device was both subtle and malicious, causing stimulation that resulted in ever increasing sexual discomfort.

More, this restraint would, in time, reduce him. Make him fit for Klara's use, reduce his rampant young cock to a sissy-clit. Sensitive and soft, perfect for punishment and humiliation.

It seemed to Billy that Pauline did not know what agonies he was going through as one of her hands dropped casually into his lap and played with the steel

device idly through the dress that she had chosen for him. Translucent silk that allowed the shadow of his body to be seen when he stood before the light. The delicate knickers with the little pink bows and white hold up stockings that matched the high platform stilettos that she had locked on with sweet little padlocks.

Pauline was smiling as Billy tried so hard to calm his reaction, but the fingers that played with him were in control. They pinched his nipples one by one, they stroked his between his thighs and then she lowered her head and engulfed his lips with a wet kiss.

“I love you, boy and I will always be here for you,” she lied.

“Miss, I love you too,” he groaned as the battle between pain and bliss fought in his head.

The teasing stopped, her hand retreated, and she brushed the tears from his eyes.

“You are so cute, boy, I cannot see how your aunt would not want you for her own,” said Pauline as she started to stand and slipped him to his feet. “All we have to do is to repair the make-up and then they will be here.”

The agony subsided, and Billy stood still while Pauline touched up his lips and the blue eyeshadow. What he needed were nice long lashes and his hair was a mess. It had not been cut for months, barely long enough for a short pair of pony tails, but the ribbons that made the bunches at least added a touch of vulnerable femininity.

Pauline's face was serious as she made the adjustments and tugged the dress a little and then opened the top three buttons.

"You have to show what you've got to offer," said Pauline as she folded the neckline down and then moved the collar to show the small engraved plaque clearly. "Charming and naïve."

It almost looked as if the tears were about to roll again and Pauline decided that a little strictness was in order.

"Just be yourself and be a good boy. If you cry again I will just get angry and that would be such a shame. Be on your best behaviour, make her like you, show that you are amazed at how pretty she is and just do whatever she wants. That's what girls like in a boy..."

Billy nodded dumbly.

His knees trembled.

"Billy, just make sure that you don't disappoint Aunt Klara either. She has worked very hard to make this happen and she will be most displeased if the girl that she has found for you is not pleased with your manners."

She looked Billy up and down with satisfaction. The white stilettos and stockings, the bold print floral dress and the collar that set it off with a dash of pink.

“Please Miss...”

“What is it now, Billy?”

“I’m scared...”

“The only thing that there is to be scared about, boy, is not thanking aunt Klara for her efforts, because the result would be that both myself and Aunty Klara would be most upset...”

Billy noticed that the key to his cock was hanging from a chain around Pauline’s neck. It lay, half hidden, in the valley between her soft breasts. She followed his gaze and pulled at the thin chain to hold up the key.

“I have no idea what Aunty Klara would do if she were upset with you, Billy. But, I do know that this key would be thrown away if you upset me! Do you understand?”

He looked at the key and felt the subtle agony begin between his thighs as an erection attempted to take up the space presently occupied by hardened martensitic steel.

“Yes Miss,” he said.

There was a knock at the door, the characteristic sharp rap of Klara's hand and then the front door opened. Voices in the hallway. Aunt Klara's saying something about the Rectory and then a female voice with a low register. Billy held his breath as his aunt opened the door to the lounge and moved aside to allow the pretty girl behind her in the tight latex dress and black spiked stilettos to enter.

For days, Heather had been practicing on those ten-inch heels, balancing en-pointe, shuffling on the tips of her toes until at last she realised that the whole sum of the problem was the length of her steps. She had picked the latex dress that she had tried on in London, simple and so less complicated than the corsets and other complex garments that were now a part of her wardrobe. Lips black to match the dress and the collar that she wore almost like a badge of pride.

This was her moment.

She strolled into the room with a click of heels, her hip swayed, her hands held elegantly horizontal, and she looked at the young man who was to be her victim. The young man whose aunt so wanted to own him. The young man that she had last seen running from a darkened alley. The man that was so scared of her long cock that he had run a mile before even drawing breath.

Heather just smiled, but inside she realised just how clever Klara really was. Billy stood trembling in horror and the world dropped from beneath his feet.

"Know each other?" asked Aunt Klara in mock-naïve surprise.

"That's so very cute!" said Pauline. "Here you are, arranging a girlfriend and it

turns out that they know each other after all. A perfect choice, Klara... couldn't be better!"

Jacob & Leah

Billy looked around at the three women who were all smiling at him. An urge to empty his bowels came upon him and he stepped back. The whole episode of his first ever date came to his mind. His hopes beforehand, the way that they had been dashed, the frantic escape from that back alley and most of all; the touch of her on his cheek, the horror of that moment!

He looked at his aunt and her beaming friend and realised that they knew nothing of the whole episode, did not even know that Heather was a prostitute! This was just a terrible coincidence, an awful happenstance, a fluke of demented fate.

Billy looked at the girl who was not a girl but a travesty from his worst nightmare. Dolled up in tight latex from neck to toe, a tight matte black skin from the skin-tight dress to the latex stockings, the only glossy part of her was the dark cherry lips and the broad belt of a black patent leather collar.

Pauline's comment rang in his ears, Heather was not at all cute she was a frightening demoness from his recent past and the smile on her face and the way that the tip of her pink tongue rounded her lips showed that she recognised him too!

Damage control...

"I think that we have met, Miss," he said in a choked voice. "Er, a while ago."

“Billy,” said Heather in mock surprise. “Don’t you remember? In the alley?”

Billy started to blush furiously. He took in the almost impossible attractiveness of Heather and looked down to where there was just flat latex stretching between her thighs. For a moment, he could almost believe that he had been dreaming and then the image of her long cock before his face asserted itself and he knew that Heather was hiding her corruption from his Aunt Klara and her best friend.

He had to tell them!

But how?

“Heather is a friend of a niece of mine,” announced Pauline to Billy. “A bit wild by all accounts, but the perfect match for my Billy. She will really bring you out of your shell.”

The comment seemed to take Billy aback as he calculated how he could tell Pauline and Aunt Klara, but Heather made it all the more difficult.

“Oh, Billy was so sweet that night, I was just a little tipsy and he did not take advantage. He’s a good boy!”

Billy had been so distraught that it suddenly occurred to him that Heather had not even commented on his dress! Was she not at all shocked by the sight of him?

“I dressed him especially for you,” said Pauline. “So much more appealing than jeans and a T shirt, don’t you think?”

Pauline smiled and made her way forward with small steps. Now he could see the shoes that she wore as she passed the sofa. The tips of her toes on the floor, the soaring ten-inch heels on the ankle-boots almost like a ballet dancer tip-toeing her way towards him. Billy shrank back and found himself trapped between the seated Pauline and the advancing Heather who towered over him.

He could go no further and almost panicked.

“I like it,” said Heather, looking him up and down. “Sort of cute in a sort of outlandish way! Do you like dressing as a girl?”

“Yes!” muttered Billy as he shook with the sheer shame of the circumstances.

“He’s so sweet,” said Heather.

“Oh, dear me,” said Pauline in a stern voice to Billy. “Politeness, be polite! Really Billy, Heather deserves the same respect as you give me. ‘Miss’ is the right way to address your new girlfriend!”

The voice from behind him caused Billy to start and he tried to step back and almost fell against Pauline. Pauline’s hand steadied his hips and Billy managed to find his feet. Klara was struggling not to laugh. The excitement of humiliating Billy was so intense that she clenched her thighs and crossed her legs as she

watched her nephew trying to find a way from his predicament.

“Miss?” he asked in a quavering voice.

“I hope that you are not arguing with me, boy,” said Pauline. “I think that your attitude is very strange, it’s almost as if you are frightened of seeing a pretty girl! Be polite!

“Yes, Miss,” said Billy.

Klara felt a devilish urge to deepen her nephew’s humiliation.

“Wouldn’t it be thoughtful if you gave her a little kiss?” she asked Billy as she pulled her phone into her hand. “Then Pauline can pass on the picture to her sister and her niece.”

Heather made the ultimate step and put her arms around Billy’s shoulders. She could feel how defenceless he was. His attempt to lift his arms to break the clinch were almost unnoticeable and she closed her lips on his for a long deep kiss. Heather was taller than Billy even without the heels, with them on she seemed like a giantess to him, another frightening aspect of the terror that was welling within him. The tongue that probed into Billy’s mouth almost made him retch and the musky smell of her perfume overwhelmed him as he tottered while Heather posed for the camera.

When the clinch broke, Pauline said, “There you see, boy, Heather is not all bothered by you being a bit of a sissy, if you ask me, she likes it!”

Billy was gasping and the taste of her lipstick was on his lips.

“I think that you two going to have loads of fun,” said Heather. “Aren’t you Billy?”

“Please Miss, I need to tell you something... this is all a terrible mistake!”

“A mistake? I’m sorry?” said his aunt in an almost shout that caused Billy to jump. “Are you telling us that you don’t like her?”

“No, Aunty, she is so pretty, but...”

“Then I won’t hear another word of you being so very rude, nephew! Heather has come all the way here to meet you and the least that you can do is be nice to her.”

Behind Billy’s back, Pauline put her hand over her mouth in hilarity and it caused Heather to smile.

“I’m sorry Aunty,” said Billy shamefacedly. “I wasn’t being rude, it’s just that Heather is not the girl for me!”

“You haven’t even given her a chance, yet, Billy,” said Klara. “Now I suggest

that you two run along and get to know each other better without these two dried up spinsters getting in your way!”

Billy tried to slip out sideways but was blocked by Pauline’s crossed legs and then he saw a hand reach past him to Heather’s. From the fingers swung a thin gold chain with the key swinging beneath. Billy almost made a grab for it, but Heather took it too quickly.

“You may or may not need this,” said Pauline to the latex clad Heather. “Give it back when you like...”

“What is this?” asked Heather as she inspected the key.

Billy looked at Pauline in despair and then to the smile on Heather’s face.

“Oh, if you are half what your reputation says you are, then you may just find a use for it!” answered Pauline.

Heather reached out and took Billy’s hand and pulled him towards her.

“Come on, Billy, show me around the house,” she said. “I want to see it all!”

“Yes Miss,” said Billy in a muted tone.

Milk and Honey

The door closed behind Billy as he was tugged by Heather and she turned to face him in the hall. Her height and her intensity caused Billy to shake in terror as he put her arms around him and held her face close to his.

“Listen, slut,” she said in a hiss. “One word to either of the two old bitches and you really will be a girl when I have finished with you!”

“Please don’t hurt me,” sobbed Billy.

Heather smiled and let him go.

“Look at you, Billy!” she mocked. “A proper little twink, that’s what you are!”

“You are no better,” said Billy in a strangled tone. “You are simply hiding it better!”

The sharp slap caught Billy’s face like a thunderclap and he fell in a heap on the floor with the incensed Heather looking down and dangling the key from her fingers.

“How dare you!” she raged in a low voice. “You little slut! One more word of

disrespect and I will punish you so badly that you will beg to suck my dick!”

“I’m sorry,” whined Billy as he managed to get to his knees.

The shoes made it difficult to stand and with Heather looming over him he felt helpless and defenceless. He could not take his eyes off the incredible shoes and the hem of her dress stretched between her knees.

“Remember what Pauline said, always call me ‘Miss’! You will be sorry if you are not polite,” said Heather in a stage-whisper. “This is my chance to escape the streets and you’d better not fucking get in my way!”

Heather squeezed Billy’s breasts and pinched his nipples.

“Nice tits, sissy, we are going to have so much fun.”

Billy squealed and tried to back away, but Heather pulled him close and ran her hands over his body. An intimate squeeze here, a nip there and between his legs she felt the steel restraint and fondled his balls before she relented and allowed him loose.

“Don’t forget that I have the key,” she laughed as she held it up.

Billy tried to grab it, but Heather held it out of reach and taunted him.

“Just think of all the things that you are going to do to get this,” she mocked. “I think that we really are going to have fun together...”

“Please, Miss,” wailed Billy. “I promise...”

“What do you promise, Billy?”

“That your secret is safe with me, Miss.”

Heather slapped his face hard and Billy reeled back.

“Let’s get one thing straight, sissy-boy. You will never tell your aunt or Pauline about me, about our little meeting, about what I used to do. Never!” she hissed. “If you do I will tell them both about all the things that you did to me, you little faggot!”

“Miss,” whined Billy, “I didn’t do anything!”

“Oh yes you did,” laughed Heather. “Or at least that’s what I will say! Just think how upset Aunty Klara will be when she finds out what a kinky little slut her nephew is.”

“Miss?”, said Billy. “Why are you doing this to me?”

Heather leaned in close and kissed his lips.

“Because, sissy-boy, you are my fucking meal-ticket, bitch!”

She laughed to see his reaction, sheer terror and dismay as he backed off until the wall was behind his back and he had the look of a small trapped animal. Billy’s aunt had primed her on how to dominate the little bitch, Heather had added her own twist to it and now the key in her hand meant that she had complete control over him. All she had to do was stretch the agony, make it slow. Terrorise him step by step for the personal enjoyment of the two middle-aged women in the next room. Heather had been given a role to play and she was starting to realise that it was one that she relished beyond her wildest dreams.

She stretched out a hand and fondled one of the small breasts and pinched a nipple.

“Billy, I want to see all of the Rectory. The bedrooms can be last, because I will soon be choosing a room for myself.”

“Miss, you are going to live here?”

“Your aunty hinted at it and I am going to take full advantage! Living with her is driving me nuts,” she said in a conversational tone. “You do want me to, don’t you?”

“Please, Miss...”

“I’m sorry, but I didn’t quite catch you begging me to?”

“Oh God, why are you being so mean?”

“Because I can, Billy, because I can!”

The door to the lounge opened and Pauline stepped into the hall. Heather and Billy were kissing, and she chuckled as she watched them. Heather had him in a grip that he could not escape from and his struggles ceased as she spoke.

“Like a house on fire, you two,” she said. “I think that Klara has chosen well for you, boy, don’t you think so?”

“Miss, is it true?”

“Is what true, Billy?” asked Klara.

“That Heather is going to live here?”

“That’s all up to Auntie Klara,” said Pauline. “I don’t see why not, but you’ll have to have separate bedrooms at first.”

“I think that it would be fun,” said Heather, “Billy has already said that he would

love the idea. I am not sure if it's a good idea though.””

“Naughty little boy,” said Pauline in a scolding tone. “Are you putting poor naïve little Heather up to this? We’ll let Aunt Klara decide in the next few days if she is amenable, but if you really want it, then I suggest that you two love-birds show her that you both can be adult about it.”

Billy, trapped against the wall, made a small sound that seemed to be a despairing moan.

“I’ll have to find the right moment, to speak to her,” said Pauline. “Don’t say anything and I’ll see what I can do.”

“I promise that I’ll be as quiet as a mouse, Pauline,” said Heather with a sly smile. “I’ll help around the house and make sure that Billy does too...”

“Billy does everything, there’s no need for you to do anything except enjoy living here with your new boyfriend. It would be nice to have a little female companionship for me,” said Pauline. “I’ll see what I can do.”

Heather turned to Billy and tousled his hair.

“Thank Pauline properly,” she said to him.

“Thank you, Miss!”

“That’s a good boy, Billy. See? Already she is having a good influence on you! Maybe, you could ask her for permission, it might go down better?”

“I can’t Miss?”

“There’s nothing to be frightened of, boy,” said Pauline. “She’s not going to bite your head off. All you have to do is find the right way to ask her. I’ll be there to help so we can plan it tomorrow and see if we can persuade her.”

“But, Miss...” started Billy.

Heather broke into his sentence and put a finger on his lips.

“Billy! Listen to Pauline. She has already said that she will help, so just follow her guidance and try your hardest for me. Just think of all the fun we can have if she says ‘yes’! Now then, you promised to show me around and I want to see it all...”

Billy hung his head as Pauline headed back into the lounge and closed the door.

“I’m scared, Miss,” said Billy.

“You should be,” laughed the latex-clad bitch that towered over him.

Into the Wilderness

Billy was relieved, so very relieved!

The tour had been just that, Heather, his 'new girlfriend', exploring while she dragged him behind her. Strutting in her incredible heels, the sound of the latex moving while her heels and toes clicked on the old wooden floors as she went. She poked into every corner, occasionally opened drawers and cupboards as he went from room to room.

His bedroom had been the worst!

She had opened all of the drawers and tipped out everything onto the floor, kicked his row of shoes around with contempt and then laughed at all of the dresses and nighties that she had pulled off their hangers and scattered around the room. As she did so, she mocked him for being a sissy-boy and he had stood and watched helpless as she took his precious laptop and flipped it open.

"Give me the password," she had said. "Now, bitch! I want to see what you wank over."

Billy tried to take the beloved computer from her hands with a lunge and Heather had laughed as it fell from her hands to crash to the floor.

"No more porn, sissy-boy," she had laughed as he took the two pieces in his

hands and started to sob. “But, don’t cry, I will make sure that you get plenty to wank over because this is all you are going to get!”

Her hands massaged the bump at the front of the tight latex dress lasciviously. She had dangled the key again before his eyes before chaining it around her ankle.

“My cry-baby sissy-boyfriend needs a lesson in who rules his life now,” she mocked and kicked the broken pieces of the laptop from his hand as he knelt before her.

A short step and the spiked heel of her boot plunged through the broken screen. Her hands had slowly pulled up the hem of her dress to reveal her smooth skin of her thighs and then the tip of her long cock.

“Look at this, sissy, this is everything that you need! All you have to do is keep me happy!”

Her hands had taken the cock and stroked it to its full eight inches before starting to stroke it.

“Perhaps a little kiss for me?” she had said as she had drawn it back to stand in all its curved glory.

Billy had fallen backward to escape her advance and she had just laughed at him, before she slowly pulled her dress back down to leave just a slight bump on the

tight latex between her thighs.

“I can’t wait to move in,” she had said as she had bent to hook a finger in his collar.

The moment had passed, and Heather had seemed content with having scared Billy out of his wits as they peeped into each of the endless procession of rooms upstairs.

They came down the stairs just as Pauline and Klara came into the hall.

“We have to go now,” said Klara with a smile to Heather. “I hope that you two lovers have not been up to any hanky-panky in the last hour!”

“He tried, naughty little girl, but I told him that he has to wait!” she lied. “We were just getting to know each other,” said Heather. “I just can’t wait for the next visit...”

“Well, maybe tomorrow or the day after,” said Klara. “We’ll see.”

Billy kissed his aunt on the cheek and tried to do the same with Heather, but she moved to the side and kissed his lips and drew him to her, delivering a deep kiss that violated his mouth.

“I think that my little nephew is really quite taken with you,” said Klara. “I’ll bet

that he is really looking forward to seeing you again; aren't you, Billy?"

Billy nodded and blushed and Heather patted him on the head.

"He told me that he loved me," she confided. "So sweet for a first date."

"Well, well," said Pauline. "Love at first sight!"

Aunt Klara and Heather kissed Pauline and with a few last words of farewell, they left. As the car left the drive, Billy heaved a sigh of relief.

"I know, I know," said Pauline. "Don't worry she'll be back. Now then, come along, you need a little supper after all of that excitement!"

Billy followed Pauline into the kitchen where a meal was already cooking on the cooker.

"I made you your favourite," she said as she peeped into one of the pans. "Then a cream cake afterwards and off you go to bed. You've had a busy day."

"Heather broke my laptop, Miss," said Billy in a plaintive tone.

"I'm sure that she didn't mean to," said Pauline. "I hope that you forgave her

nicely!”

“Miss, please, she’s an absolute bitch!”

Pauline rounded on the young man and stood before him with her hands on her hips.

“Don’t be so horribly rude,” she started. “You tell her that you love her to her face and then call her vulgar names when she is not here. How dare you be so disrespectful?”

Billy backed up a step.

“Now you can apologise to me, as well” she shouted as she followed him until he was backed against the table. “Now!”

Billy covered his face with his hands and started to sob. Never before had he seen Pauline so angry. She stood towering over him, threatening and incensed while he cowered before her strength.

“I can’t hear that apology,” said Pauline stridently. “Apologise now!”

“Please, Miss, I am so sorry...” he sobbed.

“And?”

“I was rude and I apologise, Miss! I’m trying so hard... Please Miss, I really am.”

Pauline seemed to calm herself and she took him in her arms.

“I’m sure that she didn’t mean to break your laptop, boy, maybe you’ll get a new one for Christmas in a few weeks. You don’t really need it anyway, now that you have a real girl-friend Now, calm yourself and have a little supper and we can discuss a few things that are important.

She allowed Billy loose and he sat on a chair as he watched Pauline ready the supper that she had made. A joint of lamb, came from the oven and Pauline started to carve it and cut all the fat off.

“I know that it’s difficult,” she began. “It always is with a young girl like Heather, they can be so demanding! But, you’ll soon find out that Heather is ideal for you. After all, she must like you if she’s not bothered about all of that!” she added as she pointed at his dress and shoes. “Most young women would be...”

Billy did not know what to say. It was Pauline that had persuaded him into the dress and knickers, even though he had to admit to himself that it kept him constantly aroused...

Damn the restraint!

“Billy,” she said. “I wanted to talk to you about having Heather living here. Aunt Klara is not going to like it if she thinks that the reason is because you want to fool around with her.”

“I think that I’ve changed my mind, Miss,” said Billy.

“OK, Billy, as you like, I understand,” said Pauline as she deliberately misunderstood his comment. “I’ll speak to your Aunt! I’m sure that I can persuade her that the Rectory will not become a house of ill-repute! Not while I am here...”

Billy opened his mouth to explain, but Pauline changed the subject.

“A little supper first, and then we can discuss this further,” she announced as she stood and put all of the fatty off-cuts onto a plate and placed before him. “Eat up and then we can watch a little TV together on the sofa.”

The cream cake magically appeared, and Pauline stood over Billy as he dutifully started to eat. Her presence and the idea that she wanted to cuddle on the sofa caused the young man to force down the lamb and then start on the cream cake. He was so stuffed that, when Pauline took him to the lounge he was glad that he could spread himself a little and take the pressure of his stomach.

Pauline took the remote control and started to fiddle with it while Billy nestled

into her ample body. He could feel the stocking clips on her thighs through her dress and her breasts loomed over him as he laid his head on her lap.

“Oh, what a good boy,” said Pauline as she finally managed to get the DVD working. “I know that I am a little over-strict about being polite perhaps, but you just have to learn. Bygones should be bygones! All forgiven?”

Billy could feel an erection starting and he opened his thighs a little to try to relieve the stress.

“Miss?”

Her hand lay on his chest, fondling idly before it slid down his body and came to rest on the hard steel between his thighs.

“I had a little reward in mind,” she said. “All in all you were well behaved and I don’t think that your little outburst should count against you!”

Her hand closed on his balls and Billy gasped as the circle of studs bit into the root of his erection.

“Miss,” he wailed plaintively.

Pauline looked down at him and smiled.

“Perhaps we can release you for this one,” she said. “I know that you like it...”

“Please, Miss...”

“Ask nicely, boy,” she admonished.

“Please let me out, please Miss!”

“There, that’s better, you are so irresistible when you beg me like that. Here we go...”

The credits of the porn film started, and Pauline reached for her neck to get the key. Her fingers fumbled for a moment and then between her breasts before she let out a sigh.

“I’m sorry, Billy, I quite forgot,” she said apologetically. “I gave it to Heather!”

Billy wailed in distress as her hand stroked his stretched balls as if to relieve the anguish. Her breasts loomed over him while the other hand slowly undid her blouse button by button.

“Never mind, perhaps when I get it back?” she chuckled. “There’s always another day!”

The enormous bra was helped from her breasts which hung now before his face and her hand guided a nipple to his mouth.

“There you go, isn’t this what you wanted?” she said.

“Another key, Miss, you must have a spare one!”

“Of course I have, darling, but I gave it to your aunty! For emergencies.”

The nipple, wrinkled and stiff met his lips and Billy kissed it to hear a moan from far above.

“You’ll learn Billy, you’ll learn. Pleasing a woman is all about giving. We don’t need the key anyway, that little cocklet of yours would just distract you from pleasing me properly. Let’s put it down to experience!”

Billy suckled at the enormous breast and Pauline sighed in pleasure. Because he could not see the film she started with a running commentary.

“Ooh, there’s that hunk of a trainer,” she whispered. “A real man, not like the husband with his little sissy-clit all locked up by his wife... he so deserves what’s coming to him....”

She laughed at her little pun and resettled to offer him the other breast as her other hand pressed the hard restraint through his clothing to press between her slightly open legs.

“This is so good, boy, so very good, even though we are really being just a little naughty!”

Her comment ended in a sigh as she opened her legs a little wider and started to rhythmically use the hardness of the restraint to pleasure herself.

Her commentary resumed.

“There’s the husband, boy. He has no idea what his wife is up to,” she chuckled. “Cuckolded in front of his eyes, the little feeble girly!”

The first of her climaxes shook her frame and Billy whined in agony as her hand used him to pleasure herself. The plaintive cries of her victim were smothered by the huge breasts that tumbled over him as her hand encouraged Billy to suckle harder and harder.

“Now he’s licking at her pussy... I’ll turn up the volume for you,” she said, and Billy groaned.

He knew the entire film, frame for frame, and the sound ensured that he could almost picture the action as Pauline settled herself for a delicious hour of edging and indulgence.

“A little more energy would be nice,” she groaned. “You are such a good little girl!”

Her final remark was the true signal of her aims.

“Who needs a cock? You certainly don’t!”

Jacobs Ladder

Billy awoke in a sea of sweat.

Sodden in his nightdress, he threw the covers from him and sat up in the dark. His breathing was laboured and the sudden motion of sitting made him dizzy and disorientated. All around him, in the darkness, lay the detritus of Heather's visit and he knew that he would have to get up early to prevent Pauline seeing it and telling him off.

Billy's dream still lingered in his head. A hopeless tangle of sex, terror and the bruised agony that caused his groin to ache. He fell back to the pillow and tried closing his eyes. Perhaps he could manage to get back to sleep?"

Or not!

Yesterday had been a torment and he knew that more was always to come. Pauline's teasing had exhausted his mental faculties, the soft soapy taste of her nipples was still in his imagination, even if long gone from his lips. As he lay with his eyes closed his leg jerked a little and he suddenly realised that he did not want to sleep.

If he did, the dream might resume!

The dream where everyone that he knew tormented him and made every second

a misery of denied chances. Heather and Pete, her pimp, both dressed in corsets and latex, chased him through a nightmare version of the Rectory where Aunt Klara waited in each room and threatened him to be polite with a wagging finger. Her breasts were bare, and an enormous rubber cock bobbed at each word she spoke. In the end, Billy had managed to evade pursuit and found himself in the lounge with the characters from the porn film that he had seen again just hours before. Pauline was lying on the bed that now occupied the lounge, fucked by the gym-trainer while she moaned and complained that Billy was a sissy and not enough to satisfy her while the wife caned maid-husband with a cane that seemed so long that he had to dodge it as she punished him with cruel strokes. Just as Pauline had ordered him to lick her plump ass, Billy had awoken in a paroxysm of terror and he was in his bedroom in the dark in a wetness of sweat that soaked his skin.

Billy lay in discomfort and the damp and whined plaintively. It had all seemed so real and immediate and the fear still had him breathing hard.

The bedroom door opened, and Pauline stood in a long see-through robe. He could see the outline of her body against the hall light as she entered and moved to look down at him on the bed.

“Billy, whatever is the matter?” she asked. “Jesus, you are running in sweat and were screaming!”

“I had a terrible dream, Miss,” muttered Billy as he looked up at the dark shape.

“A nightmare, baby?”

She offered her hand and he took it.

Pauline pulled Billy out of the bed and hugged him close. He could feel every contour of her generous body and kissed him on the lips.

“Darling,” she said. “I have a cure for lack of sleep...”

Billy stumbled after her as she dragged him to what had been his parent’s room. All of the pictures had gone and the bed now stood in the middle of the room.

“I’ll get it decorated,” she said. “Come on...”

She threw herself into the bed, still holding his hand and he followed her to sprawl on her, his face at her breasts, her hands holding his face.

“I’ll get you to sleep,” she said. “No nightmares will find you where I am!”

“Miss,” he said. “I can’t bear it any longer...”

“What, Billy? What is the matter?”

“I’m so frustrated, Miss. Please, please take this off me, even if we have to cut it off...”

“We can’t do that, it was a present from Aunty Klara, what would she think if I had to ask for another one? Don’t worry, tomorrow I’ll call her, and we’ll get the key back.”

“Now you just relax and go to sleep and in the morning, you’ll see that it’s just a nightmare that has frightened you. Pauline will look after you and keep the panic away.”

Pauline resettled in the bed. The room was in total darkness and Billy could not see at all. Tentatively he moved and slid from her to lie by her side. He felt her hands on his breasts and then she moved away and then back again. He decided to risk throwing an arm over her and found that somehow her legs were near his face and his hands came to rest on her feet.

“That’s nice, boy,” she murmured as if half asleep. “A foot massage would be perfect!”

His hands moved over her feet and she giggled as he touched the soles for a moment.

“Don’t tickle! Not like that, Billy, do it properly!”

He moved a little and so did she and suddenly his lips were on her toes.

“Ooh, that’s wonderful, boy. You really know how to make a woman feel good,”

she said.

Billy kissed her toes one at a time and slowly massaged her feet, while she moaned softly and sighed. Her foot pressed against his lips and he sucked on her big toe. It felt so strange pleasing her like this, but she was obviously in heaven with his touch. The nails were long and curved and he lapped at them before kissing each toe again.

“There you see, the nightmare is just a half-forgotten memory,” she said. “Now do the other foot for a while and we can sleep...”

Billy kissed the other foot and licked the sole making her giggle again.

“Don’t tease, boy or I’ll want so much more!”

Billy massaged and kissed her feet as she slipped into slumber. It was true, making her comfortable had soothed his frayed nerves and now he felt so tired and drowsy. He slipped into a dreamless sleep with the warming feeling that Pauline was so good to him.

His real best friend and maybe more.

The others abused, but Pauline...

She was like a mother.

She cared for him.

Part Six

Holy Orders

Salome's Request

Billy awoke from his sleep as Pauline shook his shoulder roughly. Drowsily he looked up at her and realised that something had severely upset her. Dressed in severe black, , an angry look on her face, she towered over him.

“Miss?” he asked.

“I am not best pleased with you, not at all,” said Pauline through clenched teeth. “Come with me!”

Billy felt her tug at him and rolled on the bed to stand in his nightdress as she stormed from her bedroom and crossed the corridor. He followed her as she stood at the open door to his bedroom and pointed inside with an accusing finger.

“What do you call this, boy?” she asked. “I don’t ask much, but keeping your room tidy is a basic principle of life...”

Billy stared at the room in shock. Clothes strewn everywhere. Stockings laddered and the bits of his laptop as the crowning glory.

“Miss, please, it wasn’t me,” he started.

“I suppose that the fairies came and made this mess?” she shouted down to him.

“Please, Miss, it was Heather!”

Pauline stopped still. Somehow the reaction was more frightening than if she had yelled and slapped him as he expected.

“Excuse me?” she asked. “Excuse me?”

Billy suddenly realised his mistake, but it was true, Heather had made the mess and why should he own up to something that he didn’t do?

“Miss, really it was Heather, she threw all my things around and then broke my laptop!”

Pauline tapped her foot as he spoke, and her face was like thunder, but her voice was icy cold.

“I happen to know Heather very well,” she said. “She’s the best friend of my niece and she would never be so hurtful! After lying to me, don’t you ever dare speak badly of her again! She even offered to come in today to give back the key when I rung her this morning and the only bad thing that she had to say about you was that your room was such a mess!”

Billy ignored the signals and said, “Miss, she really did it...”

Pauline seemed to swell to double her size and she raised her hand as if to slap his face. Now she was almost screaming.

“Tell me, boy, who made this mess?”

“I did, Miss...”

Suddenly, the crisis was over. As if by magic, Pauline smiled and patted him on the head instead of striking him and Billy felt a surge of relief that it was so easily dealt with.

“There’s nothing wrong with the truth, boy!” announced Pauline. “When Heather comes around, in an hour, you will apologise to her and try to make amends. She will be so upset that you tried to blame her. Just like a small child!”

“I’m sorry, Miss...”

“Billy, Billy, you have such a lot to learn,” said Pauline kindly. “You have an hour to tidy up. Put the laddered stockings to one side and you can repair them later.”

She spoke as if she were doing him a favour and Billy hung his head. It would take hours to repair them and he saw his afternoon vanish.

“Heather is bringing back your car as well, picking it up from the repair shop. She will need it more than you, so she can use it for the next few weeks as a thank-you.”

“I might need it, Miss,” said Billy.

“Then ask her nicely and she might lend it to you,” said Pauline. “Now then, tidy the room and I will inspect it in half an hour!”

With that last comment, Pauline turned and headed to her room, but before she slipped through the open door she threw one more comment at the cowering Billy.

“The decorators will be in from this afternoon,” she said. “A bit of redecoration to my room is in order!”

With that she was gone while Billy turned to look at the utter mess that was his room.

It took almost the full hour to clean up the confusion.

Sort through the clothes and iron the ones that needed it. Place his panties back in the drawers the way that Pauline insisted on and then sort the shoes and stockings neatly. He heard the front door opening and Pauline and Heather’s voices, but he worked on. Billy was about to start to get dressed when Pauline returned to check on his progress.

“There, that’s better,” said Pauline as she stood at the door.

Behind her was the smiling face of Heather and Billy felt his heart sink as he watched them both come in to inspect the room. Pauline turned to the smirking Heather and put a motherly hand on her shoulder.

“I’ll make this your responsibility,” said Pauline to Heather. “Make sure that he is always neat and tidy, I can’t be running after him every minute.”

“If you like,” said Heather with relish. “What if it’s a mess?”

“Then that is up to you, young lady! He has to learn to be neat and tidy and keep his clothes in order, I paid a fortune for them and I just hate it when there is waste,” said Pauline. “Just look at this?”

She held up a pair of stockings, one in each hand and Heather tutted.

“Laddered and ruined,” she said. “Perhaps if he put them on, it would show him the importance of being more careful!”

Pauline turned to Billy.

“A woman after my own heart! Every naughtiness should be punished with a

matching penance. I am starting to like this young lady more and more... How could you blame her for the mess that you made?"

"What a little fibber," smirked Heather.

Billy took the stockings from Pauline's hands and stared at them. To him they were way past repairing, the ladders and holes went from seams to ankles.

"First, we have something more important, don't we boy?" said Pauline.

Billy hung his head.

"Please Miss Heather, I am so sorry for lying..."

"Not good enough," announced Pauline before Heather could respond. "I expect you to be far more respectful and apologetic!"

Billy tried again.

"Miss Heather," he began. "Please forgive me for telling a lie to get you into trouble."

"Better," said Pauline, "But, where is the gesture that shows that you mean it

from the bottom of your heart?”

Billy looked at Pauline and she pointed to the floor by Heather’s stilettos. There was nothing for it but to comply. He kneeled in the indicated spot and clasped his hands together.

“I really mean it...” he started.

This time it was Heather that broke him off.

“You forgot to address me properly,” she said with a small laugh. “Now I am insulted!”

It was Pauline’s hand that took a hold of Billy’s long hair and dragged his lips to her feet.

“If you can’t apologise properly like a good boy,” she said, “then at least show that you mean it! Kiss her shoes and tell her that you beg to be forgiven!”

Billy kissed the toe of the shoe and felt it move back slightly so that he was obliged to crawl to keep up. It seemed such a bizarre way of apologising to the girl that he feared, but a thrill went through his frayed nerves as he reached the foot and kissed it again.

“I beg your forgiveness, Miss,” he muttered between kisses.

The promised key at her ankles hung before his very eyes!

“Louder, Billy, louder! I want to hear the words.”

Billy was forced to repeat himself in a loud tone and then the other foot was proffered. He looked up for a moment and found that he could see right up Heather’s baggy skirt. There hung the cock that frightened him and as he watched, it started to grow!

“Her feet, Billy, her feet! Don’t take liberties!” said Pauline as he managed another kiss before her hand pulled him up to his knees again. “You are not at all sorry, are you?” she said as she looked down and then bent his head up to stare into her eyes. “I think that you need a punishment that fits the crime!”

Billy felt overwhelmed. He felt almost that he was part of some pre-prepared play acting and he looked at Heather to see her smirk back at him and run her tongue between her lips.

“What should be his penance for being so rude?” said Pauline to Heather.

“Well, I think that he should keep practicing his apologies until we are satisfied the he actually means it,” said Heather. “But of course, it’s up to you.”

“Good, that’s settled then! Every time that you meet Heather, you can practice until she tells me that you are doing it properly!”

“I don’t think that that’s fair,” said Heather.

“Why ever not?” asked Pauline.

“Because you have to be the judge,” she replied with a grin.

Pauline looked back to Billy and then nodded slowly.

“Fine, then all of us,” said Pauline.

“And Aunty Klara,” added Heather. “She should have the last word.”

“And Aunty Klara,” confirmed Pauline. “Now that that’s settled, I think that Billy can get dressed. Pick a pair of shoes for him and then we can leave him to join us when he is presentable.”

“One moment,” said Heather, “I have something here...”

Heather turned into the corridor and moved a box that had lain out of sight. The point of her stilettos pushed the box towards Billy and Pauline let him go.

“I really think that you are being a little over-generous, darling,” said Pauline. “It will not do to reward naughtiness with a gift!”

“Well,” said Heather. “I was finished with them and he might like something that I have worn!”

“Very generous... open the present, Billy and make sure that you thank your lovely girlfriend properly!”

Billy reached out and opened the large flat box. Inside were the ankle boots that Heather had worn last night.

“Now, say thank you!”

Billy looked at the shoes and then up at the two women who were giving him a lesson in obedience and he knew that he was trapped. Pauline, towering over him while Heather, the mistress of feminine malice, smiled slyly.

“Thank you, Miss,” said Billy.

“You’ll need these, Billy,” she said as her hand opened, and he saw two small padlocks in her palm. “Make sure that they are nice and tight, baby.”

Billy’s two tormenters left him kneeling with the locks lying in his palm and the sight of the ballet-boots waiting for his feet. He heard their heels click as they walked arm in arm and a tear trickled down his cheek.

As Billy struggled to squeeze his feet into Heather's boots, Heather and Pauline were at ease in the kitchen with Klara and poured themselves coffees before sitting at the table.

"What's next?" asked Heather. "When do I get to fuck him?"

"Restrain yourself, girl," said Pauline with a chuckle. "One bit at a time! Klara might want to pop his cherry!"

"That's right," laughed Klara. "When the time is right!"

Pauline sipped her coffee and sighed with pleasure.

"This is so delicious," she said as she sipped.

"The coffee or what we are doing to my sissy nephew?" asked Klara with a smile. "You know, when we started this, all I wanted was the Rectory that should have been mine and not that cow-of-a-sister. Now I want so much more!"

"It's not the game, it's the taking part," said Pauline. "I have not ever had so much fun as I have had in the last months."

"Well then, we need it to last as long as possible," said Klara. "Heather needs to

calm down a little and take it slow.”

“I am going slow,” retorted Heather. “I can’t go any slower!”

“Tsk, tsk,” grinned Klara. “The impetuosity of youth. Look at it like this; what we are creating is a fine wine, it takes time to mature, the bottles need turning and recorking and the end result is so much better for it.”

“I don’t like wine!” said Heather.

Klara leaned over the table and tapped her finger on it with the click of a nail.

“Well, this is my game, darling! You go at the pace that I set and not a step faster. Billy has to beg to be abused, that’s the whole joy of it! Persuaded, edged, played with and used! I don’t want some pathetic slave, I want him to serve and obey because it is part of him, because he can do no other. I want him to come crying to Aunty and be comforted by every pleasure that he gives.”

Heather looked doubtful.

“How is that going to happen? I mean, he sits there sobbing just because of those boots and the knickers and how mean I am to him, and still he resists every little move in the right direction.”

“Darling, you have not seen how far we have come already! Now he dresses

himself like a slut, prays for Pauline here to release his little sissy-clit and has not ever really done anything to escape us! He accepts that he is being sissified and feminised, fattened for the kill and yet, all he can do is sob and wail like a child!”

“I enjoy every moment of it,” said Pauline as she crossed her legs. “Sexualising every moment of his day, separating him from reality until he lives in a fantasy world where I am his only friend.”

“Then, that’s the way that we’ll play it from here on in,” said Klara. “I will turn into the wicked Aunt, Heather will be the weapon in my hand and you, Pauline will be his only friend, his solace and temptation. Protecting him from us as well as she can...”

“Of course, I’ll fail to protect him occasionally...” laughed Pauline.

“Then rescue him before it gets worse,” said Heather. “Each time a little deeper, each time he has to give up a little more.”

“Ahh, at last, now you’re starting to get it,” said Klara. “We’ll get there in the end and poor little Billy will find that the only way to make his life bearable is to gratify our whims. Then...”

“Then?” asked Heather.

“Then the world will fold in on itself and I will have the sissy-slave that I have

always wanted,” laughed Klara.

There was short pause in the conversation as each of the three waited for the other to break the silence after Klara’s confession.

“At least I’ll be the one to punish the little sissy,” said Heather at last. “I can live with that. His terror is so fucking hot!”

“Just follow my directions and this could last for years,” breathed Klara. “When we are done with Billy, he will be so far gone that he won’t even remember what it was like to be human.”

“Klara,” said Pauline. “You are such an utter bitch! Did you really hate your sister that much?”

“I have my reasons...”

Klara stroked her thighs and sighed with pent-up lust.

Second Temple

It was so much more difficult than it had been before. Everything, Billy did was so much harder to do. The small tasks that had been chores and filled his time were now hurdles that could almost not be surmounted.

And that was the idea.

Pauline had to admit that Heather and Klara had been so clever to put him in those fetish boots. Each step just an inch or two, his calves bulging with the effort, his thighs aching and his knees giving way. Every moment of his life was now just a struggle to survive the agony and difficulty of walking and moving.

She watched, Billy doing the ironing and smiled.

The poor little slut was so turned on by the shoes, she could see that easily. He looked at them constantly out of the corner of his eye and she could see that he was always at the brink of arousal, cut short by the restraint that guarded his chastity.

He tottered on the points of his toes, the heels clicking on the hard floor as he moved the iron and carefully arranged the endless stockings in neat piles. Pauline was changing her stockings four times a day and then there were Billy's. She made sure that there was always a pile of darning to do by laddering her stockings continually. Billy always wore the repaired and damaged ones, giving him the look of a worn-out tart as he laboured to do all of the tasks that he was set.

After the ironing, he would be putting on another wash and after that, there was a little dusting and light housework. In the hall, the builders moved to-and-fro with the materials that Pauline had ordered to redecorate the bedroom. Pauline enjoyed watching Billy as he jumped at every little sound and word through the lounge door.

She knew what he feared and laughed inside at his terror.

That there would be a knock at the door and then one of those men would look inside the lounge to ask a question or request some advice. They would see Billy and start to laugh and that would be more than he could bear. Pauline smiled to herself, the show was about to begin, and Billy's nightmare was about to come knocking at the door.

When it came, he jumped and looked in panic at Pauline as if about to run and hide, but she just pointed at the ironing board and he hung his head.

"Come," called Pauline.

The door opened, and a young woman opened the door. She stepped into the room and then halted as the strange scene registered. Dressed in overalls and jeans, heavy boots and with a tight baseball cap on her head she looked at Pauline in surprise and then back to the maid that was doing the ironing.

"A problem?" said Pauline.

“I just wanted to know what to do with the furniture...” said the woman and her gaze was drawn again to the blushing Billy.

“Oh, you mean, where to fix it all?”

“That’s right.”

The woman has a smile on her face and she watched fascinated as Billy carefully laid a stocking on the board and began to attend to it.

The woman nodded at Billy and grinned broadly, “I think I understand the purpose but, is it right that you want it bolted to the floor?”

“That’s right,” answered Pauline. “Fixed with at least six bolts and I want the opening facing the door.”

“Er right,” said the woman. “Hope I’m not disturbing...”

The woman started to chuckle and shook her head.

“I wish I could get someone to do my ironing like that!” she said.

“Oh, Billy? My employer? He’s so good at it, just bring it with you tomorrow

and he'll do the lot!"

"Might just take you up on that!"

Billy started to blush and tried hard to keep his eyes on his work.

"Do so, the more practice the better, that's what I always say."

"What else does he do?" asked the builder.

"Oh, Billy's really good at housework," said Pauline with a laugh. "If you need a coffee or a bite to eat, then just ask and he'll do it for you..."

"My name's Gillian," she said as she left the room. "You have an interesting place here. I wouldn't show Billy to my workmates if I were you," she chuckled. "They might get the wrong idea!"

"I doubt it," laughed Pauline.

Billy breathed a sigh of relief as the door closed and sighed.

"What's the matter Billy?"

“Miss. I thought that you were going to give me to her!”

Pauline tried to keep a straight face.

“Billy, Billy,” she said. “I will always be here to look after you! Gillian looks to be a fun girl, I’m sure that the odd cup of coffee and a little ironing make it worth getting to know her.”

“I suppose so, Miss,” said Billy.

“There you go then! Now just be a good little boy and do that last pile and then we can look to see what the decorators have been up to,” said Pauline. “I have had the whole room redecorated. Aunt Klara picked the colours, I picked some of the furniture and Heather picked the accessories.”

Billy nodded and started on the last high pile of knickers. There seemed to be dozens of them and he flicked through the pile disconsolately.

“Heather’s, Miss?” he asked.

“Oh, just twenty pairs or so,” said Pauline dismissively. “By the time you’re done Aunt Klara will be here to see how the decor is going. Make a good job of it, boy, she told me that she was going to check up on you after last night’s temper tantrum.”

Billy heard the decorators leaving and a sense of relief that Pauline did not feel the need to show him off. He was just at the last five pairs of Pauline's knickers when Aunt Klara walked into the room.

"I see he's still hard at work," she said as she moved next to Pauline. "A woman's work is never done!"

"He's doing just fine," said Pauline.

Klara looked at Billy and then strolled to see the small piles of clothes and nylons all carefully sorted. Her hand moved, and she gave out with a small sigh.

"Billy," she said. "You really must try to get this right!"

Her hand held up a pair of Pauline's knickers. The bows were all untied and the crotch hung open.

"Every single pair, please," she continued. "Bows nice and tight, ironed flat afterwards and then no creases like this one..."

Her finger pointed to a small wrinkle on the satin.

"Do them all again, Billy and count yourself lucky that I did not find any soiling

that comes from a poorly done hand-wash!”

“Sorry Aunty,” said Billy and he shifted the piles and started afresh.

“You’ll learn,” said Klara. “When Heather is in charge of you, you might not get off so lightly, especially since you seem to have forgotten what was decided last night!”

Billy looked up at his aunt and then looked down at her feet. One foot forward, the other slightly turned and behind. He looked at Pauline as if for help and when he got no response, he dropped to all fours and kissed each shoe delicately.

“This is exactly what Heather was complaining about,” said Klara. “You will do this until it is a habit! Every woman has the right to be greeted with respect and love. The respect is being on your knees, the love shows with the sweet little kisses.”

Billy looked up as if asking permission to stand and Klara waved her hand impatiently.

“Once the greeting is done, it is done! I have no intention of disturbing Pauline’s routine. Now, you finish off here, and Pauline and I are going to see how the work is getting along...”

“Please Aunty, can I come too...”

“If you had done everything properly the first time, but you still have to finish up.”

Billy picked up the iron while his aunt and Pauline sauntered from the room.

As the door closed, Billy heard his aunt say, “You go far too easy on him, Pauline, when Heather gets here...” and then the door closed.

Pauline started to giggle.

“Good cop, bad cop,” she tittered. “Now I will have to soothe him before he goes to bed!”

“I love it,” said Klara as they climbed the stairs. “Now then, let’s see what they have been up to.”

The bedroom was in a state of chaos as the two women stepped onto the sheets and looked around. A huge Queen-size double bed was now positioned in the centre with the mattress missing. The wallpaper was still damp, but the subtle black roses on the matte black background gave a dark and wicked look to the room already. A tall box had been unpacked and the disassembled cage stood stacked at the end of the bed, but the floor bolts were already in place to make it immovable.

“Looks perfect,” said Klara. “I have ideas for my own room and Heather wants a cheerful blue, but you should see the pictures that she plans to hang.”

“I just want atmosphere,” said Pauline as she surveyed the room. “The cage will be boxed, and the other furniture is due tomorrow and the day after. Plenty of room for all the small stuff and then the rest of the shoes and outfits go there...”

She pointed to where a vast hole in the wall now linked what had been Billy’s parent’s bedroom to the small box room next door.

“Walk-in with loads of room for everything...”

“I’ll be wanting the same,” commented Klara as she looked through the rough hole. “I am planning to have Billy’s place in my own walk-in wardrobe, nice and close for use,” she said. “Here, come and look.”

Klara led her friend down the corridor from Pauline’s room and opened the door to the other main bedroom. She pointed at the wall between her room and the room that Billy now used and circled where an arch would go.

“Sound proofed of course,” said Klara. Then in Billy’s room...”

They went to Billy’s room and looked around.

“I’ll brick up the window and then that end will be Billy’s,” she said. “A set of nice bars here and then my shoes all under glass on display for him to see all of the time. I don’t want him ever to forget what he lives for!”

“Scarcely room for a cot in there,” said Pauline.

“He’ll manage,” dismissed Klara. “Anyway, I’m getting a box for him as well. Then racks and shelves for outfits on these walls and finally a shower and toilet to make the room like a small suite.”

“Sounds good, when do you want to start on the work?”

“As soon as yours is done the next phase begins,” said Klara as she took a last look around. “So what’s the cost?”

“Ten thousand so far,” said Pauline. “The first payment from the will came on the day that we got Heather to destroy his laptop. I have already emptied the account and there’s around fifty thousand left for general use after the building costs.”

“And the Rectory itself?”

“In two weeks... perhaps. We really have to decide how to sort out the sale.”

Klara smiled.

“He’ll sell to me at market price,” she said. “It’s the easiest way. Then when the money comes into his account, you will be able to slowly move it to mine again. I’ll pay off the small mortgage that I’ll have to get and it will be all done.”

“You realise that there’s a load more cash?”

Klara pouted.

“How much?”

“After death duties and fees, the solicitor’s letter mentioned over half a million in shares and bonds.”

“Then have them liquidated and I won’t need the mortgage,” said Klara with a wicked grin.

“Fine, Billy is signing off all the bills without question now, and another letter should be no problem!”

“Three weeks?”

“For your room to be done, at least that. Heather’s comes first, it’s just a redecorate and making good. By January, you will be in...”

“I’ll mark my calendar, babes.”

“God, I’m so looking forward to having you here. Heather will do the work with

Billy and we'll be able to have a life of luxury."

Klara nodded and led Pauline down the stairs.

"By the end of January, he'll be ready for my bedroom," laughed Pauline. "Then you will have to decide what you want from your nephew..."

"Oh, I know already!"

"You pique my curiosity," said Pauline.

"You'll see," laughed Klara. "All that I can say, is that my nephew will do things for my pleasure that will have me coming endlessly!"

"Mmm, sounds good!"

"Oh, I'll tell you closer to the time, dear. Let's get this all up and running first and get him broken and usable for what I have in mind."

Pauline put her hand on the door, but Klara stopped her with a sly grin.

"I noticed a laddered stocking in one of the piles. Now watch the fun," she said as she pushed the door open.

Milk, No Honey

Gillian passed the bag of washing to Pauline with a small smile.

“That’s everything,” she said with a laugh. “I need it all by this evening, I hope that that’s no problem?”

“It will be waiting for you even if it takes all day,” said Pauline as she looked into the bag at the washing. “He will make it a priority...”

“He’s just what I need at home,” joked Gillian. “I never seem to have time to get on top of it. Perhaps you could lend him to me...”

Pauline turned to Billy with a smile and passed on the bag.

“Hand-washed, dried, repaired and ironed by six for Gillian,” she instructed, “and I expect a perfect job, boy.”

“Yes Miss,” said Billy and disappeared into the kitchen.

“How have you done that?” asked Gillian.

“Done what?”

“The maid thing,” said Gillian. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“Oh, a little push here and a little guidance there and it happened all by itself.”

Gillian watched Billy in the kitchen through the open door as he carefully unpacked the bag and started to sort the clothes. Jeans, T shirts, a dress, various bits of underwear all in neat piles. His feet tapped on the floor as he moved, and Gillian could not suppress a giggle.

“Just like a maid,” she said. “I won’t ask what happens in the bedroom.”

Pauline shrugged.

“Nothing much, really.”

“Who is he?”

“Billy is the nephew of a good friend,” said Pauline. “I am just helping her out.”

Gillian thought about the boxed cage that she had just fitted in Pauline’s bedroom and the exposition of the next phase. The middle-aged woman in

charge had been quite matter of fact. Almost as if what she wanted in the way of décor was quite normal, and Gillian just itched to get the details.

“Is all that for him?”

“For his aunt, mostly,” said Pauline. “Mostly he will be kept in her changing room for occasional use.”

The idea of keeping a slave in the bedroom tickled Gillian and she nodded slowly before a thought occurred to her.

“He’s willing?” she asked. “I mean he’s not really an unwilling slave, is he?”

Pauline looked into the kitchen where Billy was filling the sink with suds.

“Do you see any chains?”

“No, but...”

“Billy loves serving!” said Pauline. “All I have to do is make sure that he understands what is required. He tries hard, but sometimes he needs a little prompting. He’s just a kinky little slut and I am indulging his perversions!”

Gillian pictured Billy over this stern woman's knee receiving his 'prompting' and started to laugh.

"I've seen it all now..." she giggled. "Anyway, thanks for the wash, it is a real help."

"It's nothing, he needs to be kept busy all the time," replied Pauline. "What we need to do is to discuss the timescale of the other work."

"Your bedroom is nearly finished," said Gillian. "A week to get materials for the second phase and then we can start on the second bedroom for his aunty." She started to giggle again and paused for a moment. "Once we get going on that little project, a week will see the building done and another will be for the decoration and fitting. Then the last room is really just a few days' work."

"Good, this afternoon the rest of the pictures will be delivered for my room. I would prefer it if you did the final work yourself, Gillian! Having the other two men around while I get my bedroom ready is not a good idea."

Gillian smiled.

"You should hear their comments! I can do that when they've gone, Pauline. An hour to sort out, that's all. Then that will give him time to get my washing done."

"He'll be done by six."

“Sound’s good.”

With one last look at the bizarre figure that was working in the kitchen and a wondering shake of the head, Gillian went up the stairs whilst Pauline moved to supervise Billy.

“This will all be ready by six,” announced Pauline to Billy as she looked over the progress. “After that, Heather is coming around, and she will expect you to entertain her.”

Her hand stroked his ass and he jumped.

“You sexy little slut!” said Pauline. “I really think that you are trying to tempt me. Such a shame that Heather and Aunty have the keys! Never mind, there will be plenty of chances in the future.”

Billy blushed and hoped that the hand would explore a little further, but it seemed that Pauline had other ideas. She sat down at the kitchen table and started to sort through some papers whilst Billy continued the wash. He could see from the corner of his eye that she had the household accounts book open and was ticking off various expenses.

Pauline muttered under her breath as she wrote in the book, all the while opening the letters and adding the values of the invoices to the columns of figures. At last she finished, seemingly satisfied, and closed the book before sitting watching Billy as he worked at the sink.

“Do you still want to sell the Rectory?” she asked.

Billy wiped the suds from his arms and turned. This was the first time in weeks that Pauline had asked him a serious adult question and he was shaken by its directness.

“I had not thought about it, Miss,” he said in a hopeful voice as he pictured a door opening and walking into freedom.

“Well, think about it now, boy!” said Pauline.

“Miss?, I think that I want to...”

Billy expected the woman who sat with ankles crossed would find a way to discourage him, but instead she just pushed a letter across the table to him to read. Feeling nervous he looked at the paper and then picked it up. It was the announcement that the house was at last his, that the final probate of the will was complete and that all that was required was to sign and it would be complete. The figures in the reckoning were more than he could ever have dreamed of. Liquidated accounts, shares and bonds. A sum from life insurance and a pension that would be his for the next five years on top of that. The rectory was valued at half a million as well and Billy trembled as he realised that he would never need to work in his entire life.

“It’s a lot of money, boy, and all yours!”

Billy nodded and reluctantly gave the letter back to Pauline.

“So, do you want to sell?”

“Miss, please, I really do!”

“Good, I’ll get an estate agent in and it can go on the market.”

Billy was confused. Why have all the work done on the house if he was going to sell? What would happen when he moved out... Heather, Pauline and Aunty Klara would be so upset!

“Miss, I don’t understand...”

“The Rectory is yours, Billy. I am your best friend and even though it will be such a shame that you are selling, I think that you need to do what you want!”

Pauline’s hand stretched out and she fondled his breasts in an affectionate way and then pulled him to sit on her knee.

“I don’t want to lose you,’ said Billy as she kissed him and fondled him.

“You won’t lose me!” said Pauline gently and she wrapped him in her arms and

kissed him again on the lips. “Why on earth would you think that?”

Billy started to cry. He was so confused, caught between a hopeless lust and terror of the future. He sobbed, and Pauline guided his lips to her bosom.

“I’ll always be here to look after you Billy. Always! All you have to do is promise to allow me to help you.”

Pauline’s hand was on his thigh. It moved a little and stroked his steel restraint and then moved to his balls that hung between her thighs. Billy sighed and then squirmed on her lap as he was punished for his excitement by the metal that gripped the base of his cock.

“Please Miss...” he whined, and Pauline slowly pushed him down to suckle her.

“That’s better, Billy, do you like this? Does my poppet want a little fuck?”

Her hand moved under his balls and scratched at the sensitive skin before pressing on his clenched ass hole. He could not speak as his lips pressed on her nipples and she pressed aa little harder.

“This is your little pussy, Pauline’s special little sissy pussy!” she whispered in his ear. “Just relax and I will show you what it’s for...”

Billy gasped as a finger pushed deep into his rear. He felt it penetrate and take

him and he suckled furiously as she pushed into him. The feeling was profound, exciting and threatening, intimate and frightening as he moaned while she slowly fucked him with her finger.

“See? All you have to do is allow me to fuck you, poppet and we shall see that that horrible restraint is so easily cheated.”

Inside him, the finger probed, and Pauline held him close to her as she searched and sought for the switch that would unlock him to the next level of obedience to her. She pushed in a little more and moved and then Billy’s thighs twitched and she knew that she had found his weak spot.

“Can you feel it, boy?” she urged.

“Pauline,” he whined in almost-distress. “Don’t stop, please!”

“Miss,” she corrected. “Just beg me for it and it’s yours!”

“I’m coming, Miss,” he sobbed. “Please make me come for you!”

“That’s better, boy, here it comes...”

Far inside Billy’s body, the finger moved and stroked the spot that she had sought out. The finger drew a nail gently and then pressed and rubbed to the same rhythm that shuddered his thighs. Pushing him forward until there was

nothing that he could do to stop the climax.

A clenching, the release. The shudder and slight thrust of the hips.

The finger stopped, but it was too late to stop Billy's reaction. His balls tightened and relaxed, deep inside him, something clenched and the dribble of come made its way through the narrow tube that had been inserted into him and trickled from him on to her wrist and stockinged thighs.

"See, there is nothing to stop my little boy from climaxing for me!" she whispered in his ear. "We don't need keys to make you come, just a little fuck in Sissy's tight pussy!"

Billy had a singing in his ears, he could feel the come dribble from him on to her and he snuggled against her breasts hoping that she would do it again.

"Please Miss, again?"

"Ooh, you are a greedy little slut aren't you?"

The finger had slipped from him, but the nail rested on the clenched crinkled entrance and she made as if to violate him again. Billy gasped, and Pauline lifted his head by grasping his hair and kissed him.

"Can you feel it?" she said between kisses as the finger pressed a little.

“Oh, oh,” he gasped and pressed his lips to hers.

“Do you want to be fucked like a little girl again?”

Billy made a small sound that ended with a hiss that could have been a ‘Miss’! The agony from his cock trying to swell balanced by the ecstasy of Pauline milking him almost caused him to faint and he desperately wanted to scream, but from his open lips came just a rattle as she teased. The finger that had violated him was still and Pauline was waiting.

“Miss...”

“Should I teach Heather to fuck you?”

The finger pressed just a fraction of an inch and Billy gasped as her other hand slipped a finger into his gaping mouth. His mind was in a whirl and the words tumbled out.

“Miss, please, please, I love you Miss!”

“I love you too, boy!”

Baptism

Gillian was impressed and promised to bring more washing for Billy to do the next day. She looked into the bag where even tattered work-jeans and T shirts had been ironed and folded to perfection. Pauline then laughed and ordered Billy to greet her with respect and she had just stared down as he kissed each of her work-boots.

“He is so cute,” she said as she patted him on the head. “Just what I need around the house! A maid there for me all the time!”

“You and every other woman!” laughed Pauline as she closed the door.

“She likes you,” said Pauline to the crawling man at her feet. “You see, your little kinks simply make you more attractive!”

Billy looked up at the towering Pauline above him. She seemed to be mulling some idea in her head and then said, “Come with me...”

He followed her on all-fours into the lounge where she led him to her favourite seat. Billy waited as she lit a cigarillo and placed her feet on the glass topped table. He could see the tops of her stockings and drank in the view hoping that what she had in mind was another intimate liaison, but it seemed that she had something other than that on her mind.

“You are special,” she began, and Billy’s hopes rose as she patted his head. “I just think that there is something missing...”

“What’s that, Miss,” he replied.

Pauline blew a stream of smoke from her lips and smiled down at him.

“I think that Gillian is right,” she said.

“Miss?”

“Just a thought, but you would be a perfect maid...”

Billy tried to read where this was going. He watched the smile on her face as a curl of smoke left her lips and was inhaled by her nose. She patted her lap and Billy rested his chin on her thigh to look up at her.

“I don’t understand, Miss,” he ventured.

“Oh, it’s nothing! Nothing at all. It’s just that I was thinking that we could play a little game, but it probably won’t work.”

Her hand moved to his mouth and pushed a finger into his lips.

“No, silly me, you’re selling the Rectory and it would never work.”

Billy’s interest was fully taken by Pauline’s reticence and he wondered how he could find out what ‘game’ she had in mind. He almost trembled with the need to be milked by her again and said what he hoped that she wanted to hear.

“Then I won’t sell, Miss,” he whispered.

“Billy, don’t be silly. I won’t hear of it!”

Billy looked up at her. Her hand teased his nipples while the other put the cigarillo to her lips. What did she want? A feeling of desperation overcame him.

“Please Miss.”

“Yes, boy?”

“Miss, Miss, I’ll do whatever you want me to, please, you know I will...”

Pauline bent down and planted a small kiss on his forehead. Her hand ran down his back and he could feel her nails through the dress. He longed for her to reach further, to slide her hand through the valley of his ass and...

“You don’t even know what you are asking for,” said Pauline.

He wined and tried to move a little closer, allow her hand to manage the extra inches. A feeling of total helplessness overcame him. He wanted to belong, she listened to his needs, unlike the others. Pauline was his friend, his lover. Pauline would keep him safe!

Her loved her.

“I don’t care,” he said defiantly.

“Billy!” she warned. “Don’t make me angry with you! If you do not show respect, how can I trust you with my own little fantasy?”

“I’m sorry, Miss,” he mumbled and slid his head from her lap and kissed each shoe before returning.

The idea that Pauline had a private fantasy excited him and he groaned as his erection struggled against the steel studs. She had said something about what Gillian had said and tried to think of the woman’s parting words.

Pauline finished the cigarillo and stubbed it out. She smiled and then stroked Billy in an intimate way that sent shivers down his spine.

“It’s just that Gillian said something, and I think that it would be so much fun!

You would be a perfect little maid for me. All dressed in a cute little uniform with a feather duster while I bossed you around and abused you.”

Billy tried to imagine how it would work and thought of the husband in his favourite porn film. He was sort of a maid, well almost. Was that what she meant?

“Please, please let me, Miss,” he begged.

“No, I don’t think that it’s a good idea! I would have to use a cane on you and I really don’t want to hurt you! It would just be silly if I was not really strict, wouldn’t it?”

The aspect of punishment had not occurred to Billy and a shiver ran down his spine.

“I would promise to be so good that you would never have to use it, Miss,” he suggested.

Pauline took his head in her hands and looked into his eyes.

“Would you really do that for me, boy?”

Billy tried to nod, but her face came to his and she kissed him on the lips.

“You really are so sweet,” she said.

“Miss, would Aunty Klara and Heather want to play?”

“There’s no way that I could possibly stop them, Billy.”

“But, you would be here, with me all the time?”

“Billy, I would tell them to be gentle with you... I will make sure that you are safe and sound...”

Pauline’s hand slowly reached into her blouse and she eased a breast over her bra with a satisfied sigh.

“The Mistress of the house would have to keep her maid rewarded,” she whispered. “Show a little kindness occasionally when the work was properly done! Intimate rewards would be given...”

He stared longingly at the nipple that Pauline rolled between finger and thumb until it was stiff, and he longed to suckle at her.

“Miss, I promise that I will always do everything properly...”

“Of course you do, boy! You promise, but can you deliver to my high expectations?”

“Please let me try, Miss,” he said hopefully.

Pauline smiled and leaned a little, brushed the erect nipple on his lips and then slowly allowed Billy to suckle at her. Looking down, Pauline felt satisfaction that her prey was ready for the next level of control. All it had taken were a few weeks of chastity and the finger-milking of him and he was begging to serve whatever the cost.

“OK, we’ll try for just a month,” she said. “You will be the maid and I will be your so-strict sexy Mistress. But, I expect a lot of you Billy! This is my fantasy and if you spoil it, I will have to punish you severely! Do you understand? I won’t let you forget!”

“What Miss?”

“That you wanted this, that you begged me!”

The hand that was on his back moved slowly down and a finger slipped between the crack of his ass. Billy sucked at the teat between his lips, held his breath, as a single finger slowly pushed into him. The feeling of imminence filled his head as he rocked towards her and sighed. When the touch came, it was almost more than he could bear. He gasped and trembled with the craving, so close, so close...

The finger retreated and popped out of him and Billy almost sobbed with the disappointment.

“You haven’t done anything to deserve a reward, yet,” said Pauline. “When you have, then I’ll let you leak all that warm slime on my stockings!”

Billy whined as the breast was withdrawn and helped back into the lacy bra.

“Now then, I need a name for you,” said Pauline slyly. “Something like Bambi, Candi or Sissy. You can’t go on having a boy’s name if you are a maid, can you? I mean, ‘Billy’ is a silly name anyway for a maid!”

Billy shook his head.

“Bambi will do,” said Pauline. “Sort of girly and cute, just like my new sexy maid.”

She started to stand and patted him on the head.

“What’s your name now?”

“Bambi, Miss.”

“That’s better. Now then a few things are going to have to change around here. I can’t have the maid not concentrating on her duties, can I?”

“No, Miss.”

“Where’s your mother’s cane, Bambi?” she asked. “The one that you found under her bed?”

“In my room, Miss,” said Billy. “Do I have to get it?”

Pauline smiled down at him and shook her head.

“I told you that it would be difficult for you, Bambi,” she said. “If you are the maid, then I must be the mistress! Already you have to be punished because you are asking questions! Just the one stroke over my knee...”

“But, how could I know, Miss?” he whined.

“That’s two strokes now, Bambi. Never disagree or argue. Ever!”

“Sorry Mistress.”

“Another mistake, Bambi, now it’s three strokes. Tsk, tsk, this is going to be a painful first lesson. You will never need to apologise ever again because a good maid makes no mistakes! You promised...”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Bambi.

“Good, now run along like a good girl and fetch it...”

Bambi stood and hesitated.

“Can I change my mind, Miss?”

“Of course you can, baby, but you can’t change mine!”

Part Seven

Ascension

The Humble Servant

“Wait here, Bambi, I need to speak to Heather and Aunty Klara alone,” said Pauline. “That’s one of the rules now. It wouldn’t be right if the maid listened in to everything that her Mistress was deciding for her, would it?”

Bambi hung her head and stared at the cane that now lay on the glass topped table. She felt a queasy shrinking in her belly and so very foolish. What had made her beg to play Pauline’s little fantasy out? She had done everything to dissuade her foolish maid and Bambi had insisted...

Why had he agreed to her games?

At least she had not caned him!

Yet.

Bambi had brought back the cane and laid it in her Mistress’s lap and Pauline had just smiled and told her maid that it was a little test to see if Bambi was prepared to be a good girl! To see if she really wanted to play out her new role. Then she had warned, that next time she might not be so kind. That, next time she might have to use it, even if just to show her maid that a caning or spanking was possible.

Pauline stood slowly and looked down at Bambi with an almost affectionate

glance.

“Stay like that,” she said to the kneeling maid. “I need to have a word with your aunty and tell her about what you promised me...”

She stalked from the room and closed the door.

There were voices in the hall and the maid tried to hear what they were saying, but the words were indistinct. A little laughter, that was Heather’s low-pitched voice followed by Aunty Klara and Pauline said something that caused the laughter to stop. A few scattered words could be made out as Pauline spoke.

“...in the kitchen,” said Pauline. “Then we can discuss...”

Pauline’s voice became indistinct and then silenced as the kitchen door closed and Bambi was left on her own to contemplate her reckless agreement to Pauline’s proposal.

Her knees ached and she trembled.

After a few minutes staring at the cane, Bambi heard the door open and Aunt Klara’s voice in the hallway.

“...think that if Bambi is going to be a maid that we need to lay down some strict rules... I don’t approve of these little games, but if that’s what is promised...”

The door to the lounge opened and the three tormentors walked into the room. Pauline with an encouraging smile at the trembling maid, Aunt Klara next and then Heather dressed casually in tight jeans and a cropped T shirt.

“I understand from Pauline that you have asked to serve us as a maid?” said Klara to her trembling nephew. “I hope that you understand that we will expect the very best behaviour from you? Are you sure that you want this? Because I want a proper answer!”

“Yes, Aunty.”

“Good! You realise that there is no going back on this?”

The quaking feminised young man shook his head and his aunt smiled.

“That was your last chance to change your mind,” said Klara. “I really don’t approve of things like this, but if it what you want, then I suppose that I can accommodate myself to the idea! I insist that if we are going to indulge your wishes, then it is going to be done properly! You really are a bit of a disappointment to me, dear! Fancy wanting to become a sissy-maid? But, who am I to decide everything for you? Heather what do you think?”

“It will be so sweet to have a little maid,” said Heather. “I think that she was born for it and if that’s what she wants...”

“Pauline?” asked Klara.

“She begged me, so I think that we can make this work for our new maid... it might be sort of fun.”

Klara gathered herself and looked Bambi up and down, almost as if seeing her for the first time. She bent to pick up the cane and bent it in her hands as she spoke.

“I think that the time has come for us to lay down some guidelines here,” she said in a stern tone. “Bambi will be responsible for making sure that the Rectory is neat and clean for us. She will do all of the household tasks set by Pauline as well as tending to our intimate needs.”

Aunt Klara walked around Bambi and then touched the tip of the cane under the maid’s chin.

“Since Heather and myself are moving into the Rectory, Bambi will need a room for herself that reflects her new status as well as making her available at all hours of the day and night. Lastly, there is the matter of punishments for poor service! Heather will be in charge of Bambi’s training from now on and ensure that she behaves correctly. She will learn to keep the maid working hard and submissive...”

“Fair enough,” smirked Heather.

Bambi looked at Pauline and she just nodded.

Aunt Klara withdrew the tip of the cane and smiled.

“Now that we have that straight, I have something else to discuss. I understand that the Rectory is to be offered for sale,” started Klara. “I shall of course, buy it!”

Bambi shivered, and Aunt Klara turned to her.

“Do you have a problem with that?” she asked.

“No Aunty!”

Klara snorted dismissively and then seemed to relax. She placed the cane back onto the table and smiled at her nephew.

“Pauline and I have things to discuss,” she said. “You will show Heather the room that will be hers until the decoration work is finished and then help her unpack her things. Just do everything that Heather requires with no argument. After that, report back here. We will all be very busy in the next few weeks making the Rectory fit to live in, and you will have a lot to do!”

“Aunty?”

“Please can Pauline come with me?”

“What is the matter with you girl? Don’t you think that Pauline has more important things to do than supervise every step that her sissy-maid makes? Heather will teach you what is expected, so run along now and do as you’re told!”

She flexed the cane in her hands before passing it to Heather who took it and swished it through the air.

“Come with me, Bambi,” said Heather.

She walked to the door of the lounge and beckoned with a crooked finger and Bambi could do nothing but follow with a last look at a smiling Pauline.

Before the lounge door closed he heard his aunt chuckle and say, “I think that our new maid really needs to learn that she is just...” and then the door closed.

There were three huge cases in the hall. Bambi hefted one and found that she could barely drag it, let alone carry it up the stairs. Heather stood impatiently and then started up the stairs.

“Bring them up and then you can unpack for me...” she said as she reached the top.

Bambi tested all three and decided to take the heaviest first. As she carefully stepped up the staircase with the case bumping behind, she realised that she would risk falling at every step with the case climbing each step. It took a couple of minutes to park it and then she pulled the case down the corridor to find that Heather had chosen one of the guest rooms. She stood there waiting impatiently as Bambi arrived and tutted as her maid tottered off to fetch the next. Each case was a trial of balance and determination and took longer than the last. When she returned with the third, Heather was nowhere to be seen and Bambi stood for a minute to regain her breath.

“What the fuck are you doing?” asked Heather as she reappeared. “Unpack them now and then you can clean up the room, thoroughly, put fresh sheets on the bed and then clean the bathroom. Don’t just stand there gawping.”

The first case contained a mass of clothes. Disordered and creased, Bambi laid them on the bed and started on the second whilst Heather disappeared to explore. The second was the heaviest and Bambi opened it to find a vast collection of latex and other gear that could be immediately hung in the wardrobe and arranged. A short and wicked crop lay at the bottom with the shoes and she held it nervously and ran the braided leather through her hands with a shiver of fear. Still hanging from the handle was a tag which read, ‘With Love, Klara’ in Klara’s flowing script. The revelation caused Bambi to shiver and she carefully hid the crop with the high heeled shoes at the bottom of the wardrobe. The third suitcase consisted of fashionable jeans, T shirts, some jewellery, a couple of pairs of trainers and a small locked box labelled with Heather’s name.

When Heather reappeared, she found her maid trying to stroke the creases from the clothes on the bed.

“Iron them properly,” she said. “Then start on the room...”

It was a relief that Heather did not seem intent on more than household chores and Bambi gathered the creased clothes and headed for the kitchen. As she passed Heather with her arms full, she was stopped by her superior who took the opportunity to slap her ass and then press her against the open door.

“When you are done, I will return to assess your work,” said Heather with a leer and a kiss to the lips. “We are going to get along so nicely...”

Bambi felt tears in her eyes and managed to escape the mauling hands and hurried downstairs. In the hallway she smelled the cigarette smoke from the lounge and heard the chatter of female voices, but she did not linger but headed to the kitchen.

It took an hour to iron all the clothes.

Bambi heard occasional laughter and felt oppressed by it and Heather looked in momentarily and watched then, she too, retired to the lounge. At last it was done, and Bambi returned to make sure the room was spotless. She dusted and freshened the room before wondering if she was supposed to report to the lounge.

It took five minutes for her to make up her mind and then reluctantly she left the bedroom. The bedroom that had once been occupied by her parents had had a new door fitted and Bambi looked at it and then tested the handle. This was now Pauline’s bedroom and she wondered how the redecoration looked.

She knew that she was breaking unspoken rules, but she just could not help looking inside. The handle turned, and she edged the door open to find that the

room had changed almost beyond recognition. A vast bed was positioned in the centre. Heavy dark oak, it filled the space while the black satin wallpaper gave the room a dark and sinister look. The only dash of colour was a vase of bright red roses perched on a chest that stood on a plinth by the bed and the curtains that matched the ferocity of the crimson with their own. A black carpet filled all the floor space and around the walls were scattered prints that were sinister rather than erotic.

Bambi heard the voice of her aunt in the hall below and hurriedly closed the door. From the top of the stairs she could see Pauline and Klara chatting and stopped to listen in to their conversation.

“I was going to move in tomorrow,” Klara was saying. “But, I think that I’ll wait until my room is done. I will arrange a proper move for then. Meanwhile, I have a temporary uniform for Bambi in the car...”

The two women left by the front door and Bambi heard the car beep as it was opened. She was just trying to decide if she should retreat to Heather’s room, when Heather appeared and looked up to see the maid standing uncertainly at the top of the stairs.

“What are you doing?” she asked. “Spying on us?”

“No Miss,” stuttered Bambi.

“You’re are a sly little slut,” said Heather as she started up the stairs. “Don’t lie to me! Why else would you be standing in the shadows? All you have to do is what you are told to, nothing more. Your aunt has placed me in charge of you,

now follow me!”

She reached the top of the stairs and slapped Bambi on the cheek sharply.

“This is not a game, bitch! You wanted to be our maid and maids do as they are told!”

“I’m sorry Miss.”

“No, you’re not! You still think that you can do whatever you want! You should be on your knees kissing my shoes and, yet you stand here while you apologise. On your knees bitch!”

Bambi fell to her knees and bent to kiss Heather’s shoes. Above her she heard a sigh and dared to look up. Heather had her hands pressed into her thighs and looked down with a look of utter superiority.

“Come with me...”

Bambi started to stand and received another slap to her face.

“On your hands and knees, slut. Did I tell allow you to stand?”

“No Miss.”

At that moment, the sound of Klara’s voice came from below.

“Heather, here is the presentation uniform, Pauline and I have to pop out, so make sure that Bambi is settled in her new room by the time that we’re back.”

Klara blew a kiss to Heather.

“Fine,” answered Heather. “Have a good time...”

“You too!”

Amnon and Tamar

As she headed after Heather, the sissy-maid started to cry. Bambi watched her walk down the corridor, her ass swaying, her long legs in their heels, her narrow waist and he knew that she was crawling to her doom. As she disappeared into her room, she almost stood and ran. Bambi was so drained of all self-confidence that all she did was hesitate before she crawled to the room where she knew that Heather waited for her. The sound of Klara's car revving and fading was as if all hope had faded and she crawled into the room to find Heather inspecting her work.

"Strip," said Heather without even looking at the pathetic figure on her bedroom floor. "I am not at all satisfied by your work!"

Bambi kneeled and unbuttoned her dress. As if she could delay the moment of shame that was coming, she kept the dress closed over herself and hung her head. At last, Heather turned to her and stood looking down.

"Did you really think that I wanted a ridiculous little sissy like you as a boyfriend?" she gloated. "All I have to do is persuade your aunt to allow me to have my way..."

Bambi looked up at Heather.

"Open it! I want to see those cute little titties!" ordered Heather.

Trembling hands opened the front of the dress and Heather squatted down to the level of her stricken victim.

“Ooh, they are really coming along, just like the little gurl that you are.”

Bambi followed the gaze of her tormenter and saw that her breasts were now quite distinct. Not the flabby breasts of obesity, but well-shaped and charming with growing pink cones that now tipped the firm breasts.

“That’s right, Bambi, you are girly-boy now!”

Heather rested her hands on Bambi’s shoulders and slowly slipped the dress from her. It slithered to the floor and Heather started to laugh.

“Just like a virgin!”

“Is this your very first time?”

Bambi shook her head, but a hand suddenly slapped her cheek and she hung her head.

“When you are ready, I’ll take that ass of yours... fuck you hard...”

“Please Miss...”

The hands moved from shoulders to breasts and then slowly a finger made its way over stomach and groin to tap on the restraint that was filled tight with Bambi’s confined erection.

“Does this make you horny?”

“Miss!”

“Of course, it does! You are such a slut, Bambi. You desperately want to be abused, don’t you? This is what you ask for...”

Bambi found that she was panting with the humiliation that aroused her. Desperate for Heather to use the key that hung at her ankle, free her and reward her, but instead, the cat played with the mouse cruelly and revealed her claws.

“Is this what you want, slut? A little bit of my cock?”

Heather’s knees touched, and her hands moved to the hem of her dress. They pulled, and the hem slid up her thighs with a teasing flutter and then Heather’s knees parted as the smooth skin above her stockings was revealed. The plum tip of her cock was revealed, a little clear liquid leaking as the hem moved upwards.

“What do you want?” teased Heather.

“To serve, Miss,” said Bambi with a sob.

“Mmm, that’s good...”

Bambi’s eyes were riveted by the awful sight and she moaned in distress as the hem finally reached the crease between groin and thigh. The cock sprang loose and stood, slightly curved, silky shiny skin, low hanging balls embedded where a pussy should have been. Heather’s hand moved to grip herself and she exhaled as she pulled back to bring herself to her full size.

“You see, this is a real cock, Bambi. All you have is a little clitty that is all locked up and useless. We might seem alike to you, but I have something that you will never even come close to.”

Heather stood slowly, her skirt was at her hips. Held by her fist, her cock loomed over the kneeling maid and seemed to grow as it loomed before Bambi’s face. Leaking clear fluid that dripped and hung on a thread before it parted and oozed on Bambi’s thighs.

“Just a little kiss for me,” taunted Heather.

As she spoke one hand moved the length of her, the other came to rest on Bambi’s head and grasped her hair tightly. It pulled the lips ever closer to the tip of the threatening cock as the hand that massaged it speeded and Heather gasped in elation.

It fountained, throwing gobbets of come at the face that was held before it. Splattering cheeks and lips spurting into hair in spouts of creamy come that erupted at every stroke.

Bambi tried to pull loose, but the hand that held her close easily defeated her efforts. Her hands moved to the wrist and tried to pull free, but Heather just laughed and smeared the sticky goo over her face and lips, forcing Bambi to close her eyes.

“Oh, that was so good, bitch. Next time, your lips be on the end of my cock like the slut that you are!”

Bambi was still pulling at the wrist that maintained its hold and pulled helplessly as she felt the come drip from her face.

“Anything, Miss, please Miss...”

“Do anything to escape or anything to suck my cock?” mocked Heather.
“Whatever!”

“I can’t, Miss.”

The hand that gripped Bambi’s hair pulled down, raising her face upward as the dripping, half-erect organ moved to touch her closed lips.

“A maid should clean-up after her Mistress has come,” laughed Heather. “Do it!”

Bambi could taste the musky-sweet come on her lips and opened her eyes to see the shaft so close. She jerked away and the hand that gripped her pulled a clump of hair loose with the force of the movement. A terrible slap of an open palm caused Bambi to slump to the floor as Heather moved to stand over her.

“When I give an order, you obey, slut. Now get up and clean my cock like a good little sissy or else I will fuck you here and now!”

Bambi managed to get her arms behind her and began to back away from her persecutor, but Heather followed her with one step at a time, her hand stroking herself back to stiffness, a vivid lust on her face as she stalked her prey.

“Do you really think that you can escape?” she cawed as she stepped and trapped a booted ankle between floor and the sole of her blue spiked shoe. “This is where you learn what a sissy-maid is made for!”

Bambi was in a panic, she jerked her leg free almost unbalancing Heather and scrambled to her feet with the door at her back. For a moment there was stasis and then Heather closed in. With one hand she pushed Bambi roughly against the door, the other closed on a collared neck and pushed her fingers between the pink leather and skin.

Bambi’s knees gave in fright and she slid down with the hand still on her collar.

“Please don’t fuck me, Miss, I am begging you, please!”

Heather just laughed in excitement as she moved closer and bunched her hand to a fist that choked her victim as it clenched under the collar. She pulled; Bambi screamed as the wet cock pressed at her lips.

“Open wide, sissy!”

Bambi clenched her jaw and tried to move her face to the side, but the hand that was under her collar simply clenched and choked her as the wet tip of the prick pressed at her lips. The head of it slid in the slimy come on Bambi’s face as thighs closed in and pressed. Heather rocked her hips, causing her manhood to slide upward while her balls pressed on the closed lips. She groaned and pressed harder, as each slight stoke brought her closer to climax.

“Open!” screamed Heather, pressing down. “Open your fuck-hole, slut, or I will break every fucking bone in your body!”

Bambi’s mouth opened and the hard, wet cock pressed home with a savage push that pressed Heather deep in one fluid motion. The hand in the collar felt the throat being filled and then she came deep into her maid before pulling free with a jerk at the thought of the teeth that scratched her cock closing with a snap. She was just in time as Bambi reacted and a final splash of come was fountained into her struggling victim.

Heather was gasping with deep breaths and she leaned to put her face just an inch from Bambi’s gasping mouth.

“Next time you will be gagged,” she breathed as her tongue lapped momentarily at the come that smeared the maid’s lips. “There will always be a ‘next time’!”

Bambi started to cry and the fingers in the collar slipped free to allow her to slump to the floor.

“And if you ever play that trick again, I will have Aunty snip your balls off,” said Heather in a slow grating tone. “Never forget, you are nothing but holes to fuck for me!”

Heather’s face transformed, from angry frown to a soft caring expression, the afterglow of a most satisfactory climax. Her finger pointed to her feet and the maid glanced at the come-splattered leather of her stilettos.

“I think that a little demonstration of what punishments await for lack of respect,” said Heather. “Five strokes should be enough...”

Bambi crawled forward and kissed the feet of her ‘girlfriend’.

As if it would make amends.

As if it would change something.

In Service

“Heather!” exclaimed Klara. “What a pretty little maid you have made of her!”

“So sweet,” added Pauline. “I hope that she has been good while I was away?”

Heather patted Bambi’s ass almost affectionately and smiled.

“She is learning fast, but it was necessary to show her that disobedience always results in correction!”

Pauline lifted the short satin dress and inspected the criss-cross marks of the crop that had been used on the maid’s tender ass.

“It is good for her,” she commented as she inspected the welts and shrugged. “We all want the best for Bambi and a proper education is all part of our responsibility. Don’t you agree, dear?”

Bambi nodded and looked hopefully at Pauline, but the woman clearly had no intention of gainsaying Heather’s hard caning.

“Did you learn from it?” asked Klara.

“Yes, Aunty,” sobbed Bambi.

“I so like what you have done with the uniform. This one is for when we have guests in the Rectory, but it’s only temporary. I have ordered a more suitable one for her,” said Bambi’s aunt. “But the gag?”

“Bambi needs to learn to keep her mouth wide open at all times,” said Heather with a shrug. “Anyway, I didn’t want to hear any more arguments and rudeness, so this seemed the best solution.”

Klara ran her fingers over the simple plug that closed the gag and nodded.

“I have to agree, our sissy-maid has to learn to keep a civil tongue in her head at all times. For the moment, let’s make it part of the uniform for the day,” she said approvingly. “Seen and not heard!”

Pauline patted Bambi on the head before straightening the pink bows that held her bunches.

“Don’t worry, pretty little maid, we will look after you and make this deviant fantasy of yours come true! Now then, there is work to do! Go to the kitchen and start on the ironing and I will be along later to explain all the new duties that will fill every moment of your day! There will soon be three women to attend to full-time and you will need to get used to satisfying our needs.”

As Bambi tottered from the room on her stilettos, she heard Pauline chuckle and say, “I think that you can manage to walk a little more sexily than that!”

Pauline followed the maid as far as the door and closed it before returning to sit down and sighed.

“I can’t believe how fast we got the little sissy so far,’ she chuckled. “She actually begged for it...”

“Not that she knew what awaited her!” laughed Klara. “I take it that she wasn’t happy at all to amuse you?”

Heather shrugged.

“I thought that she’d just capitulate,” she said. “In the end, she put up a struggle. Almost bit me!”

“That’s the reason for the gag?”

“One of them, Klara. She still thinks that you do not know about this...” said Heather, as she stroked the obvious bump at her groin. “Better that she can’t tell on me!”

“Poor little mite,” laughed Pauline. “I’ll take her to bed tonight and comfort her a little. Then you can have her for the day tomorrow while the decorators start on

Klara's room."

"I would love to fuck her," said Heather.

"No, not yet," said Klara. "I want Pauline to break the slut's cherry. I want her to scream and know her what her ass is for. I think that she's ready for you tonight," she said to her friend.

Pauline smiled, but Heather had a look of disappointment on her pretty face and Klara started to laugh.

"Don't worry, we'll all have fun with our little maid. If only my prudish sister could see what we have done to her son..."

"I have something here that will amuse you," said Pauline as she pulled out her phone. "I had it done a week ago. I think that it would look good hanging in the room that is going to be created for Bambi..."

She passed the phone to Heather who glanced at it and then passed it on to Klara.

"Who is she?" asked Heather of Pauline.

Klara inspected the picture and started to laugh.

“Oh, Pauline, you really know how to amuse me,” she said when the laughter was under control. “That is so perfect! Can you do a load more for me?”

“Of course, darling. I have already started, and each is more sordid than the last!”

Heather was clearly out of the loop and looked puzzled.

“I don’t get it,” she said. “It’s just a porn photo...”

“Ah, but not just any, Heather! The woman is some porn star from years ago, but the face is Mary’s!”

“Mary?” asked Heather.

“My dear, you can be just a little slow sometimes! Mary is Klara’s sister and Bambi’s mother. The precious little Catholic that is now going to be revealed as a sex-addicted whore!”

“You must really have hated her,” said Heather to Klara.

“I would say that ‘despised’ is a better word,” answered Klara with a chuckle.

Ten Commandments

Bambi felt relief as Pauline's fingers undid the buckle behind her head. She flexed her jaw as the ring between her teeth was pulled free. The hands moved over her neck and massaged firmly, and Bambi felt tears gather in her eyes. It was so good to be alone with her friend at last. Away from the other two women who tormented her so mercilessly.

"There, there," said Pauline as her hands moved lower to Bambi's back and then slid under her arms to cup her small breasts. "You are safe with me!"

A single tear broke loose and rolled down Bambi's cheek and she fought back the sobs that wracked her.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Pauline in a soothing voice. "Don't cry."

"Mistress," said Bambi between sobs. "I am so frightened all of the time..."

"There's no need to be, Bambi! It is difficult to learn how to be perfect for us."

Bambi turned in Pauline's arms to face her. The eyeshadow was a mere smudge around her eyes and her lipstick was smeared by the removal of the gag. She tried to kiss the lips of the woman that was so close, but Pauline pulled away.

“Don’t be so silly,” said Pauline. “There’s nothing to be frightened of while I am here to look after you.”

“It’s Heather, Mistress,” said Bambi. “She hates me...”

“Heather doesn’t hate you,” said Pauline definitely. “She is just a bit immature and does not understand the changes that you are going through.”

Bambi opened her mouth to speak, but Pauline put her finger over her lips to silence her.

“Just learn to do whatever she wants, darling. Then you will find that she loves you as much as me. Heather has never had a maid before, that’s all. She needs to learn as well... You have to show her the way.”

Bambi felt as if she was sinking into a terrible darkness. Didn’t her friend even know what Heather was trying to hide? That Heather was not a woman, that she was a vindictive bitch and not some sweet teenager friend of Aunt Klara’s niece? Couldn’t she see that?

“Heather is...”

Words failed Bambi as she attempted to express herself.

“What is Heather? Apart from a spoiled brat? Even I can see that, dear! Just go

along with it and you will find that she is really lovable and kind...”

Bambi hung her head and then decided that she had to tell Pauline before it was too late.

“She did something to me, Mistress,” started Bambi. “I was so terrified and then she caned me...”

“Bambi! She’d just trying to teach you to be good, that’s all. I’ll admit that she is a little boisterous, but she will learn that you need to be trained with kindness as well as strict punishment. I’m sure that you deserved a little correction. You did need it didn’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress...”

“Then I don’t want to hear any more about it, Bambi. You just have to learn that if we are going to make this fantasy of yours come true, then you will have to take the good along with the bad. Now then, I have something very special for you,” said Pauline with a smile. “Something that you really, really want, I’m sure.”

Her hand raised and Bambi saw the thread of a gold chain with a tiny key dangling from it.

“I think that it’s time for us to find out if all that time you have spent in chastity will make for added pleasure! Is that what you want?”

“Mistress...”

“But, before we have a little playtime, we need to have a little chat. There are a few things that your Aunty has asked me to say to you. Now that you have started in service, like you begged me, we need to make sure that everybody in the house understands what your duties are...”

“Mistress,” began Bambi again. “Can I change my mind?”

“What do you mean, Bambi?”

“If I want to be Billy again! Can I Mistress?”

“Why would you ever want that?” asked Pauline. “Billy has gone now; he was an immature young man that had no friends, no way forward! Bambi has a great future ahead of her. Being useful and a real part of our close little family...”

“But I could, couldn’t I, Mistress. If it was really what I wanted?”

“Darling, you can do anything you want. That’s the whole idea, isn’t it?”

Bambi watched the swinging key in Pauline’s manicured hand and sighed. She so desperately wanted that key, wanted to free herself from her aunt and the unspeakable Heather and the possession of that key was the only way forward to escape.

“My dear girl,” said Pauline in a tired tone. “You promised me a month as an intimate maid after I tried so hard to tell you that it would be a little difficult. You insisted, and against my better judgement, you promised! Now you are telling me that I was right and want to go back on everything you begged to do?”

Bambi hung her head and reached for the key, but Pauline pulled back her hand and shook her head.

“Bambi can have the key, Billy can’t! A month is what you begged for, and that’s all you have to do! Then we can have this discussion again and perhaps I will allow you to become that self-abusing little boy again...”

“Please, Mistress,” begged Bambi. “Please...”

“No, and that’s final. A month was what you agreed to, a month it shall be! I think that it will be a valuable lesson for you to listen to my advice in future. Your aunt said that you would try to wheedle and sob your way out of this and I won’t have it. Crocodile tears, that’s what these are.”

Pauline raised her hand as if to slap Bambi’s wet face, but instead she brushed away the tears with the back of her fingers and smiled.

“Did you really think that I would slap you?” asked Pauline.

“Yes, Mistress,” came the reply.

“Well, well,” chuckled Pauline. “That’s good really! That you understand that I might have to punish you for not being a dutiful servant, that’s a good thing!”

“It is, Mistress?”

“Of course it is, dear. It means that you are learning to please, no matter what. A friend sometimes has to help no matter how difficult it is for her. That’s my heavy burden, do you really think that I find this easy to do? To make you keep the promises that you made? But, it’s something that I have to do and suffer through, to make you do what’s right by your promise to Aunty.”

“I’m so sorry, Mistress,” sobbed Bambi.

“I have something else to do that also is difficult for me,” continued Pauline as she stroked Bambi’s cheek softly. “But it is a duty and not a pleasure to have to tell you that Aunty Klara is not at all happy with you so far...”

Pauline’s voice took on a wearied but stern tone and her comforting hand fell to her side.

“I am trying very hard, Mistress...”

“I am sure that you are,” said Pauline. “But, your Aunty has asked me to pass on her displeasure because she thinks that it would come better from a friend and not from her.”

Bambi watched as Pauline turned and walked to the far corner of the bedroom before turning with a long cane in her hands. She flexed it a little before returning to stand before the quaking maid and standing with feet apart, stretching her tight skirt to a flat surface.

“Aunty Klara said that, since you offered to be the maid in this house, that the rules would be clearly laid out for you. This is so that there are no doubts as to the behaviour that is expected of you.”

“Mistress?” said Bambi as she eyed the cane with frightened eyes.

Pauline launched into her speech, delivering the words clearly and slowly as if it were a rehearsed speech that she gave unwillingly, but that was necessary to deliver.

“These are the rules,” she said with finality. “For the next month you will be the sissy-maid in this house. Any order given to you has to be fulfilled to the best of your ability. In return, you will be shown where you make mistakes and receive training to help you improve. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good, then we are on the right track, Bambi. First of all, you will only speak when you are spoken to. You will answer questions clearly and helpfully and do your best to keep it short. You will not venture opinions or argue because it is important for you to understand that those that you serve do not want to hear

their maid babbling about her own petty selfish discontents.”

Pauline drew breath and then continued.

“Next, every request is an order, Bambi. There are no ‘ifs’ and ‘buts’, you will be obedient, it’s as simple as that! We all have the unconditional right to enforce any requests and that includes any punishment that is deemed necessary to correct any dragging of your feet. Then we come to uniform and presentation.”

Pauline looked Bambi up and down and frowned.

“It is pretty clear that this uniform is a little too relaxed,” she said. “Your aunt has acquired something more appropriate for her maid, something that will show her growing femininity more expression as well as making you presentable and suitably manageable! You will just love it. As soon as we have it, you will be fitted and then wear the new uniform all the time.”

Pauline flexed the cane and then rested the tip on the floor. To Bambi she looked almost discomfited to have to pass on Klara’s rules and Bambi started to feel for her as she continued.

“Look on this as me reading you the ten commandments,” said Pauline. “Your Aunt Klara is the mistress of the house and she decides what happens here. Anyway, the next thing that she asked to pass on to you was that, as well as being wholly responsible for all of the household chores, the maid also has the duty to perform any intimate tasks that are required! Naturally, these are covered by the rules that I have already told you. Insufficient eagerness is to be met by strict reprimand.”

“Mistress?”

“Your aunt is strict, but very fair,” said Pauline. “All she wants is for your obsessions to be realised. She told me that if you really wanted to be a maid, like you said, that it should be done properly and not like some debauched game that you want to play for your own gratification. That you have to understand that realising your juvenile fantasy will have severe consequences. That, if we are all to play our correct role in this fetishistic dream of yours, you should realise that your childish wank-fantasy will have real costs for you!”

“Please, Mistress Pauline, I don’t want to do this!”

Pauline’s face turned to thunder.

“Do you think that this is easy for me?” she shouted at her quaking sissy. “Didn’t I try to talk you out of it? There’s no going back now, girl! You chose this, now you will have to live with it! I don’t want to hear another word. Aunt Klara has decided that at the end of a month, we will all have a meeting and decide for you if you want to continue! I can’t be fairer than that.”

Bambi dropped to her knees and put her hands together. Her face was streaming with tears and she was scared of the angry woman who stood over her with the cane.

“At the end of a month, Mistress...”

“It will be decided for you, Bambi! We all have your best interests at heart all the time, but you are just not mature enough to make decisions like that anymore! In the meantime, learn to be a good little girl, serve us well and convince us that you deserve a little latitude.”

Pauline seemed to calm, and she placed the cane on the bed and bent to plant a small peck on Bambi’s head.

“Now then, like I said; I think that it’s time to see what you can do...”

“Will Heather decide as well, Miss?”

“Of course she will, girl! You will have to show her that you have learned not to be difficult! After all, she was not at all happy with your service and will need some convincing that you deserve to be in a restraint all of the time! Heather will be in charge of you, she will teach and instil in you a proper respect for all three of us.”

The key dangled once more before Bambi’s eyes and then lowered into her outstretched palm.

“There you go, Bambi. Now there is just one last thing...”

“Mistress?” said Bambi as she clutched the tiny key fiercely.

“Promise that you will follow the rules, it’s all you have to do...”

Pauline’s hands started to unbutton her blouse as Bambi struggled with herself. This was the moment that she had longed for. All she had to do was to say ‘yes’ and her friend would be so happy with her.

After all, it was only a month...

The blouse hung open and Pauline ignored the crisis in the mind of her befuddled victim as she slowly released her heavy breasts and slipped off the bra. Her hands moved to cup herself and fingers and thumbs teased her nipples to rigidity before she looked Bambi in the eyes and smiled.

“Yes, Miss,” said Bambi after a struggle.

“There is so much more,” said Pauline, and her hands slipped from her slumped breasts and started to undo her skirt. “It just takes a little promise, that’s all. Just a little promise that you will do anything for your new owners!”

“I promise, Mistress,” said Bambi in a quavering voice as she watched the skirt open slowly to reveal Pauline’s curves underneath.

“Bambi, Bambi,” said Pauline softly. “If I take that as your promise, you will just claim that you did not understand what you agreed and want to pretend that you can change your mind! You have to say it properly and then there will be no going back!”

Bambi watched as the skirt slid to the floor at Pauline's feet and longed to reach out and touch the soft flesh of her friend. The belly curving to that dripping triangle that was split by her pussy. The soft thighs that bulged just a little over stocking tops, the wide hips and powerful legs. The sight overwhelmed her, and she stuttered as she spoke.

"I promise, Mistress. I promise to be a perfect maid, I promise to follow all of the rules and I promise to try to make you proud of me."

Pauline smiled and nodded.

"Now, use the key and prove that you mean what you promised!"

Bambi had almost forgotten the tiny key in her hand. Her fingers trembled as she fumbled at the lock and turned the key. There was a small click of disengagement and she carefully slid the steel tube from herself. The curved tube inside withdrew and gave Bambi an elated feeling that was beyond bliss. At last, the restraint was off, even though the ring that clasped her tender balls remained in place.

Pauline extended a hand and stroked the stiffening cock gently.

"Ooh, look what's happening," Pauline cooed. "The sissy-maid is getting all excited! Ready to please her friend."

Freed from its steel prison at last, Bambi's little prick swelled, the ring of purple bruises at its root. It grew, and Pauline's hand clasped it. Hidden completely in her palm, she used her free hand to push at Bambi, forcing the kneeling maid

back to brace her hands on the floor as she opened her thighs and moaned.

“You see,” said Pauline as she gently massaged the tiny cock and rolled it between fingers and palm. “All that playing with yourself was so wrong! Now we’ll see what a little nylon can do for my sissy-maid.”

Pauline’s foot moved between Bambi’s thighs. The point of her shoe lifted to brush between the cheeks of the maid’s ass while the hard nylon of Pauline’s stockinged leg pressed her upward. Trapping her cock between her mistress’ calf and Bambi’s rounded belly.

“Is this what you want?”

The pointed tip of the shoe pressed against Bambi’s clenched hole while the leg moved to press against her ass.

“Mistress,” bleated Bambi as she felt a squeezing inside herself at the intimate touch of his Mistress.

“That’s good, girl, just like a little puppy rubbing on her owner’s legs...”

Bambi’s face was flushing, she gasped at each movement and knew that she could not resist the assault on her senses.

“Just tell me...”

“Please, I so want to fuck, Mistress,” cried Bambi. “Please allow me...”

Pauline raised an eyebrow as if the request surprised her.

“I would love that... Are you sure, dear?”

Bambi nodded furiously and babbled incoherently and the tip of the shoe and then the leg withdrew to leave her gasping for breath. She had been so close and only a few dew-drops of precum had pushed from the tip of her cock.

Pauline looked down at the panting slut at her feet and nodded.

“Mmm, time for a little fuck, girl.”

Her finger beckoned Bambi on to the bed and Pauline walked to the far side of it while the desperate victim of her cravings managed to crawl onto the soft coverlet. Bambi looked up desperately as Pauline opened the bedside cabinet and withdrew a long dildo. She played with it in her hands and kissed the bulging tip for a moment before capturing the straps that dangled from it and starting to arrange it between her thighs.

“That sissy pussy of yours will be so very full,” chuckled Pauline as she moved her hands, revealing the fearsome weapon standing between her thighs. “I was saving this for another day, but since you asked for it...”

Bambi recoiled in horror and started to beg Pauline in an incoherent rush of words as the large woman climbed on to the bed. Before the maid could slip off the other side of the bed, strong hands caught a wrist and pulled her towards the smiling owner with little sign of effort.

“Don’t be so shy,’ she laughed as Bambi was pulled into reach. “I will be so gentle... this time.”

“Oh God, no,” cried Bambi as strong hands flipped her onto her front and opened her legs.

“You don’t really mean that, do you?” asked Pauline. “You would not dare to say ‘no’ to me, would you?”

Bambi was so weak and helpless, and Pauline started to feel the delicious sensation of an overflow of domination that was filling her with lust. There was no need for fetters and cuffs. Bambi’s struggles were like a small child’s thrashing to escape a parent’s hands as Pauline moved between the wide-open thighs and trapped Bambi’s ankles under the uppers of her shoes.

Her hands moved to take the thrashing pigtails and pulled back. Bambi’s head lifted and she was forced to all fours as she cried and wept shrilly while Pauline pressed her hips forward to push the tip of her rubber cock into the valley of that lily-white ass.

“Mmm, I am going to love fucking you,” said Pauline as there was increasing pressure from her thrusting hips. “Nice and deep in that tempting tight pussy of yours. We can make love all night.”

“Mistress, Mistress, please, please,” wailed Bambi as a small thrust of Pauline’s hips settled the rubber dildo and pressed it to enter. “I’ll do anything!”

“Of course you will, just take it all,” said Pauline. “This is what you are for...”

A pull at the bunches in Pauline’s hands, a small thrust of her thighs and Bambi squealed in panic as she was pierced. Her struggles simply aided the violation and Pauline laughed as she slowly pressed home. Watching from above as the veined rubber cock slipped inside, as the virgin ass-hole opened wide and stretched over the rubber gave Pauline a giddy sense of dominion. She pressed harder and pulled Bambi onto herself until there was nothing left to take.

“Now comes the best part,” said Pauline.

Her hand moved to where rubber entered stretched flesh and pressed hard. The dildo came alive, it throbbed and vibrated; Pauline pressed harder to move her clitoris into contact with the stippled probe that now slipped into her own dripping cunt. The reaction of Barbie was to scream thinly and try to escape the torment, but she was held fast as Pauline slowly began to fuck her.

Long deep strokes that caused Pauline to gasp and Bambi to whimper. Bambi climaxed first, a dribble from her tiny cock that pooled on the coverlet as Pauline speeded. Each hard stroke inward gave her more, each retreat just a pause to allow her to gather for the next.

“That’s right, Bambi, take it all for me...”

When the climax came, Pauline gave one last hard thrust that caused Bambi to shriek and the orgasm filled Pauline to the brim. Slowly she withdrew, watching the pucker of the hole that she had fucked, stretch tight over the wet rubber as it pulled free.

“That was perfect, Bambi, but now I need something gentler just for me! You had what you wanted... now it’s my turn!”

Bambi slumped to the bed and felt Pauline turn her over to look up as the powerful woman straddled her hips.

“Time for me, now, dear! Then, perhaps, we can have another fuck if you do well!”

Bambi struggled as Pauline moved up the length of her torso. The rubber cock swayed over her face for a moment and then her face was between those powerful thighs. The hands that pushed her arms under the straddling legs moved to take her hair again and pulled up just as the gaping pussy closed on her face.

“Make me come, girl,” came a voice from far above.

A musky perfume filled Bambi’s senses as the thighs lowered and the wet pussy covered her face and Bambi felt a shudder as her lips pressed against the woman who was smothering her.

A shudder of thighs and Bambi surrendered to the long hours that it would take for her mistress to be fully satisfied.

Keeping the Covenant

The sound of a bamboo cane rattling on the bars of the cage awoke Bambi from her slumber. She jerked up and banged her head on the bars and cried out.

“Careful, bitch,” came Heather’s voice with a careless laugh. “Time for your chores.”

Bambi looked up through the bars of the cage at her tormentor and cringed. Heather stood in tight jeans and a crop-top looking down at her with a sly smile on her lips.

“Let’s get you out of there and ready for your day,” said Heather.

She slid a bolt on the cage and Bambi crawled out. Pauline’s bedroom was filled with sunlight. No longer sinister, with its black wallpaper and the prints on the wall, the sheets from the huge bed laid tumbled on the floor. Pauline was nowhere to be seen.

“Mistress Pauline?” she asked.

“Popped out for the day, slut! We are all alone...”

Bambi started to back up into the cage.

“I wouldn’t do that,” said Heather. “Out now, I have to get you dressed and then you can start on your tasks for the day.”

Bambi hesitated and emerged from the cage. Naked but for her collar, she was trembling, and Heather tapped the end of the cane on her ass.

“Stand up, there’s something that is missing!”

Realising that she was safer on her feet from the bulge in Heather’s jeans, Bambi stood. In Heather’s hand was a simple steel ring that was almost as narrow as a wedding band.

“If I have to fit this and touch that sissy-clit of yours I will not be at all happy,” said Heather as she offered the cruel loop to the trembling maid. “I think that you can be grateful to Miss Pauline who managed to convince Auntie Klara that you were ready for just light restraint. Your aunt thinks that you will not be able to stop playing with yourself and I have to agree.”

Bambi took it.

The metal weighed heavy in her hands. So small, but so heavy with a small row of teeth-like studs facing inward.

“I won’t ask you again, bitch!” said Heather. “Put it on and then you will take a shower. “Miss Pauline was so sure that you would be a good little gurl...

personally, I have my doubts! Once a wanker, always a wanker...”

She giggled at her little joke.

“After that, you get your uniform and then I will give you the list of duties for the day.”

Bambi watched the bamboo in Heather’s hand twitch and she started to fit the steel device to herself. It was not easy, a fiddly task that was watched impatiently by the waiting mistress. She pulled her flaccid cock through the ring and it clicked into place on the ring that circled her balls. Even in her present limp state, the grip was tight. The humiliation hurt more than the physical reaction, but it seemed that Heather was indifferent to her shame.

“Now, a shower,” said Heather and she tapped the cane on a smooth buttock to cause her maid to start into motion.

“Miss?”

“Mmm?”

“Please don’t hurt me, Miss!”

Heather slapped Bambi’s ass lightly with the cane and laughed.

“I’ll do what I want with you, girl! If you break the rules, then there will be consequences, if not then there will be no need! Don’t worry your silly head about it, just don’t make me wait...”

She watched as the cringing Bambi headed to the bathroom and smiled to herself. She had never realised how enjoyable it was to have someone so completely under her control and was starting to realise how Pete, her pimp, had felt as he had abused her. An appreciation of power that was so breath-taking that it left her almost panting with lust. In the bathroom she could hear the shower gushing mixed with the sobbing of the victim of her lust and her hand rubbed the tight jeans and teased a little in an almost automatic reaction.

Bambi emerged timidly from the en-suite bathroom and fell to all fours before crawling to Heather’s feet and greeting her in the correct manner. She looked down at the sissy and ran the tip of the cane from the inviting crack at her ass to the collar at her neck. Bambi was no longer the bony little boy that Pauline had created. She had been fattened up and now she had a soft rounded ass and a plump figure that was like an adolescent schoolgirl. Under it all, withered muscles that left her feeble and defenceless. No need for ropes and chains, there was no way that this little slut could escape her malevolent female captors. The uniform would shape and mould her, make her seem like a helpless little gurl, an artless temptation for all of the women that now ruled in the Rectory to use.

“Now then, Bambi, let’s get you dressed and ready for the chores,” said Heather. “Your Aunty has bought a special uniform just for your daily duties. The old one will only be used when we have guests and you have to be a little less stimulating.”

Bambi looked up and waited for the signal to stand but it did not come.

“First, we need to get that collar off you, it is getting tight now that you are filling out. Your Aunty gave me this one to fit!”

A hand appeared and dangling from it was another pink circlet almost like the one that she already wore. The new collar was placed on the bed and as Heather unbuckled the one on her neck, Bambi glanced at it and saw that it too bore a small engraved plaque.

‘Property of Mistress Klara’

For a moment it did not register and then suddenly she remembered all those weeks ago. That night when she had last been out of the Rectory. The fear and terror in the dark at finding that she had been labelled, her frantic attempts to get it off; the terror all came back in a rush. Bambi started to whine thinly as strong hands slipped off the old collar and took up the new one.

“Stop moving,” said Heather and she grasped Bambi’s hair while the other hand fitted the collar. “This one is permanent,” she muttered. “Thank God that it only needs fitting once!”

Bambi tried to move her head, but the strong hand of Heather kept her in position while she closed the loop with a click of the padlock.

“Should have been done ages ago,” said Heather triumphantly as she let go of Bambi and watched the hand that raised from the floor and explored the circlet at her neck. “It was really kind of your Aunty Klara to think of this, now we can

get along with your sexy new suit!”

“It’s tight, Miss,” complained Bambi as she pulled at the collar.

“It’s supposed to be, bitch, so that you can always remember whom you belong to... Now stand up!”

Bambi stood, and Heather put a finger under her chin.

“Always make sure that the owner’s name is at the front,” she said. “Now I have to get this on...”

“Aunty Klara wanted you naked, but Pauline decided that it would be better for you if you were dressed,” said Heather as she squeezed a small breast. “Now then, put these on...”

It took five minutes to pull on the tight rubber stockings that Bambi was presented with. She rolled them on while Heather stood impatiently over her. Her thighs bulged over the tight tops and they kept threatening to roll down until the shiny pink corset was fitted and pulled snug around her waist. She gasped as Heather put a knee in her back and pulled the laces tight before attending to the host of clips that were attached to her stocking tops.

“There, that looks perfect,” said Heather. “Just a pair of shoes and you are ready for the morning’s duties.

Bambi slipped her feet into the pink stilettos that were by her feet. Heather

clicked the ankle straps closed and stood back and laughed at the result. The corset lifted Bambi's immature breasts and rounded them, the waist was so tight that she could scarcely breathe, and her hips flared as the soft flesh was pushed downward leaving a long break between the pink of the corset and the matching colour of the stockings.

"I think that it's perfect," she said. "Nicely on show, with that little sissy-clit dangling to show that you are available all the time for use."

A look of craving crossed her features as if she were deciding something, but Heather simply slapped her prey on the ass playfully and laughed.

"Later you will have an opportunity to show your cleaning skills for me, personally," she chuckled. "For now, there is loads to do. I will be keeping an eye on you all the time, so no slacking! One final touch, put these on and then you are ready to go."

Bambi jumped and stood with her face reddening as Heather casually presented a pair of pink woollen mittens. They slipped on and Heather clicked the wrists closed.

"Don't get them grubby, Bambi..."

Well of Gilead

Until two in the afternoon, Heather supervised Bambi's chores. In each room she sat relaxed as the maid followed her commands and laboured through her chores. The mittens made it difficult, the smirking Heather even more so. With a glass of whiskey in her hand and the ever-present cane in the other, she kept Bambi hard at work while with one eye she watched the daytime programs on the television.

Heather retreated to the kitchen but left the door open. Bambi could see that she was preparing a meal, tossing crayfish and sautéing while she piled up the surfaces with pans and kitchen implements. The smell of lemon and garlic wafted into the lounge as did the sound of Heather humming tunelessly and Bambi started to look forward to being fed.

Just as she finished the ironing, Heather reappeared at the kitchen door and beckoned her into the kitchen.

"Time to get a bite to eat," she said as she returned to the sizzling pans. "I'm starving..."

Bambi watched Heather add some wine to the pan on the range and the kitchen was filled with the delicious bouquet of the wine as she tossed the contents and added a knob of butter. Sautéed potatoes, prawns in garlic butter, exactly the cooking that had been shown just an hour or two before on the television show. Bambi watched as Heather placed a steel dog-bowl on the surface and a plate.

She fished the prawns from the sizzling pan and placed them on the plate.

Poured a little of the butter over them and then arranged the potatoes and placed the plate on the table. Uncertainly, Bambi took a step forward but the look from Heather caused her to freeze.

“That’s mine,” said Heather with a small smile. “Yours is in the can...”

She turned back to the surfaces and opened a can before tipping the cold contents into the bowl. Bambi saw the shiny jelly and the chunks of fatty meat and watched as Heather poured all of the butter and fat from her pan over the heap of food before placing it on the floor under the table.

“That one is for you,” she said with a chuckle. “Did you really think that I would cook for you?”

Bambi looked at the congealing mess in the steel bowl on the floor as Heather sat and poured a glass of wine.

“Lick the bowl clean and there’s something very special for afters,” she said. “I don’t want to see you until it is all eaten!”

Bambi crawled under the table and her lips hovered over the pile of food. A strong smell of tuna, the melted butter yellowing on the cold heap and the clear jelly that covered it all with an unappetising slime. The bowl was between the feet of her tormenter and she hesitated before she took a small bite from the top of the pile and forced it down. It tasted strongly of fish and the butter greased her lips. Above her she heard Heather place her glass on the table and sigh as she started on her own meal.

“Is it good?” asked Heather from far above.

“Yes Miss,” said Bambi as she assayed a second mouthful.

The first had been awful, the second was worse! The taste was fish, a sharp tang that filled every corner of mouth and nose. The texture was slimy, as the lumps of food dissolved at a touch of her tongue and became a greasy mucus that was almost liquid.

Bambi moved her mittened hands to hold the dish steady as she lowered her face for the third bite. There was so much of it, the entire can had been tipped into the bowl and Bambi tried hard not to retch as she struggled through the meal.

More glugs of whiskey and the chink of the bottle on the glass. It seemed that Heather was finished, and her stilettoed feet stretched out as she relaxed and drank while Bambi strove to eat.

“I think that tomorrow you can have the chunky beef with gravy,” said Heather’s voice. “Miss Pauline has bought loads of tasty flavours, so if you do your work well you may get something different every day. Are you ready for afters?”

Bambi chased the last greasy lumps of food around the dish as Heather looked under the table and smiled approvingly.

“Well done, Bambi. Are you still hungry?”

Bambi looked up at the smiling face and shook her head.

“Don’t want any dessert?”

The after-taste of the food was dreadful and Bambi craved some water to wash it away.

“Please Miss, thank you Miss. Just something to drink...”

Heather’s hand moved under the table and found Bambi’s collar. Taking the leash, she ran her hand to the loop at the end before slipping it under her ass on the chair.

“I suppose the taste is a little on the strong side,” came the amused voice from above.

“Yes Miss.”

Heather resettled on the chair and her hands reappeared. The leash now ran from the collar to the cleft of her ass in a tight line and Bambi felt a tug as she drew it tighter. First there was the sound of more drink being poured, then Heather stretched out her legs to each side of her crouched victim and her hands slowly undid the wide belt on her jeans.

Bambi understood the peril and pulled at the leash, but her knees in the latex

stockings and the woollen mitten slid on the smooth tiles of the floor as she tried to back away.

“I think that you have deserved this,” said Heather. “Me too!”

The zipper slid down to the point where the leash vanished between the crack of Heather’s ass. A hand slid into the tight denim and Heather shuffled on her chair before she gently slid her erection into sight. Another shuffle and the jeans had almost spilt in two before the huge cock was being massaged to full rigidity and the heavy balls were freed from the jeans.

“Come and get it!” said Heather in a husky tone.

There was another tug at the leash and a gasp from above as the leash parted the crack of Heather’s ass and stroked her balls. Bambi pulled against the tension, but her mittens slipped on the floor. One stiletto raised and gave a small kick to Bambi’s balls and she cried out as her face approached the smooth head of that cock and fought to resist.

“This is your dessert, slut,” came the hoarse voice from above, and both Heather’s hands closed behind Bambi’s head and pulled her to meet the pulsating cock. “Nice and slow, make it last just like the whore that you are...”

Bambi rolled her eyes upward and could see the smiling face of her nemesis looking down at her. Thumbs closed under her ears. Bambi kept her lips closed and Heather frowned.

“This is not a choice,” she said and slapped the face that stared upwards with a

pleading look. “You exist to give me satisfaction, or else!”

A hard kick between her thighs caused Bambi to cry out at the vicious chastisement and Heather grinned as she kicked again. The hands pulled lips into contact with the drop of precum that was oozing from Heather and then pulled. Bambi opened her lips and felt the tip of a shoe press against her balls as if lining up for another spiteful kick and then the hands were gone and the leash pulled her onto Heather’s erection.

There was a gasp as the cock smoothly entered Bambi and then a sigh.

“Suck my dick, bitch,” breathed Heather, and there was another pull at the leash as Bambi was violated.

Heather looked down at the panicked eyes that were filling with tears and gasped as teeth touched the stretched cock planted deep in her prey.

“One more touch and I will kick your balls off, girl,” she said.

The tears broke free from Bambi’s eyes and coursed down her cheeks. She spluttered and sobbed as the cock pushed ever deeper, her lips sealing it in as she sucked and felt the intruder grow ever larger.

“Harder!”

The order was accompanied by a sharp slap and another pull at the leash that drove the end of the organ into her throat. Bambi could see the rapture on Heather's face, a pursing of the lips, a melting of the features as Heather approached climax. She sucked and frantically massaged the stiff prick that filled her mouth as she felt herself become dizzy, pulling at the leash and sliding frenziedly on the smooth floor to no effect.

Heather lifted for a split second on the chair. The leash was released and at last Bambi managed to free herself by pulling backwards. Then that ass dropped back to trap the braided leather and the cock that was wet from her mouth suddenly spewed come over her face as a hand encircled it and moved to pump the hot come to splatter on the maid's face with hard strokes.

"Lap it up, slut!"

The sticky slime that flowed with the tears down Bambi's face tasted salty and musky, she lifted a mittened hand to wipe, but the touch of the point of a stilettoed shoe on her balls forced her to comply.

"And the floor, Bambi," said Heather as a final few drops fountained from her cock.

Heather watched her captive crouch to obey and she squeezed the last few drops of come on to the floor.

"You will learn," she laughed. "Practice makes perfect!"

Solomon's Dream

Bambi listened from the kitchen as she ironed each stocking with a warm iron. The mittens made it so difficult to hold the diaphanous nylon, but three weeks practice had taught her how every one of the endless tasks could be completed despite all of the handicaps that had been forced up on her.

She could hear the voices in the hall, but the exact words were hard to make out. One of the voices was Gillian the other Bambi's aunt and she prayed that the door would stay closed! There was a chuckle from Gillian and Aunt Klara made a reply and then the handle turned, and Bambi froze in fear as the door slowly opened a crack.

"Paid in cash," exclaimed Gillian. "You don't know how grateful I am that you agreed to this."

"Well, it's the least that I could do for you," said Klara's voice.

The door stayed open a crack and Bambi strained to hear what they were saying as she focussed on the words spoken.

"If you ever need any more work doing," said Gillian's voice. "Call me first and I'll give you a great discount!"

"In a few months' time I plan to redecorate the rest of this place," answered

Klara. "I'll call you in for a quote, it'll be a big job."

There was a rustling of paper and Bambi imagined Gillian pocketing a wad of bank-notes.

"Just one last thing," said Gillian. "I have that last load of washing to pick up. Is it ready?"

Bambi smelled the reek of melting nylon and looked down to realise that the iron had been resting on one of Pauline's stockings and had burned clear through it to the surface of the board. In a panic she lifted the iron and the stocking clung to the face of it.

"I'll check," said Klara with a laugh. "We'll speak to the maid..."

The opened, Gillian and Klara walked into the room to find Bambi frantically pulling the remains of the stocking from the iron in her hand.

"Jesus!" exclaimed Gillian and put a hand to her mouth.

Bambi tried to hide himself behind the ironing board and almost dropped the iron as he blushed furiously as Gillian began to laugh at the sight that met her eyes. In the smooth pink stockings and shoes, the tight corset that lifted the small breasts high and the long bunches tied with pink ribbons, Bambi was a sight to behold.

“Is it a ‘she’ or a ‘he’?” laughed Gillian.

“It doesn’t really know,” chuckled Klara. “Bambi is somewhere in between!”

Klara noticed the melted stocking on the ironing board and strode over to pick it up.

“I really hope that this is not Gillian’s,” she said to the quaking Bambi.

“No Aunty, Pauline’s...”

“Have you forgotten your manners, slut?” cried Klara.

Bambi fell to all fours as if struck by a thunderbolt and crawled to kiss the heavy boots. As her lips kissed the paint-covered workman’s boots she felt a hand on her head pressing her down.

“Bambi is still being trained...” said Klara as she let go. “She has a lot to learn!”

Gillian was still laughing hysterically and reached down to pat the sissy on the head.

“I’ve never seen anything like it,” she said. “I mean, in that dress before and now

this!”

“You can stop now,” scolded Klara to Bambi. “Stand up and show Gillian how appealing you are!”

Bambi stood and put her hands behind her back. She hung her head so as not to look into the eyes of either of the women and felt the heat prickle her breasts with the humiliation.

“The cage we built in your bedroom?” asked Gillian. “Is that for Bambi?”

“Of course, Gillian. She needs to be available all the time...”

Gillian looked down. She could not help looking at the tiny smooth cocklet that hung from Bambi and her hand moved as if she was about to touch the steel collar that circled its base.

“That must hurt,” she said. “Difficult to believe that any man would allow it!”

Klara slapped the bare ass with a laugh.

“You love it, don’t you, Bambi! Tell Gillian what a little depraved sissy you really are!”

“Aunty makes sure that I cannot play with myself,” mumbled the stricken Bambi. “I am so grateful that she looks after me properly.”

“There, you see,” said Klara. “My maid loves every moment, the little sissy! Now then, is that the ironing that you had from Gillian ready?”

“Yes Aunty,” said Bambi without looking up. “On the table...”

Gillian’s hand retreated, and she looked doubtfully at the maid before shrugging.

“Guess it takes all sorts,” she giggled. “When I tell my husband about this, he’ll never believe me.”

“Then bring him here and he can see for himself!” was Klara’s reply.

Gillian shrugged again and picked up the pile of ironing.

“I wouldn’t want to intrude, Klara,” she said. “He’s a bit straight laced even if I’m not.”

“As you like,” said Klara. “But, the invitation is open all the same!”

Gillian stood with the pile of ironing in her hands and looked at the blushing

feminised young man.

“Perhaps in a few months if you decide to have more work done. I have to admit that there is something arousing about having a helpless maid in the house!”

“That’s the whole idea,” laughed Klara. “Of course there are problems sometimes, keeping her in line.”

She held up the melted stocking in front of Bambi’s face and scolded her.

“Four strokes of the cane for this mess,” she said. “Two for forgetting to greet Gillian properly and one more for lack of respect.”

“I can see how you keep you maid working so hard!” said Gillian.

“We have a strict regime here,” announced Klara. “No slacking, proper respect and constant supervision. Bambi has a lot to learn, but she will get there in the end!”

Gillian looked at the quaking slave and lifted an eyebrow. It seemed impossible that anyone would submit to the abuse that Klara was dishing out, but on the other hand, there seemed to be complete acquiescence from the bizarre deviant.

“I’ll leave you to get on with it,” she announced as she turned for the door. “Don’t spare the rod and spoil the maid!”

“I never do,” said Klara as she followed Gillian to the hallway. “It’s the fault of my sister, she passed on her vices to her son!”

Bambi heard the last words from Gillian as she left the house.

“Who would even think to do that to their own son?”

The door closed, and Klara came back to the kitchen to find Bambi busily cleaning the iron over the sink.

“You are an embarrassment,” she said. “How dare you not greet a woman correctly after all of the effort put in by Pauline and myself? Bend over while I fetch the cane, I am so annoyed that you may get a few extra strokes of the cane just to calm me.”

“Please Auntie, I’m so sorry,” wailed Bambi as she bent to touch her toes. “I forgot that the iron was on Pauline’s stocking... and then you came in.”

“Pathetic, Bambi! That’s not even an excuse,” said Klara. “Did you really think that begging to be our maid would mean that we would pander to your sexual fantasies? In the last three weeks you have made one misstep after another. It is time to learn what has been decided for your future, so now that Gillian has finished your special room you’ll be moving in immediately.”

Bambi could see her aunt with her hands on her hips through her legs and she could feel her knees trembling with terror. She had never seen her aunt so angry

with her and dared not speak.

“Not even a proper apology from you,” said Klara. “It was the least that I expected! Now wait like that while I discuss your future with Heather and Pauline and I can tell you that you have not put me in the frame of mind to be generous! Tomorrow, you will be caned by Heather, the count from today will be added to the other five that your girlfriend has decided for you and you will learn that obedience is required at all times no matter who is present.”

She paused for a moment.

“Do you understand?”

“Yes, Auntie,” said Bambi as she felt the tears break from her eyes and make their way to wet her hair. “I’m so sorry for upsetting you!”

“You will be, but it’s just too little and too late in the day for an apology,” said Bambi’s aunt severely. “I should not have to beg for you to be polite! Pauline had persuaded me to allow you the freedom of the special room that we had made for you by Gillian, but I can see now that you really don’t deserve any of her leniency.”

Klara drew breath and changed tone to a malicious tone.

“When you begged Pauline to be a sissy-maid, I was against the idea,” she said. “Now, I think that there are other intimate uses for you that will keep us all

entertained. You will wait for me to return and then you will see what is in store...”

Bambi watched her frightening aunt leave the kitchen and gripped her ankles hard while she wept in dread. Whatever they decided for her, she knew that there was no escape.

Part Eight

Dust to Dust

Klara's Eucharist

“This is where you will live,” announced Klara as she watched her slave staring at the picture she held in her hands.

Bambi held the frame in her hands and examined at the picture with incredulity. This was the fourth to hang in her new room and by far the most upsetting. She inspected the picture as if thinking to find, on closer inspection, that it was not true; that the woman who was being mounted the huge black man on the bed was not her mother. Her ankles and wrists shackled to the corners of the bed, the marks of the cane on her belly and the enormous erection that was about to plunge in between her wide-open thighs.

There was no doubt!

The evidence was beyond any suspicion. The slight smile, the slim naked body and the crop that her partner held in his hand. How had her mother ever managed to conceal her perversions from her child?

Bambi hung the picture and set it straight.

“It will remind you of what a total slut my sister was,” said Aunt Klara as she moved to inspect the pictures. “She so loved being fucked hard while your father wanked off as he filmed each of her lovers thrashing her to orgasm!”

Pauline had done such an excellent job and the tears in the maid's eyes showed that she believed the false evidence. The crushed son of Klara's sister stood in fear as the aunt then proceeded to inspect the small area for signs that the maid had not cleaned the mess left by the builders in the cell. Klara pulled at the bars that portioned off her dressing room from her nephew's new quarters and decided that the work had been done most satisfactorily.

The stacked piles of shoe boxes that still needed sorting and emptying and the endless rows of hangers behind the make-up station that needed work to get them into order and on to display. All work for Bambi before she was caned the next day, it would give extra opportunities to heap more strokes of the cane onto the seven already awarded.

It had taken weeks to create the perfect bedroom for Klara and at last Bambi could be moved in to the neighbouring cell that was suitable for her lowly status. Klara patted the small box that was bolted in the centre the floor of the cell and opened the front gate.

"Let's see if it fits," she said.

Bambi looked at her aunt and then to the shadowed space.

"Aunty, please..."

The look on Klara's face that followed the feeble plea suppressed resistance and Bambi dropped to all fours and backed into the confining space.

“I already told you that I had decided that this room was far too lavish for a sissy-slave. At least until you learn to be both polite and obedient! This is where you will live from now on,” said Klara as she closed the door, closing the box. “It will be so convenient for me to have you where you are nice and ready for our proper use!”

There was a small moan from inside and Klara slipped the bolt to lock the door tight.

“I think that the size is really over-generous,” said Klara as she patted the padded seat on the top and tried to imagine the discomfort that Bambi was suffering inside the hard box. “At last you have a secure place to wait for our use. Now, let’s just allow in a little light...”

A catch at the front of the container pulled out easily and Klara lifted the round circle at the front-end of the seat, to reveal the crouched slave through the opening. The frightened face of Bambi looked up at her and Klara was tempted to reach inside and slap away the frightened look on her face.

How rude it was not to thank her for such a special gift!

“I expect at least a ‘thank-you’, Bambi,” she said as she looked down. “Everything that we do for you is a cause for a ‘thank-you’.”

“Thank-you, Aunty,” said the tearful voice in the shadows.

“That’s better, Bambi! If you behave, then you will not have to be strapped nice and tight in your little play-house, even though Heather has other ideas. We’ll see what she says, she’ll be here in a moment. Can you feel all the chains and straps in your little play-house? She had them fitted especially for you? Disobedient little slaves are always fettered for use but maybe we won’t have to use them will we? You’ll be good for Aunty won’t you?”

“Yes Aunty. Thank you Aunty. I promise to be good...”

“Good girl! I have put a lot of thought into this arrangement, dear. I hope that you appreciate how well I have created a little personal space where you can enjoy your sinful fixations...”

Bambi managed another stuttered thank-you and Klara smiled.

“That’s good, Bambi, your degenerate mother would be so proud of her sissy son!”

Klara could feel a rising sense of elation as she looked down at the tear-stained face that looked up pleadingly. So satisfactory to have trapped the little slut into acquiescence to every stage of his own obliteration! It had taken so long, but the reward of all that work by Pauline had finally borne fruit. Her revenge on her sister was almost complete.

Almost!

A final sacrament to induct her vulnerable acolyte into the adoration that was required. Humiliation and discomfort, abuse and that final gratification that beckoned.

“Now then, we need to have a little chat,” said Klara as she straddled the box and sat. Her hands lifted her skirt to her waist to allow her to open her legs, and she sat looking down at the frightened face that looked up at her.

“It’s been a month now,” she started.

Bambi’s face registered uncertainty and Klara explained.

“You begged us to make you our slave for a month,” began Klara, “the word ‘maid’ is such a feeble description for what you begged for! That being said, I have to say, that I did not really approve of the idea, not at first,” she lied in a stern tone. “You are a pathetic pervert, just like your mother, but to honour her memory, I suppose that I can make the effort for you to follow in her deviant footsteps!”

She looked down at Bambi and chuckled.

“It is what you want? To be always ready for our amusement?”

Bambi’s face displayed pure fear as her lips moved. She dared not assent and she dared not disagree. Her lips moved, but no sound issued.

“I don’t hear your answer, Bambi!”

Klara leaned down until her face filled her nephew’s vision. Her lips curved to a grin and she pursed her lips and allowed a dribble of spittle to descend onto the scared face. It mingled with the tears and dribbled to Bambi’s lips.

“Please Auntie,” said Bambi at last. “Help me...”

The aunt licked her lips.

“Of course, I’ll help you! How can I not, if you beg to be abused? There, that’s the answer I thought that you’d give!”

Her expression became a sneer and she spat into the opening.

“Who’d have guessed that you would follow in my tainted sister’s footsteps?” she asked rhetorically. “Depraved and degraded. And, as if dressing in women’s clothes was not enough, now you are actually begging to be abused!”

Klara leaned back a little to tower over the opening in Bambi’s box. From below, the victim of an aunt’s warped lust could see the creamy soft flesh of thighs and the dark bands of her stocking tops and the sight stirred a reaction that the harsh ring on her cock restrained with a painful reminder.

“Heather and Pauline and I have discussed your special needs,” said Klara in a matter of fact tone, “and we have decided that the arrangement can be allowed to continue... After all, we are just looking out for your best interests...”

Klara was enjoying the moment more than she had ever thought that she would. Pretending that her victim was to blame for her own destruction. It was clear that Bambi was caught in a terrible trap of her own frailty, misunderstood and fearful of the punishment that would follow any defiance.

“Pauline thinks that I am taking you too literally, going too far, but your girlfriend Heather says that only non-stop corporal punishment will cure you of this obsession to need to be abused! You will be so glad to hear that I just think that we should follow your wishes, no matter what our own preferences and dislikes are!”

Bambi’s lips moved, but only a whimper issued from them.

“I have given it careful consideration, and it seems to me that you should continue to serve us indefinitely... Forever!”

“Aunty Klara,” stammered Bambi, “Please can I speak? Please?”

Aunt Klara looked down at the wretched face and shook her head in answer.

“The decision has already been made for you by all of those that you love, Bambi. That’s final! Now you won’t have to worry your silly little head about what the future holds. All you have to do is be obedient and keep us all satisfied! How many people in this world can really say that they have what they desired like you? Very few, I would say!”

From her restricted view of the woman above, Bambi saw her aunt move forward a little and Bambi saw her thighs quiver in anticipation.

“We have decided to make your life easier, simpler and just focussed on pure carnal pleasure,” said Klara with a smile as her hand slipped to her swollen pussy. “Of course, you will still have duties around the Rectory, chores and responsibilities, but in future, we have agreed that it would be best for you if you concentrated on our intimate needs.”

A questing finger stroked a swelling clitoris gently under the folds of her skirt and Klara sighed in satisfaction.

“Please...” wailed Bambi as her aunt slid forward until she was in full view of her frightened slave with the hem of her skirt draped partly over the opening.

Klara ignored the plea and opened herself to allow Bambi to understand what lay in the future. Two gold-ringed fingers spread her cunt wide while the middle finger rubbed and massaged the swelling clitoris that was now distending from the folds of soft delicate flesh.

“It’s not much to ask, is it, dear?” said Klara. “Give us all just a little pleasure occasionally, make us happy and keep us satisfied? Now, it’s time to show me how much you want to please me!”

The sharp sound of heels on the floor announced the arrival of the Bambi’s other two tormenters and Pauline’s voice echoed in the small bare cell. The hand on

Klara's pussy withdrew and she rearranged her skirt.

"Is she being a good little girl?" asked Heather's voice from above.

There was the sound of chuckling from Heather and she peeped into the box to see Bambi's frightened face staring up at her.

"I can't see the restraints I had fitted for our slave," she said. "Didn't you fit them yet?"

Klara laughed and said, "I haven't got that far..."

"We ought to see if they fit," said Heather. "Just a little test..."

Klara raised an eyebrow and then spoke to Bambi.

"She's right, you know! There really needs to be a practise. After all, it might be good for you to know what's in store if you need to be disciplined. It's only fair to let you see what's in store if you are not obedient."

Bambi heard the bolt being pulled and suddenly Heather's grinning face appeared as the entrance to her enclosure was lowered.

“Wrists!” ordered Heather.

Bambi tried to move further into the box as if she could escape Heather, but there was nowhere to go, and the manacles were buckled on and tightened.

“Personally, I think that this is the minimum restraint needed. Can’t have you playing with yourself in the dark,” she said.

Pauline bent down and looked into the confines of the box and nodded.

“I’m afraid I have to agree with Heather,” she said in a reluctant voice. “The lure for self-abuse is almost certainly going to be a problem while Bambi is in her cosy little box. Better to make sure that there is no temptation to rub off that little sissy-clit.”

Bambi felt the chains pull her wrists to the corners of the box and she cried out as they tightened.

“I promise that I won’t, Miss,” said Bambi. “Please, I’ll be good...”

“It’s for your own benefit,” said Pauline softly in a caring tone. “It’s better if we decide when you are to be rewarded for being a good little girl!”

“The way that she is going, that will be never,” laughed Klara.

The sound of heels on the tiles and then the other end of the box was opened. Bambi scrambled and tried to pull her knees up, but Heather grabbed an ankle and pushed it through to Pauline who fastened it by the fettered wrists. The remaining leg was caught and dealt with likewise and Bambi mewled in distress as Heather slapped her stretched ass and then squeezed her stretched balls hard.

The door by her head was closed by Pauline and Bambi looked down the length of her box to see Heather's hands seeking out more restraints. A strap ran under her ass and was tightened to pull Bambi's doubled-up form from the box and the struggling slave wailed as her body was pulled into position.

"That's high enough for proper use," said Heather. "All lined up!"

A fingertip moved through the cleft of Bambi's ass and touched the clenched opening that had been raised and exposed. The finger pushed in a little and when Bambi struggled and tried to escape it, there was a sharp slap on her balls that caused Bambi to scream thinly.

"How dare you not thank Heather for her concern?" said Klara down into the opening she was straddled over.

"Thank you for punishing me, Miss," wailed Bambi.

"I told you that she would like it," sneered Heather's voice.

“It would be easier to just have her like this all the time, since she wants it,” said Klara. “It will save us having to agonise about punishment all the time! What do you think?”

“It’s all fitted and works,” said Heather as she closed the door of the box and slipped the bolt. “Bambi is always asking for more, so I say, let’s use it...”

“It’s very strict,” said Pauline. “But, I suppose that if you two are in agreement, and our little slut doesn’t mind, then it is the best way to go...”

Klara looked down at the face that was hopefully looking up at her for mercy and shook her head.

“OK, for the next few months, we’ll see how it goes,” said Klara at last. “It means that we always have to go to the trouble of fitting all the restraints, but since Heather had them all fitted and prepared, it would be a shame not to use them all of the time!”

Bambi turned her head.

To either side of her face, she could see her pink latex stockings and her helpless mittened hands. The sound of wood sliding on wood caused her to look to the far end of the box and she raised her head a little to see a little light reflected where Heather had unfastened an opening that matched exactly where her ass was pressed against the far door of the box.

“Perfect!” gloated Heather as her finger probed the entrance and slipped into Bambi without resistance. “I have just the thing for this helpless pussy!”

Bambi shuddered as she felt the finger withdraw and then something rounded press against the sensitive entrance to her rear.

“No, no, please Miss, no,” she wailed. “Please don’t let Heather fuck me...”

Klara looked down into the crying face and pressed a finger against Bambi’s lips.

“Don’t pretend, dear,” she said. “You know that you want it in that sissy-cunt of yours...”

“Be gentle,” said Pauline’s voice from beyond the dark. “Nice and slow...”

Whatever it was that pressed into the helpless Bambi seemed to be lubricated. No amount of resistance could stop the violation. Bambi felt it opened her wide and then suddenly it slipped into place and her muscles closed into a lip on the circumference.

“Aunty, please, please...”

Bambi’s pleas became a meaningless burble of sound and a slight hiss of air signalled Heather’s final adjustment. The penetrating object swelled at each

susurrations and Bambi started to sob with a hopeless and pitiful moan.

“Just a few more,” said Heather as she squeezed the bulb on the dildo hard. “Our slut needs to be prepared for use!”

“I think that that’s enough now,” said Pauline and the enlargement of the dildo ceased.

“It’s just to hold her in place tightly,” said Heather defensively.

“Then there’s this to be fitted...” said Heather.

Bambi could not see what she was talking about, but Aunty Klara’s words filled her with dread as they made the Heather’s suggestion clear.

“The latex punishment hood and gag only go on she’s not in use or around the Rectory, Heather! I’ll put them on when I have finished having my little talk with her. They’ll just get in the way!”

“As you like,” said Heather breezily. “I have already filled it ready for use...”

Into Bambi’s view came Heather’s hands and she passed the object to Klara who turned it in her hands.

“That goes on after the hood,” explained Heather as Klara held the penis-shaped

gag for Bambi to see. “When she sucks on it this happens...”

Heather's hand appeared and squeezed the frightening gag and a few drops fell from the teat at the end and dripped down to Bambi's lips. There was no doubt about the musky-salty tang on Bambi's lips and it set her struggling in her bonds.

“She'll get to love the taste of it,” said Heather as she moved to look down and enjoy the terror-filled expression on Bambi's face. “It's a perfect way to give her the medicine she needs to have!”

“Excellent,” said Klara. “That saves us all a bit of effort! Now then, it's time for me to finish my little chat with our perverted little whore and demonstrate what will be expected of her at any moment when we need to use her...”

“Come on, Heather,” said Pauline. “We'll pop down for a little glass and come back when Bambi's nice Auntie has finished showing her what she expects...”

Bambi saw Pauline's face appear into her vision. She looked down for a moment and then smiled before kissing Bambi's aunt on the lips long and deep.

“Look after our little pet, dear,” she said, “and then we can decide how she is shared out between us over a few glasses of wine when we go out this evening.”

The sound of heels clicking on the tiles, the closing of the barred gate to the cell and then a small laugh from Heather, left Bambi and her aunt alone.

“You see, we are all prepared to indulge your little fantasy,” said Klara as she

shuffled forward and then looked at her prey. “You are so lucky that we are all so tolerant of your special needs, my dear!”

“Please, I can’t move, Aunty,” said Bambi as she pulled futilely at her shackles.

“Stop complaining like a silly child and just relax! Of course you can’t, my dear nephew,” said Klara as she slipped her hand to her pussy. “Heather is right, you need to be constantly primed for use. It makes it so much easier to fuck you properly and that’s what this is all about!”

Klara smiled down at Bambi as if she had just thought of something.

“Would you like to see out of your little kennel, pet?”

A sudden hope filled Bambi and she nodded furiously in answer.

“One moment,” said Klara. “I’ll need this...”

She held the braided leash up and a look of anticipation came to the tear stained face in the opening as the leash was clipped to the collar by her aunt’s hands. The hope of escape was dashed as strong fingers hooked under the collar and pulled Bambi’s head firmly from the opening, twisting her helpless body even further as her head emerged between her aunt’s open thighs.

“That’s better, dear,” said Bambi’s aunt as she clipped the collar to the edge of

the opening to hold it in place. “Now you can see properly what is expected of you!”

The gaping pussy before Bambi’s eyes was held wide by the fingers of her aunt’s hand and the sissy gasped as the penetrating plug in her ass tried to pull free as she struggled.

“You will become far more lithe in time,” said Klara as she stroked the head that now stuck between her open thighs. “Then it will all become so much easier to play with you properly.”

Bambi watched the fingers playing over the slick flesh of her Aunty’s pussy and knew what was required. The thighs passed her face, bringing the gaping soft slit almost to her lips while the hand on her head slipped down to push a thumb into her mouth.

“Heather’s going to love this,” said Klara as she fucked Bambi’s mouth with her thumb. “You are so cute and defenceless! That fat cock of hers is insatiable!”

The hand pulled back and then opened Klara wide. Swollen inner lips did not conceal the dark hole that dripped excitement and the clitoris pushed from its soft hood as it swelled with anticipation.

“Now show me what you are for...”

Klara’s ass slipped an inch forward on the soft, comfortable leather seat to allow Bambi’s lips to press to hers. Her fingers opened herself wide and she sighed as the tip of a tongue touched her intimately and flicked over the centre of her

pussy.

“A little faster... just a little. I don’t want to come quite yet! We have all the time in the world! You will learn soon how I like it.”

Lips encircled the tender clitoris and suckled. A tongue could be felt circling the tender bud and the evil aunt leaned back and slid another inch forward. The touch was exquisite, a surge of exultation filled her as her hands held the captive head steady, conducting and guiding the climax to a slow fantastic crescendo.

This was the first of so many intimate moments that they would have together, and Klara was determined to enjoy the moment of triumph to the full. Her eyes went to the row of pictures on the wall as she gasped at the intimate touch of her slave nephew.

It was such a shame that her sister Mary could not see her terrible revenge, experience the shame and degradation that had fallen on the head of her pathetic only son. Such a shame that it was not really her sister in this box, learning step by slow step to become a pleasure-tool for Klara’s delectation! That would have been so perfect...

The stuck-up Catholic bitch who had stolen the Rectory that was rightfully hers.

In heaven, Mary could only watch in horror, looking down from above, as Klara tormented her feeble offspring, mercilessly step by depraved step, to become a neutered slave to her sister’s perversions. How delicious it would be to have Bambi sculpted and trimmed of those irritating little plums that were Bambi’s manhood. Just a soft pink sissy clit to tease and torment...

The thought sent Klara towards the edge of climax and she moved slightly to slow the orgasm to perfection.

She still had so far to go, endless amusement that would last years and years!

Oh, how Bambi would beg and implore to be gelded...

A slow gentle lapping at her clitoris took Klara ever closer as her thoughts swirled with the pleasure of complete domination.

Slave Bambi would become so eager to suck Heather's cock empty of fountaining, hot come. She would become a helpless sissy-fuck-hole for Pauline to fill with her collection of dildos. She would suckle on the gag night and day or be punished for not draining it. Her sissy pussy would be trained to give Heather endless climaxes, but the best would be reserved for Klara who had a special use for the hole that waited between her thighs.

Klara moaned in pleasure as she became lost in anticipation of the particular piquant abuse that she so looked forward to. Her malevolent fixation that could now be sated without constraint.

She could feel the urge fill her, almost too much to contain as the lips played on her responsive pussy. The pressure inside her to release almost too great to resist. Bambi would become a plaything that would learn to suckle and probe at her receptive ass-hole; make every slow climax a transcendent peak and then, finally Bambi would drain her of the depraved wine that she would offer her nephew as

a sacred eucharist. The thought sent Klara into a rapture and she gasped as the lapping tongue entered her and teased.

The climax was close, so very close.

Almost at the brink, but not quite.

Bambi would be guided, slowly and patiently, directed until at last the sissy-slave would unwillingly obey the most degrading and immoral commands. Broken down to become a helpless marionette. Unwilling always, but always submitting in the end. Trapped and fettered by her owners, unable to resist each slow inevitable step of the downward slope.

Not this time, perhaps not the next, but soon Bambi would be ready!

A gasp and a blissful tremble of Klara's thighs. She slipped back from the wet face and slipped a finger into the open lips with an almost tender touch.

“That was so very enjoyable, Bambi, you are learning to please me so well! But, there is a long way to go yet... Keep it nice and relaxed this time. Start again and make the pleasure keep on going endlessly,” breathed Aunty Klara. “Tease and please, show me that you worship me!”

The eyes rolled up and Klara patted her head.

“The longer you can make my pleasure last, the longer it will be before the nasty hood and gag are fitted, so it is all up to you! There is so far yet to go and we have all the time in the world!”

She lay back, propping herself on her elbows. Now Bambi was presented with a more challenging task. That of making his aunt climax with only the pucker of her aunt’s puckered rear entrance to worship.

Klara gasped at the juddering onset of her next long climax as a probing tongue ran from ass to clitoris in a single long stroke of tender devotion. She moved a little to ensure that her slave could not reach her clitoris and sighed in contentment as her fingers stroked and quenched her need.

The soft touch was bliss, a gentle lapping before aunt Klara moved down to indicate her desperate need. The tip of the tongue hesitated and then probed a little deeper, pressing through the slack orifice to tease and delight.

“Fuck me deep!” she moaned as the tongue pushed into her. “Ream me, Bambi, my slut bitch!”

END