

EPISODE ONE

If I were reading this sequel, the first thing I'd want to know is what *kind* of fun did Clara and Primrose have on the first day of their new relationship. Well, you know already that I don't like to be disappointed. So, I shall take up the story of my adventures exactly where I left off. None of that two years later stuff, depriving the reader of the really juicy bits.

Of course, I knew as soon as I woke up that I wasn't going to the office. I don't know why it hadn't occurred to me the day before. Probably because I hadn't planned to bring Primrose home with me. Duh! Didn't think she'd be ready. Plenty of time to make that call. A faint aura of light around the closed shades told me it was morning, but only just.

I disentangled my hand from Dimples' leash, rolled onto my side facing Primrose and got to work on her fantastic, fiendishly bound, rubber-sculptured body. I played with her prodigious breasts and teased her collared, shackled nipples. I stroked her shining face and licked her long neck. But most particularly, I toyed with her engorged, cruelly caged, securely shackled clit, driving my delicious Primrose into a frantic, helpless and diabolically frustrated frenzy. Miss Pussy could stand it no more!

"Are you awake, Primrose?" I whispered lightly, eyes a gleam.

The dear girl made an enormous effort to nod her hairless, bejeweled head. The monstrous gag distending her aching jaws made all but the faintest sounds impossible.

Was my humour wasted? Innocence! There's nothing that compares with it! Rutting like a dog, I mounted her defenseless, agonisingly immobilised body. I bored into her wide, adoring eyes.

"No orgasm for you! I mean it!"

I expect by now you've realised I'm not a very nice person.

To compensate for Primrose's desperate yearning, and I mean desperate, I took two orgasms for myself. Who said everyone's notion of fair was hopelessly biased in their own favour? Must've been me!

"Thank you, darling. That was delicious."

I planted a tender kiss on one gag-bloated cheek, flicked her engorged, caged clit one more time and leapt out of bed. Figuratively, anyway.

I found Primrose's remote where I'd absent-mindedly dropped it. I entered the single stroke emergency code which instantly deactivated the magnetic locks imprisoning Primrose's rubber sheathed limbs. The result was startling. Like a wound-up Jack-in-the-Box, Primrose literally sprang apart, limbs and arms, head and torso, twitching, jerking, spasming.

"I'll be in the kitchen, Primrose. Please join me as soon as you've got the kinks out." My, wasn't I in a good humour!

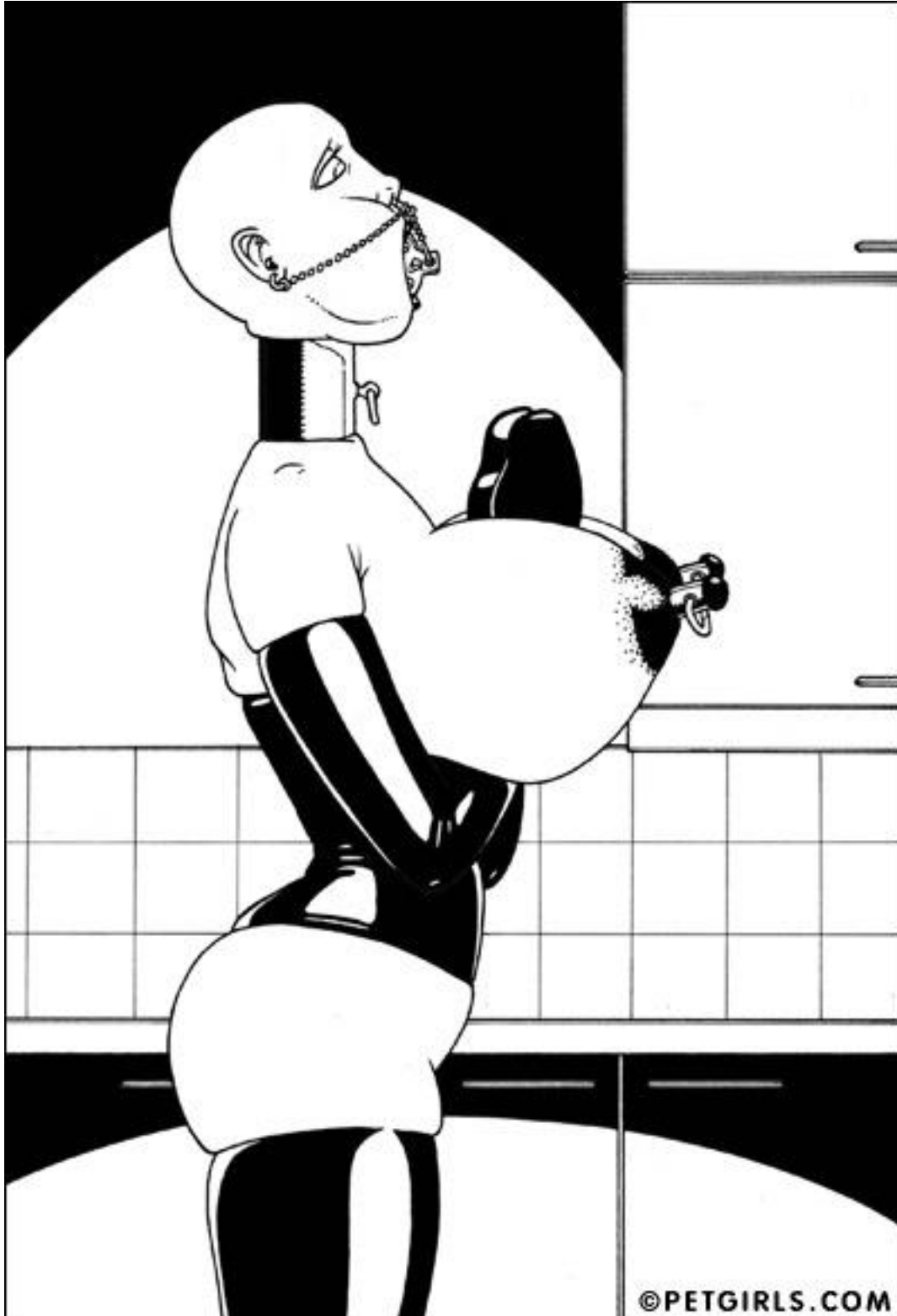
I slipped into my crumpled peignoir, smiling at the thought I now had someone with nothing better to do than look after my every need.

"Heel, Dimples," I caroled merrily, fairly dancing out of the room on a pair of stiletto heeled mules. Sure enough, poor old Dimples, frantically trying to keep up, trod on her leash and tripped herself up. All I heard was the satisfying thud as she cannoned into the carpet. Muzzled as she was, I didn't hear a peep out of her.

Puppygirls! What could you expect?

Primrose kept me waiting barely a minute. I'd only just got Dimples settled where I could conveniently enjoy her horrifying, hopeless predicament. I hadn't even had a chance to put on the coffee pot. The tell-tale click of Primrose's fabulous ballet boots on the kitchen tiles informed me of her arrival. The moment I glanced toward her, her lashless eyes lit up with a devoted joy even the cruel, punitive gag filling her little mouth could not disguise. She made a perfect curtsy, then stood at strict attention just inside the doorway.

If she noticed Dimples, and how could she not, there wasn't a sign to indicate it. Demurely, she clasped



gloved, fingerless hands beneath her massive, heaving breasts and lowered her gaze respectfully. Her caged, collared and shackled nipples twinkled under the glare of the kitchen's fluorescent lighting.

"Just so you know, Primrose," I instructed her kindly, "I'd like you to press your palms together, wriggle them into your cleavage as best you can and use your forearms to display your tits as provocatively as possible. When you've got nothing better to do, of course."

Another perfect curtsy followed by immediate, willing obedience. She looked a treat.

How she thrilled to the tiny smile I bestowed upon her.

"Do you think you're up to making coffee?"

How eager! How excited she was! Yet another perfect, demanding curtsy. Stunned, I sat down before I fell down. The training schedule I'd tentatively mapped out was in disarray already. Why bother with it? Do you really want to know what my kitchen looks like? I suppose I should provide a cameo image. Open plan; reasonable size, one large, shuttered window kept discreetly closed these days and recessed fluorescent lights (I think I've already mentioned those). The walls and ceiling are a light autumn colour, the

cornices and trim in a darker shade. The floor tiles and granite bench tops are a dark green. There's plenty of cupboard space, all the usual appliances and places for four casual diners. It's very pleasant.

If you discount the presence of my puppygirl and my maid, it is all rather normal.

Yes, Primrose had made me countless cups of coffee in the old days, always fresh and exactly how I like it. Still, her circumstances had changed somewhat and I could hardly wait to see what she was capable of. Click. Click. Click. Her ballet booted feet minced purposefully from the doorway to the bench where she straightaway went to work, her homogenised, handicapped fingers hampering her movements far less than I expected.

I did say that Primrose paid no attention whatsoever to Dimples. That Dimples! Her surprise at the sight of the unexpected addition to my household quite made her forget her manners. She did know I insisted on her unqualified attention at *all* times, no matter what! Balancing on her bizarre hind legs, forelegs proffered submissively, collared, muzzled head achingly erect, the silly creature had somehow managed to twist her neck just the fraction sufficient to bring Primrose into her very restricted field of vision.

She should have known better.

"Dimples," I purred. "What are you doing?"

That got her attention instantly. Her eyes snapped back, her inhumanly costumed body quaking with fear. Even her tormented tongue managed to twitch, notwithstanding the spiked grate which clamped it and the heavy padlock through its eyeleted centre weighing it down.

Oblivious to Dimples' admonition, Primrose stayed focused on preparing my coffee.

I snapped my fingers and Dimples abased herself at my feet, banging her crushed, muzzled skull into the hard tiles. Her gigantic, punitively quilted breasts splayed obscenely to either side. Her puppy tail wagged frantically.

I removed Dimples' muzzle. Goodness, it must have been more than twelve hours ago that Harriett applied it. I whispered into Dimples' ear, every word laced with menace.

"I'll deal with you later... you bad puppygirl!"

A muted, hopeless, despairing whimper bubbled through her stiff, throbbing jaws.

Meanwhile, Primrose had the coffee on, and with nothing to do while the pot percolated away, she was standing at attention, facing me, bejeweled boobs superbly presented, her wide, innocent eyes filled with longing. Just how did she control her impossible craving? Every inch of her soft, exposed flesh was flushed with need.

Meanwhile, beset with dread, Dimples was slaving away with her grotesque tongue, assiduously polishing the soles of my stiletto slippers. Her lush, spongy, upthrust rump quivering and shaking, proclaimed the intensity of her terror. Her puppytail was limp, twitching desultorily. She knew her mistress well enough to know exactly what was in store for her!

"Primrose, darling," I said kindly. "You can remove that gag yourself. Depress the post in the gag's centre... firmly... hold it down until it lets your tongue go..."

"Yes, I want you to do it now."

Primrose made a lovely curtsy.

Disengaging the cruel clamp which imprisoned her tongue was easy enough but the dear girl had a lot of trouble trying to prise the stiff and studded object from her dainty mouth. With a satisfying plop, the punitive plug finally popped out.

"That's alright, Primrose, let it dangle from your nose."

Relieved of the uncertainty, Primrose curtsied again before resuming her awkward pose of strict attention, her gorgeous tits carefully and proudly displayed for my delectation. The wicked gag swung gently from her

golden nose shackle, its main bulk bumping against her chin.

The delicious aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the kitchen. Primrose responded to the percolator's tell-tale hiss. She had found my favourite cup and saucer, fine bone china, how had she done that, and a lovely rosewood tray. She placed the tray on the table beside me, took the cup and saucer from it and carefully put them in front of me. Hot and strong, the coffee assailed my senses, yet even so there was no mistaking the distinctive scent of Primrose's unrequited arousal.

The heady flavours worked wonders on my senses. What a marvelous turn my life had taken!

"This creature is Dimples," I informed my attentive, hovering maid. "I want you to take it to the bathroom, clean it out then return it to me."

"... yeth, Mith Clara..."

"Take the leash."

Watching my precious Primrose bend awkwardly, stiffly, and strain with her homogenised hands to pick up the leash was extremely satisfying. Her ripe, plentiful tits swung pendulously, keeping time with the heavy, unemployed gag swinging from her nose shackle. I loved the way she kept her ballet booted legs so close together; it lent such an air of elegance to her performance.

"Do let me know if Dimples gives you any trouble."

I couldn't remember whether Harriett had cleaned my puppygirl before handing her back. I certainly hadn't. Better to be sure than sorry.

Away they went, Primrose keeping a tight rein on the demonstrably co-operative Dimples. I had a few minutes to myself whilst awaiting their return. The coffee was great.

No need to ask how it went. Primrose's body language made it clear she'd done her duty in exemplary fashion.

"Well done, precious," I told her. How she thrilled to the slightest praise.

"I'll take that now," I said, relieving her of the leash. "When you've cleaned up in here, look for me in the bedroom."

"Yeth, Mith Clara."

"Heel!" I snapped, jerking my puppygirl peremptorily. "There's a little matter we need to deal with."

How I relished the hopeless resignation with which Dimples accepted her dire fate. Once inside her secret chamber, she squatted uncomfortably while I removed the leash from her crushing, choking collar. Actually, uncomfortable is an understatement. Every moment of Dimples' existence was made as deliberately agonising as my fertile mind could devise. Extreme, endless suffering, in others, of course, is the only aphrodisiac that has ever really worked for me.

Drenched with dread, without a word from me, a trembling Dimples positioned herself under the pulleys which would shortly hoist her, by her enormous, cruelly tortured tits, into a very familiar nightmare.

"I've forgotten something. Just wait there, pet."

Dimples' muzzle, of course. I fetched it from the kitchen, bestowing a friendly smile in Primrose's direction in acknowledgement of her splendid, enthusiastic efforts.

I think I heard a faint groan of anguish bubble from Dimples' ferociously collared throat. Music to my ears. The grinding metal cage locked onto her hooded skull with merciless venom, the spiked grate captured and clamped her tongue and the heavy padlock did its usual job.

"That's better. I don't want you making too much noise, and frightening poor Primrose."

I fondled each of her superbly tormented boobs before snapping a pulley catch through each engorged, ringed and collared nipple. A spasm of terror shook Dimples to the core.

“It’s your own fault,” I told her just before setting the motors in motion and stepping back to enjoy the pussy-warming spectacle of Dimples’ ascension. As always, her fiendishly truncated limbs thrashed wildly as soon as her hind legs left the ground.

“You’re lucky I don’t have the time to flog you. Maybe later!”

I don’t think she heard me!

EPISODE TWO

I ducked into the bathroom for a quick shower. Primrose was waiting for me when I emerged, standing where she had stood last night. I grinned. Perhaps the recollection had a special significance for her. Into the walk-in wardrobe I went, still toweling. I found something erotic to wear, the better to excite dear Primrose, and indulge myself. I looked a treat in a tight, black leather skirt, knee-length but with a decisive slit all the way to the top of my left thigh. Just a glimpse was visible of soft flesh meeting black, seamed silk stockings held up by pretty suspenders from a snug, satin waspie. The blouse I chose was soft satin, royal blue and very feminine. A pair of my favourite black leather pumps, five inch heels and all, added imperious inches to my dignity. A little makeup and some tasteful jewelry completed the picture.

“Well?” I asked a mesmerised Primrose. “How do I look?”

“...oh... oh... Mith Clara... yuth lookth wondethful...”

How sweet. I advanced predatorily upon my besotted maid, approaching so closely that our excited nipples almost touched. No need to explain the different nature of that excitement! Charged up with overwhelming passion, and denied permission to express it, Primrose was on the brink of a complete sexual meltdown. Her dilemma was delicious. I pushed the idle gag to one side and planted a tender kiss flush on her soft, welcoming lips. She staggered, swooning. Nor was I in much better shape. Primrose’s kisses are so searingly submissive that they never fail to provoke me.

“Thank you, Primrose. That was lovely.”

Trembling with desire, flushed cheeks glowing, the dear girl fairly radiated her joy. Indeed, the solid golden shackles piercing her caged and collared nipples were actually vibrating in response to her intense arousal. I judged the moment perfect to introduce Primrose to the rest of her uniform; you didn’t think I’d finished with her, did you? Triumphant, I showed her the stunning golden collar on which I had spent such a ridiculous amount of money. The dear girl was absolutely mesmerised. No, not terrified! And I can tell the difference.

I had to admire her style. There she was, perched precariously on tip-toe, with only the slenderest of stiletto heels to balance on, and yet not only did she manage to stand still, but also succeeded in keeping her crushed, ballet booted legs pressed tight together. Her magnificent breasts heaved deliciously, courtesy of the maliciously wasping corset so effortlessly punishing her helpless, petiole-like waist. Her heart was beating like a drum, her laboured breath rasping raggedly from her pulsing throat.

Primrose shuddered fiercely the very instant the cold metal touched her smooth, delicate neck. Her tremours lasted the full minute it took to position the elaborate collar exactly where it had to go, and to make it snug. Was that what I thought it was? It couldn’t be?

“Primrose,” I enquired kindly, “just what are you up to?”

“... oh... oh... Mith Clara... I... I couldn’t helpth myselth... I... I justh couldn’t...”

“I have made it very hard for you, haven’t I?”

Stunned, *again*, I couldn’t think of anything better to say. How many more surprises, like this, were in store for me? How perfect was her timing, as you’ll shortly see? Tears formed in Primrose’s, wide, adoring, innocent eyes.

“... no... no... Mith Clara... ith’s... ith’s my fault... I’m... I’m a terewible... ungrathful sthlut...”

The dear’s girl’s distress and contrition were so touchingly sincere that my heart would have broken, had I had one. Nonetheless, I kissed her passionately, tasting the salty rivulets running down her cheeks. I couldn’t help it.

“I don’t want you to cry, Primrose,” I murmured sweetly. “I can help you. And I will, just as soon as we finish fitting your uniform.”

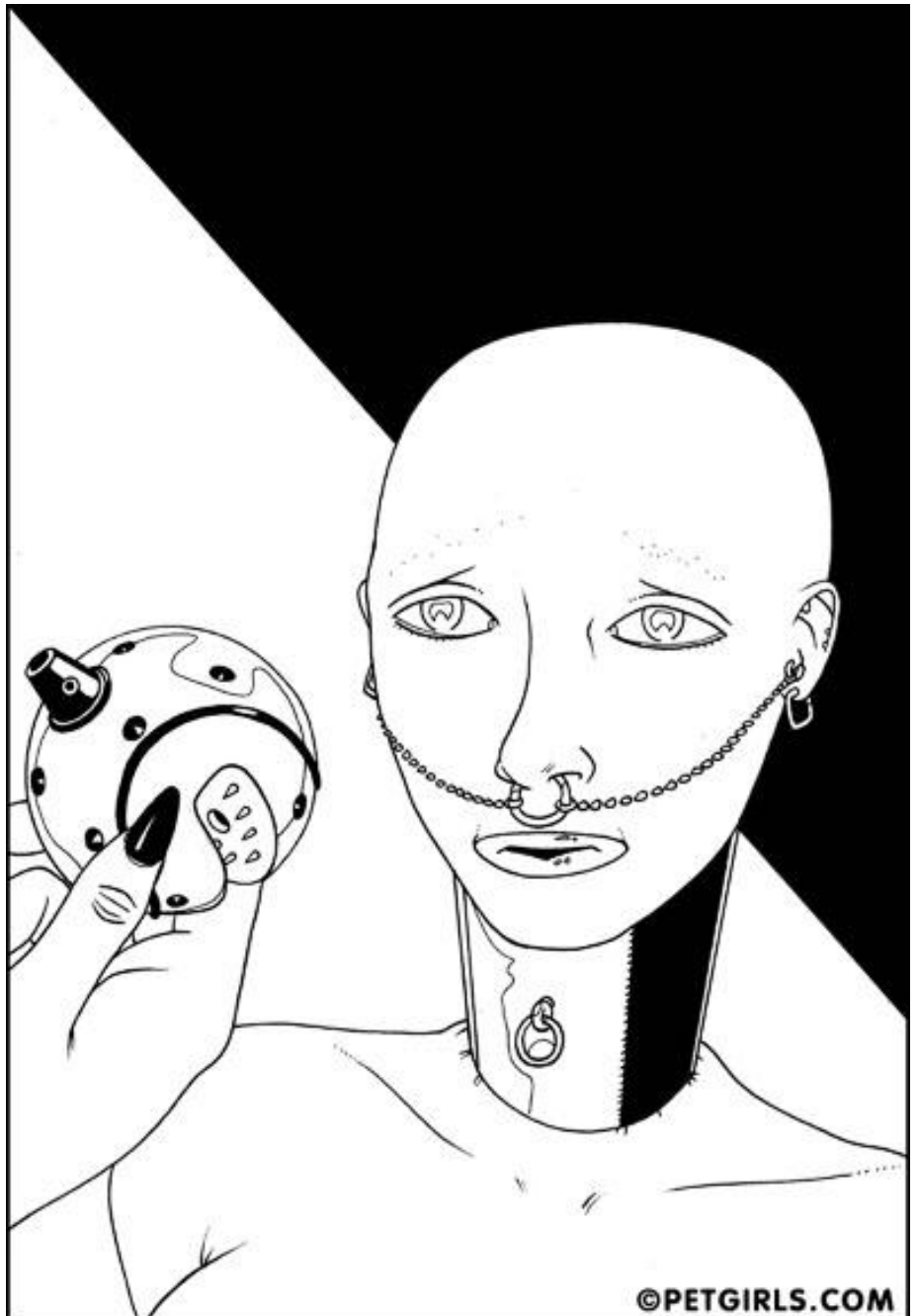
“... thank... thank yuth... Mith Clara...”

The relief and gratitude, so transparent in her glowing expression, thrilled me. I fetched a tissue and gently dried her cheeks. It was my first opportunity to view the golden collar’s erotic effect from a distance. The exquisitely decorated gold band was three inches wide and nearly half an inch thick. It had to be, to accommodate the enormous amount of electronics packed inside it.

The locking mechanism was so finely machined that no trace of it was visible. A striking, golden shackle, permanently mounted in the collar’s front, was the only protrusion to mar its elegant lines.

It took me a few moments to arrange the remaining components of Primrose’s uniform, there on my bed. My unmade bed! Not that this little chore, any chore, would worry me again. I sat down at my vanity, adjusting the dainty, stylish chair to give me the best view of the upcoming entertainment.

For a few moments more I just sat quietly, devouring the exquisite apparition fogging my senses. Please excuse the mixed metaphors, there are times when mere words are completely inadequate. She stood perfectly still, ballet booted legs squeezed tightly together. How she managed that, balancing so well on those towering, rapier heels, I have no idea. Her slender arms, gloved in gleaming black latex, were positioned exactly as I had requested, palms pressed together in supplication, forearms snuggled under her mouth-wateringly enormous, heaving melons. The



wicked, glistening, neoprene corset which crushed her waist down to a miniscule caricature, compelled the dear creature to take rapid, shallow breaths which, I'm sure you can appreciate, animated her tormented tits magnificently. The twinkling, golden shackles depending from her cruelly caged and collared nipples fluttered in precise time to the mesmerising ebb and flow. Dangling ominously from the heavy shackle through her cute nose, the monstrous agony gag that excited me so waited patiently for the opportunity to plug and punish its hapless victim's mouth. Patience should be rewarded.

"Primrose, my dear, I want you to fill that pretty mouth of yours. I do so love the sight of your luscious lips stretched to the limit around a really big gag."

"Good girl," I murmured encouragingly, praising her progress as she valiantly pushed and prodded at the enormous, studded rubber horror until it finally settled into place, her obedient tongue helplessly trapped within the barbed recess.

"Tap the stud gently. Each time you do, your little friend will expand a little..." I paused for a melodramatic moment. "... and, sweet Primrose, I want you to be as nice to your new friend as you possibly can!"

That Primrose is something! I'm not sure how many nudges I was able to achieve, other things were on my mind and I forgot to count, but I'm sure Primrose surpassed my puny efforts... *on her first attempt!*

Primrose's distended jaws creaked audibly from the colossal strain she had obligingly subjected them to. The eye-catching golden chain which linked the cruel invader to her twinkling nose shackle danced lightly about, to the tune of her laboured, frantic breathing. Her soft cheeks ballooned in support; indeed, I could clearly see the raised embosses made by the numerous, punitive studs which everywhere festooned the merciless gag's brutal surface. Unfortunately, I couldn't actually see my delicious maid's tongue but I was intimately aware of the agony gag's potential; it *was* my design, after all! Given the frightening size to which it had been expanded, I knew that tender, bruised morsel was not only almost ripped from its roots but absolutely squashed flat within its wicked, barbed enclosure.

Primrose gazed worshipfully at me, eyes imploring. I knew all I had to do was nod and she would willingly, gladly add to her suffering.

"Thank you, darling" I murmured in my kindest voice. "That's perfect."

EPISODE TWO..continued

I got to my feet, goodness, I was less steady than Primrose. To mark my approval I bestowed a gentle kiss at the corner of her furiously stretched lips. Releasing the gag was easily done, as I has shown Primrose earlier, so I had intended to admonish her that she was forbidden to ease her torment under any circumstances. I didn't say a word. One look at her adoring, devoted expression convinced me it wasn't necessary.

A vibrant shudder coursed through Primrose's fabulously costumed body the moment she spied the gleaming, golden bands which would shortly collar her massive, spongy boobs. That shudder was more excitement than terror. What was I going to do with this girl? As if I didn't know!

I expected the tit-collars to be a tight fit, you know me. Each band, perfectly matching the intricate design of their colleague caressing Primrose's slender throat was a good two inches wide with a pitiless inner diameter, scarcely more than the width. I struggled for ten minutes to slide one sinister band over a trembling tit, even hooking a forefinger through her nipple shackle to improve the leverage.

Nothing worked! I muttered darkly. Incompetence in a tyrant is embarrassing. Poor Primrose. Her sweet expression was apologetic, as if my failure was her fault. That brought a sour smile to my lips. I suppose it was, when you think about it. It was *her* tits that were too big! It seemed neither of us were at all bothered by the terrible agony brought on by my less than tender ministrations. I certainly wasn't. And Primrose kept her misery to herself.

“It’s not your fault, darling,” I whispered kindly. “Let’s try this. Lie on the floor, on your back, and spread your arms and legs as wide as you can.”

I couldn’t help but marvel at the grace with which she folded her mercilessly costumed body and slid obediently into the exact pose I had requested. I straddled her prone, helpless torso, Miss Pussy making intimate contact with Primrose’s rubber crushed, wasp-waist. I wriggled deliciously.

“... oooh... that is nice...”

I know what you’re thinking. I let myself become distracted, grinding out a lively orgasm from my exquisitely defenseless maid. It wasn’t me! It was that insatiable Miss Pussy!
I winked conspiratorially at Primrose.

“Where were we?” I chuckled.

Primrose answered with a glow of pure joy. How precious! There she lay, rigidly spread-eagled, and absolutely thrilled to have given pleasure to her mistress.

The change of plan was rewarded with almost immediate success. Two minutes of extreme exertion, one hand wrenching up on a shackled nipple, the other bearing down with the golden tit-collar, were what it took to force the diabolical sleeve into place, hard up against her chest.

“Phew!” I exclaimed with more than a hint of relief just as soon as the second tit-tourniquet was jammed into position. “I’m glad I only have to do that once!”

On my command, Primrose struggled to her ballet-booted feet, famously concealing the dire distress of this latest addition to her egregious suffering. Her tortured tits looked a treat. Bloated and swollen by wicked pressure, Primrose’s massive melons completely hid the rims of their cruelly oppressive tormentors.

“One more thing. We don’t want those boob bracelets slipping off, do we?”

What chance was there of that!

Primrose hung avidly on my every word. Considering her experiences of the previous evening, the gorgeous creature knew exactly what was coming. Simultaneously, I depressed tiny studs on the undersides of her newest breast jewelry.

Primrose staggered only briefly under the explosive impact of the deadly, hypo-allergenic barbs which pierced her crushed tit flesh with ferocious venom, forever welding the gleaming, golden bands into her fiendishly abused, nipple shackled boobs.

Moments later, she was standing perfectly straight, booted legs squeezed tight together, rubber-gloved hands posed prayerfully between her diabolically tortured, ever heaving tits. The rasping hiss of laboured breathing was an exhilarating sound, matched only by the sight of Primrose’s dynamically animated, agonisingly collared breasts.

I resumed my seat and spent long minutes savoring the priceless vision before me.

“Ravishing! Simply ravishing!”

Primrose responded to my compliment with a sigh of desperate devotion. The barbed, studded horror implacably stretching her punished jaws made verbal communication impossible, but her wide, adoring eyes told the whole story.

Where was it? There!

Idly, I fingered the deadly remote.

“Now then, Primrose, I want you to help me.”

EPISODE THREE

Suffused with eagerness, my adoring slave shivered expectantly.

“That collar will never leave your throat. So, what we have to do now is make sure it’s tight enough. I will make incremental changes and you must let me know when the constriction is more than you can endure. Of course, the changes cannot be reversed, and once the final sequence has been initiated, no further adjustment can ever be made.

” That wasn’t strictly true, but why spoil a good story.

Primrose continued to shiver, but her excitement, her need to please and obey me, never faltered. If memory serves correctly, each increment reduced the inner diameter of the glorious collar by one eighth of an inch. I started to get worried on the tenth touch. The gleaming, golden band clearly crushed her throat ferociously, gouging so deeply into her defenceless flesh that the collar’s studded rims disappeared from sight.

Primrose’s breathing became ever more difficult, shallower and her eyes bulged. There was no appreciable colouring in her face, the vascular treatments Harriett administered saw to that, and insured against circulatory complications. Obviously, it was no part of my plan to choke the dear girl, to death anyway, but my, how it excited me to bring her to the very brink of suffocation.

I decided it was enough.

Nostrils flaring as her breath hissed frantically in and out, Primrose’s provocatively punished breasts danced an even wilder tune atop her viciously corseted torso. The spectacle was electrifying. I enjoyed the moment for several minutes before activating the code which would clamp the cruelly choking collar into its final resting place. The row of needle-sharp barbs which punctured Primrose’s throat served far more than just a punitive purpose.

Right on cue, the magnificently costumed creature convulsed in response to a fiery electrical attack directed at all her most sensitive tissues. She stumbled precariously for a few seconds before recovering her poise and snapping smartly into the pose she knew I admired so much.

You can guess what happened. The gouging collar’s murderous barbs housed a wide variety of sensors, principal among which was the ability to detect the onset of orgasm. This information was relayed instantly to the sophisticated circuitry within the collar which delivered a salutary penalty for that unpardonable offense. Without my deliberate intervention, Primrose could not achieve an orgasm. Instead, failure to restrain her wanton libido would be invariably punished with an excruciating burst of electrical agony. Of course, I hadn’t planned on familiarizing my maid with this feature quite so quickly. How was I to know that imminent suffocation was such a potent aphrodisiac for her. How convenient for me.

What a time for the phone to ring. The unexpected sound startled me. It didn’t faze Primrose at all.

“Hello!” I snapped peremptorily.

“What kind of greeting is that?”

It was Harriett.

“...oh...” I spluttered guiltily. “I’m sorry... I was busy...”

“I can guess.”

“I really do apologise...”

“All is forgiven. I’m not sure if this is a courtesy or a curiosity call...”

I couldn’t help it. A faint giggle slipped my lips.

“Well,” Harriett exclaimed, “how did it go?”

“Is that impatience I detect, m’dear?”

“Professional concern, Clara... I am a doctor...”

“I see. Mmmm. The patient is bearing up well, all things considered.”

“Is that all?”

“Not really... words are inadequate, Harriett... inadequate...”

Harriett was disappointed. I didn't want that.

“I'm sorry, Harriett... why don't you come over later... say after eight. You can observe for yourself... and I'm sure that Dimples will just love to see a friendly face.” I giggled again. “I've had to be quite firm with her this morning.”

That remark earned a chuckle.

“You think that's wise?”

“I can't see why not. We're still a month or so away.”

“Actually, I do need to talk about that as well. I'll see you this evening.”

“Looking forward to it.”

Primrose had composed herself famously, attentively awaiting my pleasure.

“That was Dr Stovall... enquiring after you. I told her just what a credit you are.”

My doting maid beamed effusively, or as effusively as you can when your mouth is breath-takingly stuffed with a fiendishly punitive trespasser. What else would you expect from her.

“As I believe you've just found out, unauthorised orgasms are a thing of the past. However, you can expect more of the same every time your libido gets the better of you.”

Her gratitude was palpable. I do believe the dear girl would have thanked me had that been possible. I approached my superb creation, stopping inches away. The aromas were as arousing as the visuals. I just had to touch! My trembling fingers caressed her swollen, banded breasts, her gag-bloated cheeks, the crown of her hairless, bejeweled head, even sparing a moment to wander down and tweak her diabolical clit shackle. Sure enough, all I had to do was run a gentle finger along the line of tender flesh which ridged up above her crushing, suffocating collar and Primrose's repressed sexual tension erupted; not as a mighty orgasm but as an intense spasm of acutest agony.

The sense of accomplishment was extraordinary. I allowed her a minute or so to recover.

“Underneath that demure façade, Primrose, I believe you are quite the promiscuous slut.”

The poor girl wilted despairingly at the implied criticism.

“It's alright, darling,” I reassured her, “it pleases me.”

She perked up immediately.

EPISODE THREE..continued

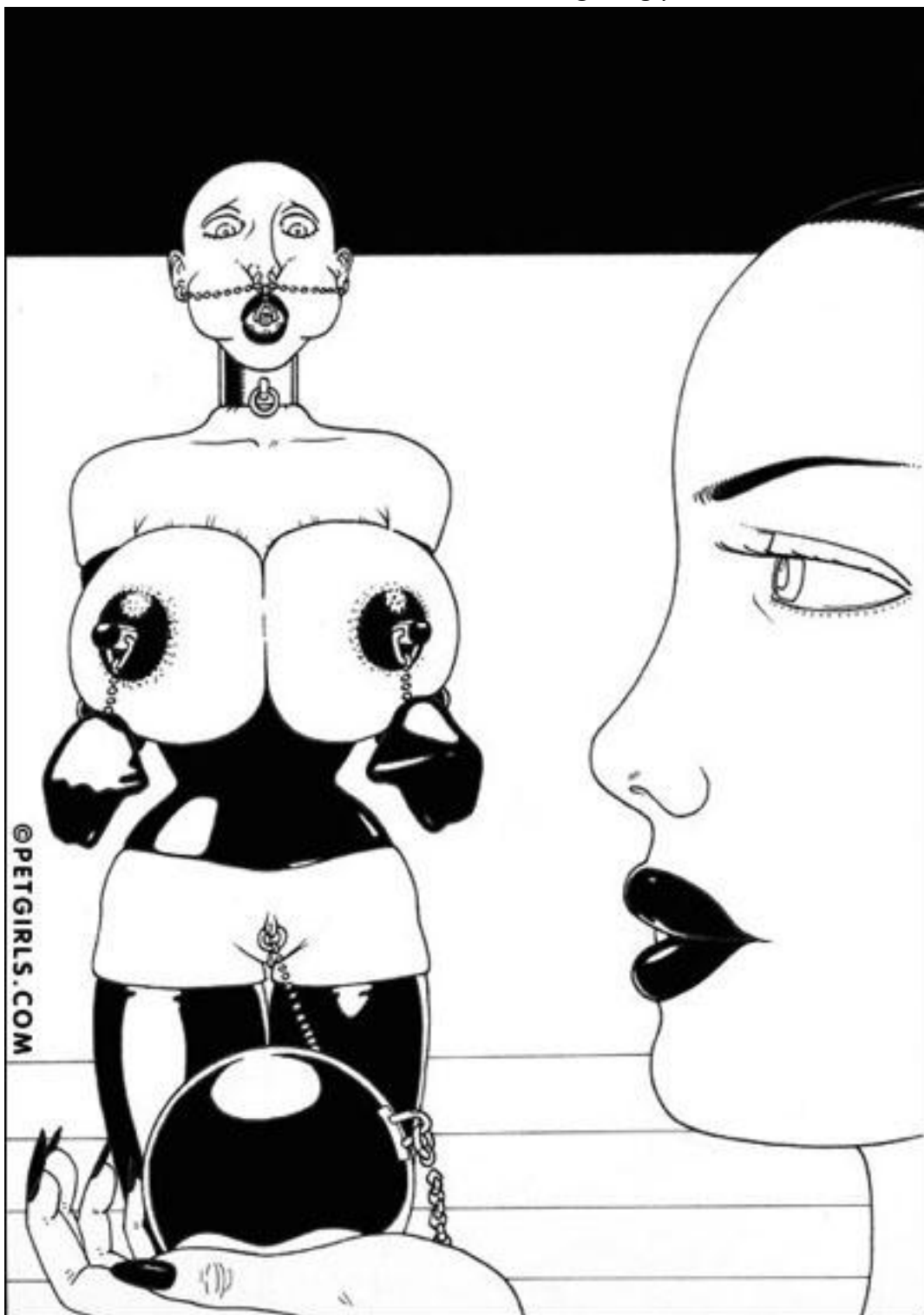
“Show me your hands.”

Primrose obeyed with alacrity, presenting her rubber crushed, homogenised palms for my inspection. A miniscule eyelet in the gleaming rubber, right there at her wrist, allowed the snap-lock at one end of an eight inch length of solid gold chain to bolt onto the grinding magnetic band beneath the thick rubber. An identical length of chain, the same pattern and gauge as those festooning her face, snapped into the hidden bracelet around her other wrist.

I took particular satisfaction in priming the catches before clipping the free ends of each chain onto the corresponding nipple shackle. I'm not sure Primrose realised what I was doing until the moment her pierced and punished, shackled nipples were actually chained to her wrists. The choking collar allowed the crushed neck it imprisoned almost no latitude to move about so I expect it was quite difficult for her to follow my actions.

Primrose accepted this devilish addition to her dire predicament with a calm assurance. No sooner had I released my grip than her arms adopted the prayerful pose I required. While this position left plenty of slack, the snake-like links between her tortured tits and banded wrists were glaringly obvious.

I clipped a final length of that elegant, solid gold chain to Primrose's clit shackle. Why not, I reflected, amused by the thought. No reason her pussy shouldn't pull its weight! Nearly four feet of chain swung from her clit shackle and if that wasn't enough of a burden to dangle from that abused shred of tormented sex-flesh, then the gold-plated, stainless steel sphere, attached to the nether end of the chain, all three inch diameter of it, certainly was. I did allow Primrose the opportunity to glimpse the heavy ball she would be forced to tow behind her. I didn't want it to come as a complete surprise. The better to enjoy Primrose's imminent performance, I took a seat, breathed deeply to relax, and wondered



what I'd done with my cigarettes. In the last month I'd hardly smoked at all. Perhaps I could add kicking nicotine addiction to the list of benefits befalling a committed slave mistress.

"I want you to imagine, Primrose, that you are a glamorous, international model... and you have the opportunity of a lifetime to impress a gallery of the world's greatest designers. This room is your catwalk... and your goal is to thrill the discerning company with a lively display... highlighting the beauty and

practicality of your magnificent costume.”

Primrose hung on my every word, her expressive eyes lighting up magically once it became clear what was expected of her.

“You may have five minutes to devise a suitable choreography. Begin when the music starts.”

I chose *Scherezade*, one of Rimsky-Korsakov’s finest pieces, as the musical accompaniment for Primrose’s exposition. The haunting strains perfectly fit the mood. The first movement is *the Sea and Sinbad’s Ship* and it lasts for ten minutes, or a little longer. So, for that time, I was transported to another world, a world more weird and wonderful than anything ever dreamed in an Arabian Night!

Primrose expressed her devotion with genuine enthusiasm and passion. Far from allowing the deadly, agonising handicaps which constrained her every moment from dampening her presentation, the dear creature reveled in them, straining deliberately against her bonds as she paraded stylishly around my bedroom with never a gesture to indicate the enormity of her suffering. I suppose a purist may have criticised her performance for being too dramatic. Did she really need to shake those massive, elaborately abused boobs so wildly? Did she really have to lift her knees so high as she pranced with dainty steps across the carpet? Philistine that I am, I loved every precious minute of it!

As Sinbad sailed away, I called an end to the music, and Primrose’s exhausting, erotic ordeal came to a graceful, stylish climax. With breath whistling shrilly through snorting nostrils, beleaguered breasts heaving and limbs trembling, my darling maid posed submissively just a yard or so away. There was a twinkle in her eye!

I applauded spontaneously.

“Bravo! Bravo!”

I had to reward her with something I knew she’d appreciate. I walked to the closet and collected Primrose’s cane, the very one she’d bought for me what seemed an age ago.

“Bend over, darling,” I whispered sultrily. “We must begin the first day of the rest of your life on the right note.”

Without a moment’s hesitation or indecision, and with impossible grace, Primrose adopted the precise position which made the caning of her juicy bottom such a pleasure. That mouth-watering, voluptuous bum got twelve of the very best, branding in an attractive, comprehensive pattern of angry red welts. Not a moment too soon, either. The evidence of her last caning had almost faded from sight. Which would never do. It goes without saying that I planned to refresh those welts on a daily basis.

“Goodness me, look at the time! After nine already. Primrose, be a dear, and bring me another coffee... in the study...”

I got a lovely curtsey as well as the delectable sight of Primrose’s flexing buttocks as she minced alluringly away, nonchalantly towing the diabolical pussy ball. What a pity there wasn’t a single step in my apartment. I had a momentary vision of Primrose climbing a long flight of stairs, *with overhanging treads*. Now that would be a challenge!

I needed a quick detour to the bathroom. Miss Pussy was soaking. Who could blame her!

I took a minute to regain my composure before calling the office. I spoke to Tom, that’s Tom Morris, my principal ally in the endless, internecine warfare that characterises modern corporate politics. No emergencies, thank heavens, and he was only too willing to cover for me at the weekly meeting. I had

barely put the phone down when Primrose found me, bearing the rosewood tray on which reposed a heavy coffee pot with matching cream jug and cup and saucer, my favourite cup and saucer.

“I want you to balance the tray at the same height as my desktop.”

Primrose had to stoop at an awkward angle to do this, but she made it look easy.

“There *is* one more thing. I want you to put as much tension between your wrists and your nipples as you can possibly bear.”

“Good girl,” I praised her lavishly, thrilled by her willingness to add to the torture of her already fiendishly mistreated breasts. “I do so like to see those tit chains thrummingly taut.”

On that note, I poured myself a cup of coffee.

I drank two cups, slowly, most of the time pretending to work my way through the small stack of paperwork. I don't think my clumsy efforts at subterfuge were all that convincing. I couldn't help repeatedly glancing at my bizarre maid, incredulous that not once did I catch her slackening the murderous tension she had devotedly applied for my delectation.

“Thank you, darling,” I exclaimed at last. “That was delicious. Clean up these things and then I want you in my bedroom to tidy up the terrible mess I seemed to have made.”

Another curtsey and, wouldn't you know it, there she was, maintaining that terrible tension as best she could, all the way back to the kitchen.

EPISODE FOUR

No more pretense. I worked through the matters in front of me, under duress, I have to say, but complete it I did. And that notwithstanding a half dozen phone calls to tidy up various loose ends. So, two hours later, in which time I hadn't heard a peep from Primrose, or Dimples for that matter, I slipped quietly into my bedroom.



I had come to expect extraordinary things from Primrose, and for many months I had benefited from her tireless zeal in my professional life but already it was manifestly obvious that she had committed herself to a much higher standard now she was employed in my personal service.

At first glance, the room was immaculate. And closer inspection didn't alter that observation one iota. No wonder I hadn't heard anything. Primrose had chosen to clean the carpet with an ancient carpet sweeper. It did just as good a job as the vacuum, better in some ways, only it was frightfully difficult and awkward to use. How considerate of her not to interrupt my concentration.

I watched her work for several minutes, totally absorbed by her responsibilities. Her single-minded dedication was mesmerising. How careful was her attention to every detail. If the visual evidence of her all-consuming torment was not so startling, it would be impossible to believe this level of service could be provided under such grueling handicaps.

Every moment, Primrose struggled desperately to snort in the pitiful trickle of air allowed her by the merciless conspiracy of her grinding, suffocating collar, her mouth-filling agony gag and her crushing, immobilising corset. All this, of course, while mincing precariously atop her glossy ballet boots, towing the dread weight shackled to her fiendishly sealed and punished pussy and coping with the cruel chains which bound her rubber gloved arms to her caged, collared and shackled nipples.

Primrose toiled diligently, her every movement fluid and graceful. It wasn't always possible but I was quick to note that whenever circumstance permitted, the dear girl deliberately kept a firm, steady tension on her wicked tit chains. How I thrilled to the sight of her huge, bloated, banded boobs being tugged this way and that, stretched, squashed and constantly punished by their obedient owner's dedication to her duty.

Eventually, Primrose's activities turned her in my direction. Instantly, she stopped what she was doing, bobbed me a perfect curtsy, and adopted the stand-by pose I prescribed. How did she manage to keep her rubber crushed legs pressed so tight together? And stand so straight? It was beyond me!

"Leave what you're doing, Primrose. I'm hungry. I'd like lunch in thirty minutes, served in the dining room."

Another of her adorable curtseys, I was never going to tire of that sight, and away she went, demonstrably eager to provide yet another service for me.

I took a few minutes to freshen up, it was the least I could do, before paying a call on Dimples. The secret door slid soundlessly open and there she was, my wayward puppygirl, swinging from the ceiling on the strength of her ferociously disciplined boobs. Her crushed, truncated limbs twitched lifelessly, she had been hanging there for the past four hours, after all. Her hooded, muzzled head lolled listlessly, mute testament to the horror of her predicament, and her absolute inability to do the slightest thing to relieve her misery. Her cute puppytail couldn't even raise a twitch.

I chose a particularly punitive, single-stranded whip from among the serried ranks of corrective implements I had amassed, flexed it quietly a few times to get my arm in and taking up a position where I would have the best chance to inflict a telling blow on my dangling puppygirl's searingly stretched boobs. Experience had shown me that the cage of cutting wire mesh embedded deeply into her tender, helpless breast flesh took nothing away from the impact of a properly applied stroke. Heavens, you couldn't even see the wire anymore, the quilted cubes of pineappled flesh had overgrown them!

I doubt the sound of the whistling whip gave Dimples sufficient warning of its imminent impact. I struck a particularly meritorious blow, just where it would do the most good, slashing the undersides of her tortured tits. That did get her attention.

“Dimples,” I told her in a tone of mild exasperation as soon as the initial flailing of useless puppy limbs had subsided, “you are a disappointment.”

With that remark out of the way, I laid on with a will, warming to the task as a flood of endorphins, adrenalin and whatever mingled in my bloodstream to produce a long and deliciously satisfying orgasm.

Dimples’ tits and bum were ablaze with the fiery evidence of my frenzied attack. My whipwork was steadily improving, the regular pattern of livid welts attested to that, and Dimples’ nature would provide more than enough opportunity for my skills to become better yet.

No, I didn’t let her down. I’m not given to impulses of foolish generosity. Dimples would very likely dangle there the rest of the day. There’s only one sure cure for disobedience.

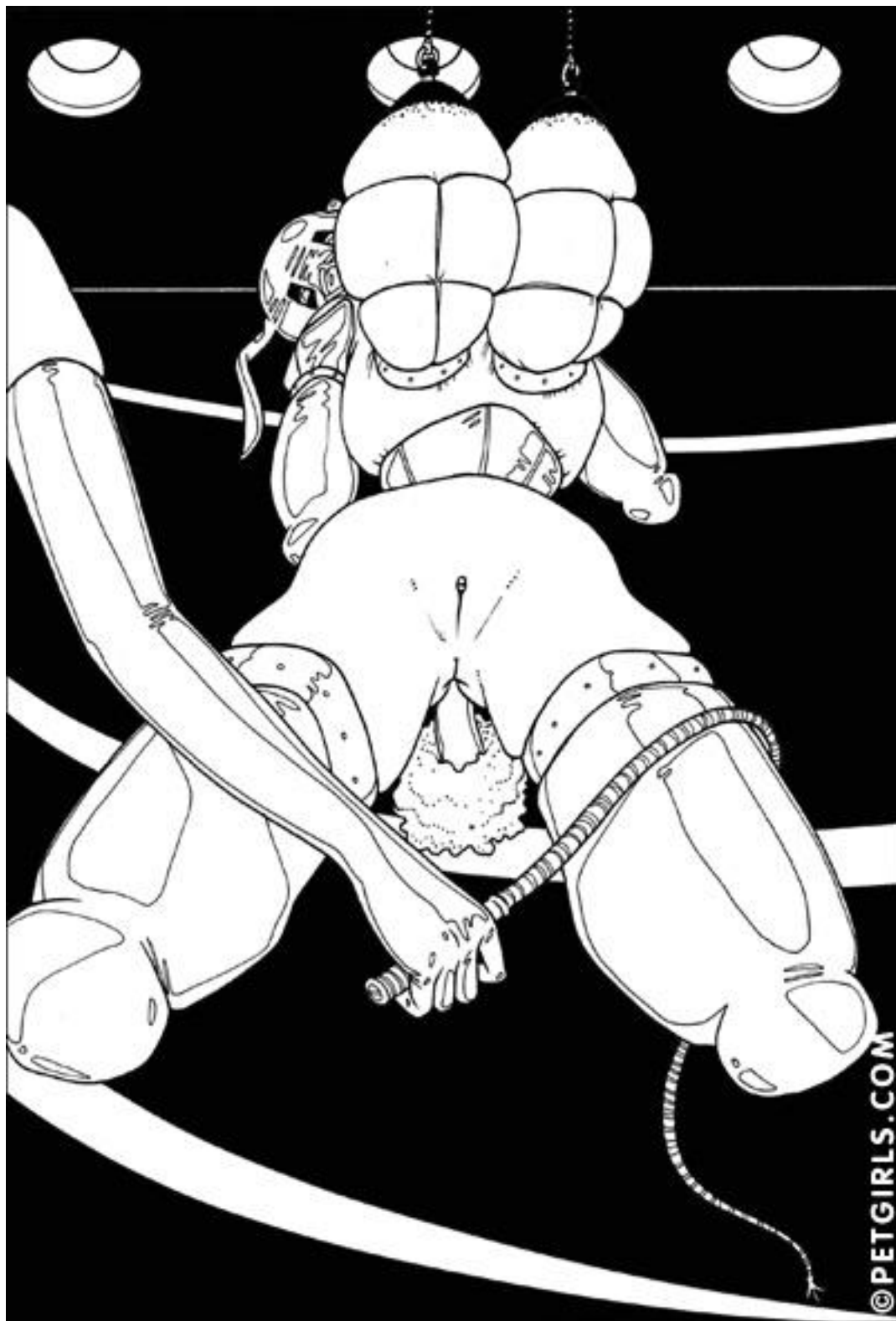
So I had to freshen up again, and I was late for lunch.

Primrose was waiting patiently for the arrival of her tardy luncheon guest. The dining table was beautifully laid, replete with a full compliment of condiments to flavour to attractively presented garden salad. A glass of cold, clear water was the only refreshment.

I was assisted into my seat with unobtrusive care. All I had to do was point my finger at a spot on the floor and Primrose tip-toed instantly to it and posed herself for my viewing pleasure. The tasty repast was a little short on carbohydrates and a little long on healthy ingredients. I suppressed a chuckle. The issue had been a mildly contentious one over the previous months, ever since Primrose had taken responsibility for ensuring I ate *properly* at work.

“Delicious. Thank you.”

Primrose glowed. After lunch I took Primrose through the procedure for ordering groceries and other



household needs online, then left her to tidy up the dining room and kitchen. When that was done she could finish up in my bedroom.

I had a lot of preliminary planning to do, and I had no intention of investigating this information from any of the terminals at the office. It will be time enough to reveal the results of these endeavours as they unfold. I won't waste your time with all the dead-ends and complications we encountered along the way.

So passed the afternoon. Primrose came to me around sunset, clearly satisfied with the transformation she had wrought in the bedroom. I went on a tour of inspection and there was no doubt about it. Picture perfect!

We had dinner around seven, another delicious, if healthy, meal. Of course, I did most of the eating. At my command, Primrose extracted the terrible gag from her punished, aching mouth and injected, that's the best word for it, a measured quantity of tasteless, textureless, nutritious mush straight down her throat, followed up with similar quantity of water. Just as soon as she'd licked her lips she forced the torture gag back into place, pumping it up until her poor mouth was fit to burst.

I didn't say a word.

EPISODE FOUR..continued

"Dr Stovall will be here in a few minutes. Wait at the front door. And, darling, do check that it is Dr Stovall *before* you open the door."

Don't ask silly questions. Of course Primrose couldn't leave the security of my apartment without permission, the vigilant circuitry in her grinding, suffocating collar would agonisingly immobilise her long before she could succeed. Goodness, she couldn't even touch the front door, or a window, unless I authorised it.

What about my puppygirl? Dimples spasmed forlornly. Why the foolish creature didn't stay still escaped me. I lowered the wretched miscreant to the ground. As always, after such a long period of suspension, Dimples needed a few minutes to find her *paws*, however shakily.

I wasn't in an indulgent mood.

"Heel," I snapped peremptorily. A very chastised puppygirl dogged my every footstep into the living room. Under my stern gaze she squatted terrified, trembling at my feet, her stiff puppytail going nineteen to the dozen.

The doorbell rang and I had a momentary twinge of apprehension before the sound of Harriett's sultry contralto reached my ears.

We embraced affectionately.

"What a reception! Your darling maid greeted me with a stunning curtsy, took my jacket, and hung it up carefully... without a single word from me. How do you do it?"

"I didn't do anything. That's Primrose!"

On cue, Primrose entered the room and unobtrusively assumed a respectful pose. My word, she had mastered the art of erotic boob presentation!

"Have you eaten?"

"I have. I would like a drink, though."

"Brandy?"

"What else?"

"Fetch a brandy for our guest, Primrose... straight up on ice. I'll have one as well."

We both watched the gorgeous creature willingly go about her task with poise, precision and grace. My jaw didn't drop as far as Harriett's; I'd had more experience.

We sat down side by side on the sofa. Harriett's wardrobe had certainly taken a turn for the better since our conspiracy began; she looked lovely tonight, especially in the towering, stiletto-heeled, patent leather boots which clung to her shapely calves.

Harriett noticed my attention.

"I was hoping Dimples could find time to clean them for me?"

"I'm sure she'd jump at the chance."

Just then Primrose returned bearing a polished, oval sterling tray on which reposed two crystal brandy tumblers half filled with chunky ice-cubes and the heavy, matching decanter, almost full. Coasters supported the glasses. It needed only a hint from me to signal the serving height and no sooner was the tray conveniently positioned for our use than Dimples' devious tit chains stretched murderously taut, tearing at her mercilessly collared, caged and shackled nipples. The associated stress on her banded, swollen boobs was similarly apparent. Her serene glow confounded everything!

I kept one eye on Harriett's reaction and had to chuckle at the sight of her eyes literally popping out from her skull.

"Allow me," I purred, removing the stopper from the decanter and pouring a stiff shot into both glasses.

"Can I touch?" Harriett croaked.

"Be careful. I don't want her to spill anything."

Harriett absent-mindedly accepted the proffered glass, her attention clearly elsewhere. Tentatively, one slender finger probed ahead, the long, painted nail caressing the straining, sensitive breast flesh. It wasn't long before Harriett directed her fingers to the thrumming chain itself. You'd have thought it was a red-hot bar from the sudden flinch and the muted squawk which accompanied it.

"Here's to our health," I proposed, "and a long life for us all."

Our glasses clinked and Harriett took a deep pull.

"That helps. You are a marvel, Clara... you really are."

I love a compliment.

"I'm not sure I deserve the credit..."

"I am!"

Who was I to argue!

We sipped our brandy steadily, silently, enjoying the spectacle. Neither of us felt like a second drink. I dismissed Primrose, confident she would tidy up the remains before rejoining us.

"Clara, I want to suggest a small change to the plan..."

"Wait a sec... let's get Dimples into action..."

It took a minute or two to unbolt the cruel cage which muzzled Dimples hooded head with such venom.

"Primrose," I caroled in the direction of the kitchen and had to wait only moments for her to appear, obediently eager to learn of my need. "Do you know where I keep Dimples' bowls?"

A miniscule nod of her bizarre, bejeweled, hairless head confirmed her knowledge. Did she miss anything?

“On the shelf above is her food. Put one portion into her dinner bowl and fill her water bowl.” I didn’t think I needed to explain that the bowls went on the small rubber mat with the word *Dimples* etched into it.

“Make sure she minds her manners and begs for permission to eat. Keep her salivating for at least five minutes and let me know if she doesn’t lick her bowl spotlessly clean, or lap up every drop of water.”

At my signal, Dimples trotted eagerly behind Primrose, ravenous as always. It was quite something to watch the two of them in motion.

EPISODE FIVE

“You know, I’ve just had a wicked thought.”

“Harriett! You haven’t!” I gasped in mock alarm.

“It would only require a minor modification to the circuitry in Dimples’ ear plugs.”

“What would?”

“Well, don’t you think we could have some fun if we transformed the sounds which reach her ears into meaningless drivel. Can you imagine the dilemma’s we could set her up for?”

Miss Pussy’s immediate reaction to Harriett’s suggestion was all the encouragement I needed to implement the modification.

“That’s a splendid idea! I’ll see to it, tomorrow if I can.”

“Clara, I’ve never been so excited in my life.”

“I know. There’s nothing like it.”

“I’ve had another thought...”

I waited for Harriett to explain.

“Arranging a fatal accident is just too melodramatic. I’m thinking it may be safer to rely on that authentic passport. I’ll leave the country under my old identity, disappear suddenly and return in the guise of Lucy Lane.”

My first thought was positive. Anything that avoided drawing attention was worth consideration.

“The surgery won’t alter my fingerprints but that won’t matter. They aren’t on record anywhere. The one problem I’ve thought of is bureaucratic. Does Immigration check arrivals against departures... for citizens?”

“I don’t know. But I can find out.”

“Well?”

“Sounds fine to me. I can’t see any downside... any more than the usual downsides with attempting to kidnap five people... and permanently enslave them!” I had to chuckle. Were we really going to do this? It looked like we were!

Harriett ignored my facetiousness.

“I need to reach a decision by the end of the week. There’s a vacancy early next month. If I miss it, there won’t be another opportunity ‘til August.”

“Call me tomorrow evening. I’ll have an answer then.”

“Thanks, Clara. I’ll be glad when these preliminaries are over. Some mornings I’m a nervous wreck.”

Been there!

“Will you excuse me a moment. That brandy has gone straight through me.”

Harriett’s suggestion sounded like a major improvement to our plan. Simulating violence, as I knew from criminal law experience, is never as easy as it sounds.

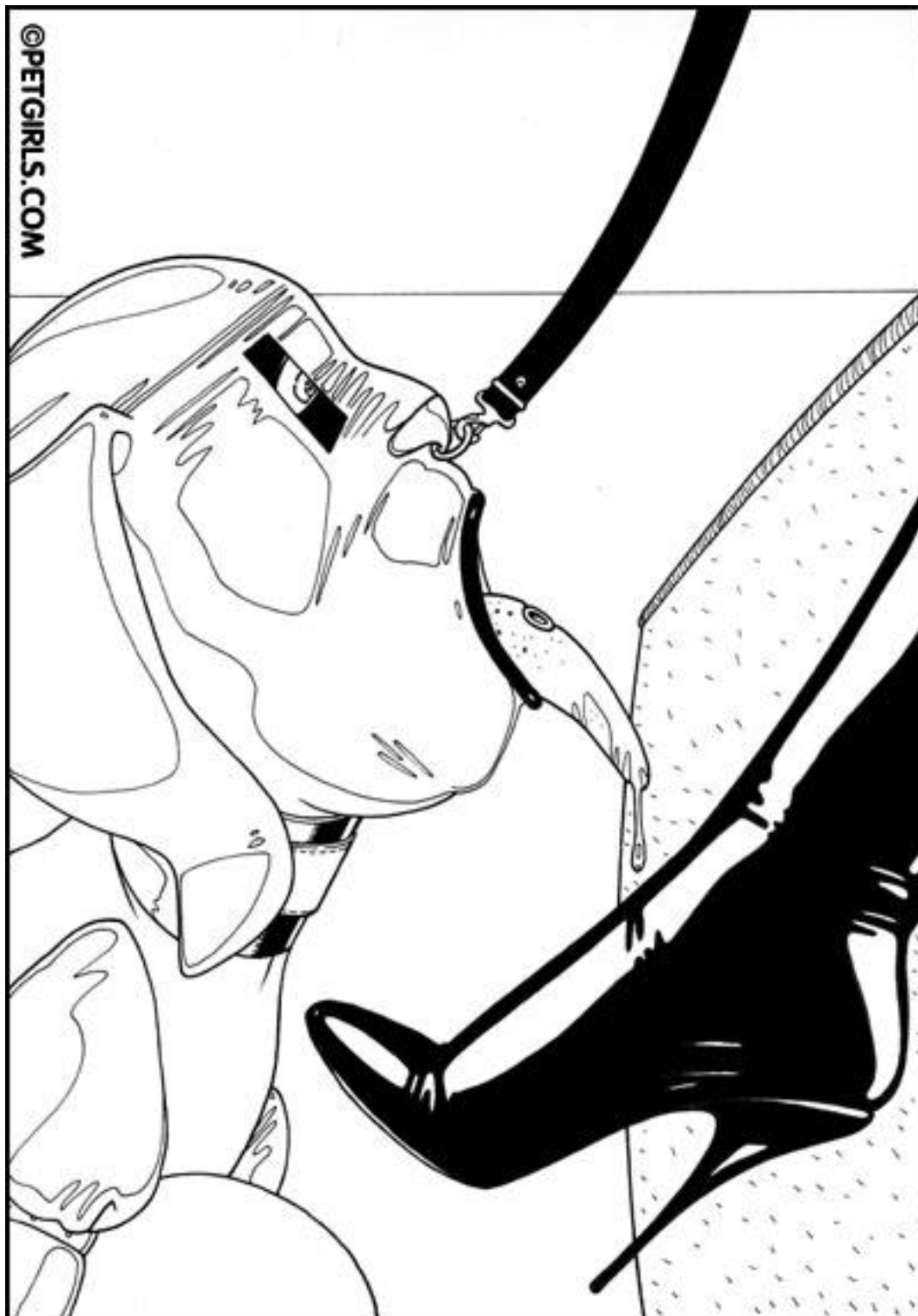
Primrose returned to the living room, closely attended by a very obedient Dimples. No need to enquire how that relationship was developing.

On Harriett’s return, we got Dimples started on a boot licking exercise while Primrose hovered nearby, hoping for an opportunity to serve. Harriett’s first suggestion really was a good one. As a precaution, I blocked out Dimples’ hearing as soon as our conversation moved on to the next stages of our plan.

Primrose had similar implants but I hadn’t used them yet. Nor did I use them now.

Harriett had amassed a surprising amount of information on our intended victims and, as the evening hours passed, we went over every detail until we were in agreement. There were more than a few hints that Diana and Malcolm's honeymoon was over. That raised some wry amusement. Harriett was of the opinion that something had happened to the Cassel family fortune, something unpleasant, and Malcolm, or more likely his siblings and step-mother, were none too pleased. I'll keep the details of our scheming close for now, and reveal them in their proper place in the narrative.

Meanwhile, Dimples, frantically trying to atone for her earlier misbehaviour, lavished extraordinary effort, her remarkable, agile tongue polishing the glossy patent leather with firm, loving strokes. So much so that Harriett's concentration lapsed occasionally, making me laugh every time I had to regain her attention. She'd respond with a sheepish grin.



It was midnight almost before we knew it. Judging by the unabated ardour with which Dimples worshipped Harriett's sparkling footwear, you would never imagine she had toiled ceaselessly at the task for a full four hours, and that *after* spending most of the daylight hours hanging by her tortured puppy-tits from the ceiling! I admire stamina in a puppygirl! Primrose's service was equally exemplary. On two occasions she brought us coffee, each time impersonating a serving table with admirable diligence and aplomb. I think Harriett ordered the second cup just to watch my precious maid abuse her bloated, mistreated breasts for no other purpose than the

whim of her mistress. I didn't mind. What else were maids like Primrose for?

The first yawn was contagious and on that note we wrapped up the session. I got an affectionate hug from my co-conspirator as I walked her to the door.

"Primrose," I exclaimed on returning to the living room. "What a day we've had... what a day!"

Where was that remote. I had several of them. Dimples twitched to the unnerving jolt I delivered, putting her hearing online again.

“Fetch your leash, pet,” I requested kindly and was rewarded with a thankful sigh, my dehumanised puppygirl desperately relieved that her mistress’ wrath had at last dissipated. “I think I left it in your kennel.”

Away she padded, puppy-tail wagging excitedly. That’s more like it. I hoped I hadn’t closed the secret door. Hardly a minute passed and there she was, leash clenched gingerly in her snout, presenting it to me. This time, I snapped it to her striking nose ring before handing the friendly end to Primrose.

“Darling, please take Dimples to the bathroom and clean her up. That’ll get her back on schedule.”

EPISODE FIVE..continued

Goodness, I was still yawning. I could barely stifle my amusement at the sight of a very obedient Dimples trotting nervously at Primrose’s amazing heels. Something must have happened in the few minutes they were gone for there was no doubt that Dimples absolutely understood her rank in the pecking order!

“Thank you, Primrose,” I said graciously. “Now you may attend to your own needs. You will find me in the bedroom.”

The wire mesh shield which gives Dimples’ wicked muzzle such a realistic shape makes it impractical to use it in conjunction with her leash when it’s clipped to her nose. It gets in the way. So, I switched the snap to her deliciously pink, chokingly cruel collar before bolting the murderous, grinding muzzle into her rubber crushed and hooded head. Dimples accepted the dread discomfort of pitiless steel squeezing her helpless skull, the barbed misery of her spike-clamped tongue and the leaden weight of the heavy padlock, all without spoiling my fun. She’d learned better!

“Heel, pet,” I whispered, drawing the slack out of the leash and away we strolled, the very picture of a proper mistress and her devoted, loyal puppygirl.

Dimples had hardly earned the privilege of sleeping at my side so it was into the kennel for her. As a reminder of her misdemeanor, I set the electrical punishment system infesting her diabolical costume to a heightened level to make sure she got a very good, and very frequent, feel of the pain throughout the night. No, Dimples didn’t have a real kennel, not then anyway; the term seemed more suitable than dungeon. Later on, after our move to the Southern Highlands, I did get her a particularly suitable kennel. With permission, my cherished puppygirl curled up on her mat, wriggling awkwardly as she always did in the vain expectation of finding some sort of less uncomfortable position. Not likely! Indeed, it was only moments before a grim shudder wracked her dehumanised body, proclaiming the first of many deadly electrical strikes.

Absolute power is absolutely wonderful!

Primrose was waiting patiently for me.

“I’m tired, darling. Help me get ready for bed, please.”

I was tired, too. I surrendered myself to Primrose’s tender ministrations as she carefully, reverently removed my clothes, unerringly making the right decisions over what needed to be laundered and what needed to be hung up. The touch of her slick, rubberised hands sent pleasurable little shivers running up my spine. The staccato, rasping whistle of her belaboured breathing was music in my ears.

Was she telepathic? She correctly interpreted my vague gesture, draping a pretty silk peignoir over my smooth skin. So subtle was her suggestion that I found myself sitting at my dressing table, marvelously relaxed while Primrose proceeded to brush out my dark, silky hair. The sensation was luxurious, and addictive. No-one had *ever* done that for me. From time to time I looked at her reflection, fascinated and enthralled by her willing, adoring devotion. Did I feel guilty about her predicament? Did I wince at the sight of her agonisingly stretched tit chains? Of course not! Instead, I leaned back and caressed her crushingly collared throat, purely for the satisfaction of overpowering her sexual resolve. Her illegal response was savagely punished, as I knew it would be, although there was only a momentary interruption to my

grooming, and hardly any relaxation in the self-inflicted torture of her exquisite breasts.

I have no idea how long Primrose intended to brush my hair. After thirty minutes I was too sleepy to keep my eyes open.

“Thank you,” I told her with genuine affection. “Put the brush down now and stand still.”

I unsnapped the pussy ball from her elaborately chastised clit, and removed her fiendishly effective tit chains.

“Get into bed, darling. I’ll only be a moment.”

When I returned from the bathroom I found Primrose had turned back the sheets on my side of the bed, and pulled them right down on her side. She lay on her waspishly corseted stomach, as stiff as a board. Poking out cheekily to each side was a squashed, distorted tit. Her ballet booted legs were squeezed tight together and bent back almost at right angles. Furthermore, she was obviously trying very hard to press her homogenised palms into each other, behind her back. How sweet! That both actions were clearly motivated by her uncontrollable desire to serve her mistress perfectly could not have been more beautifully demonstrated.

The remote was exactly where I expected it to be, neatly placed on my bedside table. Primrose’s magnetic manacles are brutally strong, as you know, so barely a minute was needed to weld her calves into her thighs and wrench her forearms into parallel lines along her arched spine. What was it about such a cruelly immobilised image that excited me so? How would I know?

I rolled Primrose onto her back and snuggled in beside her, pulling the bedclothes over us both. I dozed off quickly but I’m sure I stroked and caressed my marvelous maid, and murmured endearments.

I had never had a finer day!

EPISODE SIX

I hope you don’t expect me to describe every day in the detail just supplied. Nine months went by before we were able to transfer our headquarters to the renovated villa in the Southern Highlands. Never you mind exactly where it is. And a further two months went by before we acquired our prey, or most of them. I’ll get to that soon. My point was detail. I don’t plan to grow old and grey writing this missive so some things will have to be summarised, and others left out altogether. I’ll be careful. Anything really erotic or original will be covered sufficiently to please the most discerning reader. The rest will be hit or miss.

I was still tired when the alarm rang at 6 am. I fumbled for the remote, found it and was just aware enough to push Primrose off the side of the bed before releasing the relentless magnetic grip. It was the easiest way to avoid the likelihood of collateral damage from her flailing limbs.

“I want breakfast in bed,” I mumbled, snug under the covers. “Do try and attach the chains yourself... but I’ll not be angry if you fail.”

I drifted back to sleep, only to be awoken by the invigorating aroma of freshly brewed coffee. Do I even have to bother. Of course, Primrose had somehow managed to install the punitive restraints which made such an enormous addition to her already overwhelming handicaps. What a tasty breakfast it was. It never occurred to me that I would acquire the services of an excellent chef!

Primrose bent forward awkwardly, stressfully, to position the dining tray for my greatest convenience. I searched through my memory and for the life of me I couldn’t remember. I think that was the first morning I’d ever had breakfast brought to me. Well, it wasn’t going to be the last!

Between mouthfuls I did manage to explain that for the future I’d set her controls to deliver a wake-up message at 5 am, followed three minutes later by the deactivation of the magnetic fields. Breakfast was to be at seven, precisely. Of course, I explained to her, with a smile on my lips, that I didn’t want to be battered and bruised by jerking, spasming limbs. From the concerned look on her gag-bloated, bejeweled face, I’m sure the idea horrified her more than me. The coffee was delicious.

Primrose fussed around me like a mother hen, making sure I was suitably dressed, and immaculately groomed, for the office. I was playing *fetch the ball* with Dimples, relishing the spectacle of her blind, deaf,

frantic scampering. Poor Primrose spent half her time dodging my desperate, terrorized puppygirl. Not that this diversion affected the quality of her service. How could I not draw the conclusion that personal attendance on me was her very favourite responsibility.

I suppose I did have the odd misgiving about leaving my newest possession unsupervised. Dimples was securely back in her kennel, immobilised and activated for sentinel duty. Primrose had the run of the apartment. I was curious to learn what she could accomplish in a day. I left her buxom buttocks glowing from the impact of a round dozen worthwhile cuts, overprinting the previous morning's pattern. That, and the fondling of her chokingly collared throat, was more than her heightened libido could withstand and I hugged her passionately while she shuddered in the throes of an agonising electrical attack.

"Tonight, Primrose," I purred, playing with the golden array of chains fitted to her pretty face, running my tingling fingertips across her strained, gag-bloated cheeks, "I'm going to make you give me sexual pleasure." Thrilled by the implications of that erotic threat, the dear creature sighed tremulously and instinctively snuggled against me.

Is surreal the right word? It certainly sounds pretentious enough. There I was, immersed in the reality of a busy, aggressive legal environment while at the back of mind remained the image of my devoted, exquisitely costumed maid bidding me a fond farewell on the doorstep, or rather inside it. All things considered, I functioned pretty well.

Jack Diamond wouldn't let me pay for our lunch, he never did, but he did tell me what I needed to know. He knew I was up to something. I mean, I asked if he could get me a pistol, and teach me how to use it. Not everyone wants an illegal gun for unspecified purposes. Not everyone is prepared to pay a small fortune for a false identity. He was far too polite to voice his curiosity. Gentlemen don't ask awkward questions of ladies. They do pay them compliments. Just as we were getting ready to leave, Jack summed up the way I felt.

"My dear Clara, I don't think I've ever seen you look lovelier."

I don't know what got into me.

"Why, thank you, sir," I replied coquettishly. "I have my maid to thank for that. She's such a treasure."

The look on his face was priceless. He kissed my proffered hand gallantly.

All the way back to the office I wondered why I said that. Of all the people I knew, *the Spider* was the most dangerous. Why whet his curiosity?

The downside to the splendid improvement in my relationship with Primrose was the deterioration in the standard of help at work. Nicole was another disappointment. It made me realise how much I had relied on Primrose's dedication and competence. Of course, I responded to her woeful negligence with legendary bad temper which did little beyond reducing the silly girl to blubbering tears. You think I should have given her a few days to settle in before pouncing? Not me! Get her mind right from the start. She'd have a week to shape up. It was one more notch on the stick driving me to complete independence.

It's unethical for a partner in a law firm to secretly solicit clients, especially a junior partner. Good thing I only expect ethics from others! By the time the newly re-invented Lucy Lane returned from her overseas metamorphosis, I would be ready to tender my resignation. Dependent, unfortunately, on my ability to secure enough business to support our hobby.

So, the preparation that should have taken two hours ended up taking four, and put me in a vile mood. It was all I could do to maintain a mask of civility in a late meeting with some senior executives from EpiCom, overpaid bean-counters who had clearly not grasped the significance of my brief. They had flown up for clarification, and no doubt some expensive entertainment at shareholder's expense. I endured their pomposity for an hour, and humoured their egos so when they left, none the wiser, it was in the sure knowledge I was fully aware of their importance. It was enormously satisfying to overcharge clients like that. They'd made me travel, they'd kept me away from Primrose and Dimples, and now they'd pay through the nose.

I exorcised my frustrations on a terrified, cowering, uncomprehending Dimples, punishing her ruthlessly for the sins of others. That's what puppygirls are for. Aware of my distress, Primrose behaved with spontaneous concern, solicitously anticipating my every need and making sure she supplied it with courteousness and style. Had she pumped an extra expansion into her gag? Was she applying even more tension to her atrociously punitive tit chains? Had her expectation of being forced to give me sexual pleasure roused her to new heights of erotic frustration? Was her adoring expression more intense than ever? I hoped so, on all counts!

I quite forgot my planned inspection, what with thrashing Dimples to a quivering wreck and enjoying the comfort of Primrose's devoted ministrations. It wasn't until after dinner, a delicious three-course feast I might add, that I recalled my earlier intention. It wasn't true that the entire apartment sparkled but at this rate it would by tomorrow evening. I didn't say a thing.

Primrose took care of everything, allowing me the luxury to relax in my favourite armchair, idly switching channels in the vain hope of catching something interesting. Later, my extraordinary maid served me coffee, as I liked it, while Dimples used her agile, enhanced tongue to polish my high-heeled pumps to a brilliant gloss. Though she had no idea what she'd done to earn my wrath, she was diligently, desperately trying to atone for it.

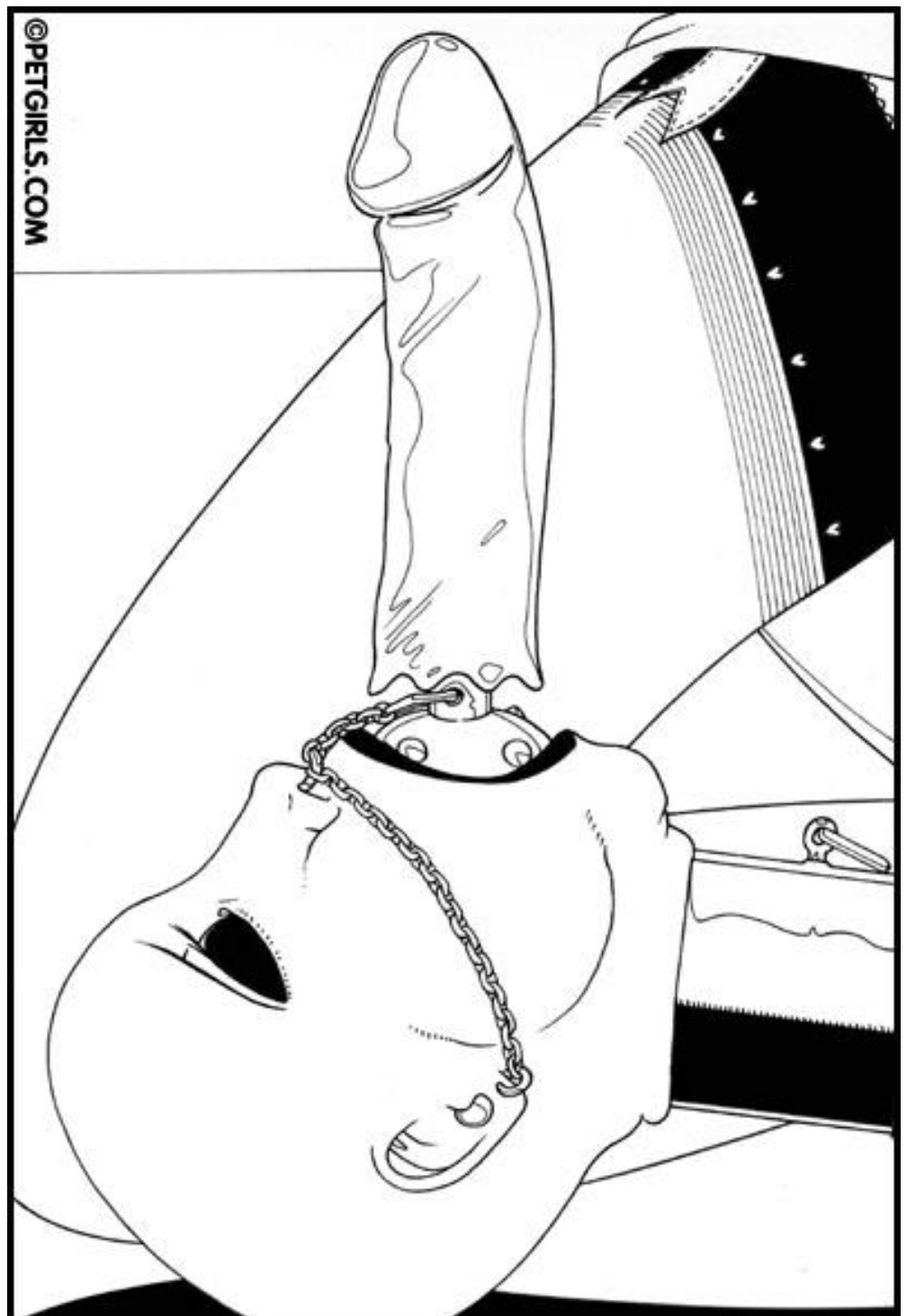
I didn't need to leave the chair to talk to Harriett. Primrose brought me the phone as soon as she'd cleared away the remains of the coffee. Our conversation was brief. I relayed the news, if not the reason, that her re-entry would go unnoticed.

"It's not fair," Harriett whined, not unlike a child. "You've got two... and I don't have any."

"Good night, Harriett," I gloated.

"You rotter!"

When you boil it down, I suppose I didn't have too much to complain about. Not that I would let a little thing like that stop me. Dinner comfortably digested, I took Dimples to her kennel, muzzled her and watched her scrunch up on her tiny rubber mat, fearfully aware that if she so much as moved a millimeter off it, the vigilant



sensors embedded throughout her dehumanised body would detect the offense, and punish it mercilessly. Primrose was scheduled for more intimate treatment. After preparing me with punctilious care, Primrose submitted herself eagerly to my authority. I laid her on the bed, and with her willing co-operation, implemented the tortuous immobilisation that rendered her so erotically helpless. Rolled over, supporting her weight solely on her mercilessly bound limbs, Primrose stared up at me radiantly, serene in the knowledge she would shortly be used for my selfish gratification. I had some surprises for her. For the first time I activated the polarising lenses covering her eyeballs, condemning her to Stygian gloom followed immediately by isolating her from all sound other than a mildly irritating white noise. This magnificent vision of erotically tormented loveliness was mine. *All mine!* Here was the perfect sex toy I had always longed for. All her many charms were mine for the plundering. How I teased her. Her wickedly imprisoned nipples were a prime target, as was her engorged, shackled clit. I don't want you to think these nubbins were the only targets on my agenda. I played with, stroked, tickled, pinched, and squeezed whatever piece of tender, helpless flesh took my fancy. The exciting, rubber dildo filling her painfully sealed pussy, dormant until now, slowly came to life, inspired by my casual manipulation of the remote. Mischievously, I inched her toward a... a what? What do you call a climax where the pleasure component is totally replaced by extreme pain? Certainly not an orgasm. How about an *agonism*? What a fabulous word to add to the English language. So, judging the moment right, and while one finger caressed a gag-bloated cheek, I switched my attention to her chokingly collared throat. I barely needed to touch her there before a violent, rasping snort heralded the onset of a blinding, uncontrollable agonism. How I relished Primrose's suffering! Watching her struggle futilely against her implacable bondage as she endured the stabbing throes of pitiless electrical punishment, combined with the sudden abrasion of her defenseless pussy by an angry dildo, was the sweetest vision for my excited senses. All through the long minutes her agonism dragged on, I couldn't help touching her, caressing her, thrilling to the feel of her tense, pulsing flesh. I had never known more satisfying foreplay, and never had I been so absolutely ready for a splendid orgasm of my own.

As Primrose's squirming gradually wound down in the aftermath of her shocking experience (please forgive the pun), I snapped a mouth-wateringly contoured dildo onto the provision made for it on the surface of her enormous gag. A gag that big, that stretches jaws so widely apart, has plenty of surface exposed so why not put it to good effect. As Primrose would discover as the days went by, there were plenty of attachments designed to make her bizarre, bejeweled head as useful as possible.

It was such a pleasure to straddle that gorgeous, supine creature, to ease a ripe Miss Pussy onto the inviting pole, and I savoured every precious moment of it. I think Primrose may have been confused by the addition to her fiendish gag but as soon as I lowered myself onto it, she knew exactly what had happened, and what she had to do. I had barely settled in when I felt the first, delicious vibration, courtesy of the Herculean effort dear Primrose made to give me sexual pleasure. That my one-in-a-million maid could overcome her egregious handicaps, her gag and collar, her banded boobs (which presently supported half my butt), her wasping corset, punished pussy and immobilised, contorted limbs, and concentrate only on thrusting the dildo soothingly and lovingly into an appreciative Miss Pussy, all while uncomprehendingly blind and deaf, was both amazing and wonderful. For the longest time I hardly moved, making Primrose do all the work, and toil she did, tirelessly.

Nothing, at least nothing good, lasts forever. I could bear my intense arousal no longer. I picked up the pace, driving myself to a shattering climax while poor Primrose did what little she could, given the circumstances, to enhance my enjoyment. Her devotion didn't go unrewarded. I still had some control over my trembling fingers, so I stroked her lovely, slender, collared neck for just the second or two it took to send her into a second, extended agonism. There we were, exploding together and the combination of my exquisite pleasure, and Primrose's excruciating pain, made those few minutes as marvelous as my wildest dreams.

After I'd calmed down, I did remove the dildo extension, and restore Primrose's sight and hearing. I praised

her for her wonderful performance, then basked in the glow of her worship. At that moment I think, perhaps I knew, I truly loved her. Do you think it was callous of me to deny the dear girl an orgasm? Do you think it was cruel to substitute two crippling agonisms instead? Rubbish! Primrose was permitted a real orgasm two nights ago, there was an unauthorised one yesterday, or was it two, and I planned to allow her another legitimate orgasm... next year!

EPISODE SEVEN

Harriett flew out, on schedule. We'd had a quiet celebration the evening before. I suspect we were both a touch subdued. There comes a time in every endeavour, the point of no return, you might say, after which there will be real consequences. Where mistakes, or just plain bad luck, bring ruin. And ruin for us would mean jail time, lots of it, not counting the confiscation of my most precious possessions.

Jack had come through for us, not that I ever doubted it. Harriett had her new identity, I had my new pistol, and a first lesson scheduled for Sunday.

So Harriett was ready to disappear. She had brought a trunk with her, for me to mind, containing those recent additions to her wardrobe which she wanted to keep. She was very good about mementos, keeping only a few small treasures from her past, things which would not arouse suspicion by their absence. These were in the trunk as well.

Comrades-in-arms, we said our good-byes. Unless something went horribly wrong, there would be no contact between us until my co-conspirator's return.

Primrose sensed my anxiety, and did her utmost to soothe my nerves. What a difference she made in my life.

The next day I checked departures and arrivals; sure enough, Harriett's flight was uneventful. I had plenty to do in the interim.

Primrose's unflagging efforts, and efficiency, liberated me from an enormous amount of drudgery. I hadn't realised how much time was taken up with the mundane business of running a household. These days my responsibilities were limited to a few executive decisions, and the very occasional shopping expedition. Nearly everything we needed was available online and



Primrose was already an expert.

I found myself bringing more and more work home with me, principally to avail myself of Primrose's incomparable secretarial skills.

She had adapted marvelously to the exigencies of office duties while comprehensively handicapped. It was an eye-popping spectacle to watch her type away with her homogenised fingers. Within a week she was reaching upwards of fifty words per minute! I'm sure she could have gone faster, were she not making such a conscientious effort to maintain a truly torturous tension on the implacable tit chains which were her constant companion through all her waking hours. I couldn't bring myself to complain, especially as I had done nothing to help. I suppose I could have allowed her to sit down at her typing desk but the visual feast made by her plump, juicy buttocks thrust wantonly rearwards as a consequence of the frightfully awkward angle she was forced to contort her crushingly corseted waist was too cute to jeopardise. Besides, it offered an irresistible target for our favourite cane which was always kept nearby in case the urge to add another glowing welt to her delicious bum overwhelmed me.

What with law libraries available online, and the best office support in the city at my disposal, there was not much else I needed to break away and set up shop for myself. I guess my two real concerns were those of most one-man operations; too little work, and too much work. I was sure I could count on four good clients from the firm, which meant a healthy retainer regardless of the amount of litigation. The trouble with retainers is that those clients prepared to pay them like to see something for their money every year, and that can mean a lot of wasted time.

I had to jump soon. The animosity between the Jolly Jim and myself had blown out into open warfare, and the toll on the firm's effectiveness was rising. He had seized on my more frequent absences as fresh evidence of my unsuitability as a partner. A little bit of truth, mingled with a farrago of lies, will damage a woman's reputation more than a man's. My few allies continued to stand by me. Not out of sentimentality. Don't be silly. They were sensible men, their loyalty motivated by the bottom line, but more importantly, their opinions carried real weight.

There was no doubt I could use the strife as camouflage for my resignation. But the turmoil was unsettling, and the confrontation an untimely complication. So you can imagine my relief when the news reached me that Jolly Jim had been involved in a hit-and-run and was in hospital with a pair of badly broken legs. It was all I could do to restrain my glee to a non-committal grunt.

I'd never fired a gun before, never even held one. Not even a toy gun as a kid. Jack took me under his wing with characteristic charm, reassuring me that I would be a genuine gunslinger by day's end. Why I'm bothering to tell you about my firearms training I don't know. It's pretty boring stuff unless you're a gun nut. What brought the memory to mind was a mischievous recollection of Primrose's travail that day. I know, I promised not to omit any of my singularly salacious activities. So, I'll explain, though to do so I must backtrack a week or two.

EPISODE SEVEN..continued

Saturdays, now that my household was running splendidly, were principally a day of relaxation for me, and certainly the afternoons were. The apartment was in pristine condition so Primrose was hovering attentively, yearning for an opportunity, eager to obey my every whim. I had an erotic thought.

"Darling," I purred. "I want to watch you dust the furniture here in the living room... I want a sensuous... and lively... performance."

Her lovely, innocent eyes lit up in anticipation of the exemplary service she would supply. Nor was her excitement dampened one iota when I disconnected her wrists from the tit chains, twisted her compliant, rubber gloved arms behind her back and took advantage of her flexibility and her magnetic manacles to weld her forearms lifelessly along her spine, her useless fingers pressed into the base of her shaven skull. "There," I announced, as soon as I'd snapped a small, fluffy feather duster into her jaw-stretching agony gag.

“Just one more thing!”

To the unemployed ends of Primrose’s dangling tit chains, I added a pair of gold-plated stainless steel balls, miniature versions of the wicked handicap secured to her abused, shackled clit. Though these little cousins were a mere inch-and-a-half in diameter, they did a more than adequate job of stretching and tormenting the banded, swollen tits supporting them.

Earlier, Primrose had struggled for an hour or so to lace up my new pair of thigh-length, black patent leather boots. The limitations imposed on her communally squeezed and coated fingers seemed to inspire rather than discourage so, though the labour was long and difficult, Primrose persevered with single-minded dedication. I wobbled precariously on the five inch heels, naked above them save for a filmy, transparent, black satin peignoir. How Primrose managed to remain so gracefully upright, on seven inch heeled ballet pointes, and stay on her toes all day, was a phenomenon past all belief. I loved the look of the gleaming, glossy leather sheathing my shapely legs but after every few minutes or so of unsteady perambulation I was ready for a rest.

Primrose waited politely for me to get comfortable on the sofa, and then began what became a two hour, virtuoso performance. Enthusiastically aware that the principal objective of her duty was to suffer, ceaselessly and sensationally, for my amusement, Primrose began a thorough tour of the living room, stylishly applying the protruding duster to every imaginable surface. Her ferociously corseted torso never stopped twitching, which encouraged her diabolically disciplined boobs to gyrate frantically. The inhumanly heavy weights tearing at her shackled, caged and collared nipples flew this way and that, occasionally clinking into each other, more often flying full circle and crunching into her unwitting, helpless flesh. Indeed, on one unforgettable occasion, a swinging weight cracked her on the forehead. With her arms bolted agonisingly away from the firing line, the only restriction affecting potential target zones was the length of the tit chains. Primrose had become very skilled in the delicate art of dancing around her dire pussy ball. Her bountiful, well-stripped bum bounced and jiggled with every graceful, prancing step. The audience was mesmerised.

Dimples played her part in my pleasure. My bizarre puppygirl slaved away, her superb tongue hard at work licking the aromatic leather. Never had she been allowed so close to the treasure chest, the complimentary aroma of a drooling Miss Pussy reacting with the addictive concoction of aphrodisiacs rushing through her dehumanised, tortured body to produce a hopeless surge of unrequited lust. Of course, Dimples’ sensitive surveillance system detected the forbidden feelings and dispensed rough justice but the punishment was in vain. I have to say, I found her constant, agonised tremors stimulating. The interruption to the tongue polishing was minimal.

Where was I? I’ve lost the thread. Something about an erotic thought? That’s right. The image had a powerful effect upon me. So much so the performance had already had several encores. Inspired by my creativity, I decided to add to Primrose’s secretarial skills. Some sixty pages of opinions and annotations needed to be edited into a cohesive whole and, since I expected to be away for several hours, I took the opportunity to teach Primrose how to type with her head.

Bent breathlessly at right angles, arms magnetically bolted to her spine, tit balls swaying gently straight down from her engorged, elongated boobs, ballet booted legs stiff, squeezed tightly together and hairless, bejeweled head poised over the keyboard with only a tiny prosthetic stub attached to her horror gag with which to complete her assigned task, Primrose waited only for my permission to begin. An exemplary cut from our cane supplied the permission.

So, when Jack began describing what I think were important safety precautions, I was miles away. And, if you’re still reading these memoirs, I expect you are too!

I did concentrate later. To my, our, surprise I turned out to be a pretty good shot. It’s easier than learning to drive. I brought up the subject of Jolly Jim’s convenient accident. The response I got was Jack’s *I know everything, you know nothing* professional smile and a deadpan platitude along the lines of pedestrians should look both ways before crossing the road. A tiny shiver ran down my spine. An impact hard enough to

break legs could just as easily have been fatal.

One month later, I tendered my resignation.

EPISODE EIGHT

So much happened between the time Harriett departed and her return, some three months later. Here's a potted history and, if the timeline's not entirely accurate, it's near enough. Actually, there were a dozen clients who chose to move their business to the office of Clara Carnegie, Attorney-at-Law. That my practice was up and running so smoothly, and so quickly, was due solely to the indefatigable efforts of my personal assistant. During office hours I did have to make a sacrifice. The excruciating gag came out of Primrose's pretty mouth to dangle fetchingly from her nose shackle. I wanted her to answer the phone. The sweet sound of her soft, lisping voice was some consolation. The adoring smile which spread over her bejeweled face every time she saw me looking at her put butterflies in my stomach.

Of course I considered the possibility that she might betray me, academically anyway. The risk was non-existent. An unbroken month of loyal, devoted, willing service in spite of, or perhaps because of, the constant, terrible suffering I inflicted upon her was proof beyond all doubt of her conviction. The more I added to her labours, the harder she toiled, resolutely determined to triumph over every challenge with grace, poise and irresistible style.

Then the Berwick Scandal broke. I was dumbfounded. Malcolm Berwick, Harriett's sometime fiancé and prime target for her tender mercy was poisoned. The media positively frothed with speculation and for the best part of a week, the story hogged front page. Louise Major was nowhere to be found and along with her disappearance came the theory that the wrong Berwick had succumbed to the overdose of arsenic. The sudden penury of the Cassel family, and the enormous value of Diana's insurance provided motive for the crime. Diana herself was clearly in a state of shock and Malcolm's twin sisters stayed stonily silent. Poor Harriett. What would she make of these unexpected developments. Poor me! How cruelly ironic if our grandiose plans were to come to naught. I suppose that was the moment the idea of establishing a commercial re-education facility first occurred to me. I mean, how could I, we, waste all the effort we'd already expended?

I don't think the suspense is spoiled by revealing we did acquire the heartless perpetrators, and Diana for that matter. It's the fate that awaited them that I'll reserve until the time's right.

What a dilemma. I knew Harriett's remodeling was scheduled soon. What if she didn't need to go through with it? Were our intended victims to vanish in the present circumstances, Harriett's involvement would never be suspected. I wrestled with the problem over several nights; unfortunately, there was precious little time to reach a decision. Complicit with our contingency planning, I called Harriett.

That was the first Harriett heard of it. It took a while to sink in, and I detected genuine grief over Malcolm's untimely demise, why I've no idea. To go through with the surgery or not? Even to abandon the plan? Certainly not, Harriett insisted, much to my relief. In the end we decided to postpone the surgery. The simplest plans are always the best. Harriett agreed to make arrangements for a swift return. There was no time to dawdle. We had to strike before the authorities put our targets out of reach.

Do you know how stressful it is to juggle a busy law practice, oversee the renovations, *in absentia*, on a property miles away and still find time to plan the kidnap of four people, all of whom would likely be under police surveillance? Of course you don't! How satisfying it was to have a puppygirl like Dimples to take out my frustration on. Primrose was a tower of strength. Heaven alone knew how many countless responsibilities her tireless diligence saved me from. We could never have succeeded without her devoted contribution.

There were a few things in our favour. We could effect the kidnappings sequentially since the disappearance of any of our targets would likely point to their guilt. There was still no sign of Malcolm's step mother, notwithstanding a nation-wide search. I picked Harriett up at the airport. Her big smile reassured me she had come to terms with her loss. Good! Sentimentality was of little use to either of us.

It's a wonder what a little pet therapy can do to restore your spirits. Drained and jet-lagged, it was a revelation to observe, and enjoy, Harriett's transformation as she laid into Dimples with demonic frenzy. I had to chuckle. Poor Dimples. It hadn't been a good week for her. Frustration over a singularly dim Federal Court ruling had put me in a sour mood for several days and, wouldn't you know it, I'd taken it out on the same whipping boy... er, puppygirl!

We got down to serious work the following day. The renovations to our hidey-ho were complete save for some minor modifications which needed our personal attention. There was enough curiosity already. Some of our alterations had provoked a few raised eyebrows and hosing down speculation is always a tricky business. We gave ourselves one week to prepare for our first guests. We daren't wait any longer.

Notwithstanding their apparently cast-iron alibi, Harriett knew them well enough to be sure Amanda and Pamela were up to their elbows, along with their step-mother, in the callous plot. There was likely going to be some competition for their incarceration, and as our agenda promised so much more in the way of retribution, we had a moral duty to confine them in our care.

Two days later, Harriett was on her way to the Southern Highlands, loaded up with enough paraphernalia to give a good start to our re-education ambitions. I was stuck in town. Ralph Bennet, you may remember him, the artful tax evader and ex-husband of a particularly greedy and vindictive gold-digger; well, his trial was imminent and I was working like the devil to thwart the voracious appetite of a relentless, adversarial Taxation Office. In fact, it was that afternoon I stumbled across a priceless contradiction in the voluminous, ever expanding pages of the Income Tax Assessment Act, as amended.

May I make a short observation? Don't worry; unlike Victor Hugo I won't make a 200 page sidetrack! The administrative ease with which rules and regulations can be changed in the modern electronic world allow attorneys like me to make a fortune. Cases have piled up in various jurisdictions where the issue in point does not just pertain to a previous regulation but more likely to one enacted several editions earlier. So, from this confusion I was able to extract the perfect explanation for my client's activities. By 5 pm Primrose had turned my rough draft into a splendid brief, and the missive despatched to the Crown Prosecutor's Office along with a polite note that 11 am, the next day, would be a suitable time for a conference.

If I'd have known in advance, I would have asked Harriett to delay her departure and driven down with her. I was desperate to inspect my new domain. Isn't it strange how the simplest things can effect the profoundest changes?

EPISODE EIGHT..continued

I won't deny my departure from the firm didn't cause dissatisfaction, and some anger. Most of the clients I snatched were profitable. Mr Bennet was the one exception. Given the extent of, and his culpability in, the accusations facing him, the feeling was there wouldn't be enough left over to pay the firm's fees. The *caveat* on his assets, all of them, prevented billing in advance. When Ralph heard I had resigned he asked me to continue to represent him. It was the last thing on my mind but he caught me in a rare, mellow moment, and he was such a nice, well-mannered man, that I accepted the burden. Now, of course, anticipating my triumph and its reward, I congratulated myself on my intuition. It wasn't sentimentality at all!

Harriett called me about 9 pm. I was expecting the call, a report on the condition of our hidey-ho. I was in a remarkably good humour. Primrose had helped me dress for dinner, and eased me onto the sofa with a good book. She even fed Dimples, and cleaned her out, returning the cowering creature to me so her prehensile tongue could be put to work polishing my new, favourite, patent leather thigh boots. An hour or so later, I was served a delicious, candle-lit dinner, made all the more intimate by Primrose's proximity. The eerie sound of the choking gasps which passed for breathing, the vibrant threat of thrumming tit chains just inches away combined to flavour my meal as no exotic spice could ever hope to do. Primrose grasped a heavy, silver ice-bucket between homogenised fingers, stooping awkwardly to present it for my greatest convenience. At my other elbow squatted a silent Dimples, her rubber sealed head now grindingly muzzled.

What better company could I ask for!

I retired to the living room to resume my relaxed reading. Dimples followed and I allowed her to snuggle up under my booted feet so I could flex my heel tips into the soft, tormented flesh of her enormous puppy-tits. When the phone rang, I was perfectly comfortable. Primrose had brought me coffee, serving it in the preferred manner, and the first sips were already warming my tummy.

"Harriett, how are you?"

What I wanted to say, straight-away, was is everything alright.

"I'm fine, Clara."

So, between us, we preserved the veneer of politeness for the customary minute. Some ingrained habits are very hard to break.

"Well, have we wasted our money?"

"Not a penny of it. I've just finished emptying the van... I'll put everything away properly tomorrow... you know, there's nothing to eat down here... all I have are some cookies..."

I tactfully refrained from describing my repast.

"The nearest store is twenty miles away!"

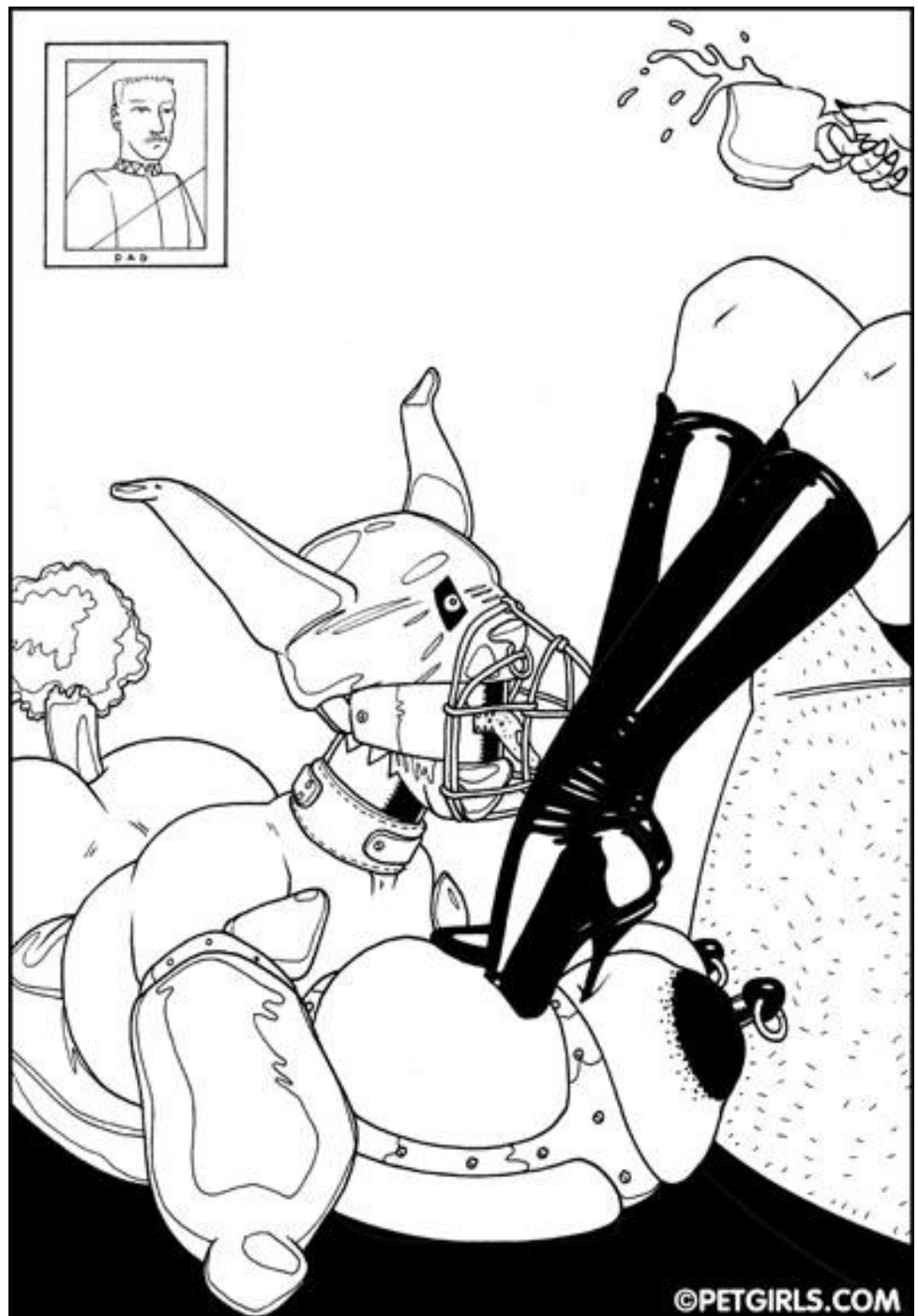
I knew that. It was a major reason for choosing the property. It wasn't like Harriett to be so disorganised.

"Why didn't you pick up something on the way through?"

Where was this going? I had the sneaking suspicion Harriett was directing the conversation for some mysterious purpose.

"I couldn't... ummm... aahhh... I had company..."

"What!?" I spluttered in shocked surprise. Poor Primrose just managed to hang onto the serving tray, despite the unintentional jolt from my flailing elbow. A fine spray of coffee snorted uncontrollably through my nostrils. I dropped the phone, and my coffee cup, covering my nose to prevent a further outburst. My booted feet stomped on the helpless puppy-tits pinned beneath them. It was purely spontaneous, not that a blinded, deafened, muzzled



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Dimples could appreciate the difference.

Primrose scurried away to repair the damage while I hunted for the phone.

"... are you still there, Clara?"

"Of course I'm still here! Harriett! What have you done?"

"Nothing... really..."

"Are you teasing me?" There's nothing like a whiff of danger to put a tinge of anger in your voice.

"Not exactly..."

"Tell me!"

"Well... it's an experiment..."

Primrose had returned, armed with enough supplies for a full-scale dry-cleaning. While I waited for Harriett's explanation, Primrose recovered the cup, spotlessly restored my silk cocktail dress and wiped up every drop of coffee before a stain could appear in the carpet. Even in my agitated state, I couldn't help but admire her prompt response to the crisis.

"... I wanted to be sure of the correct dose...ú"

What use is a cryptic remark like that? My patience was fast running out.

"... I don't want our two love-birds to revive too soon... or not revive at all..."

"What are you getting at?"

"... so... I picked up a hitch-hiker..."

"You did what!?"

"I was careful, Clara. Not a soul saw her get into the van..."

"Are you crazy, Harriett?" I exploded. Visions of a crowded jail cell, and twenty years hard labour filled my mind.

"Yes!"

The accompanying giggle took the wind out of my sails. The visions faded. Why presume the worst?

Harriett was among the smartest people I'd ever met.

"I suppose you are," I sighed. "Tell me what happened."

Ten minutes later, with a bit of prodding, I had the whole story. The unlucky teenager had hopped into the back of the van without an inkling of suspicion. The sole passenger seat was piled high with delicate instruments, the better for Harriett to keep an eye on them, so Leonie, that was her name, had gratefully accepted the invitation to ride in the back. Safe from prying eyes, it took less than a moment to jab an exposed forearm with our *experimental* drug and scarcely a moment more before the unwitting fly was snared in the predatory spider's web. Harriett was adamant the hapless girl never knew what hit her, as the cliché goes.

"So, where is she now?"

"Tucked away in our hidey-ho, of course. What did you think?"

What indeed.

"... and..." I prompted.

"Well... I've already started work on her..."

"You have?"

"Oh, Clara! I knew you'd understand!"

Understand what. I was speechless, and excited.

"I want my own puppygirl. I want a Dalmatian puppygirl..."

"A what! Harriett, I own a puppygirl, we raise puppygirls, not Dalmatian puppies.

"Oh..."

Harriett's bemused response, and her lighted-hearted enthusiasm derailed my opposition. Actually, what was it I was opposed to? Girls like us were entitled to as many puppygirls as we could train. Harriett certainly deserved the puppygirl of her choice, after all she had been through.

I tried another tack.

"Is this addition to our plan likely to affect the schedule?" How's that for tact?

"Not at all. We rendezvous on Friday midnight, you know where."

"I do indeed."

EPISODE NINE

My first kidnapping went off without a hitch. Why there aren't more of them, I don't know. With the proper timing and planning, and a bit of luck of course, the victim disappears and no-one's the wiser.

So there we were, at 5 am on a Saturday morning, a convoy of two vehicles; one a nondescript van and the other a smart SUV. The lead vehicle, the van, no pun intended, with Harriett at the wheel kept a couple of kilometers ahead, the better to allay suspicion there was any association. Inside the dark interior were several stainless steel drums, neatly stenciled with the very long chemical name of some popular organo-phosphate insecticide. Some were heavier than others. Surely, they appeared unlikely receptacles for the missing, but not yet missed, Berwick twins. They were far too small. Little would the casual observer realise how much expertise the drums' owners possessed in the art of squashing and contorting female bodies into their chosen shape. Steel manacles, applied ruthlessly enough, will work wonders.

The second vehicle, the SUV, was driven by me. My cargo was Dimples, crated up in her traveling kennel, and Primrose, snug inside a glossy rubber cocoon and squeezed into the space between the front and rear seats. The dear girl had submitted to the cruel tyranny of her magnetic manacles with characteristic willingness and goodwill, even going so far to writhe and wriggle co-operatively while I worked the oppressive rubber sack into place, sealing it securely. Luggage is inanimate, Primrose appreciated that immediately, and as far as I could tell, she never so much as twitched on the entire trip.

Nestled in the lee of the rolling hillside, about half-way up the valley, hidden from sight really until you were almost upon it, stood our rural retreat. The fresh coat of paint, and early morning sunshine struggling through a light mist, lent a fairy-tale quality to the main house and surrounding out-buildings. I pulled into the long driveway, relieved to find Harriett waiting for me, the rear door of the van already open. It hadn't yet gone 10 am.

I couldn't remember the last time I breathed in clear, country air. The effect was bracing. I was glad of my warm coat. Harriett helped me lift the strained cocoon and we dumped it on the front porch. I didn't want the glossy surface scratched by coarse gravel. That was the first time Harriett had seen Primrose do her jack-in-the-box impersonation. Of course, I did peel off the tight rubber cocoon *before* releasing the magnetic locks. Primrose's uncanny ability to rise to her ballet booted toes, smoothly and gracefully, drew smiles of appreciation from both of us. That the first thing Primrose did after bobbing me a perfect curtsy was cast around for her tit chains and pussy ball, sent a spontaneous flush of erotic glee through my loins. "They're behind the front seat of the car, darling," I caroled. "You were lying on them!"

By the time I had reassembled the hydraulic jack and lowered a kenneled Dimples to the ground, Primrose had handicapped herself in those dread restraints with practised ease and was eagerly awaiting my command. Her banded, abused breasts looked a treat, cradled provocatively in her supplicating arms, covered in goosebumps and tinged with blue from the cold.

"Get inside and make us a big breakfast. We're famished!"

Her struggle to ascend the three moderate steps between the gravel driveway and the porch was a delight to watch. That pussy ball was heavy!

Harriett strolled over and tapped the top of Dimples' kennel.

"Shall we let her out?"

"There's no hurry. I'd like to look around, perhaps meet your unexpected guest, eat, then interrogate our twins, in that order."

"Suits me. Do you think we should leave Dimples here?"

"Why not. The gate's locked, the neighbours are miles away, and we're not expecting visitors."

"Then the insecticide can stew a little longer as well. Take my arm, Clara. I'll give you the grand tour."

The inspection took a bit longer than expected. The house was big. We reached the kitchen, a room half as big as my entire city apartment, just as Primrose put the finishing touches to steaming platters of bacon, eggs, grilled tomatoes and thick, buttered toast. There was coffee as well, freshly brewed, and the mingled

aromas set our mouths salivating. The unexpected guest would have to wait.

Harriett ate like a lunatic and was finished long before me.

“What’s the rush?”

“I’m on a roll.” Her grin was infectious. “I’m off to prepare our tubby twins for a quick session of question and answer.” Another grin. “There’ll be one question... and one answer... don’t you worry about that!”

“Harriett, if I’m not worrying about your earlier, unexpected acquisition, I’m hardly likely to object to a little Gestapo methodology.”

“Aaagghhhh... don’t get me going on those Nazi uniforms... if they only ever got one thing right, it had to be that...”

I thrilled to a delicious shudder as well. Wasn’t that the truth!

“Take your time, Clara. Twinkle is in the wine cellar... contemplating her future if I’m not mistaken.”

“Twinkle?”

“Well. Whoever heard of a puppygirl by the name of Leonie?”

Who indeed!

EPISODE NINE..continued

Harriett fairly danced out of kitchen, excitement writ large over her every gesture. I maintained a more leisurely pace, picking through the tastiest morsels now that my immediate hunger was appeased.

Primrose responded immediately to my subtle signal for a second cup of coffee.

“I’m sure you will find plenty to do as soon as this mess is tidied up. Do what you can... we’re only here for a few days.”

Away she went, innocently eager not to disappoint me. Sometimes I had to shake my head, in wry disbelief. Poised painfully on tip-toe, her stride limited to a tiny minuet, accompanied everywhere she went by a diabolically heavy discipline ball secured to her caged, collared and shackled clit, the waspishly corseted creature went about her chores with never a hint that her homogenised fingers were further handicapped by merciless tit chains or that her every breath was a desperate struggle to snort a wisp of air. The huge gag never came out of her mouth. I don’t count office hours, or the ten minutes or so it took to feed her as any sort of meaningful relief.

Two months already, or was it three, since Primrose had accepted her post as my personal companion and in that time I had never once suspected a rebellious impulse. It didn’t seem to matter what I did to her, or how cruelly I treated her, or how unbearable I made her sexual frustration. She thrived on her devotion to me, and was never happier than when I showed some small sign of approval.

“That hit the spot!” I exclaimed, pushing my plate away. See, what did I tell you. Primrose absolutely beamed with joy. The urge was overwhelming. I bore down predatorily on my startled prey, relishing her immediate acceptance of my assault. She melted into my arms, blissfully submitting to my feral affection. My lips ravaged her bejeweled face, the fierce contact with her gag-bloated cheeks inflaming Miss Pussy. I ground my loins into hers, applying terrible pressure to her comprehensively plugged and tortured genitals and thereby reaping a commensurate sexual reward. I hugged her tightly to me before straining my lips to reach her chokingly collared neck. I licked her most sensitive erogenous zone, what little of it was left exposed. Miss Pussy was directly connected to Primrose’s suffering! While she shuddered in the throes of a devastating agonism, I reveled in exquisite, erotic pleasure. Standing up, I had never had a finer moment. I held her for a long minute after our sexual energies were spent, enjoying the thrust of her heaving bosom and the sound of her frantic snorting. I lent a steadying hand until I was sure she could keep her balance.

“Thank you, darling,” I purred. Whatever went on behind those wide, adoring eyes?

“Fetch the cane!”

Primrose’s gorgeous bum got twelve of the best, every day. You didn’t think I’d forgotten!

I couldn’t really blame Harriett. All I had to do was recollect my own feelings from those first heady days when Dimples came into my life and began what I already knew was a life-long addiction. So, with my

curiosity well whet, my tummy well content, and Miss Pussy glowing, I headed for the wine cellar. To my surprise, there were a few, lonely bottles racked in one corner of the long, stone-floored chamber. You've all seen those B-grade Hammer horror films. That was my first thought. I giggled. I can't begin to tell you how much fun I was having. There, almost lost in the haphazard confusion of a truly enormous amount of equipment, was a heavy, impossibly small, steel trunk, cradled on a low dolly. Protruding from the top was a hairless human head. That the box' occupant was distressed was plainly evident. In addition to the fiendishly cramped accommodation, a cage of complimentary steel bands had been bolted around the girl's shaven skull, then tightened until they ground her features into submission.

A detachable plate covered her eyes while a simple mechanism would allow the brutal, jaw-stretching, spike-coated penis-plug filling her mouth to be withdrawn, albeit with some difficulty.

For the first time in ages I was wearing sensible shoes. And slacks! After all, we were fresh from a kidnapping and heels and hose are hardly suitable attire. The hapless prisoner didn't detect my arrival until I was almost upon her. She had little scope to signal her awareness but then I'd acquired a certain expertise in recognising restricted expressions.

I think the silly girl thought I was there to rescue her.

No sooner had I removed the steel blindfold and extracted the terrible gag than she blurted out her story. It was incoherent, of course. I hardly recognised a single, croaking word. But then, I wasn't really listening! A mischievous idea had flashed through my mind.

I put my finger to her cracked lips.

"Don't worry, Miss," I told her soothingly. "I'll be back with all the help you need."

The look of relief in her red, bleary eyes was priceless! She tried vainly to jerk her face away from the glistening, barbed head of the huge penis-plug.

"I'm so sorry," I sympathised, "but what if the villains who did this to you return..."

Reluctantly, and accompanied by a renewed flood of tears, her mouth opened wide to accept the vile invasion. I told myself I must remember to compliment Harriett on her excellent taste. Huge and mercilessly punitive gags are the only ones worth bothering with! I snapped the steel blindfold across her eyes, repeated a soothing don't worry and strolled leisurely away.

I found Primrose in the kitchen, now spotlessly clean and tidy, laying out Dimples dinner mat and bowls.



“Have you put my things away?”

Why do I keep asking? Of course she had! Her perfect curtsy told me that.

“I’m going to take a shower. Please attend me in ten minutes.”

With Primrose’s dedicated assistance, and helpful suggestions, I dressed for my first day as Mistress of the Manor. A shared honour, I know, but just as worthwhile for all that. First impressions do make a difference. Reflected in the large dressing mirror in my bedroom was a vision of loveliness that had dear Primrose swooning. With my waist captured in the snug embrace of a black satin waspie, the tight, knee-length leather skirt revealed my most provocative shape. A filmy, silk blouse, long-sleeved, tucked into the skirt where the junction was covered by a tightly buckled, embroidered leather belt, complete with an impressive buckle. Calf-length, black leather boots, daggering heels and all, sheathed my stockinged legs. A smart, bolero jacket, with matching embroidery, along with a black, wide-brimmed caballero hat and a pair of my favourite, black leather traveling gloves, completed my wardrobe. Primrose produced a white silk scarf, looping it lovingly around my slender throat and draping the end off my shoulder. It was the ideal contrast for my predominantly black ensemble.

“I do look terrific, don’t I?”

There were tears of joy in Primrose’s wide, adoring eyes.

EPISODE TEN

I went looking for Harriett. Our paths crossed on the covered way linking the main house with the largest outbuilding.

“Warped minds think alike!”

I cocked an eyebrow.

“I’m just on my way for a change of clothes myself. Is there such a thing as a girl gaucho? A *gouchette*?”

I smiled smugly. It was the just the image I wanted to project.

“I have no idea.”

“The twins are cooling their heels in the slaughter-house. Apt, isn’t it?”

We had plans for the old, disused structure and I’ll get to them in due course. I described my meeting with Twinkle, and the wicked hoax I intended to perpetrate.

“What a terrible thing to do, Clara,” Harriett scolded me, unable to disguise the gleam in her eye.

“I know,” I confessed. “But I’m a terrible girl...”

“Give me twenty minutes to spruce up. I’ll meet you in the library.”

The morning mist had long since burned off. What with no clouds, and no wind, the air was warming up. Dimples was waiting where I left her, kenneled inside her claustrophobic, rubber-lined cage and no doubt already feeling the heat.

A simple touch retracted the deadly rubber prongs which kept my puppygirl stabilised and as soon as the gate was dropped, she squirmed and wriggled backwards, emerging into the bright sunlight much like a butterfly escaping its pupa. It had been a long time since Dimples had last seen the sky and it was immediately apparent she was very nervous and skittish. She calmed down somewhat when I made my reassuring presence known, sitting up obediently to facilitate the attachment of her golden leash to her very pink, very painful and very tight puppy-collar. The gouging muzzle crushing her hooded, dehumanised head sparkled in the sunlight. Her tail wagged deliriously.

Ever since I had followed up on Harriett’s suggestion and modified the plugs grinding into Dimples ear-drums to convert dialogue into meaningless gibberish, I’d observed a marked improvement in her concentration. The gibberish was randomized to prevent my puppygirl from learning the new language and I must admit I had already enjoyed some magic moments while the helpless creature thrashed about, totally confused, abjectly terrified and fraught with despair over her inability to discern my desire. Other than a few, imprecise hand gestures, and the look on my face, Dimples had nothing else to guide her, and no explanation whatsoever for the sudden malfunction.

So when I told Dimples that Dr Stovall had acquired a puppygirl of her own, and I was about to introduce them, my trembling puppygirl's expression was one of blind terror. Understandable, really. So often her failure to obey a command she couldn't possibly comprehend resulted in brutal and prolonged punishment. I'm sure the strange surroundings only added to her confusion.

I jerked Dimples to heel and she trotted after me with painful eagerness, puppy-tail flicking faster than ever. We had a library in name only. The shelves were there, beautifully varnished timber, though there wasn't a book in sight. With no sign of Harriett, I examined the room more closely, imagining how it would look in the future. I imagined a winter's night, a roaring fire, Primrose in loyal attendance, puppygirls curled at our feet, a snifter of brandy or cognac to hand, and not a care in the world beyond the decision of what book to read next, or which slave to torment. It was a dream worth fighting for!

"Penny for your thoughts..."

"A penny! It was a million dollar thought!"

"I can imagine... Well? How do I look?"

EPISODE TEN..continued

Harriett looked great, if the truth be known. Annie Oakley in her Sunday best! Not that Annie was ever so well endowed, nor so liberal in displaying her charms. I told her as much. Every girl loves a compliment!

"Shall we?"

"Lead on..."

Harriett stayed in the shadows, the better to observe the upcoming charade. Dimples responded to my signal to sit, it was one of the few she regularly recognised, and I took a little time, familiarising myself with the controls on the dolly, and allowing some delicious suspense to build up. Twinkle was aware of something, and strained uselessly against her implacable confinement. With a theatrical flourish, I removed the steel blindfold.

It took a second for the dazed girl to recognise her supposed benefactress. Her eyes bulged with shock on seeing my appearance, to which was added a healthy dose of fear when it dawned on her that the implement flexing in my gloved fingers was a wicked riding crop. Harriett chose that moment to emerge from hiding and stand next to me, extinguishing the last vestiges of hope.

I released a chock on the dolly,



allowing the trunk to tilt forward far enough to bring a very well behaved Dimples into Twinkle's line of vision. How I wished Harriett had chosen another name for her puppygirl! *Dimples and Twinkle!* It sounded like the title of a saccharine musical.

Harriett broke the silence with a throaty chuckle. Poor Twinkle's eyes had bulged from their sockets, her facial expression clearly one of horror and revulsion. Dimples, in all her dehumanised glory, must have seemed a bizarre hallmark in a hellish nightmare.

"Meet Dimples," Harriett purred. "Miss Clara has brought her puppygirl along for inspiration. If you work hard... why... in no time at all... you'll qualify for a collar and muzzle of your very own."

It was a wise decision to leave the spiked penis-plug where it compelled its victim to refrain from making remarks she might later regret. Her petrified struggles were completely futile, not that she let that little obstacle get in the way of her effort. Tears of self-pity poured down her cheeks.

"I do keep my promises, sweetie. Here I am, bringing all the help you need... to become a fully qualified puppygirl..."

I know! I know! It was a corny line. But not any worse than Harriett's. Besides, our audience was hardly critical.

"You'll be amazed what you can do with a tongue like that," Harriett added, trumping me in the sorry dialogue stakes.

"I'll bet you can hardly wait to wag your puppy-tail," I giggled, pushing the conversation to a new low. Harriett slapped my bum playfully.

"Won't you look scrumptious with melon-sized tits!"

"You have so much to look forward to, Twinkle," I told her, introducing a more sombre note to the conference.

"We'll take care of everything, won't we, Miss Clara."

"Indeed we will, Miss Harriett."

Arm in arm, we left the cellar. Dimples stayed behind, configured for sentry duty, and acting as a role model for Harriett's aspiring debutante.

EPISODE ELEVEN

After a cold lunch, lemonade and more coffee, we were ready to tackle the twins. Harriett had installed them in the old slaughter-house and I had to admit her work was truly professional.

"And these heifers are Malcolm's sisters?"

"It's hard to believe... Malcolm was such a puny fellow..."

Our arrival had an immediate effect on the supremely distressed bundles suspended upside down on meat-hooks from the rusty iron rail running most of the way across the slaughter-house. Harriett took charge, relishing the opportunity to wreak vengeance on her enemies. Her features were flushed with the pleasure of the moment.

"Girls," she pronounced, in a voice loaded with malice, "I have just one question for you..."

Thin packing straps, they looked like plastic, cinched each twin into a helpless pillar of extreme misery. Too many to count, they combined to produce an unbroken pattern of empurpled, ridged flesh rising between strips of gouging, cutting plastic. Each pair of lifeless arms were independently strapped from fingertip to armpit, welded so closely together that it seemed their agonisingly wrenched back shoulders must be dislocated.

They weren't allowed to hang straight down. A leather cord woven into each blonde mane had been stretched mercilessly taut before being tied to each pair of twitching toes. The twins' spines were arched brutally, warped to the point where you could imagine just one more touch would be enough to snap them. All four firm, fleshy breasts were treated to cruel tit-tourniquets, as well as savage nipple-clamps dangling from which were staggeringly heavy steel weights. Finally, as far as I could tell anyway, each gaping mouth was packed with spiked steel agony gag. The twins were far from silent, a medley of grunts, groans, shrieks and whimpers testified that the primary purpose of their fiendish gags was punitive. I had to agree.

"... and that question is this. Where is Louise!?"

The groaning and grunting intensified.



"I think they're trying to tell us something, Miss Clara."

"I do believe you're correct, Miss Harriett."

"You can have a minute or two to think about your answers. The first slut to tell me what I want to hear will have her sorry carcass lowered to the ground. If I don't get the answer I want... *immediately*... I'll be back tomorrow... and I'll ask the question again!"

To be sure their meditation was productive, I sidled into a position where I could use my riding crop on stretched, defenseless tits. I made an impressive statement of livid welts in a very short space of time.

"Well done, Miss Clara... and thank you... I'm sure your encouragement had a positive impact, if you'll excuse the pun."

"Think nothing of it, Miss Harriett."

"Now, Miss Clara, if you'd be so kind to attend to Pamela... that's the slut on your left... I'll see to Amanda."

"Of course, Miss Harriett."

More or less simultaneously, we extracted the terrible gags from their aching, punished mouths. I never heard such a commotion.

"... Wentworth St..."

"... Grange Hill..."

"... 28..."

Harriett grinned triumphantly. That was all we needed to hear. Before the startled twins could do more than gulp down a few deep breaths, and certainly before they could elaborate on their answer, we rammed the spiked penis-plugs back in and I, for one, made sure the expansion was a notch fuller than I found it. The groaning and grunting, the shrieking and whimpering, resumed its earlier melody.

"Well, Miss Clara," Harriett mused thoughtfully. "Which of these sluts, do you think, won the contest?"

"I have no idea, Miss Harriett."

"Oh, well. Then I suppose we don't have a winner... may I?"

I handed Harriett my riding crop. She put it to excellent use.

Who said interrogation was difficult? It's all in the preparation, and the attitude of the interrogators. We learned what we needed to know in less time than it takes to shake a stick.

Returned to the library, and with Primrose serving brandy with her customary regard for our convenience, we discussed the new development. Grange Hill was within motoring distance. Just. Six hours each way, near enough. The sooner we added Louise to our collection, the better. Who knew how she might react once she realized her step-daughters had disappeared. We still didn't have a satisfactory explanation for Malcolm's demise. That could wait until we assembled the full set of suspects.

"I think we should strike tonight."

"You're probably right. It's that long drive that worries me. We've had a very busy twenty-four hours."

"I'm hardly tired at all, Clara. I'll go."

"And I'd love to let you. But that's not the plan. Louise knows you, not me."

"Another day won't matter. Get an early night and go tomorrow."

Harriett's compromise sounded awfully tempting. I smiled ruefully.

"Be a dear, Primrose, and make me a thermos of coffee."

I gulped down the last of the brandy.

"Let's not take the risk. I'll leave now. That gives me plenty of time for a roadside nap if I get too sleepy."

"What about the return journey? You know, you could always stop at a motel. The fruit won't spoil overnight."

I hadn't thought of that. Why not? Six hours on the road is far less daunting than twelve.

EPISODE ELEVEN..continued

"I have to get changed... then I'm off..."

"Good luck. I'll keep my mobile with me, just in case."

“Then I better take mine.”

There is something perversely satisfying in the act of taking for granted a slave’s devotion. I didn’t bother to acknowledge Primrose’s loyal support when she handed me the thermos. Yes, I did feel a momentary twinge of guilt, but I’d work on it. Guilt is a completely inappropriate emotion for someone in my position. It wasn’t until I reversed the van in the driveway that I realised Primrose had already found the time to move Dimples’ traveling kennel away from the elements. How had she managed that, getting it onto the porch? For now, the proposed ramp had made it only as far as the drawing board. It was a mystery. Two hours outside Grange Hill, just as the sun went down, I got a flat tyre. After a few moments of profitless cursing, I went searching for the spare, and the jack. Where was a slave when you needed one? Even if their sole contribution was simply as a receptacle for rage!

The first time you use a strange jack, and you have to discover the deliberately hidden locations of the mounting points, it’s enough to infuriate the most patient soul. I am not patient! It took nearly an hour to replace the tyre. My knuckles were grazed, my hands filthy; slacks and sweater nearly ruined. To make matters worse, I stubbed my toe when an attempt to kick the offending rubber miscreant backfired and I connected with the steel rim instead. Dropping the thermos was the final indignity. Almost all the precious liquid was lost. I didn’t even have a cigarette to suck on! Nor a slave to torture! Slumped behind the wheel, glum and exhausted, I was really close to calling off the evening’s operation, finding a room and indulging in a bout of alcohol fueled self pity. Indeed, if I’d seen a motel in the first few miles after getting back on the road, I may well have succumbed.

I found the address with surprising ease. Small towns are notorious for poor sign-posting, so I was expecting the worst. After the flat tyre incident, I was convinced Murphy’s Law was in hot pursuit. The bungalow was dark, nothing to suggest habitation. There was precious little to indicate I hadn’t wandered onto a ghost street. A couple of older cars dotted the dirt curb; the ribbon of bitumen was scarcely wide enough for a single car. A solitary street light, at the crossroads fifty yards away, provided the pitiful illumination. It suited me very well.

Pistol drawn, I approached the front door. All stayed quiet; not even a bored dog found my intrusion of worthwhile interest. Still nothing. I tip-toed around the perimeter, ears peeled. The sound was so faint that at first I thought it was my imagination. A grating, scraping sound, filtered through a single pane of glass. A rough curtain covered the window so there was no point in using my flashlight. The back door didn’t have a lock. You know that creepy feeling that travels up your spine. Well, I had a good feel of it. I nudged the dilapidated door. It creaked, I knew it would, but I was startled anyway. My finger tightened on the trigger. Working alone felt a lot more dangerous.

It took a while to be sure, but the scraping stopped. I wriggled past the door frame, held my breath for what seemed an age, then tried the flashlight on its lowest beam. The room was once a kitchen, though years had passed since it last fulfilled its function. I was on a wild goose chase. The thought came to me with grim certainty. How those wretched twins were going to suffer!

The scraping started up again. I jumped like a jack-rabbit, heavens knows how the gun didn’t go off. Out went the light, and down to my knees I went. My hand was shaking. The noise was erratic and eerily reminiscent of a sound I knew well but just couldn’t place. It appeared to be coming from the other side of a thin, wooden wall.

Shit or get off the pot, my old man used to say, the bastard, and this was one of those rare times when his advice had something going for it. I took a deep breath, switched on the flashlight, and stormed in to face the foe. I felt completely silly. The room was bare, and empty. The sound persisted, louder. Was it on the far side of that wall? Do it, girl! In I went!

The creature on the floor scurried mindlessly under a low table, the only piece of furniture in the room. I just stared, open-mouthed, at the scantily clad spectre, trying to make sense of this bizarre development. Scattered all around were a half-eaten loaf of bread, an old washing basin with dirty water in it and a chamber pot. Why I dwelt on the Spode pattern, and the fine condition of the pot, I don’t know.

“... is that you... Pamela... Amanda... Britta...” Who the hell was Britta?

The squeaky voice was barely audible.

I shone the flashlight directly on the cowering captive, confirming my impression she was blindfolded, a cloth pad taped tightly over her eyes. Drool, or something worse, was caked around her lips. It was unmistakably Louise. An ancient, rusty set of irons clamped her wrists behind her back, her ankles close together, and padlocked the ensemble to a steel staple, freshly embedded in the wall.

“... I... I’m sorry... I’m so sorry...”

I’ll bet you are, I mused, moving closer and dispatching Louise to the land of nod with a single touch of Harriett’s dynamite sedative. Things get curiouser and curiouser, as Alice and I are wont to say. What was going on here? This was a mystery. And there was one big problem facing me before we could hope to solve it. How was I going to get Louise unstapled? The padlock was formidable, looked new and even rusty chains, when they’re that thick, need a hacksaw or more to cut.

The solution hit me almost immediately. The wheel brace! Or the jack! With the benefit of hindsight, of course, I should have searched the rest of the house to make sure there were no more surprises. I might have mentioned this before; I’ve always been a lucky girl! The multi-purpose insecticide drum had a small set of castors in the base. That made it a little easier to drag the drum into the house, along with both the jack and the wheel brace. Britta? Who was Britta? I wasn’t even sure if Britta was a girl’s name! It sounded more like the name of a dish-washing liquid!

The jack, on its own, did the job. The staple pulled clear of the aging timber skirting board, almost as soon as I applied pressure to it. I squashed the sedated Louise into the narrow confines of her temporary prison, chains and all. Getting the drum back out to the van, without making a racket, took ages. The castors were pretty much useless over the soft ground. Thank goodness Louise was not cast from the same mold as her step-daughters. I couldn’t imagine being able to lift either of them into the back of the van. The petite Louise would enjoy a less cramped journey than Amanda or Pamela, notwithstanding the twenty or thirty pounds of iron accompanying her. I made a second trip to collect my tools.

Do you know, I almost left my pistol behind. Jack Diamond would have been horrified! Just who was Britta? As best as I could tell, not a soul had stirred in the hour or so it had taken to pack the scheduled order. So, with the manifest filled, I pulled slowly away, driving several hundred yards before switching on the headlights. There was enough adrenalin pumping through my system to keep ten men awake for a month. The idea of spending the night in a motel had lost its appeal. The sooner I was safe in our hidey-ho, the sooner I shared the latest developments with Harriett, well... not to put too fine a point on it... *the better*.

The first, faint glow that dawn was imminent outlined the eastern skyline just as I pulled into our compound. The return journey had been interrupted with a couple of roadside naps. I was too exhausted to deal with Louise; she could stew for a few hours longer without being over-cooked. I stumbled into the kitchen, and almost bumped into Dimples hanging from a solid ceiling beam. I *would* have bumped into her had Harriett not left a night-light on. What had the silly puppygirl done to upset Harriett? Wasn’t it a good thing her puppy-tits were so resilient!

Harriett had put Primrose to bed. I dropped my clothes on the floor and flopped down beside my treasured companion. She was on her back, agonizingly immobilised and wide awake, her sweet features just discernable in the dim light.

“I’m home,” I whispered to her, touched by the intensity of her relief at my safe return.

EPISODE TWELVE

I forgot to set my alarm so when I awoke, around eleven, there I was cuddled up comfortably close to Primrose. I felt awful, that enervating letdown that follows adrenalin-fueled exhaustion. It was all I could do to find the right button and kick that lazy Primrose out of bed. I mumbled something about preparing breakfast for Miss Harriett, straightaway, and bringing mine in an hour. I couldn’t get back to sleep, not properly.

I found Harriett in the kitchen, wolfing down an enormous breakfast. The sight made me bilious. Good thing there was Dimples, dangling listlessly. A puppygirl's lot is not an easy one! I managed a feeble slap on my way to the counter.

"I just want coffee."

A steaming mug appeared in front of me, as if by magic.

"You look like a drowned rat," Harriett informed me with disgusting good humour. She looked dashing in her western outfit. I looked a mess.

I replied with a look of haughty disdain. It was clearly less than successful. Harriett chuckled over my discomfiture. I buried my head over the coffee mug, and prayed the delicious aroma would invigorate me.

"I plucked Louise from the drum this morning... "

Harriett gave me a few moments to contribute to the conversation. I mumbled something unintelligible.

"... and would you believe I found a truckload of old chains crammed in with her..."

Bleary-eyed, I raised my head.

"Who's Britta?"

That turned the initiative around!

"Who's who?"

"I think our troublesome twins haven't told us everything. Perhaps we should have asked more than one question?"

"Britta?"

"It's a long story. Can I drink my coffee first?"

"Sure, I can wait about two minutes before I strangle you..."

So Harriett had the whole story, from the flat tyre right through to my successful return.

"Where's Louise now?"

"In the cellar. They all are. One of us has been hard at work this morning."

I wasn't up to retaliating.

"Primrose," I snapped. "Help me get dressed."

I didn't bother to lower Dimples from the ceiling beam until after Primrose had dressed me in my *gouchette* costume, and after I warmed up by way of thrashing my puppygirl furiously with a singularly effective whip. She must have done something to deserve it! Right? Refreshed, I swapped the whip for the cane and applied Primrose's daily dose of livid welts.

Harriett was in the cellar.

"That's quite a production line you've got set up."

"That's medicine in the modern era!"

Four narrow hospital cots were lined along one wall and to each was strapped, viciously strapped, a single patient. Harriett had made commendable progress already. There wasn't a trace of body hair visible. It's uncanny how much people look alike when they're completely depilated.

"We need to find out who Britta is, don't we?"

"We do!"

"I hope to install all the electronic control devices today, and not revive our guests until I'm sure the paraphernalia, and the nodes in particular, are in working order."

"Nurse Clara is ready and willing to help."

Harriett shook her head.

"Clara, you have to scrub up first... and take your gloves off!"

"Silly me!"

Harriett is as skilful a surgeon as she is patient and meticulous. I was perspiring freely, frazzled to the bone, by the time she put the finishing touches to Twinkle's hidden, complex regime of diabolical monitors and discipline actuators. Not that Twinkle had anything to contribute to the mystery. Harriett is compulsively efficient.

So, with all four captives wired up in the very best way imaginable, we retired upstairs for a celebratory drink. It was early evening, the afternoon had flown by, and it's perfect the way a tumbler of brandy in your tummy can change the feeling of exhaustion into the feeling of relaxation. Primrose hovered close by, eagerly serving as our drink stand, and as an example of what we could expect from our latest additions. It was a subtle confirmation of the value of our efforts.

"Primrose, my dear, as much as I'm enjoying your attention, I'm afraid there's so much to do. Please put our drinks on that table, feed Dimples and yourself, then get dinner ready. I'm famished... what about you..."

"Starving... we missed lunch, remember..."

"Prepare something substantial... and tasty... we want to eat in an hour."

Languidly, I blew Primrose an affectionate kiss in response to her polite curtsy, bobbed the moment she straightened up from placing the drinks tray where she was told. I'm sure there was a spring in her tiny step because of it.

"Now I know why nurses are always complaining about their low wages. Do they really work as hard as that?"

Harriett grinned.

"I don't want to depress you... "

"Harder?"

EPISODE TWELVE..continued

Harriett's grin widened. Best to change the subject.

"How long will it be before the anaesthetic wears off?"

"Any minute now, I should think..."

That wasn't right. I sat up straight.

"... what if they..."

Harriett put a finger to her lips, lounging comfortably in a soft reading chair.

"Don't worry, Clara, the vocal chord monitors are active... any sound louder than the faintest moan will trigger excruciating pain for the unlucky perpetrator..."

I relaxed again. I should have known better. I wondered how much pain it would take to teach them that screaming, no matter how intense the urge, was a poor choice.

"... besides," Harriett continued, "... they can't see or hear a thing..."

What I learned from that exchange was to leave the medical care to Harriett.

"... sorry..."

"You can refill my glass."

"Gladly."

We ate a marvelous meal, served formally in the dining room, with a muzzled, motionless Dimples posed awkwardly on her hind legs near the fireplace just for the purpose of livening our spirits. Primrose fussed incessantly, making sure we wanted for nothing. What can compare to proficient, adept and timely service. There we were, Harriett and I, elegantly attired ladies, seated across from each other and receiving the kind of attention reserved for royalty and celebrities. It was another moment to savour.

Between bites we discussed the upcoming interrogation, and the questions we needed answers to, including the most important one; who killed Malcolm, and why?

It took less than an hour to piece together the whole story. The proper mix of pain and terror provide particularly effective encouragement, even for the most recalcitrant suspect. For the sake of brevity, I'll put together a step-by-step summary of all the important facts, some of them very strange. I'll leave to your imagination our inquisitional techniques. Suffice it to say that Torquemada himself would have approved our methodology. All three girls suffered an extraordinary amount of discomfort right from the start, all in the interest of promoting honesty. Louise told us everything. Amanda and Pamela were less forthcoming, at least initially, but persistence won out and when all three independent stories gelled seamlessly, we

thanked them for their co-operation, reactivated their vocal chord monitors, cut off sight and sound and left them to reflect on their uncertain future.

Poor Twinkle was completely ignored.

What had happened was this. The media almost always gets it wrong. The issue wasn't insurance at all, but rather Diana's discretionary trust. Herbert Cassel, Diana's father, had been liquidating assets for the previous three years and transferring the proceeds to the trust he had set up for his only child. The principal purpose of the manoeuvre was to place his wealth beyond the reach of creditors when his entrepreneurial bubble inevitably burst and his dubious business practices came to the attention of the regulators. This meant the trust had to be at arm's length. So young Diana was the genuine custodian. You can imagine dear papa's horror when his daughter revealed she had bequeathed the controlling interest to her husband with whom, apparently, she was besotted. Her guileless, gentle character was no match for the devious machinations of the Berwick family. Suspecting the worst, Herbert Cassel strived valiantly to persuade his daughter to revoke the will, all to no avail. Frustrated beyond belief when those very traits of timidity and meekness were turned against him, he lost his customary self-control, thereby achieving nothing but bitter estrangement.

Meanwhile, the Berwick household acquired a cook. Whose name was Britta, a Danish national, and who just happened to be a closet friend to both Pamela and Amanda. Harriett had never suspected they were dykes. The plot was hatched, and the booty divided in advance. What surprised us was the revelation that Malcolm knew nothing of the scheme. The young man adored his wife, just as he was adored! I don't think that piece of information pleased Harriett very much! You know what they say about Hell and scorned women!

The alibis were perfect. Even Britta was beyond suspicion. If only they had hit the right target! So why did the conspirators fall out? The usual reason. Greed! Pamela and Amanda decided that three shares were better than four. And not only could they increase their cut, they could use Louise's disappearance to throw suspicion for the crime in her direction. They surprised Louise prematurely, amateurs! Ultimately, the twins planned to reduce the shares to two. An unwitting Britta was to suffer the same fate as Louise.

What a story! What a gang!

We retired to the library. Primrose jumped at the chance to serve as our drink stand and Dimples got to exercise her tongue, cleaning the muck and dust from our boots. The brandy hit the spot!

"I suppose we better add Britta to our collection?" There was a gleam in Harriett's eye.

"I guess so."

"And Diana, of course!"

"Of course." The more the merrier. I wanted to own a lot of slaves! Poor Diana. Harriett held a special grudge against her.

For the next half hour we discussed timing issues and schedules. Four captives pushed our induction facilities to the limit so several weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before we were in a position to accept another intake.

"I can't keep my eyes open a moment longer."

"Go to bed. I'm not sleepy... not yet... by any chance, did you bring any of Dimples' toys with you...?"

"Be a dear and find Dimples' bag of tricks. Miss Harriett needs them."

Primrose laid down her burden and tip-toed gracefully away. A warm glow of pride suffused my limbs (no, it wasn't the booze, how could you think that) as I watched her present the small, wicker basket to a reclining Harriett. The tension on her egregious tit chains was extreme. Her gracious curtsy was everything I could expect.

I struggled up from the armchair. I really was exhausted.

"Let's go to bed, darling," I murmured. "It's been a busy day."

As I left the room, Harriett's faint words raised a smile.

"Look here, Dimples! Look what I've got for you!"

EPISODE THIRTEEN

Primrose brought me breakfast in bed, right on the dot of seven. An hour later, dressed and refreshed, I went looking for Harriett. It was no surprise to find her hard at work in our makeshift operating theatre.

"Can I help?"

"Not really. I know exactly what I have to do. What say we have lunch around two?"

"Lovely. Are you sure there's nothing I can do?"

"Sure... really."

"Then I think I'll take Dimples for a walk in the grounds... I've wanted to do that for ages... where is she?"

"In her kennel... by the time I finished with her last night, it seemed the right place for her..."

I'd passed by Dimples' kennel, mounted on its truck, when I walked through the kitchen. That the plain, solid surfaces gave no hint to the misery inflicted on the cruelly cramped occupant, or indeed her very existence, was particularly satisfying. Out she came, unsteady on her vibrant paws, and strikingly bruised. For good measure, Harriett had fitted her muzzle, adding to her dire discomfort. Dimples could not make head nor tails of my remarks while I removed her dread muzzle, but my soothing tone must have had some effect because her cute puppy-tail wagged enthusiastically and her swollen, aching tongue made a bee-line for my flashy, studded boots, over which she slavered with a commitment I had to admire. Her wire-caged, quilted puppy-tits splayed out to either side, arousing Miss Pussy. A sweet tingle coursed through my body. I snapped the leash to her nose ring, snagged it viciously and Dimples jumped to heel.

It was a lovely morning. I don't know much about birds but it seemed quite a few different kinds were chirping or whistling. The mellifluous sound was calming, at least for me, and made a fine accompaniment for my stroll. I wasn't in any hurry at all, and with Dimples heeling with practised precision, I found myself breathing deeply of the fresh air, stretching my limbs and feeling marvelously at peace with the world. We'd rolled the dice, Harriett and I, and made every point. Not for us the bleak disappointment of crapping out. Not yet, anyway.

A mile or so distant from the homestead, the tidy walking track gave way to a broad meadow, covered in soft, green grass. It wouldn't last, I knew that; another season and the green would give way to brown. I found a delightful hollow, in the lee of some transplanted oak trees, away from the light breeze, yet bathed by the warm sun. It was the perfect place for a snooze. I stretched out languidly while Dimples squatted uncomfortably at my feet, the very picture of rapt attention. She knew better than to miss my slightest signal.

Expecting such an opportunity, I had brought a ball for Dimples to play with, the spring-driven ball with all those wonderful spikes housed within it. As soon as she saw it, she knew exactly what to do. Her puppy-tail wagged frantically, her puppy-tits heaved dramatically and she positively strained to get at it, all the while maintaining a precarious balance on her hind legs.

There's nothing less satisfying than an unwilling playmate, as I had made abundantly clear to her over the many months of our relationship, and I should comment on how rewarding it felt to know that Dimples fully shared my sentiments.

I teased her for a while, trying to baulk her into jumping off precipitately, but she held her pose, just, well aware of what would happen if she made the slightest false move. I flung the ball as far away as I could, hoping it might slip into a hidden crack or something, anything that would add to her difficulty in locating it. Of course, it was the touch of a button to blind her, but all in good time. On the current setting, Dimples

had about five minutes to retrieve her ball before she could expect the kind of electric encouragement I knew would improve her concentration.

So much for the hidden crack! Dimples proudly returned her ball within three minutes, the brutal spikes plainly visible now the cruel toy stretched her aching jaws to breaking point. She hadn't earned a single punishment pulse! What did that say about me?

The next time I really threw the ball hard. So much for that! Dimples returned it in even less time, beaming with pride at her achievement. Oh well, I conceded, time to change the rules. I threw the ball again, lobbed it really, but before Dimples had bounded a dozen strides on her energised paws, her world turned to Stygian gloom. There, I triumphed. That should do the trick. Confident that Dimples would endure a worthwhile session of suffering before she found her ball, if she ever did, I stretched again, covered my face with my broad-brimmed hat, and dreamily dozed off.

EPISODE THIRTEEN..continued

I wasn't wearing a watch so I had no idea how long I napped. The sun wasn't in the same place, that was sure. Later on, I figured two hours, or more! Poor Dimples. The gorgeous creature had actually found her ball, a small miracle in itself. How long that took, I had no idea. Unfortunately, only the extraction of the ball from her drooling mouth, or a tap on the remote, could terminate the electric discipline cycle. Dimples was incapable of either, so she sat patiently at my feet, under pitiless assault from her subcutaneous tormentors, waiting for relief. Waking me was unthinkable!

She did get relief eventually, and her gratitude was so overwhelming that it was all I could do to push her slobbering tongue away from my gleaming boots. I stood up, brushed the grass from my smart *gouchette* costume, snatched the leash, and headed for home. No, I never unfastened the leash while we played. Why would I want to *reduce* my puppygirl's handicaps?

As directed, lunch was served at two. Harriett brought me up to date on progress. Louise's cosmetic surgery was essentially complete. Her modifications were the least elaborate. We had already had several conversations regarding her employment, and Harriett was resolved to create an extreme bondage slave. I concurred completely. She was entitled to be served in whatever fashion she thought best. It's no easy task to find the exact compromise between implacable, agonising, absolutely permanent bondage and the minimal concessions necessary for the bondage slave to function in the chosen role. Function is an advised term. We were not concerned with how hard, or how painful, it might be to function. All that mattered was to make her limited function possible, with the aid of suitable encouragement and training. If we erred, it would be on the side of severity! More encouragement, more training, can always be applied.

It had been lots of fun to help Harriett design Louise's uniform, even if she chose to keep certain aspects secret, to surprise me. Now that the miscreant herself was in our care, and exact measurements taken, we hoped all the components of her costume could be procured within a fortnight. That would be something. I only hoped I would be around to help with the fitting.

Louise would be allowed to retain her ability to understand the English language, unlike her co-conspirators and our puppygirls. After all, her role in our household would be vaguely human! It was one of only two senses she would keep. I'll reserve the details until a more appropriate place in the story.

Buoyed by our experience with Dimples, it was easy to reach the decision that all our pets would be the better for it if we simplified their lives by removing the complications inherent with human communication. Even on those rare occasions when an opportunity arose for limited speech, the sound would be meaningless gibberish to the speaker as well as our other pets. Not that we intended such unauthorised outbursts to go unpunished; neither puppygirls nor ponygirls have any business talking like people! Little did our slumbering petgirls realise they had already heard the last intelligible remark they would ever hear. The decision to postpone, more likely cancel, Harriett's identity change had some incidental benefits. Here she was home nearly six weeks ahead of schedule. That meant another month in which she could devote her full-time attention to the development of our bizarre projects. After that, we concluded she should

return to work, announce an illness, sell her practice and regretfully retire. Full-time supervision of our hidey-ho was vital! My goal was to spend as little time as possible at my apartment but with clients to see and court to attend, there was no escaping the tie. If you've paid attention, you'll remember I've already hinted at our ambition to provide a unique re-education service. If that could be turned into a commercial proposition, I'd be free to stay where I chose.

There were lots of things we discussed over that lunch. I had two appointments in the city on Tuesday which meant I should be on the road by late afternoon if I wanted adequate time to revise the briefs. Harriett planned another surgery session. One of many to come. I promised I'd do my best to get away on Thursday afternoon at the latest but who knew what emergencies might arise.

Harriett expressed her satisfaction with the meal, and the service, and dear Primrose cherished the praise, especially when I added my mine. I told Primrose I wanted to leave at four, and that we'd travel light. Harriett and I went over the list of things I had to do one more time. It was as complete as we could make it.

Harriett took a break to see me off. Primrose had packed the SUV with time to spare, even managing to push Dimples' empty traveling kennel onto the driveway and line it up behind the tailgate for my convenience. I had reluctantly changed into a less distinctive outfit for the journey. I was not looking forward to the drive. While I detached Primrose's tit chains and pussy ball, and began the difficult, if enjoyable, task of squeezing my maid into her restrictive rubber cocoon, Harriett guided Dimples into her kennel, *sans* muzzle for a change, and loaded the ensemble into the SUV.

We shared a final hug, promised to keep in daily contact, and then I was away. We didn't have a name for our retreat, not yet. As I drove down the gentle hill, a burden of sadness weighed me down. This was really where I wanted to be. I set my jaw. This was where I would be!

FOURTEEN

Tuesday afternoon was the time the Bennet case came full circle. The prosecuting counsel had evaluated my brief, unusually quickly, and reached the same conclusion I had. There was no offense to prosecute. Charges would be dropped immediately, provided my client guaranteed not to pursue damages.

I called Ralph to convey the good news. He knew as well as I that only a technicality separated him from disaster so he was eager to end the proceedings. Damages be damned! I couldn't refuse his invitation to a celebratory dinner that night; churlish I'm not! I rang Primrose to let her know I would not require her culinary services. An unavoidable, unrelated meeting dragged on until after five so it was nearly six before I dragged myself through the door, triumphant and tired at the same time.

Primrose's pretty mouth was monstrously full of tongue-tormenting, spiked misery. I knew the moment the clock struck five, signaling the end of office hours, the first thing she would do was insert it. Whenever I got the chance, I loved to watch. Dimples was fed and cleaned and waiting where I liked to find her, posed precariously on her hind legs in the living room. I had to share my victory with Primrose; after all, she had contributed substantially to it. She was as thrilled with the news as I was!

The reservation was for seven, so dawdling was out of the question. I made time to scratch Dimples' hooded head and playfully pull a nipple or two before jumping in the shower. I emerged to find Primrose waiting for me, along with exactly the right outfit for the occasion. How I loved the passionate attention she bestowed on me. I had become little more than a mannequin at times like this. Primrose did everything, even setting my hair and applying my makeup. Why should I bother? She was so much better at it, and took so much more care over it, than I.

After a compulsory minute or two admiring my reflection, I bore down upon my superbly submissive maid in a typically predatory manner. Her adoring eyes blazed with happiness, triggered solely by the knowledge she had served me well. I didn't embrace her, too much effort had gone into my appearance to mess it up, but I did hover close, our bodies almost touching. One silk gloved finger gently caressed the nearest banded, swollen boob. Primrose's gasping, snorting breath became more erratic, a certain sign of her

timeless, overwhelming infatuation.

"I won't be home late, precious," I whispered, "and when I return I want you to give me sexual pleasure. I deserve it." A radiant flush of erotic excitement coloured her soft, tender flesh. Miss Pussy picked up on the mood instantly. Lovely!

What a wonderful note to depart on! I took a cab to the restaurant and there was a resplendent Ralph waiting for me with a beautiful bunch of white roses. They blended perfectly with my evening dress, a burgundy creation which oozed femininity. I graciously gave him my gloved arm, he escorted me in to dinner and held my chair for me. I do so prefer gentlemen.

The very first thing he did was produce an envelope. I didn't open it, of course, I prefer to be a lady. I tucked it into my matching purse. Its thickness was intriguing. The dinner was delicious, and the company excellent. I enjoyed myself more than I thought I would. It was a reminder that the outside world did have a few things going for it. Over dinner we mostly discussed business matters, including the importance of reorganising those activities which had earned the ire of the Taxation Office in the first place. The loophole wouldn't last, legislation would see to that, and he had to cross his fingers there would be no retrospective provisions. The broad smile on his face told me he had probably taken care of everything already.

Mindful of my intention to abuse the delectable Primrose, I went easy on the wine and declined a liqueur in favour of strong coffee. I was looking for an innocuous opportunity to introduce the subject of Georgia, Ralph's avaricious ex-wife, and principal cause of his recent troubles. Before that could eventuate, Ralph broached the matter himself. He had drunk somewhat more than me, and a tinge of melancholy had come over him.

"The worst of it is, Clara... I miss Georgia..."

"Really?" I replied, ingenuously.

"I loved her... and I really thought she loved me... it's been a long time since I was last so comprehensively hoodwinked... I guess that's a wake-up call that old men like me have only one thing to offer young girls like her..."

How to start? A jolt of adrenalin perked me up.

"Ralph, there is something you could do... besides mope..." It took a minute before he realised what I'd said.

"Are you teasing me, Clara?"

"Mr Bennett," I replied in tone of mild reproof, "I would never do that." I smiled as deviously as I could. "At least, not on a subject like this..."

"Well?"

"It's a delicate matter..."

"Delicate?"

"Very... how shall I put it... there is an institution which specialises in situations like yours..." Ralph listened intently, all sign of his earlier intoxication vanished. I ploughed on. "The curricula re-educates the young girl to be more accommodating... indeed, the re-education can be taken as far as the client wishes... as I understand it, there is no limit..."

"Are you serious, Clara?" There was a steely edge in Ralph's voice. The urbane veneer had slipped. This was the man who had acquired a fortune by stint of ability alone; well, some luck too.

I tried to match his earnestness.

“Of course I am... the client specifies the treatment he feels will best benefit the girl... and from that a time frame and cost are calculated... and a delivery is scheduled once the client has approved the transformation...”

“Just out of curiosity, mind you,” Ralph replied, urbanity restored, “what do you mean by no limit?”

“Exactly that. The education is very thorough. Absolute compliance with every wish of the client is guaranteed... a genuine money-back guarantee, I might add.”

“Still out of curiosity,” Ralph continued, “what might such treatment cost?”

“A lot, I’m afraid. But I’d have to know what the client expected before I could hazard a guess.”

The lights were definitely on. I kept quiet while the wheels turned.

“May I ask, Clara, how do you know about this?”

“I can’t tell you that, Ralph... and I don’t think you want to know.”

He smiled. “Perhaps not.”

I signaled the waiter for another coffee. Ralph forsook the Drambuie and joined me.

“Back to curiosity.” Ralph withdrew a pen from his coat pocket and pulled a business card from his wallet.

“If I were to suggest a treatment for Georgia, and show it to you, would you be able to figure a ball-park sum?” There was no mistaking the subdued urgency.

“Yes,” I answered plainly.

Ralph began writing. The back of a business card is hardly the place for an opus. Frustrated, Ralph tore up the card. Fortunately, our waiter was able to supply a sheet of stationary.

“There you are, Clara.” Was that just a hint of embarrassment. I kept a straight face.

“Out of curiosity, of course.”

I smiled. “Of course.”

I read Ralph’s requests with genuine interest. Miss Pussy pulsed her approval. I returned the paper with professional disinterest. Kinky people are so much more appealing!

“You’d be looking at four to six months, and somewhere around \$300,000.”

“That is a lot.” But not as much as he expected. Oh well, next time I’d know better.

“You get what you pay for...”

“And I suppose I have to pay in advance?”

“That’s not how it works, Ralph.” I was enjoying myself now. “Payment is expected on delivery, after the client has satisfied himself.” That got his attention!

“It’s not as altruistic as it seems. No money, no girl. The institution has ways to recoup its losses...”

Ralph stiffened, thinking the worst of my remark. I smiled reassuringly.

“Not like that. The girl herself has intrinsic value. Of course, my reputation would be in tatters were I to introduce a dishonourable client...” I looked directly into his eyes. “You wouldn’t do that to me...”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.” I wanted to screech with glee. I had made a sale!

“If I did decide to go through with this, how should I proceed?”

“Well, I’d advise you to think about it, then revise your wish list until you’re sure you’re happy with it... and then give me a call. The contract is in effect from the moment I pass your schedule over to the institution.”

“Clara, my dear, I always took you for a very clever woman... I never dreamed how wicked you are...”

How could I not react to a compliment like that?

“Why... thank you, sir...”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN..continued

Just like that, we resumed our discussion on the perfidy of public servants and politicians. Ralph gallantly offered to drive me home. I declined and took a taxi. On the ride home I opened the envelope. There was the cheque I expected, escorted by what looked like 20,000 bodyguards. What a lovely man Ralph Bennet was!

Primrose was waiting anxiously for me, fired up and fervent to offer her every charm to my predation. Miss Pussy was fired up too, but I had a call to make. Indeed, Harriett had called earlier and left a message. She picked up before the answering machine clicked in. I blurted the good news. Our first paying customer. A few more like that and we could turn our academy into a full-time career. Harriett was elated by my success. I calmed down after that and listened to her long list of accomplishments for the day. Just for a moment I felt inadequate. How silly! Ours was a team effort!

Dimples sat just where I’d left her. As best as I could tell, she hadn’t moved an inch even without being wired for sentry duty. Miss Pussy was impatient. I snapped my fingers and Dimples darted to my side. With Primrose in devoted attendance, we walked into the bedroom, albeit using three very different gaits.

Dimples was easy to dispose of. I settled her onto her spiked rubber sleeping mat, making sure she had a good view of the licentious activities she was denied from participating in. I advanced the arousal settings in her diabolical discipline system to their most sensitive to be sure our amorous interaction imposed a satisfactory level of suffering. Both Miss Pussy and I were in agreement on this point. Extreme suffering is extremely satisfying!

Primrose undressed me with infinite care. Her ministrations were intended to arouse my every erogenous zone, and such was her skill and commitment she succeeded splendidly in her ambition. I was ablaze with desire! I fumbled impatiently with Primrose’s cruelly shackled clit, eventually, if roughly, detaching the debilitating pussy ball she was forever doomed to drag behind her. I flung her onto the bed, popping the spiked torture gag out from the submissive mouth which so imperturbably housed it for such extended periods. I rolled onto my back, wantonly naked. On my command, Primrose put her stiff, aching, bruised tongue to immediate use, lapping at my engorged nipples. It was passing strange to feel the occasional brush from the unemployed gag as it lolled around my body.

I reveled in the exquisite pleasure, eyes closed, arms outflung. Primrose worked me over wondrously well, anticipating my needs before they arose, driving me to the pinnacle of ecstasy. Unable to postpone my pleasure a moment longer, I opened my eyes to signal Primrose to move her attention to a craving Miss Pussy. I spasmed on the spot as soon as I saw how taut her tit chains were. Her straining arms were making a superhuman effort to rip her nipples out by the roots. Never did I imagine my wicked instructions could be taken so seriously, or pursued so blindly.



Primrose's barbelled tongue touched Miss Pussy in the middle of a marvelous orgasm, improving it by an order of magnitude. Instinctively, I grabbed her cheek chains, tugging hard, drawing her hairless head hard into my groin. I screamed ferally with indescribable bliss. My pleasure lasted for what seemed an age. I was sated. My arms flopped lifelessly to my sides. Miss Pussy passed out. I was dead to the world. I've no idea how long it took to realise that Primrose wasn't finished with me yet. Gently, ever so gently, she began a second assault, deftly teasing my turgid nipples into a fresh state of arousal. Her dexterous tongue caressed my lips, arousing me from my erotic trance, and waking Miss Pussy from her slumber. I

groaned deliriously. As soon as I was ripe, Primrose shifted her attention to a rabid Miss Clit and worked her over with such skill and passion that before I knew it, a second orgasm of mind-blowing dimensions engulfed me. I was terminal! I had to have a respite. Before Primrose could start on me again, I managed a feeble effort to push her away. It was nothing like enough to achieve success, but my meaning was clear. Primrose tumbled obediently off the side of the bed, fortunately not the side where Dimples lay, thumping into the carpet. If I never moved again, it would be too soon!

I was vaguely conscious of a busy Primrose. There she was, at the side of our bed, her vicious gag punitively re-employed, and the remote meekly proffered for my use.

"Good girl," I murmured sleepily, fiddling with her terrible tit chains until they were released, "get into bed with me."

Somehow I tapped the right buttons to effect the pitiless, rigid immobilisation which made her companionship so much sweeter and just so you don't think I'm completely heartless, I stroked her slender,

collared throat for the few seconds it took to generate one of those awe-inspiring agonisms which wracked her at my whim. Who am I kidding? I am completely heartless!

FIFTEEN

I had that call from Ralph on Thursday, and the documentation on Friday. We were in business! Unfortunately, other business piled up as well and it looked less and less likely that I could get away for the weekend. I told Harriett this on Friday morning when the mountain of impending work seemed insurmountable. Three separate opinions had to be finished, none of them simple, and all due for review early next week. Delays and postponements are the life's blood of the legal profession, a favourite tactic to exhaust a defendant or supplement the billing. Sadly, these circumstances made that option unsuitable. I was in a foul temper, and all around me knew it. Dimples slunk around in a terrified funk, unable to understand what was expected of her. Nothing, actually, but how was she to know that? Primrose responded to my black mood as only she could, loyally making sure my every desire was catered for. My disposition lightened over breakfast, Primrose had excelled herself, and shamed by my doting maid's example, I wondered whether a compromise was possible.

We worked like fiends all day, finishing one opinion and breaking the backs of the other two. Saturday rolled on while we kept at it and by the time Primrose prepared a light supper late that evening, our work was done. I called Harriett to let her know my plans had changed. I'd drive down first thing Sunday, stay a few hours and depart that evening. It was better than nothing. Harriett welcomed the good news, promising me some interesting experiences. That raised my spirits.

Primrose understood perfectly why she had to stay behind. Fair copy for all three opinions had to be typed up, and she was the girl for that. She did her best to disguise her disappointment, the darling. In all my life, no-one had ever cared half so much for me as Primrose! I packed Dimples into her traveling kennel, and I think the brainless creature actually preferred the security of her oppressive refuge to the uncertainty of my bad humour.

Primrose farewelled me with a searingly submissive embrace. A tiny tear ran down one gag-bloated, bejeweled cheek. I stroked her softly.

"I'll drive carefully, darling... I promise."

Not the grey overcast, nor the steady drizzle could dampen my mood. I was on my way to Shangri-La. For a minute or two I toyed with that name, too twee by far for our establishment. I wondered if Harriett had thought of one? We hadn't discussed it. How about Brigadoom? I liked that!

The clouds reluctantly gave way to a pale sun, the rain stopped, and the road dried out. I made better time as the conditions improved. Still, it was after eleven before I pulled up into the courtyard and had a chance to stretch my legs. Our surveillance system detected my approach so Harriett had ample warning of my arrival. The miniature beacon hidden in the chassis of the SUV transmitted a code recognised by our monitors which saved Harriett the trouble of assuming an unknown visitor, and all the fuss that entailed.

There was something odd about a fully scrubbed up surgeon appearing in broad daylight in a rural setting.

"Your timing's perfect. I've just finished morning theatre."

"You look a sight, Harriett," I chuckled.

"Regulation attire, my dear... straight from the manual..."

"No offense intended," I blurted in mock surprise.

"None taken, I'm sure!"

The warm hug was mutually reassuring.

"Just let me unload Dimples and I'll prepare lunch..."

"What! No Primrose!" Harriett was dumbfounded.

"Alas not, I'm afraid." I explained the mountain of typing that had to be done by Monday. "We'll have to batch..."

"I hate cooking!"

"I think I've forgotten how. I suppose there's always sandwiches."

"Marvelous! That's all I've eaten since you left."

"Forget sandwiches... I'll fix something... you can relax while I'm cooking... and bring me up to date..."

A wide smile spread over Harriett's face.

"Give me a few minutes. I'll get out of these scrubs. You know, I'm sure I'll be a lot more relaxed if I have Dimples to play with."

"Be my guest."

Scrounging through the kitchen, I found sufficient ingredients to put together a passable pasta dish.

Everyone likes pasta. A loud thump, followed by some discordant rattling, caught me completely off guard. I whirled round to confront the source. The truly bizarre sight left me speechless.



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"I should have warned you, I know." Harriett appeared in my periphery, casually garbed and with a leashed Dimples in tow. "That's Louise... I've encouraged her to volunteer for a little advance training before her

costume arrives...”

One volunteer is worth five pressed men.” Where did I get that nonsense from?

Harriett grinned hugely. Louise’s desperate predicament was certainly working for her. I won’t pretend. After my initial surprise, it worked wonders for me as well! Louise had bumped into a wall, thus the sudden sound, and was even now scrabbling frantically to try and get back on her twisted toes. That she demonstrated such hysterical urgency to climb back to her tormented feet told me that Harriett had done a fine job of ordering her priorities.

Louise daren’t let her heels get anywhere near the floor. Steel U-straps, bolted perpendicularly to the manacle grinding into each ankle, projected a mini-harpoon directly against the soft, tender tissue just below her heels, the most sensitive spots on anyone’s feet. Harriett’s ingenuity had even found a way to discourage her bondage slave from relying solely on the balls of her feet for support. A barb infested band crushed each big toe, providing a powerful incentive for its victim to do her best to balance on her toes alone.

More manacles gouged into her lower thighs so the padlock which locked her knees together obviated the need for an ankle hobble. Louise was constrained into attempting only the tiniest of steps. Her tits were distinctly larger than I remembered. I don’t think Harriett had quite the same fetish for huge boobs as I did but bigger and more sensitive tits mean there is that much more to torture, and in that department our inclinations were uncannily similar. Louise’s swollen boobs were pitilessly mistreated. A medley of serrated wire bands criss-crossed their naked expanses, cutting into her helpless flesh to produce a weird pattern in her empurpled, bifurcated boobs. Believe it or not, this was the least of the problems those wretched tits were forced to endure. Louise’s dark, thick nipples were thoroughly and multiply pierced, with one piercing filled by a thick, straight barbell while the other supported a heavy-duty steel ring complete with a line of serrations whose only purpose was to constantly torment the tender nubbins in which they made their home.

FOURTEEN..continued

A high tensile wire cage had been forced over each unhappy nipple and the appropriate barbell loaded onto it. It was a revelation to see just how far a nipple could be stretched provided adequate impetus was applied. Padlocked between Louise’s saw-toothed nipple rings was a short steel bar, short enough to squeeze her tormented tits together, exacerbating her misery and suffering. The *piece-de-resistance* was the tiny length of steel chain which connected the centre of the bar to the padlock between the featureless creature’s knees.

Now that Louise had at last scrambled back to her toes, more or less, it was possible to view the full effect of her diabolical bondage. She was unable to straighten her legs and, in a futile attempt to minimize the terrible agony of her evil breast bondage, she was bent over so far that her shapely, rounded rump was higher than her amorphous, leather sheathed head. Steel manacles produced a murderous union between her wrenched back elbows, welding them together in the small of her strained back and, though there were no manacles on her wrists, hard leather pouches crushed her hands into useless balls. Perhaps not completely useless. They sure seemed to flap around a lot!

“It’s two days since she volunteered... you’d never know it... a clumsier slut I’ve never met...”

Actually, I thought she was doing pretty well, all things considered. The scrunched up bondage slave was no spring chicken. Going on 36, or near enough. I guess Harriett and Louise had some unresolved issues.

“I’m trying to teach her geography... you’d think she’d learn... you avoid the walls and the furniture... and you use the doors...”

I beamed at Harriett. Her pedantic, hectoring tone was priceless.

“Perhaps if she had more of her senses available...”

Harriett looked quizzically at me, slapped her thigh and grinned.

“Rubbish! She can feel, can’t she? Look, I’ll show you!” Never had the Cheshire Cat looked so exhilarated.

Harriett had a remote. I hoped the transmission bands didn't overlap with any of mine. The first touch didn't appear to do anything.

"You stupid slut!" snarled Harriett. Now I knew why. Communication had been established. "I told you what would happen if you disobeyed me again!"

The second touch had a far more dramatic effect. As a child I had observed an epileptic seizure. That's just what I saw now! Louise collapsed, thrashing uncontrollably, possessed by a thousand demons. Every punitive node implanted into her flesh must have contributed to the frenzied dance. The crushing leather hood dehumanising her invisible head and chokingly collaring her slender neck prohibited a verbal reaction but the intensity of her physical response made that redundant. I stole a quick glance at Dimples.

Thankfully, the channels were distinct.

I was mesmerised by Louise's performance. I sidled over to Harriett and gave her a big hug.

"Bravo!" I cried the moment Louise's fantastic gyrations degraded into sporadic twitching. Harriett had at last canceled the fireworks.

It was clear that the bondage slave's regular discipline pattern was still running. It wasn't many moments at all before she began the desperately difficult exertion necessary to struggle back onto her bruised, aching toes.

"This time, slut! Pay attention! Get into my bedroom... and don't take too long about it!"

"That's the way," I congratulated her. "Surely she's making some progress." To watch the wretched creature waddle away, bum swaying invitingly, was to know she had to have come a long way since first volunteering.

Harriett sighed. "I suppose I expect too much... I mean... I want her coming out party to be something special. You will try to be here... next Saturday... won't you?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world, you know that. Goodness, if only I could be here all the time..."

"I know... I'm sorry."

"How about that lunch?"

"Perfect."

Harriett kept me company in the kitchen, filling in the details of her famously successful week. Twinkle was almost ready, I should say modified, to fit her puppygirl costume and Harriett hoped that noteworthy event could be scheduled as soon as a fortnight away. Our heavyweight twins were destined to shoulder greater burdens, so to speak, and the modifications we had decided to make to them were our most ambitious yet. A successful outcome was still months away. Harriett amused herself making Dimples chase after her spiked toy, handicapped by a complete lack of sight, and a pitilessly short period of grace.

The conversation moved on to our first commercial enterprise, and just how important it was to make our client's fantasy come absolutely true. Indeed, we were in agreement that Georgia's training must take precedence over everything else, to be sure we delivered in a timely manner.

I never realised how ordinary a cook I was. The pasta was bland, not that Harriett complained. Primrose's superior cuisine had completely spoiled me. Even for a day, I missed her dreadfully. What a time in my life to first have those feelings. I brewed a pot of coffee while Harriett bolted Dimples' muzzle into place with singular brutality, taking particular pleasure in padlocking her elongated, eyeleted tongue. With Dimples poised forlornly on sentry duty in the kitchen, we retired to the library taking our coffee with us.

"I think you're the only person I've had a civilized conversation with since I returned... if you don't count the few words I exchanged with Twinkle before doping her..."

"That's not good, is it?"

"I don't think so. I'll end up a crazy recluse. You've no idea how much I look forward to our evening chats."

"I'm sorry, Harriett... I don't know..."

"There's nothing for it, now... I'm just thinking ahead... both of us will need an occasional vacation in the real world..."

I hadn't thought about it. My current efforts were mostly directed to escaping from it. Considering how

hard Harriett had worked this past week, and the tasks still confronting her, I should have given more thought to her wellbeing. The threat of burn-out loomed large.

“Is there anything I can do to lighten your load...”

“I don’t think so... excuse me a moment... Slut! Get into the library now!”

Harriett clearly took Louise’s preparation very seriously.

“Where was I... Clara, I’m rambling... look, as soon as I’m finished with the major surgery, I’ll feel better... whoever thought I’d be complaining... I’ll get over it... just make sure you’re here next weekend...”

SIXTEEN

Harriett’s monologue was interrupted by the arrival of a weary Louise. The contorted creature waddled into our presence, this time avoiding every obstacle. Her merciless bondage made it impossible to stand still so she wobbled precariously, under a relentless barrage of protest from almost every nerve in her body. Harriett’s mellow laugh broke the silence.

“Who’s complaining,” Harriett chuckled, nodding in the direction of her panting, tense and tortured bondage slave. “It’s really a matter of perspective...”

“I hope you’re not planning to go back to work this afternoon?”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

“Good!”

Harriett fiddled with her remote and immediately Louise staggered toward the hallway.

“She’s on her own now... there’s a tracker installed to monitor her progress so I’ll know how conscientiously she takes her responsibility to map the entire floor-plan...”

“And?”

“Well, after a fairly poor start, I have to say she’s doing better.”

“Famously, I’d say!”

“Clara, would you mind terribly if I took a nap. The pasta’s filled me up. I can’t keep my eyes open.” Her yawn was contagious.

“Of course not. I’ll take Dimples for a walk. I love it down here.”

I gave Harriett a comforting kiss on the forehead. I cleaned up the mess I made in the kitchen, washed and put away the few cups and dishes lying around. Primrose’s orderly attention to detail was sorely missed. I took a leisurely stroll around the compound, a muzzled Dimples bounding along at my heel, examining the layout, making sure there were no blind spots. Security was paramount. The morning rain had been heavier here. The ground was soft and slippery. It was an idyllic location. I know I’ve always been a city girl but this place had something.

For an hour or more I traipsed over the countryside, enjoying the exercise, the isolation, the beauty and, I suppose, the company. Back in the courtyard, I used a garden hose to wash the mud from Dimples legs and boobs. They were as filthy as each other. Mischievously, I didn’t bother to wash off my splattered boots.

I found Harriett lounging in the kitchen doorway, watching over an exhausted, desperate Louise. The dolorous bondage slave was endlessly patrolling the long hall, back and forth, denied a moment’s respite.

“I’d like to name this place Brigadoom.”

That struck a chord! Harriett smiled that impish smile of hers.

“That’s marvelous, Clara... Brig-a-dooooom! Whatever goes on in that mind of yours!”

No comment!

We said our good-byes. I promised again I’d be back next weekend, without fail. Fifteen minutes later I was on my way back to town.

Primrose’s adoring demonstration of relief at my safe return was enormously satisfying. We enjoyed a very affectionate embrace. Just in case I might want it, there was a delicious supper waiting to be served. So, while Primrose set the table, I unhitched and de-muzzled Dimples. I ate slowly, watched over by a doting Primrose and attended beneath the table by Dimples’ versatile tongue, hard at work cleaning up the

muddy detritus from my afternoon stroll in the countryside.

I cuddled up very close to Primrose when we went to bed. I think I was equally relieved to be re-united. I stroked her forehead gently, in time to the rasping whistle of her snorting breath, while I worried about Harriett. Alone down there, faced with an avalanche of work, it was easy to account for her depression. I had to spend less time in the office, or better yet, arrange my affairs so I would be equally able to operate from either location. If I restricted face-to-face meetings to Wednesday and Thursday, then only court appearances, or emergencies, would require my presence in town on any other day. I shared my thoughts with Primrose, or rather my resolve, happily aware she saw my needs from exactly the same perspective I did. She never missed an opportunity to reduce my workload at the expense of her own.

I left it to Primrose to draw up a list of everything we'd need to duplicate the office, and to place the order online. The modern, competitive environment has its advantages. We were promised two-day delivery. Come hell or high water, I was determined to shut up shop by Thursday afternoon. There was only one conference which had to be re-scheduled. I left a message for Harriett advising her of my intentions, asked her if there was anything she felt we needed, and concluded with a promise to call back in the evening. Before lunch, I reviewed the precisely prepared opinions, some 110 pages altogether, and didn't find a single error, not spelling, grammar or style. I refused to guess how many hours of painstaking, diligent concentration that effort represented! Primrose's typing was better than ever! I voiced my appreciation for her splendid effort, making her day I shouldn't wonder, judging from her radiant response. The briefs were couriered off immediately. Three fewer things to think about.

An encrypted email arrived from Harriett later that afternoon, welcoming the news and listing several items we had forgotten, or not realised we needed. I put Primrose on it right away. So often it's a feast or a famine. With the burdensome briefs out of the way, there was actually not much to do, at least not for the next few days. I did some preliminary investigation, discovering Georgia's present address, her job (if you can call high class whoring a job) and her likely hang-outs. I would discuss it with Harriett first but a fortnight hence seemed as good a time as any. I was quite excited.

Primrose begged me to allow her to prepare a celebratory feast. I wasn't sure what the celebration was for, but how could I refuse? We closed the office at five and immediately my exquisitely handicapped companion, proudly sporting her freshly reinserted horror gag, enticed me into the bedroom. Her homogenised, rubber-sheathed fingers daintily disrobed me, pampered me and hinted toward the shower. I was wet before I realised how easily she had manipulated me! That revelation drew a smile. Primrose was waiting for me with warm, fluffy towels, wrapping one tenderly around my torso and using the other to dry my face and limbs. A shower cap kept my hair dry.

Collapsed at my vanity, I could actually feel the day's tension melt away with each firm, patient stroke. It hadn't take long at all for an addiction to develop. When Primrose brushed my hair in that calm, dreamy way, it was almost as if time stood still. Neither of us had any reason to rush. Later she knelt at my feet to work on the long laces of my gleaming leather thigh boots. I know, it was slow and demanding work for communally clumped fingers, but Primrose saw it as a labour of love and was never satisfied until the soft leather gripped me with the snugness of a glove and the lacing was tied off in perfect symmetry. I twitched my toes, tensed my Achilles, and the feeling was delicious.

SIXTEEN..continued

Primrose slipped a creamy silk blouse over my head, rustled it into position despite my limp assistance and then was on her knees again while I stood up, ever so carefully inching an elegantly pleated, black silk mini-skirt all the way up my leather booted legs until it settled comfortably around my waist. Soft, ample ribbons at my throat and wrists emphasized the femininity of the blouse. Primrose tied them off into neat bows, primping the delicate material to its best advantage.

When time permitted, I had fallen into the habit of allowing my eager, adoring companion to apply my makeup. Not only did I have to admit she was more skilled than I, the emotional comfort of being made

such a fuss over had grown ever more appealing. Seated again, eyes half closed, Primrose returned her attention to my hair, shaping it and finally pinning it in place with a fluffy, creamy silk bow. How awkward it must have been for her to fit my pearl earrings I can't imagine, yet she succeeded without pinching or pulling my earlobes. The tiny clasp securing my necklace of lustrous, matching pearls, easily the most expensive piece of jewelry I owned, caused the dear creature a great deal of difficulty, but she persevered with extraordinary patience.

I spent several minutes admiring my reflection. Looking so lovely, and with so little effort or decision-making on my part, reinforced my resolve, if such reinforcement was needed, to abandon the legal profession in favour of a less conventional career, just as soon as humanly possible! My legs tingled in the relentless grip of gleaming patent leather. I paced the floor to get a better feel of my stimulated muscles. Poor Primrose had been waiting anxiously for a sign of approval since the moment I stood up, and when I gave it, it was instantly clear my smile made her deliriously happy. How serenely she balanced on her ballet bootied toes, how proudly her supplicating palms presented her swollen, stressed, comprehensively disciplined boobs. The unmistakable light of unqualified devotion lit up her wide, adoring eyes. Her radiant face, framed in a stunning confection of golden chains and shackles and dominated by the terrible gag filling her mouth, beamed the full measure of her love and reverence.

"Thank you, my dear," I purred. "Dinner at half seven, if you please."

Dimples awaited me in the study, thoughtfully placed there by Primrose as soon as she had been fed and cleaned. I settled into my favourite armchair, stretched my legs, snapped my fingers and turned onto the news. These days, I hardly knew what was happening. With Dimples ardently polishing my wicked boots, to the exclusion of any distraction, I slowly tuned into the real world. So the sub-continent was at peace again, or what passed for peace over there. No nukes used, thank goodness. More terrorist attacks. *Carthago delenda est*. Those Romans knew their world. Public opinion be damned!

The first item of local news grabbed my attention. Britta Hendriksen had been taken in for questioning over the death of Malcolm Berwick, and the disappearances of several, unnamed people. No prize for guessing their identities! Brief footage of a steely-eyed Britta being squeezed into a police car, the girl was of the same Amazonian proportions as her Sapphic friends, was followed by a longer sequence showing a protective Herbert Cassel sheltering his disconsolate daughter from the clutches of voracious cameramen. I called Harriett immediately, and was surprised to learn she'd caught an earlier headline, on the radio, and was even now watching the same broadcast I was. We agreed to discuss the matter after dinner. I didn't have the gall to describe my dining arrangements.

Details were tantalisingly few. There had been some developments, no elaboration on those, Ms Hendriksen was assisting Police enquiries and more information would be released in due course. All euphemisms, of course, for we aren't going to tell you anything until we're ready. The item closed with a few seconds of file footage, showing the glamorous wedding, and speculating on the whereabouts of the twins. No mention of Louise. A secret, conspiratorial glow warmed my tummy. Harriett and I alone knew that part of the story. Well, I don't count Primrose, or our pets.

The banquet was served on fine bone china, with my best silverware, in the candle-lit dining room. Four courses, every one of them scrumptious, did for my palate what Primrose's barbelled tongue did for Miss Pussy. Dimples accompanied me, scrunching up under the table, pursuing the gleaming leather she was ever condemned to polish. I had grown quite used to, and comfortable with, a puppygirl underfoot. Coffee, and an Apricot licquer whose name I can't remember, followed me into the living room, presented in that oh so personal way that Primrose had perfected. I sipped slowly, enjoying the flavour almost as much as the vision of her awkwardly bent, motionless, gagged, tit-stretched loyalty. The striking contrast in our costumes, and levels of comfort, certainly added to my enjoyment and I had more than a sneaking suspicion Primrose shared my perception. I had no idea what went on in Dimples' empty head, though it was pretty obvious my erotic appearance had stimulated a violent response from her vigilant sensors. During dinner, and more noticeably afterwards, the dutiful creature spasmed in repeated, acutest agony as

volley after volley of punitive electric shocks pulsed from one end of her canine costumed body to the other. I'm pleased to say that despite this distraction, Dimples never lost sight of her goal, that fabulous tongue of hers lapping long and lovingly over my leather thigh boots.

Harriett called me just as I finished the licquer; I wish I could remember the name. With so little to go on, we didn't really have that much to discuss, at least as regards Britta. Neither of us felt any threat from the unexpected turn of events. More than a week had already passed since our successful kidnappings, and there wasn't a finger pointing in our direction. We did reconcile to the fact that Britta might be out of our reach, especially if she went to jail, or constant surveillance denied us the opportunity to snatch her. That wasn't such a terrible blow right now, given our enormous workloads and Georgia's imminent addition. Have to get those commercial priorities right, we agreed.

A faint commotion at the other end of the line interrupted our conversation. From Harriett's bullying tone, it was clear that Louise was suffering the inevitable consequences of disobedience. A minute or so later, somewhat flustered, Harriett resumed our discussion. Yes, the new Louise would definitely make her debut on the weekend, followed by Twinkle one week later, at the same time as, hopefully, a successful abduction. The last event would be my responsibility.

Replete, content and sleepy, I trotted off to bed. Primrose did everything; undressed me, removed my make-up, turned back the covers. All I had to do was release her tit chains and pussy ball, and tap a button or two on the remote. Bliss! Dimples snuggled up as best she could on her spiked rubber sleeping mat.

More Soon!