

# **The Ice Queen**

*An ADULT Tale of Female Domination*

**By**  
**Miss Irene Clearmont**

**FDC**

## Copyright © 2016. All Rights Reserved

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the author.

First Edition

All rights reserved

© 2016 Miss Irene Clearmont

The right of Miss Irene Clearmont to be identified as author of this work (A Cruel Divorce) has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This tales of adult, explicit female domination is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

*For publisher information contact:*

Publisher Website: [www.FemDomcave.Com](http://www.FemDomcave.Com)  
Publisher Email: [editor@femdomcave.com](mailto:editor@femdomcave.com)

*For author information contact:*

Miss Irene Clearmont: [www.MissIreneClearmont.com](http://www.MissIreneClearmont.com)  
Email Comments: [Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com](mailto:Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com)

# **“The Ice Queen”**

**By  
Miss Irene Clearmont**

*She will own you in a single night...*

## Début

“So are you from round here then?”

Monica turned to see if the question was for her. A man stood beside her at the bar with a pint in his hand and smiled. The smile seemed genuine enough, but the pick-up opening was quite clear.

“The other side of London,” she replied vaguely.

He looked at the small badge in the lapel of her jacket and nodded.

“For the conference?”

“Of course, which branch are you from?”

The fact that the conversation had started without a hitch seemed to give him confidence and he turned to face her.

“Up north, in Bedford. I suppose that I could have driven down for the night, but a hotel is so much more convenient.”

“For what?”

“Er, I suppose that the traffic is a bit of a pain and anyway, I can’t drink if I have to drive back straight away.”

Monica lifted her glass and sipped the cognac as she inspected him. The mark from the ring on his finger was obvious, the quality of the suit and shirt proclaimed senior management and the scattering of grey hairs suggested an age of around fifty.

“I am giving one of the headline speeches first thing,” he said. “The Power of the Customer...”

“Bill Carson,” she replied. “Nice to meet you.”

“I suppose that makes me famous,” he said. “You will be in the audience?”

“No, I have a meeting at nine.”

Bill waited for her to perhaps introduce herself, but it seemed as if she was going to make him work for the conversation to continue.

“So what’s your line?” he asked. “Customer interface or services?”

“Neither actually, I just do this and that.”

From the cut of her dress she was obviously senior. Power dressing to the ninth degree. Bill felt suddenly uncomfortable and sipped at his pint in nervousness. This reserved woman was the only single woman left in the hotel bar, the only chance now that it was after eleven and most of the invitees to the conference had retreated to their rooms.

“Customer service is the most important part of our business,” he began. “In the end they hold the key to successful selling!”

A bored look crossed Monica’s face at his spiel and cut him off short as he realised that she was not interested in discussing corporate double-speak.

“Institutionalising the obvious is what management do...” was her reply.

Bill watched the bar empty and decided that he would have to be a little more direct.

“So, what is your name then?”

“Ah, that’s better, Bill. Stop beating about the bush and get to the point! If you’re going to pick me up for the night, then you’ll have to play by my rules.”

“Should I guess?”

“You could, I might just make one up if all we’re going to do is fuck!”

Bill spluttered into his beer at the comment and she just smiled and raised her glass.

“Monica, actually,” she said. “I don’t hide behind false colours. You for instance are playing a dangerous game.”

“Why’s that, Monica?” he asked.

“Married for tens of years, in a hotel bar chatting up the women and hoping that this conference will be more rewarding than just a headline speech and networking with the senior directors. Picking me up is a real risk...”

Bill held up his right hand and inspected the wan mark where the ring had been until just a couple of hours ago.

“Better put it back on Bill, there’s only one thing worse than a husband who fucks around...”

“And, that is?”

“A husband who loses his ring!”

“I suppose that you’re right, Monica,” he said as he fumbled in his jacket pocket and slipped on the plain gold band.

“I’m never wrong!”

“You don’t mind?” he asked as he held up his hand.

“Why should I?” she asked. “It’s not *my* marriage and I’m sure that a little excitement before the big speech will make you present it all the better!”

“You are quite unlike any other woman that I’ve ever met!”

“Then you have led a rather sheltered life. Women *like* me are ten a penny. What is unique is that I am not *like* other women. Now then, drink up or leave it. I think that it’s time to move to another level.”

Bill put down his drink on the bar and slipped from the stool.

“Your room or mine?” he asked.

“Yours, I never fuck in my own room because I decide when I leave...”

Bill nodded and watched Monica uncross her legs. She slipped from the stool and took one last sip at her glass before she moved a hand slightly to indicate that he should lead the way.

He headed to the lifts in the reception of the large hotel. Standing on A frames were the boards that announced the conference events and his heart swelled in pride when he saw his own name printed large on several of them. Behind him, he could hear the click of her heels and he could not resist quickening his pace so that he could turn and admire her walking the last few steps as he pressed the call button.

In her heels she was just a little taller than him, in age, a good few years younger. She walked with easy steps on the slippery marble floor, her hips swaying, accentuating the pencil skirt that reached to her calves.

The lift doors opened and he stepped in, deciding that she should make the first move. There was something a little ‘Ice Queen’ about Monica that made him defer to her. She did not seem the sort of woman who would appreciate a fumble in the lift as it headed for the tenth floor.

They stood in the lift in silence as the doors closed and he wished that they were already in his room. As soon as the slight jolt announced that the lift was moving, Monica reached out and put a finger under Bill’s chin.

“No words of love, no chit chat, nothing but fucking, those are the rules,” she said as she looked into his eyes.

Bill nodded.

“I prefer married men,” she continued in a stern tone. “They are always scared of their wives’ finding out. They try so hard to please and they always do as they are told. Is that you Bill?”

“Well,” he said, slightly unsure of himself. “I certainly don’t want my wife to know about this little affair...”

“Tsk, tsk, Bill. This is not an affair, it’s a fuck. Remember the rules, because I am not someone that you want to displease.”

“I’ll remember. It suits me...”

The lift juddered to a stop and the doors slid open.

“On the tenth,” said Monica. “A rising star...”

As she spoke her slender fingers grasped between his legs and felt the size of him. Bill felt almost as if he were being inspected to determine his suitability and flushed red in the face.

“I just like to know what I have,” she said as he stumbled from the lift. “It certainly seems in order.”

Bill almost scurried to his door and slid the card in the lock to open it, while Monica followed and walked straight through the door that he opened. He closed the door and turned to find her sitting on the bed with crossed legs, bouncing slightly on the mattress as if testing the field of play.

“Strip,” she said with a smile. “Let’s inspect you properly!”

Bill had picked up a lot of one night stands, none of them had been like this! He slipped off his jacket and folded it carefully before loosening his tie and starting to unbutton his shirt.

Monica just watched him with a smile. One stiletto dangled on her foot the other planted firmly on the carpet. Bill felt as though he was in a market waiting for a buyer, but the whole scenario excited him and his cock sprang out as soon as he stepped out of his trousers.

It seemed that she expected him to be totally naked, so he slipped off socks and vest and found himself standing to attention waiting for her word of command.

“Good,” she said. “That’s what I like. A man who is not in such a hurry that he can’t be neat and tidy.”

Her eyes glanced over the neatly folded clothes with approval and then turned back to him with a direct and appraising stare.

“I hope that you have some stamina,” she said. “I like a man that can perform...”

“Usually twice, sometimes three times,” said Bill. His hand cupped under his balls and held his cock pointing at the woman who he longed to fuck.

What would she be like when she climaxed, he thought. Would she still lack all emotion and be the Ice Queen?

“Good, then let’s see what you can do, Bill!”

He looked down and then back to her. It seemed that she was not ready to undress and he wondered what she expected before she would take off that tight suit and get down to the patterned stockings and lacy bra that he could see under her silk blouse.

Her eyes glanced at his standing prick and then slid to meet his as she spoke: “I’m sure that you can do better than that for me!”

Bill blushed and moved his hand a little. Surely she did not want him to spend himself for her amusement?

“The second is the best, Bill. Let’s fire the first bullet to see what you have and then, if I am satisfied we’ll find out what you can do for me.”

Bill tugged on his cock. He felt a mixture of embarrassment and sheer excitement that fused to cause him to hesitate and then slowly stroke the length of his cock.

“That’s good, now nice and slowly...”

His gaze dropped and he was hypnotised by the shoe that hung from her foot. It rocked and swung slowly in a rhythm that he found that he was following. Like a metronome it controlled him, slowed his hand and increased his thrill. Did she know what she was doing to him, he wondered as his hand moved in slow strokes and he felt a pulse in his ears.

“When you are finished, you will be allowed to undress me,” said Monica in a monotone. “That is the reward for obedience...”

Bill followed the shoe, he imagined himself being closer, he focussed on the sway of the spiked metal heel and imagined himself slipping it from her foot and being permitted to hold it like a talisman. The thoughts filled him and he found that he was holding his breath and then exhaling with a rush as his cock throbbed in his hand and pulled conscious thoughts from his mind.

“You are doing so well,” said Monica’s distant voice, “but you are not allowed to come until I decide...”

Bill struggled to slow his hand, he grunted with the strain and felt his knees weaken and his legs tremble.

“On your knees,” she ordered.

The shoe stopped suddenly, allowing him to drop to kneel before her in the pause, before the foot moved and the metronome that controlled him started it’s slow swaying.

Once again the pressure built in Bill’s vacant mind. His hand moving of its own volition. He could feel a clenching in his balls, a tightening in his belly as though a dam had been placed that could just hold him back from his climax.

“You are such a good little boy,” whispered Monica. “What a nice show for Mummy!”

Her face was impassive but for the slightest hint of a smile. Only the corners of her eyes showed emotion, the rest of her beautiful face was impassive and composed.

Bill grunted, the dam inside his mind and the one that clenched deep inside his groin was on the point of collapsing, but he squeezed and clenched to hold back the force with all of his might.

“A little closer, Bill, I want you closer.”

Her finger pointed at a spot on the floor that was just a foot from her shoe and he shuffled forward to obey. The slight break in the performance allowed him a moment of lucidity to drop

some of the intensity of his need and the foot stilled the shoe to allow him to concentrate on doing her bidding.

“That’s right, Bill. Now, watch carefully...”

The foot moved. He could see himself reflected in the patent leather and watched fascinated as it rocked, exposing the heel of her stockings and the cleavage of her toes. The stockings glittered with steel mesh that twinkled in the light, caging her legs with wire netting interleaved with the nylon.

“Now, I want you to concentrate hard. I want you to watch my shoe and imagine it moving to touch that little cock of yours.”

Bill gasped, his hand fumbled and he lost a stroke as he imagined the metal pointed tip of her stiletto touching the taut tip of him. It would be hard, cold and perfect if she moved it just a little to cross the few inches.

“That’s good, Bill. Mummy wants more from you; you want to please her don’t you?”

Bill nodded and watched the foot. It speeded and slowed as if it sensed the force that was at the lip of the dam. As the waters lapped high it slowed, as they receded it picked up the pace. She kept him on the brink with such exquisite timing that he almost felt that Monica was in his mind, whispering her words and feeling the intensity of his need.

“Good, Bill. We are getting so close, so very close. Mummy wants you to tell her something!”

Bill nodded and concentrated. He drew in a breath and did not breathe out as he watched her foot and struggled to hold himself until she allowed him to come. Soon, let it be soon...

Her foot moved a little closer, the sharp tip of the shoe was almost touching, so close that just the slightest movement of his hips would bring contact.

“I decide,” said Monica as she divined his treacherous thought.

His hand moved steadily as he waited for that word, it had to come soon, it had to!

“Mummy wants to know your wife’s name,” whispered the voice in Bill’s mind. “Tell her what she wants to know!”

The shoe stilled, the toes curled to slip on the heel and it lifted slowly, hypnotising Bill as the sole raised to point the heel directly at his straining cock.

“Edith...” he gasped as he exhaled in a rush.

At that moment, the heel stroked the tip of his cock. It touched the lips that split the shiny plum that crowned him and Bill held his hand. The touch was all that he had hoped and wished for. Cold, intense, sharp from the hard floors, but most of all he knew deep inside that it was the signal for him to release and climax for his Ice Queen.

First a drop seeped from the opening, it oiled the metal stud of the spiked heel, no longer could he hold back the waters. The dam burst inside, almost a click of movement far inside just as the heel slipped into him, fucking his cock as it plugged him and slid with a searing sting into him just as he came with a shudder of his hips and a gasp of pain and ecstasy.

The small shudder of his hips pressed the heel deep inside, he felt the counter pressure of the climax and then sticky fluid welled around the steel spike and spurted the full six inches of the heel.

Monica carefully pulled her foot back. The agony of withdrawal added to Bill's blasted mind. It seared as it grazed him and then his come was free to run from the tip of him freely in a steady stream of sticky fluid that greased his hand and dripped to the floor by her feet.

"Edith would be proud of you!" said Monica in a low tone. "She would be so glad that you earned the reward that Mummy promised..."

Bill looked up. His hips twitched, his cock jerked as the last come was forced from where the spike of her heel had held it back. He felt no lessening of his need, despite his climax because now, Monica was standing over him, his face almost pressed into her skirt where her long legs met.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Undress me, Bill. Make Edith proud..."

Bill reached up, his right hand was dripping and he wiped it on his bare chest before touching his Ice Queen. The zipper to her skirt ran from waist to hem. Almost reverently her slowly pulled it down to watch the edges curl and expose Monica's hips to his gaze.

No skin was to be seen.

Instead there was satin black, a sheath beneath a sheath that shimmered as the zipper progressed over her hips. Then the black ended. A black strap, over white skin and then another. The skirt peeled down exposing the smooth skin and girdle from which twelve broad straps descended to the tops of her steel and nylon netted stockings.

The skirt fell to the floor.

"Fold it," said Monica. "Mummy wants you to take your time and let her enjoy you undressing her!"

Bills trembling hands took the skirt by the waist and carefully draped it on the bed. His eyes took in the shoes and the spike that stood in a small puddle of his come.

"That's good, Bill. Now you can see what will be yours if you do what Mummy says."

His gaze went over the glittering netting of her stockings, took in the straps that held them perfect on those long legs and then he almost gasped as he saw the delicate triangle, divided by the glory of her perfect slit. Smooth skin, delicate and curving inward, a single drop of clear

fluid dripped from it to trickle down her milky thigh. A small black symbol was tattooed at the very uppermost fold, a circle divided into three by wavy lines.

“Well done, Bill. Now you may stand and see what you have earned the right to see.”

Bill stood and slipped her jacket from her shoulders. She smiled in approval as he carefully draped it on the bed. He could see nipples pushing through bra and blouse and lifted his hands to undo the topmost button.

“You are not allowed to touch,” whispered Monica. “I decide what is allowed...”

With exaggerated care, he undid each pearl button one by one. Each time a whole new vista opened, smooth skin, the delicate crease of décolletage, rounded breasts cupped in lace and then finally, the smooth skin that bordered the satin girdle.

Monica shrugged her shoulders a little and the blouse was in his hand to be reverently placed on her jacket.

“You are doing so well little boy,” whispered Monica in his ear. “My breasts need to be freed.”

For a moment she hesitated, thought of reaching around her, because she did not turn and the bed lay to her back. Bill sighed, he tore his eyes from her dripping pussy and decided to mount the bed to do her bidding.

A ribbon tied the bra behind her shoulder-blades. He pulled gently as Monica shrugged her shoulders and the bra slipped to the floor.

“Pick it up,” she said, but Bill was already off the bed and kneeling, anticipating her wish.

He looked up.

Legs, the lips that bled clear slick oil. The girdle and then the glory of her breasts. They hung a little, perfect fruit waiting to be touched. Nipples gathered with white skin where darker veins drew a map of lust on them. Bill moved to rise, but a single finger on his shoulder held him kneeling.

He could smell the perfume of her, it made his tender cock start to stand and he knew that he had to have this woman. He had to fuck her, it was like a rising tide that smothered every other emotion. He needed to feel her under him, had to place his hands on those breasts and feel her warmth and smoothness as his cock entered her!

\*\*\*\*\*

“Now you are thinking naughty thoughts,” said Monica in a severe tone. “I go next, how can you even think that you are allowed to touch until I am ready?”

Bill hung his head in shame that she had divined his thoughts.

“You were doing so well, little boy. Remember the rules that Mummy explained. No touching unless she allows it. Now you are allowed to watch me show you something special...”

Bill looked up to see that her fingers were playing with her breasts. They cupped them, lifted them and then closed fingers and thumbs to roll the darker skin gently as Monica smile down on the man that longed to have her.

“That’s good, Bill,” she whispered. “They need such tender care, more than you know.”

As he gazed upwards, fascinated and thrilled a drop of white fluid seeped from her left breast. She lifted it and her tongue lapped. Bill’s cock stood in his lap and his hand moved to touch and then hold it.

“No,” she admonished. “Edith would not like that!”

His hand retreated and he watched as she slowly teased drop after drop from her breasts, her tongue lapping with feline flicks until no ore milk seeped and her hands gently allowed her breasts to drop and hand with a last drop at each nipple.

“Mummy tastes good,” she cooed, “now she needs more!”

The hands slid the length of her. They cupped the breasts, smoothed down her flat skin to meet where her thighs met. One hand covered the slit of her pussy. The fingers slowly parted, opening her, showing Bill the swollen pink matrix of her. The other hand then slid between those fingers and stroked those inner lips, teasing and tantalising Bill as she pressed her index finger forcing the nub of her clitoris into his view.

“This is Mummy’s secret place. It is where she goes when she wants to come...”

Bill gazed, hypnotised as her finger slowly circled and then withdrew. Glimpses of the dark inner sanctum played before his eyes.

“Mummy is going to come; she wants her little boy to watch what she likes...”

He heard a small gasp, a premonition of her climax and watched as the muscles of her thighs twitched and trembled under her harshly-rough stockings. He could feel his cock stiffening, but his hands draped by his side. He looked up to see her breasts quiver and the drops of milk ran to hang, ready to splash.

Monica’s was totally absorbed in her pleasure. She could see his face looking up at hers and she caught his eye and smiled. For the first time the smile moved all of her features. Self-satisfied and pure lust as the man at her feet was denied the possibility of sharing her lust.

She held that thought, rolled it in her mind like a ball as her eyes focussed on his sweet little cock. Nowhere near enough man to satisfy her, a drop of red blood stirred into the come at its tip. She recalled the way that he had submitted to the pain of her heel and her hand responded.

One finger dipped into the darkness, the thumb taking on the circular massage of her clitoris. Her little playmate thought that he would be allowed to fuck her... He would be lucky to be allowed to kiss the come from her heels.

That thought brought the ecstasy. The thought that he was in her thrall, that he was just putty in the hands of the Ice Queen. Would she fuck him again, use her heel to plug him so deep that

he cried in agony? Would she use the short quirt in her handbag to write her mark into him so that Edith would know of her visit? Would she have him press against her excruciating stockings and rub his little cock to spurt on her thighs?

Monica's mind became a fog of delicious possibilities, a haze of need until at last she climaxed, looking at his straining prick and thinking that poor little Bill was just the man that she needed to amuse herself with...

Her thighs shook, her breathing came in gasps of lust and her finger pushed hard into herself to finally bring her daydream to a delightful end.

"You were perfect," she whispered. "So restrained and well behaved. Mummy thinks that you need your reward while that little cock is still stiff."

Monica knew that it was important to hold the moment, bring hope before despair and her hands held her open to focus her victim's mind on the possible rewards that she could administer.

\*\*\*\*\*

Despite his yearning need, Bill sat still to wait for her permission to move. Sitting, kneeling had numbed his legs and he knew that he would have to be patient while this overwhelmingly sexual woman decided what his reward would be.

His greatest hope was to be allowed to enter her, show her that he could perform to give her the greatest orgasm that she had ever experienced while he filled her. As her thighs calmed and she stood over him, he gazed at the object of his desire and wished that his wife could be here to see how much he could give a woman who demanded obedience at every moment!

Monica looked down and decided which fuck she would administer. Bill was perfect, he had great possibilities if she could deepen his obsession for her, all she had to do was feed that fixation, ripen it on the vine and then harvest it for her amusement. Something gentle, something intimate, a touch of nylon, a threat of a heel, a bending of his longings that would bring him to her feet in the future if she so chose.

Slowly she sat on the bed and saw a look of hope in his eyes. Her poor little puppet actually thought that she would lie back, open her legs and allow him to push his nasty little cock into her! That would never happen. If she allowed that, who knew what he thought was permitted? Next, he would be imagining that she would have her lips on his horrid man-stalk and be sucking and swallowing!

Her legs opened a little and she cupped her breasts and her tongue wetted her nipples. Her left foot lifted and came to rest on his thigh. Monica felt a small thrill as Bill winced as the spiked heel gouged into him and she cooed in sympathy.

"Is Mummy hurting you?" she asked.

Bill nodded and bit his lip as she scored a short line on his thigh as her foot found the position in which the sole rubbed his erection.

“Is that better, Bill?”

Bill nodded again. It was so strange and exiting that she talked to him in the third person like that. Comforting and unexpectedly addictive. It was almost as if she told him that she loved him without ever saying so. The sole on the tip of his cock was also so good. It made him gasp when it made contact and again when it moved a little side to side, rubbing and teasing him as her hands slipped from her breasts and opened her wide.

“You do want to come again, dear,” she said. “Do you want me to fuck you with my heels, would you like that little boy?”

“Please, Monica,” he begged, “it hurt too much...”

“Don’t be silly, if it hurt you, then why did you come for Mummy? But, perhaps you are right, I don’t want you to have too much of a good thing!”

Her foot lifted and came to rest by his thigh, the smooth leather and the metal spiked toe resting against him at a casual angle.

“On your knees, Bill, I want you up!”

Bill moved, his calves were numb and as he straightened to kneel upright before her tempting pussy they tingled with an almost painful pins and needles.

Monica smiled, the corners of her lips just twitched up as he swallowed and tried to change his position to relieve the painful tingling that had now reached his feet.

“That’s very good, now, do you like my legs?”

Bill nodded and took his cock in his hands. It was still slick with the come from his last climax. It would slither into her like silk he decided as he watched her fingers open the lips of her pussy and tease the clitoris from its hiding place.

The leg that had gouged his thigh until it bled now lifted again. It lifted up, over his thigh and then tucked down to slide between his thighs while Monica watched his reaction with satisfaction. Even though he was desperate to push into her, he accepted all the abuse with self-control, that boded well for her future plans.

He could take so much suffering if it was laced with ecstasy! When he had been with her a few months his limits would be so much higher and his expectations so much lower.

“Press forward a little, dear, show me where little cocky wants to go...”

Bill shuffled forward, his eyes fixed on the hole that so needed to be filled, but the leg that she had placed between his thighs stood in his way. It pushed his cock to point upward along its rough nylon, stretched as she blocked him.

“Oh, can’t you reach Mummy’s hungry little cunt?”

Bill tried to push, to shuffle forward, but it just stretched him tighter until his cock was so hard and smooth against the criss-cross of her stockings.

“Never mind! Mummy will show you what that little pee-pee could do if it was allowed to touch her!”

One of her hands opened her wide while the other placed the fingertips together and slowly pushed them into the opening.

“Oh, that’s so good,” she muttered. “Fuck, fuck...”

Her leg moved a little. It stretched him tight and then slackened. It rocked on the heel as she built up a pattern of short and long flexes that caused Bill to gasp.

It was so much more difficult to get the rhythm right, so much more difficult to read her little boy and guess how close he was to spewing his filth onto her leg. The movements were small, the tension so tight and the friction so overpowering that it was clear that he could not hold himself back from being milked by her stockings.

Monica knew that timing was so important, that his coming was crucial enough for her to forgo her amusement, even though the urge to climax was so overpowering in her own thoughts. She could not risk a loss of control. It would not matter for tonight, but this was the start of his training, now that she had decided to own him. Her hand slipped out of her cunt and rested to tickle and tease.

It was enough for her when there was so much at stake.

Bill gasped, she had nearly missed the moment, but slowed her leg and lifted the other high. Her knee flexed, the shoe came down slowly as the stockings between his thighs rasped at his cock. The glittering metal wires that made them glisten and sparkle scratched at the sensitive cock as Bill began to thrust. He could not control it, he had to fuck and her leg was all that was offered.

“So, you like Mummy’s legs?”

He gasped and his tongue came from between his legs and his eyes glassed over, unfocused and unseeing.

“When I give permission,” she said in a low tone.

Bill knew which permission and panted in sheer lust.

Her leg moved, Monica planed him down, grated and shredded the soft skin of his cock with small movements as her other foot came down and presented the heel to her lips.

“Suck Mummy’s steel spikes, dear. I want to see you being fucked!”

His lips opened, his hands came up and grasped the wavering shoe and then he tasted his own come as she pressed the sole to his face and forced him to come with a final fierce slide of her other heel on the carpet.

Monica felt a warmth, a low key climax that came from the agony of his suffering. Her fingers fluttered and she smoothly orgasmed with small gasps as she watched the smears of blood and spurting come on her stockings. She pulled the sole of her shoe from his face and withdrew the metal needle from the lips.

“Oh, that’s a good boy, you came on Mummy’s stockings. You are such a good boy...”

Bill groaned and fell back, leaving his legs folded under him. Monica pouted in pleasure at the long gouge that bled on his thigh, the cut lip where her sharp heel had caught him, the ferocious bleeding from the head of his cock. Edith would have a few questions for him, she decided.

Bill just lay gasping.

Was it pleasure, had it been good?

He could not decide.

He looked up as Monica stood over him and picked up her neatly folded clothes.

“You were a good fuck, Bill, we really must do this again!”

She risked that the corridor would be empty and slipped into the lift half naked to head up to the eleventh floor.

## Fin

Bill sat in his glass fronted office.

They were visiting today and he had high hopes... Hopes that promotion was on the way.

Constantly his mind turned to his Ice Queen who had turned a simple one-night stand into a feast of agony and gratification that he could just not get out of his waking and sleeping mind. It had been just two weeks ago... The soreness and agony were finally subsiding, making it possible to allow him to fuck Edith.

He smiled at himself for fixating on the magnificent Monica, but he had to admit that she had taken him on a unique trip to heaven and hell that he just could not get out of his every thought.

The she-bitch!

Of course, he had looked for her name in the company, but there was no Monica to be found in any of the staff records or salary lists! He sighed and shook his head, it had been a once-in-a-lifetime experience, but it was over. The ice Queen had vanished... he shivered as he imagined meeting up with her again.

Never mind, he thought.

His speech had been a success, more than a simple success, his boss had told him that it had drawn the very eyes of the senior directors and there was firm talk of promotion. Bill revelled in the congratulations, the compliments and the new attitude that his boss had which labelled him as not merely a manager but a protégé.

Bill was on the way up!

He looked up and saw his boss fawning as he opened the door. He could see the small group heading through the office. Nodding and chatting as they went, Bill's boss bent almost double with abject servile motions of the hand. It was clear that they were heading to his glass fronted office, so Bill checked his tie and did up the top button of his shirt in preparation. A feeling of anxiety as he moved papers on his desk and moved his chair back a little to allow him to stand with grace.

He looked up and smiled.

The group stood before his door. Two men and Monica led by the sycophantic figure of Bill's boss. Bill stared and Monica smiled at him through the glass before she entered his office. It was if there were no others in the small room, her presence, her charisma filled it to the brim and then some. The steel and nylon stockings, the needle sharp heels that had fucked him. The same skirt and jacket, but most off the same evil glint in her eye.

Bill's boss handled the introduction.

The other names were a blur and then: "...and this is Miss Monica Glacereine, who has just been appointed as financial director for the holding company. She will be heading up the reorganisation and establishing a new head office for financial services in the next few weeks."

Monica smiled and extended her hand to meet Bill's.

"I have heard good things about Bill," she said. "Of course I saw his opening words at the conference and I was very impressed."

"One could almost say that I am mentoring Bill," said his boss. "I have been pushing him to greater things."

Monica looked down at the sweaty little man who tried to steal the credit of others and smiled. Her foot twisted and she gouged the carpet with her heels. He was just the shit on her shoes, she decided.

"I'm sure that you have," said Monica in a tone that implied that she held him for a clown and a liar. "Now then, I would like to offer Bill, here, a post as my personal manager to freelance on my behalf during the reorganisation. A place will be found for him after that, a position that would suit a man of his obvious talents!"

She could already feel the whip in her hand.

A drop of pleasure trickled on her thigh.

Bill felt a shiver run through him.

He felt the heel fuck him.

His ass being gouged.

His cock bleeding.

Monica smiled.

**The End**