

WHAT LIES BEHIND The Story Of m

Velvetglove

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

“Arabian Afterlife”
(strong content)
(58,600 words, rated 5-stars)

“After the Lockdown”
(strong content, n/c)
(70,471 words, rated 5-stars)

“Best Served Cold”
(strong content, n/c)
(53,000 words, 3rd edition)

“Penal Colony Nine”
(strong content, n/c)
(published in 9 parts, 120,000 words, rated 5-stars)

“Return to Mainland”
(written jointly with Charles Ryder)
(moderate content, n/c, currently 3 books)
(an offshoot series of ‘Penal Colony Nine’)

“Bank to Bordello, Maria’s Downward Spiral”
(written jointly with Charles Ryder)
(moderate to strong content, n/c)

“Summer Swallows”
(moderate, consensual content)
(20,000 words, rated 5-stars)

“The Seeding of Daisy Flowers”
“The Plucking of Rose Thorne”
(strong content, n/c, first two books of a trilogy)

“Bedtime Stories 1”
(moderate content, 7 short stories)
(writing as ‘VG’, 27,000 words)

“Nine Lives”
(9 interviews with dominant women, F/m content)
(written by Velma Glover, 25,766 words)

“By the Balls”
(consensual, F/m, strong Female Domination)
(written by Velma Glover, 19,021 words)

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"What lies behind us, and what lies before us are but tiny matters compared to what lies within us."

INTRODUCTION

Who reads introductions? Well, you can bypass this one as well, if you want. But to truly understand what follows, you'll need to know a bit about us and what led up to the events covered in this book.

I have been a writer for most of my adult life. It hasn't been a career in terms of writing being my primary income, but I had two novels published in the 1990s (one quite successful, one not), under another pseudonym comprising my two middle names. The novels were 'vanilla' thrillers. The better one was even adapted into a movie script.

Meanwhile, I'd also been scribbling 'erotica' on the side (for my own private consumption, on an early Amstrad PC) since the 1980s, mostly in the 'BDSM' genre. Two decades later in 2005, I began making my stories available on a couple of free sites using the pseudonym 'Velvetglove'. However, the next decade coincided with the busiest time in my primary business career. I had many more ideas for erotica than I had hours available to indulge them.

I always wanted to avoid being categorised. So I wrote both male-dom and fem-dom, couple-sub and fem-sub, straight and gay scenes, romantic and consensual, cuckold and cuckquean, cruel and non-con, long novels and unfinished sagas, short stories and even poetry.

Amongst the bestsellers on BDSM Library were 'After the Pestilence' (n/c), 'Five Words' (loving F/m), 'A Special Relationship' (cuckquean), 'Slut-2-Fuck' (sub couple), the original 'Best Enjoyed Cold' (n/c thriller) and Hard Labour (n/c). The last of these was turned into the DOF comic 'Evil Parole' by Fernando. The BDSM Library site has been defunct for many years now.

After I finally retired from full time work in late 2018, I began writing stories for publication by Fetish World Books, an imprint of Fiction4All. To date, they have been (i) almost entirely fictional (ii) largely BDSM-oriented and (iii) mostly non-consensual.

However, throughout the years, there's been another, secret, side to my life; the actual person who lies behind Velvetglove, so to speak. The truth is that my life of kink hasn't all been in my imagination. Far from it. Back in the late seventies, I discovered that kinky sex exists for real. My first experience was a pure fluke at university, exploring with a girlfriend whose sexual tastes happened to be compatible with mine.

However, after she and I split up, my subsequent experiences were all 'deliberate'. I sought out partners who were also that way inclined. Several became girlfriends. I met a few of them on wild nights at fetish clubs in seedy parts of London. I found others through contact ads in glossy 'top shelf' magazines and even the personal columns of Time Out! This was all pre-AIDS, pre-condoms, pre-internet, pre-swiping left or right. The good old days.

But eventually I fell madly in love with a woman I met the old fashioned way - at the office. I thought Sarah was vanilla but there must be a vibe I exude. It turned out she wasn't, and isn't. However, our marriage hasn't been one long kink-fest. It's ebbed and flowed for over three decades in the way these things do; alongside our family, my busy career, and a fun social life with vanilla friends.

Kink was never Sarah's priority while our children lived at home. Family and friends came first. And at heart, she's always been a switch. But given my dominant disposition, she became what I'd call a 'feisty part-time submissive', prepared to defer to me but never fully tamed. We each had our own fetishes; some of them overlapped, a few were hers alone, others were solely mine. At some stage I joined Fetlife, the networking site and, with my wife's blessing, met up with a couple of young female subs.

Finally, in 2018, I retired from both my primary job and my extramarital dalliances. With an empty nest, Sarah and I decided to spend our 'fun years' refocused exclusively on each other again, now we were home alone. Little did we know that, just a year or so later, a global pandemic would totally redefine what those two words 'Home Alone' mean!

I'd begun writing again, most days, while Sarah refashioned our garden, did various charitable works, and we'd enjoy many other things together too, including overseas travel. However, one morning, in early 2020, everything changed.

For real.

What follows is not fiction. It's a factual account of my consensual ménage a trois with my wife and our slave, written with the permission of all the main characters involved. Of course, real names have been changed and I've recreated some dialogue but this is all pretty much as it actually happened.

Why have I written it? Truthfully, I'm not sure. Fiction's easier than opening up about one's private life. But I wanted to share this extraordinary experience with readers who haven't been lucky enough to have a submissive female seemingly fall out of the sky into their lap, and the good fortune to have a wife who embraced that opportunity.

The book is about a special woman ('m') who, when already approaching 40, decides it's never too late. So she summons up the incredible courage to explore her sexual fantasies and what lies behind them.

Inevitably the content is consensual and (broadly-speaking) moderate. Please don't buy this book expecting the excesses of 'Best Served Cold', 'Penal Colony Nine', 'Arabian Afterlife' or even 'After the Lockdown'. My imagination is way more florid than my reality. However, if you're interested in the ups, downs and details of participating in real kink, please read on.

PROLOGUE

Everything begins in early January 2020 when I sit down at my glass-topped desk with a cup of coffee and fire up my PC. That morning the headlines are about an impending Labour Party leadership election and rumours of Harry and Meghan withdrawing from royal duties. The weather outside is mild but windy. I open a message in my writer's inbox.

I receive email feedback and enquiries fairly often but this message immediately 'looks and feels' very different. The sender claims to be female and, unusually, has attached two 'proof' photos of herself holding up a piece of card with my pen-name initials 'VG' and the date '05-01-2020' written on it.

She tells me her name is Melanie.

Naturally I'm suspicious. I've encountered a number of catfish in my time. But after a couple of days of written exchanges, it becomes 99 percent certain that Melanie is genuine. She says she's read every single one of my stories, going back to 2005, and claims they've had a profound influence on her. She's 37, divorced without any children, and is currently single with no ties. Her New Year's Resolution is to stop dreaming. She wants to explore her submissive psyche and fantasies.

And she wants to explore them with me.

What's more she says she doesn't want a weekend gig, or even just a week. She's quit her job and is tying up other loose ends. She can't see any obstacles that would prevent her making it happen. She'd like something that has no pre-agreed end date and says that she currently hopes that 'the end' wouldn't be for 'at least a year or two'.

I reply honestly (but reluctantly) that I'm 61, happily married, and 'retired' from kink, at least in the sense of actually living it. Been there, done that, got the happy memories plus a few scars. So I tell her I'm flattered she's written to me, I'm pleased she enjoys my stories, and appreciative of her exciting proposal, but I'm afraid I have to decline.

Except ...

Well, this wouldn't be much of a read if that's the end of it, would it?

A couple of evenings later, after plenty of soul searching, I tell Sarah. I've kept Melanie's emails private while I mull things over. Now, some more background: my wife isn't naturally submissive but she's enjoyed taking the sub role in our sex games, on and off, for over three decades. Role play, bondage and very mild CP in our young days - then a long hiatus during our 'bringing up kids phase' - before a slow burner of a revival over the past 7 years.

Somewhere along our marital and sexual journey, Sarah discovered she's aroused by cuckquean fantasies. Like most people's kinks, hers are unique and specific to her. She has zero desire to witness me fucking one of our female friends, or to be humiliated, anything like that. Instead, she wants me to 'take it out on' (ie. dominate) much younger women whom she doesn't know and will never meet. And to cut a long story short, that's what happened.

I may need to reveal more about that period of our lives as this account develops but, for now, suffice it to say that everything went well. I had 2 real-time subs and a couple of online ones. However, in late-2018, I finally retired from my business career of 40 years and thus no longer needed to spend 3-4 nights a week away from home.

Thus, after several discussions with Sarah, I retired from 'other women' as well. Instead, she and I agreed to rejuvenate our own kink life together. Our grown-up kids have left home and thus we had plenty of freedom and time and it was undeniably fun. But it was tame too. Not lame as such, but not really what either of us had been hoping for. I could feel it and, not surprisingly, so could Sarah.

After a decade or so during which she'd suffered a distracted 'on and off' libido, she's become hornier again, more than at any time since our first child was born (no doubt partly thanks to HRT). There's also an 8 year age gap between us and I'm not as young as I was. So our D/s dynamic became more nuanced. I guess we've become more 'equal'.

And then, out of the blue, Melanie's email arrives.

It's actually Sarah who suggests that I consider her application but only so long as Mel will accept that she'll be 100pc submitting to the two of us, living with both of us, and the final decision on whether

to take her on will be taken by Sarah, alone. She also points out there is an element of 'serendipity' in the timing because our housekeeper of 15 years (a grand term for a cleaner/ironing lady!) had retired just before Christmas and we haven't found a local replacement yet.

I'm surprised at how pleased I am, and how easy it is, to hand over the reins. Sarah and Mel start to message each other directly and, soon enough, they're talking online. More than just talking; they're face-timing, and Mel is proving her submission on screen, stripping naked, masturbating, even fucking herself with vegetables and putting clothes pegs on her nipples, all under my wife's instruction!

Mel lives almost 200 miles from us. Soon she comes to stay for a whole weekend. Her visit is almost entirely vanilla. We talk practicalities; what would happen regarding her career, her rented flat, her direct debit expenses, her relatives and friends.

We mostly want to see if we gel as people first. And we do. Mel was born in August 1982 and she's 37 ½ years old, sixteen years younger than Sarah and a whole quarter of a century younger than me. But when we meet our age gaps feel less than they sound, apart from when we discuss, say, tastes in music, that kind of thing.

Mel is mature. She got married young to an older man and spent 14 years with him. In fact her ex-husband is the same age as my wife Sarah. It soon becomes clear that Mel is one of those women who's attracted to older men.

But not to older women.

Neither Sarah nor Mel is bisexual. So I find it intriguing to see immediately that there's a visible chemistry between the two of them. Sarah's always been generous with her comments about other women ("she's pretty", "nice legs") but she's never shown the slightest interest in anything sexual.

Of course, it helps that Mel turns out to be even more attractive in person than onscreen or in photos. 5ft 6 inches tall, she's a gym bunny, in good shape, with flat abs and fantastic D-cup boobs ("you had me at 34D" became a running joke between us). Her tits are high and still firm despite her years and she has pronounced areola and fat nipples. Meanwhile I detect a little envy from Sarah whose own adorable tits are undeniably a bit past their best.

Facially, I won't try and portray Mel as a supermodel. She's what I'd have described as 'soccer-mom cute' in one of my stories. Her brown eyes are intelligent and she needs to wear tortoiseshell specs for reading which can give her a slight 'schoolmarm' look. She has a pert, slightly turned up nose, dentist's-advert perfect white teeth, and lush, shoulder-length, straight brown hair. As the saying goes, you definitely 'wouldn't chuck her out of bed'.

We also discuss Mel's deepest fantasies and her hard limits. What she's looking for above all is strict discipline and a Spartan regime. She's convinced she wants 24/7. For her it's sexual but not all about sex. She wants a servant's life of long hours and hard toil. We spend a long time discussing physical pain. I admit that I'm more comfortable writing about pain than dishing it out. My wife's not into it either. We warn Mel against having 'eyes bigger than her stomach' kink-wise.

As well as talking about what she wants, we listen to what she doesn't want. She doesn't want respite, or empathy, or to mean anything to us. Above all she doesn't want 'affection'.

It's only on the Sunday afternoon, just one hour before she leaves, that she finally performs a striptease so we can inspect her naked body. Sarah conducts proceedings and I'm happy to sit back in my armchair and let her. She's surprisingly blunt which is unusual but arousing. I know Sarah's only playing a role but she's more comfortable in her bossy character than I'd have expected.

Sitting back, both of us fully clothed, while a much younger woman than us presents her nude body, warts and all, is an unforgettable moment. It's so much better to be sharing this with my wife. Together, we inspect Mel's ears, nostrils, mouth, teeth, tonsils, as well as her body. We handle her tits, buttocks, anal crevice and, of course, her vulva and clitoris. Mel stands exactly as Sarah commands; feet apart, chest thrust out, brown eyes blinking at us, cheeks blushing.

We already know that Mel has (very) limited sexual experience. She sent us long messages before we met. Her marital sex life was the proverbial 'lights-out-missionary', its frequency set by her affectionate but undemanding older husband; three times a week during their honeymoon year, only about twice a month thereafter ... throughout their entire marriage.

Apart from him, there have only ever been two other men; one before her marriage and one since. For the entire year before meeting us, only her fingers and rampant rabbit have been inside her. She's

spent most of that time having lurid fantasies and plucking up the courage to make them real. But she's never actually given a proper blowjob in her life and her anus is virgin. In short, she's almost a blank canvas.

Sarah delights in focusing on Mel's neatly trimmed pubic hair, her plump mons, fleshy labia and pink vulva. She teases her clit with her fingers until our guest is squirming with lust, knees trembling, begging for release. Mel finally orgasms standing up and almost falls over. Afterwards I inspect her anus, using lube to slide one, two, even three fingers into her taut sphincter, opening her up, telling her what I'm going to do if she dares come to live with us.

And after Mel leaves, all three of us know.

She'll be back.

CHAPTER ONE

THE FIRST MONTH

The first thing we need is an alibi.

We tell our friends that, at this stage of our lives, we've decided we need a live-in housekeeper. Nobody bats an eyelid. Our longstanding 'Daily' who we employed three days a week to clean, iron, change the beds, etc. finally retired a month ago. We've occasionally had other domestic help too, and window cleaners, gardeners, in the past. Now we say that we want some proper help, somebody 24/7.

And Sarah truly means '24/7'. So, fortunately, does Mel. Whereas I'd have concentrated on the sexual side of our arrangement, the women have spent much more time agreeing the domestic 'service' part. Mel is as turned on by being 'put to work' as she is by having her bum spanked. Meanwhile, now in her fifties, my missus just wants an easy life.

Again, I'd have had Mel wandering around naked much of the time. But the women came up with something much better. Sarah spent many hundreds of pounds online on domestic outfits for our housekeeper; more conventional clothes for use when we have company, and much more extreme, sexy ones for use in private.

Mel's wardrobe ranges from (i) striped or black dresses and starched aprons 'in public', to (ii) frilly French maid's skirts, tops, stockings and heels, to (iii) dowdy and restrictive tunics in heavy woollen fabrics. Her underwear ranges from (a) thongs and lacy 'ouvert' knickers to (b) lockable PVC shorts with anal and / or vaginal plugs in the gusset to (c) pairs of briefs stitched by Mel out of itchy hessian.

We converted our son's old bedroom into her quarters. He lives abroad now and only comes home for Christmas. As furniture, we found her a narrow bed and lumpy mattress at a car boot sale and one of those racks on castors from a discount store for her to hang up her uniforms.

Ever since Day Two of her service, Mel has risen every day at 5.00 a.m., seven days a week. That's literally my wife's number one rule. She loves the two of us being able to wake up naturally, with no alarm clock set any more. It's a complete change from our previous life. We wake any time between 6.30 and 9 a.m. or sometimes even later. Sarah simply sends a WhatsApp message and within a few minutes, Mel arrives in our bedroom with coffee, juice and anything else that we've ordered.

But Sarah's favourite moment of the day is coming downstairs at around 10 o'clock, having relaxed and taken her time in the bathroom, to find the ground floor is already spick and span; reception rooms immaculately tidy, cushions plumped up, kitchen sink spotless, everything put away, ironing started if not yet finished, and sometimes our lunch being prepared.

It's completely different to having the 'Daily' cleaner we had for years. She had arthritis and moved at her own leisurely pace, working to her own standards. Our entire family was fond of this lady but Sarah and I had to bite our tongues towards the end. Sarah even ended up doing tasks herself as it wasn't worth asking the cleaner to do them.

My wife was determined not to make the same mistake with Mel. Firstly, pace. Every job has to be done carefully but fast. Sarah has a very good sense of how long everything should take at high speed. Break times are few and far between.

Secondly, standards. It's not just that tasks have to be done well. They have to be done perfectly. During the early weeks I overheard numerous loud lectures that Sarah gave Mel when something took too long or wasn't 'just right'.

And we never thank 'm'. We simply expect everything to be done without even acknowledging her with a nod. Also, within a week we've reduced her name from Melanie to Mel to 'm'. She's now a slave who doesn't merit a full name. Merely a single letter, like the heroine of Pauline Reage's classic "The Story of O". However, purely for the sake of it being easier for readers, I've used an upper case 'M' throughout this account.

Anyway, we usually don't need to bother using a name at all; "Do this", "Hurry", "Now!", "Where is it?"

Right from the start that was the type of relationship M asked for and all three of us agreed on; a kind of upstairs-downstairs Victorian set-up. She is to be seen but only heard when she's spoken to. During the

early weeks, some days she only says a couple of hundred words, with most of those being 'yes', 'at once', 'Mistress', 'Sir', 'may I?' etc.

Every single day of the week she has three types of task to perform: (i) those that we require doing at least daily; (ii) those that are only done on certain days, once or twice a week, eg. 'Monday tasks', 'Tuesday tasks', etc; and finally (iii) those ad hoc ones that Sarah or I simply interrupt her to get on with, usually right then and there.

Her daily responsibilities include the obvious; cleaning, washing, tidying of the kitchen, bathrooms, making the bed, cooking, ironing, etc. As the first month goes by, Sarah ratchets her standards up even higher. She also prohibits the use of some appliances such as the Henry vacuum and our Bosch dishwasher; instead M must clean everything manually, with a dustpan and brush, or a cloth and soap, and what my mum used to call 'elbow-grease'.

Weekly and twice-weekly tasks include dusting, waxing, polishing, and a whole range of indoor and outdoor chores, polishing our cars, sorting the recycling, rubbish and gardening bins, etc. She also opens and sorts our snail-mail, does our paperwork, admin and filing.

Like many people, we have 20 years' worth of ring-binders and box files full of old family papers, ancient bank statements, school reports, that all need sorting and shredding. It's a mind-numbing task that none of us has ever got round to. Sarah takes charge of the project itself but M does all the actual grunt work.

At first we tinkle a bell and give her verbal orders ("two coffees", "a glass of wine"). We like to interrupt her just when she's in the middle of a different task, like polishing the wooden flooring that runs the length of most of our ground floor. It's amusing to make M get up from dusting a different room simply to refill our glasses from a bottle beside us, that we could have reached ourselves without even getting out of our chairs. She's expected to maintain a deadpan expression however many times we disrupt her. We check her body language to ensure that she acts like a Victorian housemaid and shows no signs of irritation.

However, once a certain package arrives, we graduate from ringing a bell onto E-stim controls that we purchased online; E-clips for M's nipples or an insertable inside her, worn underneath her housemaid's clothing. We chose two insertables from opposing ends of the company's 'Torpedo range'; the small (1½" diameter, only 4" insertable length) for day to day use, and a huge Decimator (4" diameter and 6½" of insertable length) for M to build up towards.

Being able to summon her from anywhere in the house (or even the nearer part of our garden) with a jolt to her nipples or pussy is highly effective (and entertaining). We keep the setting on low so it's more of a surprise than actual pain. But she spends hours doing chores apprehensively awaiting an electro-summons. The shock ensures she arrives very quickly to see what we need.

A nice surprise for us during the first few weeks is how beneficial M is for our own relationship. Sarah and I love each other, plus we get on well and almost never have arguments. But, after thirty years, I suspect any marriage can use a little spicy pep up. Having our own 24/7 housemaid immediately frees up a great deal of time and energy, particularly Sarah's, for us to dedicate to each other. What's more, there are no secrets. We're in this triangle together, sharing the whole remarkable experience.

It's an irony not lost on me that, having a different woman in the house enables me to focus sexually on my wife of 30 years. After we've both drunk our coffee and juice in bed and checked our phones, we're both wide awake yet relaxed. Neither of us needs to go downstairs to make more coffee, feed the cat or start the chores, etc. So we begin to kiss and cuddle instead. In fact Sarah is even taking the sexual initiative much more than she ever used to.

Inevitably, after a few such mornings, we decide to involve M. At first it's only ordering a second tray of coffee. But we don't hide what we've just done. On the contrary, we flaunt it. It's winter and our windows have steamed up. The room smells of sex, there's lube and tissues on the ground or the bedside table, we're both flushed and smiling about our pleasure.

While she is denied.

During her first ten days, neither of us has used M sexually at all. We agreed to go slow. All that's happened over the first week are more nude inspections and teasing masturbations. Sarah has begun to edge her too; taking M to gasping point and then leaving her horny all day.

But Sarah soon wants to push on further. Even before we met, M admitted to us that tease-denial and eventual chastity are one of her big turn-ons. Of course, we're in no rush. It's entertaining making a woman masturbate herself with a banana in front of you, but denial is the direction we're slowly heading in.

On Morning Eleven, I've literally just dumped a load in my wife's pussy. At my age I can't claim it's a huge bowl of porridge but it's my first of the day and a decent slug. M enters our room fully dressed in her brown tweed housemaid's dress and a starched white apron. In contrast, Sarah is nude, tousled and sweaty. She throws back the bedcovers and gives a two-word order.

The sexual tension in the house has been steadily building since her arrival. So the moment is actually less of a surprise than it might appear on the page now. M obediently hunkers down between Sarah's widespread legs. I lean across so that I'm able watch the action close up. Sarah's raised her knees akimbo. She uses a depilatory cream regularly but today there's about a week's worth of pubic stubble between her thighs. A blob of my cum has already begun dribbling down into her anal crevice.

I adore the expression on Sarah's face, and her little gasp of lust, as M's tongue obediently nestles between her labia for the very first time. It's something I never, ever, expected to see. My wife and I had already joked privately about how another female is bound to make a better job of cunnilingus than a male like me.

Particularly a highly motivated female.

Sarah begins to guide M's head by her hair, tugging the brunette bun roughly to and fro, getting more and more worked up. M's hairstyle soon falls apart and cascades across Sarah's thighs. I'm erect, hard again, despite it being only 15 minutes since my own orgasm, but I manage to control myself. The time for spit-roasting will come soon enough.

The expression of M's face is charmingly focused. She doesn't wear her specs during the day, only for reading. Her brown eyes stare up close at Sarah's sodden petals. I notice how cute her ears are; like little shells, flat to her head. The skin of her neck is flushed. I make some mental notes. It's as this moment it occurs to me to keep a diary. Not a daily dairy per se, but a notebook of moments and memories like this.

Both women are making quite a commotion; M's slurping moans and Sarah's angry hisses. I shift position and caress my wife's stiff nipples, kissing her on the mouth. We swap tongues, passionately.

Sarah eventually exhales hard into my mouth and arches her back. I've watched her climax numerous times and this is a biggie. But I'm not jealous, threatened or competitive at all. M's joined us to enhance our sex life, not to replace it.

After Sarah's come down from her orgasmic high, M settles back on her haunches. Her forehead and cheeks are bright red, lips glistening, brown eyes bright. Her teeth are just visible in a shy smile. The top of her apron is visibly damp and creased. She's a classic people pleaser.

And she looks pleased with herself.

But Sarah says nothing. Not one word. She grins at me but not at M. That's the deal. No gratitude or congratulations. Only criticism, if it's deserved. It's the first time that M has ever licked another woman, let alone another woman oozing semen.

Sarah looks at my jutting erection and raises her eyebrow.

"Your turn now?"

"I think I need another hour or two. So, after lunch."

Sarah smiles, pleased. I can see she wants me to share our slave, now that the seal has been broken.

M glances at my erection and shuts her eyes. This is exactly what she wanted.

Being discussed without having any say in the matter.

CHAPTER TWO

ANAL OVERTURES

My wife never much enjoyed anal sex. To be honest it has never been my favourite activity either. It eventually became a small part of BDSM role play for us but never of our normal sex routine. We did it a couple of times before we married in that exciting period when a guy can get most anything he wants. Sarah lay spread-eagled face-down. I used lots of lube and fucked her ass mounted on top of her.

Fast forward a quarter of a century. We never did it again until a few years ago, when we settled back into a D/s dynamic after our kids had left home. Sarah was hornier than she'd been for years and so we decided to trial anal sex a new way; with her lying on her back this time, and me fucking her ass while holding her ankles in the air. This 'diaper' position became a face-to-face expression of our respective bedroom roles at the time. Sarah found it both humiliating and yet arousing to have us both looking deep into each other's eyes on the few occasions we did it.

Right from the start we'd told M that anal sex has to be a 'non-negotiable' requirement. Equally, she had no doubt anal was what she too wanted to experience, despite never having done it before. In fact, she admitted she wants us to impose an A/O relationship on her eventually. That's fetish slang for 'Anal (and oral) Only'. There are relationships, and even Master-slave marriages, where his woman's vagina is penetratively ignored.

So we've agreed that M's ass will bear the brunt of our sexual relationship; obviously via my cock, but using plugs and dildos too, maybe a strap-on and, eventually, even other guys' cocks as well. Sarah says she's okay with me sampling our slave's pussy in the short term. But she doesn't want to 'share' more than a few times. She wants to ram home the inequality in their respective roles; my wife gets to enjoy vaginal sex but our slave is sodomised.

As a result, the very first time that I ever use M for sex is in her virgin ass, before I even bother to sample her other two orifices. Throughout lunch that day, Sarah and I discuss it openly while M serves us at table. We make sure that she's in earshot while we debate the details.

At the end of lunch, we order her up to her bathroom to prepare. It's clear we'll follow her shortly. It is winter and we have allocated M our old 'family bathroom' (it was previously the kids' bathroom). The radiator's turned off and it's chilly. The room has a typical 3-piece lay out; bathtub, basin and loo, with white tiles on the floor and walls. We didn't need to remove any bolt or lock from the door. We've never even bothered to put one on.

I grew up in a very 'open' household. My parents brought me and my siblings up not to be embarrassed. I've never really understood other people's shyness about bodily functions. Whereas Sarah was raised very differently to me. It took years for me to convert her. Nowadays, after three decades together, one of us will sometimes use the loo and we chat while the other's soaking in the bath.

M comes from the same school as Sarah; uptight and coy. But she asked for 'Strict' and 'Spartan' and 'Shameful', even if she never quite imagined quite how austere life could be. Right from the start, we've imposed numerous rules.

Firstly, she's banned from entering her bathroom overnight, from bedtime until after we've got up (basically from about 11 p.m. until 9 a.m.). Instead she has to use a pink plastic children's potty that lives under her bed. Urination into it is allowed but overnight defecation is prohibited. If she can't control herself she has to present the evidence the following morning, slop it out like a prison inmate, and suffer the consequences for her lack of 'self-control'.

Secondly, during daytime hours, M has to ask us permission to break from whatever chore she's doing to be allowed to use her toilet, even just to pee. And she must always leave the bathroom door ajar. At first, even urination embarrasses her.

"Wider."

Thirdly, she's not allowed to rest her bottom on the seat. Her set position is straddling the pan without touching it, with her feet wide apart and knees bent, so that she can direct her flow accurately. Again, this is about learning "control". She has to aim like a man into a urinal, but without a male's physical advantages. This rule forces her to spread her feet wide, to squat low, and angle her hips.

Especially during her first week, either Sarah or I, or sometimes both of us, watch and supervise her. She hears our footsteps and dreads the door opening.

“Eyes forward.”

Fourthly, she’s required to look straight ahead, either at us if we’re present, or otherwise at the mirror above the basin in front of her. We require unblinking eye contact. If we’re not there, any inaccuracy has to be reported to us for punishment. She must leave any splashed toilet rim or golden floor tiles as evidence for inspection. She’s only allowed to wipe her pussy afterwards with a single piece of tissue and then flush. At random moments, Sarah will inspect M’s underwear for the slightest stains.

The above are all intentionally onerous and exposing. But within a week or so M starts seeing these rules and routine as her ‘new normal’. Mistakes are made, punished and corrected. She becomes quite skilled at controlling her bodily functions and aiming her ablutions. Her mindset is already changing.

Of course, we don’t always disturb M in the bathroom. That would be a chore. I’m often occupied writing in my study and Sarah’s busy doing something else. Frequently neither of us can be bothered. It would also be too obvious. We like M to remain uncertain. She can’t relax. For her it’s always ‘will they, won’t they, come in?’

The very first time she asks our permission to defecate, we leave her to it. But we instruct her not to flush. She performs, door ajar, and then comes and finds us downstairs. She reddens when we inspect her ablutions lying there in the pan. Sarah and I point and bluntly enquire whether they’re her usual size, quantity, consistency, etc. This is on only her second day. We ask if her new diet has affected them.

“Look at that?” I frown, indicating a bit of undigested yellow from a tin of sweet corn. “You really must learn to chew properly.”

Sarah tut-tuts. “Who’d have thought such a monstrous thing could have come out of a reasonably slim body? And then those two little ones. They’re completely different. I want to see neatness, order and decorum.”

It’s also not that simple to aim while straddling the seat and without touching it. M has clearly obeyed our third rule.

“Look at that skid mark on the side of the pan too.”

Sarah exhales a long, unenthusiastic sigh, although as she turns I catch laughter in her eyes.

“I can see we’re going to have to supervise your ablutions closely. For your own sake.”

M bows a polite curtsey, trying to hide her lack of enthusiasm at this news.

“What do you say?”

“Thank you Mistress, thank you Sir.”

People within the D/s BDSM Community are inclined to debate the concept of ‘dignity’. There are contrasting views. Some argue a person’s dignity must always be respected, whatever their role in a D/s dynamic. In my opinion, this misses the point. There are two types of dignity; human dignity and personal dignity. The former is inherent in us and it is everybody’s right to be treated ethically as a human being, valued and respected for our own sake. In sum, human dignity is an inalienable right.

But personal dignity is different. This area covers mere concepts like etiquette, decorum and manners. Certain types of submissive want to be ‘stripped of their dignity’ (temporarily or permanently); for example, made to wear uncomfortable or revealing clothes, forced to do intimate things for an audience, not being paid nor even thanked for their work. In sum, personal dignity can be given up voluntarily so long as all parties agree that’s what they want.

Privacy and comfort on the toilet are hardly inalienable human rights. For almost all of our history, mankind was content to use ditches and wipe with leaves. Even the Romans sat side by side in public bath houses. A century ago most Western homes still only had an outdoor privy. Plumbed and flushing toilets with raised seats and doors with locks have only really existed for 100 years out of several millennia. They’re a modern phenomenon. And in some of the world they still don’t exist today.

So a slave doesn’t actually need such luxuries as time, comfort and solitude on the toilet. On the contrary, M needs to learn humility, function and speed. Every minute wasted in the bathroom is a minute of lost productivity.

She manages to hold out for 48 hours before her next request.

“Please may I have permission to use the bathroom, Mistress ... to def ... defecate.”

Sarah looks up from her phone. "Later. I'm busy right now."

"Yes, Mistress, of course."

I'm occupied in my office. Sarah pings me a WhatsApp. We decide that on this occasion it should be only her. She'll tell me about it later.

M is down on all fours shining the skirting boards half an hour later, when Sarah magnanimously grants permission. M looks visibly uncomfortable, having already put off the moment for as long as she could before asking. By now she's desperate.

"Okay, upstairs. You can go."

Sarah watches M waddle up the stairs. She waits half a minute then ascends quietly. The family bathroom door is ajar. She listens and hears M adjusting her clothes, getting into position astride the pan.

M is holding up the hem of her dress. She looks mortified as Sarah enters. Her eyes blink and her neck flushes scarlet. Her long hair's up in a bun.

"Continue."

Sarah pulls her phone out of her pocket.

"Hurry. I don't have all day."

By postponing the inevitable as long as she could, coupled with a final 30 minutes urgently battling to hold it all in, M has ensured her eventual performance will be spectacular. She gazes at Sarah, silently pleading for solitude, knowing how abundant and loud it will be.

Sarah simply raises her phone. "Hurry, I said."

This is an example of what's called the submissive or slave's dilemma. They want what they hate. A couple of my old stories had similar scenes. In her early messages, M admits the scenes fascinated her. She desires humiliation but, now the moment has actually come, she can hardly even bear it.

She whimpers in shame as her guts tumble noisily into the pain.

I have a good laugh later when Sarah shows me the clip before dinner. M is topping up my glass at the time and she hears everything, but can only glimpse the screen.

"Shit what a racket."

"Simply no manners." Sarah replies, heaving a sigh. "Your turn next."

"Oh, do I really have to?"

If one of us watches her every single time, M would soon become immune to the indignity she feels. We want to draw things out as long as possible, very slowly ratcheting up the humiliation factor. Our interest isn't scatological. It's simply about emphasising M's transition from a normal 37yr old woman to the lowest of the low.

Enough of that; back to that first time I use M's ass for sex. That morning a package containing a set of three silicone bulb douches has arrived. After lunch, Sarah instructs M to go upstairs and prepare, by douching her anus. Naturally both of us follow her seconds later so we can watch and supervise 'the process'. Sarah tells M to use the smallest (90 ml) first. M undresses, fills the douche with lukewarm water and holds the liquid in her rectum for a whole minute, while Sarah toys with her hardening nipples.

She eventually orders M to expel everything into the white plastic washing up bowl that's under the basin, instead of into the toilet. We have a good chuckle at her blushing and the loud grunt as she squirts everything out. Even more embarrassing for M is then having her dirty water examined afterwards and commented on.

To be frank, it was actually as clear and sanitary as any first douche is likely to be. But that's not the point. Naturally we exaggerate.

"Look at those specks. Disgusting."

"Let's try the medium size this time."

The second douche holds 140 ml. M lubes the nozzle and injects the tepid water.

"Hold it in for two minutes."

It's only a quarter of a pint but that's quite a lot in the lower rectum. Sarah teases M's breasts and nipples again, mixing discomfort and pleasure, while I count down from 120 on my phone.

"Grrhmm ..." she groans as she expels it with maximum force.

She repeats the process a final time and the water runs totally clear. Her asshole is now deemed worthy of my cock. On this occasion Sarah spares M the largest 225ml douche.

Afterwards, we make her tip everything down the toilet and scrub the douches and bowl clean. From that moment on, the plastic washing-up bowl under the basin is named M's 'big potty' (the pink plastic children's potty under her bed is renamed her 'little potty').

Then the three of us go to our bedroom and M perches on the end of the bed, with her feet on the floor. She lies back and Sarah gives her a strict lecture.

"Honestly, you're thirty seven years old! And you're still a virgin back here." She thumbs M's now-spotless buttocks apart. "Aren't you ashamed?"

M blushes but I can see the tension and excitement in her brown eyes. She's spent a long time fantasising about this very moment.

"Yes, M ... Mrs Vincent, Madam."

"And you can't even get a man of your own to do it. You have to beg mine to!"

"Yes, Mrs Vincent. Please ... Mr Vincent."

I look down at her with a forced expression of disdain.

"You'll be buggered first." Sarah says, matter-of-factly. "And then caned on this fat ass."

M has barely an ounce of fat on her toned butt but she bites her lip at Sarah's acerbic words.

My dick's already hardening in my pants.

"As you've been waiting so long, you will also be buggered dry. That's if my husband doesn't mind."

Sarah and I have already discussed this privately of course. I rarely use Cialis (my preference to Viagra) but I've popped one to ensure my erection's at full strength. I told Sarah I'm happy to see if I can squeeze my dick into M without any proper lube.

M looks up at us both. She nods her acceptance. I give her my naughtiest wink.

"Raise your legs, part your knees, bum up in the air." Sarah orders.

I undo my belt and unzip, while Sarah watches M assuming the diaper position, like a beached crab on its back. Her hairless pussy is on display, labia pouting and visibly aroused. However, I'm going to totally ignore her offered and excited vulva.

I lower my pants but keep my shirt on. It's just another subtle detail. It tells M she's not even worth me properly undressing for. I use my thumbs to part her buttocks, so I can see the wrinkled starburst of her anus. It's still a little damp from leaking water.

"Pull your cheeks open for me."

She looks up and blinks, but reaches round and uses her fingers to offer up her virginity. Sarah sits on the bed and stares down at M's face. Meanwhile I silently pray my 61 yr old cockhead will prove tough enough for this job.

I give my crown and shaft a good smear of saliva but nothing else. Then I line up with M's puckered entrance.

"Beg me."

"Pl ... please, Sir, I ... beg you."

It takes me a while and - being honest - it would have been way better with lube; physically anyway. But mentally her tightness feels great. I push, shove, jiggle and wiggle, enjoying her gasps and winces and whimpers. I'm not huge. But I'm not that small either. My shaft's average but I have an oversized, plum-like helmet.

"Ssh." Sarah hisses, when M's mewling gets too loud.

Once I've breached her sphincter muscle it's just a question of seesawing my full length in, until I can feel my balls pressing against her butt. She's dry and incredibly tight, but I slowly manage to create some friction by rocking to and fro.

M looks up at me throughout. Her face is creased with discomfort but her squinting eyes actually flicker wide with wonder. This may not be exactly how she imagined her fantasy unfolding but it's close enough. I can see both shock and awe. I'm the guy who's at last making this moment real for her.

Sarah can see her reaction too. She reaches down and squeezes M's cheeks and jaw tight in her fingers.

"Silence. Just lie there and take it."

I've already cum that morning so it takes me a while. But I'm in no rush anyway. M's ass has loosened up a fair bit now. My face is only inches from hers. I allow a bit of my saliva to drool out of my mouth when I thrust.

Then I lean my head sideways to kiss my wife. Sarah and I lock lips passionately. It feels fantastic. Kissing my love while my dick's inside another woman.

"Sit on her face." I murmur to my wife.

Sarah shakes her head. "This time I only want to watch."

Eventually I feel my orgasm building. The point of no return. Both women sense it too. Breaching M's poop chute is one thing but it's only when my juice flows that the job will be complete. I need to plant my flag deep inside her guts.

"Aaa ... mmm ... yesssssss."

I rear up, onto my outstretched arms, like a vampire while I unload in M's rectum. It's a big orgasm, copious as well as feeling amazing. I kiss Sarah again, our lips seeking each other out.

"I love you." I murmur.

"I love you too."

I glance down at M. She's looking up at both of us glassy-eyed. Our exchange has made the point.

We love each other.

She's no more than a receptacle.

I slowly uncork my erection from her anus. It's clean but the shaft is streaked with smudges of cum.

"You can clean that later." Sarah tells M. "Now hold your knees up."

First we inspect M's backside - buttocks, crevice and anus - while she remains lying on her back, knees wide apart. There's no blood or damage. The only wound is to her pride and that's what her psyche wants.

Next Sarah spreads open M's ignored pussy with her fingertips. She scrutinizes her puffy labia, moist vulva and engorged clitoris. M's lips fall open with obvious desire. She shifts her hips hopefully.

"No." Sarah warns her to stay still. "How did it feel? A cock in your ass at last?"

"It felt ... okay, Mistress. Uncomfortable but okay."

"And do you now think you could ever have an orgasm that way?"

M frowns, thinking "I ... I don't think so, Mistress. I'm sorry, no."

Sarah laughed. "Sorry? There's no need to be sorry. I'm pleased to hear it. I could never reach an orgasm that way either. Not without stroking my clit."

She glides her thumb casually over M's exposed clitoris, making her gasp. Then Sarah simply takes her hand away.

"And you certainly won't be allowed to stroke yourself during anal."

Then my wife reaches under our bed and pulls out a wooden paddle. It's like a beach ball bat with an oval face and a rubber-clad handle.

Neither of us is particularly into CP. Not Sarah as a receiver, or me as a giver. But M has asked us to explore her pain limits. Sarah brandishes the wooden paddle.

"Push that ass higher and present it."

That's the very first time I get a real sense of how 'into this' my wife is becoming. I've always accepted she's more of a switch than a pure submissive but she's never had the opportunity to explore her dominant side.

Until now.

It all feels wonderfully callous. I've just used M's asshole for the first time. Her sphincter is gaping and drooling cum. She's gazing up at us and humbly presenting her buttocks as best she can.

And yet we're still going to beat her.

"Be quiet and don't move."

Sarah's first blow with the paddle is tentative. Not full strength but hard enough. The wooden face lands with a shrill crack. The noise seems to echo around our bedroom.

"Aaahhh ..." M's face crumples in shock.

"I said be quiet and don't move!"

A big pink blaze glows on M's white buttock. Her fingers become claw-like as she clutches her splayed knees.

Crack!

The second blow with the paddle is slightly harder. Sarah's getting a sense of what works and what would be too much. A paddle doesn't split the skin. It just delivers a hefty whack.

I can't take my eyes off these two gladiators. M grimaces and hisses, clenching and unclenching her poor butt. My darling missus is wielding the bat with a smirk on her face and blue eyes glinting.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

While M's brown eyes are moist now. She's almost started crying but continues holding her humiliating pose, trying to focus.

After ten blows, Sarah lets the paddle drop to her side. She reaches out her left hand and presses her fingers against M's hot skin.

"Sss ..."

"Hush. Be brave. Have you had enough?"

"Y ... ye ... sss ... Mistress ... please."

Sarah looks at me for an opinion.

I step forward and hold out my hand for the paddle.

"Keep still. It's my turn now. Say please."

M blinks back her tears. "Please S ... sir."

Ccrraacckk!

It's even harder and louder. I'm genuinely having to steel myself to do this. It's important to establish my position in our household hierarchy. Sarah will set the basic standards and dish out necessary retribution. But it says I will demand even more effort and mete out even worse punishments whenever they're deserved.

Ccrraacckk!

"Aaagggh pl ... sss ..."

I pause.

"Listen! Next time I fuck you I want you to remember this paddling. That ass-fuck wasn't bad for your first time but it was nothing special. I expect you to find ways to make the next few times much better for me. By the time we share your butt with others, we need to be confident that we can be proud of your abilities. Are you with me?"

M slowly nods.

Ccrraacckk!

"Aaaaggghh nah ... no ... I mean yes sir ... Master."

I raise the paddle very high, above my shoulder, and hold it there threateningly.

"Aagh ... no please ... please ... I promise."

I lean my face down until it's inches from hers.

"Later, I'm going to give you a chance to give me your first proper blowjob. It had better be fucking good. No excuses. Or I'll thrash this backside again until you can't sit down."

Her lips are open in a wide O. She nods her head manically.

"Y ... yes sir."

CHAPTER THREE

ORAL SYMPHONIES

Those 30 minutes change our entire dynamic.

M is now 'in play' so to speak. Any submissive without experience can't be 100 percent confident they'll be able to stomach the reality. Dressing up as a maid and doing a bit of ironing is one thing. Having your arse fucked and butt paddled is something else entirely.

We're tempted to be gentle with her afterwards but decide that would be the wrong tactic. We need to be sure she genuinely wants the 24/7 lifestyle that we've agreed on, and not just a few BDSM sessions dotted here and there.

So it's straight back to work the moment I've laid the paddle down. It's now the middle of the afternoon and there's plenty more housework to be done. M pulls her uniform back on, wincing as the fabric brushes her hot ass-cheeks, and gets on with it.

Still, Sarah and I keep a close eye on her. We exchange glances and occasional smiles. It's clear to us both that M has no intention of using her Safe-Word or saying she doesn't want to continue.

At 6 p.m., we order two glasses of chilled white wine and a pint glass of water. M brings them to us on a tray.

"How is your ass?" Sarah casually enquires.

"Sore, Mrs Vincent, and soggy."

We both laugh. "Raise the hem of your skirt."

Sarah takes a good look at M's cheeks, crevice and anus. They are indeed tender and clammy, with slick thighs where my jizz has slowly trickled out.

"Drink your water."

M raises the pub-style dimpled glass and drinks the pint down. At her own request, we've enforced a strictly vegetarian, zero-alcohol, no-caffeine, low sugar, non-smoking diet that started the afternoon she arrived.

Over the first month together, we ask her a lot of questions and insist on very full and frank answers. We already know the basics, the type of exchanges that any couple has; about her likes and dislikes, her education and jobs, her kinky fantasies and sexual history. But we probe much deeper into nature and nurture, her psyche and experiences.

M was raised a Catholic. She's not religious but her mother was. Her father died when she was very young and so she's effectively an only child. She's a beta-type personality, introverted but also addictive, and inclined to over-think when given a choice.

I'm not really one for Star-signs but in her own words M is a 'typical Leo' (born August); honest and loyal, a people-pleaser, but also attention seeking, with a constant craving for 'approval'.

She stayed with her husband for 14 years and never even taught him where her clitoris was! I think that kind of says it all. But she's also a hyper-personality; her excess energy went into reading and the gym. She drank black coffees and smoked 5-10 a day, sucking hard on cigarettes instead of on her husband's cock!

As the years went by, it seems that she struggled with willpower and self-control. She'd become increasingly addicted to erotica (written stories but never visual porn) and became a chronic masturbator long before her divorce. She suffered Catholic guilt about all these harmless vices. So it was her who begged us to be excessively strict with her.

I reassure M several times, paraphrasing a quote I like and with which I began this diary:

"What lies behind her and what lies before M don't matter ... compared to what's inside her".

In short, there's nothing she can do about her past, and the future is up to her. Her fantasies may be considered 'sins' but they don't actually make her a bad person. In fact, she's fundamentally a good person.

"Let me know when you need to empty your bladder," Sarah announces casually, "now get back to work."

As I said, it's an irony, but having another woman in the house, enables me to focus on my wife. We have much more time available, with Sarah no longer busy in the kitchen and round the house. I spend

less time in my office. We choose several box sets to watch together in the afternoons! We listen to Radio 4 and chat about news and current affairs more than we've done in ages. We even seem to Face-time our kids more often.

"Please, Mrs Vincent ... I need to use the bathroom."

Obviously Vincent is not our real name. M usually calls us Sir and Mistress. However, we allow her to address us as Mr and Mrs as well. We are both lying on the sofa together watching Netflix.

"No. Fetch your big potty instead."

M comes back downstairs with her plastic bowl from the bathroom.

"On the floor there. Squat over it with your hem raised."

I pause the TV with the remote. We watch closely as M lifts up her dress and hunkers astride the white, rectangular bowl, as low down as she's able.

"Now wait like that." Sarah instructs. "Until this episode's finished."

There are only 4 minutes to go but M doesn't know that. I restart the TV. We look at the screen but can monitor M as well. Her knees start to quiver slightly.

"Okay," Sarah says as the link to the next episode appears, "five seconds, then stop. I want to see some proper bladder control."

With a whimper, M starts to piss. Her amber jet almost misses the top of the bowl. She hurriedly adjusts her hips. Then she somehow manages to stop.

The hissing thrum of pee against plastic stops.

"Seven seconds." Sarah snaps, eyeing her wrist. "Show me."

M straightens, picks up the bowl, and carries it over. She blushes as we both peer at her urine specimen. Sarah likes to check that M is drinking enough water.

"Hmm ... it looks healthy enough. Good. Continue."

She returns to the same spot, puts the bowl down, raises her skirt and squats again. This time we allow her to empty her bladder.

Sarah dismisses her. "Take that and flush it away. And don't think I've forgotten about those extra two seconds you took."

Over dinner, I admit to Sarah that I'm too tired to enjoy a blowjob that night and I've had at least one glass of wine too many. Besides, I generally prefer oral in the morning. There's always been something delicious about spurting my overnight load into a warm mouth.

Delicious for me, that is!

Nevertheless, I encourage Sarah to enjoy another bout of cunnilingus instead. So, after M has cleared the table and washed up, we summon her over to the sofa. Sarah wants to preserve our marital bed primarily for us. She's much keener to use M downstairs.

It's very erotic watching a lesbian porno scene in my own living room. Unlike this morning in bed, my wife is perfumed, coiffed and elegant. She's wearing a silk shirt and my favourite of all her skirts, one that's pleated, black and flattering.

M hunkers down without being asked, reverently raising Sarah's skirt up to her waist, revealing her thong. My wife has worn thongs for everyday-wear throughout our entire marriage. M looks up for permission and gently tugs the elastic waistband down, easing the strip of lace along Sarah's legs and over her heels.

I study M's expression. She's not a lesbian but at least she's done this once now and so the second time will be easier, especially as my wife's not oozing jizz this time. She lowers her pointy chin between Sarah's thighs.

She makes a better job this time. Perhaps her earlier paddling crosses M's mind? Sarah doesn't need to guide her head. My wife simply lies back into the sofa with a dreamy look on her face. I lean down and kiss her, enjoying her hot breathing as it steadily accelerates.

I love the sounds they're making. It's all too much for me. I'm hard. So I slip off the sofa and kneel behind M. She hasn't got any underwear on. I raise her tweed dress and use my thumbs to open her labia. They're a telltale sign. Her cunt's already sopping wet and very, very ready.

The three of us soon develop a 'push-me-pull-you' rhythm. M's lapping at Sarah's vulva and clit while I'm banging our slave's cunt from behind. I can also look over her shoulder and see the missus's face. Lost in ecstasy, she manages to wink at me.

Sarah has her own distinctive countdown to a climax. I can always recognise it from about 10 seconds out. She shuts her eyes and starts to grind her teeth, uttering those little moans that evolve into an extended hiss. Her toes curl and she arches her back.

“Yessssssssssssssssss ...”

Her actual orgasms last about 20 seconds from start to finish. Of course that depends at what point you start and end counting. Arguably they're longer if the orgasmic foothills are included. This is one of the longer ones, probably half a minute to crest the mountain.

At the same time I know I'm not going to be able to cum again; so I pull out seconds later. I'm pleased to detect M's hips reversing for a moment to try and trap my cock inside her. She even mumbles a little sound of disappointment into Sarah's pussy.

Again, Sarah says nothing. Not a word of gesture of thanks or recognition. She simply lays there like a Cheshire cat while M straightens up and bows her head.

“How was her pussy?” Sarah arches an eyebrow at me, peering over M's shoulder.

I shrug. “Hmm, okay. Nothing special. A typical middle-aged cunt really.”

Sarah snorts. “And there was I, hoping that its previous lack of use might have made it better than that.”

I pat M's sore, red buttocks, making her hiss in shock.

“Nope, 'fraid not. I'll definitely concentrate on her ass and mouth.”

“Yes, but I know a couple of guys who'd want a stab at her cunt. So long as it's ... you know ... acceptable.”

Sadly I can't see M's expression while we discuss her like this, but I can see Sarah's face. She's studying M intensely.

“Get up and make me a peppermint tea. Now!”

I sleep well that night. I'm starting to realise our ménage may well last a long time, not merely a few weeks or a couple of months. So slowly, steadily, safely, M's limits can be tested and pushed.

That's what she genuinely wants as well.

Every night Sarah decides on M's clothes for the following day. This morning it's a French maid's outfit, with the smaller e-stim torpedo and cable between her thighs, tucked inside some rubber panties. After two rounds of morning coffee, I use the bathroom.

By the time I emerge, M is patiently waiting on her knees for me. I sit in the bedroom armchair and flick open my bathrobe. My cock is lolling between my thighs, thickening but not yet fully erect.

“Better make it good. Use your initiative.” Sarah calls out to M.

My balls are morning-clammy as well as overnight-full. She starts to tongue them cautiously, licking the salty perspiration. Sitting on the edge of the armchair I man-spread my thighs so she can lick underneath my scrotum. I know she's just heard me inside the ensuite bathroom. Her eyes glance nervously upwards.

I say nothing. I just nod assertively. I see her gulp, wide-eyed, almost like a Disney cartoon character. But she shifts her tongue and kisses the underside of my balls, right next to my anal rim.

“Aah ... sss.”

Sarah jolts her with the remote. M immediately redoubles her efforts to get me hard. Her tongue dances a tune between my thighs.

“Good enough?” Sarah asks.

I smile, raising my hand, sparing M further shocks for now. She's got over her caution and starts lapping sweat and moisture from my undercarriage, slithering her tongue inside.

Soon enough my cock is sticking upright. M turns her oral attention to my veined shaft and tries to fit as much as she can in her mouth. She opens her jaws wide and gulps me in. Then she begins to suckle it.

I'll be upfront. I've been lucky enough to be treated to some pretty skilled and enthusiastic head over my four decades of adult life (as well as some that wasn't so great!). M obviously has a great deal to learn and practise. But I can tell she's doing her best. I don't want to be grossly unfair or to discourage her.

In the end I have to allow her to use her fingers. She puts her right hand round my shaft and starts to pump. She no longer wears any rings on her fingers; no marriage, engagement or party rings. Just bare hands. Watching her fingers, I decide that it would be nice to get her a slave ring instead.

She's not that much better at hand jobs than blowjobs but she manages to keep me moist with her saliva and does her utmost to get me off. Eventually I can feel myself staggering up to the top of the orgasmic mountain.

"In your mouth." I murmur through gritted teeth.

Some guys prefer fully trained subs. But I prefer a blank canvas. The fact that M's only been with three men in her entire life is a big plus. And the fact she's never even swallowed jizz once before is, for me, a bonus.

Her forehead creases with distaste, or at least apprehension. I feel myself hosing her palate, her gums, her teeth and tongue. When I manage to force my eyes open, I see that her eyes have closed.

"Hold it th ... there. Don't r ... rush to swallow."

She settles back on her haunches and opens her mouth, revealing a white puddle on her pink tongue. She blinks and squints up at me. Despite her queasy expression, she's got that same 'pleased' spark in her eyes that she had yesterday morning, after she brought Sarah to a climax. There's a dewdrop of cum on her chin.

"Okay, now head back, and gargle it."

She glances at me with a look that says, you bastard, but she tips her head back and trills my gunk as if it's minty morning-mouthwash. I hear Sarah's chuckle. My wife never much liked gargling either.

I wait a full minute, until M has absorbed its full flavour and texture. It's a taste I plan her to become very familiar with.

"Okay, you can swallow it now."

She tilts her head forward, closes her lips and gulps. Twice.

"What do you say?"

"Th ... thank you so much, Mr Vincent, sir."

I grin and tickle her under the chin the same way I stroke our cat.

CHAPTER FOUR

WE MOVE OUTSIDE

Soon, we start posting entries and photos on her new Fetlife profile.

We create an anonymous account for Mel. There are no face pics or identifying details and we select the name 'Lycoris37' for her, the pseudonym of a legendary female slave. We feature ourselves as her 'Owners', obviously anonymously as well.

Lycoris37 quickly develops a following. Friend requests and DMs pour in. Sarah and I have total control of her Fetlife profile; its password, what's uploaded, who we reply to, etc. M is, of course, fully aware that we've set up an account for her (and what we plan). But she's not allowed to see it or any of our correspondence with her 'fans'. All that she knows is what we choose to tell her, read out to her, or allow her a glimpse of onscreen.

The real name of Lycoris was Volumnia Cytheris, a slave and 'actress' in ancient Rome who was eventually given her freedom, thanks to her female charms combined with her skills as a lover. Several famous Romans, including Marcus Brutus and Mark Antony, reputedly enjoyed her lips, mouth and other orifices.

The name Lycoris was taken so we add M's age to make Lycoris37. We soon start receiving requests to have her perform various acts and poses, such as close-ups of her gaping pussy and asshole, vegetable insertions, clothes pegs on her nipples and labia, body writing, that kind of thing. Sarah is a keen amateur photographer anyway and she takes charge of our 'photo shoots', ranging from black and white and tasteful 'sexy' photos, to colourful, anatomical and highly explicit beaver-shots.

It's easy to restrict certain uploaded photos and writings to 'Friends Only'. That enables us to control who can see what. We start to build Lycoris37 a Fan Club that's restricted to the relatively small number who we decide to accept as intimate, online friends. We're much more interested in quality than quantity. Our eventual goal is to meet a select few of these people in real life.

Meanwhile I document our slave's daily life in a series of written posts, recording her typical day (not that there's such a thing as 'typical' really); from rising at 5 a.m. to carry out 3-4 hours of household chores, then bringing us coffee and breakfast in bed, to another 8 hours of service either side of our lunch, to her long evenings slaving away until 11-ish at night. In sum, 18-hour days of domestic and garden duties that are only broken for bathroom breaks, sustenance, and providing us with 'intimate, personal service'.

This is the month the world realises that a virus known as COVID-19 is going to affect not just Asia but the entire world. Soon terms like 'Lockdown' and 'Bubble' become part of our everyday vocabulary. M is now 'locked down' within our bubble in a very real sense. I even start fleshing out the idea for a story entitled 'After the Lockdown'.

Fortunately our house, garden and the unseasonably warm weather allow the three of us to stay sane. So we start working M outdoors as hard as we can. Sarah and I enjoy sipping our coffees, eating meals and drinking al fresco, even nude sunbathing, while we watch M toiling under the increasingly hot sun. There's plenty for her to do.

Sarah's a keen gardener but she happily delegates all the heavy lifting to our new slave; clearing the overwinter debris, cutting brambles, weeding garden beds, pruning our shrubs and trees, applying nutrients, turning the compost, edging the beds and borders, even sharpening and polishing our equipment.

M works topless, with the small torpedo e-stim wedged inside her pussy, sealed there by tight rubber panties. She wears an old, unflattering pair of my gardening shorts on top, and wellington boots. Her body glistens with perspiration and suntan oil as her big tits swing free and she builds up a real sweat in no time. Sometimes we put e-clips on her nipples too. Then, if we see her slowing or slacking, we can zap her nipples, cunt or anus to let her know we're on her case.

Of course, Sarah and I both get a nice sweat up as well, lying there, on our sun loungers, reading books or listening to podcasts. I'm usually a late-afternoon bather, around 5.30 p.m., before I spruce up and get changed for the evening. So during the day I'm relaxing with one hand behind my head and a nice hum coming from my sweaty, hairy armpit.

We summon our slave over to give her a little respite from gardening. We take turns. Sometimes M starts with Sarah, kissing her bare soles, licking her sticky thighs, tonguing her fetid pussy. My wife and I are still benefitting from a boost to our own sex life. Sarah often lets my load fester inside her for several hours before M laps it clean.

When we met 30 years ago, Sarah was the most fastidious bather I've ever known; baths in the morning and a shower after work, or vice versa. She never liked me trying to go down on her in the mornings or, frankly, any other time, except right after she'd bathed. Throughout our marriage not much has changed. Therefore the sudden contrast is a huge surprise to me. Any embarrassment about the state of her body, whether on her skin or inside her orifices, the aroma and taste, seems to have vanished within weeks. But only with M. With me, my wife remains as fastidious as she always was.

Once Sarah is satisfied - which doesn't always involve her having orgasms, but can instead just be a nice 'clean up' while she reads - she dismisses M with a cursory tap on the head. Nothing more.

Then it's my turn.

I enjoy having my toes sucked. I'm old enough to have been affected by those toe sucking sex scandals of the 1990s. Sarah's squeamish about all feet so I've always spared her that indignity. But M's a slave and thus she gets no such clemency.

She sucks my cheesy big toes like they're stubby cocks. Up and down, in and out, between the toes, giving them plenty of tongue, all the while gazing along my naked body as I sunbathe. She looks at the cover of my book while I read. Occasionally I put the book down to stare back at her.

Next she licks the insides of my legs, washing each hair with her tongue, all the way up. She nuzzles my sweaty balls, and pecks at my now-erect cock. I part my legs so she can crawl up the sun-lounger on all fours, not forgetting my butt. Eventually her lips slide over my ribs and into my rancid armpits. I want them deodorized by M's tongue. Sarah lets out a little snort of amusement. She really enjoys seeing M performing tasks that she herself was never subjected to.

It can take her at least 20-30 minutes to get me off, especially if I've already cum that morning. But there's no rush, unless I get frustrated or my cockhead starts to get dry and uncomfortable. I'm just happy lying there reading while M does all the work. Her eventual reward is a mouthful of cloying afternoon jizz.

Again, there are no thanks. That's become a crucial part of our dynamic. One might express gratitude to a mere submissive after a D/s session. And it's even more complicated if your 'sub play partner' happens to be your wife. Sarah and I always used to cuddle and kiss and thank each other when we returned to husband and wife mode.

But with M it's utterly different. She's merely our slave. We use her and dismiss her when we're done. Of course, just like Lycoris the real Roman slave, M will one day be 'released' as a free woman. We know our relationship won't last forever. But it is reassuring M doesn't want to be released from this any time soon.

I insist she always trills my semen around her gums and tongue and palate and thanks me after she's swallowed. I should mention that the first time I ever came in a girl's mouth (in my teens, Mott the Hoople on the radio, back of a car, first ever oral sex) I was as unprepared as her and didn't warn her. So I spurted in this girl's mouth and she spent the next few minutes gagging, spitting and bitching at me. That moment gave me a hang-up about my own taste and inadvertently triggered a fetish.

I don't mind simple swallowing but I much prefer it when a woman gets the full flavour and texture of my semen (and any other guy's for that matter). Spitting has become a no-no in my book. Holding it on the tongue and then trilling it around appreciatively is what I like to see. With M there's no negotiation. It's what she does every time. And afterwards she must thank me for the privilege.

And mere words aren't enough. I need to hear genuine gratitude in her voice and see admiration in her eyes. I don't want to spot any of that slight curling of the lip, or flaring of the nostrils, anything that expresses distaste or a lack of appreciation of my gunk. In return I keep my expression deadpan. I don't even acknowledge her thanks. Sarah and I simply look down at M in a manner that makes it clear she can now return to her gardening duties.

As I said, I was affected by that first girlfriend spitting out my cum in disgust. Many years later (thanks google), I began researching and experimenting with the taste of my own semen. This was a few years ago when I had a couple of younger submissives. Legend has it that pineapple juice makes your jizz

sweeter. We found that to be true about cartons of juice, but actual fresh slices of pineapple and mango all work even better. One sub even called mine ‘yummy’.

Whereas black coffee has the reverse effect. It makes my jizz sharp and much less pleasant to gargle. I generally prefer a cappuccino or flat white to black coffee but I would sometimes drink an espresso as a little test of their swallowing commitment!

But, with M, we now go a lot further. I begin experimenting with cutting back on sugary fruit and upping my intake of chives, onion and especially garlic, all of which I like and they noticeably increase my semen’s bitterness and smell, due to their sulphurous content.

Sarah is pretty much in charge of our daily menus and diet. She believes ‘we are what we eat’ (and drink for that matter). She became an enthusiastic researcher too, knowing she wasn’t going to have to taste the experiments. Unsurprisingly perhaps, certain fish makes semen smell and taste, yes, fishy. Whereas, surprisingly, cheese definitely makes it bitter.

“Now the cheeseboard.”

Sarah chuckles as M brings over the smelly cheeses after dinner.

“I expect you’ll be wanting a blowjob tomorrow morning?”

“Of course.” I look directly at M as I cut myself some Roquefort. It appears blue cheese works particularly well, especially overnight.

“Thank you Sir.” M curtsies in grateful anticipation.

I pick up the Zinc Oxide tablet that’s sitting on my side plate and pop it in my mouth. M watches me raise my water glass and swallow. A little tip: Zinc Oxide makes a measurable difference to both the whiteness and volume of an older guy’s jizz.

Several mornings a week, M (who’d never given a proper BJ and spat the cum out, let alone swallowed it, before she met us), has had to learn proper ‘oral slave etiquette’. The underlying principle is that the privilege is all hers, not mine.

I like to start by laying my cock on her lower lip and tongue. There’s little to beat looking down at a woman’s face and seeing her eyes humbly looking up at you. I slide my length to and fro along her tongue a few times, watching her wince as I scrape her larynx.

Then she sets to work. When she eventually receives my load in her mouth – as white and whiffy, fishy and bitter, copious and chunky as I can brew it – she gargles it to savour the full flavour, texture, tang and aftertaste. It’s like a wine tasting and, although none of us know it at the time, a foretaste of her future. She must then consume it while maintaining eye contact with me (and Sarah too, if she’s around). Finally she must thank me (or us) profusely.

“Thank you so much, Sir, for feeding me your amazing cum.”

Why not eat pineapple to sweeten it? Why not let M just gulp it down so that she barely tastes it? Why not make the whole thing easier, more pleasant? Well, that’s partly because of my kink of course, and for Sarah’s amusement. But it’s about much more than that.

Because deep down women like M want to ‘prove themselves’. They don’t want things made easy. ‘Ordinary’ women – wives and girlfriends – want things easy. They have their own rules for oral sex, that’s if they’ll even go down on their guy at all! Perhaps she won’t get down on her knees? That’s too demeaning. Or it can only be brief foreplay before the main event? Otherwise it’s too unequal. Don’t push your cock in too deep. It makes her gag. Don’t cum in her mouth. Nasty taste, etc.

Of course, even some ‘normal’ women don’t insist on these petty constraints. They’re happy to make their guy happy. But a few females – including TPE slaves like M – go several steps beyond that. They want to learn to live by our rules instead, whatever those are. M knows about my fetish and the reason for it. She actually feels she’s paying the dues of that girl who spat my load out all those years ago. As a masochist as well as a submissive, she actually wants everything to be hard, horrible and demanding. Of course, it wasn’t remotely easy for her to evolve from an oral virgin to a cum dumpster within a couple of months. But she takes a perverse pride in having done so.

Another advantage of outdoor life is that an area behind the wooden shed at the end of our garden can now be used as M’s daytime ‘bathroom’. The chilly loo indoors is luxurious by comparison. I’ve fashioned a latrine for her out of some old bricks; there are two columns, each made of five red house-bricks stood on top of each other, with a narrow gap between the two columns. She can perch her butt on the columns and pee and poop into the gap, onto the earth below, enriching our soil.

Naturally M can't just use her latrine without asking. She has to disturb us with a very specific request; 'please sir, madam, may I empty my bladder?' 'please sir, madam, may I move my bowels?' We prefer it when she needs to do both at once as it saves time.

One of us simply cocks an eyebrow to let her know that we've heard her request and we'll let her know in time. Then she returns to work and we continue reading. We almost always make her wait. Of course, it's never a convenient moment for us. It may be 5 minutes later, or 15 minutes, or longer, before one of us lazily gets up from our lounger.

Whilst Sarah's happy to supervise, she's already bored after the first few times. Whereas toilet control is one of my areas of speciality, so to speak! So I reluctantly put down my book or headphones and nod at M. Then I follow her down to the garden shed.

She unlaces and removes her boots first. She wears a locking chain belt in the loops to hold up my old shorts. It's just a length of steel chain joined by a padlock at the front. I hand over the key. She thanks me profusely, unlocks it and removes the chain, then briskly lowers her shorts.

Next I watch her peel the tight rubber underpants down her legs and remove the torpedo from her vagina or anus, depending on where Sarah's specified she wear it that day. I inspect the inside of the rubber pants for the slightest sign of leakage. Only perspiration is allowed. Any other kinds of female secretions are forbidden.

While she waits I like to examine her bare tits. It's early in the year for insects and wasps but sometimes she has the odd bite or scratch. I heft her boobs in my palms and tease her that I can see her stretch marks are getting worse from doing hours of topless manual labour.

This plays into a fetish of hers, not mine. Like other well-endowed women, M has a love-hate relationship with her breasts. She dreads being one of those older women with big floppy jugs. But her masochistic fantasy is imagining herself as exactly one of those women! She's 'giving us what remain of her best years' boob-wise and meanwhile she wants us to do what we can to bring about a saggy future. There's no accounting for individual kinks.

We never restrict M's fluid intake. That wouldn't be responsible. She can obviously drink tap water whenever she needs to. But she's expected to self-regulate to minimise the number of pees she needs during her outdoor hours (currently mid-morning to mid-afternoon). This whole undressing routine is tiresome if it's only for a quick piss on the ground.

As I mentioned in chapter two, we did what we could to make M's first bowel movements as regulated and awkward as possible. Those were indoors, back in January, in her bathroom. But as the weeks pass, familiarity breeds, if not contempt, then at least a lessening of shame. After all there are only so many times the same act embarrasses someone. So I'm constantly thinking up new ways to challenge her.

Today I've had an idea. Instead of allowing her to perch her butt on the brick columns, I instruct her to turn around, face our garden wall (ie. away from me) and spread her bare feet wide. Once she's bent over and clutching her ankles, I tell her to look up through her parted legs. Her upside-down red face peers upwards at me.

I casually inspect her buttocks. There are still some faded stripes from a recent caning but nothing serious. I pinch the fleshy tops of her legs critically but, in truth, she's in decent shape there. M still has girlish legs. I give her butt a slap.

"Okay, how're you feeling today? Loose or firm?"

"F ... firm, Mr Vincent, I think pretty firm, sir."

"Hmm, okay. Do the first one. Go on, quickly now."

It's not easy, performing to command in a weird pose, whilst touching your toes and after having held everything in for a while.

"Hurry!"

I hear quiet grunts as M strains. I can see right into her open crevice, a complete close up of her puckered anus. I squat down and peer between her knees at her glistening face.

"Stop!"

Just as the tip of something is emerging, I decide that she's had long enough. I grab a garden bamboo I keep propped up by the shed door.

"Do. NOT. Keep. Me. Waiting."

Whoosh ... crack!

Whoosh ... crack!

Whoosh ... crack!

Whoosh ... crack!

Four fresh pink lines appear across her buttocks.

“F ... four,” she counts, “I’m s ... sorry, sir.”

“Okay, now hurry! But only the first one.”

She pushes hard and emits a loud pop of gas. The view is rather like walking behind a horse as it drops its dung onto the road. A shiny dropping slowly pokes out, emerges, and plops onto the soil below.

“I’m s ... sorry sir.”

She apologizes for passing gas. Farting is strictly banned at all times. However, it’s more forgivable when she’s defecating. I use the tip of the bamboo and a fingertip to open her crevice wider. I want her to feel the humid, outdoor air and to be aware how exposed her dirty anus now is.

“Is that all?”

“No s ... sir. Th ... there’s more.”

I sigh. “Then we must be feeding you too much.” I take a step back. “Okay, come on. Let’s see the second one.”

Quite a few guys have asked me if watching a woman poop doesn’t put me off having anal sex with her. The honest truth is that it doesn’t. M’s body functions the same way as anybody else’s. All humans poop. So I can choose not to watch her and imagine it. Or I can watch her and don’t have to use my imagination. But what I can’t do is convince myself M is somehow different and her bottom is always pure. So she just has to make sure it’s spotless whenever I want to use it.

I pull out my phone and bend down, so I can video her face framed by her legs. Sarah and I would never actually reveal her face online but M doesn’t know that for sure. I zoom onto her grimacing features. She grunts.

“Smile.”

She forces a lame smile and groans, pushing out a second dropping. Her face, upper legs, anal crevice, sphincter are all in my camera frame as a softer lump splatters onto the ground.

“Is that it?”

She shakes her head, staring into the lens, biting her lip in ignominy. She’s already told me that doing her ablutions outdoors makes her feel like an animal. This new pose magnifies that feeling. I simply pat her on the hip like I’m encouraging a reluctant horse.

“One more and that’s it. So make sure you push everything out.”

She grunts again and a mini-cascade appears and tumbles to the ground. She utters a whimper of shame combined with sheer relief.

“Done?”

“Y ... yes sir.”

“You said you thought they’d be pretty firm today?”

“I’m sorry s ... sir, I did think th ... that before ...”

She still love-hates it that I always discuss her waste with her. It’s a battle she can’t win. There’s always something to criticise. I pat her spine as a sign for her to get up. She straightens, closes her legs and turns round to face me. Her face is red and sweaty.

I point at the trowel propped next to the bamboo cane.

“You know what to do.”

There’s supposedly a national shortage of toilet paper. So M has to do her bit for the nation. She digs a hole and tips her waste into it. Like a cat using a litter tray, she covers it with earth and spreads the soil around.

“Right, hurry back to work.”

M quickly pulls her rubber boots back on and carries an armful of the torpedo plug, her rubber pants, chain and shorts back to where Sarah is still reading on the loungers. My wife raises an eye from her book.

“You were gone a long time?”

“Yeah. She still needs more training.”

We've actually been gone for a total of less than three minutes. Most Westerners don't realise how accustomed we all become to relaxing on a comfortable, pedestal toilet; thumbing a magazine, browsing our phones, taking our time, enjoying that lazy, private moment. It's one of the things that separate humans from more 'functional' species.

And that's what we've taken from M. Now we decide when and where she can go, always at our convenience, never hers. The whole thing is brisk and takes as little time as possible, without reading or browsing. Then it's straight back to work as fast she's able.

"Leave those there and hurry."

I relax on my lounge and M picks up where she left off in a shaded area under the old oak tree, pulling up weeds with her bare hands.

An additional deprivation is not allowing her to wipe herself. Like all of us, she's used to that nice feeling of a clean bottom, straightened clothes and washed hands afterwards. But we deny her those things when outdoors, making her do at least half an hour's toil in the open air while soiled and naked, except for the pair of rubber boots.

For her bath time outdoors we use our garden hose. It has a decent jet and the chilly water's refreshing. Either Sarah or I spray M, back and front and, finally, her cunt and anus. She bends over and we sluice her nice and clean. Finally, she douches her own rectum with the largest of the three silicone bulbs (225 ml). The gush when she expels the water onto a pile of dead leaves is spectacular.

But, ultimately, the whole routine is good for the environment. We're doing our bit for the planet; recycling, feeding the earth, no tissue paper or flushing. You can't say fairer than that.

CHAPTER FIVE

A LUXURY SPA

“We’ve found somebody to pierce your pussy.”

M is serving us breakfast outdoors; coffee, fruit and croissants.

“Yes. He’s a Frenchman, lives over here now. A big believer in female chastity. His own slave is pierced, ringed and completely denied. She’s ass and mouth only. Well, 99 percent of the time.”

M’s wearing one of Sarah’s old varnishes on her fingernails. Her fingers tremble as she pours. She volunteered that long term denial is both her dream and her nightmare. It’s what she wants to happen and yet also dreads happening.

“Th ... thank you, madam, sir.”

My wife teases M’s labia while our slave peels an orange for us. Sarah casually picks up a yellow banana and sticks its long crown inside M’s pussy, then slowly eases a few more inches of the shaft in. The banana’s still quite green and it’s very firm. It slides in easily.

“You’re excited?”

“Yes madam.”

“How long is it since you came?”

“Er ... I think eighteen days, madam.”

“Think?”

“Sorry, I know, madam.”

Sarah slides most of the rest of the curved banana inside. M’s lips part in a wide O as she exhales.

“As soon as lockdown’s over and a visit can be arranged, Xavier will lock this cunt up.”

M bites her lower lip. “Y ... yes madam.”

Sarah slides the banana out effortlessly and stares at the sheen on the skin.

“Bend over and grab your ankles.”

Sarah winks at me and places the banana at the rim of M’s anus. She presses hard. Whoomph! The glossy crown pops her sphincter and disappears. Just like that. Nothing needs to be said.

M’s anus is well trained.

“More coffee, dear?”

Sarah tops up my cup. Meanwhile M remains bent over by our patio table, clutching her shins, with half a yellow banana protruding from her ass. M takes a photo of her like that and instantly uploads it to Lycoris37’s Fetlife profile.

“Listen to this one.” She reads aloud.

“I’d really love to meet your slave, as soon as lockdown’s ended. I realise that I’m not every woman’s dream but, hey, I’m a nice guy, I promise, LOL! I’d be happy to pay if you need an incentive to say yes.”

“Show me.” I chuckle.

Oh boy. We get a lot of unsolicited messages. It can sometimes take Sarah an hour on her sun lounger to scan anything worth reading and delete the rubbish. But we’re building a small network for when the fun can begin.

“Seventy four! He’s exactly twice her age.”

“Yeah, but look, his cock can still get erect.”

“I can hardly see it under that belly.” I laugh.

We both look at M’s back. We can’t see her face but it’s obvious she’s blushing. The back of her neck is mottled pink as she hears us casually discussing a potential sex partner for her.

“What do you think?” I ask Sarah.

“Oh he’s a deffo. He lives not far away, he’s the perfect age, fat as fuck, and he’s offering to pay for her company. I mean, what’s not to like?”

Sarah picks up a fist of fresh ginger root from the fruit bowl and carves off its skin, forming a small plug shape. We chat casually while she does this. M remains staring at the ground with half of a yellow banana still sticking out of her butt.

We've already figged M a couple of times in her asshole. It was part of her early training in how to take the cane properly; bent over, clutching her ankles, feet apart and, above all, presenting nice and unclenched buttocks to us. One doesn't need to hit as hard for the same result if the sub's cheeks aren't tightened protectively.

A ginger plug secretes oils that irritate the mucus membranes and burn like fuck. I occasionally figged Sarah in the past and so, naturally, she now enjoys dishing out the same medicine to M. It's nigh on impossible to scrunch one's cheeks protectively as that increases the fierce burn. It's delicious watching the recipient try to clench against a cane-stroke, then hissing and being forced to relax, just as the cane descends. Time it right and you can land the cane on a nice soft target.

"Wider."

This time my wife is going to apply the root to our slave's other orifice instead. I lean across the table to watch her fingertips gently parting M's pink labia. The insertable root is about as long and thick as Sarah's middle finger, with a knobble on the end.

She slides two-thirds of it in, making sure that it nestles against M's clitoris. Now - live a living fruit stall - M has a knob of ginger and a banana on display between her legs. Within a minute she starts to feel it.

"Sss ..." she sucks in the warm spring air.

"Quiet!"

We continue our breakfast, planning the day.

"We'll have a late lunch. You have the 10 to 12 slot and I'll go 12 until 2. Then we can eat at 2.30. Okay?"

"Sure." I reply to Sarah's suggestion.

During the early weeks of Lockdown, the amount of housework and garden tasks that genuinely need doing has been steadily diminishing. Aside from one day when she wasn't feeling well (we gave her a days' rest) M has worked around 120 hours per week (ie. more than 3 times the 'normal' working week). That's a lot of woman-hours.

She starts at 05.00 and finishes at around 23.30 hrs, seven days a week, although we squeeze in two breaks mid-morning and late afternoon to eat, bathe, face-time her friends online, etc. The state of our house, in particular, is now immaculate. Even most of the old paperwork and filing has been sorted.

Imagine a 5-star hotel bedroom the moment you walk into it for the first time. Everything is immaculate, from crisp bedcovers to the carefully placed TV remote, the white bathrobes to the sparkling lavatory. Well, that's what life's become like for us. However, now imagine you're a very demanding couple who discover their room isn't 100 percent perfect. What do you do? You phone the management and complain, so that housekeeping gets reprimanded.

Unless M is working outdoors, we expect every toilet in the house to be spotless whenever we want to use it. So M is required to keep an ear out for the sound of flushing. The moment Sarah or I leave whichever bathroom we've used, M pauses what she's doing, to go in and make everything pristine again; the pan, the rim, the seat, the seat-cover, the flush handle, the basin and taps. Not only pristine but COVID-safe with detergent. She even folds the next sheet of toilet tissue on the roll into a triangle like in a posh hotel.

It took Sarah a few days but she soon got over any concern about leaving potential smells. M goes straight in to clean up, whether either of us has used our small downstairs loo (windowless, but with a ventilation fan), the larger downstairs cloakroom, the toilet next to my study, or any of the three upstairs bathrooms.

Sometimes I don't even bother to flush. I certainly never use the toilet brush any longer. That's housekeeping's job. I don't put the seat down after I've peed. If I use our bedroom ensuite, I purposely leave it in a state; towel on the floor, loo roll trailing, damp hinges, wet seat, whatever.

Around the house, Sarah often dons a pair of white cotton gloves to check the skirting boards and plumbing pipes for perfection. Our larder and kitchen cupboards are spotless with items and cans sorted by category first, and then into alphabetical order, just like a public library. Every cushion is plumped up comparable to a sofa on Downton Abbey.

So now that M has broken the back of the daily housework and garden tasks, as well as caught up with our admin and filing, we have to occupy her time in other ways. To keep her busy, we've recently

turned our main spare bedroom into a luxury Spa. Amazon delivery drivers have recently been turning up daily with packages such as an adjustable massage bed, those little white masseuse outfits, new manicure and pedicure kits, scented candles, lotions and potions, even a (dire) Whale-music CD.

Sarah's designed and printed out an Excel spreadsheet for bookings. Our new Spa is "open" for a minimum of 4 hours per day – in two 2-hour slots – but on alternate days for a total of up to 6 hours. And naturally everything on our treatment menu is priced at £0.00p.

"Stop moving."

M is swaying in discomfort now, her hairless cunt pouting between her parted thighs, her chunky labia visibly engorged. She's as aroused as much as she's in pain. The combination of long term sexual frustration and quick-fix masochism are getting her to fever pitch.

But her next climax depends on the government. Sarah and I have decided that M will remain 'locked down' for as long as the country is.

Eventually, we finish our breakfast and Sarah removes both fruit from M's orifices. She tells her to pop the ginger into a plastic bag so it matures. The oils will get even more pungent. We can reuse it later. M cleans our patio table and washes everything up.

At 10 o'clock, I walk into our 'Spa' in just my towelling bathrobe. The curtains are drawn and the guest bedroom downlights are on. M has hurriedly changed and she greets me in a sexy masseuse costume; a slinky white tunic that hugs her figure, nice white stockings and high heels. The polyester tunic has a zip all the way down the front.

"Good morning, Mr Vincent." She bows politely.

I allow her to help me out of my robe. I'm totally naked underneath.

"What will it be today, sir?"

I glance down at my long toenails. "Pedicure first. Then a full body massage."

"Of course, thank you, sir."

I sit down in the armchair and M prepares her tray; a bowl of hot soapy water, the toenail cutter, scissors, cuticle pusher, nail files, buffer, lotion and cream. She kneels down in front of me.

"May I kiss them first, sir?"

I smile inwardly. Two scented candles are already burning in the room. Notes of lavender and vanilla, sandalwood and patchouli. It is 'Maharadjah' by Nicolai; my wife's favourite fragrance.

"Sure." I flick my toes upwards.

M bends her head and suckles each toe in turn, paying most attention to the big and little ones. My nails look pretty long and slightly raggedy. I twist my feet so she can kiss the soles too.

After they're licked clean, she soaks and lathers my feet in the bowl of hot water and dries them in a fluffy towel. I sit back and relax. M carefully – and skilfully – cuts, files, buffs and creams my toenails perfectly. It takes her about 20 minutes. I don't thank her.

"Save those." I say instead, looking at the saucer of toenail scimitars.

"Yes sir."

While I lie down on the bed, she quickly cleans up and dims the lights. Then she helps me get comfortable, face down in the semi-darkness. The massage bed has one of those oval holes for my face to rest in.

"May I start, sir?"

I don't reply so she applies a generous coat of almond oil to my back legs first; she begins at my feet, kneading my soles, before moving slowly up my legs, to my lower back. She gently but thoroughly massages my arms, shoulders and neck.

Time passes deliciously slowly. When I used to have massages on holiday, or relaxing physio sessions, the ticking clock tended to spoil my enjoyment. I'm lying there thinking 'this will end too soon'. Or that this is 'fucking costing me two bucks a minute', or whatever.

But with M, there's none of that nagging feeling detracting from pure pleasure. There's plenty of time and everything's free. I even start to drool through the hole in the bed onto the floor.

"Mmm ..."

Maybe an hour has passed? I feel her leaning over the bed. Her cleavage brushes my bare hip and her lips kiss my nearside buttock. This is part of the routine as specified by Sarah. M must finish off our backs with due reverence. We buy edible 'food grade' oil so it's safe to lick.

Her tongue slithers into my anal crevice and massages my rim. Of course, it's erotic and I feel my cock hardening against the bed. But the primary purpose isn't sexual. Not yet.

After 5 minutes, she withdraws and asks.

"Is that enough, sir?"

I mumble and she helps me turn over onto my front. My erection bounces around like an excited puppy. She kisses the tip.

"Now, sir, or later?"

"Later."

So she restarts at my feet, each individual toe, ankles, up my shins, to my thighs, stomach and chest. It's more gentle-stroking than any muscle manipulation. I drift into a half-sleep. I lose track of time. My dick falls softly against my thigh.

Some time, in my drowsiness, I become aware of the door opening and Sarah joining us. My wife pulls up a stool and sits by the bed.

"It's eleven forty five. Do you want more time?"

"Mmm." I let my head roll sideways and try to focus on Sarah's lovely face in the half light.

"Have another half an hour." She whispers. "I can wait until 12.30."

I smile, accepting her offer wordlessly. But she doesn't leave. She enjoys watching, checking our masseuse's performance.

M moves onto my hands, wrists, forearms, biceps and shoulders. I can sense some tiredness in her fingers now as she massages me.

"Don't slack." I hear Sarah's curt voice as I drift.

M massages the crown of my head and hair and caresses my jaw and cheeks and forehead. Then I feel her hairs tickle my hip and her face is leaning over the middle of the bed.

I reach up and fumble with the zipper at the front of her tunic. I slide it down all the way, releasing her tits so I can play with them.

Her lips kiss my thigh, then my soft cock, taking it into her mouth.

"Mmm ..."

I open my eyes and see Sarah smiling at me.

I hear M's voice murmuring. "May I give you a happy ending thir?"

I don't reply, which she correctly understands as a yes. I harden in her mouth. Soon she's bobbing her head up and down. I feel her nearside tit bouncing against my skin.

"I love you." I mouth silently at my wife.

Are there three other words in the English language that are easier to lip-read?

Sarah blows me a kiss. She doesn't need to say anything back to me. We didn't make love this morning so today I'm ready to shoot a decent load.

M switches to using her hand. I part my legs and raise my hips. When she arrived her hand jobs were rather mediocre. Now she knows exactly what she's doing, even though it's awkward for her, leaning across the spa bed. Her right hand pumps me rhythmically while she kisses and tongues the crown.

"Yes ... mmm ... ngh ... sss ..."

My legs stiffen as I discharge several thick jets of cum into the side of her mouth. She stores them there, awaiting every last drop. Then she raises her head, tilts it back, and trills it round her tongue, finally swallowing the lot. She lowers her face to my groin and gratefully licks me clean.

I lie there, letting my heartbeat slow, my eyes closed. I feel totally relaxed; head to toe, massaged and stroked, and now drained.

"It's twenty eight minutes past." Sarah gets up, undoing her white silk robe.

My turn's over. M helps me off the bed and back into my towelling robe. She knots the belt for me.

"Thank you for coming sir. I'll see you tomorrow, I hope."

I give her a cursory nod, turning to kiss Sarah.

"See you later."

"Two thirtyish." she replies.

"Good afternoon, Mrs Vincent." I hear M saying as she helps Sarah out of her robe and hangs it up. Sarah's wearing just her thong.

"What will it be today, Madam?"

“Just a massage and a pussy grooming.”

“Of course, my pleasure, thank you so much, madam.”

CHAPTER SIX

PUSSY LOCKDOWN

Like everybody else, we're pretty confused by the mixed messages coming out of the daily media conferences and the government, interpreted by the BBC and Guardian at one extreme, and libertarians and the Telegraph near the other, with scientists wheeled out to support both sides. The idea seems to be to use broadly the same data to score points and bamboozle people rather than to clarify.

But by early summer, it's clear we can finally move on from training M exclusively on our own to inviting a small number of masked guests. Can a person catch COVID from a cockhead? The advice seems to be that you can catch it from breathing and kissing but not through semen or vaginal fluids.

Our first guest is Xavier, a lifelong Dominant, with a string of relationships behind him. He's retired from work and makes his own equipment in his workshop. He's an expert in female chastity and orgasm denial. He even brings his own slave 'girl' along with him.

M lies on the couch. We listen, fascinated, as he explains and shows us all the complex component parts of our slave's vagina. M has her legs wide open and her freshly depilated pussy on full display. Her pale skin, pink folds and darker recesses are all accessible.

What most of us think of as simply a woman's "clit, vulva and labia", Xavier subdivides into a dozen component parts for us; like a tour guide his fingers steer us through M's (i) mons pubis (ii) anterior labial commissure (iii) the prepuce, glans and frenulum of her clitoris (iv) the meatus urethral opening through which she urinates (v) her labia minora and majora (vi) the openings of her para-urethral ducts (vii) the vaginal opening itself (viii) the vestibule and opening of her greater vestibular and the Bartholin's glands that create and exude her sexual lubrication (ix) the hymenal caruncle which remained when M lost her virgin's hymen, (x) her vestibular fossa (xi) posterior labial commissure, and finally (xii) her perineal raphe.

Xavier's fingertips expose her clitoris and he informs us that he's going to pierce her anterior labia high up so as to make it virtually impossible for M to rub her own clit. When added, a clitoral shield would make conventional masturbation impossible. He will then run a kind of 'zipper' of piercings all the way down her 37yr old labial lips from her minora and majora down to her commissure, a total of 12 punched holes that will house 6 parallel pairs of steel rings.

Xavier performs the piercing with maximum hygiene and care but without using anaesthetic. We all wear medical masks and gloves. He's even brought sterilised handcuffs to fasten M down for the 'operation'. One by one he punches holes in her pussy lips with his special gun and inserts surgical grade steel rings. Wearing latex gloves and smiling eyes, my wife assists him by passing him each of the shiny rings in turn.

M is admirably brave throughout the painful process. Meanwhile Valerie, Xavier's companion, who has already shown us her almost identical piercing - hers enhanced by a colourful anal plug too - kneels and reassures M that the discomfort won't hurt for too long and that it will be easy to keep her pussy clean with a special shower nozzle (like a straw). Xavier advises a monthly removal of the rings to clean the tunnels.

The coup de grace is a long steel padlock that's similar to a large safety pin. It's made by a company called Lustlock (lustlock.com). Its long shackle fastens the six pairs of rings together and the lock's body has a solid keyhole. He's brought a set of four keys for us.

We've already paid Xavier for the materials weeks earlier but we haven't told M that. So it's time to crank up her humiliation.

"So, Xavier, how can our slave thank you for your time and skill?"

He shrugs. He's older than me; a big, bald, bearded Frenchman. A complete stranger.

"Ah, it's nothing. C'est mon plaisir to lock another woman up."

"Oh go on. There must be something. A blowjob? Anal?"

He calmly lights up a Gauloises and accepts a chilled beer while Valerie wipes and packs up his things. Xavier looks down at M. His eyes squint at her over his moustache and beard.

"Bien, maybe? It's too early to use the asshole but okay, I will let her give me a little pipe."

This is a test that M's been mentally preparing herself for over a long period; months, if not years. She gets up, kneels in front of a stranger and lowers his baggy jeans and 'French-flag' red-white-blue underpants. Xavier's incredibly hirsute, like a bear. His dick emerges from the grey forest. Barely hesitating, M starts sucking it, while he smokes and chats with us showing zero embarrassment. Over the years he's spent years at orgies of various types.

Frenchmen of his generation call a blowjob a 'pipe', pronounced peep. M's lips treat his cock like a piston, making loud 'mwah' sucking noises. After a few minutes, Xavier clicks his fingers and Valerie (who's aged in her 50s) gets down alongside M. Both women take turns bobbing their heads in his lap. He eventually chooses to cum inside his own slave's mouth as if that's the polite way for him to behave.

After Xavier and Valerie have finally departed, the three of us exchange looks. This feels like another of those key moments, us burrowing a little further down our rabbit hole.

"Okay?" I ask M. My tone is sincere, concerned.

She nods. We inspect her locked pussy. The sight is very pleasing to all of us. M tries to touch her clit with her fingers. She can't. Then she practises washing with the kit Xavier brought us. She can. We unlock her and apply ointment. Sarah teases M's pussy and clit before we lock her back up.

All three of us join in a kiss. A group hug. It's a little celebration. That evening M joins us for dinner for the first time. Apart from that vanilla, trial weekend in January, M's never ever eaten at the table with us. We enjoy the full works; champagne and canapés, soup and salmon, candles and chat, laughter and wine. It's already been over three weeks since M's last orgasm. The plan was that she'd already be frustrated and horny by the time she's pierced and locked up.

There is an animated debate within a section of the BDSM community about 'enforced chastity' versus 'trust'. There are many D/s couples (both Male-Dom and Female-Domme) who regard chastity cages and belts as unnecessary. The submissive should exercise self-control and be able to be trusted to do so (or at a minimum, to admit to any unauthorised masturbation). Clearly nobody is actually being forced to give up orgasms. All submissives who are into chastity want their dominant to be in control of them, one way or another. Trust is expected in any relationship. So they argue that a device should be redundant.

However, a significant portion of the community prefer to 'enforce' chastity anyway (or have their chastity enforced), whether short term or 24/7, using a cock cage, a chastity belt, or piercings. This seems particularly prevalent in submissive men who can't trust themselves. They aspire to self-control but need toughened plastic or cold steel to refrain, with their mistress (or master) literally holding the key.

No doubt we could trust M not to touch herself. In our case the purpose of a piercing is threefold. Firstly, she wants to be locked. Secondly, the three of us like the visual 'zipped' appearance of steel labial rings and a padlock. And thirdly, we like the added security on top of trust. Bear in mind, we intend to tease and deny M for weeks, even months, and our whole ambition is to take her to the very edge of her limits.

"How are things down there?" Sarah asks.

M giggles. "Fanny flutters."

I don't have a fanny so I've never had 'flutters' down there, but thanks to Xavier's demonstration my mind can imagine her labia majora flapping and her Bartholin's glands quivering.

"So you'd like an orgasm tonight?"

M nods. "Yes, please ... Mrs Vincent."

Sarah smiles kindly, reaches out and caresses M's cheek.

"Your last one for a very long time."

I fetch a cucumber from the salad bowl and roll a ribbed condom over its length. M stares at the thing in awe. We direct her to sit naked in an armchair in the living room with the backs of her knees splayed over its arms.

We allow her to tease her opening until she's wet and aroused enough to insert the big green dildo into her unlocked pussy. She begins masturbating herself, her new steel rings jangling. We conduct a little photo shoot, part-memento and part-show for her Fetlife fans. Her face remains out of shot. She winces with discomfort. The piercings are very tender but she's horny enough to ignore any painful twinges.

Within literally the first minute, she's carefully angling it to make contact with her clit. She gazes at us, wide-eyed, silently asking permission to cum.

Sarah shakes her head and whispers, gently but firmly.

“I want you to ruin your orgasm. Pull that out a second before you cum. Can you do that for us?”

M’s brown eyes glaze over. She nods, mouth open and lips slack. A sliver of saliva trails down her chin and onto her bouncing boobs.

“Y ... ye ... yes ... Mad ... am ... mmm aaagh ...”

She wrenches the cucumber out. Her face is a picture of agony. And ecstasy. She’s glimpsed an orgasm after so long and then it’s gone, like a mirage, an oasis in the desert.

The expression on her face when she comes round is a mix of desolation and happiness. Pride that she managed to obey.

Despair at what she did.

“Well done.” Sarah coos, in the same voice she once used to praise our children when young. “Now let’s get you cleaned and locked up.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHASTITY AND A CHINDO

Over the next fortnight, we allow M's piercings to heal.

But we utilize her sexually more than we've ever done. Our goal is to utilize the two weeks to raise her oral skills up to 'gold standard'. It's summer now and the unusually reliable blue skies and warm weather are continuing.

So we decide to relocate our Spa outdoors, inside a tent. It's one of those mini-marquees with a plastic roof and open sides, so it's basically like being out in the open air (but protected from rain).

Our garden isn't overlooked by anybody. Sarah starts spending literally hours in the tent being pampered and pleased. Some of her sessions last 4 hours without M getting a break. I've never known my wife want so many orgasms, not during the entire 30 years we've been together.

Like the whole country at that time, we're always shopping online and so delivery vans are frequently dropping off packages; Amazon, DPD, Royal Mail, etc. Sarah purchases a range of bondage and punishment items for M; cuffs and restraints, ticklers and douches, a speculum and proctoscope, etc.

But Sarah also acquires several pleasure toys for herself; garish vibrators and pink wands of various shapes and brands. She also buys a 'Chindo' – a dildo that straps to a slave's chin – and she trains M to fuck her with it. Endlessly.

My home office, where I write (and am actually typing this account right now), has glass double-doors that look out over the gravel area where our tent is set up. So I can glance out and see, and take pleasure in, the sight of my wife lying back with her knees akimbo, enjoying herself. Following M's piercing, Sarah and I are going through another bout of having plenty of sex ourselves, several mornings a week.

Sarah settles back after I've cum in bed in the morning and I can see the wicked delight in her blue eyes. She's going to let my jizz fester in there for a couple of hours while she sunbathes, reads and drinks coffee. Then she's going to lie back in the tent and enjoy an hour of the chindo, some sloppy cunnilingus and then being cleaned up by M.

There are few of us who don't enjoy being stroked and spoiled for ages. Sarah loves having her back rubbed. I used to sometimes rub it at night to help her get to sleep; five minutes, even ten. But then I'd get tired or bored or both. Naturally, M isn't allowed to get tired and certainly not bored. She has to focus on every single touch and caress of Sarah for a couple of hours without once letting her mind wander.

But M gets no respite just because Sarah's finally replete. Now it's my turn. I often write in just my dressing gown and slippers. I sit at my 'desk' – actually a glass-topped table - facing the double doors and tap away at the keyboard of my laptop. Having M means I don't need one hand under the desk. I can type two-handed!

With the taste of my wife still damp on her lips, M kneels under the table and gets to work. Nowadays I call it 'chasing the GJ'. First she removes my slippers (or sometimes my flip-flops) and kisses my cheesy feet, slowly moving up my legs, to my scrotum, rim and cock. She follows a specific routine. I've trained her to give me head precisely as I prefer to be blown.

Every guy's probably different. I know some guys say they prefer 'sloppy blowjobs' with lots of saliva. Others don't like a tongue in their ass just before that same mouth worships their cock. In my case, I always like a bit of rimming first, my balls licked and, eventually, my erection sucked with a lot of 'butterfly tongue' action.

But I don't like sloppiness. I insist on neatness and quite a firm, 'pursed' mouth that imitates a vagina's grip. I prefer hands-free too. Frankly I don't mind if a blowjob takes M ages using only her mouth, especially if I've already made love to Sarah that morning and I'm not super-horny.

Inevitably, after a time, M gets uncomfortable, cramped under the desk with jaw ache, so 'taking an age' is her problem, not mine. I glance at the top of her head through the glass top table and carry on typing on my PC while she chases her reward; a mouthful of what we now nickname 'GJ' or Gargle-Juice. Bang, I eventually pop my cookies down her throat and then continue typing. Her look of relief when she's finally managed to get me off hands-free makes me chuckle.

But this is where we occasionally push her. As soon as I'm done, Sarah's sometimes ready for another bout with the Chindo in the Spa tent. On days like this M gets no respite. She's already been servicing us for several hours and still we tag-team her; Sarah to me to Sarah and even back to me again. Worse, M's aware that all of the household chores she's not able to do are racking up. We insist she catches up with everything in the evening. Sexual service isn't a part of her job description.

It's additional to it.

Needless to say, at some deep level of subspace, M adores hours of this kind of treatment. She actually enjoys sex and BDSM 'play' way more than domestic drudgery. She much prefers it when we focus on her rather than the hundreds of other hours we basically ignore her. Her padlocked, neglected but oh-so horny vagina demonstrates how aroused sexual service can make her.

Yet at another level this gruelling part of her lifestyle is exceptionally difficult too. M doesn't ever hate it, of course, but she sometimes struggles. Sarah and I have had more than one private conversation to discuss how far to push her. We're responsible people. We don't want to break M, let alone hurt or damage her. We don't want her to have to use her Safe Word. She never has and hopefully never will. That's the idea.

Safe Words shatter the illusion that the Doms are in charge.

Each evening, we help M ensure that her piercings and rings are hygienic and healing (M still has her menstrual cycle, so we have to incorporate tampons and pads into her monthly routine). She flushes herself several times a day with the tiny nozzle after peeing. Sarah applies both antiseptic cream and E45 moisturizer to the area. She unlocks M and creams and edges her clitoris (without letting her cum) whilst checking that she's in good working order.

Eventually, 2-3 weeks after Xavier's visit, M's labia are still tender but they're healed. She hasn't climaxed since her ruined orgasm with the cucumber, despite giving me and Sarah untold hours of oral and manual pleasure. For the first time, 'chastity' is more than an extended game.

It's becoming her way of life.

One afternoon, I decide to fuck M's ass for the first time since she was pierced. Sarah orchestrates this very brief outdoor event. M's wearing a maid's outfit, black fishnet stockings but with no underwear. She lies face up on the sun lounger, holding her own knees akimbo. Her labia are padlocked and her clit's totally hidden away. I use plenty of Slik (lube) to ensure her asshole's nice and tight but slippery. I penetrate her without any effort at all.

Most importantly, the entire event lasts just 90 seconds. I mount her, ride her and unload in her rectum as matter-of-factly as I can. I don't kiss or fondle M, or barely even acknowledge her. She's merely a receptacle. Sarah and I even carry on chatting while I'm doing it. After I pull out, Sarah barks at M.

"Get up and straighten your clothes."

M's outfit today is a frilly French maid costume; black 4-inch heels with locked buckles, black fishnets and a suspender belt, a miniskirt and a transparent white blouse, without a bra or underwear. She pulls her skirt down and smoothes her front.

"Get back to work. Report back to us in half an hour."

Thirty minutes later, after washing up our lunch and tidying the kitchen, M reappears in front of us and curtseys.

"Bend over and show us your bottom."

She presents her bare backside. There's a glistening sheen down her inner thighs and her sphincter is still gaping slightly. Her neatly closed cunt lips and steel rings are visible between her legs.

Sarah reaches under the lounger and pulls out a new toy. It's an anal plug with a pretty turquoise end and a short chain. On the end of the thin chain is a silver disc.

'Property of [our real first names]'

That is what's inscribed on the disc, like a pet tag. My name and Sarah's are written in upper case letters.

"Pull your cheeks open."

Sarah pushes the anal plug into M's leaking anus. The plug's shaped like a female mannequin, with rounded shoulders at the top, a narrow waist, wide hips and a flared base to prevent it getting lost inside. M grunts. The plug's not as long as my cock but it's fatter.

The training of her asshole is gathering pace.

“Get to work. Report back here in another half an hour.”

We smile at each other as M totters away on her locked high-heels, her skirt barely covering her plugged ass and the dangling pet tag.

“I think she’s ready.” My wife says.

CHAPTER EIGHT

FIRST GUESTS

Obviously, we have a vanilla life to conduct in tandem with everything else. Fortunately M lived a very independent existence and, as far as her ex-colleagues and friends are concerned, she's relocated to 'a job down south'. To keep in touch, we let her participate in occasional House Party, Face-Time or Zoom calls a couple of times a week.

Naturally, her computer-time has to be earned. We don't want to encourage excessive chatting. So every minute online is charged at two minutes of sleep. Hence a quarter of an hour of Zoom is paid for by setting her alarm at 4.30 instead of 5 a.m. M has to take a time-stamped Selfie of herself, up and dressed and hard at work, for us to check later (at the leisurely time we get up). Also, as childish punishment, Sarah sometimes makes M get up early to write 100 lines, dressed as a schoolgirl.

We mostly supervise M's online calls as well. She gets no privacy to say what she likes to her friends. Obviously she sometimes has to tell them lies about what she's actually doing 'down south'. She's sitting there at the table with just her upper body visible in a shirt, often without a bra. The goal's to embarrass her but without blowing her cover.

Under the table and out of shot, her bottom half is sometimes totally naked: occasionally her butt's sore from a paddling or from anal sex or a stinging piece of ginger; other times her pussy's unlocked with an E-stim torpedo wedged inside it. We can jolt her without warning. Not when she's actually speaking but when she's listening to her friends. Zap! She has to bite her lip and remain composed.

It's strange hearing people calling her Melanie or Mel. We haven't used her name for months. She used to work in an office in a bookkeeping role. Her friends ask about her sex life! While it was Lockdown they assumed she was online dating. Sarah instructs M to pretend to them she has an online boyfriend with whom she masturbates onscreen. They're all shocked. M's reputation as quite a prim 'good girl' is dented for the first time. Little do any of them know the whole truth.

As time passes, the national obsession with social face-timing diminishes and business Zooms increase. Gradually M manages to extract herself from most of her friendship obligations.

Meanwhile Sarah and I restart our own vanilla social life. It's almost entirely outdoors for obvious reasons. We see friends who we haven't seen for months. We don't hide M. Instead she's simply presented as our live-in housekeeper who forms a part of our 'bubble'. We don't need to say more than that. Whenever we entertain, M wears cheap flat shoes, a black crinoline dress, an apron and a light blue medical mask.

It's interesting. Of the many humiliations she's put through, these occasions are amongst the worst for her. Simply because of the way ordinary people 'look through' her. There's no kink involved. This is normal, middle class folk seeing a member of domestic staff carry trays and clear glasses and thus ignoring her. Sure, they nod and murmur 'thanks' but that's it. We don't introduce M to them by name and our guests follow our example. She's rarely seen and never heard.

Also, we don't let M start on the washing up or tidying until people have left. Even if it's late in the evening, we like her to stay up and clear then, instead of doing it the next morning. Six people don't make a huge mess but there are still plenty of pans, platters, plates, cutlery and glasses. They have to be ferried indoors from the tent where we've dined. Then everything has to be washed by hand rather than in our dishwasher.

Sarah loves entertaining and always did. But being able to go straight to bed while leaving all the mess is a new experience (well, not quite new, we occasionally paid for help, but rarely). She and I go straight upstairs and get to sleep while M (very quietly) works until the kitchen's sparkling again. She takes a time-stamped photo as proof before going to bed when it's all done. Nevertheless, she's up at 05.00 as usual.

The next morning she brings us coffee as soon as Sarah messages down to her. No mention is made of the night before or the tidying up. Sarah simply asks what M's accomplished since she got up; scrubbing, dusting, polishing, ironing, sewing, that kind of thing. And M had better have an impressive list of morning achievements. Oh, and her self-control extends to never yawning. Yawns are forbidden.

Vanilla socialising still isn't a big part of our day to day life. Instead it's finally time for us to meet some of Lycoris37's fans. I have very little experience of meeting men via online contact and Sarah has none at all. But we exchange a lot of messages and do our due diligence. Eventually we come up with three guys and one reserve to become our initial 'Fetlife Visitors'.

The trio who are to become Lycoris37's first punters.

We offer M the chance to metaphorically 'use her Safe Word' the evening before. This is a big step for her that was always going to be subject to discussion. But there's no way she wants to back out. The key decision is hers but, after that, every single detail is ours.

M is hooded. It's a kind of 'COVID precaution' but it's also so she can't see a thing. Additionally, Sarah hooks a blue medical facemask over the hood's nostril and mouth openings to add an extra layer of safety. She checks that M can breathe easily. We already have a Safe Hand-sign she can use.

The idea is that this won't take long anyway. The three guys all turn up near the appointed time. We've already exchanged many DMs and some photos and spoken via WhatsApp. All of them turn out to be just as trustworthy, fun and respectful as we hoped. Their photos were current and accurate.

They won't be with us long; a quick in and out, so to speak. I give them a coffee or tea in the kitchen while Sarah looks after M. Then it's time. I lead the first guy into the living room. Sarah's using both our phone cameras. The trio have agreed we can take photos and film for our personal use only.

The first guy looks like a Love Island contestant; young, crew cut hair, big muscles, white teeth, nice looking in a cocky, cliché 'Essex' way. He's not at all embarrassed. He rolls the condom over his cock in front of us without batting an eyelid. In fact he even winks.

We've agreed each of them can have a minute or so to paw M first. She's waiting on the daybed, hooded, face-up, in the classic diaper position with her knees apart and raised. She's wearing heels, seamed stockings and a suspender belt and a ¼ cup bra that's C-cup, one size too small, so that her squeezed tits are thrust-up and spilling over. He scoops them out and sucks her nipples. Then he runs his fingers down her steel labial rings.

"Wow, I didn't quite believe it." He whistles, quietly.

We can't see M's expression of course. However, her body language gives us a clue. She can hear the voice of the anonymous stranger about to bugger her. But she can't see his face or body.

This is what she asked for.

M's coming up to her 38th birthday. So far in her entire life, only four men have fucked her pussy and just one old guy has used her ass. Her mouth has only been properly enjoyed by me and Sarah. Xavier and her ex-husband barely count. So it's time to start catching up.

Her anal training has worked perfectly. Sarah and I watch proudly as Punter 1 wedges his erection inside her anus pretty easily. He begins slamming in and out with a brutal, youthful vigour that I, sadly, can no longer manage. He's way less than half my age and even a decade younger than M. Sarah films him and he makes some leering faces at the lens.

He cums within a couple of minutes.

"Can I have another go after the others?" he asks, extracting his cock. The condom bulges with a healthy dollop of semen.

I glance at Sarah. We haven't discussed this.

"Sure." She decides with a grin.

The next guy is the complete opposite of a Love Island contestant. He's 74 years old, bald, with a belly the size of a barrel. He messages us constantly and is obsessed with M. He was the first of several to offer to pay us as an incentive to 'introduce him'.

"Oh my giddy fuck!" he exclaims as he walks into the living room. "I never believed this moment would actually come."

Sarah laughs. "Did you bring the cash?"

He hands over an envelope. There's only a fiver in it, but M will never know that. Sarah pockets it with a twinkle in her eye.

"Go on then, get your money's worth."

He's wearing shorts and a T-shirt. He blushes apologetically when he tugs his shorts off and reveals his wobbly stomach. Sarah beams reassuringly and zooms in for a close up.

This one has already warned us that he's never once had anal sex in his life. So he's unskilled and his cock's only semi-hard due to his nerves. But M's gaping already and we wait patiently until he eventually manages to manoeuvre himself into her.

"Oh my g ..." he groans in ecstasy.

M's body language speaks volumes. Her PVC hood turns sideways as if she's trying to look at Sarah. She can feel the weight and bulk of only the third man ever to enter her anus. She can feel his flabby skin and hear from his voice that he's old. One of the reasons we chose him is that he's exactly twice her age.

It is fun watching different types of guys. If Punter 1 was vigorous then Punter 2 is laborious. He's gasping for breath within a minute or so and we fear that he's going to have to give up. We pray he won't have a heart attack. His fat cheeks are red and his bald head glistens with sweat.

And then suddenly, unexpectedly, he cums.

Sarah lays the second condom in a saucer alongside the first.

The final guy is a 23 year old black guy. He's clearly active on the scene and a really chill dude. He's not a cliché; his cock's a good size but not ridiculous, he's got tattoos but not that many. We basically chose him because we wanted to broaden M's horizons.

He's evidently skilled. He bends M's body into poses that even the first guy didn't. He changes speed and rhythm; forceful one moment, gentle the next. He smiles at the camera and allows Sarah to lean in close between his legs to get some angled shots from behind. He even raises an eyebrow to ask us if he should cum yet. We nod yes. His turn has lasted a full three minutes.

Finally Punter 1 comes back for his encore. He's as energetic and almost as quick as his first time. The only difference is that his second condom isn't as full when it's laid out on the saucer.

I see all the three guys out shortly afterwards. Their entire visit's lasted less than half an hour. All of them leave happily, saying they're keen to come back for another visit.

Sarah and I leave M spread-eagled on the daybed to recover. I open a bottle of champagne and we toast her 'inauguration'. She can hear us but her hood's still on. Sarah trails a teasing finger around the rim of M's gaping anus. She pats her locked labia. It's evident that 'Lycoris37' is now very horny indeed.

There's a third champagne flute on the tray. It's empty. We remove M's hood. She blinks at us and smiles shyly.

"Did you enjoy that?" Sarah asks.

M's flushed face reddens even more.

"I ... I'm ashamed to say ... yes I did. Every moment. It was ... horrible, humiliating, amazing and ... incredible, all at once." She pauses, staring at us in shock. "Thank you for making it happen."

"Well, they obviously enjoyed it too." I look meaningfully at her hood I'm still holding, underlying that she has no idea who 'they' are.

"I could never have done that on my own." M continues, speaking momentarily outside of her 'slave character', like she's confessing to a priest instead. "I couldn't have for numerous reasons, but above all it wouldn't have been safe."

"We'd never have let anybody harm you."

"I know ... Sir, Madam."

She slips back into her slave role as quickly as she slipped out of it.

Sarah stares pointedly at the condoms on the saucer, lying there like four Lilliputian body bags. She holds out the empty flute.

M doesn't need to be told what to do. She slowly fills her glass up with the contents, condom by condom. At my age you forget how much jizz younger guys produce. Two loads out of the four are particularly impressive. She holds them upside down and squeezes the bulbs to transfer the slimy contents into her glass. The semen has turned part-translucent instead of white but it's glutinous and voluminous. The champagne glass is two-thirds full.

We top up our Bollinger while she stares at her flute with a queasy expression.

"Cheers."

CHAPTER NINE

A COCK'S JUST A COCK

After downing the contents of her glass, it's straight back to work.

As I've already said, sexual service isn't part of M's basic job description. It's entirely additional to it. And that includes any 'guests'. She washes up the cups and saucers that her visitors have just drunk their teas and coffee out of.

Sarah and I relax whilst watching M out of the corner of our eyes, as she stands at the kitchen block and chops and prepares a salad for our dinner. She's wearing heels, stockings, suspender belt and quarter-cup bra, all black. Her labial rings and bare buttocks are on display.

We chuckle. Sarah starts showing me the photos on her phone.

It's obvious that M is aware what we're doing. But she tries to ignore our mischievous laughter. She focuses on making salad instead, being meticulous.

"Oh my giddy fuck! I never believed this moment would actually come" ... "Did you bring the cash?"... "Go on then, get your money's worth."

M recognises the recorded dialogue from earlier. Sarah plays me her video clip of the second punter's entry. We both burst into pantomime hilarity, like evil villains for an audience's benefit.

"Are you going to invite him back?" I ask.

"Of course!" Sarah giggles. "ASAP. He should become a regular."

"Are you going to show her?" I arch my eyebrow towards M.

Sarah pouts. "I don't think that's necessary, do you? Not yet anyway. I mean, why? It's our job to choose her partners, not hers. We're in charge of quality control. There's no need for emotion or respect. They'd only complicate things. She's just a vessel for random cocks."

"Sure. But should she have some kind of veto?"

"Nah. Why? She might get fussy. She doesn't need to see their faces. She can drink their juice afterwards and identify them that way."

Sarah and I wink at each other. The back of M's neck has blushed bright red while she's listening to us.

I click my fingers. M turns and comes over to top up my champagne flute. I stare into her brown eyes. I can see our conversation is turning her on; it's that *mélange* of humiliation and mockery that she wants.

Many years ago I wrote a story titled 'Slut-2-Fuck'. M told me that it was this story, more than probably any other, which "called out to her". She was also aware that my story's based on a real woman, named Amber, or 'Fucktoy', whose Master offers her 'company' to all kinds of men in need. (one can still find Fucktoy featured on the AdultWork site to this day).

M had pulverised her clitoris for years imagining herself in Amber's shoes or, more accurately, in Fucktoy's high heels and stockings. Everything that has happened since January has to a large extent been leading up to this moment.

"What did you think of them? Your first three gentlemen?"

"I ... I don't know, Sir, what do you mean?"

"Guess. Tell us what you can about them?"

She thinks for a moment.

"The second ... gentleman ... was heavy, well ... fat, Sir. An older man I guess. The other two felt younger and in good shape. I think the first and fourth were actually the same gentleman again."

We laugh and clap. "Well done! Pretty good. Anything else?"

She frowns, thinking. "Not really Sir ... Madam."

"A cock's just a cock isn't it?" Sarah says, running her index fingertip up M's labial rings. "So long as you're fully protected, by us and by condoms, there's absolutely no reason not to have numerous different guests use your well trained asshole from now on, is there?"

M bites her lower lip, blushing. "I g ... guess not, Madam."

"You guess?"

"Sorry ... n ... no Madam, there's not."

That evening our meal is a fillet of salmon, new potatoes, and a large side salad. Everything that we eat is prepared daily by M to Sarah's precise spec and high standards. Every piece of salad always has to be perfect; the green leaves fanned out, the cucumber and peppers chopped to identical lengths, the tomatoes sliced exactly into sixths, homemade garlic croutons, and Sarah's 12-ingredient homemade balsamic dressing.

Meanwhile M almost always eats (a) separately from us (b) after us and (c) rarely the same food. Over the half year she's lived with us so far, her dietary regime has become much stricter. She was pretty trim when she arrived and only had 2-3 lbs of surplus weight at most. So her diet has never actually really been about losing weight, apart from during those first two weeks.

But we asked for a list of her favourite foods when she visited us for her trial weekend. Her list included croissants and olive bread, fish and shellfish, chicken and fresh vegetables, yoghurts and cheese. She also loved black coffee, a glass of sauvignon blanc or two, and she smoked half a dozen Silk Cut cigarettes a day.

We mutually agreed that we'd enforce an immediate ban on (a) all meat and fish plus (b) no caffeine, alcohol or smoking. However, M also 'allowed' (ie. encouraged) us to introduce further restrictions over time.

Her diet has always been about taking control of what's an important part of anyone's life and restricting it. Over time, we've taken that principle much further. After a month or so, we asked for a list of her dislikes as well. The goal was to retrain M to live not only without the things she likes, but instead to eat and drink stuff she used to turn her nose up at.

Sarah's an amateur nutritionist who takes her role extremely seriously. So we never take any risks with M's health. She's weighed on our scales several times a week. We constantly monitor her BMI and body measurements. As a precaution, she's registered with the local health centre (although doctor's appointments are currently all online anyway).

At first we gave her a diet of boring salad, vegetables and water. This was during winter and the supermarkets were full of broccoli, carrots, cabbage, leeks and parsnips, as well as beetroot and Brussels sprouts. The last of these in particular was on M's list of dislikes. Sarah set about retraining her to 'like' sprouts.

Breakfast (or brunch) consisted of a large quantity of boiled sprouts and some lentils, stewed into a mush and then blended in the liquidizer into what we called 'sprout sludge'. Make no mistake, this is hard enough to eat once, especially in the mornings. But Sarah makes it in batches and stores it in the fridge. We serve it to M every single morning, day after day, after day.

During Lockdown 1.0 there were some supermarket shortages in our area. Amusingly, people round us stockpiled toilet tissue and it was this scarcity that triggered our insistence that M 'do her bit for the country' by defecating outside and being washed with a hose instead of wasting loo paper. There was also briefly less choice of fresh fruit and vegetables and we began feeding M tinned and canned items instead of fresh ones.

Those scarcities initiated her current regime of at least one meal of tinned foods per day. We simply open a couple of cheap cans and tip all the cold contents together into one bowl; tinned peaches and baked beans is one memorable combination, chickpeas in brine with cold mushroom soup is another. We buy supermarket brands and tins that are 'on offer'. All of the contents are safe, edible sustenance in their own right. But they're never designed to be eaten together.

The bowls look unappetising, to say the least. A quick stir with our finger mixes the glutinous, colourful ingredients. Then it's time to wolf them down. A bonus is that many of the combinations subsequently cause flatulence. This adds to M's training in 'self-control'. Like yawning, belching and passing gas are obviously forbidden.

Of course, at the same time, she's cooking most of our tasty meals and we maximise the contrast between hers and ours; from the aroma of our delicious coffee in the morning, to our chilled glasses of wine at lunchtime, to our bagels and croissants, steaks and salmon, grapes, figs and cheese, compared with her overcooked sprouts and cans of beans. She's entirely trustworthy but we sometimes make her wear a gag while cooking for us just to ensure she can't pick at ours.

"You may eat."

It's 10.30 a.m. and time for M's daily 'brunch'. We usually feed her twice a day; mid evening and mid-morning. Today it's a milky porridge made with oats, topped with a few canned peaches, some cubes of Spam and a hot lime pickle garnish.

Although her diet is still mostly vegetarian, we decided that she needs the occasional protein supplement that tinned Spam and jars of cold slimy frankfurters can provide. We chop them up into little cubes.

Sarah and I sit on kitchen stools to watch her eat. We've tried the whole 'eating like a dog on all fours' routine but it's not our favourite. Instead we prefer her standing, facing us, using a tea spoon. We like to study her face and expressions as she eats. She chews everything quickly but properly to get all the flavour. Waste is never tolerated.

Sarah carefully monitors M's calorific intake. The full fat morning milk in her porridge and cubes of Spam pork comprise an important part of her daily intake. Each mouthful must be visibly appreciated. M chops a slice of peach with the spoon, adds some gruel and spicy pickle and puts it in her mouth. Steadily her bowl is emptied.

"Eat, I said." Sarah slaps her crop threateningly against the breakfast counter. M inevitably needs occasional encouragement.

She eventually comes across a chunky curved toenail. It's one of mine from a pedicure. She hesitates and then bites it with a loud crunch, swallowing the pieces. Moments later she discovers a fingernail with a sliver of red varnish. One of Sarah's. She does her best to maintain a grateful expression as she spoons the delicacy into her mouth.

It's important to emphasise that this is mutual and consensual. Yes, we enjoy imposing it. But it was very much M's kink too. And it still is, in spite of her difficulty complying. Our aim is to strike that delicate balance between going to the edge, and not going too far.

M's dressed in a heavy woollen dress and white apron in spite of the humid summer weather. Perspiration glistens on her forehead and red cheeks. She stands straight and tall and looks straight back at us.

At the bottom of her bowl, she has to cope with a long hair coiled within the residual mush. Sarah's hair is shoulder-length and this one is about 11 inches long.

"Mmm ..." Sarah teases as M starts to chew at it, forming a ball in her mouth, chomping the hair into smaller pieces.

Eventually she swallows every last morsel and scrapes her bowl totally clean. Then she washes it in the sink and gets straight back to preparing our own delicious lunch.

CHAPTER TEN

BOYZ N THE HOOD

We upload a few new photos onto Lycoris37's Fetlife profile; obviously with no faces visible, but featuring explicit action. Within days we are bombarded with loads of messages; mostly spam and timewasters but some good new leads as well. Sarah spends hours doing her due diligence.

The concept of slavery is clearly a complex one in a modern day, consensual arrangement. We're giving M what she wants, albeit in our own fashion. Unlike Hotel California she can check out and leave at any time. She has two Safe Words; an amber 'warning' one, and a red instant 'stop'. She can also request to speak to us politely to discuss her limits or dislikes in a more strategic sense.

Other people use the term property rather than 'slavery'. He or she is their Dominant's 'property'. To do with as they wish, including loaning out. I'm okay with either term. However, I personally prefer to think of M as our 'slave', but with thoughts and a mind of her own, and not as some inanimate object.

There are some things we do that she doesn't enjoy. For example, her lack of sleep, some of her unpleasant meals, and the endless, mindless chores she does, day after day. None of these push her masochistic pleasure-buttons in the way that, say, a spanking or anal sex does. But enduring things she doesn't enjoy – especially if they please me or Sarah – is in itself a turn on for M. Simple 'submission' isn't enough for her. She wants authentic slavery.

Or at least the illusion of genuine slavery.

In the recesses of our minds we all know it's an illusion. That's partly why Sarah and I are careful to ensure M never has to use her Safe Words. Another example is 'time off'. Roman slaves didn't get days off. Nor did cotton pickers. They worked 7 days a week.

That's what M wants too. But it's too punishing in the real world to work 18 hour days with no respite at all. For months on end. So it's a delicate balance for us to maintain the illusion. M doesn't want 'Sundays off', or to be given half days, anything like that. Instead we manage her workload and give her easier tasks when we judge she's nearing her breaking point. But we never discuss this recuperation time with her. That way the fantasy of slavery is sustained.

Fiction's all very well, but the reality of course is we have to look after M. She's our valued servant. Nobody wants their toy broken or stolen. So we're careful about whom else to invite into our 'game', especially given the additional risks created by a pandemic and the associated social restrictions.

Physically there's little or no difference between your anus or mouth being entered by the same cock daily, versus the same orifices being used by a different cock each day. That IS the physical reality.

The differences are all mental and emotional. Some women physically enjoy anal sex with their partner and for them it's not a submissive or humiliating act at all (obviously gay men even more so).

Even being frequently sodomised by different men doesn't have to be humiliating either. But it's a rare woman who, at some point or another, doesn't start to feel 'used'. Women like M are turned on by that sense of being enjoyed by multiple cocks. And further spice is added when those cocks aren't even selected by you.

As social restrictions ease, we're able to invite guests to visit Lycoris37 on an increasingly regular basis; occasionally in small groups but mostly alone, one by one, one after another. Sometimes she "entertains" 3-4 men singly in one day; mid-morning, after lunch, teatime and early evening.

They all wear facemasks and use condoms, while M's hooded. She's protected from COVID and STDs. She doesn't need to 'see' her partners. Some of them we rush in and out in just 10-15 minutes. But others stay for a bite of lunch or even dinner with us. A select few quickly become her 'regulars', usually the guys with shorter journeys.

I can't deny it's a power rush. I'm like the kid who owns the only football on the street and who decides which boys are allowed to play. And the football itself has no say in who scores! In my fictional stories I've sometimes written about pretty women being fucked by endless unattractive men but I soon discover the actual reality is different. Sarah and I don't want malodorous, unwashed and unpleasant guys inside our house, let alone inside our slave.

But what we do want is variety; all backgrounds, all ethnicities and colours, all shapes and sizes and, above all, all ages. The bigger the cock the better but, hey, we're into equal opportunities. Small guys are

welcome too, especially booked into our morning slot (M starts small and accommodates increasing sizes during the day).

Fortunately we live in a secluded location with a private drive. The amount of delivery vans during lockdown means that local traffic has increased. Nobody we know comments on any increased activity down our quiet lane. Minicabs arriving from our nearest station don't attract attention.

Of course, we do suffer our share of no-shows and lateness, but overall we find genuine kinksters are a pretty reliable bunch once you sift out all the fakes and flakes. We insist on photos and then some kind of ID if we have any doubts about somebody beforehand.

They all love the idea of M being hooded. We show them photos of her face so they get to see how pretty she actually is. Some ask us for extra time to explore her tits and piercings. But others just want to upend her legs and bang her asshole without delay. Nine out of ten do her face-up in the diaper position instead of on all fours. That's become her 'USP'.

Her 'regulars' (those with three-plus visits) are allowed to graduate onto oral sex and blowjobs, either as foreplay or to completion. M remains sightless throughout. Her new hood is shiny black PVC with a ponytail opening at the back and a mouth hole at the front. The hole is quite large and edged in scarlet, revealing her lips as the bulls-eye.

Because it's summer, much of the activity can take place outdoors. We gauge our visitors and give some of them a bit of privacy. Sarah and I retire to the patio table under the parasol but we never leave M completely alone with them. We're always on hand. Anyway most regulars don't care. They're happy just to drop their jeans or shorts and she blows them sitting right next to us.

Our hard and fast rule is that every visitor allows us to photograph them for our private album; some are vanilla poses showing their faces and clothed bodies, but the regulars are also happy to be snapped naked, or trousers round their ankles, 'in action', especially on their 3rd or 4th visits as mutual trust builds.

Sarah and I often flick through our 'special album'. We do it over a pre-dinner drink while M's cooking and refilling our glasses. We don't hold back on our frank comments and laughter. But we never actually let her see the screen. She's reached over 25 different guys and yet still hasn't set eyes on a single one of them.

I'm still the only one who uses her anus bareback. I'm also the only one she rides on top. Her asshole is very accommodating now. She can climb aboard my erection and sodomise herself, yo-yoing up and down, while I smile up at her and juggle her tits. She also cleans me ATM afterwards.

Oral with her guests is almost always without condoms. M is trained to suck and swallow without question. We even play a little game after each visitor's left. It's like a blind wine tasting. We ask her to describe the guy's cock and smell, and texture and taste, and to give each of her fans a number. We keep a file on Sarah's phone.

"Recognize it?"

M is still wearing her hood, being questioned after the guy's left.

"Hmm, I don't think so, Mistress. I think he was new."

"Really? Why?"

M slides her tongue across her upper lip nervously, while Sarah holds her by her ponytail.

"Well, he was quite large and circumcised ... and he smelt a bit musky, and sweaty. Oh, and hairy. But not so I recognised him. His taste was salty, chewy and ... hmm, not very nice. But again, not distinctive in any way, Mistress. So I think he's new."

Sarah smiles at me and chuckles.

"I think Number 14 would be most disappointed that you failed to recognise him."

M bites her lip. "Oh, I'm sorry, Mistress. Was he really Fourteen?"

"Here's what you said about the same nice gentleman two weeks ago. Large. Circumcised. Musky. Lots of hair. Very large load. Like cold porridge. Sour aftertaste. Not nice ... Does that sound familiar?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. So many of them are rather similar. I forgot him."

Sarah tugs M's ponytail sharply.

"Do. Not. Forget. Your. Individual. Fans."

Meanwhile M's cunt remains locked. Days and weeks pass and still she doesn't reach an actual orgasm. Sarah's in charge. She supervises M's showering and hygiene routine. Afterwards she'll tease

M's clit before applying a dollop of Numb520 cream to it. Within a few minutes, M is twisting and gasping with sexual need and near the edge of a climax. Numb520 contains Lidocaine and it works slowly. But within 10 minutes or so M can no longer feel much at all down there.

Our mutual goal – her ambition as well as ours – is to train M to service random men with zero expectation of (conventional) pleasure herself. Her sole reward is in providing a service to others.

However, once a month, we unlock her and I fuck M's vagina, just 'for old time's sake'. It's to stop her cunt closing up and to remind her of what she's missing. But I pay no attention to her clit or her pleasure at all. I try and go 24-48 hrs beforehand without sex so I'm ready to unload. I cum as quickly as I can; a couple of minutes max.

It's just straight, boring in-out vaginal penetration as a quick release. I've always liked the French term a 'vide couilles'. It means 'empty balls' and it's a nickname for a woman you merely empty your balls into. That's how I treat vaginal sex with M. After I've cum, Sarah and I remind M that's it over for another month.

Part of the reason for this perfunctory routine is that it's how M described to us her sex life with her ex-husband. She never climaxed with him and it was "all over before it began" (her words). She feels that disappointment is what caused her to masturbate and fantasise compulsively. Then that obsession became her sexual outlet to the detriment of real life and her marriage.

And a part of her feels guilty about that past. Although (in our opinion) it's very much her ex-husband's fault, M still feels a strange female obligation to have been satisfied with her lot and was somehow at fault for failing to learn to orgasm from his dutiful vaginal penetration alone. She certainly (in her own view) shouldn't have masturbated to the extent she obviously did.

So part of the purpose of our vaginal sex regime for her (aside from a bit of 'denial S&M') is to impose a level of 'self-control' that will eventually make her desperate enough to climax from brief 'Victorian style' intercourse once a month.

So, that's what I give her; 'dutiful, brief, wham-bam thank you ma'am' vaginal sex. But her hope is that one day she'll be so sexually frustrated and aroused that she'll finally orgasm 'out of the blue' from my imitation of what her ex-husband gave her.

"Hood!"

Sarah calls up the stairs to M who's cleaning toilets. Today is a Saturday but, frankly, that makes no difference to any of our lives; Sarah doesn't work, I'm retired, and M slaves 7 days a week, weekends included.

It's 11.28 a.m. and we've received a text saying the punter's two minutes away. A shout of "Hood" is the only warning that M ever gets. She never knows which days or times someone will arrive. Several days can go by without a visit. Then four may turn up on the same day.

Moments later she appears in her maid's outfit pulling her hood over her head. Not long afterwards we hear the gravel crunch on our drive and a car door slams. Then the doorbell chimes. I let him in and he shakes my wife's hand. He's booked a 'quickest blowjob'.

He's a repeat customer. M recognises his deep voice, distinct cologne and thick cock. He's known as Number 6. Like me, Number 6 prefers a 'no-hands BJ'. She intertwines her fingers behind her back and takes his erection into her mouth. We don't chat much while she blows him. Sarah takes a video clip and records the funny gagging, glugging noises.

After he's shot his load, M presents her spattered tongue for his inspection and a photo. I look at Number 6 for his approval. He shrugs and murmurs '5 out of 10' in his posh, educated baritone. He makes a fuss of removing his wallet and pulling out several notes.

"Thanks. Half for her pension fund and half for us." I confirm, popping the notes into my pocket.

"Uh-um." He shakes his head. "None for her on this occasion. Five out of ten's not worth a half-share. Please, you keep it all."

"Sure." I wink at him. "And you can have a freebie next time."

He smiles, raises M's hooded chin with his finger, and tilts her head back, so he can watch his semen slide down her gullet.

"I'll be back next Saturday." He says, straightening his clothes.

Five minutes later, we hear his engine, gravel on the drive, and he's gone. He's married and has taken a diversion on the way to his golf club. It's another nuance M finds humiliating. We told her Number 6 is

married. She's just a means for him to get what he doesn't at home. Much cheaper than taking some mistress out to dinner.

"Hood off."

We watch M unzip the back and tug off her sweaty PVC covering. Her hair's mussed and her face is red. She looks down at the floor.

"Back to work."

She stands and curtsies. "Thank you Madam, Sir."

"Five out of ten?" Sarah snorts. "Hopeless!"

I nod in agreement and pat the pieces of blank paper that are in my pocket. I sidle off to my office to continue writing before lunch. The money's an illusion but M doesn't need or want to know that.

"Hood!"

It's now 3.12 p.m. and our mid-afternoon guests are about to arrive, fifteen minutes late. Typical young guys!

M stops washing up the pans and emerges from the kitchen, still in her maid's outfit, once more pulling the hood over her head. The doorbell chimes.

They're new patrons, a couple of black kids in their early 20s. What Sarah liked about them was their polite and detailed messages; none of the usual "How R U" one-liners from profiles with dick pics (or question marks) as avatars. The pair's eyes light up when they see a hooded M waiting respectfully in the corner.

Sarah "shows them round". They run their eager hands over M's clothes. They ease her tits out of her ¼-cup bra and raise the hem of her skirt, admiring her locked pussy. Their youth and Caribbean heritage are obvious from their accents and vocabulary.

Without further ado, they take turns bugging M in the doggy position. She kneels on all fours and waggles her rump. The first cock is no more than average and it opens up her ass rather easily. But the other cock is a black cliché; very long and too thick to fit in her mouth. She does her best to lick the purple crown properly.

Once the first guy's noisily emptied his balls into the condom, the second rolls another over his monster and manages to pack it into her now loosened hole. I can't help thinking back to that first time I breached M's sphincter muscle and took her anal virginity not even half a year ago with Sarah watching.

Sarah's watching once again as this huge-cocked kid jackhammers to and fro, like a horny woodpecker, and M absorbs his treatment like a Pornhub pro. She's kneeling, hooded, on our living room floor, taking her birthday present up the ass.

Yep, she's 38 today.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

Early that same evening, as part of her 'proper' present, we finally allow M a full-blown (ie. not-ruined) orgasm.

Her 38th birthday is a Saturday, 1st August 2020. I watch the FA Cup Final in the garden (we have a screen in the tent and a long cable connected to the box in our TV Room). For two hours, from Kick-Off at 5.30 p.m. until the final whistle at half seven (including 14 minutes of injury time), M's tongue works her magic on Sarah's clammy pussy and my sweaty balls.

She rose today at 5 a.m. as usual. There was no lie-in, not even on her birthday. She's already done 14 hours of chores and catered to three guests as well as both of us. So M deserves a generous gift.

It's a Wanachi Mega Massager, 17 inches of pink vibe with a long charger cable and a 5-inch silicone crown. Sarah hands it over, beautifully wrapped in pink tissue paper, and a special birthday card. Then she unlocks M's padlock.

M gasps at the Wanachi. We watch, and film her, as she attacks her frustrated and dripping cunt with the massager, making her steel rings gyrate and rattle. She manages to insert the tip of the crown and rubs it against her clit. Her mouth opens in a wide O of ecstasy.

She reaches her first climax for over 5 weeks, and then another, then a third, steadily combining into one big multiple orgasm; several minutes long. It's a beautiful sight. Without the weeks of denial, the endless humiliation, her masochistic suffering, she wouldn't experience anything like this intensity. Most 'normal' human beings never get to experience anything like it in their entire lives. Her body slumps like a broken ragdoll.

Afterwards, we give her the final part of her present. It's her Slave Ring, to be worn on her wedding finger. Sarah found it on Etsy. I had never realised that 'slave jewellery' is quite such a mainstream fashion; bracelets, collars, necklaces, anklets, nipple chains and, of course, slave rings. M's is a simple, stainless steel 'Ring of the O'. The fashion is a sort of Game of Thrones meets Story of O.

That night we gently put our slave to bed; she's a little drunk on half a glass of champagne, sexually sated and emotionally exhausted. We even tell her to have a lie-in the next morning. She sleeps for 12 hours straight.

But by midday on Sunday, 2nd August, it's back to work, recharged and relocked. And we have a little surprise for her. One of her regulars is coming this afternoon. We're going to let her see his face!

Maurice was one of our earliest correspondents and the second of M's first trio of punters. He's been using her pretty much once a week since. He's not a looker, which is understandable given that he's over a decade older than me. He's twice M's age.

He arrives in Bermuda shorts and a Polo-shirt that's way too tight. He has thin, freckled legs, a huge paunch and man-boobs. We study M's facial expression when she finally sets eyes on 'Number 2'. This is one of those moments Sarah and I have talked about for ages.

On the surface, M's expression remains composed, but I can see the shock in her brown eyes. She's gardening topless at the time, wearing just a thong and a pair of thigh-high black boots. She reddens and glances at the ground while Maurice beams at her.

"Lycoris, this is Mr. Maurice. He's your biggest admirer."

She curtsies and looks up at him, blinking. "... Sir."

"He's already fucked your ass half a dozen times and you've blown him once or twice too."

"Thank you, Sir." She bobs him another curtsy.

"But today Maurice has requested something new. We've told him how good at it you are. He's come for you to rim his ass."

This time M can't control her expression. Her lips curl into a nauseated grimace. She blinks several more times. All three of us stare at her implacably. She's tongued my and Sarah's backsides endlessly. But never another person's. And certainly nobody like Maurice.

"Thank y ... you S ... sir."

We chuckle in approval and pull three patio chairs out from under the table.

"But first, some tea."

M disappears indoors to brew our tea, while we chat, laugh, and share some of Sarah's latest photos. When M stands by Maurice to serve him a large slice of cake, he reaches up and casually fondles her bare tits and nipple-hoops.

"And I think a tit fuck would be a nice new way to finish."

"Of course." My wife answers, giving permission.

"Thank you, Sir." M bobs yet another curtsey at Sarah's decision.

We continue chatting while M waits silently in the background. We're cool under the parasol while she's standing out of its shade, glistening in the sunshine. Of course, we always allow her sufficient sun cream.

The three of us discuss her as if she's not there.

"Did she have a good birthday?" ... that kind of chat.

"May I use your little boys' room?" Maurice suddenly asks, pushing back his chair.

"Sure."

Once he's gone indoors, Sarah summons M over.

"Anything to say?"

It's an unspoken, but obvious, invitation to use her Safe-Word.

M stubbornly shakes her head.

Sarah grins. "In that case, you'd better make a good job of it."

My wife and I carry on chatting. Ten minutes pass. By now it seems obvious that Maurice has disappeared for more than just a pee.

Just as we planned.

Eventually he returns, red-faced, wiping his hands dry on his T-shirt.

"Apologies." He explains. "Don't go in there in a hurry!"

Three out of the four of us laugh.

"More cake?" Sarah asks him.

Maurice pats his belly. "Maybe afterwards."

It's time for M to lay herself down along a sun-lounger. She looks up into the hazy blue sky. Her suntanned tits are spread out like two crème caramels.

Maurice unbuttons and drops his Bermuda shorts. He's not wearing any underwear. He leaves his open-toed sandals and Polo shirt on. We watch him straddle the lounger directly above M's face, casting a shadow behind both of them.

He's one of those unfit and chubby yet surprisingly strong 74 yr old guys. He lowers his bulk carefully towards the centre of M's face; onto the ridge that runs from her forehead, nose and lips to her chin. He partly takes his own weight but mostly plops down onto her.

"Mmm ..." he exhales with a happy grin.

Sarah bends down to film the scene from behind.

Maurice rocks and rolls a bit to get comfortable. We can hear M's stifled breaths and her toes start twitching. He tilts sideways to address her.

"Tongue."

M evidently starts to eat his ass. He shuts his eyes happily and straightens his knees for a moment, rewarding her with oxygen.

Sarah and I know that, in fact, Maurice actually just sat in the cloakroom on the cover of the loo-seat for ten minutes as planned. The whole wiping his hands dry and 'don't go in there in a hurry' comment was merely an act to test M's obedience.

"I can't tell you how much I enjoy Lycoris." He murmurs.

Sarah smiles.

"Well, we can't tell you how much we enjoy your visits."

"AND your generous tips." I add, leaning close to M's ear, so she can hopefully hear my comment. The money side isn't a fetish for me or Sarah, but the idea of being whored always adds to M's arousal.

Maurice's cock is standing erect now, poking out from under his T-shirt and belly. He tugs her breasts up by her nipple-hoops, elongating them. She gasps into his anal crevice. Then he squeezes her tits together to form a pussy.

"Hold them." He croaks down at her, sinking onto her face again.

I watch M's hands reach up to compress her bronzed D-cups to form a sweaty 'vagina'. Maurice starts rocking to and fro, his belly rolling from side to side. He allows her to suck in oxygen every 30 seconds.

After ten minutes, he still hasn't cum and by now M's almost suffocating. He isn't going to reach orgasm that way so he dismounts and we allow her to recover. She has 'shame' written all over her scarlet face. Maurice stands beside the lounge and jerks himself off over her tits and neck.

"What do you say?" Sarah asks.

"Th ... thank you, S ... sir."

Half an hour later, when our guest has departed, the three of us debrief.

"Did you enjoy meeting Number 6 ... Mr. Maurice?"

M hesitates.

"The truth!"

We genuinely do want to know what she thinks.

"I ... I'm not sure. I don't think so. I prefer the hood."

Sarah chuckles. "Well you wait until you meet some of the others!"

M doesn't reply. She simply blushes.

"We're arranging a group of six of your fans for an outdoors mini-gangbang next weekend. They'll wear medical facemasks but you won't need your hood. You can meet them all."

"Yes Madam ... Sir."

"I've also received our first message from a lady. I use the term 'lady' loosely of course. I said yes to her. I trust you have no objection to that?"

"N ... no, Madam."

CHAPTER TWELVE

DIETS AND DIAPERS

The weather has become more unpredictable later this summer. Some days we still enjoy warm, dry sunshine, but on other days it's cloudy, windy and there are occasional rainstorms.

Fortunately M can work rain or shine, literally in any conditions except for lightning. Sometimes heavy grey clouds loom over during the day. Sarah and I retreat from outdoors into the shelter of the living room or kitchen or my study, all of which have windows out to the rear garden.

We smile at M who's outside digging away and glancing up at the emerging clouds. There's a clap of thunder. Moments later it starts to pour. Ten minutes after that she's sliding in mud, topless and soaked, picking her own sodden vegetables for breakfast.

A few years ago, I had an online sub who was at college in the USA. Between us we invented a 'pin bra' for her ('tack bra' in America). She had good sized boobs. I told her to buy a padded bra that was too small and to remove the pads. Then she stitched about 20 drawing pins into each cup, including the undersides as well as the front and sides, and also where her nipples met the cups.

Once the special pin bra was finished, I made her walk around college in her bra (under a sweater) for increasing periods; 30 minutes, an hour, a whole day. The combination of discomfort and arousal made her very horny indeed.

Eventually, Sarah and I make M construct her own pin bra too. The basic design is the same as above but it's a push-up-bra that is two sizes too small (B-cup, for her D-cup boobs) and she cuts holes for her nipples to poke through. I also blunt the points of the pins with a file so that no blood is drawn. None of us is into blood. Obviously M doesn't need to wear a sweater over the bra either. She works outdoors wearing just the bra, having to move very carefully indeed.

Returning to her nutritional regime, M finds her diet hard but rewarding. She's 5' 6" tall and tipped our scales at 10st 1lb (64kgs) on the day she arrived, giving her a BMI of 22.6, which is deemed about two thirds of the way along the healthy BMI range of 18.5 to 25 for her height and age.

It was M's original goal to get down below a BMI of 22.0 within her first fortnight, which meant losing 3lbs. That was easily achieved. But gradually her target changed and she wanted to lose a stone, getting her BMI down to around 20.0 and making her buttocks and glutes much stronger. Sarah was fully supportive of this plan.

But I wasn't.

My concern was, (not unreasonably), M's tits. I'm a typical boob man, through and through. My wife's are a good size, but she's in her fifties and after feeding our kids she'd be the first to admit they're slightly past their best, much as I still love them.

There didn't seem to me much point in having a younger, childless, slave in the house if she was allowed to shrink my 'natural' D-cup fun bags. Permanent modifications (such as visible tattoos, boob-jobs) are amongst M's few hard limits. So I didn't see why I should go along with any BMI plan that might jeopardise my eye candy.

However, I did eventually agree to a compromise that Sarah researched. (She tweaked M's diet to include breast enhancing ingredients like radishes and fennel that we grow ourselves, along with avocados, watermelon, edamame beans, walnuts, pistachios, various seeds and soy, purchased from the supermarket. All of these reputedly help, as well as full fat milk in the mornings.) I was sceptical but agreed that M's weight could be further reduced just so long as her tits continue to fill those D-cup bras properly (as well as the B-cup Pin bra!).

By her 38th birthday on 1st August, M's weight was down to 8st 12lbs and yet her tits had barely been affected. She has large areola and raspberry nipples that support her silver hoops. Her BMI is only 19.9 and we now keep her weight within a constant range of 8st 10-13 lbs. No further weight loss (or increase) is scheduled. We feed her twice a day; her large brunch once we've got up, mid-morning, and a modest supper (always eaten around 9 p.m.).

For several months we've been continuing to focus on eradicating 'fussiness'. What began a few months ago with 'sprout porridge' for breakfast and cheap cans for supper has evolved into training M to eat literally anything. We plonk a bowl or plate down and M looks at it, and then up at us, gratefully,

whatever it appears and smells like. Sarah gets through lots of gelatine. Many of M's meals are designed to have the texture of pet food. Each vegetarian tray bake of ingredients is set in gelatine and sliced into glutinous chunks in a gooey sauce.

"Eat."

This evening, M hesitates over a plate of particularly unpleasant looking supper. It's brown and mushy and stinks of boiled cabbage. Her expression shows insufficient gratitude. So I hawk up some spit and gob it onto her meal as a garnish.

As an aside, saliva's a funny thing. People kiss and swap fluids all the time. In normal times many of us sip out of the same glass and even taste tidbits off another person's fork or spoon.

But gobbing on someone's meal is somehow considered shocking.

Over the past few months I've dribbled on M's food, hawked phlegm and blown my nose onto it, and of course ejaculated over it. I've even had her jerk me off onto her supper plate. She thanks me and then proceeds to eat everything up, without hesitation, even if she does gag and retch a bit.

Drinks-wise, we're obviously cautious and careful. We never restrict her fluid intake, especially considering the weather's been mostly hot since late March. So we make her drink plenty of lukewarm tap-water (sometimes lightly salted). Alcohol's a no-no except for allowing a few sips of champagne during our rare dinners together.

As well as water, we provide her with a daily half-pint of prune juice, which forms part of her 'five a day'. Prune juice keeps her bowels not only 'regular' but nice and loose. If we make her continue working for an hour or two after she's asked our permission to go, her churning guts become very difficult to control. Combined with beans or lentils for flatulence, she sometimes finds it very hard to pass wind on its own. The word 'shart' always makes me chuckle. A combo of shit and fart.

Yep, accidents do happen.

Three times a week, we supervise her exercise regime; it's highly amusing watching her doing stomach crunches with bursting bowels. She lies on her back on the lawn, in the sunshine, with her knees raised and her bits all on show. Sarah has one of those metronome apps on her phone that beats out the rhythm for each crunch.

M is puce-faced and grimacing, as she works out while trying to stifle her flatulence. But it's a one-sided battle. Soon the inevitable happens and she begins farting in time with her stomach crunches; 'pfft', 'pfft', etc.

As a result, to help her training over the past couple of months, we sometimes put M in a pair of adult diapers (usually on days when we have no guests scheduled). We use the heavy absorbency pull-up types that she can be left in for several hours after an 'accident'.

"She's filled her nappy." Sarah chuckles quietly, pointing across the lawn to where M has begun shuffling awkwardly.

I put my hand to my forehead to deflect the sun. Yes, I can see that M's walking with those distinctive 'full diaper steps'. I can even spot flies being attracted towards her glistening body.

M has good skin that tans easily and we provide her with plenty of sun lotion. Her bikini lines are minimal now. Her entire body's tanned nut-brown, even her tits. She's wearing gardening shorts over the baggy diaper and a pair of leather ankle boots.

"What do you reckon? A few hours?" I reply.

"Not too long. We don't want her getting a severe rash. But an hour or two should be fine."

A quarter of an hour later, Sarah rings the bell on her side table.

M strides over as fast and daintily as she can. Her hair's tied in a ponytail and there's sweat dripping off her face.

"Two glasses of rose and refill our water bottles."

M bobs an ungainly curtsy. "... Mistress."

Two minutes later she returns from the kitchen with a tray, two glasses and our bottles, serving Sarah first, then me.

She's forbidden to mention accidents. There's no odour. The heavy duty pull-ups can easily contain the stench for hours.

"Cheers." Sarah says to me, ignoring M, who places the empty tray on our patio table.

"Cheers." I reply.

We study her rear view as M walks back over to the far end of the grass. She's been edging our main lawn with a manual trimmer. She's moving even more awkwardly now. We smile at each other and return to our novels.

After another half an hour, Sarah rings the bell again. M's working in the beds now, dead-heading flowers. Her tits jiggle as she rushes over to us.

"Alfie."

M curtsies and nods her head. "... Mistress."

Neither my wife nor I feel any embarrassment using 'Alfie', our al fresco bucket in front of M. Alfie (as we call him) is already sloshing with our pee when M retrieves 'him' from under the patio table.

Sarah usually sunbathes totally naked. She climbs off her lounge and squats astride the rim of the bucket. M steadies Sarah by the shoulders. There's a long hiss and gurgle as she relieves her bladder. Then it's my turn.

M moves the bucket into position while I simply roll sideways on the lounge. She takes my cock and aims my jet at Alfie. I empty my bladder as effortlessly as possible.

Once we've both finished, M carries Alfie to the table and places him underneath until we need him again.

"Er ... may I have the honour, Madam?"

Sarah looks up from her Kindle. She's propped up on the lounge with her bare legs akimbo. She simply nods with a raised eyebrow, while carrying on reading.

M hunkers down at the foot of the lounge and her face appears between Sarah's damp thighs. I watch out of the corner of my eye as she licks my wife's vulva and labia clean.

It's another rule. We don't have to ask. Instead M is required to volunteer, and ask if she can have the privilege of cleaning us.

After two minutes, Sarah dismisses her with a finger click.

"May I have the honour, Sir?"

I shrug.

She kneels at the end of my lounge. My knees are raised and my right ankle is propped against my left knee. Her shiny face appears, framed in the rectangle formed by my part-crossed legs.

I feel her forehead brush my skin first. Her lips kiss my scrotum. Then her tongue slithers into the sweaty crevice of my ass.

"Can you smell something?" Sarah looks up from her Kindle.

"Whoops." I chuckle an apology. "That was me."

Sarah reaches over and punches my bicep. "No silly. Something else? More like cow dung."

I stare into M's eyes. She's doing her best not to listen to us. Her forehead's creased while her tongue burrows into me.

"Nope." I reply, returning to my book.

Once my erection's nice and firm, M shifts position and takes my cockhead into her mouth. This rule's simple too. Unless I tell her otherwise, she must always make me cum.

"Will you be needing my services later?" I ask Sarah.

Sarah smirks. "No, darling. I think I can hold out until the morning."

"Hmm ... in that case I'll settle for second best."

It's hot, sweaty work for M. The mid-afternoon humidity is at its muggy peak. I've enjoyed a few glasses of wine that have blunted the edge of my ability. But, after about quarter of an hour, I finally spatter her palate.

"Thank you Sir." She says, after swallowing, licking my shaft clean.

I don't even look up from my book.

Another hour later, after the sun has begun to descend, Sarah tinkles her bell. M ambles across the lawn towards us.

"Hurry! Run!"

M arrives, wiping her brow, a cloud of tiny flying insects buzzing her head.

"I'm sorry, M ... Mistress." She gasps.

"What's the matter? Why are you moving so slowly?"

"I ... had an accident, Mistress. In my diaper."

“What? You did. When?”

I put my book down on my chest to listen.

“About two hours ago, Mistress.”

“What? Two hours. You couldn’t even make it past 3 o’clock?”

“N ... no Mistress. I’m sorry, I tried ... but ...”

Her voice trails off. In spite of the virtual impossibility of success, M always tries her hardest. The tougher any test is, the more she wants to pass it. Failure genuinely upsets her.

“Well I hope there’s not much and it was only a small mistake.”

M bites her lower lip, looking doubtful.

“Well let’s see. Show us.”

We watch closely as M unlaces her boots, lowers the shorts, and reveals her white diaper. She pulls the tabs and slowly unpeels it from between her legs. Her thighs are visibly soiled.

“What did we say last time?”

“Th ... that I’d be punished seriously, Mistress, if there was ever another accident.”

The diaper is truly disgusting; chock-full and smeared all over the inside. Sarah has a face like thunder. She stares at the mess in revulsion.

“Bag that and bin it. Then hose yourself totally clean and report back to us in ten minutes.”

M stifles a tear. “Y ... yes, Mistress.”

I leave her punishment to the reader’s imagination.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

LESBIAN LESSONS

As August slides into September and the days get shorter, it's increasingly evident that the country's heading towards further Lockdowns. The complex tier of restrictions isn't working and it confuses most of the population.

We decide, for various reasons, to delete Lycoris37's profile and to take extra precautions, both for M's sake and ours. She's already met 37 different admirers and there's a nice symmetry about that number (even though she's now 38yrs old). Plus, to be honest, we've become a little bored of the process and the timewasters.

Instead, we retain a small number of regulars who we deal with directly, by phone and WhatsApp, instead of via the website. We choose five people – four guys and one female – who we'll continue seeing, at least until there are further strict Lockdowns.

Lesley was somebody who discovered Lycoris37 late. Better late than never. We struck up a friendship almost immediately. She'd worked in the same industry as me and so we chatted easily, while she and Sarah were the same age and had memories in common; late 80s/early 90s music, crop tops and platform shoes, bowl haircuts and grunge, that kind of female nostalgia.

Like many women of her era and age, Lesley had married and tried to convince herself she's 'straight'. She's middle class, a graduate and a career woman. But she 'came out' lesbian in her 30s and a dominant one at that. She has short dyed-black hair, a squat rectangular body, and chunky legs.

Lesley's first message to us was friendly and frank. Her passion is dominating 'bi-curious' straight women ("bringing out their bi side", were her exact words). It was quite clear from the text and photos on Lycoris37's profile that M is straight and focused on males. Lesley wondered if we'd consider new experiences for her. Sarah replied that she was already giving M some 'lezzy training' but perhaps now was a good time to get some assistance.

The first time Lesley sat on M's face we gave her no warning. M was blindfolded in her hood. She'd heard the shout of 'Hood' and the doorbell ring as usual. We'd agreed not to speak so M obviously assumed it was just another of her male fans.

Lesley raised her skirt and plopped down without ceremony. M told us later that, for a second, she thought the pussy was Sarah's. But then M immediately realised she was taking a further step down the 'rabbit hole'.

Lesley proved to be ruthless. Very demanding indeed. Sarah has developed high standards but Lesley's are actually off the scale. She's heavier, plumper and stronger-scented than my wife and way more sadistic. She started visiting us every few days. We gave M the chance to use her Safe Word (metaphorically). But she chose not to.

Lesley is much more 'into' corporal punishment than we are. Our style is about ritual and humiliation. We enjoy making M bend over and raise her skirts like a naughty schoolgirl, holding that pose for however many strokes. But we rarely hit her hard. Enough to sting but never more than that. Bruising and blood just aren't our thing.

Lesley convinced us to allow her to push M's limits a bit further. Her technique is more about pain. She ties M down with rope so she can't escape and gags her with her damp knickers. Each time she increased the severity within the parameters we imposed.

I struggle to hit a woman. Lesley has no such male qualms. She brought her own implements with her; a paddle, a crop and a cane. She uses them for much more extended thrashings than us. M is soon wide-eyed and mewling into the balled knickers.

Sarah and I both know that, deep down, M is into experimenting with physical pain more than we are. So this turns into a genuine 'careful what you wish for' moment. With her buttocks already paddled and hot, the crop is leaving vivid X-crosses on her bare shoulder blades and upper legs. But M is still clutching the red hanky that represents her Safe Word. If she drops it, the beating will cease.

Lesley starts with the cane next. She's a sturdy woman with mannish biceps. I realise we're watching a battle. Lesley actually wants M to drop the red hanky.

While our stubborn slave is determined not to.

By the end, M's buttocks are scarlet, with purple ridges, raised weals and pinpricks of blood. Her back and thighs are criss-crossed with marks and her face is covered in tears and snot. But she's still not used her Safe Word.

"Ooh," Lesley wipes her brow, rubbing her tired forearm. This is taking place indoors because it's raining, "... that was bloody hard work."

Sarah places her palm to test M's sizzling buttock.

"Mmm ..." M groans loudly into her gag.

"Quiet!"

Sarah runs her finger along M's padlock next. Smiling, she lifts the chain from around her neck and uses the key. She unlocks the Lustlock and slides it out from the rings.

"Feel this." She smirks, sliding two fingers into M's vagina.

Lesley and I take turns to feel inside. M's cunt is as hot as her seared buttocks, and as damp as the drool on her chin. The caning's made her horny as fuck.

"Oh dear." I smile down into M's moist brown eyes. "What ARE we to do with you?"

"This!" Lesley interrupts, pulling a strap-on belt and attached dildo out of her leather tote bag. She removes her trousers and hitches her underwear down.

Lesley fucks M from behind while she's still tied down. The double-ended dildo is black and ridged. Lesley's end looks built for comfort. M's end is built for discomfort.

I vividly recall that moment as a bit of a shock. It seems a little too 'personal' watching a lesbian I hardly know using a strap on. I half-retire from the room but Lesley beckons me back. Hence Sarah and I position ourselves discreetly in front of M's face so we can study her reactions.

Within moments it's obvious that M's pleasure is overcoming her pain. Her eyelids flutter with that telltale look of ashamed arousal. Her cheeks are bulging over the knicker-gag. Snot's bubbling from her nostrils. We wink and dab wisps of flyaway hair from her face.

"Go on. Yes, you can cum."

Lesley's a powerful woman. She's buckled the strap-on to her sturdy waist. She's still wearing her shirt and bra. She bites her lower lip as she repeatedly slams into M from behind.

Eventually both women reach orgasm only a few seconds apart.

Apart from ensuring her own safety, the other great advantage for M about our arrangement is her inability to say 'no'. Over the summer there were, undeniably, people who we said 'yes' to that no pretty 37-38yr old would ever have considered.

As a result, M partnered men in their 80s, 70s, 60s, 50s, 40s, 30s, 20s and late-teens, plus women in their 60s, 50s and 20s. Her physical response proves that, in her case, age, ethnicity, looks and even gender are largely irrelevant to sexual arousal.

However, in amongst the male chaff we found one particularly fine hunk of wheat. Brad discovered us early. He was amongst our first messages. However, Sarah originally decided he sounded much too 'nice'. At that stage we were prioritising older, less attractive men, or young guys blessed with huge cocks. Brad was neither. However, his profile stated he was M's age, single and, when he eventually sent us a photo, undeniably good looking. He was 'too good' for her.

Nevertheless, he kept in touch and, after two months or so, we relented. He turned up in a red convertible with a bottle of champagne. If that makes him sound like a smooth dickhead, he wasn't. At least at first, anyway. He was fun, observed our rules, and gratefully fucked M's ass. He didn't seem to be seeking any kind of special treatment, anything like that. He was another fan who enjoyed tipping us cash for her company.

When we eventually deleted M's profile and cut her 'regulars' down to five, Brad was the fifth and last we chose. As September turned into October, he became her most regular visitor of all.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE GOOD, THE BRAD AND THE UGLY

Once we abandoned M's hood - so she was able to admire her own 'admirers' - we managed to arrange a couple of bukkake sessions. During the height of summer we carried out these sessions outdoors. But the most memorable one is a weekend lunch indoors in mid-October. We've invited a handful of the guys we've developed the best, most chilled but raunchy, casual friendship with.

One of them is Brad. The other four are older and varying degrees of less attractive, physically at least. But they each merrily jerk themselves off over M's upturned face 2-3 times during the day. She's wearing her tortoiseshell specs (to protect her eyes). As we all know, jizz can sting like fuck. Her glasses get smeared with cum, making her appear like a ridiculous librarian slut. In between the guys, she kneels in the corner of our dining room and simply waits.

Apart from her specs, M isn't allowed to wipe her face or body. The semen dries on her skin and in her hair. Later, she crawls to the cloakroom and the guys wash it off her with another fluid, but that's one I shouldn't mention in this publication.

"Why don't you find your own sub?" I ask Brad during the afternoon. "You could, easily."

He shrugs, sipping his beer. "My life's a bit complicated. But when I saw M's profile, I was just drawn to her, and to you guys, to the whole amazing situation."

He and I are talking alone, just the two of us. Music's playing; Sarah and the rest of the gang are having various other conversations. He's asked me if we'd consider loaning her.

"But why should we lend her to you? What's in it for us?"

"It's for her, really. A different experience. And I'd pay you."

"We don't need money. We don't prostitute M to earn cash. We only pretend to do it as a kink, hers and ours ..."

It's true. Some people misunderstand. The 'loaning' scene has many nuances. It's certainly not about genuine pimps taking money off working girls who don't have a choice. Half the time the money's token. The other half it's fake - although M isn't aware - just bits of paper made to sound like banknotes.

"... a grand a day," Brad interjects.

I smile. There's an apocryphal tale about Winston Churchill. In the story, he's sat at a political dinner talking to the pretty lady on his right. He asks her;

"Madam, would you sleep with me for a thousand pounds?"

She hesitates, glances round to check nobody's listening. "Well, Prime Minister, I'd have to think about it. Maybe ... yes, I guess."

Churchill nods and says. "Then Madam, would you sleep with me for five shillings?"

She frowns angrily. "Prime Minister, what do you take me for? A common prostitute?"

Churchill exhales cigar smoke. "Madam, we've already established what you are. Now we're merely negotiating the price."

That story immediately flashes through my mind when Brad makes his offer. We don't trade M for money, whether that's a grand, a fiver ... or a Monopoly banknote.

And yet.

He does have a point. It would be another experience for M. Not pimped for just a quick butt-fuck but actually loaned out for several days.

"I'll discuss it with Sarah." I tell him.

That evening, Sarah and I raise the idea with M. I can tell she's shocked, nervous and aroused, all at once. I already know Brad is her favourite regular. Not that that's much of an achievement.

"He's offered to pay." I tell her, without saying how much.

M blushes. "The decision is yours Sir, Madam, as always."

"But you'd like to experience it? The truth."

She hesitates. Her eyes drop to the floor.

"Well, Sir, Madam, the answer is ... yes, I guess."

So the following Friday, Brad picks M up in his red convertible. He slips a fat manila envelope into my palm. It contains sixty £50 notes; three grand in cash.

That evening feels strange, having our house to ourselves for the first time in over nine months. Sarah and I have to fetch our own drinks, cook our own supper, wash our own dishes. It's actually nice in a way, just the two of us again. The following morning we brew our own coffee and then make love, alone.

Part of the deal with Brad is that we keep an open WhatsApp line with M. She simply sends us an 'ok' message every few hours. Then we have a 30 second voice-call together Saturday evening to check they're actually her messages (and not him pretending to be her). But we don't ask her any more details about their weekend.

Monday afternoon, literally 5 minutes before his 72 hours are up, Brad's car swings into our drive and he delivers M home. He barely stops, scooting off without saying more than a few words.

It quickly becomes evident that things have changed. Mel is demure, obedient, just like before, but the atmosphere's not the same. Her heart's not in it. There's no electricity. Something's up. After three days we sit her down for a chat.

The main differences are that Brad wants a submissive not a slave. He can offer her the one-to-one relationship that we can't. He's not really interested in broadening her experiences. She's already a ready-made and fully fledged slave. The main thing is that after three-quarters of a whole year with us, Mel says she wants actual affection more than she thought she ever would again. She's crying like a child.

The very next day, on Saturday 31st October, Lockdown 2.0 is formally announced, to start the following Wednesday. With heavy hearts, we release Mel from her slave contract with us. As a symbol we hand over all four keys to her Lustlock.

She's sobbing as she packs her suitcase and rucksack. But we all understand that life's a rollercoaster and a life of kink even more so. We rest assured that 2020 will always be a truly memorable year for all three of us, for good reasons as well as bad.

While Sarah kisses M goodbye, I slip the fat manila envelope into her rucksack. I don't want any debate. It's her nest-egg, not ours.

Brad picks her up again. He's too embarrassed to enter our house. He drives her away and we don't expect ever to see Mel again.

But we're totally, utterly wrong.

This should be the end of the account. When M leaves, I close my notebook and lock it in a drawer. I have no inkling that 2021 will turn out to be just as memorable.

As our sequel "What Lies Within" will reveal (to be published in October 2021).

BY THE BALLS (out now)
Female dominant fiction by
Velma Glover

Viola and Matt have been happily married for the past 7 years. She's 27, with blue eyes, blonde hair and a sensational rack. He's tall, dark and handsome and a year older than her, with a great job. They met at college and now live in an upmarket borough of London.

But behind closed doors, their relationship isn't what it seems to their vanilla friends. And all isn't even what it seems to Matt. They live a 24/7 Female-led marriage. But he doesn't know the half of it.

Viola has plans. This 19,000 word book describes one tumultuous weekend. She has her husband ... by the balls.

Velma Glover has been writing erotica for many years under several pseudonyms. A passionate feminist, with a degree in Psychology, she believes in female empowerment and consensual but strict domination. Her alter ego, Velvetglove, writes in a rather different style.

BANK TO BORDELLO (out now)
MARIA'S DOWNWARD SPIRAL
by Velvetglove & Charles Ryder

Maria Sinclair is a typical modern woman, with a highflying career, two ex-husbands and one grown up female dependent. As the 37yr old HR Director of a successful bank Maria's life so far has been a rewarding rollercoaster of highs and lows.

Until a General Election changes everything. The new PP Government ('Patriarchal Power') is determined to repeal all of the wishy-washy, progressive and feminist laws of the past half century, returning our country to its natural, male-dominated state.

As a result, Maria's life quickly spirals out of control. The Bank where she works undergoes a reorganisation, with its female staff demoted or dismissed. Alternative opportunities are few and far between, and certainly not at the level Maria aspires to. However, unemployment is not an option. She must also join 'Minder', a government-owned dating App, to find herself a male Sponsor ... or else.

Into this maelstrom of injustice steps Jack Blenkinsop, a 25yr old bigot who's happy to exploit the opportunities the new legislation offers. He has history with Maria. And now he holds all the cards.

THE END