

MRS **KRAEMER**

1.

A woman with dark, curly hair is wearing a large, wide-brimmed hat and a black lace top. She is looking down and to the right. The background is dark with a reddish glow.

CARMENICA DIAZ

Also by Carmelita Diaz

[illegible]

MRS KRAEMER
PART 1.
CARMENICA DIAZ



Carmenica Diaz writes erotic fiction that is either hard and nasty or soft and tender, depending on her moods.

Ms Diaz commenced writing at the urging of close friends and now has a substantial following of loyal readers.

Her work is in two clear genres – Erotica and Transgender fiction.

Carmenica Diaz is, of course, a penname.

When asked to use single words to describe Carmenica, a close friend chose the following – impatient, dominant, arrogant, tender, caring, romantic, hurtful, precise, nasty, supportive, and mercurial.

They are still friends as she told the truth.

MRS KRAEMER 1
CARMENICA DIAZ
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ONE	1
TWO	19
THREE	33
FOUR	44
FIVE	58
SIX	76

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ONE

1.

'Let's go, Cunningham!'

Tom's head darted up from the computer screen at the sound of his name. 'Oh, it's you, Lewis. What's the problem?'

'We have to make our presentation to the board committee in fifteen minutes.' Abraham Lewis, a tall black man in an impeccably tailored suit frowned at Tom Cunningham.

'Oh, *that!* You do it without me,' Tom said, turning back to the screen.

'Don't shit with me, Cunningham!' Lewis snapped. 'The *Chairman* will be there! Old man Kraemer himself! He will want to see his golden boy...'

'Golden boy?' Tom exclaimed, frowning.

'Yep! It's all right for you, Cunningham...'

'What do you mean?' Tom asked quickly.

'You know...'

'Spell it out!'

'You are already seen as the golden haired boy, the *chosen* one! You are old man Kraemer's favourite! We *all* see it! Simmons is always frowning in meetings because Mister Kraemer smiles at you!'

Simmons was the line manager for the marketing department where Tom and Abraham were both employed.

'That's ridiculous!' Tom blustered.

'It isn't and you know it, Cunningham. We all expect you to be promoted above us and soon you will be too good to talk to us! I can see it now! Your golden smile will be in the media, you

and your lovely wife photographed attending charity functions for the social pages...media, man! Your career is assured, but spare a thought for the little people.'

'*Little people?*' Tom said, confused.

'People like *me*, Cunningham!' Lewis said. 'People like poor old Charlie over there!' Lewis said, waving at the young man of Asian appearance walking towards them. 'We won't be in the media, we won't be the subject of gossip as the youngest executive to sit on charity boards, the potential chairman, youngest...'

'Oh, stop it! That is all bollocks!'

'No, it's not,' Abraham said evenly.

'Well, surely it would be better for you and Wong if I *wasn't* there? *You* could do the presentation...'

'Mister Kraemer is bound to ask where you are, Cunningham! What do I say to the Chairman? And don't forget Simmons!'

'Oh, all right, I'll come. But *you* do the presentation!'

They walked to the lifts. Charlie joined them.

'We all set?' Charlie asked.

'You two do the presentation,' Tom said.

Charlie glanced at Abraham Lewis. 'Sure. But you'll get questions from the committee...'

'I know. We can all handle the questions.'

'What's wrong with you, man?' Lewis asked as they stepped into the lift. 'Someone else would think you were trying to *avoid* a conversation with the Chairman!'

'Now you're being ridiculous,' Tom said, staring stonily at the floor numbers.

2.

Hayley picked up her mobile and answered it quickly. 'Hello, darling. How did the presentation go?'

'It went well,' Tom answered.

'Was the Chairman there?'

'Yes but he seemed preoccupied. Didn't ask any questions. Maybe the rumours about us planning that takeover are true. Anyway, how is everything with you?'

'It's okay. Sean has asked me to show a house...'

'Why you? You usually handle the administrative side of the estate...'

'I know but why not? Gets me out of the office and don't forget I'm sitting for my accreditation.'

'Oh yeah. That's right. But, why you now?'

'It's because Alice is on holidays. She is his best female agent...'

'His *only* female agent,' Tom pointed out.

'Yes. So, he needs a woman for this showing so he's asked me.'

'What if you sell it?'

'I *can't* sell anything. I'm not licensed.'

'You know what I mean. Will Sean split the commission?'

‘Yes. I’ve already asked! I *knew* you would ask that!’
Hayley’s laugh was short and a little brittle.

‘Just looking after the best interests of my wife,’ Tom said. ‘Look,’ he said hesitantly. ‘I may be a little late tonight...’

‘That’s okay. I might be as well.’

‘Okay. See you at home!’

‘Okay. Love you,’ Hayley said quickly before Tom could hang up.

‘Me too,’ he grunted and was gone.

Hayley sighed and put the mobile back onto the desk.

After two years of marriage, the lustre faded quickly! What did it *really* matter if Tom was home late? He just sat and watched television all night. Lovemaking had almost died completely.

Friends had said they were the perfect couple and for a while, Hayley even believed that.

They were both in their late twenties and Hayley knew that they were both attractive in their own ways.

Tom was very good looking with blonde hair and an androgynous face. Even though Tom wore his hair very short and was a fan of designer stubble to disguise his softness when not meeting clients, Hayley’s friends still compared him to Brad Pitt with, Hayley always noted, a little envy. They joked that Hayley had Angelina’s Jolie’s lips and cheekbones but she needed to colour her blonde hair dark to look exactly like the perfect couple!

Hayley downplayed her looks but Tom knew very well that his wife was gorgeous and extremely sexy with long legs, a svelte figure except for the wonderfully large breasts!

As far as Tom’s friends were concerned, he was going home to a porn star each night and they were *all* envious!

He didn't dare tell them their sex life was not as good as his friends so gleefully imagined!

And, Tom knew it was *his* fault!

3.

Tom checked his watch and saw he was slightly early which was good. he did not want to do anything that would make her angry! Anger might make her *do* something Tom would certainly regret!

He walked briskly up the steps of the Grand Hotel and into the foyer. Tom had never been in this hotel but he knew it was very up market and catered for wealthy middle-aged women who frequented the exclusive spa! The spa occupied the entire first floor and offered many services, mostly aimed at convincing the same middle aged women the treatments would make them appear younger!

Tom walked through the lobby and saw Mrs Kraemer sitting with her friends in the lounge chairs reserved for patrons who were enticed by the outrageously priced multi-layered cakes and cream pastries.

She was well dressed as usual and, even though she was, as Tom's knew, thirty-eight years old, she appeared younger than her companions.

Mrs Kraemer, wife of the chairman of the board of the company Tom worked for, came from a wealthy and highly regarded family that was prominent in the society affairs of the city and surrounding regions.

She had dark hair worn in a short bob, almost aristocratic features and a curvaceous figure. Unlike her companions though, Mrs Kraemer could not be described as fat or even plump! The words most often used to describe her were elegant, curvy, chic and discerning. The words Tom would use, if he were permitted, were ruthless, controlling and insatiable!

Nervously, he hovered near a chrome stand that contained newspapers and magazines until Mrs Kraemer saw him.

Her eyes lingered on him for a moment before she turned back to her companions. Tom flicked through a magazine until Mrs Kraemer stood and walked towards the bathrooms.

He walked towards some chairs away from the coffee and cakes and sat down.

Mrs Kraemer emerged from the bathrooms, walked to her chair and sat down, immediately resuming her conversation with her companions. She did not look in his direction but Tom, by now, knew what he had to do next.

His heart was beating loudly but he managed to appear calm and comfortable when he smiled at the young woman behind the reception counter.

'Can I help you, sir?' she asked, smiling and openly looking Tom up and down.

'Yes. My name is Robinson. I was told there was a message for me here?'

'I'll just check, Mister Robinson.'

Mrs Kraemer insisted on "Robinson". It was her warped humour and a reference to a film Tom had never had the time to watch.

'Here it is,' the girl said, handing Tom a hotel envelope.

'Thank you,' he said, taking the envelope and walking out of the hotel. Standing in the street, he tore open the envelope and found a note with an address of an apartment written on it.

He ripped the note up and dropped the fragments in a garbage can. Tom had no need to keep the paper, he knew the address. He had been there before!

Tom walked to his car, slipped in and drove away, feeling nervous, apprehensive and slightly aroused. It was a strange mixture but one he was becoming used to and even addicted to!

Parking his car several blocks away from the apartment, Tom sat and waited fifteen minutes before getting out of the vehicle and locking it.

As instructed, he began to walk in the opposite direction of the apartment and navigated a looping circle until he came to a lane that led to the back of the apartment block.

A glance around told Tom he hadn't been followed so he walked quickly down the lane and, using the entry code at the back door, walked inside.

The apartment building was usually deserted during the day and Tom rode the elevator alone to the top floor.

The hallway was empty. Tom walked to the apartment door and softly tapped on it.

The door opened and Mrs Kraemer smiled at him as she opened the door.

'I hope you didn't run,' she said, walking back into the apartment. 'I don't like my boys to be sweaty!'

Tom shut the door and locked it. He noticed Mrs Kraemer had kicked her shoes off and was walking in her stockings. She had a drink in one hand.

'I didn't run, Mrs Kraemer,' Tom said softly.

'I don't care about whether or not you ran, my dear boy. I do care if you are sweaty!'

'I'm not, Mrs Kraemer.'

She sat on the sofa with one leg crossed over the other. Her stylish skirt had risen slightly and Tom felt a twinge of arousal as he saw, or, at least, thought he saw, a glimpse of stocking tops.

‘Then, let’s see,’ she said with a wave of her finger and a small smirk on her regal face.

Tom felt his face flush as he slipped his jacket off. Quickly, he undressed. Once, he protested but now he just followed orders.

Clothes placed on a spare chair, Tom stood naked in front of Mrs Kraemer who sipped her drink while she studied him.

Tom was reasonably fit and with an almost hairless chest and a minimal trail of hair on his stomach leading to his flaccid cock in its nest of pubic hair.

‘A beautiful boy! Though, you should remove the hair. It might make your cock look bigger,’ she said with a chuckle. ‘I have a gift for you, Tommy. It’s there,’ she said, indicating a flat package, gift wrapped and finished with a thin pink satin ribbon tied in a stylish bow.

Face hot, Tom picked up the package and carefully removed the ribbon before opening the package.

She watched him with a smile, noticing his face had become quite red as he stared at the contents of the package.

It was a pair of sheer white female briefs that were almost transparent except for the white gusset panel.

‘Do you like them, Tommy?’ Mrs Kraemer teased.

‘Yes,’ he croaked. ‘Thank you...Mrs Kraemer...’

‘Well, put them on,’ she said, draining her drink.

Quivering with humiliation and the beginning of the arousal Tom knew would sweep over him, he stepped into the white briefs and pulled them around his waist. The garment was tight and clung to his body, defining *everything*!

‘Turn around. I want to see how your arse looks in them, Tommy,’ Mrs Kraemer said calmly.

Tom pirouetted for her, trembling with arousal and when he turned back to face her, his hard cock was pushing against the silken briefs, forming a tight tent.

‘Never fails to amuse me how putting on a pair of knickers makes your little dick go hard, Tommy,’ Mrs Kraemer laughed.

Tom shivered with humiliation and the intense arousal that instantly followed.

Mrs Kraemer stood up and fished a pair of silver handcuffs from her handbag. ‘You know the drill,’ she said, giving him the handcuffs.

His hand trembled when he took the cuffs from her and locked one cuff around his left wrist. Tom then put both hands behind his back and waited for Mrs Kraemer to lock the other cuff around his right wrist.

‘Wait for me,’ she said and walked into the bathroom, taking her handbag with her.

There was no option for Tom. He could *only* wait until she was ready for him! His cock pushed against the silken knickers and he shuddered with need, shame and desire.

4.

Tom Cunningham's secret fetish had brought him to this awful situation!

He remembered when the photographs arrived in the mail. There hadn't been a warning telephone call, with threats. Nothing! Just the photographs in the mailbox!

Luckily, Hayley hadn't checked the letter box first that day and Tom managed to get to them before she did. God, if she found the photographs first! What a disaster that would have been!

That plain brown envelope revealed Tom's deep secret! The many photographs were of Tom dressed as *Thomasine*! His desperate little secret!

The shock had made him woozy as Tom felt he had covered his tracks that no one knew about his kinky secret, that the suitcase containing Thomasine's clothes hidden in the store room downstairs was safe!

He had even rented a room in a hotel under another name where he dressed in secret and peace.

Tom usually did that when the pressure of being *Tom* became too much! Then, he wanted to pretend he was submitting to the control of his imaginary mistress who controlled, dressed and humiliated him!

Alone in the hotel room, he dressed as Thomasine, teased himself and finally masturbated while dreaming of being completely controlled!

But someone knew and had secretly photographed him! Photographs that were so revealing!

Someone knew what he did and, horribly, had photographs of him dressed and even photographs of *Thomasine* masturbating in stockings and cheap knickers!

He sweated over the photographs for three days, wondering who knew, looking at everyone with suspicion. Then, a message to go to the same apartment Tom was now waiting in. There, he met Mrs Kraemer, the wife of his boss!

She had *more* photographs! Mrs Kraemer knew *everything*! With that sly smile Tom came to know so well, she calmly told him to do what she wanted or Hayley, Tom's family, Mister Kraemer and everyone at the office would receive a copy of the photographs! Tom would be ruined.

At first, Tom thought she would want money but he quickly came to realise Mrs Kraemer was interested *only* in power! She was cruelly dominant and, in that first week, forced him to orally serve her on his knees.

It was embarrassing that his dick was so hard and that his lack of oral skills made him, in her words, *inept!*

However, Mrs Kraemer was not one to give up easily and over the next few weeks, she relentlessly taught Tom how to please her with his mouth.

She laughed when he wanked for her and took more photographs!

The fact Mrs Kraemer ruthlessly blackmailed him into kinky submission was bad enough but what was worse was that Tom was finding he *liked* what she *made* him do!

5.

Tom heard the bathroom door open and turned his head.

Mrs Kraemer was naked and she casually leaned against the doorway so Tom could look. She liked to tease! Her lush pubic hair formed a beguiling dark triangle and her large breasts were still pert and uplifted. Once again, Tom saw Mrs Kraemer was remarkable for her age. Her husband was at least fifteen years older than her, and looked it, while Mrs Kraemer could pass for a thirty year old!

He was slightly disappointed Mrs Kraemer hadn't kept her stockings and suspender belt on!

'Still got a stiffy!' Mrs Kraemer teased. 'Knickers are much cheaper than Viagra, I suppose! I wonder if your lovely wife knows that?'

It was a regular taunt and Tom shivered at the thought of Hayley finding out his terrible secret and discovering what her husband was *really* like! He was torn with the shame of her finding out and wanting to experience the humiliation of Hayley seeing him like he was now!

Mrs Kraemer sauntered past him and picked up the discarded pink ribbon from the gift wrapping. She taunted Tom with that sly smile.

‘I have a treat for you,’ she said, nonchalantly pulling the briefs down so his hard red cock jutted free.

Chuckling, she wrapped the pink ribbon around the shaft of his cock and tied a bow.

Tom gasped at the sensation of her fingers moving fleetingly over his cock. Mrs Kraemer had *never* touched his cock before so this was a *real* treat indeed. Would she actually masturbate him today?

She admired her work and Tom looked down, face hot as he stared at his hard cock now decorated with a pink ribbon and a bow!

Mrs Kraemer snapped the knickers back up and chuckled at the tent his cock formed! Tom shivered as the head of his cock rubbed against the silken undergarment again.

‘Bedroom,’ she commanded and Tom, hands cuffed behind his back, his cock hard and pulsing in the sheer white knickers, followed her, his eyes focussed on the scintillatingly sensuous sight of Mrs Kraemer’s naked bum!

Nonchalantly, Mrs Kraemer sat on the edge of the bed, her thighs casually parted and pointed at the floor immediately in front of her.

Tom obediently knelt and found himself, once again, face to face with the lush bush of Mrs Kraemer’s sex!

‘I need to relax, to remove stress,’ she said. ‘The property business is hell! You know what I like,’ Mrs Kramer said as she lay back on the bed. ‘Do it.’

Tom felt a deep surge of arousal as he leaned forward to gently kiss the firm inner thighs that beckoned him.

Part of him wanted to stand, discard the handcuffs and knickers, throw her face down on the bed and take her with all the resentment from the blackmail that burned within him!

But, part of him knew he wouldn't satisfy her, that he would ejaculate almost immediately if he entered her, that she would taunt him with his inability to fuck and, more terribly, he knew he was *not* worthy!

Deep down inside, because of his secret desires, Tom also knew he was also not worthy of his beautiful wife and his inability to satisfy Hayley was a growing wedge between them! Even though they did not talk about it!

They never spoke of anything intimate, anything revealing!

With Mrs Kraemer, *everything* had been revealed! She knew every little thing about Tom and treated him as he secretly *wanted* to be treated! Sometimes, it was as if Mrs Kraemer was inside his head!

The tying of the pink ribbon around his stiff cock was an example! How did she know that one small act would humiliate but also stimulate him so much!

Mrs Kraemer allowed her thighs to open even more and Tom could see the crinkled lips of her labia peeking through the curly underbrush of her pubic hair!

He gently kissed her creamy thighs, moving closer to that hairy mound, so close he could smell her building arousal but not near enough to touch! Mrs Kraemer had taught Tom so well and he now understood she *liked* to be teased, *liked* the orgasm to build slowly!

He was just inches from her sex and inhaled her musky scent, feeling the tremors echo in his cock which pulsed against the confinement of the pink satin ribbon and the silky sheer knickers!

Tom once had a deep mild aversion to oral sex. He had tried with Hayley but had been so clumsy, Hayley had gently guided his head up and urged him to fuck her. He knew he was a failure in bed but Hayley never taunted him with it.

Not like Mrs Kraemer!

She *constantly* taunted him, even though she never permitted Tom to fuck her! He hadn't even touched her breasts or kissed her mouth and she certainly *never* performed oral sex on *him*!

Tom was only permitted to orally serve Mrs Kraemer and that was all!

She made it quite clear she did not allow him to fuck her because of some strange loyalty to her husband! Mrs Kraemer callously said she fucked other, *better* endowed men and she just did not want to waste her time or efforts on a submissive sissy like Tom! That taunt always stimulated Tom to even greater arousal!

Mrs Kraemer's fingers tapped softly on Tom's skull, the signal she wanted just a little more!

Tom moved his mouth closer until his lips touched her sex, her pubic hair brushing his nostrils. He pushed his tongue out and gave his first and, therefore, very gentle lick!

The sharp taste danced on his tongue as he licked again, using just the point of his tongue. The sweet ripe scent of her swept through him as Tom then used the flat of his tongue to trace the entire length of her sex.

He was rewarded with a murmured, 'Good boy.'

Buoyed by her compliment, Tom slipped into the rhythm he knew Mrs Kraemer so enjoyed. Licking the little tongue dance she had taught him, he felt the heat and the fullness of her pussy as his weeping cock pressed against the filmy knickers.

Tom could feel her labia swell beneath his tongue and the growing warmth and sticky wetness so he knew it was time to apply just a little pressure.

Once again, he heard a throaty, murmured, 'Good boy,' so his tongue pushed inside with ease, the scent suddenly stronger and musky.

"*The perfume of my cunt*" as Mrs Kramer loved to say when she was training Tom. The strong descriptor sounded strange and wrong on her lips, the upper class accent so foreign

to such a word but *cunt* was a word Mrs Kraemer used easily and regularly.

Her sex was slippery, musky and hot as Tom ignored the strain on his neck and tongue to push his tongue as deeply as he could inside.

Moisture rolled over his tongue! Strong, thick and hot, the fluid danced on his tongue before Tom swallowed.

Mrs Kraemer *liked* Tom to swallow! Even though Tom had first swallowed because he had no choice or would have gagged, he now did so willingly! Somehow, that act reinforced his worthlessness and his desire to serve! Of course, that wasn't the only thing that reinforced his mindset!

Tom's tongue was tiring but he kept going sensing Mrs Kraemer's enjoyment was increasing

He moved his mouth to the top of the triangle, opening wide to clamp down for a moment. He felt her pushing against his mouth and knew it was time to move his tongue to her clitoris!

Just a teasing flick and Mrs Kraemer shuddered, her thighs moving tighter around Tom's head.

He knew her clitoris so well now. Tom had never seen a clitoris so clearly before Mrs Kraemer had shown him and taught him how to tease and please that thick nubbin of nerves!

She moaned as Tom used his tongue slowly to delicately slip around the growing pearl!

Tom knew that Mrs Kraemer's orgasms were always fast and furious! When her climax arrived, it was an explosion and Tom knew he faced danger of suffocation as her thighs clamped vicelike around his head as she rode the flickering fingers of pleasure!

This orgasm was no different!

Luckily, Tom managed to inhale deeply before the explosion occurred!

Stiff and arched, she gripped his head with her thighs, her fingers tearing at his hair, pummelling his face as she rode wave after wave of her orgasm!

When she released him, Tom felt sticky and exhausted.

Mrs Kraemer, on the other hand, was relaxed and even invigorated.

'Wait outside,' she said, casually dismissing him. 'I want to have a shower!'

6.

Hands stiff cuffed behind him and his constricted cock still hard, Tom waited in the living room while Mrs Kraemer showered and dressed.

Time slid by but Tom did not lose his erection! The humiliation and helplessness of the situation *guaranteed* that!

When Mrs Kraemer emerged from the bedroom, she was dressed in her business suit again, her dark hair sleek in its designer styled bob and her perfume wafting through the room.

She put her handbag on the table and smiled at Tom's erection and, to his shame, the large wet spot in the knickers.

'Still hard. Amazing,' she murmured, picking up the keys to the cuffs. 'Turn around.'

Quickly, she unlocked the cuffs and dropped them into her handbag. 'Might need these for later,' she teased.

Tom said nothing but he again wondered if he was the only victim of Mrs Kraemer's blackmailing schemes.

Sitting on the sofa, handbag next to her, she pointed at a spot on the floor in front of her, next to her discarded high heel shoes.

'Kneel there,' she said, rummaging in her handbag for her make-up bag.

Using her compact, she checked her eye make up. The lighting in the bathroom was not that good. The bathroom lights would be one of the many things Mrs Kraemer would change in the renovations. She always brought in the builders to renovate the apartment before leasing it.

‘I suppose you want to wank?’ she asked, using the compact to examine her face.

Tom flushed and shivered with shame. He could only manage a nod.

‘Take the ribbon off your little willy,’ she said, touching the lipstick up.

Tom pulled the briefs down, untied the bow and removed the pink satin ribbon from his red stiff and weeping cock.

‘Knickers back up!’ Mrs Kraemer said, screwing the gold top back onto her lipstick. ‘You can rub yourself through the knickers. No wanking like a man; rub yourself like a girl!’

Tom used his fingers to rub the shaft and head of his cock through the silky material. He was groaning so quickly and Mrs Kraemer looked at him coldly as he rubbed frantically, even took a quick photograph with her mobile. Tom was oblivious to that, rubbing with increasing speed until he came with a grunt, filling the knickers with strings of ejaculate.

Breathing deeply and still shivering from the intense orgasm, Tom remained kneeling with his head bowed.

‘Quick again,’ Mrs Kraemer teased, stepping into her shoes. ‘I pity your poor wife!’

Tom quivered with shame and intense embarrassment.

‘Look,’ Mrs Kraemer said, putting a key and a mobile phone on the coffee table near the sofa. ‘This is the key to this apartment. You know the code to get in. You can bring your clothes here and hang them in the second bedroom.’

Tom looked up at her face. 'C...clothes...?'

'The clothes you like to dress in, your *girly* clothes! Bring them here. I will want to see you dressed. The mobile is prepaid and untraceable. Do not make any calls on it! It is for *my* calls only! You will *always* have it on! And, of course, you know *never* to call me!'

She picked up her handbag, looked around to make sure she hadn't forgotten anything and walked to the door.

'Clean the apartment before you go and wash the towels and the sheets. Don't forget to wash your knickers! They can stay here as well. You can keep the ribbon as a souvenir, though!'

Chuckling, she walked out, closing the door behind her.

Slowly, Tom got to his feet, the knickers sticky and clinging as he walked to the window. Standing to one side, he waited until he saw the silver Mercedes Mrs Kraemer drove emerge from the car park underneath the apartment building.

Then, he walked as best he could to the bathroom to shower.

TWO

1.

Hayley stood on the footpath outside the apartment block waiting for the customer. Sean had said the woman was a well-known property developer who had a growing portfolio of rental properties as well as one or two commercial premises.

The name of the client was Ms Jones and she was late which made Hayley even more nervous. Sean had not been as supportive as he could have, just telling her this was a big sale and “don’t fuck it up!”

A silver Mercedes pulled up and an elegant woman who appeared to be in her early thirties but Hayley suspected, simply by the elegant hairstyle, choice of clothes and the car, was older than that. Could she actually be in her forties? Hayley thought that would be a fantastic stretch of the imagination.

She pasted a smile, offered her hand and said brightly, ‘Ms Jones? I’m Hayley Cunningham. Alice is on holidays...’

The woman took Hayley’s hand briefly, removed her sunglasses with her other hand and smiled. ‘Nice to meet you, Hayley.’

Hayley quickly offered her business card. The woman took the card and offered her own in return.

‘I’m Jolene Kraemer.’

‘Kraemer?’ Hayley said, confused. ‘I thought I was meeting a Ms Jones...’

‘I use the name Jones to throw competitors of the scent so they don’t discover I’m interested in a property.’

‘Oh.’ Hayley said looking at the stylish business card. Well, nice to meet you. Kraemer? My husband works for Kraemer Technology and Manufacturing...’

‘That is my husband’s business,’ Jolene Kraemer said briskly. ‘Your husband works there?’

‘Yes. He’s an executive in the Marketing and Design division...’

Jolene Kraemer studied Hayley’s business card. ‘Cunningham?’ She wrinkled her brow convincingly. ‘I think I remember him. Keith, right?’

‘Tom, actually,’ Hayley said nervously.

‘I meet so many people at those dreary company functions,’ Jolene said with a disarming smile. ‘Still, have to attend to support Nathan. Did I meet you at one of those functions?’

‘I don’t think so,’ Hayley said. ‘I would have remembered.’

‘I suppose you’d *have* to remember the wife of your husband’s boss, eh?’ Jolene said with a laugh.

‘Maybe but I would have remembered you anyhow.’

‘I’m taking it as a compliment,’ Jolene said with another laugh.

‘It was.’

‘Then, that was a very nice thing to say. This is the property?’

‘Yes,’ Hayley said, handing Jolene Kraemer a brochure.
‘The apartment is the penthouse.’

‘I just have to answer a text and then we can go,’ Jolene Kraemer said with a smile.’

‘Of course,’ Hayley said.

Mrs Kraemer stepped to one side and fished a mobile out of her handbag.

Hayley pointedly looked away to provide privacy.

Smiling, Jolene Kraemer dropped the mobile back into her bag. ‘All done,’ she said cheerfully. ‘Let’s have a look, shall we?’

2.

Tom had just finished vacuuming the apartment and was waiting for the washing machine to complete its cycle when the new mobile beeped.

For a moment, Tom just stared at the mobile, wondering if Mrs Kraemer wanted him *again*?

Apprehensively, he picked up the mobile Mrs Kraemer had given him and saw a photograph had been sent.

His face burned when he saw the picture of himself in the knickers, furiously rubbing his cock through the underwear! His face was contorted, eyes closed and Tom assumed he was just on the verge of coming!

Disgusted with himself, he put the mobile down and walked to the small laundry to put the washing in the dryer.

Tom knew the photograph on the mobile phone was a not so subtle reminder of Mrs Kraemer’s power!

She was the sleek and powerful cat while he was the helpless mouse and the cat could not resist playing with her prey!

Fortunately, for Tom, he did not know Mrs Kraemer was planning even *more* intricate games and that she had been

standing next to Tom's wife, Hayley, when she sent the shameful picture!

3.

Hayley nervously led the way and when they were in the lift, travelling up, Mrs Kraemer said, 'You've just joined the firm?'

'I've been working there a while but in the administration area. With Alice away, Sean asked me to assist you...'

'...because I *only* deal with women,' Mrs Kraemer said with a smile. 'Have you got your accreditation?'

'Not yet,' Hayley said truthfully. 'I'm sitting for the exam next week...'

'I'm sure you'll pass. Has that rascal Sean offered to split the commission if you talk me into buying?' Mrs Kraemer teased and Hayley laughed.

'Yes. Thirty five per cent to me,' Hayley admitted.

'How generous of him,' Jolene said wryly.

The lift chimed, the doors opened and Hayley unlocked the door in the small foyer. 'The apartment is the only one on the top floor,' Hayley said as she opened the door.

'No problem with privacy, then,' Jolene Kraemer said. 'Have you been here before, Hayley?'

'No, I haven't Ms Kraemer...'

'Please call me Jolene. Mrs Kraemer makes me feel even older than I am! Let's explore together, shall we?'

‘All right...Jolene,’ Hayley said shyly and they walked into the living room.

‘What do you think of this?’ Jolene asked, looking around.

‘Very spacious but the colour scheme is awful. I’d paint the walls cream so it is a blank canvas for...sorry, I’m going on a bit, aren’t I?’

‘Not at all. I appreciate both your advice and honesty.’

‘It’s just...Sean told me not to talk too much. I do have a habit of saying too much...’

‘Hayley, it’s fine,...’ Jolene said with a warm smile. ‘...and I agree completely with you. The walls have to be repainted and this carpet...’

‘It’s ugly, isn’t it?’ Hayley said, looking down. ‘I think polished floors are always nicer.’

‘Again, I agree with you. Let’s check the kitchen and the bathrooms!’

4.

The inspection took over an hour and, as Hayley locked the apartment door, she glanced nervously at Jolene.

Jolene pressed the lift call button and Hayley asked softly, ‘What did you think, Jolene?’

‘I think it has potential.’

Hayley smiled with some relief, knowing she could at least tell Sean Jolene Kraemer thought the apartment had potential!

As they rode the lift down, Jolene said, 'It needs to be completely repainted, the carpet lifted and new flooring.' Turning to Hayley, she asked, 'What do you think of polishing the concrete once the carpet is removed?'

'Well, it's trendy now. I think it's suited for commercial premises but would *look* cold and *feel* cold in an apartment.' Hayley smiled sheepishly. 'I'm talking too much again, aren't I? Sean told me I should just agree with clients...'

'Sean is an idiot,' Mrs Kraemer said. She glanced at her wristwatch as they stepped from the lift. 'I'd like to talk a little more about the apartment, Hayley. There is a nice bistro close by. Would you like a quiet drink while we talk?'

'That would be very nice, Jolene,' Hayley said.

'Where is your car?'

Hayley flushed. 'Ah...I don't have a car yet. I took a taxi...'

'Then, you'll ride with me.'

Jolene smiled at Hayley as she steered the Mercedes into the traffic.

'I would have thought an estate agent needed a car,' Jolene said.

'I know,' Hayley agreed. 'I'm going to get one when I have my licence.'

'What sort?'

'I'd love one like this,' Hayley said with a laugh. 'But, can't afford a Mercedes.'

'One day you will, Hayley,' Jolene said.

Hayley looked at her, surprised. 'Well, thank you, Jolene...'

'You have to believe in yourself, Hayley,' Jolene said firmly. 'How can you expect anyone else to believe in you if you don't?'

Hayley nodded thoughtfully. 'You are right, Jolene.'

She turned to look out the window, clearly thinking and Jolene smiled to herself.

Hayley was every bit as lovely and sexy as Jolene remembered.

Jolene vividly remembered when she had first seen Hayley, when her great obsession had begun!

Hayley had been right, Jolene and Hayley had *not* met! Nathan, Jolene's husband, had seen Tom and Hayley in the street, however.

Nathan and Jolene had been sitting in a restaurant, when Nathan had suddenly pointed out the window at a couple walking by.

'That young man works for me,' Nathan said, eyes fixed on Tom. 'That good looking young man there.'

'Oh?' Jolene had said, *her* eyes fixed on Hayley. She was, in Jolene's eyes, an incredibly beautiful and very sexy young woman! She was breathtaking and Jolene inwardly quivered with a rush of desire!

Jolene glanced at Nathan and saw her husband was staring at Tom Cunningham.

'He looks a little effeminate,' Jolene observed, testing, as she understood her husband so well.

Nathan didn't say anything, just nodded and Jolene looked back at Hayley.

Jolene almost licked her lips. Hayley Cunningham was so beautiful but quite oblivious of her ravishing beauty and her impact on others! And that was part of her charm, making Hayley Cunningham *completely* adorable!

I want her!

In that one split second, Jolene became obsessed with Hayley and Jolene made the decision that would forever change the lives of *many* people!

Jolene's Kraemer *had* to have the young beautiful woman! She didn't know *how* but knew she would!

Nathan was still looking at Tom and Jolene smiled.

'Have I met him?'

'Yes, you met him once, remember?' Nathan murmured.

Jolene vaguely remembered but that did not matter! She had noticed Tom Cunningham was quite handsome in androgynous fashion and that could be helpful! However, her obsession was the young woman! 'Who is the young woman?' Jolene asked as nonchalantly as possible.

'I think it's his wife. Never met her,' Nathan had said, returning to his meal when Tom walked into a shop, leaving Hayley standing on the footpath.

Jolene could not take her eyes off her, and studied Hayley through the window in silence, until Tom returned and the couple began to walk again.

'She doesn't look happy,' Jolene said softly.

Nathan lifted his head. 'You think so?' Nathan asked almost hopefully. 'How can you tell? They're holding hands.'

‘I can tell,’ Jolene said softly, watching. ‘How is your fish?’ Jolene asked as the Cunninghams vanished around a corner.

And now, Hayley was sitting in the car with Jolene.

Mrs Kraemer covertly looked Hayley over, dwelling on the gorgeous blonde hair, the large breasts and long legs. *She could have been a model*, Jolene thought, *except her breasts are probably too large. Too bad! Fashions loss is my gain!*

‘Here we are,’ Jolene said cheerfully. ‘I’m looking forward to a very nice glass of bubbly!’

They sat at a corner table and Jolene insisted on two glasses of, in Hayley’s eyes, very expensive champagne.

They spoke easily about the penthouse they had just seen and Hayley found herself giving more suggestions about the renovations.

‘Do you have a lot of properties, Jolene?’ Hayley asked when the second glass of champagne arrived with some canapés.

‘I suppose I do. About thirty. My goal is fifty.’

‘Wow!’

‘In case you’re wondering, I was doing this before I met Nathan. He’s my second husband by the way. We keep our businesses and accounts separate. You never know when a marriage is going to implode,’ she said.

‘No,’ Hayley said quietly. ‘I suppose you don’t.’

‘The canapés are lovely. Have you tried one, Hayley?’

‘I have. They are delicious!’

Jolene watched Hayley taste another one and smiled at her. 'You haven't asked me, Hayley?'

'Asked what?' Hayley said, frowning slightly, confused, which, in Jolene's eyes, made her adorable again.

'Whether I will *buy* the penthouse! A good sales person would have asked before this!'

Hayley shrugged. 'I suppose I should have but...well, I've just been enjoying myself! I suppose I should have been focused on business but...I like being here. With you. Is that wrong of me?'

Jolene gently put her hand on Hayley's and smiled at her. 'No, Hayley, that isn't wrong of you. It's lovely. And I'm enjoying myself with you!'

They smiled happily at each other.

'Anyway,' Jolene said, slowly removing her hand from Hayley's, 'I *have* decided to buy the penthouse.'

Hayley's face lit up. 'You are? That's great! When?'

'When do you get accredited?'

'Hopefully on Wednesday. Why?'

'Because we can formalise the sale on Thursday!'

Hayley gaped at her. 'Are you *serious*?'

'Yes. Completely. Don't tell Sean. Tell him I am thinking it over.'

'All right,' Hayley said slowly, thinking. 'Is this ethical?' she asked.

'You know that old saying about a tree falling in the forest...'

'...if no one is there, does it make a sound?'

'That's it. It's only a sale when the contract is *signed*! You *showed* me the property! I just haven't decided whether to buy it or not. Well, not yet, anyway.' Jolene smiled and raised her glass. 'A toast to your first sale!'

Hayley laughed and raised her glass. 'Thank you so much, Jolene,' she said seriously after a sip. 'You don't have to do this...'

'Ordinarily, I wouldn't,' Jolene said. 'But I feel we are on the way to being good friends...'

'So do I!' Hayley said breathlessly. She was flushed and, even though Jolene knew it was far too early, she wanted to kiss the younger woman! And do even more than kiss!

'Then, friends help each other,' Jolene said. 'Yes?'

'Definitely yes!' Hayley said and they touched glasses, smiling at each other.

5.

Tom heard Hayley's key in the door and turned the television sound down.

'How did it go?' Tom asked the moment Hayley was inside the apartment.

He felt he had to show some interest in Hayley's world, even though he kept thinking about what he had done in the apartment with Mrs Kraemer.

Guilt made him play the interested husband.

‘*Smashing!*’ Hayley said and, when she pecked Tom’s cheek, he could smell alcohol. ‘You’ll never guess who the client was?’

‘Who?’ Tom asked, his interest fading fast as his eyes returned to the television.

‘Your bosses wife, Jolene *Kraemer!*’

Tom’s head jerked around and his heart began galloping with urgency and fear.

‘*What!*’

‘Yes. Coincidence, eh.’

Tom hurriedly got to his feet and, telling himself to keep as calm and as casual as he could, he asked, ‘She’s interested in...in buying property?’

‘Jolene is a very accomplished property developer. She has over thirty properties! She’s *amazing!* I’m going to change.’

Hayley dashed off to the bedroom and Tom slowly sank into the armchair, his head buzzing.

What was Mrs Kraemer doing with Hayley?

Hayley returned in pyjama bottoms with a large T-shirt and wearing just woolly socks on her feet.

‘You...you said she is amazing?’ Tom asked. Hayley noticed he had switched the television off which was a first!

‘Yes. And very nice. She dropped me home...’

‘She *drove* you home?’

‘Yes. What’s up?’

‘Me? Ah...Nothing...’

‘You seem a little upset, Tom...’

‘No, I’m not,’ Tom blustered. ‘Tell me more...’

‘There’s nothing to tell,’ Hayley said, making a cup of tea. ‘I showed her the property, we had a drink and some nibbles and she drove me home. That’s it.’

For a reason Hayley didn’t understand, she didn’t tell Tom about the potential sale. Perhaps she didn’t want Tom to spoil her memory of the pleasant time with his questions or disapproval!

‘You had a *drink* with her?’

‘Yes! In fact, I had *two*! Why are you interrogating me, Tom?’

‘I’m...I’m not...’

Hayley frowned at her husband. ‘I’ve had a good day and all you can do is act like a pain in the neck! I’m taking my tea and my notes to bed and I’m going to study for my exam for a while. You’ll probably stay fixed to the television so I’ll say goodnight!’

She spun on her heel and marched to bed.

This is how bad it’s become, Hayley thought, we don’t even kiss goodnight anymore!

Tom sank onto the sofa, head in his hands as he tried to understand what was going on!

After a few moments of deep and confused thoughts, Tom switched the television back on.

THREE

1.

Jackson stood up when Jolene Kraemer entered his office.

‘Mrs Kraemer,’ he said in greeting.

‘Jackson,’ she replied coolly, sitting down opposite him. Dressed in a very expensive jacket and skirt suit, she was, as usual, impeccably elegant.

Jackson thought the handbag resting on Mrs Kraemer’s lap was probably worth *more* than he earned in six months!

‘I assume you sweep your office for listening devices,’ she said, looking around with obvious disapproval.

‘Of course. Every day. No one has ever bugged me, Mrs Kraemer.’

‘I hope you are correct.’

‘I am! I guarantee it!’

‘I know you do,’ she said in a crisp, matter of fact tone. ‘What information have you got for me?’

‘I have to say is not as easy to discover information on the Cunningham wife as the hubby was.’

‘You won’t find women renting shabby hotel rooms to dress up in male clothes, Jackson,’ Mrs Kraemer said with a hint of scorn. ‘Especially a woman like Hayley Cunningham.’

‘No. You’ve got that right. In my experience, women are better at hiding things about themselves. There was this woman I

tracked ten years ago. Her husband was convinced she was having an affair but...'

'Keep the details for your autobiography, Jackson,' Mrs Kraemer said dismissively. 'I'm sure it will be a fascinating read for the great unwashed! And, who knows, a film deal may follow but what I am interested in is *Hayley Cunningham*!'

'I know, Mrs Kraemer...'

'I gave you the assignment two months ago to investigate Hayley *and* Tom Cunningham! You took a mere week to find some rather startling information on the husband and, the following week, you *arranged* some interesting photos!'

Jolene could not believe her luck when Jackson had told her of Tom Cunningham's cross-dressing fetish! Those photographs helped Jolene Kraemer form her complex plan that would give her *exactly* what she wanted! Until she discovered Tom's fetish, she had been desperately trying to think of a plan that would solve all aspects of her obsession with Hayley Cunningham! Now, she had a *real* plan!

'It wasn't easy putting cameras in the hotel room, Mrs Kraemer, and arranging for Cunningham to get *that* room! It cost...'

'I think I pay you rather well, Jackson! The money should cover any difficulty!'

'I know, I know,' Jackson said quickly. 'As I said, the hubby was easy. But the wife...'

'You have been looking at her for *six* weeks! Have you found *anything*?'

'Not like the husband...'

‘I did not expect you to find *anything* like *that* with her!’

‘Believe me, I’ve been looking...’

‘And nothing?’

‘Well, I did find something...’ he said softly. ‘She went to an exclusive private college in America instead of university here...’

‘I know. Her parents are wealthy...’

‘Yes but they don’t seem to get on with their only daughter. They don’t give her any financial assistance and they don’t see each other.’

‘They don’t? That *is* interesting.’

‘And the college file on Hayley Cunningham is sealed. Not her academic record which was pretty good but her *history* at the school!’

‘You suspect the college is hiding something?’

‘The parents can pay to have some files sealed,’ Jackson said. ‘It’s a weird system...’

‘It’s a system where money talks and whoever has the most money is heard the loudest. Can we get that file, Jackson?’

‘It will cost a lot. I’ve already made enquiries.’

‘I don’t care! Find out what’s in that file, Jackson.’ Mrs Kraemer stood up and said quietly, ‘As usual, I wasn’t here.’

‘Understood, Mrs Kraemer. Was the information on the Cunningham husband useful?’

Mrs Kraemer smiled thinly. 'Yes, *very* useful. I've employed that information on many occasions over the past four weeks. However, it is the *wife* I am *really* interested in, Jackson!'

'I'll get on it right away!'

2.

Fortunately, the mobile Mrs Kraemer had given Tom buzzed while he was lined up for a coffee in a café and *not* in a meeting!

'Yes?' Tom whispered.

'Have you taken your clothes to the flat?'

'Ah...this afternoon...'

'I want to see you *dressed*! I'll be at the flat at five. You had better be there dressed in your finery! Understood?'

'Ah yes...'

'And *no* wanking!'

Tom flushed and murmured urgently, 'You...you saw my *wife*...Hayley...'

'Are you *questioning* me?' Mrs Kraemer hissed in his ear. 'I...I just...'

'How *dare* you! I do *not* account to *you* for *anything*! You, on the other hand, account to *me* for *everything* you *do*! You *obey* me! And if you *dare* question me again, I will send the latest photo to your wife's phone! I have her number now, you know!'

She disconnected the call abruptly and Tom slipped the mobile back into his jacket pocket.

'Here's your coffee, mate.'

‘Ah...Thanks...’

Why did she want to see him dressed as Thomasine? The thought made his cock swell and he wondered Mrs Kraemer would allow Tom to wank while dressed!

3.

Tom postponed a meeting, drove into the car park under his apartment building and unlocked the storage cage.

Quickly, he pulled the old suitcase from the back where it had been hidden and put it in the boot of the car.

Relocking the storage cage, he drove to the other apartment and parked some distance away. Carrying the suitcase, he walked briskly to the rear of the building, let himself in and nervously took the lift to the top floor.

The apartment was just as he had left it and, as he stared at the bed where he had licked Mrs Kraemer to orgasm and then wanked in the knickers Mrs Kraemer had given him. His face flushed but his cock stirred.

Quickly, he opened the suitcase and began to remove the clothes. He had an hour to get dressed for Mrs Kraemer!

4.

Mrs Kraemer was running late. At 5:10pm she parked her Mercedes under the apartment building and rode the lift up to the top floor.

Unlocking the door, she stepped in and, closing the door behind her, looked around the apartment.

Tom Cunningham was not in the living room but there were noises in the bedroom so she assumed he was still getting ready.

She smiled, remembering how ridiculous Tom had looked in the grainy photographs Jackson had taken. Those pictures were enough to blackmail Tom but Mrs Kraemer wanted more!

Her plans were far beyond mere blackmail! She wanted much more than that!

Placing her handbag on the sofa, she opened the refrigerator, removed a bottle of wine and poured a glass.

Sitting on the sofa, legs crossed and perfect in appearance, she called, 'I am waiting! You are *late!*'

Sheepishly, heart racing, Tom awkwardly walked through the bedroom door.

He was wearing a cheap and ill-fitting patterned dress, black hosiery and awful costume jewellery.

His make-up was not expertly applied and Tom looked ridiculous especially with his short hair and no shoes. He also had an erection, which pushed at the front of the baggy dress.

Tom coyly smiled at Mrs Kraemer as his heart pounded. This was the first time he had ever dressed for another and he wondered what the reaction would be.

Mrs Kraemer looked him up and down for a long moment, her lip curling into an expression of scorn.

'Dear lord, you look *completely* ridiculous!'

Tom stopped walking and nervously put his hands behind his back.

'The photos I have of you from the hotel are equally terrible but I thought it was because you had been rushed and didn't have *all* your clothes! But now, here is the *awful* reality! My god, don't you even have a *wig*? And what about *shoes*? How very disappointing!'

Tom's face was deep red and he quivered with shame but, his erection did *not* fade.

'Where did you get *that* dress?' Mrs Kraemer demanded, finger pointing.

'At...at a charity shop...' Tom murmured.

'It's *awful*! Take it off!'

Mrs Kraemer watched as he clumsily unzipped the dress and slipped it from his shoulders.

She laughed when she saw the pink bra and knickers with a matching pink suspender belt. Mrs Kraemer laughed even louder when she saw the knickers were distorted by his hard cock!

'I'm afraid you have to do much better if you are going to fit into my plans!'

Tom blinked as he absorbed what Mrs Kraemer had so casually revealed.

She had *plans* for him!

The blackmail and ruthless sexual domination was *not* just a power game for Mrs Kraemer! Tom had thought she would grow tired of the game, grow tired of *him*! Even though part of Tom hoped she would *not* grow bored with him, he had seen Mrs Kraemer's eventual boredom as the avenue of his escape!

It was strange as Tom was finding he looked forward to the time with Mrs Kraemer! He *hated* what she made him do but he also *loved* it! The shame and guilt ate at him but part of Tom wanted more!

Mrs Kraemer studied the hapless Tom and she felt the warm tingle of the absolute power she had over him.

'That underwear is terrible! What woman would wear an atrocious set like that! Where did you get it?'

Face burning, quivering with shame and arousal, Tom murmured, 'Online...'

'From some tacky sex shop, no doubt! My god, couldn't you even pad the bra!'

She studied him carefully as her brain raced with ideas and plans.

Mrs Kraemer pointed at the tent in the garish pink knickers.

'Just wearing girly knickers makes you hard! Is that a wet spot?' Mrs Kraemer chuckled as she pointed her index finger with its glossy red nail at his bulge.

Tom shuddered with shame! Humiliation swept through him but he also felt a rush of intense arousal, bringing him closer to ejaculation!

Mrs Kraemer twisted the screws!

'I can't imagine what your beautiful wife, Hayley, would say if she saw you like this! She'd be quite shocked, I would think. What do you think your wife would do if she knew you got a sexual kick out of dressing up in girly knickers, Tom?'

His cock straining against the pink knickers, head spinning with submissive arousal and humiliation, Tom managed to mumble, 'She...she would hate me...'

'Possibly,' Mrs Kraemer said airily. 'She certainly wouldn't want to *sleep* with you, would she?'

Tom slowly and sadly shook his head.

'You don't deserve a woman like Hayley! You don't really deserve *any* woman! God, just imagining having proper sex with you turns my stomach!'

Tom blinked but said nothing. How could he when Mrs Kraemer was saying what Tom thought about himself!

'You get more excitement and satisfaction from wanking in girly knickers than making love with your beautiful wife!'

Tom hung his head.

'Why, I bet you have even worn Hayley's underwear! Yes?'

Face burning even hotter, Tom nodded.

'Don't tell me you *wanked* in her knickers? My god, that is *really* disgusting! Poor Hayley! She didn't marry much of a man, did she!'

Mrs Kraemer casually studied her victim and intuitively knew he was on the verge of ejaculation! Her humiliating observations had stoked Tom's natural submissiveness, increasing his arousal with each insult!

Dressing in feminine attire increased Tom's submissive behaviours and made him even more malleable for the plans of Mrs Kraemer!

She also knew once Tom had ejaculated, all submissiveness and desire to be feminine vanished with the last gasp of his orgasm!

Jolene had to find a way to keep him aroused without ejaculation!

'Pull the knickers down to your knees!'

Red faced, Tom eased the undergarment down and his hard, red cock bobbed into view.

Mrs Kraemer made a show of studying his erection.

'Hmmm,' she said almost playfully. 'Not the most *enormous* penis in the world, is it?'

Her eyes bore into his and Tom stammered, 'No, Mrs Kraemer...'

'Would you say it is smaller than average?' Mrs Kraemer pressed.

'I...I...'

'Don't stammer like a shy schoolgirl!' Mrs Kraemer snapped heartlessly. She slowly and pointedly looked Tom up and down, a sly smile that verged on a sneer on her full red lips.

Tom's face glowed with shame while his rigid cock twitched and bobbed. He knew he appeared weak and ridiculous. How could he be anything but ridiculous, dressed in the loose pink bra and stockings with his cheap knickers pulled down to expose his arousal.

Yet, he had never been so overwhelmingly aroused in his life!

'I think we can agree your penis has not been blessed in the size department,' Mrs Kraemer pronounced, her firm statement driving Tom's arousal even higher. 'Would you say it is small?' Mrs Kraemer asked in a light, almost conversational tone.

Tom gulped and, face burning and cock twitching, mumbled, 'Yes...Mrs Kraemer...'

Mrs Kraemer was relentless once again.

'Perhaps even *tiny*?'

Her right eyebrow arched and Tom gasped as he danced precariously on the edge of ejaculation.

He could not answer and only managed a vague nod as his terrible confession.

Mrs Kraemer smiled coldly. 'Yes, we will all agree it is tiny.'

Her eyes glinted as she struck home with 'Poor Hayley!'

Tom hung his head as Mrs Kraemer had unerringly zeroed in on Tom's feelings of inadequacy.

'Now, you can kneel. I have a treat for you.'

Quivering, Tom weakly knelt before his harsh torturer, his garish knickers tight around his thighs and waited, his head buzzing with submission, his hard red cock glistening with signs of his weakness.

Mrs Kraemer extended her leg and with a cool smile, told Tom to remove her high heel shoe.

His hands trembled as he slipped the shoe from her foot, his eyes glancing from the reinforced toe of her hose, up to the length of her leg to the teasing exposure of white knickers under the sheer to waist pantyhose.

'Open wide,' Mrs Kraemer ordered, toes nudging Tom's mouth.

Quivering on the edge of ejaculation, Tom obeyed and Mrs Kraemer pushed her nylon sheathed toes, with red nail polish, into his mouth!

'Suck! You're not much of a man so suck my toes like you are a cock sucking slut!'

Tom groaned as he sucked and Mrs Kraemer smiled as she focused her mobile on Tom's face, his eyes closed in what could only be seen as euphoric pleasure.

'Wank!' Mrs Kraemer ordered as she took more incriminating pictures.

Tom's shaking fingers brushed his cock and he immediately gasped and groaned as he instantly ejaculated!

Chuckling, Mrs Kraemer removed her toes, adjusted the hem of her skirt and slipped her shoe back on.

'You've made a disgusting mess again,' she dryly observed, dropping her mobile into her handbag.

Shamefaced, Tom looked away, trying to avoid her knowing and scornful eyes.

She placed a business card on the coffee table and stood up.

'I've made an appointment for you for tomorrow at six. They will know what to do.'

She walked to the front door of the apartment and opened it. 'Do I have to remind you what will occur if you disobey me?'

'No, Mrs Kraemer,' Tom said sullenly, head down.

'Perhaps I do have to remind you. If you decide not to attend the appointment, I will publicly release everything I have! Every picture of you doing all the things you have done will be sent to everyone you know or knows *of* you!'

Her voice was flat and cold. Pale faced, Tom looked up at her.

'And we both know you *love* what I make you do,' she said with a harsh laugh.

The door closed behind her with a final click! Tom shakily stood up, peeled the knickers down and wiped himself with the garment.

He picked up the card and shuddered when he saw the business was a male grooming salon with complete body waxing their specialty.

Sighing, Tom put the card down and moved to the bathroom.

FOUR

1.

Hayley looked through her notes and nervously looked at the computer screen. She was seated in the conference room and ready to begin the online examination.

She had logged in to the examination service and was watching the countdown clock on the screen.

Sean popped his head around the door and said, 'I have to make sure you don't have any books with you.'

'Only my notes. You'd better take them.'

'They can stay,' he said with a wink. 'No one will know...'

'I'll know,' Hayley said firmly. 'Please take them.'

Sean shrugged, took the folder and closed the door behind him.

Hayley focused on the screen and took a deep breath as the clock moved to zero!

2.

'People are talking, Cunningham,' Abraham Lewis said in his deep voice.

Tom looked up. 'What about?'

'*You*, my man,' Lewis said, pointing a thick black finger at Tom. 'You've been missing in action!'

'I have no idea what you're going on about, Lewis' Tom lied.

'You've been skipping meetings and it's been noticed. Simmons has been told to talk to you!'

Simmons was their immediate supervisor and reported to Nathan Kraemer.

'Oh. How do you know?'

'Simmons is letting everyone know. You know he hates you, Cunningham!'

'Yes,' Tom said miserably, 'I know.'

3.

Jolene Kraemer walked up the stairs and straight into Jackson's cramped office.

He looked up from his desk at her entrance and quickly said, 'The office was swept this morning. No bugs!'

'I only have your word but I think you are not so stupid you would try to blackmail me!'

Pointedly inspecting the chair before she sat down, Mrs Kraemer said, 'You have news at last?'

Jackson grinned and said, 'I do.' He slid a USB memory stick over the desk towards her. 'It's all on that! I think you'll be pleased.'

Mrs Kraemer put the memory stick into her handbag and crossed her legs.

Jackson's eyes dropped to her legs and guiltily rose back up to her face.

Jolene noticed. *Men are so weak*, she thought.

'Summarise for me,' she snapped.

Jackson leaned back in his chair and recited, 'Hayley Benson, her maiden name,' he explained. 'Caused a little scandal at the exclusive Connecticut school. She had an affair with one of the teachers!'

Mrs Kraemer's eyes flickered with interest. 'And?'

'The teacher was a *woman*!'

A huge smile enveloped Mrs Kraemer's for a split second before she stood up and dropped a thick white envelope on the desk.

'You'll find the money is all there, Jackson.'

Jackson scooped the envelope up and quickly stood. 'If there is anything else I can do for you...'

'Not now but later. I will need a prostitute with specific skills. I assume you will be able to find one?'

Jackson was clearly surprised. 'Well, yes but...'

'I will contact you when I reach that point in my plans. Good day, Jackson.'

As she walked quickly to her car, Jolene smiled.

Hayley Cunningham had an affair with a *woman*!
Perfect!

4.

Hayley could not keep the smile from her face! She had passed the on-line examination in the top ten percentile!

Sean had been impressed but Hayley had brushed his congratulations aside. As she walked from the office towards the metro station, Hayley wondered why she had first thought to share her news with Jolene Kraemer and not her husband!

She had resisted the urge to call Mrs Kraemer and had dutifully tried to call Tom but his mobile diverted to his voice mail.

Turning her collar up, Hayley walked to the pedestrian crossing lights. Her mobile rang and Hayley quickly pulled it out of her coat pocket, thinking it was Tom.

A glance at the screen told her it wasn't her husband but Jolene Kraemer!

Excited, Hayley answered, 'Hello?'

'I'm ringing to offer either congratulations or commiserations,' Jolene said.

Hayley laughed. 'It's congratulations, Jolene! I passed!'

'Was there ever any doubt, Hayley?'

'Well, a little one. I was very nervous.'

'But you passed as I knew you would! Congratulations, Hayley. You are brilliant!'

Hayley grinned, feeling rather pleased with herself and buoyed by Jolene's enthusiasm and support.

'I suppose you're going to celebrate with your husband? Sorry, I've forgotten his name. Was it Keith?'

'You called him Keith before!' Hayley laughed. 'It's Tom. I called him but his mobile is switched off. He's probably in a meeting or something.'

Jolene smiled as she knew *exactly* where Tom was! At that precise moment, Tom was lying naked on a padded bench as two young men in white with latex gloves applied wax to all hair on Tom's body! He was probably screaming at that very moment!

'You should celebrate!' Jolene said firmly. 'Where are you?'

Feeling a twinge of excitement, Hayley told Jolene where she was.

'I know exactly where you are. I'm five minutes away. Let's have a celebratory drink!'

'I'd like that, Jolene,' Hayley murmured feeling happy and warm.

'Do you know the Excelsior Hotel?'

'I've walked by it. Looks very swish.'

'It has a wonderful bar. Cosy and warm with very tasty cocktails. I'll park underneath and meet you in the foyer?'

'All right, ' Hayley said happily.

5.

It was the most humiliating experience in Tom's life but without any associated sexual arousal!

The two young men methodically manipulated Tom's naked body into revealing positions so they could apply the wax.

As hair was ripped from his chest, legs, back, groin and even from between the cheeks of his arse, Tom could only grit his teeth and accept the pain.

The instructions were, according to one of the young men in white, to remove all hair from the neck down. He spoke English with a faint German or Dutch accent and there had been no sympathy in his blue eyes.

They showed no interest in his well-being but were obsessed with removing every strand of hair, no matter in which embarrassingly private nook it was!

6.

Hayley stood awkwardly in the foyer of the Excelsior Hotel, feeling a little under dressed as clearly wealthy people in outrageously expensive clothes sauntered over the marble foyer floor. Uniformed hotel staff pushed gold trolleys laden with designer luggage and garment bags!

Moving out of the way of an older woman in a white fur coat and carrying a matching white poodle, Hayley stood near a potted palm until she saw Jolene walk into the foyer.

Immediately, Hayley saw that Jolene belonged in surroundings of the Excelsior Hotel. Dressed in a burgundy coloured jacket and skirt with what was almost certainly a pure silk blouse in a gorgeous cream colour, Jolene Kraemer exhibited style, grace and money.

Jolene's face broke into a huge, welcoming smile when she saw Hayley. She kissed Hayley's cheeks with warm lingering kisses and gestured towards the door to the bar.

'Shall we?'

'I feel a little under dressed,' Hayley murmured, looking down at her short coat, black jeans and boots.

'Nonsense! You look gorgeous!'

Hayley flushed and smiled gratefully.

'Time for that celebratory cocktail,' Jolene said, linking arms with Hayley and steering them both to the cosy bar.

Sitting in a booth, Jolene imperiously summoned the waiter and ordered two extravagant cocktails.

'You look very stylish, Jolene,' Hayley said. 'Wish I knew how to put together an outfit like that.'

'Thank you,' Jolene said warmly. 'It's easy.'

'Perhaps for you but not for me...'

'It is easy, Hayley. I cheat.'

'Cheat?'

'Oh yes. I just stick with one designer and buy everything. This suit and blouse are from Valentino and they look good together.'

'You look elegant and beautiful,' Hayley murmured, cheeks slightly pink.

'Thank you again,' Jolene said breezily. 'But it is easy. You'll be able to do it.'

'I doubt it!' Hayley said ruefully. 'Don't think I'll ever have the money to buy clothes like *that*!'

'Of course you will,' Jolene said firmly.

The waiter hurried over with two tangerine coloured cocktails. 'Let's toast to your brilliant estate career!' Jolene said, raising the glass.

'Thank you,' Hayley said and they smiled warmly at each other as they touched glasses.

Hayley sipped the strong cocktail. 'Wow! Strong but delicious!'

'I think it is *very* wicked! But every now and again, we *deserve* wicked!' Jolene said and Hayley laughed. 'Tell me all about the examination. Was it hard or a breeze?'

Hayley began talking and Jolene watched her, enjoying the moment to sit with the young woman, to be able to study her, to *savour* being with her.

As she listened, Jolene thought about Jackson's report on Hayley's affair with an older woman. Every word in that terse report had given Jolene more and more hope! However, she knew she had to move slowly and resist the urge to move quickly.

'So it was a breeze, then,' Jolene said mischievously and Hayley laughed.

'Suppose it *did* sound like that! Am I egotistical?'

'Not at all. You do sound confident and there is nothing wrong with that!'

Hayley found herself relaxing completely with Jolene and smiled. 'Thank you, Jolene.'

'Not at all.' Jolene sipped her drink. 'Your husband must be pleased for you.'

Hayley shrugged. 'He doesn't know. And I'm not sure he would be even care about the examination.'

'Oh? Tell me to mind my own business but are things all right between you and your husband?'

'Not really,' Hayley said truthfully. 'Things are *not* so great.'

'I'm sorry to hear that. If you want to talk about it, I'm there for you.'

'Thanks,' Hayley said gratefully.

'Let's celebrate and forget about husbands,' Jolene said with a cheeky grin.

7.

Tom gingerly walked into the bathroom and examined his hairless naked body. His skin was red and sore as well as overly sensitive. It felt very strange.

His body also looked strangely feminine.

Grateful that Hayley wasn't home yet, he stepped under the shower, hoping the warm water would soothe his tingling skin.

Standing under the water, Tom remembered the humiliating and sometimes excruciating experience of the hair removal.

The sound of the front door of the apartment opening jerked Tom back to reality.

Hayley!

Quickly, he turned the water off and looked around for a towel. Drying his still sensitive skin, Tom listened carefully.

'Tom?' Hayley called through the bathroom door.

'Just had a shower. Be out in a minute.'

Pulling his robe on and tying the both belt tightly around his waist, Tom took a deep breath and stepped out.

He saw Hayley's coat tossed on the floor, her shoes and when he walked tentatively to the bedroom, saw her top on the floor and Hayley in her white bra, unsteadily trying to get her jeans off.

She was, Tom instantly saw, drunk!

Hayley grinned at Tom and collapsed backwards onto the bed, knees still entwined in the jeans. Her large breasts rippled within the white bra and the waist high white satin briefs with lace inserts on the sides, emphasised her slightly rounded stomach and pubic mound.

She was, Tom knew, incredibly sexy and far too beautiful for him.

Giggling to herself, Hayley pulled the jeans off at last and bounded into Tom's arms.

'Hello, sexy,' she slurred, arms resting on Tom's shoulders.

Tom smelled the alcohol and was wondering what to do when Haley kissed him.

'Let's have some fun!' Hayley said, hands moving to the cloth belt around Tom's waist.

Despite her obvious intoxication, she was surprisingly fast and effective, opening Tom's robe. The smile left her face and was immediately replaced by a puzzled frown when Hayley saw Tom's hairless groin.

'Your hair's gone!' she slurred. 'Where's your hair gone to?' Suddenly, she giggled. 'No more hairy ballsy wallsies!'

Tom quickly pulled the robe around himself and said sternly, 'You are *drunk*!'

Still giggling, Hayley pointed a finger at Tom's face. 'You're being *firm*! Let's see if I can make your willy firm!' She fumbled for the robe again but Tom easily managed to push her away.

Hayley staggered back as if Tom had hit her. 'You don't find me attractive!' Hayley mumbled. 'What kind of wife am I if I'm not sexy for my hubby! I'm pathetic!'

'No,' Tom said quickly, taking her in his arms. 'I'm just tired. It...it's been a long day...that's all...'

'You don't want to do it. You *never* want to do it!' Hayley muttered into his chest.

'Not true,' Tom said brightly. He couldn't reveal his submissiveness, his desire to be controlled and his *need* to serve!

'I *feel* sexy,' Hayley pouted petulantly.

Tom's heart quickened. Could he actually serve his wife as she *deserved* to be served, as he *needed* to serve?

Nervously, he steered Hayley back to the bed. 'Let me make you feel better.'

'Huh?' Hayley murmured, confused.

She fell softly back onto the bed, legs splayed and Tom stared down at the rounded pubic mound with the slight shadow of her pubic hair through the taut white knickers. His eyes drifted

up to her large breasts in the white bra with an intricate lace trim on the top half of the cups.

Telling himself it was too late to stop now, he slipped his fingers into the waistband of the knickers and jerked them down her thighs.

'Wha...?' Hayley slurred but Tom didn't stop and pulled the garment down roughly to her ankles and off. Her pubic hair was light in colour to match her eyebrows but was quite thick as Hayley did not bother to trim!

Tom pulled her knees apart and hurriedly knelt between her legs, his hands still resting on her knees.

'What...what are you doing...darling...ooh...'

Her voice faltered as Tom's tongue drew lazy concentric circles over Hayley's inner thighs. Her reaction to the intimate teasing was instantaneous and her eyes fluttered shut as Tom's tongue teased and tantalised.

Mrs Kraemer had taught him well!

He could smell her rich scent, an intimate perfume that was distinctly different from Mrs Kraemer's and Tom's cock stiffened quickly, poking from the folds of his robe as his tongue languidly strolled through the thick forest of pubic hair.

'You...you don't have...to...' Hayley moaned as the tip of Tom's tongue drifted up and down her labia.

Tom savoured the juices, relishing his service and, for the first time in their relationship, he felt he was finally serving as he was *meant* to serve!

Hayley moaned again and slurred, 'What are you doing...you're good...oh my...'

She lay back and gave herself to the sensual sensations for a few moments until, annoyed by the tight bra, struggled to sit up.

Tom raised his head and, as Hayley snapped open her bra clasp, their eyes met. It was a strange moment.

Hayley shrugged the bra off, her large breasts swinging free and, looking down at her husband's face between her thighs, massaged the side of her breasts where the strap always irritated.

Tom looked at her hopefully until Hayley said thickly, 'Don't stop! Keep going!'

And she lay down, her thighs opening even wider and her eyes closed, as Tom's tongue tickled and teased her again.

Cock hard from submission and true service, Tom pushed his stiff tongue inside, tasting and teasing her. In fact, the sensations were so pleasing, Hayley stiffened and arched her back, toes curling downwards as she gnawed the knuckles of her right hand, moaning with eyes closed.

It was delicious!

And, as her arousal grew, the expectation of an orgasm deepened!

For Tom, the experience was deeply astounding as well! Not only was he *finally* servicing his wife as a true submissive should, Hayley had also *commanded* him!

His stiff and now hairless cock glistened with arousal as his tongue delved deeper inside Hayley, her juices swirling against his taste buds and her moans rising in volume.

Hayley had lost all conscious thought and was now focused on coming! Her orgasm was all she cared about and Hayley had lost all real awareness of her husband and was totally fixated on the wonderful ministrations of his dancing tongue!

Tom heard her moan again but he also recognised the difference in this sound from Hayley's other expressions of enjoyment.

This moan was primitive in tenor and had a rising crescendo of excitement, indicating her arousal was peaking.

Once again, the firm instruction from Mrs Kraemer was benefitting Hayley!

Of course, Hayley didn't know *that*!

The well taught tongue circled Hayley's swollen clitoris and Tom experienced a sudden surge of submissive arousal when he felt Hayley's fingers urgently seize his hair! She needed to pull his face closer as intense excitement rippled through her nervous system.

'Oh...yes!'

The orgasm was a tsunami of pleasure, rocking the very foundation of her core, exploding like a shower of colourful fireworks against her eyelids!

Tom felt the fingers lose their grip in his hair as it seemed every muscle in Hayley's outstretched body collapsed, relaxing in the orgasmic afterglow.

Reality returned to Hayley and, even as inebriated as she was, Hayley suddenly realised what had *just* occurred!

Her husband had not only gone down her but had done so with gusto in such a way and had almost *forced* her to come!

Old patterns of behaviour took over and Hayley assumed she now had to at least *offer* to reciprocate. Guiltily, Hayley knew the last thing she wanted to do was suck Tom but felt it was what he now expected when all she wanted to do was sleep!

Still, it was her duty and Hayley wiggled down and reached for Tom.

Still in a slightly submissive daze and deeply aroused from performing service, Tom did not move quickly enough to avoid Hayley's hand.

'Come here,' she mumbled, drunkenly thrusting her hand into his robe.

Her warm fingers caressed his hairless balls before brushing the head of his rigid cock.

That was all it took!

Hayley heard the guttural grunt, felt Tom shudder and also felt the sticky stream of his ejaculation! She didn't even have an opportunity to milk him!

The fact that Tom had come penetrated her intoxicated mind and, knowing she was now free of obligation, Hayley collapsed back on the bed and instantly fell asleep.

Still trembling from his orgasm, Tom looked down on his sleeping wife for a moment before moving to the bathroom to get a towel to clean up.

He pulled the covers over his gently snoring wife and, dressed in his blue pyjamas, slipped into the bed.

8.

Jolene closed the front door and walked upstairs. The door of her husband's bedroom was open and Nathan, in his dressing gown, was sitting at his antique desk where he liked to work when at home.

She noticed a glass of wine on the desk and the television screen showed financial results with the sound off.

'Hello, darling,' she said with a smile as she walked into the bedroom to kiss Nathan's forehead. 'Good day?'

'Yes and no, ' Nathan grunted. 'Financials are good but have a few staff problems.'

'Oh dear,' Jolene said sympathetically.

'Simmons wants to terminate young Cunningham.'

'Cunningham?' Jolene pretended to think. 'Is that the beautiful boy you pointed out to me?'

'Yes. Unfortunately. Quite enjoyed having him around. Stirred the imagination.' Nathan sighed. 'Anyway, enough of that! How was your day?'

'Very good in fact. Buck up, darling. I may have a surprise for you soon.'

'Hmm. You know I don't like surprises, darling,' Nathan murmured.

'Don't worry. You'll love this one! Goodnight, darling.'

She kissed his forehead again and walked to her bedroom. Nathan turned back to his documents.

9.

Hayley woke with a headache and a flood of memories!

Celebratory drinks with Jolene!

Tom hairless!

Tom going down and going down sublimely!

Tom ejaculating from just a brief touch!

Hayley groaned, staggered from the bed and into the bathroom. Peering at her reflection confirmed she had fallen asleep without removing her make-up.

Oh how charming is that!

Thankfully, Hayley did not need a great deal, lip gloss and a little eye liner, but it was still unforgivable to go to bed without cleaning her face.

A shower made Hayley feel a little better and, dressed, she managed a little toast and a huge cup of strong tea. Tom wasn't home and there wasn't a note.

The night with Jolene had been great fun and Hayley felt they were well on the way of becoming very good friends.

Perhaps, the thought popped into her head, a little more than friends?

Hayley quickly brushed *that* concept away as she had put *that* part of her life firmly behind her!

As she left the flat for the office, Hayley realised her husband still didn't know the result of her accreditation exam or about the sale.

Her mind was occupied with many thoughts as Hayley rode the metro to the office. The orgasm had been wonderful and she still could not get over how skilful Tom was.

Why hadn't he done that before? And wasn't he rather awful at it on their honeymoon?

It was a puzzle.

As she walked into the office, smiling and nodding at the other staff members, her mobile rang. It was Jolene.

'Hello, Jolene,' Hayley said brightly. 'How are you?'

'Have a bit of a headache,' Jolene said. It was a lie as Jolene had very carefully made sure she had not as drunk as much as Hayley. 'Don't know why,' Jolene said with a rueful laugh.

'I expect it was the cocktails,' Hayley chuckled. 'Thank you for a good night. It was fun.'

'It was, wasn't it? We should do it again.'

'Not with so many cocktails, though,' Hayley chuckled.

'Good idea. Anyway, ringing about the apartment you showed me. Didn't get a chance to talk about it last night. Too much gossiping, I'm afraid. Are you ready to sign up your first sale, my dear?'

'Am I ever! If you *really* want to do it, I mean.'

'Definitely. Can you bring the papers to my office? Say about twelve.'

'Of course. See you then.'

Smiling, Hayley poked her head around the door to Sean's office. 'Have my first sale!'

Sean lifted his head. 'Already?'

'Mrs Kraemer has decided to purchase that apartment I showed her.'

'Really?' Sean said suspiciously. 'The day after you're accredited?'

'If you rather I didn't sign her up, Sean, I won't,' Hayley said evenly.

'Alice usually...'

'Then send Alice! I'll buzz Jolene and tell her Alice is coming. I wonder what she'll say!' Hayley asked innocently.

'Jolene? Are you on first name basis with the feared property shark, Mrs Kraemer?'

'Actually, I am. Want me to call her, Sean?'

Sean looked away, unable to meet Hayley's firm stare. 'No,' he mumbled. 'You go. It's your sale.'

Hayley smiled when she walked away, even though she was asking herself *Where did that confidence come from?*

FIVE

1.

It was an extremely difficult meeting for Tom with Simmons, his manager!

Simmons pointed out Tom's failures, his absences and his poor attitude before giving him an official warning.

'One more stuff up, Cunningham, and you are out on your ear!' Simmons took great delight in spelling out. 'And Mister Kraemer is aware of the situation so do not think your pretty smile us going to help you!'

Tom knew Mrs Kraemer's blackmail and his own increasing submissive desires were the reason for his lack of focus. However, he could not say anything!

The blackmail was real! Tom knew Mrs Kraemer would callously expose him and his life and relationships would be instantly destroyed.

Yes, he would recover from such humiliation but the truth was, Tom was, in a strange way, *enjoying* his situation, discovering more about himself with each encounter with Mrs Kraemer!

Retreating from Simmons, Tom knew he was in a situation that was not *completely* the fault of Mrs Kraemer!

Abraham Lewis was less than sympathetic, especially as everyone knew, Lewis would rise to Tom's role if Tom was terminated.

'You've been on auto-pilot for a month!' Abraham said. 'You have fucked up totally and you have no one to blame but yourself!' Lewis stretched his arms, his white shirt seemingly whiter against his black skin. 'You'd better buck up, Cunningham.'

The mobile Tom now mentally called the "Kraemer-phone" rang twenty minutes after the difficult meeting Tom had endured with Simmons.

Quickly, he pulled it out of the tan leather briefcase and whispered, 'Yes?'

'Four o'clock this afternoon!' Mrs Kraemer said.

'I...I can't! I'll be fired!'

'Make it five, then,' Mrs Kraemer said firmly. 'No negotiations!'

She hung up, leaving Tom feeling even more miserable.

2.

Hayley was still a little bemused about her newfound confidence in the small confrontation with Sean.

She wondered if it was worth calling Tom to tell him her news of the accreditation success as well as the pending sale but decided not to. His reaction was unknown and Hayley did not want any negativity. She decided not to call him and, strangely, felt relieved at making the decision.

Sitting in the taxi on the way to Jolene's office, Hayley found herself smiling as she remembered Tom looking up at her from between her thighs.

I must have been drunk to let him!

Still, it was a mystery why he wanted to go down on her, rather than make love in the *usual* way.

What is the usual way, anyway? Before last night, it's been ages since we made love!

Looking out the window of the taxi, not really seeing anything, Hayley thought that Tom clearly enjoyed licking her "down there" as he was tremendously aroused. So aroused, he came from the mere brush of her fingers!

If she was completely honest, Hayley recognised that Tom had always been quick, *too* quick in most cases for Hayley to orgasm from their clumsy lovemaking.

Last night's orgasm had been *very* enjoyable, more thrilling than Hayley's self pleasuring exploits with the hand shower or the old vibrator hidden in a shoe box in the bottom of her wardrobe.

Was it so good because she had been drunk?

A sly smile flickered over Hayley's beautiful face as she wondered if Tom would want to do it again?

Softly giggling, Hayley told herself she could certainly endure *another* orgasm like *that*!

3.

The office of Enigma Property Holdings was in a discrete Georgian terrace with a brass plate near the front door.

The reception area was furnished as if Hayley was in a private house with the exception of antique reception desk. A middle aged woman in a dark suit sat behind the desk and greeted Hayley with a brief smile.

'Please take a seat, Mrs Cunningham. Mrs Kraemer will be with you shortly.'

'Thank you.'

Hayley perched on the edge of a plush armchair and casually looked around, idly glancing at the paintings and furniture.

A door opened and a smiling Jolene Kraemer stepped into the cosy reception area. As usual, Jolene was dressed stylishly and Hayley felt a surge of warmth and affection for the woman who was suddenly so important in Hayley's life.

'Hayley!'

Hayley bounded to her feet and the women exchanged kisses. Was it her imagination or did Jolene's warm lips linger on Hayley's cheek?

'Come in. Tea or coffee? I'm having water.'

'Water is fine, thank you, Jolene.'

Walking into Jolene's expansive office, Hayley gasped at the elegance and charm.

'This is lovely, Jolene! Wonderful! The desk is brilliant and I love that book shelf. The lead glass doors are superb!'

'Thank you, Hayley. Let's sit on the sofa. The water is on the coffee table.' They sat side by side and Jolene asked, 'Was your husband proud of your examination results?'

'Ah...we didn't get a chance to talk about it,' Hayley murmured, flushing slightly.

Jolene noticed but didn't press. There would be time later and intimate moments to savour. 'Did you bring the papers?'

'I did.'

They filled out the documents and Jolene wrote a cheque for the securing deposit.

'My first sale,' Hayley beamed.

'Congratulations. I'm sure there will be many more.'

'Thank you so much, Jolene.' Surprising herself, she embraced Jolene in a swift hug.

'Let's have a quick lunch to celebrate?' Jolene asked. 'No cocktails,' she added with a rueful smile.

'I'd like that,' Hayley said shyly.

4.

They both chose a salad and sparkling water, chatting lightly about a variety of topics.

Hayley finally said, 'Jolene, can I ask you something?'

'Anything. We're friends, aren't we?'

'Yes, we are. Definitely.'

'Then ask away!' Jolene said.

'Well...'

'Out with it, Hayley. It's fine,' Jolene said with a gentle smile.

'Are you gay?' Hayley rushed.

'A lesbian? No. I *am* bisexual. There are times I prefer women to men. I *love* being bisexual and don't make a secret of it.'

'Oh. What about your husband?'

'Nathan and I have a partnership based on complete understanding. After the collapse of my first marriage, I went into this one with my eyes wide open.'

Hayley nodded and for a moment appeared lost in thought.

Jolene decided it was time to press.

'And what about you, Hayley?'

'Me?'

'How would you describe yourself? Completely straight, I suppose,' Jolene said lightly, mental fingers crossed, hoping that Hayley would be honest with her.

'There's an automatic response to that, isn't there,' Hayley said thoughtfully. 'A few days ago I would have automatically hid it but now...well, I'm like you, I suppose.'

'Like me?' Jolene asked quietly.

'Bisexual. I am bisexual.'

'*Definitely* the best way for you to be,' Jolene said, secretly delighted Hayley had chosen to be open. 'Does your husband know?'

'God, *no*!'

'I see. Can I ask how things are with you two? Tell me to mind my own business but, sometimes, it's good to talk.'

'I know and I trust your opinion, Jolene. I wish I were more like you...'

'We're friends, Hayley,' Jolene said firmly. 'I think we are more alike than you think. Are you and Tom having problems?'

'He's becoming a little weird. I mean, he wouldn't touch me for ages and then...well...last night he performed oral sex on me!'

'Lucky you,' Jolene quipped and Hayley grinned.

'It was good,' Hayley admitted. 'Wonderful in fact, but that's the weird thing! Tom was hopeless at it and I have never had an orgasm with him until last night!'

'Oh. That's not good.'

'And when I had...you know...'

'Come?' Jolene helpfully suggested.

'Yes! So, I was going to...'

'Return the favour?'

'That's it. He was hard and my hand barely touched him and...he *came*!'

'Oh dear. Is he always a little quick?' Jolene asked, hiding a smile.

'Honestly? Yes, but not *that* quick!'

'Hmm... '

'And, he's *hairless*!' Hayley rushed. 'His pubic hair is gone! Like he waxed or shaved or something.'

'Why?'

'I wouldn't have a clue!' Hayley picked at her salad for a moment then pushed the plate away.

'It does sound a little familiar,' Jolene murmured.

'Familiar?'

'My first marriage fell apart because I could not understand my husband's fetish and desires.'

Hayley lifted her head and, sipping water, looked at Jolene, questions in her eyes.

'He changed,' Jolene said softly. 'Our love making was not that satisfactory and I thought he was having an affair, that he had lost interest in me.'

'That's what I've been thinking about Tom,' Hayley admitted.

'I challenged Brian and he finally admitted he was submissive...'

'Submissive? What's that?' Hayley asked, wrinkling her nose, which, in Jolene's eyes, made her even more adorable.

'He wanted me to control him, to order him to do things.'

'What sort of things?' Hayley asked, eyes wide.

'Order him to...go down on me, to make him wank for me, to deprive him of orgasms while I demanded orgasms whenever I wanted. To a young woman, it was frightening and not *normal*!' Jolene confessed. 'Now, I would see that type of man as a *gift*! However, I didn't then and I divorced him.'

'Oh. I'm sorry, Jolene.' Hayley reached over the table to take Jolene's hand.

'Don't be. I was stupid. '

'Don't be so harsh on yourself! It must have been difficult...'

'It was but I was stupid. I could have had a marriage where I was completely in control with a husband who wanted to wait on me hand and foot, wanted to give me pleasure with

nothing in return and even wanted me to explore my *bisexuality* or whatever *other* relationships I *wanted*! It would have been *bliss*!

Hayley squeezed Jolene's hand. 'Do you think I am in a similar situation?' Hayley softly asked.

'I don't know. You could challenge him as I did or...'

'Or what?'

'Test him. Order him to do something.'

'Hmmm...that's interesting,' Hayley said thoughtfully and Jolene smiled. 'Is Nathan like that?' Hayley asked after a moment in thought. 'Is he submissive?'

'No,' Jolene said with a shake of her head. 'He has his own kinks. Our marriage is a partnership but we have separate bedrooms.'

'Oh. You mean, you...you don't...'

'Make love?' Jolene said with a smile. 'Not with him. I explore other relationships with his blessing. Of course, I haven't had a real relationship for a while...'

'You poor thing!'

'Oh, there have been offers but I need to fall in love to have real intimacy.'

'I agree with *that*!'

'So I'll just wait until the right girl comes along...'

'*Woman*? What about blokes?'

'I like *cock* as much as the next woman,' Jolene said cheekily and Hayley giggled. 'But, no matter how much you try, you can't achieve *real* intimacy with a man, not like you do with the woman you love.'

'You really think that's true?'

'Hayley, you know it is,' Jolene gently pointed out. 'Could you discuss these issues with your husband? Look how close we've become and we're not in love, are we?'

Hayley blushed slightly. 'I...I care for you...'

'And I for you. I have to warn you, dear, but my affection for you is growing more each time I see you.'

Hayley noticed they were still holding hands but did not take her hand away. 'I know what you mean,' she whispered.

Jolene grinned and then said briskly, 'Anyway, time for you to take your first sale back to the office!'

Reluctantly, they removed hands and smiled at each other. 'And if you ever just want to talk, dear, just call me, no matter what time it us.'

'Thank you, Jolene...'

'You might let me know what happens when you test your husband,' Jolene chuckled.

Hayley smiled ruefully. 'Am I *that* transparent?'

'Only to me, dear.'

5.

When Tom arrived at the apartment after slipping out of the office, he discovered Jolene sitting comfortably on the sofa, wearing stylish red eyeglasses and reading property specifications, a glass of white wine beside her.

'Remove all your clothes,' she said without looking up from the documents.

Tom felt the first stirring of submissive arousal and obediently turned to walk to the bedroom when she snapped, 'Where do you *think* you are going?'

'Ah...to the bedroom to undress...Mrs Kramer...'

'That was *not* the instruction I gave you! You really are an idiot! Undress here! *Now!*'

Sheepishly, Tom quickly began to disrobe. Mrs Kraemer removed her glasses, picked up the glass of wine and sipped while watching Tom.

It did not take long to be naked and he felt a submissive tingle when he saw Mrs Kraemer smile at his hairless body.

'Hands on head and turn around slowly for me, *Thomasine!* That name suits you better now!' she said as Tom slowly pirouetted. 'You are beginning to look delightfully feminine.'

His face was flushed from humiliation and submissive arousal.

Mrs Kraemer pointedly looked at his hairless groin. His cock was stirring but had not become fully erect.

'I would have thought the waxing would have made it look bigger but it hasn't. Still small and, I imagine, quite useless. No wonder Hayley prefers you to go down on her!'

Tom blinked at that offhand remark but did not dare ask for more information.

However his head was spinning. *Did Hayley tell Mrs Kraemer about last night?*

Mrs Kraemer did not give Tom time to dwell on the revelation. She rose and walked to the bedroom, calling sharply for Tom to follow.

Still naked and still with his hands on his head, Tom followed Mrs Kraemer and found her standing next to the bed which had several shopping bags on it.

When she saw Tom still had his hands on his head, she chuckled.

'You can put your hands down and put these on, ' she said, removing a pair of white control briefs from one of the shopping bags.

His cock began to stiffen the moment he felt the satin Lycra of the garment as he bent to pull the tight briefs up his legs.

'Push your little willy down,' Mrs Kraemer ordered as Tom snapped the briefs around his waist.

Flushing, he reached under the briefs and pushed his semi erect cock down so the taut cloth held in in place over his balls and pointing downwards.

'That will stop you coming. I know how excited you get when wearing knickers,' Mrs Kraemer said with a derisive chuckle. 'Especially as those have lace inserts.'

Mrs Kraemer removed a white bra from the bag and dangled it from her fingers as she offered it to him.

'Lets see you put that on. '

Tom's cock strained against the tight control panel in the white lace edged briefs he now wore as he fumbled with the bra. Somehow, he fastened it and looked down at the empty cups.

Mrs Kraemer opened a rectangular box and Tom gasped when he saw the fleshy breast forms.

'I've decided,' she said with a grin as she pushed one of the prosthetic breasts into the left bra cup, 'D cup is *perfect* for you!'

Open mouthed, cock painfully attempting but failing to become erect in the control briefs, Tom stared at the realistic large breasts that now filled both bra cups.

'Straighten your back,' Mrs Kraemer snapped. 'Don't let them pull you forward. Round shoulders are not attractive and you *want* to be attractive, don't you?' She smirked at Tom's red face and breathless expression. 'Walk around and enjoy the sensation!'

Tom could not believe he had had such realistic breasts. Yes, he could see the line where fake flesh meant his chest but it was breathtaking to *feel* breasts as he walked.

'Come here. Look what I have!'

Tom stared at the blonde wig Mrs Kraemer held and gasped again. He also grimaced with the slight discomfort as he cock tried to lift against the briefs.

She pulled the wig over his short hair and turned Tom to the mirror.

His eyes grew wide at the reflection! The wig was in a short bob style and *completely* transformed Tom. He trembled with arousal and humiliation. Why he felt humiliated wearing female clothes was a mystery, but he did!

Stunned by the image in the mirror, he felt himself turned by Mrs Kraemer's hands on his shoulders. She deftly applied bright red lipstick to his lips and turned him back to the mirror.

Tom gasped and fought the urge to lick his lips, to feel the wonderful red lipstick.

'With decent make up and a few lessons, no one will ever guess that little thing is between your legs!'

Still stunned, Tom stared at the stranger in the mirror, for it was a stranger, a person that was *not* Tom Cunningham!

A sudden surge of *relief* swirled through Tom!

Being Tom Cunningham had been a burden all his fractured life and now, he was someone else!

By donning the feminine clothes, Tom escaped, shucking off all the associated baggage and morphed into the person he always wanted to be!

Aroused, submissive and completely free, Tom had become *Thomasine*!

Mrs Kraemer stood beside him and said quietly, 'I know the blackmail no longer bothers you, Thomasine. I also know you *will* do what I want, that you *need* to obey me! Correct?'

Thomasine stared at the reflection and whispered, 'Yes, Mrs Kraemer.'

She smiled. 'I have a new dress and shoes for you. Would you like to try them on, Thomasine?'

'Yes please, Mrs Kraemer,' Thomasine murmured, still transfixed by her reflection.

'I'm sure you will look gorgeous. Then, I'm afraid I will have to punish you for arguing about our meeting time. You *will* learn complete obedience! But first, let's get you into stockings!'

Thomasine felt a shiver of submissive arousal as she dragged herself away from the reflection in the mirror.

6.

Thomasine felt wonderful! The pale blue dress was so feminine.

'Pull your dress up around your waist and bend over,' Mrs Kraemer said firmly, flexing the thin cane she held in both hands.

Thomasine felt a quiver of excitement and obeyed instantly.

Mrs Kraemer smiled at Thomasine's instant obedience. The dress blew upwards, revealing the white control briefs and the stay-up black stockings.

'Pull your knickers down to your knees,' Mrs Kraemer said. 'Well, look at that stiffy! You *love* being a slut,' she chuckled and Thomasine blushed.

Mrs Kraemer administered five sharp strokes. Thomasine gasped with each contact but did not move.

'I will punish you for every disobedient act,' she said. 'Stand up and keep your dress up!'

Face hot and as red as her caned buttocks, Thomasine stood and held the dress up to her waist, displaying her hairless groin and stiff cock.

Mrs Kraemer smirked at the erection and flicked it with the tip of the cane, a gesture that made Thomasine gasp and grimace.

'You *will* obey Hayley, you will do *exactly* as she orders!'

Thomasine glanced nervously at Mrs Kraemer as he realised Mrs Kraemer and his wife had a growing relationship. His heart skipped a beat before settling into an anxious rhythm as Thomasine wondered exactly *what* Mrs Kraemer had told Hayley.

'You will *not* wank until you obey her! Then, you may request permission to wank *for* her!'

Thomasine gasped at the implication and the anticipated humiliation sent a rush of submissive desire through Thomasine.

Would what Mrs Kraemer said, really happen? Would Thomasine serve Hayley as Tom had always imagined?

Mrs Kraemer put the cane frown gathered her coat and handbag in silence.

Thomasine continued to stand with the dress raised, knickers around the knees and hard, quivering cock exposed.

'Clean up, dress as Tom and put your new things away. Everything *stays* here!' She pointed at the hard cock. 'If you wank before you go home, I *will* know! Just do what you are told. Everything is now completely out of your control!'

She closed the door and, for a long moment, Thomasine remained frozen.

Then, the dress slowly fluttered down, draping over the erection.

Then, with a sad and quite mournful sigh, Thomasine began the heartbreaking journey of returning to Tom!

7.

Fresh from the triumphant lodging of the sales contract with Sean, Hayley went home and let herself into the empty apartment.

Tom wasn't home so Hayley enjoyed a bath while her mind raced with possibilities.

Jolene had kindled secret images and imagined scenes.

One question remained and Hayley wasn't sure what the answer would be.

Would she be happier if Tom was submissive or would it be better if he *were* having an affair?

Hayley knew what the consequences of an affair would be. Yes, painful, heartbreaking, soul searching and humiliating but she would still know what to do.

Separation, destruction of the relationship and divorce.

But submissive? What would Hayley do then? And there was the added complication of Hayley's growing attraction to Jolene Kraemer!

She dressed in a white semi-sheer nightdress with a lace detail around the bust, a garment she had not worn since her honeymoon.

Hayley poured a glass of wine and made a salad. She sat at the kitchen table to eat and to wait for her husband.

8.

Immediately after leaving Tom to dress and clean the apartment, Jolene drove to the address Jackson had provided.

It was an elegant neighbourhood. Jolene parked the Mercedes and rang the intercom for the apartment number and waited.

'Yes?'

'Jolene Kraemer.'

'Come up,' the husky female voice said and the door release buzzed.

A tall black woman dressed in white skirt and dark blue blouse, her hair in a ponytail opened the apartment door.

'Hi,' she said, offering her hand for a brief handshake.
'Mirabelle Carter.' Jolene detected a slight American accent.
'Jolene Kraemer.'
'Come on in. Coffee?'
'Thanks. This is very nice,' Jolene said, looking around the elegantly furnished apartment.
'Thanks,' Mirabelle said, emerging from the kitchen with a tray containing a silver coffee pot and cups. 'Take a seat. Cream and sugar?'
'Just black, thank you.'
'Girl after my own heart!'
They sipped coffee, then Mirabelle asked, 'How did you find me?'
'A private investigator...'
'Jackson?'
'Yes.'
'He's a sleaze, do anything for money but, I guess, we all do,' she said with a self-deprecatory smile. 'Of course I checked you out.'
'Of course,' Jolene smiled. 'I expected you would.'
'You're a property mogul, right?'
'Hardly a mogul,' Jolene laughed.
'You've done well from what I saw.'
'Thank you. By the look of this apartment, you've also done well.'
'I do okay. Of course, I don't work here. I have another apartment for that.'
'I see. Very intelligent of you.'
'Thanks. Now, what's the deal?'
Calmly, Jolene explained what she wanted. Mirabelle listened without comment until Jolene finished.
'Sounds easy enough. It's quite a plan. What do you get out of it?'
'Is that important to know?' Jolene asked evenly.
'Just curious,' Mirabelle shrugged. 'But understand your privacy. I can do it. It will cost you.'

'Understood. Tell me how much.'

'Just like that?'

'Yes.'

'I see. So, whatever you get out of this, means a lot. You can cover expenses which will be about three thousand.'

'That all?' Jolene said, surprised.

'Depends on what accessories you have.'

'I see. Still, I did expect a higher fee.'

'There is. I run a cash business and find myself with cash to invest which isn't easy these days.'

'No, it isn't,' Jolene said.

'Every government agency sticks their nose into financial affairs of anyone who deals in cash. Of course, I declare the majority and pay my taxes like everyone else.'

'Smart. You don't draw attention to yourself. '

'Right. However, I plan to retire in a few years and I would like an *unofficial* nest egg as well as my *official* one.'

'Understood. You want me to assist?'

'Can you?'

'I believe so. You purchase a property for cash, the vendor stipulates the official sale price is twenty per cent *below* the market value. Within five years, your property portfolio will be sizeable. It will be subject, on paper, to a substantial capital gain but it will be legal.'

'That sounds *exactly* what I want! Can you do that?'

'Of course. I will charge a lower fee than usual and, of course, you will pay that fee in cash.'

'I think we have a deal. Let me give you the number of one of my disposable cell phones for your man. I'll also give you my real number so we can talk business.'

'Excellent. And here is my card.'

9.

Hayley had finished the salad by the time she heard Tom's key in the front door of their little apartment.

Standing by the bedroom, wineglass cradled in her hands, Hayley waited for Tom to enter, hoping she appeared calm and in control.

Tom started guiltily when he saw Hayley.

'Oh. Hello. Sorry I'm late but...'

'Are you sleeping with another woman?'

'What?' Tom said carefully. 'What are you saying?'

'Are you *fucking* another woman?' Hayley crudely demand.

'Fucking...*no*!'

Hayley studied her husband's face and felt he wasn't lying. Time to test!

'Take your trousers off and come into the bedroom!'

Hayley turned around before he could say anything and stepped into the bedroom.

Pale faced, cock stirring, Tom remembered Mrs Kraemer's instructions and quickly kicked his shoes off before removing his trousers. He kept his underpants on in the hope Hayley would not see the red marks from the cane Mrs Kraemer had skilfully wielded that afternoon.

Clad only in his long sleeve white shirt, tie, white underpants and black socks, Tom sheepishly walked into the bedroom.

Hayley was standing next to the bedroom, her arms folded and looking very sexy and confident.

Her eyes widened slightly when she saw Tom had obeyed her.

Calmly, she sat on the edge of the bed and, sliding the hem of the white nightdress up, parted her thighs.

Tom's eyes bulged slightly when her furry sex appeared to his excited gaze.

'I want you to do what you did last night!' Hayley said, her heart pounding and a little overwhelmed by her own outrageous behaviour. 'Do it again!'

Her voice had a slight tremble to it but Tom did not notice. His attention was focused solely on the curly public hair of her sex.

She held her breath, waiting for Tom's reaction.

Would he just laugh and ask what game she was playing?

Or, would he pounce on her and fuck her in his usual rushed way?

He did not choose *either* of those options.

Instead, Tom leaned forward and, remembering the first of the oral lessons he had received from Mrs Kraemer, wrote "*yesterday*" with the tip of his tongue on the inner thigh of Hayley's left leg.

Hayley sighed, relief shivering through her as she watched her husband's head moving between her open legs.

As Tom's tongue wrote "*tomorrow*" on the inner thigh of her right leg, Hayley lay back on the bed.

Tom inhaled the sudden rush of intimate fragrance from his wife's sex and, feeling safe and controlled, belonging to his own private bliss, lightly licked the crease where Hayley's thigh met her vulva.

Hayley sighed again and closed her eyes, surrendering to the teasing tongue, giving herself up to the rising sensations, dreamily forgetting her husband was even a man!

To Hayley, at that actual moment, only Tom's tongue existed or mattered!

10.

The journey to her orgasm had been for Hayley, relaxed and wonderful.

For Tom, it had also been wonderful as he serviced his wife in the way he had always dreamed of.

His hard cock poked against the tight white underpants as he licked and, even though his jaw and tongue ached when Hayley finally orgasmed, he felt proud and, above all, useful!

For Hayley, the sensations had been different from the orgasm she had relished the previous night. Explosive and wonderful, the pleasure had been acute and sharper.

Sitting up, suddenly unsure of what to say, Hayley looked down at her husband and immediately saw the bulge in his underpants.

He's hard from licking me!

Does he want to make love?

She closed her thighs and tugged the nightdress down.

'What now?' Hayley huskily asked.

It wasn't just a question relating to what had just occurred but was for their future, their marriage!

'Can...can I please wank for you?' Tom whispered, face red.

Hayley frowned slightly and noticed Tom was unable to meet her eyes.

'All right,' she finally whispered.

Slightly numb, Hayley watched her husband pull his underpants down, grip his hard cock and, with eyes closed, furiously pumped it.

His ejaculation was speedy and as Hayley watched her kneeling husband shudder and grunt through his orgasm, she suddenly knew she would *never* have normal sex with her husband again!

SIX

1.

Jolene looked up from her tablet when Nathan joined her at the breakfast table.

He was dressed for the office while Jolene was wearing her robe.

'Time for some breakfast?' Jolene asked.

Nathan shook his head. 'Just a cup of tea.'

Jolene poured tea into a cup. 'Busy day?'

'Very. You?'

'I'm going to work from home today.'

'Aren't you feeling well?'

'I'm fine, just want to focus on documents. Why are you so busy?'

'Meetings and that staff issue I mentioned is coming to a head,' Nathan said, sipping tea.

'Staff issue? Oh, that young man...'

'Cunningham. Simmons is going to terminate him this morning. Pity. He's such a beautiful young man,' Nathan sighed.

'When is he being terminated?' Jolene asked. 'It's best to do these things first thing, isn't it?'

'Yes. Simmons can't wait! It is a real pity for me. I enjoyed watching him in meetings. So slight and effeminate while desperately trying to be butch. Made my dull day bright.'

'There'll be others,' Jolene consoled. 'Don't forget my surprise.'

Nathan grimaced. 'Surprises make me nervous. I'd better run. The driver is waiting.'

He kissed Jolene's cheek, picked up his briefcase and hurried out the door.

Jolene smiled to herself and returned to the tablet screen.

2.

Hayley had stayed in bed until she heard Tom leave the apartment and then quickly leapt from bed.

After Tom had masturbated in front of Hayley, there had been an awkward silence. He could not look at her and Hayley did not know what to say.

What *could* she say?

It had been an awful moment.

She had walked as calmly as she could to the bathroom and waited until she heard the sound of the television. Then, she had slipped into the security of the bed.

As she walked to the metro station, Hayley considered the night's events. The orgasmed had been *glorious* but the only two orgasms she had experienced with her husband had been with him on his knees and using his tongue!

Yes, exciting and knee shatteringly wonderful but there had been no laughter, cuddles, kisses and shared intimacy afterwards and Hayley missed *that*!

Hayley stopped, pulled her mobile out and called Jolene.

'Hello?'

'Jolene, it's Hayley...'

'Are you all right?' Jolene immediately asked. 'You sound a little strained.'

'Do I?' Hayley said brightly. 'Can we talk, Jolene?' Hayley rushed.

'Of course,' Jolene said warmly. 'I'm at home today. Come when you can?'

'Now?' Hayley meekly asked. 'Please?'

'Lovely. Come as soon as you can. Let me give you the address.'

3.

Tom was in shock!

As soon as he had walked into the office, Simmons had pounced on him. The entire office had silently watched as Simmons gleefully marched Tom into his office to complete the termination paperwork.

Carrying a box of his personal belongings, the security guards frog marched Tom out of the building. Standing frozen and numb on the pavement, the flowing stream of morning commuters ebbing and flowing around him, Tom felt alone and terrified.

How could he tell Hayley?

What should his next step be?

Tom knew he needed someone to *tell* him what to do!

He stumbled to a nearby park and sat on a bench, his cardboard box of personal effects on his lap while people walked and joggers loped by.

Tom's world had spiralled into chaos ever since Mrs Kraemer had entered his life.

She had taken complete control. Truthfully, Tom had allowed her to do so, even wanted her to do it. Now, he *really* needed her to instruct him and he did not dare contact her!

Suddenly, the mobile Mrs Kraemer had given him rang and, heart filled with hope, Tom quickly answered it.

'Where are you?' Mrs Kraemer asked.

'In...in the park...They *fired* me!'

'I know, ' Mrs Kraemer soothed.

'I...I don't know what to do...'

'You will do what I tell you!' Mrs Kraemer said firmly.
'Nothing has changed!'

Tom felt a surge of relief. At that moment, Mrs Kraemer became the most important person in Tom's life as she knew how to help Tom.

'This is what you will do,' she said in a calm, even voice that soothed Tom even more. 'You will go to the apartment and pack all of your things into the case. That includes everything I gave you yesterday.'

Remembering the breast forms and the wig gave Tom a rush of comfort and muted arousal.

'Understood?'

'Yes, Mrs Kraemer, ' Tom said quickly.

'When you have done that, you will call this number. Write this down.'

She slowly recited the mobile number and Tom wrote it on the side of the cardboard box.

'Have you got it?'

'Yes, Mrs Kraemer. '

'Read it back to me, ' she ordered and when Tom correctly recited the number, Mrs Kraemer said, 'Good. The woman will give you an address. When you get there, you will completely obey her. Is that understood?'

'Yes, Mrs Kraemer.'

'I mean it! You *must* obey her as she is going to *help* Thomasine!'

Tom felt a quiver of sexual excitement and, suddenly, losing his job didn't seem that terrible. However, he didn't know how he would tell Hayley.

Hurrying to the apartment, Tom carefully packed the clothes including the wig and breast forms into the suitcase.

Heart beating swiftly, he nervously called the number Mrs Kraemer had given him.

After a few anxious seconds, a husky voice answered, 'Yes?'

'I...I...' Tom stammered, unsure what he was expected to say.

'I am Miss Gabor,' the woman said. 'Write this address down.' He scribbled the address down. 'I will expect you in one hour. Do not be late.'

She disconnected the call. Her husky voice and confident manner stirred Tom's submissive nature.

He suddenly felt calm. Everything, he felt, would be all right!

4.

Hayley looked up at the house and suddenly felt a little nervous at the obvious indication of Jolene's wealth. Telling

herself that money didn't matter in their relationship, Hayley walked to the door and rang the bell.

Would a butler or some other servant answer?

The door opened and Jolene, wearing a thick and clearly comfortable white robe smiled and immediately kissed Hayley's cheeks.

As Hayley returned the greeting, she felt warm and instantly comforted. 'Sorry to barge in,' Hayley said.

'Nonsense! Glad you called. I have something I want to talk to you about. Come in.'

Hayley stepped into the foyer with an antique hat and coat stand as well as black Art Deco statue of a sensual naked woman holding a stylised shell which was a lamp.

'This is lovely, Jolene,' Hayley said, hanging her coat. 'Love the lamp.'

'So do I. I call her Tamara,' Jolene joked.

'As in Tamara Lempicka?'¹

Jolene nodded. 'I knew you would get it. Come through to the kitchen and I'll make tea. Or would you prefer coffee?'

'Tea would be lovely.'

The white kitchen with timber bench tops was larger than average with a dining nook with a white round table and two chairs. Long glass windows brought the garden almost to doors.

'Sit down, dear,' Jolene said. 'I gave a special blend of tea that I know you'll love.'

As Jolene made the tea, Hayley sat at the table and thought of everything that happened over the past few days.

'Penny for your thoughts,' Jolene said, placing cups and the teapot on the table.

Hayley forced a smile. 'I have a few things to talk about.'

Jolene sat opposite Hayley and poured the tea into the cups. 'I assume you tried something with your husband?'

¹Polish Art Deco painter and "the first woman artist to be a glamour star

Hayley nodded. 'I asked him if he was sleeping with another woman...'

'He said he wasn't?'

'Yes,' Hayley said, sipping tea.

'And you believe him?'

'I find I do, especially...'

'Especially, what?' Jolene gently pressed.

'I did it! I...I...'

'Relax, dear,' Jolene said softly, taking Hayley's hand. 'It is always darker before the dawn. God, I sound like my mother!' Jolene said with a rueful smile.

Hayley managed a smile and murmured, 'I took control...'

'And he did what you ordered?'

Hayley nodded.

'And you hated doing it?'

'No, I didn't! Does that make me a bad person or kinky?'

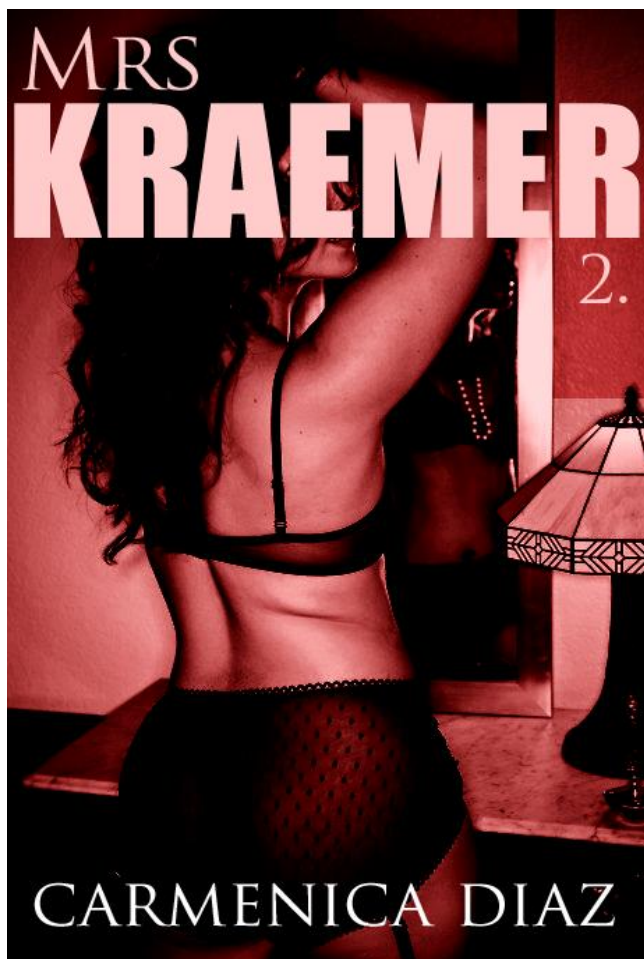
Jolene laughed and patted Hayley's hand. 'Kinky? Dear, we are *all* kinky! Look at us! In the eyes of some other people, bisexual women are kinky! I love having my back rubbed. That could be kinky, eh?'

Hayley found herself chuckling. 'I do like my feet massaged...'

'Oh dear, *very* kinky indeed!'

They laughed together warmly and, as Jolene poured more tea, she said, 'Tell me everything. Don't leave anything out! Especially the kinky bits!' Jolene wiggled her eyebrows and Hayley laughed again.

Then, she began to speak, to tell Mrs Kraemer *everything*!



As always, I appreciate comments and any form of feedback to this story. You can post a comment on the blog on the relevant posts relating to this series.

Or, you can simply contact me using the Contact Form on the webpage to send your thoughts to me.

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