

PREY FOR HIM

CHARLES RYDER

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

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Chapter 1

Edward Harman was, on first acquaintance, an insubstantial little man. Physically unprepossessing, slight, balding, maybe just the hint of a small pot belly. His features were regular but certainly nothing special. He often wore a pair of black rimmed spectacles to correct his vision. He dressed well though, he was seldom seen in public without a collar and tie and a pair of immaculate, freshly-polished shoes. He did have a couple of unseen advantages however. He was very intelligent, and extremely wealthy.

He had started, bought and sold a number of Hi-Tec businesses and had retired on his 40th birthday, as had always been his intention. Retired from the world of work that was, not from the world in general. In fact Edward took a great deal of interest in his fellow man, and women for that matter. He had time and money on his side and used them both. Right now, for instance, he was sat in a nice café in a nice neighbourhood, in a nice town ostensibly enjoying a surprisingly nice cup of coffee.

In reality though, Edward was planning. Planning, he'd discovered, was the secret to success in any Endeavour. He spent an awful lot of time and money planning, but in reality that was all part of the fun as far as he was concerned. After all, this was his new hobby, and like all his businesses, games and hobbies, Edward was determined to be the best at them, otherwise what was the point of playing? Without the thrill of the chase he'd be just as content buying a pair of slippers and a subscription to National Geographic.

He wasn't expecting much today, if he was honest. The sort of opportunity he was interested in happened very infrequently. But like the lottery, one had to be in it to win it. So on a nice, crisp autumnal morning in this sleepy little town he basked in the seat by the window watching people come and go and mentally ticking them off, too young, too old, too ugly, too...ordinary. The people he was interested in had to fit certain demographics. Between 20 and 40 perhaps, attractive, successful in their chosen fields maybe?

Early on his new career he hadn't been quite so choosy of course. He didn't have the confidence or the experience in those days. And the novelty of the experience was so great that he snatched at opportunities and took, what he realized now, to be extraordinary risks to satisfy his own...interests. Although, in those days they were desires rather than interests. Absolute cravings, if he was honest. He settled himself back in his comfortable chair; face turned to the sun and recalled some of his early adventures.

The first time had been fantastic, awesome. It had fuelled his fantasies for weeks afterwards and set him on the course he now found himself. It was his first business, he'd appointed a very attractive young woman, Jane was her name, to head up his accounting department. It was her first management job and she was woefully underprepared and inexperienced. He knew that of course, he'd been able to ascertain that in the first ten minutes of her first interview. But his skill was that she was just too inexperienced, her appointment didn't cause expressions of disbelief among his staff.

She was younger than most of the accounts team, but his staff trusted his decision making ability implicitly. After all he was making a lot of money for the business, and for his employees. He always paid his key employees more than the standard rate; it was worth it in the end. So Jane's appointment hadn't raised too many eyebrows. But once she was installed in her brand new corner office just down the corridor from his, Edward had begun to exert the sort of psychological pressure that had always interested him.

At first it had been relatively small things, demands on her time out of hours. A subtle alteration of her job description to increase her workload. Then it slowly ramped up to randomly instructing her to report to him a couple of days earlier than they'd originally agreed, or maybe denying receipt of an important email, or once accessing her computer to delete a week's worth of important information.

What interested him, as it always did, was her reaction to the various setbacks that he placed in her way. He could remember his delight the first time he made her cry, insisting that she missed a family occasion to do some pointless paperwork that he'd pretended was vital. He'd been lucky in his first choice of victim, he'd realized. A young, quite naïve woman grateful to him for giving her first big break in the business world.

Looking back she was almost too easy to bully and to manipulate. She'd reluctantly bent across her own desk to receive a spanking across the seat of her obviously expensive pants-suit for some pretend error that he'd created. From then on it had progressed exponentially. A skirt up spanking over his knees, an official reprimand made public to the rest of her staff. What excited him as much as anything was her brave little attempts to pretend that everything was still okay. She'd come in earlier and work later, unconscious of the fact that her own boss was actively working to undermine her.

Edward had been wise enough, of course, to make sure that the actual accounts for the business were being undertaken by a no-nonsense, middle-aged Glaswegian named Mick. In some nondescript office somewhere. Which meant that he could exert even more pressure on his hapless employee. He realized he actually looked forward to seeing her tearful, defeated face day after day. He took the opportunity to impose even more restrictions. He introduced a dress code specifically for her. No more pants-suits, no matter how expensive. From then on it was skirts, blouses and heels.

Punishments had slowly escalated to bare-bottom spankings with her kicking and writhing over his knee, snot-nosed and bawling. Then being sent to stand in the corner of her own office with her nose pushed contritely into the wall. He remembered how he'd spun her chair around and lazily masturbated as he watched her bright red bottom squirming. This was such entertainment for a man like him, jaded by endless visits to prostitutes to try and satisfy his perverse fantasies.

He wasn't going to try and fool himself, he knew exactly what sort of a man he was. Cold, calculating, impervious to any sort of appeal to his (non-existent) good nature. He knew perhaps his behaviour was callous, but he just couldn't bring himself to feel guilty about engineering the various situations that amused him so much. As far as he was concerned they were proof, if any was needed, that his intelligence marked him out as someone special. Someone who was entitled to take advantage of the weakness and the stupidity of others.

Edward didn't really like the word 'psychopath'. It had rather negative connotations as far as the rest of the world was concerned. Although in a sense he was quite willing to accept the charge, indeed revel in it as it explained quite clearly that beneath his outward, superficial charm lay a dangerous man. Not dangerous in the sense of intimidating violence, cleverer, more subtle than that. Dangerous in the sense of manipulative malevolence.

The entertainment with his accounts manager had ended rather abruptly. Jane had taken extended sick leave and never returned to work. The lesson he'd taken away from that was, although she was out of work and unable to earn any money presumably, was that he'd pushed too hard too soon. It was so much more musing to slowly trap her, to strip away her fragile self-esteem and watch her struggle to manage. He remembered the many enjoyable hours merely thinking of ways to humiliate her.

But on the other hand he couldn't rush at it like a bull at a gate. Any fool could embarrass an employee by shouting at them for instance on a crowded office floor. But surely he, Edward Harman, could do better than that? Jane had been a lucky break for him, he realized that now. His first attempt had excited him with the possibilities of what was to come, but it had been far from perfect.

His pleasure could have ended disastrously had he been a little more unfortunate, an aggressive relation for example, coming to the office and demanding to know what he thought he was playing at. Jane turning out to be much more assertive than she was. His staff realising what game he had been playing. Any one of those situations and maybe the resulting interest from the authorities and all his plans could have crashed around his ears leaving him a social outcast.

But rather than dissuade him, those issues just served to excite him even more. They were potential problems, certainly. But intellectually he was sure that he could solve them, and indeed any others that came his way. In effect his advanced problem-solving skills would enable him to reap the rewards that his abilities deserved. And, in the early days at least, it was the subjugation of suitable women that excited him terribly.

Once the Jane thing was played out he'd lost interest in the company and sold it, for a quite remarkable profit as it turned out. The advantage being that he was free to move on and pursue his business interests, and his new hobby, elsewhere. He was about 25 by then, he didn't have a wife or any particularly close friends so he was free to move to anywhere and any situation that could make him a healthy return on his investment. Plus, it put a suitable amount of distance between him and his victim

Not that he was opposed to meddling in the lives of his male employees. That could be amusing as well. He remembered early on, recruiting a salesman on a good salary and then finding out as much about him as possible. How much his family depended on his income, how much his wife hated her job. By gradually increasing the man's wages he got them to the point where the woman gave in her notice. Within a week he'd sacked the salesman on some trumped up charge or another. By the time it was resolved the couple had been forced to sell their home.

That sordid little affair, and he'd forgotten the name of the employee, gave Edward an insight into the power of money and how it affected different people in different ways. He was, by now, acquiring very large sums of money, so in his case, it meant very little to him. He already had more than the average man could spend in a lifetime. But to a family living from month to month and trying to make ends meet, or a struggling employee, a little more money or the promise of a promotion could make an awfully big difference. That was what fascinated Edward, the motivation behind people's behaviour. And every year that went by provided him with more and more money and therefore opportunity to test people.

Chapter 2

After Jane and the salesman, Edward turned the greater part of his attention onto planning. Organising his next victim, who did he want it to be, and why? Was his choice feasible? Could he get away with it? As he idly stirred his coffee and watched the world go by the front of the high street cafe, Edward smiled to himself. In the early days, getting away with it had always been uppermost in his mind. he had a fear of being discovered and then, horror of horrors, being consigned to a prison cell with the common folk.

It was only as time went on did he realise that the richer he became, the less likely he was to be punished for any perceived crime that he might have committed. Everyone, he soon came to understand, had a price. Edward's huge advantage in that respect was that he had a great deal of money. He didn't drink, he didn't smoke, he didn't do drugs, he wasn't much interested in purchasing status-enhancing fripperies. He had his nice, comfortable, secluded house and an anonymous little basic car. His hobby, on which he expended a great deal of time and if necessary, money, was far more compulsive.

He felt as if by denying himself the things that the great herd of dimwits, the enormous majority of the country, indulged themselves in, it left him easily able to justify spending his own money as he wished. The result was that he didn't have so much as a parking ticket attached to his name, much less any serious allegation. Almost everyone could be bribed, and those socially conscious that couldn't, could quite easily be intimidated. In the half-underworld that Edward inhabited, it hadn't been too difficult to find himself a lawyer as morally ambiguous as he himself was.

Edward didn't particularly like anyone, but if he had an actual friend it may have been Paul. They'd been together for many years now, solicitor and client. Although he didn't have an account with Paul under his own name, he paid him a very handsome retainer to the solicitor's private Cayman Island account. He didn't use Paul or his contacts very much but when he did, he required instant, but discrete service. Something that Paul was willing, able, and only too happy to supply.

Discretion, in fact, had become Edward's watchword. He was fairly reclusive, but not obviously so. He contributed relatively small amounts, by his standards, to the upkeep of the wealthy, prestigious village he lived in. He used his local shops and cafes sparingly, but enough to show that he was engaged with the community. He knew enough people to smile at, and if she was a lady, to raise his hat to on one of his many walks around the local area. He hardly knew his neighbours socially, but was always ready with a hearty 'good morning' if necessary.

In fact, he was the ideal neighbour and fitted into the area perfectly, and more importantly, anonymously. That thought in itself always gave him a little frisson of pleasure as he wandered the streets. The fact that nobody suspected, even for a second, what sort of a man he really was beneath his amiable exterior. As he sat now, basking in the late Autumn sunshine it pleased him to think that the two female students on the table nearest to him knew nothing about him, but that if he chose, he could terrify them.

It gave him a sort of power. It was difficult to rationalise, but the idea of what he was capable of was quite thrilling. He smiled as one of the students caught his eye for a second as she looked up from her laptop. She ignored him of course, they usually did. He wasn't good looking or young enough to appeal to her. He knew that, being ignored by attractive young women wasn't exactly a new phenomenon as far as Edward Harman was concerned. He'd slowly got used to the idea that to the average woman he wasn't worth a second look. It used to hurt, it used to hurt him a lot.

But now it was more likely to make him smile. All he had to do was, in the case of the student for example, was to imagine her stripped of her underwear and fastened tightly across his caning bench, howling and shrieking as one of his heavier canes bit remorselessly into her bare, corrugated bottom. When he'd given her a good dozen or so, maybe more, he'd allow her the privilege of begging him to be allowed to take his sweaty, stinking cock between her delicate rosebud lips and suck him until he erupted all over her tear-filled face.

That in fact reminded him of his third encounter. What was the girl's name again? Oh yes, Miranda, Miranda Dalby. She was in her mid-twenties, just about the same age as him in fact. And one of his first

business rivals. But there the similarities ended. She was tall and blonde and beautiful, while he was none of those things. She was the only daughter of a wealthy, privileged family from London's Home Counties. She had attended an expensive private school and a very grand university.

She was almost the polar opposite of Edward, who had none of her advantages or family connections. He'd made his own way in the unforgiving business world from an unpromising start. All he had were his brains and an absolutely driven personality, spurred on by the number of disparaging comments that he'd had to put up with for most of his young life. He remembered their first meeting very well. Her silky, red blouse that emphasised the up thrust of her breasts, her black, pencil skirt that left very little to the imagination, her black high heels that allowed her to tower over him.

Everything designed in fact to emphasise her alluring femininity, but at the same time to make it clear to him that she was an alpha female and thus unattainable. Well at least to an insignificant little man such as himself. Their negotiations centred around items that she had, and that he wanted. He'd examined a sample from an open box and liked what he saw. He already had a buyer waiting. The only question was what price did she want him to pay?

He could tell immediately that she didn't like him. It was amazing just how many women didn't like him. Men seemed not to care, he was just another businessman as far as they were concerned. Women on the other hand seemed to dislike him merely at first sight. This was his first meeting with Ms Dalby and as far as he was aware he'd never given her cause for complaint. But, nevertheless, the signals were all there. A certain aloofness, even a derisory smirk now and then as if she wasn't taking him seriously.

"How many do you want, Mr...erm...Horman?"

He smiled tightly at her pretending to forget his name and then mispronouncing it. That was completely disrespectful. His first inclination was simply just to walk away. There was always another deal somewhere else. But a quick calculation told him how much this one was worth. Nearly ten grand for the morning's work. All he had to do was buy this stock and drive fifty miles or so to the buyer. The deal was too good to pass up.

"All of them."

Edward smiled in recollection. He'd been such an idiot in those days. Needless to say the price was too good. It was a scam and he'd been so impatient to show her how clever he was that he'd fallen for it. The open box was real, the rest were cheap imitations. It was a good lesson to learn at such a young age. He didn't complain, he didn't call and demand his money back. He simply went away and planned.

Six months went by before he paid Ms Dalby a visit at her nice apartment in the city. Well, him and a couple of acquaintances. Three to be exact, three tough boys who each gave her a good fucking while Edward watched and filmed it on his state of the art video camera. She was then held over the back of her own sofa while Edward applied his thick, leather belt to her backside and thighs until they were glowing. They'd had to gag her with her own underwear, but that was hardly an onerous task. Indeed Edward rather enjoyed her terrified, bulged-eye look.

While the boys wandered her apartment, inspecting her drawers and cupboards and taking anything that took their fancy, Edward rolled Miranda Dalby on to her knees and then spread them wide. He pulled her scorched cheeks apart and spat neatly into her anus. He worked a finger into her, ignoring her little bleats of distress. He looked across at the clock on her mantelpiece, by his reckoning they had about ten more minutes.

Unhurriedly he removed his invasive finger and then unzipped himself. He played with himself for a minute or so, enjoying her submission and playing back the events in his mind. He got himself nice and hard and then thrust himself inside her. She shrieked in a mixture of surprise and pain. Edward forced himself further inside her. Her evident shame at what he was doing to her simply spurred him on as he pushed aggressively in and out. He took a firm grasp on her blonde hair and tugged at it.

It didn't take him long to ejaculate inside her. He pulled out and quickly tidied himself up. Before he left he helped himself to a pair of discarded knickers and her laptop. He whistled the boys and pointed to his watch. Within seconds the three of them had disappeared out of the front door. Before he followed them, Edward took an envelope from the inside of his jacket and made the terrified young blonde take it between her teeth. One more slap to her backside and he was gone.

He stirred his coffee and smiled to himself at the recollection. Even now, twenty years or so later, the memory was still fresh in his mind. Indeed he did still have the pair of lace-trimmed, pink knickers that

he'd removed from the scene as a little memento. They were safely stored in his private trophy cabinet alongside various other things that he liked to retain. The other of the students caught his eye, the better looking, dark-haired one, and smiled slightly in return as if she was doing him a favour. He was after all a decrepit, elderly man and posed no threat to her, at least that's what she believed.

The envelope he'd left between Miranda's lovely lips contained a recent idea of his. Should she mention any of this to anyone, he'd send a film of the evening's entertainment to her parents, her family and her friends. Edited to show her apparently enjoying rough sex with three random men. From an intellectual point of view he was interested in what her reaction would be. Would she call his bluff and inform the police? Or would she avoid the humiliation and scandal of her exploits becoming public knowledge?

It was a no-brainer really. Why would she risk the good name of her posh family? The tabloids would have a field day. No, far better just to ignore the events that had happened. He was fairly sure that she was unaware that it was him who was behind the assault. But on the other hand he didn't really care either. What was she going to do about it anyway? He had accompanied the letter with pictures of her close family and where they all lived and worked.

He heard nothing more about it, but on the anniversary of it he always sent her a still from the video he'd filmed. Even when she moved house the first time, he was able to track her down fairly easily and have the picture he'd chosen sent to her new address. Just to let Miss Dalby know that he still knew where she lived. But that was all a part of the mind games that he enjoyed playing so much.

Chapter 3

“Excuse me, sir. Can I get you a refill?”

Edward looked up at the young barista hovering above him. She seemed pleasant enough, a cute little doll-like frame and a nice, pert little pair of tits. She even smiled at him showing a set of even, white teeth,

He smiled back at her.

“Yes please, may I have another latte?”

An ordinary request. A common drink, nothing memorable.

He watched her retreat, a nice little wiggle to her rounded backside as well. Edward didn't generally approve of women wearing trousers, but hers were tight and fitted her surprisingly well. But, although she piqued his interest, she was definitely a non-starter. If something were to happen to a girl who worked in a busy café like this one, the forces of authority would be all over the pictures the security cameras produced. So, at least as far as he was concerned she was quite safe.

If, for some reason, he discovered a person of interest in this café, the next time he appeared in it his appearance would have subtly altered, a pair of glasses maybe, more, or less facial hair a hat, a different style of clothing. Nothing dramatic, but enough to confuse all but the most observant. A different day, of course, certainly a different time of day as well. A different corner, and a different drink. It was all a game as far as he was concerned.

The girl returned with his coffee. Her name, according to the tag attached to her white blouse was Sarah. As she smiled again and deposited his cup onto the table he returned her smile and wondered if Sarah who worked in this particular café had a social media presence? She probably did, they almost always did. A perusal of that often gave him clues as to her identity, where she lived, who her family and friends were. That research was all part of the game as well.

She actually reminded him of someone, an earlier conquest. One of the first after his retirement from work, in fact. The same petite size, the same gamine haircut, the same attractive, bright blue eyes. He smiled at the recollection he wasn't sure what her name was. He'd have to have a think on that, he had all his research notes tucked away nice and safely somewhere.

He remembered the salient points of course; he didn't need notes or photos for that. Even now, the look of terror on her pretty little face as she realized the sort of man he really was. The man she'd allowed into her life. She'd been such a naïve, trusting little thing. He found himself wondering if that was still the case. Perhaps he needed to check up on her, she what she was doing now, just for old time's sake? He smiled to himself. That wouldn't be the first time he'd done such a thing, not by any means.

Just as he was about to take his leave of the pleasant little café, his eye was drawn to the latest person to enter. A tall red-headed woman, slim and elegant but pleasingly curvaceous. If Edward did have a weakness, then it was for statuesque red-heads. He pretended to fiddle with his mobile and paid the woman little overt attention. She was well-dressed in a dark blue skirt and moderate heels. She had a stylish, pink sweater that showed off her plump little breasts nicely and her red hair was arranged elegantly.

Edward fought the urge to stare and was rewarded when the woman took a chair not too far from him. As she crossed her legs, her nylons gave out a sibilant little hiss. She took out her phone. She paid him absolutely no attention, but then women seldom did. That was just one of the benefits of being ordinary enough to achieve anonymity. He sipped very slowly at his coffee and fiddled with his own phone, such a handy accessory, the mobile phone. A man could pretend to be engrossed on the little screen for half the day if the mood took him.

The more he studied her, the more he realized with that familiar little thrill, that she ticked his essential boxes. He licked his lips reflectively; he half wished that he'd left 15 minutes earlier. He'd certainly have been spared the thoughts running through his head at the moment. As he watched, her phone rang and she answered it, even her voice was right, a certain amount of middle-class entitlement. The sort of voice that always reminded him of his own difficult background.

He felt an irrational desire to just get up and leave, but that reaction was only natural. It usually meant that he'd shortly have a decision to make. He began to reach for his coat only to pause as the bell above the café door tinkled again. In walked another redhead, the younger image of the woman at the table. Could it be..? The woman rose to greet the young girl and kissed her.

"Hi darling, how was school?"

Edward looked closely at the second woman, school? She looked older than that, and where was her uniform?

"Good thanks, mum. The little brats weren't too terrible today"

Edward smiled to himself, she was a teacher rather than a pupil. Although, nowadays, he often had difficulty assessing the true age of young women. He wouldn't have put her much older than 18, but she was clearly in her early 20's. She was a similar shape to her mother, slightly taller maybe but with that same flash of copper-coloured hair that he so liked. Taken individually they were both very tasty packages, taken together they were almost irresistible. Taken together, he mused. Now there was an interesting idea.

He gave it ten more minutes and then left. Almost opposite the cafe was a sleepy little bookshop. He wandered in like the retired older gentleman with time on his hands that he actually was. He picked up and put down a number of books he wasn't interested in until he spotted the mother and daughter leaving the cafe. He wandered casually after them, taking care to be far enough behind not to come to their attention. Eventually they came to a late-registration German car and climbed into it.

Edward slowly meandered past, pausing to look into a shop window with a particularly attractive display. As he heard the car put into gear, he half-turned and made sure that he remembered the car's registration. Fortunately for him, and unfortunately for several others, he had a very good memory.

Edward had always been very interested in IT. Computers and the information they concealed were such extraordinary tools, particularly for a man with his singular hobbies. For instance, he had an interesting bit of software that he'd 'acquired'. It enabled him to discover the registered keeper of any particular car that he had the registration for. The BMW in the high street apparently belonged to Mr Henry Simon Watson and he lived just outside the pretty little village in, what turned out to be, a rather imposing mock-Tudor house.

The occupants of the house, according to another piece of software were Mr Jackson, his wife Caroline, and their daughter Virginia. A little more research uncovered the fact that Virginia, or Ginny as she was known, taught at the local junior school. He studied her picture on the school website and felt his cock harden. She had a social media account, of course. It would have been more unusual if she didn't. It wasn't even private. It was just there, waiting to be examined and dissected. He flicked through her many interests, 6th form skiing trips, university parties and downloaded several pictures for his later...enjoyment.

He hadn't noticed, but some of the close-up shots revealed her to be green-eyed. Red hair and green eyes were probably Edward's favourite combination. Her mother, in contrast, had hazel eyes. He'd been able to link straight from her daughter's social media to Caroline's. She didn't have so many pictures, but she had enough to interest him. Almost the last picture there was one with her friends celebrating her 40th birthday.

Simon Henry Jackson was a prosperous-looking chap, two years older than his wife, dark haired, tall and thin with that unfortunate receding chin that so many middle-class men seemed to have. His social media account linked Edward to his business interests. In Mr Jackson's case that turned out to be a factory that churned out machine parts. Judging by the man's house, his car and the expensive school that his daughter used to attend, the business was quite profitable. He searched out the limited company, moderately successful perhaps?

He examined the latest set of accounts using his business experience. Something didn't quite match. He couldn't immediately put his finger on it, but something seemed wrong. He put that aside for later reference. Cropton Machine Parts Ltd, he made a note of the details and emailed them to an associate of his who dealt in that sort of thing. Who knew what might turn up?

In the meantime he'd made a couple more visits to the cafe on Cropton High Street. He chose one day in particular when it rained so that he could wear a long coat and a hat. He didn't bump into either of

his red-heads. He was more interested in getting a feel for the place, after all he knew where they lived. His eyes though were drawn to someone else in the room. A rather plain looking, anonymous sort of woman if he was being honest, not really his type.

He wasn't even sure what about her had caught his attention in the first place. The problem was that she had. Edward's most striking quality was his memory. He had an astonishing capacity for retaining faces and names. When he was young he'd naturally assumed that everyone had a similar ability. It was only over time that he'd come to realise he was exceptional. At first he'd put it to good use in his various exams, but then realised there were other options as well. Being recognised impressed people, he realised. It was as if by being able to recall a person's name that it meant something to them.

He practised to such an extent that he only had to be introduced to a person once for him never to forget him or her, or indeed anything that he managed to learn about them. At first it was quite an amusing party trick but then he was able to progress to being able to recall conversations and then entire discussions. He'd honed his skill to such a degree that whenever someone caught his attention, it was usually for a particular reason.

He examined the woman more closely. She wasn't tall or short or and although she certainly wasn't ugly, she wasn't wildly attractive either. She was just there...and then suddenly it struck him. He'd seen her in this very cafe, and on more than one occasion. And although he'd seen several other people more than once in the cafe, there was just something about her that was unusual. He couldn't quite put his finger on it yet, but he had no doubt that he would.

He wasn't particularly worried, he'd trained himself not to panic. But if he had to guess he'd say she was trying to go unnoticed, attempting to melt into the background. And why would a thirtyish-looking woman be doing that? In a popular cafe in the middle of the afternoon? What on earth could she have to hide? And if she did have something to hide, why would she be trying to do it in the middle of a high street coffee shop?

Possibly she was security, he mused? not for the shop of course, but maybe for one of the bigger businesses in the street? Or maybe a cop? Maybe a cop on a coffee break who was used to being a part of the background? The more he watched her, the more he was aware of her watching the rest of the cafe and especially the door. As her head turned towards him, he buried himself in his newspaper and waited a little while. Now she was sipping from her mug, despite the fact her drink was at least forty minutes old.

He made one more mental note of her before returning to his pretend reading. She could easily be a policewoman he realised. And unfortunately, undercover cops were better than average at remembering. If she wasn't a cop, why was she so interested in the door, the only entrance to the shop? Maybe she was waiting for her secret lover? But again, who'd meet a secret lover in such a public place?

He smiled at himself, now he was reading all sorts of nonsense into the motives of one very ordinary woman. But, on the other hand, the reason why he was still at liberty, rich and retired, was that he noticed why things weren't quite right. And something about that anonymous but observant, middle-aged housewife just wasn't quite right.

He opened his email, the encrypted, fake one that he used for his more...sensitive material. This was from the analyst. He'd never met the analyst but he'd dealt with him several times. A high-functioning autistic who was pedantic to a most astonishing degree, wasn't quite Edward's favourite person. But he did have his uses. One of them was the ability to produce very detailed business information from virtually any company, private or not, just so long as his fee was met.

Edward himself liked information and figures and pored over them. After all, hidden among the usual bullshit, were details about the business that may well make him a great deal of money. But even he had never seen anyone like the analyst. Everything was there, names, company titles, stated bank balances, actual bank balances, submitted tax returns and actual tax liabilities.

For a financial nerd like Edward, it was perfect bedtime reading material. As he sat with the laptop balanced against his knees he began to smile. His intuition had been right, as it usually was. Cropton Machine Parts turned over an awful lot of money, but oddly enough seemed to buy actually very little in the way of raw materials. The analyst apparently agreed.

'Where are the purchase invoices?'

Was written in red ink at the bottom of the page.

'Other, similar businesses make a 30% margin. On this sales figure I'd expect to see purchases of raw materials in the £millions.'

Edward nodded along in agreement, so would he.

'Advise you check Hansom Specialist Materials Ltd and a supplier called Ginnyland Shipping.'

It took a little bit of searching to turn up what he wanted, but eventually he found what he was looking for. The addresses of the two businesses in question. in the meantime he read the company history through a couple more times. And that too proved to be equally revealing.

The rain and the wind didn't make the bleak industrial estate any more attractive, but neither could it dampen Edward's high spirits. he'd found what he was looking for. Two fragile looking sheds side by side in a largely empty corner of the yard. The one on the left had a weather-beaten sign proclaiming it to be Hansom Specialist Materials Ltd. The one on the right's sign had been knocked over, but there was just enough of the 'Gin' at the front for it to be Ginnyland Shipping. Both were boarded up and looked like they'd been empty for quite some time.

Chapter 4

He waited for a couple of weeks before going back to his favourite cafe. Sarah was still working there, he noticed. He liked Sarah, she always reminded him of pretty little Rosie. He'd had to look her name up in his notes, but it had been worth it. Rosie by name, and Rosie by nature. Foolish, naive little Rosie, who for some unfathomable reason had come to believe that he, Edward Harmon, was a nice, unthreatening older gentleman.

Not that he'd used his own name of course. He'd told her his name was Mark and obviously she'd believed him. Why wouldn't she after all? She was about the same age then as Sarah was now, nineteen. And a gullible nineteen year old even by the standard of the average nineteen year old. They'd first met at a poetry recital, he couldn't help but smile at that even now. A poetry recital!

That was when he was in his experimental phase. How to meet girls, well, how to meet the right sort of girls. What Edward didn't want was great big, common girls. Rough, aggressive girls from rough homes who could quite likely overpower him, rather than the other way round. What he wanted, what he searched for, were quiet, shy girls who'd react positively to the first person that showed any interest in them.

That's why he dragged himself out to some God-forsaken, damp church in the middle of nowhere. To go to a meeting of a poetry group. His cover was that he was a guy new to the neighbourhood who was interested in joining interesting local clubs. The only true fact there was that he was a man, he actually lived fifty or so miles from that particular village and was only interested in one thing.

Pretty little Rosie soon caught his eye. She was in her gap year between her private school and university and had recently started to attend poetry club readings. Blonde and petite and clearly quite nervous, she was just his type. He circulated, drank wine, forced down some particularly hideous cheese and waited. As a new girl she was near the end. He had to sit and smile through an hour of terrible poetry before she made her way to the stage.

She wasn't very good, but not bad either, as he remembered. Not that it mattered. All he was interested in was the way her pert little tits pushed out the front of her dark green blouse. When she finished, he made sure that he provided the loudest, longest round of applause. Their eyes met and he was gratified to see her blush. After the reading they'd eventually gravitated towards each other where he told her she was 'simply marvellous'.

She'd blushed again, in that highly attractive way she had and shyly thanked him in her quiet, middle-class voice. He provided a glass of wine and they chatted about poetry for a little while. Edward was quite impressed with himself in that he'd played the perfect gentleman. No leering or grabbing and his eyes strictly on hers rather than any other part of her anatomy. He was almost the first to leave, but only after an assurance that she'd be there again next week.

The following week had played out much the same as the first. Dull bollocks poetry and then five minutes of delightful Rosie doing her thing. And the same again the next week. Rosie however had loosened up a little. Happy to chat and reveal more about herself, much more relaxed in the company of the older man. This, Edward had realised, was because he was a thin, unthreatening individual. The sort of fellow that even young girls like Rosie evidently felt comfortable with.

That was when he made his confession. He too was a poet, but also too shy to actually get up in front of a group of people that he didn't know. She'd shaken her head sympathetically and Edward guessed that she'd probably suffered in the same way sometime in her life. That was when he invited her to come to his poetry reading and listen to him. If she wanted, he'd arrange for her to perform as well.

He held his breath as he watched. He could see that she was torn. Did she really want to go anywhere with this unprepossessing man? Would it actually count as a date? In the end, her middle-class manners overcame any reservations she may have had. She'd be delighted, she said. When was it? He arranged to pick her up the following evening outside the church and have her back again by 10pm 'at the latest'.

He arrived the next day in his nice, hire car and waited. He half expected her not to show, or to bring an irate, threatening parent with her. But that didn't happen. She appeared, bang on time. He licked his lips as he saw her in the rear-view mirror, sensible flat shoes, stockings (hopefully), a white long-sleeved

blouse and a quite charming Black Watch kilt. he greeted her warmly and tried to hide his burgeoning erection.

The church parish rooms took a good half hour to drive to. Edward chatted away, making sure that she didn't know where they were going until they pulled up outside the building. It was quiet, as it should be thought Edward, considering that he'd hired the hall for his fake poetry group using a fake name, and paid in cash. Like a gentleman he opened the car door for her and then ushered her inside.

He paused to switch on the lights and then gently closed the outside door behind him which gave a barely audible 'click' as the lock engaged. he turned to the girl who was looking around her. Slowly, the stage lit up behind her. Edward smiled, this was all very nice. He persuaded the girl to go and stand up there and read a little of her latest work, to 'check the acoustics' or some such nonsense. He also took her bag for her, the one that presumably contained her mobile phone

He pulled a chair up and sat in the auditorium, right under the stage.

"Could you read a little bit longer, Rosie? The rest of them will be here soon."

He smiled as she carried on and quietly unzipped his trousers. He'd set a spotlight earlier so that it shined straight at her so, for a while at least, she wouldn't be able to see him. He took out his thick cock, savouring the moment. There was something really quite satisfying about masturbating in front of the shy young girl. Especially as she carried on spouting her earnest drivel.

Mmmm, she was so very cute in her kilt. What she was wearing reminded him a little of a school uniform. His cock gave a little twitch at the thought. Mmm, cute little Rosie in her Convent School uniform. He slowly eased off, no sense in losing it too early in the proceedings, was there?

"Mr Linton...excuse me Mr Linton...I was just wondering if..."

Her voice tailed off as she saw what he was doing. Sat with his penis protruding out of his pants.

"I...I think I'd better be g...going now."

He watched, amused as she fled off the stage and into the wings, her shiny shoes clattering on the wooden floor of the stage. Calmly he got to his feet, there was no need to hurry, it wasn't as if she was going anywhere. There was only one entrance to the small building and he had the key for it. He strolled around and almost collided with the panicked young woman. He grabbed her by the arm and propelled her back the way she had come.

As he'd guessed when he first saw her, she was such a slight, petite little thing. He smiled a little at her futile attempts to escape from him. She tried to dig her heels in, but he slapped her very firmly just below the level of her pleated kilt. She squealed with shock, but Edward wasn't concerned. The parish rooms were fairly isolated and her small voice probably wouldn't carry anyway.

He slapped her legs again, more for the pleasure it gave him than anything else, as he hustled her backstage. There were a couple of green gym mats that he'd seen when he had scouted the place earlier that afternoon. He pulled her over to one and sat on it, making her sprawl awkwardly over his knees.

"P...please, mo. You m...mustn't."

If only she knew how much her helpless little stutter stimulated him, she'd probably have tried harder not to do it. As it was, her bleating only made him more determined. He rucked up her kilt, slapping her plump little bottom cheeks as he did so. She wasn't wearing stockings, unfortunately. But her black tights were really quite nice. He slapped her bottom a couple more times. Heavy, open-handed slaps that were designed to hurt rather than titillate.

She kicked her thin little legs and struggled, but she was clearly no match even for a non-athlete like Edward. As he intensified the spanking, she started to scream, he placed his hand over her mouth to stifle the sound, but then had an idea. He pulled her shoes off and then wrestled her black tights down her legs and then off. Balling them up, he inserted them into her mouth and returned to slapping her bare thighs and the seat of her sky blue, silky knickers.

She was really struggling now, which Edward enjoyed as she unwittingly started to stimulate his throbbing cock as she lay on his lap. he spanked with increasing ferocity until she lay limp and spent over his legs. Quickly he pulled her knickers off, ignoring her pleas. and then reached round and squeezed them into her drooling mouth as well.

She was plainly exhausted by now, and he rolled her unresisting onto her back. She made a muffled sort of begging noise which barely registered with him. He slipped between her bare legs and licked down

the length of her sparse, blonde Mons. His tongue searching for and finding her labia. She struggled, but it was too late, he licked the folds and then tongued her clitoris. He remembered thinking that she must be a virgin with all the fuss she was making.

He knelt back up and stroked at his own straining penis and then shuffled himself up her until he straddled her, a knee on each side of her terrified face. He held his cock in one hand and then casually slapped her cheek with it. The shock and fear in her eyes almost made him ejaculate. He waited a few seconds. easily subduing her frantic scrambling before he did it again to her other cheek. The drool of his precum clung to her face in a vaguely comical manner.

He reached into her mouth and slowly extracted the wet tights and the silky knickers.

"Please...please don't....I won't tell anyone, p...please."

The tears coursed down her ruddy cheeks. he scooped a few up with his fingers and tasted them.

"Read your poetry to me, Rosie. I'm in the mood for a little culture."

She looked at him open-mouthed. a bewildered expression on her face.

"Now, girl!"

She began, haltingly.

"Go on," he encouraged her by tapping the end of his penis against the bridge of her nose.

She stuttered her way onwards, it was really very stimulating. He gripped himself that little more firmly and began to jerk more rapidly. Just as she got to a crucial point of her poem he managed to ejaculate all over her terrified, upturned little face. The shock that was written all over it was very, very amusing. In fact Edward actually recalled sniggering as he emptied his ball sac and then casually wiped the end of his dripping cock on the front of her blouse.

He got up and went to get her phone. Using it, he disguised his voice and then called a cab for the distressed girl. Before he opened the door and left her, he gave her a note suggesting what would happen if she reported this to anyone and told her to tidy herself up because there would be a taxi arriving for her in thirty minutes.

He looked at his wristwatch. She should be back for 10pm, as promised.

Chapter 5

He read and reread the report. Something was shouting out to him, but he couldn't see it. What he could see though, was that Cropton Machine Parts was some sort of a front. The suppliers it used in its accounts didn't exist. Therefore it wasn't buying the quantities of raw materials necessary to fabricate the volume of machine parts it claimed it was selling. So why was it overstating the profit it made?

This was just the sort of thing to entertain Edward. Clearly the Jackson's had money, and plenty of it if their lifestyle was any indicator. Normally, in Edward's experience this sort of situation would scream the word 'gangster', but Henry certainly wasn't the type. Did he have gangster friends? That was a scenario worth exploring.

He'd steered clear of the cafe for a while, although he was loathe to admit it, the woman in there had spooked him a little. He'd been backwards and forwards to the little town several times though, in a succession of different cars not actually registered to him. He'd had a good look at the Jackson house. It was quite impressive, large, secluded and discrete behind a pair of impressive wrought iron gates. He imagined the security would be quite impressive as well.

He opened the report again. Henry Jackson had clearly pulled a few strokes in his time. Edward recognised his old MO now, buy a company, strip it, sell it. It could be profitable but required no real business skill. But something had gone wrong, or maybe gone right in Henry's case. Now he was turning over quite a lot of money without actually doing any work if his accounts were to be believed. There was quite a trail of broken companies left behind, Edward noticed. He made a note of them and then made another phone call.

Chapter 6

Her first impressions of him weren't great if she was honest. He sounded so much more...impressive on the phone. In the flesh, he was quite underwhelming, small and skinny with a pair of round specs that made him look like an owl. Not that it should matter of course. The office clearly cost money and was obviously the hub of a successful business. And despite his physical stature, Mr Carter's suit probably cost more than her current monthly salary. So, she made herself smile and took the opportunity to show him her hair by gathering it behind her ear. It was one of her best features, apparently.

My word, she was a vain, airhead. Even by the standards of the job she thought she was interviewing for. He could tell by the look that briefly flitted across her over made-up face what she actually thought about him. This next hour so was going to be most entertaining!

"Can I get you a drink, Miss Curzon? A coffee or a glass of water, perhaps?"

She gave him a fake smile and told him that coffee would be fine thank you. He calmly activated the silent lock on the outside door before strolling casually to the expensive coffee machine by the window. Edward had already decided he was going to have the arrogant bitch no matter what. But slipping a little something into the drink of her choice would make it that much easier.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to excuse me, Miss Curzon. My secretary normally does this sort of thing for me."

Jesus, thought Lorraine Curzon. Typical man, lost without his secretary. The poor woman probably had to wipe his backside for him, the ineffectual little twerp.

"Of course, they are quite complex aren't they, those sorts of machines?" She said.

He nodded at her condescension. He's only used the machine for the first time an hour or so ago, just to see which buttons to press. The impressive looking office wasn't his of course, he'd merely rented it for the afternoon in the name of Carter. Just one of the many aliases that he had the requisite paperwork for. Not that letting agencies actually did much checking he'd discovered. But his credentials had evidently been enough for them to hand him the keys earlier that day.

He hadn't been wearing spectacles then, and he'd had a bit of a beard. Now he was clean-shaven and his sparse hair was slicked back. He made his way carefully back to the tall, blonde woman and presented her with a cup from the tray. He placed his own by his elbow and got down to the business in hand.

"Can you tell me a little about yourself, Miss Curzon?"

She certainly could, she'd been waiting impatiently to launch into her prepared speech while he fussed around making coffee for her. Before she started she saw him take a deep draught of his own coffee and automatically followed suit. It was always a good idea to mimic the person interviewing you, so the manuals said. It apparently made them warm to you.

Not that Lorraine needed to play those sorts of tricks. She was self-evidently an impressive package. Despite her relative youth, she'd accumulated a hell of a lot of good experience and of course she had a killer body and the looks to go with it. She tossed her fair hair again, just in case he hadn't noticed the first time. Automatically she glanced at his left hand. Shit! He wasn't married, which meant he could be gay and therefore relatively impervious to her obvious charms.

Either that or he was single due to the fact that he was an ugly, insignificant little nerd. Yes, that was more likely. She thrust her impressive breasts towards him as if to show him what he'd been missing..

"Miss Curzon?"

She shook herself a little. She hadn't actually answered the question. Pull yourself together, girl! She tucked her hair behind her ear again and began to talk about her favourite preoccupation.

My name is Lorraine Curzon, I'm 26 and single. I've worked in Marketing for five years now and I think I'm ready to take the next step on my career path."

Edward nodded as if what she said was a matter of some importance to him. She looked the part, he had to admit that. Gleaming, red high heels which he liked, and black nylons. A very smart navy blue, pin-striped suit, to show him she meant business, presumably? And a formal, red blouse fastened primly to the throat. Her make-up was immaculate. And she was evidently very proud of her long, golden tresses,

considering the amount of time she played with them. He'd noticed that from the picture she'd attached to her resume.

She told him about her very respectable university but omitted to tell him that she'd gained only a moderate degree. He glanced down at the professional-looking resume that she'd given him. Privately educated of course, but he could tell by her accent and misplaced self-confidence that was always going to be the case. But there was nothing really outstanding in any of her exams to be honest to justify her sky-high opinion of herself.

"And I managed various accounts, the last being..."

He nodded again, just to show that he was paying attention.

"Go on, Miss Curzon."

"And...and...the last account..."

He smiled as he noticed the pupils of her eyes slightly dilate, as if she was having trouble focussing on him. She giggled back at him and then immediately covered her mouth with one hand.

"O...oops. I'm sorry. W...where were we?"

"I think you were just about to undo the top buttons of your blouse, Miss Curzon. It is awfully warm in here, don't you think?"

Her dainty hands went to the collar of her silk blouse, but then dropped into her lap again.

"I...I...don't think that's 'propriate. Mr...erm..."

"But it is warm, Miss Curzon. Look at me, I'm taking off my jacket."

Edward slowly unbuttoned his bespoke, wool jacket and placed it on the desk.

"I d...don't th...think."

Her eyes were slightly more glazed and her speech just a little more slurred. The harmless compound he'd slipped into her drink was doing its work.

"Let me ask you a question, Miss Curzon?"

She sat up straighter and tried to compose her features, the effect spoiled a little by the small amount of drool that escaped from the corner of her mouth.

"Why do you want this job?"

"More m...money."

"Anything else?"

"More stuff...lot's more stuff and shoes...and stuff."

She giggled again before hurriedly covering her mouth and then looking nervously at him.

"Take your jacket off, Miss Curzon. I insist," his tone carried a sharper edge.

Edward watched her as she tried to focus before clumsily unbuttoning her expensive jacket and letting it fall to the floor.

"What do you think of me, your future employer, Miss Curzon?"

He could see her battling with her inner turmoil.

"I think...I think you're an u...ugly litter midget," she slurred.

She looked at him, round eyed in shock.

He smiled back at her.

"You're sweating, Miss Curzon. Let's have that blouse unbuttoned shall we?"

Even her befuddled mind realised it was an order, not a request. Her hands went to her blouse collar again and undid the top button and then, after a moment's pause, the second.

"Very nice, Miss Curzon. Now hike that lovely skirt up to your waist for me, please."

He watched as she struggled to obey his latest command, shuffling in her chair and raising her bottom slightly to reveal the tops of her dark stockings and the white garters that accompanied them. He could feel his cock stiffen at the sight. He was a bit of a sucker for a girl in stockings and suspenders. He let her sit like that for a little while, trying to re-gather what little wit she had. She stared at him as if she knew something was wrong, but she couldn't quite figure out what it was.

"Those knickers are nice, Lorraine. May I call you Lorraine?"

She nodded, nervously.

"And you can call me, sir, Lorraine. As a good employee ought to do. Agreed?"

"Y...yes, sir."

"Good girl, Lorraine. You're not completely stupid after all?"

"No, sir," she shook her head as if to emphasise the point.

"I said those knickers are nice, Lorraine?" He looked at her enquiringly.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Good girl, Lorraine."

Her eyes fluttered a little as he said the phrase. The powder he'd given her was really fantastic stuff.

"Tell me about your knickers. Where did you buy them from, for example?"

As she considered the question, Edward unzipped his fly and took out his semi-erect cock.

"I...I bought them at Simpson's in town sir. They...they were quite expensive, but I liked the colour so..."

"Do you like spending money on yourself, Lorraine?"

"Yes, sir. I deserve it, sir."

The powder was advertised as a method of lowering inhibition. Edward could certainly verify that it did.

"Describe your knickers to me?" He took a nice, firm hold on his cock.

They're sky blue, sir. Trimmed in white lace, sir. They're made of silk, sir."

"What do they make you feel like, Lorraine?"

"They...they make me feel s...sexy, sir."

He could see from the vaguely shocked look on her face that she was wondering why she was telling a man she hardly knew about her underwear and how it made her feel. He smiled in calm, reassuring sort of a way

"You are a very sexy young lady, Lorraine. Aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," she breathed. There was a slight flush to her pretty cheeks as if she had some sort of internal battle going on. He smiled at her again.

"Show me how sexy you are, Lorraine. Play with yourself as if I wasn't here. As if you were lying on your own bed."

He watched fascinated as she obeyed, her hand straying down between her legs and running down the length of her pretty knickers. Her middle finger stimulating herself. Managing to let go of himself for a second, Edward took out his phone and set the camera to record. He was just able to get her face and her right hand slipping inside her knickers in the same shot. That was one for the calendar.

Lorraine was deeply confused, one part of her mind wondered what the hell she was doing. Wasn't she supposed to be being interviewed by the managing director of a big company today? The other part of her mind just didn't care if that was true or not. She inserted a finger into herself, withdrew it and then licked it. Her glazed looking eyes raised themselves to his while he smiled his encouragement. She licked her lips and played lazily with her clitoris while the other hand squeezed her breast pleurably.

Edward was amused, watching the arrogant, entitled young woman debase herself like this was quite enthralling. But now it was time for him to have his own little pleasures. Getting to his feet, he came around the desk to stand by her head. She's slumped a little in her chair as she frantically rubbed at herself so that her head was just the right height. He jerked his cock a couple of times to make himself even harder and then slid it into her warm, unresisting mouth.

He didn't have to tell her to do anything, she was a natural cock-sucker so it seemed? It didn't take very long before he could feel himself starting to cum. He found watching her trying to bring herself off, dressed as she was in her smart business outfit, really quite erotic. Just as he felt himself stiffen, he withdrew and hosed her with a copious amount of semen so that her face and blouse were covered with ropes of his ejaculate.

He snatched up his phone and took more pictures. He couldn't help laughing at her as she sat looking stunned and disorientated and covered in his cum.

"Miss Curzon! Miss Curzon! What the hell do you think you're doing?" He demanded. "This is hardly the behaviour I expect from one of my budding young executives!"

The look of confusion on her pretty, empty-headed face turned to one of horror. She pawed at her blouse as if trying to wipe away the evidence of what had just happened.

"I...I'm s...sorry. So s...sorry."

"I'm afraid sorry isn't good enough, Miss Curzon. I'm going to have to punish you."

He took a good grip on the collar of her blouse before hauling her out of her chair and bending her over the large desk that he'd recently vacated. She struggled weakly, but she was easily controlled, as if dimly she believed that somehow she'd earned her punishment. It was easy enough to pull up her skirt, it was halfway up her backside to start off with. She squealed as she felt him do it, but he kept a firm hold on the back of her neck with his left hand so that one cheek was pressed firmly against the top of the desk.

With his other hand, he delivered a resounding slap to the surface of her pink knickers as they stretched tautly across her bottom. She squealed again, this time a little more loudly. Edward wasn't overly concerned. He knew they were the only people on site at this time in the evening. he brought the palm of his hand crashing down again and watched her wriggle her delightful little bottom.

Smmaackk!

Smmaackk!

Smmaackk!

He soon settled into a rhythm of heavy, open-handed slaps which soon had the desired effect. her bottom slowly turning from white too pink around the edges of her knickers. He had a sudden idea, before she could resist he pulled the panties down her long legs and over her red, high heeled shoes. Reaching over to her he pushed the knickers into her mouth which had the double effect of quieting her down and leaving him more bare flesh to redden.

Smmaackk!

Smmaackk!

Smmaackk!

He started over again, from the crown of her beautiful buttocks all the way down the backs of her thighs. The whole area, almost down to her knees was turned a most attractive, in his opinion anyway, shade of red. She was screaming in a muffled sort of way and begging him to stop, but he was having way too much fun. He stood back a little and admired his handiwork. he was tempted to leave it there, but only for a minute.

Instead he slowly unbuckled his black, leather belt and pulled it through the loops of his trousers. he folded it in two and watched as Lorraine Curzon cried pitifully and squeezed both cheeks of her buttocks in an attempt to massage away the pain. He took her by the collar again and then brought his belt slashing down on to the scalded surface of her backside. She shrieked as his belt also caught parts of her hands, but she was smart enough to pull them out of the way. Which in turn only offered Edward a bigger target to aim at.

Whaap!

Whaap!

Whaap!

The belt did its wicked work again, slowly blistering its target. Every so often she'd squirm to try and avoid it, or even push her hands back. Calmly he'd wait until she presented herself properly before resuming his thrashing of her.

Whaap!

Whaap!

Whaap!

Her resistance was becoming weaker, Edward recognised the signs. When he judged the time right, he pulled his own trousers down, stepped forwards and thrust his straining cock straight into her hairy maw. It felt good, it felt very good. She was so well lubricated there was hardly any initial resistance, but once inside her, she felt fantastic. It took him a pleasurable long time to ejaculate this time. Not that he was complaining at all.

When he was finally done he quickly tidied himself. She was still slumped, panting across the desk, exhausted and spent. Her clothes and hair dishevelled and one of her shoes over by the wall.

"We'll let you know," he said as he pulled the door behind him and headed towards the exit, his cap pulled low over his eyes and her pink knickers safely stored in his jacket pocket for future reference.

Chapter 7

He slipped into the booth she was occupying and sat opposite her. For second, neither spoke. She didn't seem panicked, or even slightly perturbed. Which was a definite plus in Edward's estimation.

"Do we know each other?" She asked in a conversational sort of tone.

"I don't think you know me. But I have an idea I know who you are and why you're such a regular visitor too that charming little cafe in Cropton High Street."

"Do you, now?" She said, with a slight raise of her eyebrows.

He smiled at her control. it wasn't quite the reaction he was expecting, if he was being honest.

"I think I do. Can I buy you a coffee by the way?"

She shrugged, in a non-committed sort of way.

"I guess so, if you don't mind wasting your money."

He signalled to the waiter and the woman told him what she wanted, he had the same. He took the opportunity to study her for a couple of seconds. She was either a very good actress or completely unworried by his presence. She had strong features, a little too manly perhaps? She wasn't conventionally attractive but she did have a certain...something about her. She had clear, blue eyes that looked back at him unwaveringly. The more he looked at her, the more he was sure he was right.

"So come on then, Sherlock. Who am I? And why is it any business of yours?"

He realised with a bit of a jolt that he liked her. She wasn't arrogantly dismissing him as he half expected she would. She sounded intrigued, and at least she was going to give him a chance to engage. Which was much further than he usually got, even with plain, straightforward women like this one. He paused for a second as their drinks were placed in front of them. He did hope that he hadn't called this one wrongly.

"I think your name is Gwen Reardon."

She slowly stirred a single spoonful of sugar into her coffee.

"It isn't, but what made you think that it was?"

Now it was his turn to try and remain impassive. Shit! He was wrong. But he'd been so sure he was right. The research he'd done suggested to him that the woman sat opposite him was Gwen Reardon, widow of the recently deceased Alan Reardon. The former owners of Reardon Engineering. He tried to think quickly, but unusually for him, he wasn't quite sure what to say. He hadn't factored in the possibility of being wrong and now he was on the back foot.

What if his first thought, that the woman was some sort of law enforcement officer, had been right all along? What if she had an idea who he was? Perhaps she'd lured him here? With an effort he kept his gaze directed at her, rather than glancing furtively at the door.

"I just thought I knew you from somewhere. You have a very distinctive look."

She smiled back at him,

"'A very distinctive look'? You're quite the charmer aren't you?"

This time it was Edward's turn to smile

"I beg your pardon, you're a very attractive young woman. it's just that very attractive young women don't often sit and have coffee with me. I'm clearly out of practise regarding small talk. I apologise."

Both statements were true, when she smiled showing her beautiful, white teeth, it was clear that she was a good-looking woman. Stern, perhaps, and firm-jawed, but undeniably smart. Her clothes were understated but expensive, a twin-set and a single string of pearls and her dark hair was nicely cut in a style that flattered her. She also had a pair of sparkling, green eyes. And he couldn't remember the last time he'd enjoyed a cup of coffee with any woman, especially one as stylish as this one.

She smiled again, in a composed way.

"So why Gwen...Reardon did you say? Why her, is she someone I should be aware of ? And incidentally, for your information, I'm 40 and no longer a young woman, unfortunately."

"No, she's a friend of a friend. I don't know her very well to be honest. I just thought I recognised her in the cafe. And then when I saw you here, the name suddenly clicked and I thought it might be rude to not introduce myself."

“Well, go on then?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Introduce yourself. Who are you?”

“Sorry. Edward, Edward Carter.”

“Well, Mr Carter. it's nice to meet you. Why not tell me a little about yourself while we drink our coffee.”

Clever as he was, Edward was a little out of his comfort zone. He was never quite sure what to say in impromptu meetings like this one. Most of his business meetings were formal and followed a distinct pattern. The conversations he had with the people he met in his particular...hobbies, were meticulously planned in advance. Like a good chess player rehearsing his moves before a game. Light-hearted, witty banter wasn't his strong point. But this time he made a particular effort.

Although, he wasn't even quite sure why he was making the effort. If she wasn't Gwen Reardon, she was of no further use to him. In fact, if anything, she was a reminder how badly he'd researched the whole situation. But rather than cutting his losses and leaving, he concentrated and gave her the Carter back story. Business entrepreneur, single, fifty one years old. Lived over in the next town, kept himself to himself, the usual thing. Although this time it seemed unusual. She actually seemed interested in what he was saying, as opposed to nodding her head vaguely, as women so often did when they came into contact with him.

“And what about you? What's your name?”

“My name's Eleanor Langley. I'm Gwen's older sister.”

She held out her hand for him to take.

To say he was surprised was a bit of an understatement, but he managed to recover himself.

“Ah, so that must be why I thought I recognised you. My apologies.”

Now he was unsure what to do. Realistically he should get up, make his excuses and leave. Leave and not look back. Shelve his plans and just walk away. But strangely, something seemed to be preventing him from doing just that. His natural, self-preservation antennae seemed not to be working. He knew absolute nothing about the woman in front of him, only that her name might be Eleanor Langley, and she might be Gwen Reardon's sister. Edward didn't really like guesswork or supposition. He liked cold, hard facts.

She might also be dangerous, undercover? A cop? Someone he might have enjoyed in the past? A friend of someone he might have enjoyed in the past? A former employee who may know some of his secrets? The more times he played with someone, the more he was likely to run into someone he knew, or worse, knew him for what he was. He slowly began to rise to his feet.

“No need to apologise Mr erm...Carter. Where did you know my sister from? You didn't say?”

Get up, walk towards the door, and keep on walking. Said the voice in Edward's head. Instead he returned slowly to the seat.

“I'm not a hundred per cent sure. But when I think about it, it may have been through business. Didn't she and her husband have something in the building trade? Or was it engineering?”

He was sure he saw her face visibly relax. Right then it occurred to him that either she was a marvellous actress or that she suspected that he might be a member of some branch of Her Majesty's government.

“Gwen and Alan, her husband, did use to have an engineering company, yes.”

“And it wasn't far from here as I recall. Was it on the London Road maybe? Did they sell it, it was a nice little business as I remember.”

The former address of Reardon Engineering was 241 London Road, an industrial estate about twenty miles away. Those were the sort of details that Edward didn't forget.

“They didn't sell it, no.”

“But I thought you said...” said Edward, playing the part of a man who didn't know much.

“They used to have a business until it was taken from them.”

“Taken?”

She looked at him carefully for a few seconds. Her eyes were an unusual shade of green, he realised.

“Oh, I see,” she said.

“What do you see?”

Had she realised who, or what, he was already? That didn't seem likely.

"You're a journalist aren't you? From one of those muck-raking rags? Trying to do another piece?"

He looked at her open-mouthed. He'd been accused of a lot of things in his time, but nothing quite as low as this.

"Madam, I assure you. I am not a journalist and I have absolutely no intention of ever being one. Here, here Look here"

He took out his business card and laid it on the table in front of her so that she could read it.

"Phone my office right now and ask for me."

"That won't be necessary, Mr Carter. I'm sorry about that."

"Please, I insist."

He watched her carefully as she made the call. The answering service with the posh girl on the other end of the extension would at least be doing some work today.

"Okay, thank you. I'll try again later."

She slid the card back across to him.

"You're not in. apparently."

He smiled.

"Now, why not tell me what's really on your mind."

He'd been half right, well 90% right in all honesty. Something he was surprisingly relieved about. The Reardon's business had been put under pressure and had temporary liquidation issues. Henry Jackson had stepped in with a last-minute loan and then proceeded to call it in almost immediately. The Reardon's couldn't raise any more money and had to almost give their business to Jackson to pay off the debt they owed him. As a direct consequence it seemed, Alan Reardon had suffered a fatal heart attack which in turn had pushed Gwen into having a breakdown.

"So the reason you might have seen me in the coffee shop in Cropton is that Gwen's nursing home is at the other end of the town and I regularly pass by it on my way to see her."

He nodded wordlessly as if he didn't already know the gist of the story and then remembered to offer his condolences regarding her brother in law. Eleanor smiled wanly and thanked him although he could see the hurt still in her eyes.

"He was a good man, you know. Always looked after Gwennie. He made her happy. They had a good life together."

He could see the sheen of tears in her eyes.

"Look," she fumbled in her purse. "Here's the three of us together at their wedding anniversary."

Edward looked at the picture. he hadn't seen it before. Had he seen it earlier he would have known straight away who Eleanor was and this rather embarrassing interlude could have been avoided. Before he could hand it back, she'd taken out a handkerchief and was dabbing at her eyes. The look of sadness on her face made him ask a question that he already knew the answer to.

"And what happened to this Jackson person? Presumably he ended up in court?"

Eleanor shook her head angrily.

"No, that bastard got away scot-free. He split the company up and sold everything that would make any money. He put twenty people out of work at the same time."

He didn't know if he was more surprised by her choice of words, or the vehemence with which she said them.

"Him and that arrogant bitch of a wife and their snooty daughter kept all the money that Gwennie and Alan had worked so hard for, and spent it all on themselves."

Edward nodded, he'd thought as much and was so gratified that his deductions had proven to be correct that he hadn't realised that Eleanor was waiting for a reaction.

"That's outrageous. How can people like that escape without any sort of punishment?"

The woman nodded.

"I'd certainly punish them if I had the opportunity. The whole stinking, thieving lot of them."

Edward smiled in return, he could already feel his cock beginning to lengthen. The mere idea of the two red-heads, mother and daughter being made to suffer some sort of indignity was enough to set him off. He was more determined than ever to have both of them now. But taking two of them, and possibly three, if Henry was included, would pose something of a logistical challenge even for someone as skilled

as him. It was precisely then that an idea came to him. He signalled to the waiter that he'd like two more coffees please, and then turned back to Eleanor Langley.

“Exactly how would you like to see them punished?” He asked.

Chapter 8

Caroline Jackson flitted around her ostentatious living room. Really! Where were her running shoes? She could have sworn she put them out last night, but where were they now? It wasn't as if she had nothing to do! The gym that morning at 10.30. Lunch with the girls at 1pm, and inspecting that new shop in the neighbouring village later that same afternoon. It was literally an exhausting schedule. Not made any easier by that missing bloody shoe. How she even got through days like this, she'd literally never know.

The gym was okay, plenty of good looking young chaps who were maybe students or young men working from home? It was so hard to tell nowadays, they all looked so young. That may have been due to the fact that she was getting older. But, although she said so herself and so did her real friends, she was still in terrific shape. Age was more mental than physical, she'd read that on social media somewhere and, as usual, it was true, literally true.

Her head age was no more than thirty. She could surely get away with that? She dieted, she worked out, she didn't smoke, she'd stopped eating sugar years ago. She'd had her boobs done and her tummy tucked. her teeth were more plastic than enamel now. In other words, she looked great. At least 15 years younger than her actual age. That was one problem with having a 23 year old daughter, she thought grimly. Virginia was a living guide to how time had passed so quickly.

She had a salad for lunch. Well, a part of a salad. The least fattening part of it anyway. That's what she generally had on most days. Not that she actually liked salad for lunch, but she had to eat something. It would look weird if she just sat there fiddling with her napkin while everyone else tucked into their salads, wouldn't it? She had a smoothie to go with it. She didn't know what was in it, but it was primarily green in colour so obviously it was good for her? She felt so virtuous that she rounded it all off with a glass of lemon tea.

It had been a good day so far, she'd achieved everything she'd set out to do. Something her psychiatrist told she should aim for every day. It could be a taxing regime, but Caroline had literally stuck resolutely to it. She had a diary which she recorded every little achievement. It was good for her mental state and for her self-esteem her psychiatrist had told her. As a result she'd felt justified in treating herself to a new dress. It wasn't too expensive either, and even if it was, Henry wouldn't mind. As she explained to him, he should be grateful to her for taking the effort to look so good. Something he'd readily agreed with.

Virginia Jackson raised her eyes and sighed at the big pile of books on her desk. Marking seemed endless. This was only her second term in her new job and already she was sick of it. At the end of almost every lesson, the results of the homework she'd set the night before was piled high on her desk, sat there waiting for her attention.

She hadn't quite realised there was so much work involved in the job. Even now she wasn't quite sure why she'd applied to become a teacher. She'd enjoyed the extra year studying in Uni. She hardly attended any lectures but she'd had a bloody good time. She'd had some classroom experience of course, but that involved observing, which in her case meant keeping an eye out for any fit young teachers.

The money was okay, not that she actually needed it because daddy paid for everything. But it was useful spending money all the same. The holidays she supposed, were the best part of it. She was so looking forward to the first break. She could imagine seeing all her friends again and noticing how impressed they were when they learned that she was a teacher. She'd already rehearsed her lines, 'the hours are horrendous and the money's not great, but I do feel that I'm making a difference. Giving back to the community if you know what I mean. darling?'

Anyway, first of all she had to plough through thirty exercise books all regurgitating the same thing she'd told them two days ago. Already she barely read them, just randomly ticked them in teacher-red ink. It looked quite important, but wasn't really. She'd just make sure that they all got pass marks anyway. So what did it matter? Kids were happy, parents were happy, school was happy. Easy life for her. And that's what counted.

Chapter 9

Edward was bored. He flicked through his vast collection of online photography, which was something he liked to do whenever he felt as if he was lacking inspiration. As he settled down for a diverting hour or so, perusing things he hadn't seen for months. A sudden thought came to him. He went to his special 'ongoing projects' file and used the encryption key to peek inside.

He smiled and stroked his erection through his woollen slacks. Ah, there she was. Sweet Dr Sharma. Definitely one of his favourites. He opened his notes and read them, his doctor's notes, he thought with a little smile. He'd first seen her quite by chance in the street, a quite luminous Asian woman with an almost regal bearing. The way she held herself first caught her attention, and then her beautiful face. And there was no doubt she was beautiful. A heart-shaped face, hazel eyes, perfect skin and shimmering dark hair.

To his delight, he discovered she was a doctor. He always did like that combination of brains and stunning good looks. It always made his victims' fall from grace seem somehow more precipitous. He made plans to deal with her husband because surely, as a 28 year old, high-caste Indian woman, she would already be married? But as far as he could tell, there was no husband. And nor was there a boyfriend on the scene. He imagined her mummy would be getting quite restless at the lack of a suitable boy.

He followed her from her parents large townhouse, to work, to restaurants with her friends, to the cinema with her friends, back to her parents, then to work and back to her parents again, where clearly she lived. And then back to her nice little GP surgery. She was, he had begun to realise, quite a dull woman. What did she do for fun that wasn't a social obligation with her girlfriends? She never seemed to be alone, she was always with somebody.

That was when he'd realised. She was always with at least one person, and that was a woman. Once he'd searched back through the pictures a few times he saw that it was the same woman. An older, white woman. Who was she, he wondered? The wonders of modern technology soon supplied the answer. Miss Daphne Lark, aged 42, single and a local magistrate. Miss Lark and Miss Sharma did seem very close, despite the apparent disparity in their ages and indeed, their cultures. He wondered how they'd met?

The next time they were out together, dinner for two at a rather upmarket venue, he followed them back to Miss Lark's elegant mews home. Miss Sharma reappeared three hours later and got into a waiting taxi cab. The next time the two got together, the same night and time exactly a week later, Edward didn't have to bother following the pair of them. Instead he watched the events unfold on his tech apparatus which had cost him a small fortune to have installed into the Lark residence without the owner's knowledge.

He smiled to himself at the recollection of his original thought, how bloody expensive it was becoming to burgle people's homes and snoop on them nowadays. The results in this case however, were well worth it. He watched in glorious pin-sharp high definition as the unlikely pair made love, or more accurately had wild, passionate sex for nearly three hours. As he stroked his rigid penis in appreciation, Edward couldn't help but wonder how the film would play in front of an audience? Imagine for example the reaction of Miss Sharma's wealthy clientele should the film be distributed to them via the GP's database that had come into his possession, or better still her very traditional, upstanding Brahmin parents?

He put those two questions to the young doctor when they first met, just to gauge her reaction. He'd already sent a couple of his favourite stills, blown up to A4 size so that every detail could be appreciated, to the surgery. He'd called her the following day when he knew she would be free, ignored her outraged bluster, and arranged a meeting in a very public environment at very short notice, just to keep her on the back foot and to ensure that she didn't have time to arrange anything unexpected.

She was even more spectacular close up. He smiled as she approached his table, he was going to enjoy this. It didn't take too long to break her. He was, after all, most experienced at this sort of thing. Whereas she was relatively young and almost heart-breakingly naive. The conversation went as expected.

She tried to demand the pictures back first of all, which simply made him smile again. Really! Did she think he'd gone to all this trouble just to meekly hand over her compromising pictures?

Then she'd gone for her purse and taken out a chequebook. How much did he want? This made him laugh outright rather than just smile. She wasn't to know that he didn't need the money, but the idea that he, a blackmailer, would take a cheque did amuse him somewhat. He noticed as her lower lip began to tremble. Although he was very much looking forwards to her tears, it didn't seem sensible for her to make a scene in this very upmarket place, at this particular time.

Instead he explained that he didn't particularly want to send the photos, or indeed the lengthy video to her colleagues, or her family for that matter. He would, for example, much rather spend some time with her. The look of shock on her beautiful, rather haughty face was almost enough on its own. He told her he was going to finish his coffee, and then they were going to go for a walk together. And then, before she could answer, told her that unless she behaved herself, the first recipient of the video would be social media.

She visibly blanched at that piece of information. He could see the cogs in her head whirring around as she digested the news. What she had to lose, what her girlfriend had to lose, the shame her family would have to endure. He could feel the familiar pressure in his pants as he watched her pretty face crumble and the first tears begin to slide down her perfect cheeks. She dabbed at her eyes with a napkin from the table.

"While I'm finishing my drink, I want you to go to the ladies and take off your knickers. What colour are your knickers by the way? And then I want you to bring them to back me in your hand."

He could remember his instructions to her in perfect detail. Also the look of complete shock on her face. Those were the sort of memories that money just couldn't buy. He could even remember what she was wearing on their first 'date'. A very pretty, smoke grey blouse over some sort of indistinguishable bra, a dark blue, knee-length pencil skirt, grey nylons, and blue, medium-heeled court shoes. And of course, he could remember her reply.

"Blue."

Even the single word was sexy, especially as she said it in her precise, upper-class way while wiping away her tears. He'd sent her on her way and settled back to enjoy the last dregs of his coffee. Would she come back? He was fairly sure she would. Would she maybe call the police? Why would she? She and her partner had so much to lose. He hadn't really expanded on Miss Daphne Lark's role in all this. He'd left that for the delightful Miss Sharma to worry over. And he had no doubt that was exactly what she was doing out there in the bathroom.

His patience was rewarded. Five minutes later she reappeared, slightly flustered perhaps and her left hand bunched up. She retook her seat and then slowly put her hand out, as if expecting him to reciprocate. He had merely sat with his hands in his lap. She bit her lower lip and looked at him pleadingly.

"P...please, you said..."

"Leave them on the desk for me, Miss Sharma."

She opened her mouth as if to say something, but then closed it.

"Miss Sharma!"

His voice took on a harder edge. He was interested in seeing how she would react to an order rather than a request. Slowly, painfully slowly, she opened her hand and deposited a small heap of sky blue nylon on the table. For a moment, Edward didn't move. He just sat and watched the colour seep up her beautiful face. She raised her eyes to his, as if willing for him to snatch her knickers up off the tablecloth and hide them somewhere. Instead he casually leaned forward and picked them up with the thumb and forefinger of both hands.

He watched her appalled face as he carefully examined her silken underwear. He could remember now how warm it still was in his hand and the look of sheer panic on her face as he held the delectable, delicate, lace-edged scrap up to his nose before inhaling deeply and loudly. Just to his left he noticed an elderly gentleman and his wife start to pay attention to what was going on. He held up the knickers to the light and heard a muffled 'Good Lord!' from the old gent's direction.

"Come, Miss Sharma," he said as he left a large denomination bank note on the table. "We should be going."

He held out one hand to hers as he deposited her underwear in his jacket pocket with the other.

“Really!” Snorted the elderly' gent's equally elderly wife.

And that was how his 'relationship' with Dr Helen Sharma had started. She really was a delightful catch. She was a natural submissive, as so many Asian women were. But that didn't stop him from enjoying her servility. She was simultaneously snooty and shy, arrogant and self-effacing. In other words, almost the perfect woman to add to his ever-expanding group of interesting contacts.

Edward had her and he knew it. From the moment she agreed to meet him in that cafe, he knew that blackmailing her would be easy. The incident with her knickers, which he still had of course, only confirmed it. He'd walked her back to her own front door like a gentleman, only succumbing to the temptation of cupping her naked brown, bottom cheek under her skirt a couple of times. She'd squirmed a little and complained in a quiet voice, but did nothing to draw attention to herself or her knicker-less situation.

He'd demanded a kiss when he reached her house, or rather her parent's house. He'd enjoyed the look of sheer panic in her eyes as she glanced nervously at the front windows. He'd taken his time, holding her by the shoulders before leaning over to kiss her. She resisted for a second but then acquiesced as if that was the path of least resistance. Taking his opportunity he managed to insert his tongue into her mouth.

“I'll be in touch. I expect you to do as I say...or else,” he explained as he took his leave.

At the next meeting with Helen Sharma, he wasn't quite so gentlemanly. He made her take off her stylish woollen skirt and then thoroughly spanked her. From the tops of her buttocks to the backs of her knees. He'd was delighted to discover that she'd never even been scolded in her entire life, much less chastised. He was so delighted in fact that, after a thirty minute inspection of her bruised and battered behind, he produced a little leather paddle and started the whole process over again.

And then, rather than simply fucking her, he started her off on a simple blow-job. She was terrible of course, the poor thing just hadn't had the experience. Rather than punish her again as he really should have done, Edward took the time out of his own busy schedule to educate the Indian doctor. He remembered explaining the various techniques as she looked pleadingly at him with those gorgeous, brown eyes.

Over time his patience had been rewarded. Through sheer hard work and perseverance, he managed to turn her from a novice into a premium cock-sucker. The advantage being of course was that he was starting with a completely blank canvas and he could therefore instruct her in exactly how he personally liked his cock to be sucked. Knowing he was the first and, taking her sexual proclivities into account, probably the last to insert his penis into her unwilling oral cavity was quite a perverse little thrill in itself.

And throughout all her humbling, he'd never interfered with her regular life. Although he threatened all sorts of things, the simple truth was that he didn't want to lose the Asian beauty as a playmate. She wasn't to know that of course and he enjoyed keeping her in an agony of suspense. But, a year or so down the line and she was still a much respected doctor, still lived with her parents and still had her lesbian lover. And the upside of that was that she was still his. He still controlled her and she was still at his beck and call.

Take that evening for example, he was at a bit of a lose end. It was Friday afternoon and he wanted a little entertainment that evening. All he had to do was to use his untraceable burner phone, which he changed on a regular basis, to call the one number on it. When she answered, which she invariably did, his cock always pulsed with excitement. He could just imagine her aristocratic face twitching with disgust when she realised who her caller was. When she answered with the faux enthusiasm that she knew he liked, he explained carefully what he wanted from her that evening.

She was to dress in her best suit and her most expensive lingerie, and her favourite heels. As if they were going out for a business lunch together and she really needed to impress him. Then he'd taken her to dinner at a really very exclusive restaurant. He'd enjoyed his meal very much, almost as much as watching Dr Sharma pick tentatively at hers. She knew him very well by now, and realised that he'd planned something unpleasant for her, as he invariably did. And therefore she couldn't relax, which was his intention of course.

But nothing actually happened in the restaurant. He didn't get her to remove any clothing, or make her blow him under the table, or publicly humiliate her in some way. In fact he was the soul of discretion. That was until they were making their way back to his car. Suddenly he took her by the elbow and steered

her down a dark, quiet alley. She looked across at him nervously, but he ignored her. Near the bottom of the alley were two elderly, unkempt tramps.

“Here she is, gentlemen. I apologise for her appearance, she's all I could get at short notice. Although she does like it rough, so I hear?”

He gave her a little push in the small of her back and watched as she tottered over to the two large, rough-looking figures.

“You'll behave yourself, doctor, if you know what's good for you,” he whispered to her, as he took out a camera.

The next hour or so saw the haughty Indian doctor subjected to a harrowing experience as the tramps took it in turn to grope her, remove items of her clothing, spank her, give several blow jobs and then fuck her in the seedy, filthy back lane. As he recorded her debasement with one hand, Edward lazily masturbated with the other. The whole thing was going very well, the stinking old men were clearly enjoying themselves whereas, Dr Sharma obviously wasn't.

But on the other hand she wasn't shrieking or calling for help either. That was part of the pleasure he realised, having an attractive, middle-class, professional woman so under his control that she didn't even think of trying to avoid the intensely humiliating scenarios that he planned for her. Both he and Helen Sharma knew that she would do virtually anything to avoid the large body of evidence that he had regarding her sexuality being made public knowledge. He turned up the recording volume on his camera, just to make sure he got everything.

Chapter 10

Edward Harmon was back in the Cropton cafe again, and so was Eleanor Langley. They were sat at two different tables. Just to one side at another table and almost equidistant from both of them, sat Caroline and Virginia Jackson. Mother and daughter seemed to meet there on a regular basis on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons immediately after the school day had finished. Which was a handy fact to know though Edward as he pretended to be engrossed in his local newspaper.

He glanced across at Eleanor, but she seemed to be particularly interested in something that was going on with her mobile phone. And then leaned forward a little so that he could listen in to the conversation on the neighbouring table.

“Paula at work says should change my hair colour mother. What do you think?” Virginia asked her mother, while running a hand through her red hair.

“Oh dear, darling. She sounds awfully plebeian. What sort of friend talks about changing the colour of one's hair? Your hair is perfect as it is, it's a beautiful colour!”

“I know, mummy. She's not really a friend. She's just another teacher.”

“Really, Ginny dear. I'll never understand why you felt the need to mix with those sorts of people. All you had to do was speak with daddy. He has lots of associates who could probably have found you something more suitable, if that's what you really want?”

Virginia was silent for a second. Perhaps she would speak to her father.

“I don't know, mummy. I'm so looking forward to the holidays though. I do think I deserve a bit of a break.”

“That's true darling. Although we could only get the villa for a month this year.”

Virginia sighed and then smiled happily.

“I do love Mykonos, mummy. Even when it's packed with tourists.”

“The villa won't be packed, dear. It's very quiet and well off the beaten track.”

“Off course not, when are we going again?”

“The first Monday after you break up, Ginny. Daddy's already booked a cab to the airport. I've cancelled the milk and although I've told everyone that we're going away for a month, I haven't told them where. And I've made it very plain that we'll be uncontactable for that period. We both deserve a month of pampering and complete isolation from the rest of the world.”

Both women giggled excitedly and went on to discuss their favourite brand of sun cream at some length. Edward was probably the only person who noticed that Eleanor was making for the door.

“They are such a pair of fucking bitches!” She panted. “Arrogant and...and stupid. So bloody stupid!”

Eleanor was still fuming an hour after they'd left the cafe separately but arrived at her nice little, quiet house at approximately the same time.. They were in bed together, having very consensual sex which was quite an achievement as far as Edward was concerned. And, despite his rather lacklustre appearance, it was an area in which he was extremely well versed and well-practised. Eleanor seemed quite happy with his performance anyway. He'd lost count of the number of times they'd happily tumbled between the sheets in the late afternoon.

There was just something about her that he liked. She was witty and intelligent and just, damned good company. She was also pretty athletic and sexually ambitious which was another big plus. It was really quite weird, he mused, as he pumped in and out of her at a steady, controlled speed. After half a lifetime of debauchery it seemed as if he'd actually found someone who liked him for himself.

She had no idea about him, of course. She didn't even know his real name, and he'd certainly never taken her to his house. Years of planning and strategy had made him naturally secretive. She didn't even know that he was relatively wealthy either. But knowing her as he now did, it probably wouldn't matter much to her anyway. She seemed happy enough just chatting and having casual sex.

“Did you hear them going on about their bloody Greek villa!?”

Edward grunted his agreement, he was a little close to the edge for rational discussion.

"The two of them are planning a month's trip, whereas Gwennie's still having psychiatric care! The thoughtless cows!"

Edward started to move his hips a little quicker, he had that familiar feeling again. Just the talk regarding the two Jackson's, mother and daughter, was having the required effect. As he squeezed himself further into her, even Eleanor stopped talking and wrapped her legs around him. He could feel himself starting to tense up, he increased his rhythm. She pulled him harder into her and groaned. He forced himself to delay as long as he could, feeling her begin to increase her own rhythm until he couldn't resist it anymore and they both came in a huge, explosive climax.

He rolled off her and lay gasping and staring at the ceiling. His heart still pounding and the adrenaline flowing through him. She turned her head to look at him, leaned over and stroked his chest.

"What are you thinking about love?"

He turned to her and smiled.

"You wouldn't like what I'm thinking about love."

For a second he allowed his mind to wander to the idea of the two Jackson women strapped side by side over a whipping bench and having their backsides striped with a cane.

"Try me?"

He stroked her cheek tenderly and decided to go for it.

"I'm thinking what the Jacksons have done to you and your sister and her husband is wrong. It upsets me when you're upset. And I think...I think..."

She levered herself up onto one elbow

"What do you think, Edward?"

"I think all three of them should be made to suffer for what they've done. Because if not, you'll never have closure and the whole thing will eat away at you...and I don't think I could accept that."

He was half expecting her to slap him, or at least to storm out of the room. But instead she let her finger run down her chest and towards his cock. She brushed over it and gently took his balls in her hand.

"And just how, my darling, are we going to make them suffer?"

She shuffled down the bed and took his limp cock in her mouth, swirling it with her tongue and sparking it back into life.

She looked at him sulkily while he explained just why going to Mykonos to confront the Jacksons was a bad idea. Although as she was wearing just a flimsy, white and pink negligee, it was hard to take her pouting seriously.

"One, Mykonos is an island and therefore it's easy to check tourists as they enter and leave. Unless you have a fake passport, maybe?"

Edward did, two in fact, but that was hardly the issue.

"Two, How do you propose to access a remote, anonymous villa without leaving clues even the dumbest policeman could spot? Three, what are the Mykonos police like anyway? Any ideas? Are they bribable or not? They probably are, but how do we know? Four. Do you know anyone on Mykonos if things go wrong? And five, how many words of Greek to you speak?"

He counted off each problem as he spoke. She muttered a little under her breath, but Edward could tell that she understood.

"So what do you propose, Sherlock?"

He smiled back at her. Now she was going to step into his world, albeit very temporarily.

"Speaking from a strictly theoretical viewpoint of course, I'd say that the best time to take control of the Jackson family would be when they least expect it. Perhaps, for example, just as they're packing for a foreign holiday?"

She looked at him curiously.

"Everyone's packing, everyone's happy, everyone's relaxed. They finish, they wait for a taxi. The taxi is allowed to into the grounds. But the cab isn't from their regular taxi provider. Someone has called them and cancelled the original booking,"

He looked at her, meaningfully.

"Instead a private hire company has picked up the fare. A very private hire company with just the one car and the one driver. The taxi driver knocks on the door and then..."

Chapter 11

Henry Jackson turned his back on the skinny older guy in his doorway and shouted over his shoulder. "Ladies, your carriage awaits!"

He turned around to speak to the cab driver but his words caught in his throat. The man in the hat had produced a gun. A small, black, lethal looking thing that was suddenly pointed at his head.

"J...Jesus...what do you w...want?"

"I want you to kneel down and look at me, Mr Jackson. And then put your hands on your head. If you don't do that within the next five seconds. I'm going to shoot you in one knee. One, two."

The noise of the gun being cocked was horribly loud in the hall.

Henry wasn't a hero, and had no intention of being one. Quickly he did as he was told and looked, round-eyed, at the gun still pointing straight at him.

"L...look, if it's money..."

"Shut the fuck up, or I'll shoot you!"

"Coming, darling," called out a woman's voice.

There was a clump of heels on the wooden staircase as two people descended.

"Where are you, Henry? Oh my God!! What's happening?"

Caroline Jackson put her hand to her mouth, just like the heroine of a film might have done.

"Shut up, and kneel!"

The gun pointed briefly at the terrified woman.

P...please. We...we don't have anything..."

He moved towards her threateningly and she immediately knelt just behind her husband.

"What's going on, I thought I heard..."

Virginia squealed as she took in the scene in front of her. Almost on cue, Edward felt Eleanor standing by his side. Like him she was wearing a suit and tie, but unlike him she was wearing a mask. She drew her own gun and pointed it at Virginia, who didn't have to be told what to do. She knelt alongside her parents. Edward held out his hand for his mask, which Eleanor had carried for him while she hid in the car.

He glanced at his watch, although it felt like an hour had passed he knew from experience that it had only been a matter of a minute or two since he'd rang the doorbell, but already the three Jacksons had been subdued. Edward didn't really like guns and he'd never used one in his life. He was a little nervous even with harmless replicas like these, but they had served a purpose. Within seconds he'd zip tied the Jacksons so their hands were bound behind their backs. He was very much more at home with zip ties. The guns could safely be pocketed now.

Although his heart was beating wildly, as it always did in these sort of incidents, he managed to stay cool and think. He picked up one of the leather bags that Eleanor had deposited in the hall at his feet and then he took Henry by the collar and half walked, half dragged him across the polished wooden floor. The man's expensive leather-soled brogues scrabbled for purchase, but Edward didn't relent. He knew from experience that he needed to keep the man in a state of terror.

Behind him, Eleanor remembered her instructions. He'd made her go over them enough times. As if on automatic she shouted at the two red-haired women to lay flat on the ground, which to her gratification they did immediately. She strolled forward and put a foot on Caroline Jackson's neck. The woman squealed when she felt the pressure of the shoe. Alongside her, she heard Virginia give a little sob of terror. Eleanor smiled under her mask. They didn't sound quite so snooty now, did they?

"Not a sound, bitches!" She instructed.

Edward meanwhile was busily using some of the contents of the bag to busily hogtie Henry Jackson. He'd never tied a man up before, but the technique was very much the same as tying up a woman, he discovered. Shoes removed, ankles taped, knees taped in a bending position, wrists taped over the zip ties. A good quality leather collar, tightly buckled around his neck, and then to finish, high tensile cord from the D ring on his collar to his wrists. And then a second leash from the wrist to the ankle. Henry was now

on his stomach, knees bent, and head up. Finally more tape around his wound around his head to cover his mouth, but clearance at the nose to allow him to breathe.

Edward was more relaxed now. he made his way back to the ladies and was amused to see Eleanor using her foot to grind Caroline Jackson's head into the, no doubt very expensive, wooden flooring that ran the length of the hall. He strolled to her and cupped her buttocks through her masculine-looking pinstriped pants. The two of them were dressed identically in white shirts, dark suits and dark ties. Nothing weird or outlandish, or particularly remarkable. The only weird thing were their masks. Matching Mickey Mouse ones that had a certain absurd but chilling quality about them, he thought.

He squatted by the side of Virginia and stroked her luscious mane of red hair.

"Now, ladies. Whatever are we going to do with you two?"

Although the Jacksons didn't know of course, that question was purely rhetorical. Edward and Eleanor had planned this in great detail. Over dinner, or with a glass of wine in their hands, or more usually as a prelude to sex. Edward had gone carefully at first until he realised that Eleanor meant every word and that her ideas for the Jacksons weren't merely the words of a fantasist. She really did hate all three of them with a passion.

Gradually he'd talked it through until he was certain and then one day had proposed that rather than just talk about what they would like to do, why not just go ahead and do it? It was a watershed in their relationship. That was the moment when it all became real. Rather than recoil in disgust at what he said, she looked him in the eye and said.

"Darling, I never thought you'd ask."

That night's sex was the best ever. And the following morning the plan was put into action. If Eleanor was surprised by the speed and detail with which everything came together, she never mentioned it. Within three weeks, everything was prepared and the plan had been gone over and over again until she was dreaming about her role in it. Her main target was definitely Henry Simon Jackson, the man who destroyed Reardon Engineering, her brother in law, and her sister's mental health. She knew all about him and his shady business dealings, and she had definite plans for him.

However, first thing first, she had a score or two to settle with the snooty bitch who was currently squirming under her foot. She took a good handful of the woman's hair and dragged her weeping and struggling up a flight of stairs.

"P...please...please...let us go. We...we won't tell anyone I p...promise."

Eleanor ignored her, picked up her own leather bag, and carried on up the curved staircase, towing the helpless woman behind her until they reached a bedroom. Eleanor pushed her in, and closed the door behind her with a bang.

Downstairs, Edward pulled Virginia to her feet by the collar of her pink blouse.

"And I guess that just leaves me and you, eh sweet cheeks?"

He reached out a finger and swept up a big, fat tear that had started to slide down her face. He picked up his bag of tricks from the floor and pushed her ahead of him up the stairs. He asked her where her bedroom was and followed her into it. My oh my, she was a sumptuous little morsel! The sort of thing that only a surfeit of money, breeding, private schools and arrogance could produce.

The room was, of course, beautifully decorated and furnished. It simply reeked of wealth. Everything in it was tasteful and expensive.

"Please don't hurt me," she begged as she turned her pretty face to him. "Please, we haven't done anything to you"

He stared at her through the eyeholes of his mask, enjoying her look of abject terror.

I...I'm sure daddy has lots of money in the house," she added when she realised that appealing to his better nature wasn't going to work.

"He...he'll give you all of it. I'm sure...all of it!"

Her voice had risen an octave or two. He liked it when they started to panic, started to realise whatever was going to happen was out of their control. And that was one of the most thrilling things about the whole experience as far as he was concerned. The transfer of power from the arrogant and entitled to those who they considered their social inferiors was certainly sweet. He'd seen this girl a dozen times before today, but she hadn't paid him a blind bit of notice. He was too old, too poor, too ugly maybe to attract her attention and therefore she was oblivious to him

In one sense that was a distinct advantage. His own underwhelming appearance was one of the things that allowed him to get close to his unsuspecting victims. Also a reaction he used to get business rivals to underestimate him. But in another sense it was quite wearying and painful. Being ignored wasn't a thing that anyone should have to get used to or accept. Similarly, being rich and pretty shouldn't be enough to give someone a free pass, no matter how cruel their behaviour.

Chapter 12

In her mind, Eleanor had played this scene over and over. The bitch wife of the man that had caused her and her family so much pain and misery knelt submissively at her feet. But now that her fantasy had come true, it was all a little overwhelming. Edward had told her it might be like this. At the time she'd just assumed that he was imaging the situation, like her. But over time she'd come to realise that his calm, organised, efficient planning could only mean one thing, he'd done this before.

At first the very idea of a meek, inoffensive gentleman like Edward having experience in this sort of thing made her smile a little. As far as she knew, he was a kindly, considerate person. Even during their increasingly frequent sexual games, he had always been a generous lover. Always seeking her permission before indulging. But the whole efficient entry into the Jackson's house and their quick subjugating only confirmed her earlier suspicion. He'd definitely done this, or something like this before.

But, and she realised she found this quite astonishing, she realised that she just didn't care. Once she'd seen the massive mansion and the wealth it obviously contained, reason seemed to go out of the window. The luxury she could see all around her had been bought and paid for at what cost? Edward had told her all about the seedy underworld that Henry Jackson inhabited. Apparently he'd spent time researching and had a dossier outlining all his exploits.

And although she didn't ask exactly why he'd been investigating Henry Jackson and his family, the evidence didn't make for pleasant reading. It was quite unequivocal, right there in front of her in black and white. Jackson had swindled poor Alan and Gwennie out of their business, their home and their life savings. Then he'd stripped the business of its assets and put all those people out of work. And not only Reardon Engineering, several previously thriving businesses had been bought at knockdown prices and then dismembered in a similar way.

Eleanor remembered crying as she read the incriminating dossier. Here was the evidence that proved what she'd long suspected, Henry Jackson was a bastard and largely responsible for Alan's death and Gwen's subsequent breakdown. Her mind was set, she had to do something about it, but how? Jackson, and his snooty arrogant family, had to be made to suffer. And if Edward had the wherewithal to do that, she didn't really care how it was going to be done.

She looked down at the entitled woman looking up at her from the carpet.

"Please, please...Look, I can give you money if..."

Slaap!

The force of the blow and the echo it produced startled even Eleanor. How dare the bitch!? How bloody dare she attempt to bribe her with her dead brother in law's own money!? She pulled the woman up by her hair and back into a kneeling position. She was crying now, really crying. The tears were streaming down her face. Her pale-skinned cheek showed the imprint of Eleanor's fingers. With a jolt, Eleanor realised that she'd taken the first steps in her plan for retribution. There was no going back now.

Edward, further down the corridor of the same floor, was having no such qualms. The red-headed young teacher was already sucking at his straining cock. He was sat in a chair naked from the waist down, his skinny, hairless legs wrapped around Ginny's head and neck. She had gone quite a delightful bright red colour as she started to struggle for air. His engorged cock filling her throat and his legs further regulating her air supply. She was gasping and crying and her face was already covered in her snot and tears and his pre-cum. He watched her go an even deeper red for a few seconds before slowly releasing her and then pulling her off him.

She coughed and spluttered and the drool ran from her lips. Edward watched her dispassionately for a while as he struggled to get her breathing back under control. He inserted a finger under her chin before slowly bringing her eyes back up to meet his. The fear in her green eyes was quite enough to make his penis give an involuntary little twitch. But, as he'd discovered, everything came to those who waited.

"So, my snooty little bitch, what do you have to say for yourself?"

She looked up at him questioningly but remained silent. He dropped a hand and took one of her nipples in a firm grip eliciting a squeal.

"When I ask a question, bitch. I expect it to be answered."

He twisted it back the opposite way making her squeal a little more loudly.

"Tell me a little about yourself, what's your name, for instance?"

Edward probably knew more about her than any other man alive apart from her father, but looking at her and hearing her speak was quite exciting.

"My n...name is G...Ginny," she managed to stutter. "Please don't h...hurt me."

He reached back down to her nipple and twisted it. Once she'd stopped screaming he spoke again.

"I want you to tell me about yourself, Ginny. I don't want you to beg just yet. There'll be plenty of time for that later. Never presume to talk to me about thing that I'm not interested in. Is that clear?"

"Yes...sorry."

He stretched her nipple again.

"That's yes, sir. Ginny."

"Y...yes, sir". She gasped.

"Good girl, Ginny. I can tell we're going to get along just fine. Carry on please, dear."

"My name is G...Ginny J...Jackson. I'm 23. I'm a t...teacher."

He stroked her cheek a little.

"A teacher, hey? Whereabouts do you teach, G...Ginny J...Jackson?" He asked in a mocking sort of tone.

Ginny swallowed nervously as he imitated her stutter. He seemed oddly at ease despite the situation.

"Cropton high School," she told him. And then squealed as her sore nipple was cruelly twisted again.

"I'm sure you mean Cropton High School, sir, Ginny? Shall we try again?" He asked in his deceptively mild way.

"Cropton High School, sir."

"And how's that going for you, Ginny dear?" He asked conversationally.

She licked her lips anxiously. Was he serious? Now he sounded like a concerned uncle.

"O...okay, I guess...sir?" She realised just in time.

"Are you a good teacher do you think, Ginny?"

"I think so, yes sir."

"You don't sound very convinced, Ginny. Perhaps we'll revisit that topic later?"

She blinked owlishly, what did he mean by that?

"So tell me about your boyfriend, Ginny. Perhaps you'll have more knowledge about that subject?"

"I...I, erm...I don't have a boyfriend right now,"

"You're not a lesbian are you? A lezzy teacher? I don't agree with that sort of thing you know?"

"N...no, I'm not a lesbian. I just don't have a boyfriend at the moment."

"Haha. You're not a virgin are you. Please don't tell me you're a virgin?"

"No, I'm not!" She declared indignantly.

"So, if you're not a virgin you must be a slut? Is that what you mean?"

She shook her head, angrily. He smiled, he so liked flustering her like this.

"And you haven't called me sir for a while. Don't think I haven't noticed."

He squeezed her nose between his finger and thumb before pulling her back towards him. Slowly he wrapped his legs around her head and drew her back onto his swollen cock.

Eleanor felt a slightly guilty flutter in her sex as she brought the bedroom slipper crashing down onto Caroline Jackson's writhing backside. The entitled bitch was certainly feeling it. Her bottom and her upper thighs were absolutely covered in the red blotches that the slipper produced. Once again, Caroline's beautifully pale skin showed up the effect of the slipper. Eleanor gave the frantically wriggling backside another very firm stroke. She was naked, Eleanor had taken Edward's advice that stripping a posh woman like Caroline Jackson would have the immediate effect of undermining her self-confidence.

She found herself remarkably unaffected by the woman's begging and pleading. All she had to do, for example, was to remember that morning's visit to go and see Gwen in that horrible place they were treating her. That look of hopelessness and defeat on her sister's face was enough to harden her own heart.

Slaap!

Slaap!

Slaap!

Eleanor realised that despite her earlier misgivings, she was really beginning to enjoy herself now. Did that make her a bad person, she wondered? And then, as she brought the stiff-soled slipper down yet again causing the woman to scream out, she knew that she just didn't care if it did. What she was doing was extremely cathartic, instant justice. Dealt out to the transgressor on behalf of the transgressed. The thought made her smile and she rubbed the surface of Caroline's bare bottom, marvelling at the heat it was producing.

When even that pleasure ceased to amuse, Eleanor ordered the woman to her feet. As she stood there, naked with tears pouring down her flushed face, Eleanor took out her phone and filmed her. And then, to her surprise, she couldn't resist rubbing herself through her trousers. It was quite a thrill, she realised, to subjugate a grown woman like this. Had she become a lesbian now? Even if she wasn't she had a sudden desire to make the older woman lick her. Hadn't Edward told her that she could do whatever she wanted to the arrogant bitch?

She opened her unfamiliar trousers and underwear and let them slip to her ankles. Sitting on the bed she clicked her fingers and pointed downwards. The woman didn't even try to resist, she just slumped to her knees dejectedly. Taking a firm grip on her hair, Eleanor steered the woman between her legs. Anything she wanted that wasn't unreasonable, she remembered Edward's exact words. And this, as far as she was concerned, seemed eminently reasonable.

"Lick me," was all she had to say.

Downstairs, on his own in the living room, Henry Jackson was silently weeping. He'd realised to his horror that he couldn't move a muscle no matter how hard he fought against the rope and the tape which left him bound in such a humiliating position on his own carpet in his own house. The realisation was quite chilling. This wasn't some sort of random burglary by greedy, opportunist thieves. This was very professional. The entry into his home had taken seconds, and he'd been tied up quickly, methodically, and with the minimum of fuss. Yes, professional was the word he'd use.

That could only mean that someone had caught up with him. Something from his past had stirred and organised this just for him. He'd rolled over onto his side to try and alleviate the stress on his knees and then immediately half choked himself before bending his knees a little further. From there he ran through his obvious enemies. That was quite a long list, he had to admit. He'd pulled so many strokes that he was sure he'd forgotten some of them.

It wasn't as if he was a bad person, he thought self-pityingly. He hadn't set out with the original intention of stealing. But...well, people were generally so stupid and guileless. Some of them almost needed swindling, some of them begged for it. They didn't take the necessary precautions, and he had punished them for it. He had an irrational hatred for pretend businessmen, as he liked to refer to them. People who really didn't have a clue but thought of themselves as entrepreneurs or business experts.

And although he had no respect for them, they were easy to deal with. Those sorts of self-important idiots were really his bread and butter. The naive, the unwary, the downright greedy, he'd dealt with them all. And his success was displayed all around him for everyone to see. His house, his cars, his trophy wife, his expensively educated daughter, his various semi-secret bank accounts all bore testimony to his skill. But now, if he wasn't mistaken, someone had caught up with him.

He tried to force himself to be calm. He'd faced down lots of aggressive punters in the past, all it took was a little bit of nerve and a lot of bullshit, a commodity that he had plenty of. He had to figure out who these intruders in his house might be. There were at least two of them, there may be more. He had to tread very, very carefully and find out just what it was that they wanted. Everyone had a price, and Henry Jackson was fairly sure he could meet whatever their financial demands might be.

Eleanor closed her eyes as she was brought to another shuddering climax. The woman between her legs seemed to have worked out that licking her out, although distasteful, was less painful than having her bottom beaten and was working away assiduously. Exhausted she pulled the woman from her. Her heart was pounding, she needed time to think.

"Clean my shoes for me, bitch."

Eleanor was wearing a pair of stylish, black brogues. They were brand new and hardly worn, but she still wanted them cleaned. It was another way of exercising her newly-found power and she was gratified to feel the woman's tongue pushing against the shiny, black leather.

Chapter 13

"Let me see you in your school ma'am outfit, Ginny. Let's see how you tantalise those poor boys at the High School?"

He'd released her hands and allowed her to tidy herself up and to wash his foul semen from her face and neck.

Ginny tried to blink away her tears, she didn't like the sound of this. Her throat still ached from being invaded by his cock, and her bottom still ached from the humiliating spanking he'd just given. Therefore she wasn't exactly confident that this was going to turn out any better for her. But what were her options.? The mad person in the Mickey Mouse mask was still in her bedroom, staring at her. Hurriedly she went to her drawer and took out some underwear. At least she was going to be wearing some clothes.

"Do you have stockings, Ginny dear? I do love a woman in stockings. Black ones if you have them."

She did have black, self-supporting stockings and she teamed them with a pair of silky, black knickers. She couldn't see his expression of course, but she sort of assumed he'd be impressed. She'd certainly never had any complaints in that department. She debated whether to wear a pair of pants with her stockings, but somehow she didn't think he'd be too happy about that and she settled for her longest skirt, a pleated, royal blue one that reached down to her knees. Her blouse was a modest, long-sleeved, black cotton affair that covered her push-up blue bra. She buttoned the sleeves at her wrists and left just one button open at her neck. And then turned to him questioningly.

"Hair and make-up, slut" He ordered.

Biting her lip, she did as she was told. Was anything going to happen to stop this man she wondered, to make him go away and leave them alone? Had mummy or daddy called the police? Indeed where were mummy and daddy. She thought she'd heard a scream now and then, which was mummy presumably, but where was daddy? For a second she imagined that somehow he'd escaped and was bringing help, or better still, the police.

She looked at herself in her make-up mirror. She was ready and, as usual, she looked good. She knew she had many, many male admirers at Cropton High. Any one of whom she could twist around her little finger. What she wouldn't give to have that sort of effect on the horrible man she could see standing behind her in just a jacket and tie and that creepy bloody mask. His penis, she couldn't help but notice was once again coming back to attention.

Which in her mind at least proved that he wasn't gay and that he did fancy her. Surely she could use that to her advantage? She turned back to him slightly more confidently, but then watched as he slowly unbuckled his belt and slid it out of the loops of his slacks.

"P...please, no. I...I did as you said."

"Shut up, Virginia!" He ordered, brusquely. I've told you about speaking out of turn, haven't I?"

"Yes...sir," she remembered again just in time.

"Too late for that now, you've earned yourself a spanking, I'm afraid."

Her bottom lip trembled as he approached, an image he found entirely stimulating. From his pocket he produced a pair of handcuffs and snapped them around her slim wrists. And then, rather than beating her, he used the belt as a sort of halter around her neck and led her out of the bedroom. As the two of them passed her mother's bedroom, Ginny could hear the sound of something striking female flesh and her mother howling and begging for mercy.

The man ignored what was going on and led her downstairs and into the ornate living room. Almost in the centre of it lay her poor father, trussed up like one of those chickens in the supermarket.

"Please, oh please...what have you done to him?" She began.

"He's okay, look."

Edward kicked the man flush in the stomach, which brought about an immediate gasping reaction.

"He's fine...for the moment. But his health partly depends on you and mummy, Virginia. Any nonsense from either of you two and I'm afraid it's bang! And goodbye daddy, know what I mean?"

"Yes, sir," she answered weakly. Seeing her father like this had quite knocked the stuffing out of her. He hadn't escaped and he hadn't called the police, he was lying on the carpet, bound and gagged.

“And anyway, it's you I have to deal with, not daddy. You've been a naughty girl and you need a sound spanking. We've agreed that. I just thought daddy may like to watch? You are his special little girl, after all?”

She didn't resist as he led her over to the sofa and sat himself down on it. He pulled her over his lap and then slowly and carefully removed the belt from her neck before doubling it over.

“Jackson! Look over here, yes over here. I'm going to thrash Ginny with this belt. And while I do so, and when she screams and cries, I want you both to know that it's entirely your fault. You've been a naughty boy, Henry, and you've upset some very serious people. I want you to watch me stripe your daughter's backside. If you take your eyes from me, even for a second, I'm going to start leathering her from the beginning again.”

Henry tried to beg, to plead, to say please, please don't do this. But his mouth was so heavily taped that it just came out as unintelligible garbage. He watched, horrified as the man slowly rolled his daughter's skirt up the backs of her legs and tucked it into her waistband. Then, her black knickers were worked down her thighs. Henry longed to look away, but he simply daren't. He had no doubt that the man would enjoy carrying out his earlier threat. His eyes watched in horrified fascination as the belt was raised and then brought down again with terrific force.

“Aaaargh!”

Ginny simply howled with the shock of the first blow. That had caught her almost by surprise and had hurt so much!

Craack!

A second stroke followed the first and produced a similar reaction.

Craack!

She fought madly, but he was stronger than he looked. Plus her arms were locked painfully behind her back, so she was completely trapped.

Craack!

Craack!

Craack!

She flung her head back and screamed. It was just too much. She'd never so much as been slapped in her entire life. That sort of thing just didn't happen to girls of her social standing.

Craack!

Craack!

Craack!

And this was agony, absolute agony. As she tossed her head from side to side, he could see the tears rolling down her father's face. He was suffering. What the horrible man was doing to her was cruel enough, but the reaction on her father's face made it even worse somehow.

Craack!

Craack!

Craack!

“Sounds like some naughty little girl has been misbehaving?” Asked Eleanor, conversationally as the noise Ginny was making percolated up the stairs and into Caroline's bedroom. Not that she expected a reaction from the mother, not with half her foot jammed into the woman's mouth. She bent slightly and lifted the woman's head by her hair. The frightened expression, foolish expression almost made Eleanor laugh, but instead she pushed her sweaty sock a little bit further into Caroline's mouth making her gag slightly.

“I asked you a question, mummy?” She said, threateningly.

Generously she removed her foot before allowing Caroline to speak.

“Yes, sorry. Yes...please don't beat her any more. She's just a little girl...my little girl.”

Eleanor slapped her again. She so wished that she could tell this spoiled bitch about Alan, about Reardon Engineering, about her own little sister, but she couldn't. Instead she contented herself by slapping the silly, stuck-up bitch again.

“What you need to know is that every single stroke of the strap that your daughter receives is down to you and your scumbag husband. He's upset a lot of people, and we're here to make sure that he, you, and Ginny all know that. Now get on your knees and follow me.”

Caroline felt an impatient tug on her hair as the aggressive woman tugged her out of her own room and awkwardly down the curved stairwell. As they neared the living room, she could hear the voice of her poor daughter as she screamed almost constantly, only interrupted by the loud swish and crack of something striking her. Her fears were confirmed as they rounded the corner and entered the room.

On his side watching the horrible scene was her husband, Henry. Just in front of them on the sofa, her daughter was having her bare bottom thoroughly tanned by the vile little man in the mask. The noise that she was producing was just incredible. She writhed and fought, but the man in the mask seemed quite unperturbed and simply carried on with his task until he paused and looked up at her.

“Ah, there you, Caroline. Don't go anywhere will you? It's your turn next.”

Chapter 14

The two Jackson women, mother and daughter sat side by side facing the long mirror. They were naked and their wrists and ankles were taped to the arms and legs of their chair. They were also gagged, large, red, sponges had been inserted into their mouths and then fastened in place with a buckled strap around the backs of their heads. Partly because the aesthetic pleased Edward, and partly because his head ached with their constant caterwauling.

He'd explained to them, in a reasonable manner, that he was going to cut their hair and then shave their heads with a razor. The reason was twofold. First, both Caroline and Virginia seemed inordinately proud of their long, copper-coloured hair and this would therefore be a salutary lesson for the pair of them. And second, it would serve as a reminder that they were both being punished for the criminal activities of their husband and father.

And third, thought Edward as he took a firm grip on Caroline's tresses and prepared to hack off the first hank of perfectly coiffured hair, it would be a welcome addition to his little trophy collection. As he continued to slice away at her pride and joy, he watched the lock of horror on her tear-stained face. That look, as her hair fluttered over her bare shoulders and onto the floor, was one he wouldn't forget in a hurry. Once he'd cut it into an ugly, cropped fashion, he moved onto Virginia.

She started to shake her head, but he simply grabbed hold of her pony tail and used that as a leash to keep her head steady while he cut away as much hair as he could before, as a final gesture, slicing through the pony tail and placing it on her shoulder. Before he could move onto the electric razor and finish the job however, the increasing noise behind him caught his attention. He paused and turned around to watch as Eleanor slowly fucked Henry Jackson anally with a large plastic penis that she'd attached to her waist. A strap-on was the term, he believed?

The noises that managed to escape the tape around his mouth were becoming increasingly frantic. Edward watched with an amused smirk at the look of desperation in Jackson's eyes. The truth was that the unscrupulous bastard had fucked over enough people in his murky career, and now it was his turn to experience that feeling. And, although Jackson clearly wasn't enjoying the experience, Edward could see that Eleanor was. Which was another thing that made him happy.

In fact, as he returned to the Jackson ladies and started the electric razor, he realised that he too felt oddly happy. As if by assisting a powerless woman to achieve a modicum of revenge, he was actually doing something useful? As opposed to merely responding to his base, animal urges. As he applied the razor to the nape of Caroline's neck, he tried to imagine himself as some sort of protector of women's rights. Then he caught sight of himself in the mirror in just the top half of his suit and wearing a mask while about to shave a bound woman's head.

He had to laugh at himself. What the hell was he thinking?!

Behind him, Jackson's squealing had increased in time with Eleanor's thrusting. Even that was exciting him. He'd been worried about bringing Eleanor along with him at first, but she'd certainly showed her mettle and her presence had opened up a whole new avenue of possibilities as regards humiliation. He'd enjoyed watching her deal with young Ginny as she'd strapped her gain, and here she was most definitely teaching Henry Jackson the error of his ways. The razor cut a swathe through what remained of Caroline's hair as he held her head steady with his left hand.

Edward could just see Henry in the reflection of the mirror, and so could Caroline. He'd made both her and her daughter watch as they'd cut off his clothing and then tied him face down to the bed after slipping a number of pillows under his hips. He sat between the Jackson women, Caroline on his left and Virginia on his right, fondling whatever part of them that took his fancy and making sure that they kept up and watched what was happening to the man of the house.

First of all, Eleanor took out a thick leather strap that was attached to a wooden handle and then used it to absolutely thrash Henry Jackson's, hairy, naked arse. Edward nodded appreciatively, despite her earlier misgivings she was proving to be quite the disciplinarian. Even behind his tape gag, Edward could tell that Henry was really feeling it. He fought and squirmed but was bound very securely. The women on

either side of him were both crying and shaking, which only added to the entertainment as far as Edward was concerned.

Once she was tired, Eleanor had a break. She calmly replaced the strap in her bag and when down to the kitchen for a drink. Edward watched the man's frantic writhing carefully. Although it wasn't as exciting as strapping an unwilling young woman, there was fascination in witnessing a man's utter humiliation, especially in the presence of his wife and daughter. Henry eventually calmed a little, he probably thought his ordeal had come to an end?

That was until the door opened and Eleanor re-entered the room, but this time holding a long, heavy-looking cane in her hand. Henry, still bound to the bed, looked up as heard his wife and daughter gasp and cry. Then he caught sight of Eleanor in her mask and carrying her cane. She flexed it in front of him.

"Did you miss me, Henry?"

She walked around to the side of the bed before raising the cane and bringing it whistling down across his twin, up thrust globes.

Craaack!

"What was that you said?"

Craaack!

"I didn't quite catch that?"

The two women set up quite a cacophony of noise as they witnessed his ongoing, rather brutal punishment. That was until Edward utilised the two jaw-stretching ball gags to silence them. Didn't they look appealing like that, naked, ball-gagged and taped to their respective chairs? He took a few photographs for his collection. Meanwhile, Eleanor had finished flaying Henry Jackson's corrugated, blistering backside and had pushed his knees further forward on the bed which had the effect of making him kneel on it, rather than lie flat.

Edward watched as she took out her strap-on, and at the same time he reached into his own bag and resumed the necessary implements. The sharp scissors did they work, as Henry's evident discomfort manifested itself more and more. He looked at Caroline's face in the mirror again, the tears were streaming down it as she watched her hair rapidly being removed. Edward took his time, this sort of thing was really quite cathartic. And he wanted to make sure that Caroline remembered every minute of it.

By her side, Virginia seemed almost catatonic. While behind them, her father was anything but that, quite the opposite in fact. He bucked and writhed as he was being reamed, but he couldn't stop the pain. Edward knelt and carefully collected Caroline's shorn hair, which he put in a Ziploc bag with her name on. He straightened and then turned and watched Henry's red, swollen, tear-stained face screwed up in agony as Eleanor continued her pitiless assault.

He smiled to himself behind his mask. Some, at least, was enjoying herself. He turned back to the two women. He couldn't help himself stroking Caroline's almost bald head. Then he turned his attention to her daughter and ran his hand through her flowing red hair. He lifted it and then slipped his mask up before kissing the nape of her neck.

"I want you to remember, little Ginny. That this is all down to your father. That's why we're here. He's a been a very naughty boy and he's done some very bad things."

He licked her neck and felt her shudder at the contact.

"You do understand that, don't you?"

Virginia sobbed, but nodded slightly.

"You and your mother are both lazy, idle, vacuous idiots. But that's hardly a crime. I don't think you're evil either, but your father has hurt a great many people and he's made a lot of enemies. So we think that, as well as hurting him," Edward paused a little so that the sounds of her father's distress could be heard more clearly, "we need to hurt you. Just so that all three of you understand the hurt that his behaviour has caused other people," he whispered into her ear.

Then, without another word, he replaced his mask and turned on the electric razor.

Chapter 15

The two of them ended staying late into the evening before carefully packing the bags they'd brought with them. They'd also entertained themselves a little more with the reluctant Jackson family. But what Edward really wanted was information, so they'd taken all the phones and computers in the house, even Henry's carefully hidden laptop. Edward also took the opportunity to check and erase the CCTV images that had recorded their arrival, so that there was no record that their car or either of them had ever been on the premises.

Then, while Eleanor had taken charge of the two helpless exhausted Jackson women, Edward had taken Henry Jackson to a quiet room. There he explained what he knew, that Henry's business was a money-laundering scam. That Henry had defrauded investors in several of his enterprises, and that he'd cheated the tax man for twenty years at least. And, if Henry was as smart as he thought he was, he'd forget this visit to his house had ever happened.

From the look on the man's face, Edward realised that Henry Jackson understood exactly what he meant. He was after all, a man of the world. He'd pulled a lot of strokes in his time, and no doubt he'd suffered some losses. And he clearly knew, as they both did, that this was one of those times. The car was packed, Virginia Jackson was released from her tape bondage and instructed to release her parents from theirs. While she did so, Edward and Eleanor took their untraceable car and left the Jackson house. As he drove sedately away from the scene, Edward removed his mask and the woman by his side did the same.

He looked across at her, she looked back at him. She smiled.

“Oh my God, that was awesome!”

He laughed out loud and pressed the throttle a little harder, impatient to get to the luxurious hotel he'd booked for the two of them which was still a good hour's drive away.

THE END