

WHAT LIES WITHIN
The Story Of m – Part 2

Velvetglove

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“Arabian Afterlife”

(strong content, n/c)
(£4.89, 58,600 words, rated 5-stars)

“After the Lockdown”

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“By the Balls”

(consensual, F/m, strong Female Domination)
(written by Velma Glover, £3.84, 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

This is the sequel to 'What Lies Behind', the true account of my ménage a trois with my wife and our female slave 'M', obviously written with the permission of all the main characters involved. Names have been changed and dialogue recreated but this book continues the tale, just as it actually happened.

'What Lies Behind' ended at the start of November 2020, as Lockdown 2.0 begins in the UK. My wife Sarah and I agree to release M from her slave contract and she moves into the life and bubble of a guy called Brad.

We genuinely never expect to see or hear from her again.

After M's departure, I sink myself into my fiction, finally publishing stories such as 'Arabian Afterlife', 'After the Lockdown', 'Bedtime Stories' and the first chapters of 'Penal Colony Nine'. Perhaps a little of my lingering resentment about losing M seeps into my tone and writing of Penal Colony Nine?

Meanwhile, Sarah and I return to living like a normal middle-aged couple again; doing our weekly shop at supermarkets, face-timing our adult kids, watching box sets, buying presents online. Even doing the fucking housework ourselves! Our family reunites for 48 hrs on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day itself.

Then – when our kids have departed and we're suddenly alone again, just as the afternoon's turning dark on 26th December, Boxing Day - our doorbell rings ...

CHAPTER ONE

THE FIRST WEEK

M is standing on the doorstep with her suitcase, rucksack and tears in her eyes. Her hair's damp and her cheeks are red. I don't want this account to read like a Rom-Com, so all I'll say is that it's a very emotional reunion. It's immediately obvious from her presence and appearance why she's come back.

She's travelled by train and taxicab. It's cold and wet. Over a cup of hot tea, she gushes about the past eight weeks, about her time with Brad; what went right, what was wrong, and she begs our forgiveness. There's no kneeling, or kissing our feet, anything like that. It's merely vanilla pleading across the kitchen table as if she's some girlfriend who strayed, now begging to be forgiven and taken back.

Sarah and I avoid any knee-jerk reactions. We put M into a hot bath and then into her old bedroom (sadly I'd taken her narrow bed to the tip before our children visited us at Christmas). We can't help noticing that she's no longer wearing her slave ring on her finger or the Lustlock in her pussy. However, her labial rings are still there. Within a few minutes, she's fallen fast asleep.

We go downstairs and I pour myself a brandy.

An hour later, Sarah and I have decided what to do.

At lunchtime the next day, 'M' accepts our decision and our terms. The truth is that we became too 'soft' on her last time. We were slowly giving her more and more of what she wanted without imposing more of what we wanted. We allowed unspoken friendship, even emotions, to get in the way.

Ironically, M left us because she thought she wanted the 'affection' that Brad was supposedly offering her. Yet we had been increasingly providing her with affection ourselves, albeit not within a simple 'one-to-one, exclusive' D/s relationship. The truth was that both sides got it wrong.

There's an old joke about the sadist and the masochist who hook up together. The masochist grabs a whip and thrusts it excitedly at the sadist, saying "whip me, whip me!" The sadist takes the whip, pauses then sneers, and replies, "no!"

So we tell m that it's 'take it, or leave it'. We will treat her like a real 'slave' this time. We won't consider her wishes at all. She's free to leave at any time, of course, but as long as she stays, we'll be like the sadist in that joke. We'll do whatever we like.

We make her strip for inspection. It feels weird checking this body we're already so familiar with, as if for the first time; we slap her about a bit, making her stand, turn, pose, spread her legs, open her mouth wide, etc. She's put on a few lbs since she left. We weigh and measure her. We examine her tongue and gums. Her buttocks are pale and unblemished. Her anus appears unchanged. Sarah explores her cunt. Brad apparently liked her labial rings as decorations and for erotic stimulation but he never actually locked her up.

M is embarrassed answering all our blunt questions about her time with him. About their sex life and specific details of what had gone right and wrong. It turns out that the 'mistake' was really her fault, not his. She thought she wanted one Master (and not 'Owners' like us). She thought she needed a more conventional relationship again (and not just being 'owned'). Whereas Brad merely wanted a perfectly trained submissive, without having to put in any effort.

He had spanked her occasionally but hadn't for weeks. Sexually, he liked blowjobs and cowgirl fucking with her on top doing all the work. He was possessive and jealous. He made her watch porn endlessly with him and asked her questions about the male actors, whether she fancied them or not, silly things like that.

Sarah and I listen to her in silence, nodding coldly, before asking another question. We exude the icy demeanour that we've agreed with each other to present to M. And in spite of the fact that she's fucked no one else but Brad (he never shared her) we insist that she'll take a full online STD test package at her own expense; Chlamydia, Gonorrhoea, Hepatitis B, Herpes I & II, HIV, Syphilis, Ureaplasma and several others.

More immediately, we tell her to fetch the Lustlock and keys from her rucksack and we relock her cunt there and then. Fortunately she's brought most of her outfits and accessories back with her. She left behind the few things that Brad bought her.

Once she's locked up and has dressed, in her old, very unsexy crinoline dress and flat shoes, we put her straight back to work. We march her from room to room, showing her the inconvenience she caused us by fucking off. We point out skirting boards and windows, basins and fireplaces. Our house is obviously in need of a thorough clean from top to bottom, as well as a post-Christmas tidy up. So it will take M at least a week of catching up.

Those first few days are brutal. She rises at 04.00 (instead of 5 a.m. as before) and works until midnight. Sixteen hours a day with barely a break. It's that slow period between Christmas and New Year and the country is chilly, dark and locked down. Sarah and I merrily settle into our lazy ways again. We probably wouldn't have done much in the way of housework before the new year anyway.

However, now we can lie-in, eat, drink, watch TV, snooze, in the knowledge that everything's getting done. Sarah in particular enjoys watching M work. She gets up and leans against the doorframe with a cup of coffee, eyeballing M's efforts.

Neither of us feels ready to use M sexually yet, or even intimately; there are no manicures or massage, anything like that. It's pure Victorian style toil, day after day. The atmosphere in the house is as frosty as the weather outside.

In reality this is just an awkward stage we will all have to get through. M understands that. In fact, she's just grateful that we took her back. (A few weeks later she admits to us that she found our initial iciness towards her exciting).

Her buttocks are pale and unmarked. Brad didn't ever do more than spank her. She tells us she missed the pain. I can't deny that both Sarah and I still feel angry. Or resentful is probably a better word.

I recall the time when Lesley (the lesbian) beat M until her backside was scarlet and purple, which soon worsened into black and blue. We know that a thrashing is within M's limits and tolerance. By her fourth day back she's accumulated enough 'black marks' to justify a severe caning.

For the first time we actually tie her down, over a sturdy wooden side-table that we usually keep our tray of spirits bottles on. We position her over a corner, with one of her legs down the long side of the table, and the other against the narrower end. This means its wooden edge digs into her mound and parts her thighs, elevating her bare buttocks to a slightly raised angle. Sadly we don't have any fresh ginger root in the house.

But I have a better idea.

Sarah goes first. I know she's less resentful than me. It's my male pride that Brad's dented most. But Sarah's pissed off too. Now she has no qualms about thrashing M harder than she ever did last year. It's like a judicial caning; a fierce stroke every 10 seconds or so.

Whoosh whap!

Pause.

Whoosh whap!

Pause.

Whoosh whap!

Snivel.

Whoosh whap!

Snivel.

Whoosh whap!

"Aahh ..."

Whoosh whap!

"Aaaagh ..."

M's initial stoic bravery and silent determination fails and she starts to whimper and cry. I stand the other end of the table and lift her face up by her ponytail. I stare into her wet eyes.

Whoosh whap!

"Aaaghh pl ..."

Whoosh whap!

“Aaaagghh please ...”

“Don’t stop, darling.” I say loudly to Sarah, ignoring M’s sobbing. “Carry on until you’ve got everything out your system.”

Whoosh whaap!

“Nooo”

Whoooosh whaaap!

“Naaaggh ...”

Sarah smiles at me and hits harder. I can literally see her rage dissipating, stroke by stroke. M’s fingers are like claws, scrunched against the pain. Tears course down her cheeks. I walk round and check out her pale buttocks. They’re bright scarlet now.

Whoosh whap!

Sarah’s shoulder and arm eventually start to tire. Neither of us has been counting. Whatever the number is, it’s enough. My wife’s fury is extinguished. She holds out the cane to me with a slightly embarrassed smile.

“I’m done.”

“Sure?”

She nods. We both look at M’s bottom. There aren’t the usual individual stripes. There’s just one broad band of bright scarlet across the swell of her cheeks along with a couple of pink outliers.

I take the cane and give M a minute’s reprieve. She doesn’t say anything. Her sobs turn to snivels and sniffs. I walk round and look down at her.

“This is how it will be from now on, if you choose to stay. Or we can stop now if you want to quit and leave?”

She shakes her head violently. There’s something in her eyes as well as tears. It’s smoky, an almost trance-like ‘high’.

“Would you fetch the Deep Heat, darling?”

Sarah pops upstairs to get our tube of Deep Heat cream while I go to the kitchen to fetch a lemon. I slice it and bring the two halves back to where M is still tied down.

Sarah lubes up her middle finger with white cream and slowly pushes her entire digit into M’s puckered anus. She stirs it round as deep as she can. M starts whimpering almost instantly. But the burn just gets hotter and hotter.

For the uninitiated, Deep Heat rub is a ‘pain relief’ cream. Which is ironic because it can also ‘deliver pain’ too. It contains menthol, eucalyptus and turpentine which can relax sore muscles and soothe hurt.

But get a bit of cream on your balls by mistake and you’ll soon know about it. Initially, the burn is sharp but bearable. A minute or two later the inferno becomes intense and it gets even worse from there. Meanwhile I squeeze one of the lemon-halves above the base of her spine and let the sticky juice run over her hot cheeks and into her anal cleft.

M is on fire now. Every sinew of her limbs fights against her ropes. Her face breaks into shiny sweat. She’s hissing and wailing, biting her lower lip.

We leave her to it.

Sarah and I enjoy a bite of lunch; the usual post-Christmas leftovers. We can hear M bawling in the living room. Sarah leans across and kisses me. It’s like a renewal of our pact. She and I don’t need long conversations this time. We’re going to give M exactly what she needs.

Eventually we revisit our prodigal slave.

“Shut up!”

I stare into her eyes, getting her attention through her pain. She squints at me and tries to focus.

Then Sarah and I laugh. At moments like this, nothing has greater impact than laughter. M is burning and sobbing and yet we pretend to find it funny. It’s the fundamental contract between sadist and masochist.

“Be quiet or we’ll put cream up that unfaithful cunt of yours as well.”

That gets through to her brain. She grimaces and shuts up.

“I’m going to give you another 20 strokes.” I tell her. “At least 20. You are to count them and thank me after each one.”

She blinks back a tear and slowly nods, snivelling.

“Y ... yesh ... s ... shir.”

Sarah stays the other end of the table, grinning down at M.

Whooooossh whap!

Her buttocks ripple like a pond I’ve just lobbed a stone into. I aim for just underneath the scarlet band left by Sarah’s strokes. I open up a new front underneath it. Pale turns to crimson.

“Aaagh ... one ... th ... thank you ... sir.”

“No fucking ‘aaagh’ noises! I don’t want to hear them. Just count the strokes and thank me. Let’s start again.”

Whoooooosh whaap!”

“One ... thank you ssssiir.”

Whoooooosh whaap!”

“T .. two ... th ... thank you shir.”

Whoooooosh whaap!”

“Th ... thr ... three.. thank y ... you s ... sir.”

Whoooooosh whaap!”

“F ... four ... th ... th ... thank you ssssiir.”

Whoooooosh whaap!”

“Fi ... five ... th ... thank you s ... sir!”

Sarah is stern-faced, pinching M’s chin, holding her face up.

“Quarter of the way there! Keep counting.”

I’m tempted to stop but I force myself to continue. I deliver all 20 strokes plus the original one for luck. The band of bright scarlet now covers her entire bottom from the tops of her legs to her waistband.

Whoooooosh whaap!”

“Tw ... twen enty ... th ... ank ... y ... you s ... sir!”

The savage combination of cane, lemon juice and menthol is unbearable. Yet M has no choice but to endure it. Her brain tells her that the blows have finally stopped but every cell in her body feels the pain is still increasing. Her body convulses against the table.

“Is this what you wanted all along? To be treated like this?”

Sarah cuffs M’s face. It’s not a hard or dangerous slap but it’s enough to emphasise our point. We’re saying we were too gentle last year.

M doesn’t reply. She lowers her forehead against the cool table.

We all know her answer.

It takes almost an hour for the burn of the Deep Heat to fully subside. We leave her lying there, still bound, slowly recovering. Sarah and I make ourselves tea in the kitchen. Eventually we return to M.

“So, slave, are you certain you want to stay? You don’t want to scuttle off back to Brad? Or maybe you’d prefer to quit this lark altogether and become a respectable 38yr old again?”

Her eyes look up at us.

“Y ... yes.” She murmurs. “Madam, Sir.”

“Yes what?”

“I want to stay.”

I unzip my fly.

“Open.”

“Look at me.”

Her brown eyes blink up into mine. She’s no longer crying. She knows what’s coming. She realises I’m not interested in a blowjob. This is a test. A test of how much she wants to remain with us.

My cockhead rests on her tongue. She blinks again, nausea in her eyes, as if she’s about to heave, her nostrils flaring. We tried this last year and she really struggled.

“Mmm ...” I exhale, contentedly. I drank a lot of tea. I wink down at her narrowed eyes.

It's entirely consensual. The choice is hers. She keeps her head totally still, doing her best. I hold back and go as slowly as I can; partly for her benefit but mostly so I can prolong the moment. I want to see her take it all. She retches and spills some down her chin and onto the floor. But she swallows plenty as well.

It takes over 45 seconds. My eyes never once leave her face.

"Good girl." My wife coos, patronizingly, stroking the back of M's head. This test was always a hard limit for Sarah.

When I'm done, I extract my cock and shake the tip. A few droplets fly. I use my thumb to wipe M's hair from her forehead. Relief but also pride are etched on her damp face.

"Well done." I congratulate her, my resentment dissipated. "That tells us you do truly regret stealing those 54 days of service from us, yes?"

M gasps and emits an acidic hiccup.

"Yes S... sir, very much."

Sarah walks round to stand beside me and we both look down at M, like a jury and judge passing sentence.

"In that case, you will compensate us like that for another 54 days. And not only mine. Your Mistress's as well."

There's a moment of silence while M computes just how long fifty four days is. Slowly, her head nods in dumb acceptance. She realises the sentence adds up to almost 8 weeks.

I glance sideways at Sarah. I included her in the punishment without consulting her. But she doesn't react. Her own hard limit evidently doesn't extend to the flipside of the coin!

"We'll start tomorrow morning." Sarah snaps. "A nice strong brew."

M looks at us both as if checking we're serious. She searches for pity.

She finds none.

CHAPTER TWO

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Having just dished out the most severe and painful punishment we ever have, all three of us realise that our dynamic has subtly changed again. It feels like that first time I sodomised M and then we caned her (described at the start of chapter three of 'What Lies Behind'). M might have thought she wanted harsher treatment but it's only after the event she can be sure of it.

There's been no actual discussion; certainly not a detailed one. It was just a sense we all had.

M needs more.

We need more.

The following morning, Sarah plonks a plastic bottle on the countertop. It's a one-litre Evian bottle but the liquid inside is amber. Nobody says anything. M's busy in the kitchen and I'm reading my i-pad, drinking a coffee. I smile inwardly.

When it's time for M's breakfast of cold parboiled sprouts (we have plenty left over from Christmas) and dry muesli, Sarah sloshes a generous helping from the Evian bottle into the bowl until the food is swimming in it.

Then, wordlessly, M picks up her spoon and takes a tentative mouthful. I slurp on my delicious coffee while I watch her. Our eyes meet. I keep my expression stern as she gulps the bitter swill from her bowl. Then she grimaces and repeats the process.

"Faster." There's a crack as Sarah slaps M's sore behind.

Work has been very much the focus of our rekindled relationship. Sex is on the backburner. So are all her sexy outfits. Instead M toils like a Victorian housekeeper dressed in a stiff, black crinoline dress and flat shoes. Underneath she's wearing her pin-bra and no underwear. Sarah folds up the hem of the dress and spanks M on her bare, bruised buttocks.

"Stop dawdling. Slurp it all up and get back to work."

In fact our house is already shining like a new pin after M's first few 16 hour days. But Sarah's still not satisfied. She finds endless new tasks; dusting and polishing, sorting and stacking, sewing and darning.

Some of our friends have arranged a New Year's Eve Cyber-Party. It will feature four couples, all of us online, doing a quiz, drinking, eating and playing music until after midnight. Each couple chooses a course and specifies the ingredients and recipe, etc. Sarah and I are allocated responsibility for the quiz and the starter.

On the Wednesday evening, the night before New Year's Eve, we set M the task of researching and coming up with 250 questions. But we tell her that every question has to be relevant to the 8 quiz participants in some way. We brief M about our friends; their nationalities, careers, hobbies, favourite football and rugby teams and musicians, what we know of their likes and dislikes, etc.

Then we go up to bed.

M has to work through the night. She can't just rip off a ready-made quiz. She has to use Wikipedia and Google and her own resources to find 250 relevant questions with a rationale for each one. The next morning when we WhatsApp down our coffee order, she's barely had any sleep at all.

I spend a quick half hour selecting the top 40. Her face is a picture when I simply chuck the remaining 210 questions into the bin and tell her to type up my selections into four Rounds of ten.

"Fantastic quiz guys. Great fun."

Sarah and I are sat at the table facing everybody on a split screen. The quiz has been a huge success.

"Such relevant questions. It must have taken you ages, mate."

"Well, yeah. It did take me a while. But there's not much else to do at this time of year, right?"

I smile at everybody onscreen. We've all dressed up a bit. I'm wearing a crisply ironed white shirt and black jacket. But they can't see under the table. I'm not wearing anything below the waist except for slippers.

M is patiently sucking my cock. It's our first sexual contact since she returned. She's kneeling under the table paying homage to my genitals. Her wrists are locked behind her in Velcro cuffs. She's under

strict instructions to make my blowjob last throughout the quiz and starter but to get me off before the main course.

I swear, it's not easy having an orgasm onscreen without your friends noticing something's up! But somehow I manage it. My face gets a bit red and crumpled as I cum but I keep the noise down. It feels good to unload into M's throat again. She doesn't gargle, just gulps it down.

Sarah stands preparing our main course in a black dress. But she's going commando underneath. She brings our plates over and we watch everybody start eating. Then, alongside me, I can feel M moving onto Sarah, raising her skirt and diving in.

At half past midnight, after we've finally said goodnight to our friends, our slave gets to wish several orgasmic new years to Sarah's pussy and all the best for 2021 to my asshole.

Naturally, M remains locked.

Those first few weeks of January are increasingly dominated by media coverage of COVID stats and counter-stats and reports of a new strain of the Virus. This bad news is set against optimism about a second vaccine being approved.

Meanwhile, for us, apart from a weekly outing to the supermarket and delivery vans regularly dropping packages at home, face-to-face contact with the outside world is minimal. And even that contact is only 'mask-to-mask' and strictly 2 metres apart.

At home, the three of us settle back into our own 'bubble' and routine. We've relented and now allow M to return to her 2020 work-hours of 05.00 to 23.00, giving her six hours of rest and sleep. However, the chilly atmosphere has barely thawed. It remains formal and harsh. M is a Roman-era slave and Victorian-style housemaid rolled into one, but within a 21st century home.

For a while, everything remains non-sexual. The missus and I live our lives – me writing at my PC, or watching football on TV, while Sarah reads books and paints watercolours – while M does literally everything around the house, from pre-dawn to late-night: every room, every surface, every corner must be immaculate; every coffee, every drink, every meal must be perfect; every item of clothing, sheet and napkin must be crisp and flawless.

Again, there are never thanks, only criticism. And punishments. Sarah doesn't spare the rod this time round. Unlike last year, she takes any opportunity to flip up M's hem and slap, paddle or cane her backside. Not only on the meat of her buttocks, but on the tops of her legs and the backs of her thighs too.

"Here!" Sarah screams from our bathroom.

I smile inwardly and listen to M scurrying up the stairs.

"Look. At. That!"

I can imagine the scene. It's the bathroom today, our kitchen yesterday, the living room tomorrow. Sarah can always unearth something. It might be the corner of a skirting board or the back of a cupboard, a plughole or under the rim of a toilet. Today, a single hair trapped in the plug of the bathtub is the cause of Sarah's anger. It is M's job not to miss a single thing.

"I'm so sorry, Mistress."

"Bend over, head in the toilet."

I count six crisp raps with the back of a hairbrush. M's skin never fades to white nowadays. Her buttocks are constantly red and tender. It doesn't take much to make her eyes water and tears flow. But every shopping trip sees our supermarket trolley well stocked with ginger, chillies, lemons and rock salt. Sarah spices up M's punishments by figging her anus, peppering her pussy, stinging and salting her welts.

It's very erotic (it is to us, anyway) to see M bent over, with her fingers clawing her buttocks apart, impossibly wide.

"Wider. We want to see all the way up to your fucking throat!"

It's a lovely sight; the feminine curves of her thighs and buttocks framed by her elegant hands, her slave ring on show again, with her puckered anal-starburst peeking out from above the dangling flesh of her pussy lips and her shiny labial rings.

I'm sure there's some deep psychological reason why presenting one's asshole for inspection is such an undignified feeling. It's even better making M wrench her sphincter muscle open to receive what she knows will hurt; ginger or chilli, or an oversized plug or dildo.

We often leave her there, bent over and splayed, while we make her wait. We even ignore her. Sarah makes a phone call and I read an email on my phone while M is opening her guts for inspection and awaiting our attention. She can feel air inside her anus and knows how exposed she is. Eventually Sarah pops a slug of fresh ginger into M's bottom and slides it in without warning. Listening and watching M hiss and twitch as it burns is wonderful. But if you have any empathy at all, you also have to admire her stoic fortitude.

She can't clench her cheeks for long with the ginger inside. Sarah waits for her to relax them then swipes the paddle hard against the loose flesh. It ripples delightfully and Sarah hisses as she tightens her buttocks protectively around the ginger slug. It's like grasping a very hot tap. Moments later the cycle repeats itself. M relaxes her cheeks and Sarah's ready with another whoosh of the wooden paddle.

So far there's still much less eroticism compared with last year. Everything's much more clinical. But that doesn't prevent me from getting an erection while I'm sat watching Sarah punish M.

We have also decided to modify M's appearance. Strict Lockdown means that nobody except an occasional delivery driver sees her. Even last year, her face-time calls with friends petered out to just occasional emails. Like most people, M's hair has grown during the pandemic. Hairdressers are closed. She wears it up in a Victorian-style bun all day while she does housework.

One afternoon, we decide to cut M's hair ourselves. I wouldn't describe M's lush brown tresses as having been her "pride and joy" but, as with most people, her hair's an important part of her identity. She sits on a stool while I use Sarah's tailoring scissors to hack off all the length. I chop the front first, then the sides, and finally all the length down her back.

M somehow manages to hold back her tears.

But we haven't finished yet. Sarah uses nail scissors and my shaving foam and razor to turn what's left into a kind of 'pixie skinhead'. She shaves a small circle on the crown of M's head like male pattern baldness and trims the back and sides to a tennis-ball-fuzz. But she leaves a few uneven brunette tufts sticking up at the front.

"What do you say?" she asks, holding up her vanity mirror.

"Thank you ... Madam, Sir."

It will grow out of course. If we allow it. In a couple of months (which is when Lockdown's supposed to be relaxed) her hair will look sensible, although not exactly back to what it was.

In for a penny, in for a pound. We decide to modify M's pussy grooming routine as well. Her pubic hairs are dark brown and naturally soft. Last year, she kept herself hairless using a depilatory cream once a week. But we tell her this year she'll use tweezers instead. We wait a few extra days until dark stubble has appeared, from her pubic mound down to her anal rim.

The first 'plucking' occurs on a Sunday evening, 24th January. M takes a supervised cold shower and washes her pixie skinhead. Then she comes downstairs and sits in an armchair that we've placed under our wall-mounted TV screen. She hooks her legs over the arms of the chair and spreads her thighs wide. Her unlocked labia pout at us.

"Start."

Using steel tweezers, she plucks a first little bristle. It pulls the skin and she winces as it comes out.

"Hush."

Her pixie hair is still damp and her teeth are chattering. There's a saucer on the arm of the chair. She places the pubic quill in the saucer, fingers quivering, and looks at us for permission to continue. Sarah nods. M grits her teeth and yanks out a second bristle.

I hit the DVD remote and Sarah and I start watching a compilation of highlights of M's 'career' last year.

It's the first time we've even opened the disc-box since she deserted us for Brad. Although M can't see the screen behind her, she immediately realises what we've put on to watch.

While she methodically plucks her hairs, one at a time, we enjoy the memories of numerous 'guests' pounding her hooded mouth and puckered asshole.

"Fuck me, do you remember that?"

"Yeah, look at her. What a whore."

"Jim was one ugly fucker, wasn't he?"

“What was that guy’s name? I don’t even remember his face.”

We watch scenes of her tits bouncing and her nipples being tugged. We laugh at her rimming wobbly buttocks and draining bulbous condoms. And slowly the DVD sexualises our relationship again. We begin to see M as a slut once more.

Our slut.

It takes her all of 45 minutes to denude her mound and orifices properly. Longer than the compilation DVD lasts. When she’s finished her cunt resembles a Christmas turkey; plump and plucked. She hisses with the discomfort of removing those slightly longer hairs between her pussy and anus. It’s awkward negotiating her labial rings.

But eventually we’re satisfied. I glance at my wife.

Sarah’s blue eyes spark and she raises an eyebrow.

“Come here.”

M climbs out of the chair and crawls over on hands and knees.

“Are you ready to provide sexual service again?” I ask.

She nods. There’s genuine enthusiasm behind her muted response. She’s betrayed us. Obviously those STD tests she took turned out negative. So she’s desperate to make everything right again between us.

“You don’t deserve it.”

She blushes. “I ... I know, Sir, Madam.”

“We will start with rimming.” I announce. “Face-sitting.”

She nods again. Analingus is far from her favourite act. For her ‘sex acts’ are all penetrative; fucking, sucking and anal sex. But she has to start somewhere. I raise her chin with my finger and stare at her.

“Yes Sir.” She blinks, doe-eyed.

“After that, if you’re good, you’ll be allowed to serve us with that potty mouth of yours; cunnilingus and blowjobs.”

“Yes, Sir, Madam.”

“Open.”

She inches forward on her knees. I lean down and put my hand between her thighs. I can feel her damp, slimy heat. I easily slide two fingers inside.

M gasps. She’s a victim of her own kinks. Even cold showers don’t suppress her lust for long. The term ‘a bitch in heat’ springs to mind.

“Oh no.” I shake my head, holding out my hand towards Sarah. “This stays locked.”

Sarah hands me her bracelet with the key on it.

“Up.”

M stands up. I padlock her labia closed, giving her hairless mound a consolatory pat.

“When we asked if you’re ready to provide sexual service again, note the word *provide*. You’re not ready to receive anything sexual in return. We’ve already decided that you’ll remain locked at least as long as the country’s locked down. Is that clear?”

She bites her lower lip. “Yes Sir ... yes Madam.”

“Don’t even think about an orgasm, or even touching this slutty hole. You are here to work and to serve. That’s all.”

Her eyes are moist and her neck is mottled, flushed. Contemplating a life of drudgery without even the chance of sexual release any time soon is dreadful.

And yet, in her soul, that’s what she wants.

“Y ... yes ... Sir, M ... Madam.”

That evening Sarah and I do something else that we’ve never done before. We try making love on top of M. First Sarah settles astride her face for a good ass-licking on our bed. It’s my wife’s first analingus in three months and she’s clearly missed it. She sits facing M’s feet and rocks and rolls with excitement.

I smile and straddle M’s chest, facing Sarah. We kiss lovingly. I reach down and pinch M’s nipples, making her gasp into my wife’s anus.

“Deeper ... mmm ...”

I shove my own tongue further into Sarah’s mouth.

“Not you!” my wife giggles. “You!” she slaps M’s hip.

We kiss and fondle each other astride our human mattress. It’s an unusually long foreplay session for us. Sarah’s stroking and teasing my throbbing erection, relishing my lust. We’re both well and truly steamed up.

“I can’t hold out any longer.” I murmur.

I ease Sarah back, so that she’s lying down, supported by pillows and bed cushions, but with her anal crevice wedged atop of M’s nose and lips. Her squishy buttocks almost envelope M’s face.

Then, with my own knees placed either side of our slave’s ribs, I enter my darling wife in one smooth thrust.

“Ummhh ...”

The surround-sound of Sarah’s eager gasp combined with M’s stifled grunt is a memory I’ll never forget. I can feel our weight squishing M’s nostrils and mouth.

I’m 62 and weigh 196 lbs. Sarah’s 54 and 136 lbs. We’re both in decent shape but that’s a combined age of 116 and weight of 332 lbs (equal to 23 ½ stone or 150 kgs). So we’re not exactly porn stars any longer. We’ve got lumps and bumps, creases and cellulite, hairs and wrinkles.

Whereas M is only 38 ½ yrs old and she weighs 124 lbs. She’s trim, fit and pretty much wrinkle-free. Yet here we are, using her as nothing more than our human mattress. And a mobile bidet.

““Ummhh ... mmm ... ummghh ... sss ...”

Occasionally we have to raise ourselves up so M can suck in a few proper breaths. Mostly she just gets to wheeze between Sarah’s sweaty buttocks. I can feel M trying not to wriggle under my thighs. I growl at her to ‘keep still’.

Sarah climaxes loudly, shuddering on top of M, her toes curling like claws as they always do. Moments later I unleash my load with a roar. It’s literally one of the biggest and best orgasms I can ever remember. My heart’s pounding. But gradually our heartbeats slow and the bedroom is quiet. All we can hear now is tiny breaths.

I wait a while so that everything seeps into Sarah. Then I ease my glistening cock out. Sarah pushes herself up into a seated position and we kiss.

“Mmm ... that was lovely.”

“Mm ... I love you.”

We both look down between Sarah’s thighs. My wife’s labia are red, gaping and already oozing. She adjusts her angle and plops her pussy over M’s mouth. Neither of us needs to speak.

After a moment, without being asked, M’s tongue starts doing its duty. It flicks out like a lizard’s. It feels good to watch her tasting my load again. I shift position and tug on M’s nipples while Sarah feeds her a heady mix of pussy slime, salty sweat and sticky semen.

After 5 minutes or so, Sarah barks an order.

“Get up and stand there.”

M stands at the end of our bed. Our central heating’s warm. Only M’s room is chilly. Her radiator’s turned off. She’s naked, flushed, glistening with sheen, tousled, well-used. Her own labia are puffy but sealed by her Lustlock. She has an expectant look on her shiny face.

But we ignore her for another 5 minutes. We leave her standing there like a scrunched tissue. We cuddle, relax and murmur into each other’s ear how good that was. Then I get up and take a piss. As I walk back I slap M’s bottom.

“We’ll restart training your asshole tomorrow. Dismissed.”

Her expression as she’s discharged so casually makes us laugh. She shuts our door quietly and goes to her bedroom.

The next morning we ‘WhatsApp’ for our coffee. When M arrives, dressed in black crinoline and white apron, Sarah simply spreads her thighs and says there’s still some mess in her pussy.

M serves our coffees and then hunkers down on the bed. My cum is 10 hours old and pretty rancid. Sarah and I drink our hot nespresso lattes while M laps up the cold cream.

We’ve just received a new toy from Sex Toys Direct. It’s a Titan Ass Master which looks like one of those spikes you see on top of a set of black railings. M gawks at it awestruck when Sarah pulls it out from under our bed. The plug is 9 inches long (23cms) of which 7 inches are insertable and the diameter

is over 4 inches at the widest point, where the plug flares out. The packaging described it as *'the last word in anal authority'* which made us chuckle.

M's brown eyes are wide with trepidation.

"Don't look at me like that." Sarah snaps. "Your arse is already well stretched. But this year it will be trained to cope with anything."

"Yes, Mistress."

Sarah stares at her.

"Yes Mistress. Thank you Mistress."

"Take those off."

We watch M remove her dress and knickers so that she has full use of her hands and easy access to her behind. It takes plenty of 'Slik' lubricant and several minutes of manual preparation. We make M insert the Titan herself. It's important that she ravages her own asshole. Her mouth opens and she makes those little 'ooh' and 'aah' noises and expressions that we all make when trying to twist the tight top off a bottle, or something like that.

Eventually her determined fingers manage to tug her stubborn sphincter open enough for the point to breach her defences. The Ass Master begins its long journey into her rectum.

At that moment, I give her my most villainous, pantomime grin.

"Just think, a year ago, you were an anal virgin. And now you can shove a huge spike up your corn hole. Once Lockdown's over you know, your boyfriends are going to be able to fuck you three at a time!"

"Ah-aah ..."

M pops her sphincter with a huge shove and the thickest part of the spike finally disappears inside her. She gasps with relief.

"Right," Sarah throws M's PVC knickers at her. "Put these back on and take our tray downstairs."

CHAPTER THREE

NO COMPROMISES

Sarah and I (well, mostly me, to be honest) are increasingly trying to find areas that M ‘doesn’t want to go’. Of course, everything has to be consensual. But there’s a difference between Funishments and Punishments. Last year we gave her what *she* wanted. Where our interests overlapped. This time we focus on Punishments. Uppercase P.

Furthermore, we know M enjoys certain daily chores more than others. She likes cooking, meal preparation, bed-making and even dusting and polishing. What one might call ‘housework’. But she likes chores like ‘laundry’ much less. Laundry in our house means washing clothes laboriously by hand, especially underwear, shirts, socks, T-shirts and knitwear. It means doing piles of flawless ironing, hanging and folding, everything to exact dimensions. It means placing cashmere and sweaters in moth-proof plastic wrappers. It means repairing, sewing buttons back on, stitching frays, that kind of thing.

And it means adjusting M’s own underwear to Sarah’s design; shortening the gusset in thongs so that the white fabric rides up into her anal crevice. Sarah inspects the thong before M showers for the slightest mark of stain. And altering the cups of bras so that her tits rest on sandpaper or pins and spill out over the cup.

But more than laundry and other dislikes, it’s the sheer volume of daily toil. Day after day, without any weekends, even just the first four hours of M’s daily routine from 05.00 to 09.00 would break many ‘normal’ people nowadays. Certainly pampered Westerners would struggle.

Sarah and I often remark how many servants had to do this kind of thing in the 19th century as a permanent way of life. Unlike M they had no choice. From teenage to old age they slaved away without modern equipment, earning a pittance, surviving. And just like those servants, M’s drudgery continues all through the day until bedtime, with only a few breaks as respite.

Sadly, there’s not yet a lot of opportunity for gardening at this time of year. But there’s plenty of outdoor DIY. On a dry day we send her out to clean out and repaint the greenhouse and sheds, clear and tidy the overgrowth, prepare the vegetable beds, that kind of thing. We sit nice and warm indoors and watch her through the rear windows of the house.

‘NC’ is often used as an abbreviation for Non-Consensual. But for us it also means ‘No Compromises’. In normal life, we all have to compromise because we’re busy. Take making a simple mug of coffee. In our case, Sarah or I just flick on the kettle, pour hot water into the cafetiere, press down the plunger, add cold milk and hey presto. We have an average, okay, acceptable mug of coffee.

But now that M’s back with us, we never, ever compromise. We have a sleek Italian machine that Sarah and I can rarely be bothered to use because it takes so damned long to clean up. But M uses it every time to make us two immaculate coffees, served in our best cups and saucers on a tray, made with hot frothy milk instead of cold, topped with a dusting of cocoa powder.

We don’t thank her. We just sip our coffees, while she returns to the kitchen and cleans the machine until it’s sparkling and ready for its next use. Then she gets on with another chore.

“Another!”

Half an hour later, we order more coffees. M returns to collect our tray and cups and uses the pristine machine to make us two more, and the process repeats itself. Again, she cleans the machine ready for its next use.

Or take cleaning the toilet. We had a sweet but ageing housekeeper for 15 years who did the bare minimum in her later years as she aged. She retired a month before M contacted me. On our own, Sarah and I use the toilet and then, like most people, give it a wipe with the loo brush if necessary. Once a week or so, Sarah will chuck down some of that green, pine-scented liquid. That’s our basic routine.

But with M, there’s absolutely zero compromise. It’s her responsibility to check each bathroom and lavatory in the house at least three times a day. I mostly use the loo next to my office. I no longer keep a loo brush there. Instead, M ensures the pan is always spotless for me. After every visit, she goes in a few minutes later and cleans up. If necessary she interrupts what she’s doing elsewhere in the house when she hears me flushing.

The routine is strictly enforced. She has her little plastic trug with rags, a cloth, scouring pad, disinfectant and air freshener. There's no loo brush. She kneels and scrubs the inside of the pan with a rag, then wipes under the rim, the hinges and under the seat.

Next she uses a different cloth to clean the basin and taps and checks the soap dispenser bottle. Twice a week she waxes and polishes my wooden seat cover. She straightens the pile of magazines on the stool and ensures the room is perfect. She even folds the next piece of toilet tissue down into a triangle like they do in fancy hotels.

I may be unusual but I love knowing that every time I push open the door to my private space it will be perfect, regardless of the state I left it.

But our large ensuite bathroom upstairs is even harder work for M. It was originally a bedroom. In it we have a large roll-top bath, a separate shower, a daybed, Sarah's dressing table and stool, twin basins and a toilet. The floor is made of mosaic tiles and there are two Persian rugs.

My wife is still too proud to leave the pan as I do. She will always use the loo brush if required. Nevertheless, there's plenty for M to do, from checking the bath and shower plugholes for hairs and gunk; keeping the bath, basins, shower and floor tiles sparkling; to the more mundane tasks such as picking up wet towels from the floor, putting the tops on toothpaste, replenishing loo rolls and soap, and tidying Sarah's dressing table lotions and potions.

So what one might think of as a 10 minute job if done daily – ie. keeping the master bathroom 'shipshape' – can in fact require an hour because of the state we leave it in and the very high standards we set.

However, we enjoy creating tasks as well, in order to fill M's days. Sarah is a keen artist using charcoal and painting watercolours. She struck on the idea of ordering a batch of childrens colouring books and crayons on Amazon. Then, if there really aren't any household chores that need doing, M can be taught to fill in scenes from colouring books instead.

The two women work side by side; Sarah sitting comfortably at her easel practising, while M stands at the table with her book and does 'colouring in' like a kid. Sarah sets her a number of drawings that mean M has to work very fast; sharpening crayons, using multiple colours, staying within the lines. Afterwards Sarah marks M's work and even the tiniest mistakes are punished.

Other times Sarah uses M as a naked model. She does charcoal 'nude' drawings, mostly anatomical. Sketches of M's bare tits and gaping pussy with her legs spread wide. Close up diagrams of her puckered anus being pulled open with fingers, or her stuffed arse with the Titan sticking out. We've put several of them in clip-frames and hung them on M's bedroom wall.

Meanwhile I finally succumbed. I repeatedly made M beg me to start using her sexually again. I eventually agreed, but only for blowjobs for now. I sit at my desk and write while she kneels underneath the glass-topped table and performs to the standard I require. I often spend an entire day in my dressing gown, only bathing and getting dressed around teatime.

There's little to beat working on the draft of a story while using inspiration from real life. M spent her first two decades as an adult woman barely knowing what her mouth is for. Neither her first love, nor her husband, nor her one post-marriage affair required more than the basics when it came to oral sex.

Whereas the past year saw her become a highly accomplished fellatrix. For a start, she has a nice wide mouth with a pouty lower lip and very white, rather small, teeth. No dentist has ever had to give her a filling in her life. I love the way her teeth glisten when she laughs (more often than a reader might think!). Her normal smile is a thing of beauty.

I love varying the money shot; mostly I cum on her tongue and make her gargle but occasionally I'll just shoot down her throat. Then, infrequently, on the rare occasions I think my balls have built up a big load, I decide to coat her face instead. I just love to see my signature in her eyelashes and nostrils and all over her chin. All that M knows is my orgasm must never be wasted.

I spent several months training her before I let her 'represent us' last summer. In my view, the mouth is by far the easiest orifice to share with other guys. There's something more intimate about a vagina and anus. For a start they're usually covered up by clothes. They are the orifices that serve *private* purposes; breeding, childbirth, urinating and defecating.

But mouths are different; most Westerners expose our mouths (during non-COVID times); we'll kiss people we barely know, we share food and drinks, we laugh up close next to complete strangers. Our mouths are our *public* mouthpieces.

So I found watching M suck random cocks would never make me feel possessive. Cum in her mouth was neither here nor there. She'd gulp it down and, once her teeth were brushed or mouth rinsed, she was good as new. That's why Chapter Nine of last year's diary is called "A Cock's just a cock."

Although I prefer her to make eye contact, we hooded M at first because we didn't want her to see the guys. We wanted them to be 'just cocks' to her; fresh or sweaty, cut or uncut, long or short, thick or thin, white or black or brown, smooth or veined. M's duty was to treat every single one with the same degree of reverence.

She didn't need to think about the man the cock was attached to; he could be old or young, fat or skinny, bald or hirsute, ugly or handsome, nice or unpleasant. Our job was to choose partners for her (and, obviously, to keep her safe as well).

But my training isn't just about what to do with her mouth, lips, tongue and, if necessary, fingers. It's about demeanour and details. When possible, I insist on eye contact, respect and focus. Her deportment must underline that it's a privilege for M. Not vice versa. Of course 'normal' women are allowed to think that they're doing their man a favour by blowing him. Most women think that. And that's fine for 'most women'. But the attitude I want M to exude is that *we* are doing *her* the favour allowing *her* to blow *us*.

There's a scene from Book Seven of Penal Colony Nine that I vividly remember writing while M was kneeling under my desk, worshipping my cock. Here are some extracts to try to illustrate my point:

"While Bull plodded through the final draft, Jim's missus was under his desk making the boring task a little more pleasant. She had a good wide mouth ... He shifted in his chair again and thrust forwards, circling a word with his pen.

She gagged on his cockhead. Her throat retched as he thrust into it but she managed to keep her head bobbing without interrupting the pleasurable rhythm.

Bull loved how the vast majority of females quickly became great cocksuckers under his tutelage. He grinned down at her. Her eyes were looking up at him as she suckled his dark, veined truncheon. That was one of his many rules. He demanded respect. Great cocksuckers maintain eye contact throughout. She might not enjoy what she was doing but that was her problem, not his.

He saw himself as a tutor. Once he'd finished with her, she'd have years of sucking cocks and would please numerous men. He liked to imagine them telling her that she must have been taught well.

Bull winked. He was ready to cum now." (end of extract)

When I was younger, I was always slightly impatient and quicker to orgasm. I was never a premature ejaculator but, after say 10-15 minutes, I'd usually want to cum, especially if it was oral sex. However, nowadays I can last 90 minutes, even a couple of hours. I'm in no rush at all. The journey's as enjoyable as the destination.

Fortunately M's robust and flexible, with good knees. I've trained her to ignore any discomfort and jaw ache. She doesn't suck me too hard until I'm good and ready. She simply *worships* my shaft with gentle licks and occasional slurps for over an hour. If I slide forward on my chair she understands it's a sign to take a break and lick my hairy balls and anal rim instead.

Sometimes I don't even cum in her mouth. I end the session by pushing back my chair and snapping my fingers. Then I'll leave my office to look for my wife. If Sarah's in the mood, she and I will have sex and summon M to watch and assist.

The humiliation hammers home the point to both women. Sarah loves us doing it occasionally. The fact that I'm still choosing 'boring old' missionary sex with her despite (i) our 30-plus years of marriage (ii) her being in her mid-50s and (iii) M's availability alongside us both. It emphasizes that Sarah will always be my wife and our enduring love for each other.

In comparison with Sarah, M is a 'shiny new toy'; she's much younger, and she's just performed an hour or more of jaw-breaking preparatory work. All she's hoping for is acknowledgment via a mouthful of cum. But she gets to watch me choose to finish off inside my wife instead.

Here's a bit more of that scene from Penal Colony Nine written from the female slave's point of view:

She understood his sign. A lewd, crude wink.

She was shocked at just how quickly she'd got used to being treated like this; down on her knees, under a desk, sucking an outsized penis, making it spurt in her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm ... ssssssss."

His warm, cloying liquid assaulted her entire mouth, blasting her palate, gums, tongue and larynx, like a machine gun firing semen dum dum bullets. They splattered everywhere. She did her best to control her gag reflex and hold as much of the salty, bitter porridge in her mouth as she could, preventing it from sliding down her throat.

The Warden had rules. Lots of them, like maintaining eye contact and not swallowing without permission. She'd never even thought about semen before. It just hadn't been a factor in her life. But now she couldn't get away from its warm temperature, its porridge-like consistency and glutinous texture, its saltiness and bitter aftertaste.

And the sheer volume. (end of extract)

Sadly the "sheer volume" I wrote about is more fiction than fact nowadays! It happens to all us guys sooner or later. If you're a younger reader, make the most of your prodigious youth. I can still manage a decent load for my age. Pretty much the only visual porn I like is bukkake; seeing a cute face covered in more jizz than even the most impressive single guy can produce.

During Lockdown 3.0, I want us to step up M's training for when the day finally comes that she can suck off small groups again. It's not just about the actual cock sucking. It's about downing repetitive loads of cum with proper appreciation. At first, we tried a commercial product named 'GobbieGoo'; it's edible, imitation semen which claims to be 'close to the real taste' and indeed, it proves to be exactly that. But Sarah decides she can do much better at home!

Her goal is to make something much worse so that M will be suitably grateful and appreciative of 'the real thing'. She researched and did trials and eventually perfected homemade fake cum. I'll be frank. It's disgusting, far worse than the real thing.

Sarah's eventual recipe is a blend of cornflour (cornstarch in US) for thickening, several raw egg whites for texture, plus cod liver oil, angostura bitters and rock salt for flavour, and Greek yoghurt for body and appearance. Even a bit on your fingertip is enough to make you wince. Sarah works on the formula for three days while M is painting our shed and greenhouse during a patch of dry weather. She's totally unaware of our project. Sarah and I laugh like naughty kids in our kitchen experimenting with different batches.

Eventually we're ready. It's a pearly off-white colour; lumpy, glutinous, fishy, sour, salty and gooey. It clings to teeth and gums. Sarah pours a whole pint of the stuff into a plastic baking syringe. I put M's hood over her head for a little exam.

"This is practice for multiple loads, okay?"

We see her lips curl with anxious anticipation through the gap in the PVC hood. She opens her mouth wide.

"Yes ... Sir, Madam."

Sarah grins at me while resting the tip of the syringe on M's lower lip. Then she presses the plunger.

Splat!

A very large mouthful spurts into the back of M's mouth. Sarah ensures that her tongue and epiglottis are completely covered, where many of one's taste receptors are located.

M gags, retches, snorts with shock at the sheer volume and closes her lips to avoid spilling any. Her mouth shuts tight, creased with disgust. A blob emerges from the nostril of her hood.

"You may swallow."

Her hesitation is visible but she gulps, gags once again, and then slowly manages to get it down her throat. She hesitantly opens her mouth and meekly reveals a clean pink tongue to us.

We both laugh. It's always important to snicker at her.

"This time you know what's coming." Sarah chuckles. "So I expect way more decorum. None of that awful gagging, heaving and ingratitude, anything like that. I have plenty more if you disobey me. Now, chew it all to savour the taste and then swallow every last drop politely."

CHAPTER FOUR

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

The important tactic with a slave is to be unreasonable.

A mere 'submissive' wants her (or his) Dom to be realistic. But a 'slave' accepts (and often wants) to be set impossible expectations.

After her first effort with the fake semen, we inform M that she'll be allowed a second attempt tomorrow. And then we tell her to bend over.

She's just spent 20 minutes consuming a pint of disgusting gunk to the best of her ability but nevertheless she's going to be punished. Sarah fetches two wedges of prepared ginger root from the fridge. One goes inside M's unlocked cunt and the other is easily slid into her anus. After many hours wearing the Titan, anything as small as a piece of ginger now pops straight in.

Within a minute she's begun hissing and rocking from foot to foot.

"Keep still!"

I open a bottle of champagne with a loud pop. There's little to beat having a casual celebration while punishing somebody. It sings to them. There you are, enjoying a glass of congratulatory bubbly while they're about to suffer. Sarah and I tap our glasses.

"Cheers, darling."

We take our time. First we examine her. M's unlocked labia rings dangle under her pussy like a set of chains. They're like a symbol of her captivity. She's enslaved by her own fetish. There's a hint of diaper rash between her thighs. Her muscled buttocks scrunch and slacken as she absorbs the fiery ginger. She has an angry zit on one pale cheek and some very faded yellow bruising from a past punishment.

Sarah spans M's buttock and uses her fingers to open M's anal crevice.

There's a hiss as she takes a breath.

"Quiet! Her asshole's making progress." Sarah says to me nonchalantly, discussing M like she's an inanimate object.

I pick at the zit, popping it so it will grow back even angrier. I shrug.

"Yeah, it's getting looser by the day. Have you noticed the way her poop literally drops out of her now? Yesterday she did that huge log that was as wide as her titan."

Sarah laughs, wiping her finger on M's hip.

"How many do you reckon?" I ask.

"Two dozen." My wife announces matter-of-factly, putting her champagne glass down on the table.

I hear M whimper quietly at the news.

Whoosh thwack.

A first thin red line appears.

Whoosh Thwack

Whoosh Thwack

Whoosh Thwack

Whoosh Thwack

24 strokes with a swishy rattan – a 10mm thick and 75 cms long cane – are inevitably painful. The first six construct a hot base of tenderness on her skin. But the next dozen are when they overlap with previous blows and really hurt.

Whoosh Thwack

Whoosh Thwack

Whoosh Thwack

Whoosh Thwack

"Stop moving!"

The ginger makes it well-nigh impossible for M to protect herself. Sarah's cane lands on unclenched, soft and already stinging cheeks.

We snicker, taking our time.

"Ooh, nice one."

“How many’s that?”

“S ... seventeen, M ... Mistress.”

“Is that all? Oh well, that’s only seven to go then.”

Whoosh ... Thwack

“Is two dozen really enough?”

The final half dozen strokes just add insult to injury. M is crying now. We make sure she can hear our snorts of amusement. The disparity is important.

“Ooooh ...” Sarah presses her fingertips to M’s cheeks. The flesh is hot and throbbing, almost pulsing. “Nice and warm.”

“Th ... ank you ... M ... Mistress ... S ... Sir.”

Once her caning’s stopped, M can actually feel the pain properly and the burning of the ginger.

“Aaaaaggh!”

I hold my chilled champagne flute against her right buttock. The cold shock makes her screech.

Instead of being angry with her, we laugh. Sarah reaches down and carefully slides the ginger out of M’s vagina. We sniff at it.

“Horny cunt.”

The other root is still sticking out of her anus. We leave it there.

“I trust you’ll do better when we let you practice with the delicious fake semen tomorrow.”

And, naturally, M does.

Never underestimate a submissive’s fortitude. Dominants fancy themselves as Alpha, tough guys (or gals) but in fact our role is much the easier one. In my real-life experience, a sub has to have not only physical, but mental, resilience.

Males might be stronger but women are tougher. Throughout history they’ve been programmed for hard labour; for childbirth, raising kids, stirring the pot, and then having to put out when her bloke gets home from a day’s hunting.

And sexually submissive females are the toughest breed of the lot.

So M shows her determination to get over her nausea and retching and choking when we hood her for another pint of fake jizz the following day. Sarah fills the baking syringe with the gunk and dishes it out in 20 squirted loads, one after the other.

Sppllalt!

I stroke M’s neck gently, massaging her throat after each load. A normal male orgasm is about 5ml of liquid. Every single one of these is about five times that. Her eyes seem to implore me through the black hood. Visible through the mouth-hole, her curled lips betray her disgust. But somehow she’s gritty enough to gulp, gargle and consume the endless mouthfuls.

“Hmm, not bad.”

We condescendingly pat M’s PVC-clad head when she’s finally finished.

“Same again, tomorrow.” Sarah announces. “And I must tweak the recipe. It’s obviously a little too nice.”

“Also, you should make two pints of it.” I comment. “Because I suspect we’ll have a 40-guy session sometime this summer.”

Sarah addresses M.

“What do you think about that? Could you manage forty guys?”

M remains silent, blindly staring at the space where we’re standing.

“Could you?”

And we see it; that telltale twitch of resolve in her lips.

“I could try, Mistress ... Sir.”

Sarah and I exchange glances. It’s time for a new challenge.

Somewhere during the past six months, I discovered the fetish of ‘TSD’; Total Sensory Denial. I read about it somewhere. It’s not really something I was ever into. But the more I read about it, the more it interests me (there are no ‘TSD’ videos as far as I know – I guess they’d be kind of boring!).

It’s March and M hasn’t had a day off since her return. She’s worked over 70 long days in a row. Our house is spotless and it’s raining heavily outside. The media’s full of an interview Harry and Meghan

gave to Oprah Winfrey. There's nothing productive for M to do and she looks tired. So we decide it's time to give her a 'day off' with physical rest combined with a dose of subspace.

First we feed her a particularly large, laxative and preparatory feast of curried gelatin chunks and cold baked beans, washed down with prune juice and water, to sustain her strength throughout her enforced 'lie down'. It's twice the amount of her normal breakfast.

Upstairs, we secure her on the narrow bed that we bought for her to replace her old one. It came second hand from the 'Preloved' site and only cost us a tenner, including its lumpy and only-slightly stained mattress. The bed's frame has those 5-bar metal headboards at either end, so it's easy to tie M's wrists and ankles with sash cord.

We've put her in a heavy-absorbency diaper and one of her pin-bras. This particular bra is one of hers (D-cup, ie. the right size) but it has strips of sandpaper glued into the bases of the cups, and map-pins sewn into the insides, making it a decidedly prickly 'boulder-holder'. Before putting the diaper on Sarah generously creams M's anal crevice and buttocks with Deep Heat.

Next we put cordless headphones over her ears and a British Airways sleep mask over her eyes, rendering her deaf and blind.

As this is the first time, we leave M's nose and mouth free for cautious, safety reasons. So she can breathe, smell, and could even shout out to us for help. However, she can neither hear nor see.

It's a chilly day and we open her window wide. The room has a radiator but it's switched off. I cop a little feel of her cold nipples and check they're hard and sensitive inside the bra. We place a coarse blanket over her body so she doesn't catch cold.

Now it's time to switch on the sound for the headphones. It's a White Noise App that Sarah downloaded. You can buy relaxing apps for insomniacs with the sound of waves and gentle music. And you can also buy 'non-relaxing tracks' with everything from grinding and creaking noises to heavy metal music, to kids nursery rhymes and advert jingles. We set it up to recycle 6 hours of random annoying sounds and music.

We watch M for a couple of minutes as she lies there on her bed, eyes masked and ears covered, immobile, uncertain and perspiring. This is a new experience for her too. Then we turn the baby monitor on and leave her to 'relax'.

We set up the parents' listening part of the monitor near to us downstairs, so that we can ensure she remains silent, and isn't shouting out her Safe Word.

The hours pass; one, two, three.

We peer in at her occasionally, without her realizing. Since prehistoric times, females are known to have developed an acute sixth sense when they're being watched. But M doesn't have a clue. She's lying there, blindly staring towards the ceiling, unable to think because of the ditty that's on endless repeat in her ears;

One, Two, Three, Four, Five ... Once I caught a fish alive.

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten ... Then I let it go again.

Why did you let it go? ... Because it bit my finger so.

Which finger did it bite? ... This little finger on my right.

The singers have those grating, high-pitched, kids' voices.

One, Two, Three, Four, Five ... Once I caught a fish alive.

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten ... Then I let it go again.

Why did you let it go? ... Because it bit my finger so.

Which finger did it bite? ... This little finger on my right.

One, Two, Three, Four, Five ... Once I caught a fish alive.

Six, seven, eight, nine, ten ... Then I let it go again.

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Six, seven, eight, nine, ten ... Then I let it go again.

Why did you let it go? ... Because it bit my finger so.

Which finger did it bite? ... This little finger on my right.

Eventually, in the late-afternoon, after a total of six long hours, we turn off the noise and lift off her headphones. Sarah eases back the blanket. M has remained largely motionless throughout to avoid stabbing her tits. But her diaper is bulging. Sarah peels back the tapes and has a look.

“Phfaw ... that’s ...”

My wife is lost for words.

We allow M to remove her mask, clean up and take a long shower. She’s embarrassed but the ‘rest’ has actually done her good. So we set her to work preparing our dinner. M doesn’t know it, but we’ve spent most of the day discussing her future.

CHAPTER FIVE

TIS A PITY SHE'S A WHORE

At last, in late February, a roadmap for the easing and end of Lockdown is announced. It's obviously hugely important for everybody but, in our little corner of England, it's of arguably greater significance. In March, I'm the first to be vaccinated. Sarah's a fortnight later, and we manage to get M onto a local health centre list. One afternoon Sarah's phone buzzes and she rushes M round to the centre when they have some surplus Astra Zeneca vials. Two and a bit months later, in early May, all three of us have been double-jabbed.

Meanwhile, we've been in contact with Maurice and Lesley and several of M's other 'admirers'. As soon as it's permissible they want to meet up again and put her through her paces. We explain that last year's demands have to be upped this summer.

Lesley's the first to visit us. We haven't seen her except on screen for over half a year and, like most people, she's gained weight during lockdown. Not ridiculously so but very visibly; on her ample chest, around her thick middle, and under her twin-chins. Not that any of us mention it.

"Great to see you ... mwah ... mwah."

Our kisses are air-kisses and we do that silly 'elbow nudge' as a handshake. We're going to sit outside, without wearing masks.

Lesley's also dyed her hair the colour of wine. It used to be black, covering up her grey. But now she's gone for a burgundy red. It matches her red trouser suit.

"And how is the lovely M?" Lesley coos, as our slave appears carrying a tray of coffee and biscuits.

"She's very slowly getting back into our good books."

"Fancy running off with one of her regulars!" Lesley replies.

M's dressed in one of her slut-maid costumes; high heels and fishnet stockings, a suspender belt and miniskirt, tightly clinging top and a maid's cap. Her pixie haircut is past its worst but her hair is still short and ugly.

"Well, she's back now." I shrug. "She saw the light."

Lesley casually reaches under M's skirt with her spare hand.

"All locked up I see."

We continue to discuss M. The three of us are building up to a bit of pre-planned dialogue.

"So I don't suppose you'd lend her to me after what happened with Brad?"

Sarah and I exchange glances, ensuring that M notices us doing so.

"Ah, but Les, we trust you. Sure we would. What are you thinking of?"

"Well it's my 55th birthday soon and I'm planning a party. Just a small one, a few of my best friends. I'd love to borrow M as the caterer and waitress, that kind of thing. Only for the weekend."

I smirk at M. She once admitted to me that her favorite erotic novel is "The Story of O" and her favorite part is Rene lending O to Sir Stephen. That's really the reason I made the mistake with Brad last year. To fulfill M's fantasy. But being loaned again, and this time to a woman, that's not her fantasy at all.

"Of course, you're welcome to make use of her. Why don't you ... er ... interview her for the job now?"

Our pre-planned words over, Sarah and I take our coffees indoors to offer Lesley some privacy with M. We don't spy on them. But after 15 minutes or so we start hearing some familiar noises.

Lesley finally leaves about an hour later. Afterwards, we bluntly interrogate M.

"So, what did Madam Lesley require of you?"

"She wanted to examine me first, Sir. She disliked my haircut and pulled my hair. She inspected my piercings and my bottom."

"Your bottom or your anus?"

"Sorry, I mean my anus, Mistress. Then she told me to kneel down and take off her shoes."

"This is boring. What exactly did she require of you?"

"I'm sorry, Sir. She wanted her feet kissed. And then cunnilingus Sir. For a long time."

“Excellent. And how did that make you feel?”

M hesitates. Her throat clicks. “... used, Sir.”

“Analingus?”

“Yes, Mistress. That too.”

“Wonderful. Tasty?”

M blushes nervously. “Er ... yes, Mistress. A bit ... metallic, salty, but okay.”

“I see. Nicer than me?”

“No, Madam.” M’s already flustered. She’s frightened of giving us a wrong answer.

Wrong in the sense of her saying the ‘wrong thing’.

“Just tell the truth. Don’t try and second guess us.”

“Sorry, Sir.”

“You don’t like Madam Lesley, do you?”

“N ... not really, Mistress.”

“Good. This year I’m going to find many more ladies like Lesley to further your lesbian training. Hopefully you won’t be tempted to run off with any of them like you did with Brad?”

“No, Mistress.”

“In the meantime you’ll handwrite a thank you letter to Madam Lesley tonight. It will be two sides long with no mistakes, crossings out or misspellings.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And you will beg her for the chance to help out at her birthday party in ANY MANNER she requires.”

M blinks, taking in the command ... and what it implies.

“Yes Sir ... Yes Madam.”

Maurice is next old friend to visit. He comes two days later.

He’s 75 now. He’s double-jabbed, qualifies for a free TV licence, and hence he qualifies for one of M’s top of the range blowjobs as well. It’s good to see him again. We’ve kept in contact via WhatsApp messages during Lockdown 3.0 but, like Lesley, haven’t met up with him in person for over six months.

As always, Maurice doesn’t require any privacy. He sits there, with his thin legs, knobbly knees, pot belly and his track pants round his ankles. He chats with us while guiding the top of M’s head with his right hand. While she suckles him, the three of us have an animated discussion about Care Homes. Several of Maurice’s friends have contracted COVID and a couple of them died.

It feels good to be involving others again. Our mishap with Brad is long forgotten. Whilst chatting with Maurice, Sarah and I both lean our faces closer to M’s head so we can watch her lips sliding up and down Maurice’s glistening shaft.

Her mouth makes those rhythmic sucking sounds with all the effort she’s putting in. It’s been too long. She’s out of practice with random dicks. She’s been restricted to mine for months.

Her role is to adapt to a whole orchestra of instruments.

Maurice has grey pubic hair. M’s head keeps bouncing against his stomach. In the end he instructs her to use her hand.

“Make D ... Daddy c ... cum.” He grunts.

We study M’s hand job skills. She caresses his crown with her tongue and pumps his shaft with exactly the right amount of pressure. I can see that she’s tired and desperate to get him off. Eventually Maurice lets out a long groan and slaps M’s mouth away.

His load, such as it is, squirts onto his round belly, followed by several oozing dribbles. His watery cum mingles amongst his ripples of flesh and grey hairs. His eyes are shut but Maurice is wearing a grin like a contented feline.

“You make me feel like a kid again, young lady.”

He sighs, reaches out and strokes M’s perspiring forehead.

“Thank you, Sir.” She says to him.

“I’ve missed you. Now clean us up.”

She frowns just for a split second then lowers her face towards his flabby wrinkles. Her tongue snakes out and she laps his skin clean like a cat drinking a bowl of milk. She's 38 and he's only 75, so he's no longer twice her age. She's catching him up!

Afterwards, all three of us decide to test M's reaction to what she's done. She lifts her miniskirt, revealing her suspender belt and labial-rings. Sarah uses her key to release M's Lustlock.

Cunts never lie. Just like cocks, a person's genitals betray the truth, the whole truth, whatever she or he might verbally claim or protest. Cuckolds get erections when their wives make them jealous. Sluts get aroused even when they're humiliated.

M's pussy is very hot, very wet and very ready. Sarah reaches in and thumbs her swollen clitoris. It's angry with urgent hunger, despite the bitter taste on her lips and the shame on her face.

Maurice laughs. "Fuck me what a tart she is!"

I shrug. "Yep. Tis a pity she's a whore."

M blushes even redder. Sarah's skillfully rolling her thumb around M's throbbing clit. We join in with Maurice's laughter.

M's lips are open, forming an O. She's mouthing '... please'.

Sarah shakes her head. "What's your purpose slave? To provide pleasure or receive it?"

"T ... to ... pr ... provide it, Madam."

"How long since you came?"

"N ... ninety ... f ... five days, M ... Madam."

"And how many of our guests have you pleased in that time?"

"T .. two, Madam."

"Exactly. Only two! So I hardly think you've earned an orgasm yet. Do you?"

Sarah withdraws her hand. Amusingly, M's hips try edge forward, trying to follow it.

"N ... no, Madam."

Maurice tugs up his tracksuit bottoms and fishes into the pocket. He pulls out a crumpled five pound note.

"Here you are guys." He hands it to me. I catch M's eye.

"Thanks mate." I stuff the note in my pocket. "Pleasure doing business with you."

I'm a member of a book club (we only read plays) and we recently read '*Tis a Pity she's a Whore*' as part of our Lockdown list. It's a controversial play written by John Ford in the 1620s, set in Italy and the character Putana derives from the Italian slang for prostitute. Reading it in my study while my very own putana sucked on my dick was one of those nice little ironies that life occasionally throws up.

M is looking at us. Her feet are apart and her hips are tilted forward. Her steel pussy rings and moist labia dangle open. Desperation is written all over her face.

"Ciao, Putana." They're just about the only two words of Italian I know.

"Straighten your clothes and go wash Mr. Maurice's car before he drives home."

CHAPTER SIX

LADIES MUST MERELY GLOW

Sarah has made a new outfit for M.

It's a very strict housemaid's uniform, designed to be worn during the warm spring and hot summer months. The fabric came via Amazon. It's thick hessian, made of burlap, sold off the roll at less than three quid per metre. It's a very coarse and scratchy material mostly used for making hardwearing upholstery, like covering sofas, and doing craft projects.

The material isn't that easy to work with but Sarah's a skilled seamstress and she has a decent sewing machine. She cut out different patterns for a bra, ouvert knickers, a suspender belt, two dresses and a maid's cap. The fabric is a natural colour, a pale shade of mushroom, that's not remotely flattering.

When M tries it on, we're delighted. Her discomfort is instantly apparent. Sarah has made the bra strap the correct size across M's back and torso but both cups are only half-cups and too small. So her cleavage is thrust up and presented with her nipples spilling out. Furthermore, the fleshy underside of her tits rubs against the itchy hessian.

The knickers are even better. Sarah's made them with a high waist, similar to an old fashioned corset, but with a visible slit in the gusset that extends all the way from the pubic area to the rear waistband. This leaves her anus fully accessible. M can be fucked in either hole, she can pee and even poop, without the need to to remove her tight knickers.

The 'ouvert' style was made fashionable by Parisian courtesans and unfaithful wives. The word means 'open' in French. Women could hitch up their dresses, cuckold their husbands and fuck their lovers without even having to take off their underwear.

I bend M over there and then. She's still only wearing the bra and knickers. I order her to touch her toes and brace herself. It's wonderfully convenient. I just have to thumb open her anus and wedge my cock in while Sarah preps the rest of M's outfit.

"It's a bit itchy against my balls, darling."

Sarah chuckles. "Well hurry up and cum."

"C ... could you line the slit w ... with another fabric?" I grunt.

"Hmm, I could probably find a bit of silk. You're right, we don't want it uncomfortable for the guys."

It only takes me a couple of minutes. I dump my load in her rectum and pull out.

"Clean it."

I pull her head up and slide my glistening erection between her lips while Sarah holds up the less restrictive of the two dresses.

It's ankle-length and buckles up at the neck, so that it basically covers M's entire body, protecting her skin from the sun. There's a zipper all the way down the back. Sarah has stitched the dress into a loose, shapeless style. Not tent-like but more of a cylinder, like a Christmas cracker, narrow at the neck and ankles, baggy at the waist, so the design eliminates all the normal feminine curves. In the insipid beige colour M resembles a weirdly shaped vegetable.

We pat her butt and enjoy the way the coarse fabric rubs against her hips, back, shoulders and arms. We've spared her the suspender belt this time but the outfit's completed with a maid's cap and 4-inch high heels.

Sadly the weather so far this year isn't anything like it was in 2020. But there are still some hot days. M wears her new outfit to do indoor housework but also outdoor chores; car cleaning, external painting (all our ground floor window frames need a new coat of paint), and, of course, gardening. Naturally, she's not allowed to get marks on her clothes.

I have started using M's cunt again. To be honest, the buzz I got from her tight asshole has diminished now that her anus is so accommodating. It's not exactly loose. It's still a tight ring of muscle. But the Titan plug has made it very stretchy. M feels no discomfort when I enter her which I guess is both a good and a bad thing.

Whereas her vagina has had much less use. It gets nicely sweaty after a few hours wearing her hessian outfit. I usually fuck her in the afternoon. It rarely takes long. I just unzip whichever dress she's wearing and chuck it over the sun lounger. Then I bend her over and slip my cock into the silk-lined slit (thanks Sarah!) and fuck her while I'm standing up.

I like to make M do most of the work, using her hands and arms to push her body against mine, fucking herself on my erection. I don't bother holding back. I just pop my cookies into her cunt and give her my shaft to clean. There's no need to impress anybody with my self control. And no need to stretch the enjoyment out. I can fuck her again later if I feel like it. Afterwards, she quickly dresses and gets back to work. It's fun to watch her moving awkwardly with a soggy pussy.

The coarse fabric is too thick for the internal stains to emerge as wet patches on the outside; the dress's underarms, tummy, even between her thighs remains the same insipid pale colour throughout the hot day. But internally it's another matter. Her dress is damp with sweat and her gusset is crusted with dried semen.

Sarah inspects her most evenings before M showers and changes into a sexy maid's outfit to make dinner. She rarely allows M to use scent or deodorant. She makes her strip naked and present her clothes for appraisal. M's hessian garments are only cleaned once a month as more frequent washing might shrink or soften the prickly fabric. The inside of M's knickers is soiled with every kind of mark including bits of dried blood from to her most recent period.

Next M raises her underarms and spreads her legs for approval. Body odour is strictly forbidden. There's an old saying; 'horses may *sweat*, men may *perspire*, but ladies must merely *glow*'. M is allowed to glow but anything else is punished.

Sarah leans in and sniffs M's armpits. She pushes M's neck down and thumbs open her orifices. My wife recoils at the stink of my stale cum in M's cunt.

"What on earth is that stench?"

Of course, M isn't allowed to blame me.

"I ... I'm sorry, Mistress. It w ... was a hot day."

The rings in M's labia dangle like a curtain rail without drapes. Sarah runs her fingers along them, teasing M's cunt. At the moment she's unlocked during the day but locked at night.

"You smelly whore."

"Yes, Mistress. I beg forgiveness."

M has an insect bite on her neck. Sarah rubs it. Like deodorant, insect repellent is also forbidden. Sarah aggravates the bite so it will itch overnight.

"Don't move."

Sarah fetches a wooden paddle. It has an 'S' carved into the centre. We found it online. The 'S' is actually meant to stand for slave but my wife prefers the idea of marking M with the initial for Sarah.

Whoooooosh whaap!"

A red mark appears on M's already bruised buttock. The snaking outline of an 'S' is visible.

"Your armpits stink!"

"I know Mistress. I beg forgiveness."

Whoooooosh whaap!"

"Your body stinks."

"I know M ... mistress. I beg forgiveness."

Whoooooosh whaap!"

"Your asshole stinks."

"I know Mistress. I b ... beg forgiveness."

Whoooooosh whaap!"

"Your cunt stinks."

"I know M ... mistress. I beg forgiveness."

M stifles a sob.

Whoooooosh whaap!"

"Your feet stink."

"Aah ... I know ... Mmmm ... istress. I beg f ... forgiveness."

Whoooooosh whaap!"

"You're disgusting!"

M is rocking from one foot to the other now, almost crying.

"I ... ow ... know Mistress ... I b ... beg forgiveness."

Sarah lays the paddle down on the base of M's spine. It remains perilously balanced there.

"Wait here."

I'm leaning against the door frame, just watching them both and drinking a beer. Sarah goes to the bathroom cupboard and takes out the rectal douche bulb that M uses to keep her butt clean. Sarah mixes the tap to get the temperature right and adds a little salt.

"Three minutes."

M remains bent over while Sarah tugs open her sphincter and inserts the nozzle of the douche without any ceremony. This is an almost daily procedure. Sarah squirts the water into M's rectum until the bulb's empty.

"Th ... thank you, Mistress."

The cleansing is for my benefit, of course. I like a sanitary rectum to fuck. We enjoy listening to M's hisses of effort as the three minutes slowly tick by.

Finally Sarah leans over the edge of the bathtub and turns on M's shower. It's an over-bath shower with a plastic curtain. Sarah holds her fingers under the spray to check it's running cold.

"In."

She removes the paddle and briskly slaps M's bottom, rushing her under the shower. M gasps and unleashes the dirty water from her rectum into the bath and down the plughole. Then she begins hurriedly washing herself with carbolic soap, trying to ensure that as little water as possible sprays onto the bathmat and tiled floor. She's not allowed to use the plastic curtain in our presence.

We watch her scrub herself frantically. The soap gives off that distinctive antiseptic odour. She's gasping like a landed fish, washing her hair, her underarms, between her legs, fingering her anus and cunt, raising her feet in turn to swab them. She rinses off her hair and blinks at us through the spray.

"Out."

She stands shivering on the bathmat for another inspection. Sarah leans in and inhales M's head, body, armpits and backside. She fingers M's cunt deeply and then sniffs her own fingertip, checking for cleanliness. She holds her hand up towards me.

"Okay?"

I take a sniff as well. It smells of carbolic soap.

"I guess."

Sarah hands M her old towel. It's one of ours, about 20 years old, worn and with barely any fluff left. M hastily dries herself with it as best she can, while Sarah repeats her regular lecture.

"Make sure that tomorrow you are glowing, fresh and fragrant when I inspect you. I don't want to hear *any* excuses. Clear?"

"Yes, Mistress."

We watch her dress in a sexy waitress outfit. She combs her wet hair and pulls on a tight crop top that shows off the swell of her boobs and her taut bare midriff. Then she slips into seamed stockings, a miniskirt, heels and an apron.

It's time for our cocktails and dinner.

CHAPTER SEVEN

RUSTY TROMBONE

By now we've made contact with a dozen or so members of her old Fan Club. There's really no need to seek out new contacts yet. It's too much hassle. Anyway, the numbers slowly grow organically by word of mouth. A couple of people ask if they can bring along 'a friend'.

We quickly settle back into last year's routine. We never tell M any plan for the day. She never knows whether somebody's coming, let alone who or at what time. They just turn up. Sometimes we summon her immediately. Others we have a drink outside first, where she can see them and anticipate what's coming.

Like all of us, M takes a dislike to certain people. It's not often their looks. She's been trained to ignore a person's physical appearance. Age is but a number, weight is but a statistic and good looks are superficial. She's serviced men in their 80s down to their late-teens and women in their 60s down to their 20s, and from over 20 stone (280+lbs) down to even lighter than she is. Only a handful have been what one might call 'good looking'.

No, it's more a person's manner M objects to, the way they look at her, speak to her, sometimes their lack of hygiene. Sarah and I have strict rules. Guests must be double-vaxed for a start. This means that the over-50s still get priority as her younger fans are behind in the vaccination queue. We also insist surgical masks are worn for close up activities. But condoms render actual cleanliness relatively unimportant. It really doesn't matter if a guest has a bit of body odour. After all, so does M. Last year we were more fastidious about hygiene but this year less so.

We divide her fan group into those we call 'senior members' and normal members. The former have special privileges. They can have their cocks sucked without condoms, their balls licked, and their asses rimmed (they must still use protection for penetrative sex). They can also have their cars cleaned and bring their laundry. We only charge them a minimal rate to cover our electricity and water. They bring a bag of dirty underwear, vests, socks and worn shirts. Afterwards M washes, dries and irons them for collection the next time they visit.

Last year M would get a break from her toil when a guest or two arrived. She'd stop working while she serviced them. This year we had the idea of making her continue her house or garden work when guests arrive. Guys love fucking her while she's down on her knees waxing our wooden floorboards or trimming the grass lawn with nail scissors. She's usually dressed in a maid's uniform, black and white top and skirt, fishnet stockings etc., and no bra or underwear (different outfits will come later in the year).

They mount her from behind and seesaw in and out while she carries on polishing the floor or even scours a toilet. She has two duties at once; to focus on her chore while pushing back rhythmically at the same time, or doing whatever the guy tells her. When they cum, the usual routine is to leave the used, knotted condom resting on her maid's cap while she carries on working.

One older regular named Roy introduces us to the 'rusty trombone'. This is a new one on me. M kneels with her face in his butt rimming his anus while reaching round blind to give him a hand job. The name rusty trombone sounds like a cocktail and it's the perfect blend of humiliation and hard work as she plays his 'trombone' while tossing his salad. Roy's in his mid-60s and it takes a while for M to get him off in such an awkward manner.

Soon every guest wants a rusty trombone! It becomes one of M's party pieces. I watch her expression when a guy arrives, knowing she's soon going to have to tongue his asshole for as long as it takes to make him cum. There's something particularly testing about rimming strangers. Sucking a random cock or even being sodomized (with a condom) is one level of sluttiness. But tonguing an old dude's backside requires a special mindset.

'Normal members' are either recent introductions or those who can only visit us sporadically. For various reasons we restrict them to anal sex with condoms, bukkake and hand jobs or tit fucks. They tend to be younger (under-40s) and always wear a blue mask. Appointments are often rushed or brief. So there's really no need for normal members to be groomed or bathed. Like M, they usually stink a bit, but

it's no problem. It's all about training her. She has to give everybody the same smiling-welcome regardless of how scruffy, grimy, malodorous or impolite they are.

We used to have a contract gardener who came weekly to trim the hedges and mow the lawns. But he stopped coming during Lockdown 1.0 last year and later relocated to the coast where his daughter lives. Fortunately, M has learned to mow the lawn pretty well instead. We won't accept any wiggly lines or mistakes. She pushes the old lawnmower in the sunshine while Sarah and I relax and watch, ready to criticize.

Afterwards, she clips all the edges of the lawn manually with a trimmer so they're perfect, before getting out a 6-inch ruler and pair of nail scissors to ensure that every blade of grass is the same length. When she's finished, we measure a few randomly ourselves while she watches nervously.

Of course, occasionally we have vanilla friends round. It makes us smile inwardly when they admire the garden. I give Sarah all the credit of course. They marvel at her stamina and the hours she must put in 'keeping on top of everything'. Meanwhile M is inside the house preparing our supper.

One late-June evening we invite six guys to gangbang M's cunt instead of her normal diet of anal and oral. A few of her senior fans and I occasionally use her vaginally but we're always careful not to make her cum. She can't orgasm from simple wham-bam fucking, although she wants to learn. She needs clitoral stimulation.

Our calendar says it's been 139 days since she's had an orgasm, certainly a proper uninhibited climax. That's over 4 ½ months. She's over the tetchy phase but now, perhaps, she's even over the frustrated stage too. Obviously we don't want that. We want to remind her of that feeling she's missing.

Unlike last year, we rarely put M into her PVC hood any longer. We like her to make eye contact with each guest, and to overcome any dislikes. The six we've specifically invited include several of her favorites but also a couple who we know she has an aversion to.

It's an outdoor party, in our tent which we've put up for the summer again. There's an eating table and chairs, a soft seating area and a daybed (used for spa sessions), and a widescreen TV connected to the Sky box in the house. The Euros football is on and the beers are flowing.

M starts off waitressing, serving drinks and canapés, dressed in a bikini bottom and England football shirt. The guys range from Maurice at 75 to Trent who's the youngest at 34. He's a Key Worker. Nobody younger has had their second jabs yet. Still, a span of 41 yrs is good enough for the occasion. Everybody gets nicely raucous before kick-off; "Ingerland, Ingerland," etc.

Then M goes down the line, unzipping flies, kissing one cockhead and handling two others at the same time. Once the football starts, guys are shouting at the screen while copping a feel of M's tits and bum.

At half-time we have the 'opening ceremony'; the unlocking of M's labia. There's a bowl of Durex condoms on the table.

"Do NOT cum." Sarah warns her.

The gangbang starts with a bang, so to speak. M's on all fours in front of the screen, and Maurice goes first. The score's still 0-0 and the match is super-tense. Nobody quite knows which action to watch and in the end we watch both at once.

Maurice's contact Rahul goes next. He's a Buddha-shaped Indian in his 50s. It's only his second visit and M took an instant dislike to him the first time they met.

"Yes! Get in!"

At last there's been a goal in the football. It's amusing the way Rahul and M both stay fucking while all about them everybody's dancing around. Trent drops his shorts and celebrates by kneeling in front of M, giving her his ebony cock to suck. The spit-roasting begins.

By the end of the match there's been a second goal and five condoms have been filled. Semen is rarely wasted. Her training with imitation jizz has taught M to overcome her distaste, whoever's cum it is.

I stand between M and the TV screen and lift her face up by her chin. I look deep into her eyes. Cody's fucking her. Her brown eyes look up at me. She rarely wears her specs. She doesn't have much time for reading or browsing. Saliva is bubbling from her lower lip.

"Having fun?"

She blinks. "... y ... yes ... S ... Sir."

I pull out £120 from my pocket. Each guest has donated twenty quid towards the booze and 'entertainment'. She understands. I can see the emotion behind her eyes.

And what lies within her soul.

It's at this moment when I decide that I'm going to write an account of M's time with us, however and whenever it ends. What you're reading right now may well never have been written had it not been for this particular moment. I never aspired to have a relationship like this. It never crossed my mind at this stage in my life. I certainly never set out to write about it. I stare down at M and can't help myself blowing her a silent kiss of understanding. It says, we kinksters must stick together.

There's a quote I remember; '*what lies behind us, and what lies before us are but tiny matters compared to what lies within us*'. What lies within me? And within my wife and our marriage? What made us the couple we now are? And what lies within M? Did she deserve to turn out like this? To have an uncontrollable masochistic desire to live her life like a slave, used like a whore, treated like a skivvy.

But is hers that terrible an affliction? Born into another era or another country, her life could have been even harder. Is her bad luck any worse than becoming a psychopath or a paedophile? Or getting terminal cancer? Or dying in a road accident in your 30s? In fact, is being born *submissive* inevitably a worse deal than being inclined to sexual dominance?

Enough philosophy. I pocket the banknotes and smile.

"Try not to make her cum." I murmur to Cody.

"S ... sure." He hisses at me.

Nobody's paying any attention to her clit. M can't even orgasm from a gangbang she secretly wants. At least, it still doesn't seem as if she can. Her cunt can absorb literally miles of cock sliding in and out without her reaching orgasm. Fucking can get her to the edge but no further.

I watch her expression as Cody is the latest to leave her hanging. She grimaces as he pants frantically and then his body freezes, and he utters a long, drawn out, groan of release. Her eyes look at me in that mix of shame and wonder I've seen on her face so often.

It's time to clean up. The used condoms lie on a tray.

"Whaaaaaaaaaaaaay!"

Each upended condom gets a crescendo of cheers, as M squeezes the contents into her mouth. *A six-pack of jizz.*

"Oh man, she's one nasty bitch."

She holds her lips open like a fish, tilts her head back, and pours each guest's cold semen down her throat. Her neck ripples with each gulp of slime.

"You've trained her well."

Sarah laughs. "Guys, I assure you. Your cum is delicious compared with what she's been trained to swallow. Okay, now it's time for the post-match show."

My wife goes to the salad bar and pulls out an uncut cucumber. She picked it out especially at Tesco the day before. It's a monster; 12 inches long and, apart for the two thinner ends, it's 2 ½ inches thick.

Nobody's ever seen such a big dildo in the flesh before. Certainly not a vegetable. The guys cheer and jeer in equal measure. Sarah unwraps a Durex XXL condom and Trent does the honours, rolling the rubber sensuously onto the green beast. Even though the Durex XXL is over 8 inches long (2.15 cms) itself, a third of the cucumber still remains uncovered after Trent's rolled the condom on.

M's well-fucked cunt is obviously red and gaping. Her football shirt and bikini bottom have long gone. She's naked and covered in perspiration. She adopts the reverse cowgirl position seated on a wooden seat, facing her audience, her bare boobs resting on the back of the chair.

"You may begin."

She starts to tease the tapered end of the cucumber against her slick labia, easing her pussy rings apart. The audience watches in awe as she manages to get the first few inches of condom-covered cucumber inside her. Then her face contorts as she has to push harder, sucking up the pain, letting out little gasps.

"You may use it against your clit."

She changes angle and, almost immediately, her whimpers change from ‘hurt’ to ‘heat’ as her arousal overcomes her discomfort. She slides the green dildo in and out, faster and faster, pressing it against her clitoris. Her stiff nipples start to gyrate on her bouncing tits.

Her glazed eyes seek me and Sarah out and she finds us both standing behind the rowdy rabble in the front row. Her eyes lock on ours, silently begging for permission. She’s been waiting so long.

We shake our heads.

“Not yet. Let’s see more inside you first.”

She shakes her head. But it’s a gesture of determination, not refusal. She manages to cram another inch of length inside her. She’s reached the fattest part of the cucumber. People are cheering. Cameras are out. She’s fully on display; open thighs, pumping arm, sweaty body and her gasping face.

Her jaw sets as she withdraws the cucumber and then pummels it deeper inside her. Her eyes widen. The cheers reach a crescendo. Sarah’s filming a video clip. Eight inches of green piston are hammering in and out, stroking M’s clitoral sparkplug.

“That’s far enough.”

It’s a cycle now. She rams the cucumber in, up to the end of the condom, then pulls it almost all the way out, and then in again, out again. Her head’s moving from side to side, but her eyes are fixed on us.

We nod.

It takes her no more than 5 seconds. Her face dissolves into that expression of agony and ecstasy. La Petite Mort. Her eyes lose us and her mouth flies open in a wide O. Her toes curl and the chair rocks to and fro.

“AAAAAaaaaaggggghhhhhmmmmsssss ...”

“Yes! Get in, slut!”

The cheer’s almost as loud as when the first goal was scored earlier. The guys are mesmerized and jubilant at the same time.

Aside from us and Maurice, the rest of the guys aren’t interested in M’s chastity and denial. They couldn’t give a fuck. In fact, they prefer this crude, orgasmic exhibition of hers. I can see renewed bulges in the front of most pairs of shorts.

“What do you think?” Sarah lowers her phone and nudges me in the ribs. “One enough?”

M’s had an enormous orgasm. But after so long without one, it’s probably like a sip of water in the desert. After momentary relief, it can actually make a parched throat feel worse

“Go on, let her have one more.”

Sarah rolls her eyes at me.

“Softie.”

She’s teasing. But only partly. The past year has seen her dominant streak come to the fore, while mine has fluctuated.

She nods at M and raises her index finger. *Just one!*

M’s eyes widen for a moment and then she closes them. Her second orgasm is already almost upon her. Another sip of water in the desert. Her fingers grip the green handle of the cucumber tightly and she plunges the eight inches in and out again ... in and out ... in and out.

One of the guys has got up from his chair and dragged down his shorts. It’s Rahul. He stands alongside M, facing us. His erection pokes out under his Jabba the Hutt belly. Everybody’s jeering, encouraging. I shrug and look at my wife.

Sarah nods. Rahul starts whacking off. M opens her eyes and blinks up at him. She’s in a trance now. Her least favorite guest is pounding his meat next to her but she opens her mouth in a wide O.

“Fucking slut.” He grunts, everything wobbling as he wanks. He starts to edge round until he’s in front of her.

“Out the way, Rahul! We want to see.” People shout, making him step aside.

M simply stares at us all, in a daze, and suddenly tips herself over the edge. This second orgasm’s even bigger than her first; her hand movements become jerky and the cucumber twitches. She almost makes the chair fall over. Her nostrils flare and she exhales a silent scream, a bit like that famous Edward Munch painting.

Rahul sends a jet of cum onto her cheek and another lands on her boobs. A third squirt disappears between her lips.

“One hundred and EIGHTY!” the audience roars.

I have to say it’s an impressive second load from a guy in his 50s. And it works like an invitation to the others.

The guests gather all around her in a bukkake circle. I peer over their shoulders while Sarah films. M is slumped on the chair, eyes closed and mouth open, as cocks jerk and discharge over her.

Once the party’s finally over and everybody’s left, we allow M a little downtime. She curls up on the daybed and nibbles on a plate of salad.

“How was that?”

She gives us both her wickedest, little-girl smile, half-embarrassed and half-proud of herself. She’s eating slices of the same large cucumber that’s just given her two huge orgasms.

“I hated it.”

She giggles and we laugh.

Clearly we need to dive even further down the rabbit hole.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A CUNT'S JUST A CUNT

Lesley kindly asks us to her 55th birthday party but we decline the invitation. Partly because we're busy but mostly because we think she'll be able to give M a more intense experience if we're not present. We pack her off on the train with a little suitcase of clothes and her wash bag.

Lesley is holding two events; a drinks party on the Friday evening for a group of her vanilla friends, and then a very different one planned for Saturday. At the former, M's just a normal waitress, like you'd get from a catering agency; she ferries canapés and drinks, wearing stilettos, a skirt, top and white apron. Even that experience turns out to be a hard evening's work on her feet in high heels and mostly ignored.

But the Saturday event is for Lesley's 'gang' of five naughty friends (four ladies plus Lesley) who are all lesbian or bisexual and apparently varying degrees of kinky. She met most of them at munches or online. M's really put through her paces; preparing, serving and clearing lunch, in between doing what each lady requests, or rather, commands.

When we get her home on Sunday, M's got a very red and bruised bottom for one thing. Lesley has two passions; corporal punishment and straight women. Although M could hardly be called 'straight' any longer (if she ever was) she certainly prefers men and doesn't find Lesley either attractive or pleasant.

But that's the point. If our slogan that "*a cock's just a cock*" applies to men regardless of whoever they are, then so does "*a cunt's just a cunt.*" M now willingly does whatever my wife wants. But we expect her to learn to do whatever *other* women want too, just as readily. It's none of a true slave's business who we choose to lend her to; male or female, white, black, young or old.

Lesley's gang were apparently a similar age to Lesley herself, late-40s to late-50s, and mostly a similar build; sturdy, pear-shaped and thick-waisted. But apparently their tastes were all different, in both senses of the word! A couple were gentler with M, others more aggressive. She ended up performing a great deal of unreciprocated cunnilingus, but 69s as well. She got her share of fingering and mutual masturbation, face-sitting and scissoring, sex toys and strap-ons, spanking and watersports, even fisting.

Two people I've chatted with online are convinced that M must a closet lesbian or at least bisexual. But that's not how Sarah or I, or M herself sees it. I've actually met a cuckold husband who has sucked the cocks of a couple of his wife's lovers despite not being remotely gay. It's the humiliation and submission he craves.

And it's the same with M. She's not physically attracted to females or their genitalia. She would never have a vanilla relationship with a woman. But her craving for slavery is way more powerful than her dislike of cunnilingus and watersports. In some ways being pimped out to women is actually more intoxicating to her than servicing men.

M returns on the train with her suitcase of dirty clothes and a brown envelope for us. We don't show or tell her how much we charged Lesley for her weekend's labour. It's none of her business. We house and feed M and that's all she needs to worry about.

Finances are not her concern.

This summer we seem to have more stinging nettles than usual. There's a patch near the compost bins that's expanded and thickened since last year. But even though M's never suffered from anaphylactic shock, we still conduct a single-sting experiment on her just in case. She suffers no ill-effects.

Then, one day, during the only real mini-heatwave of this year, we put M to work clearing the patch. She's naked, bare-handed and on her hands and knees, boobs swaying amongst the tall nettles. We unlock her pussy rings so the tops of the nettles can tickle her pouting labia. We set up deckchairs and take a flask of iced coffee to watch her in comfort. We have Antihistamine cream and Piriton tablets on standby. Today turns out to be one of the few physical punishments that makes M properly cry.

She plucks the nettles one by one, stands them in a small plastic bucket and carries on until the bucket's full. Then she crawls over to us. Her hands, arms, tits and thighs are dimpled with raised hives.

Sarah holds out a kitchen colander for the nettles. It takes M three handfuls to transfer them all into it. Her brown eyes are damp with tears.

“Anything to say?”

It’s an obvious invitation to use her Safe Word.

M bravely shakes her head. So Sarah jerks her chin. M returns to the middle of the patch. Her stubborn determination not to use her Safe Word is a wonder to behold.

“She should have everything cleared by tomorrow evening.” I stage-whisper to Sarah, speaking loud enough to ensure that M hears me.

An hour later, Maurice, his mate Rahul, and a guy named Jock arrive. They’ve come for an alfresco lunch which they’ve brought with them; cold meats, cheeses, bread and shop-made salads, beers and wine, that kind of thing.

We whistle M over and tell her she can have a break. We retire to the tent. It’s baking hot and everybody sits in the shade, perspiration running down our faces and armpits. M slips on a blue bikini bottom and waist apron to serve. Our three guests admire her mottled fingers and tits.

Jock’s a loud Scot. He’s fun but annoying, very argumentative. I frown at Maurice for inviting him into our little club. Maurice pulls him over for a one-to-one chat and Jock returns to apologise to us. He’s nervous. He’s never attended anything like this before.

M serves everybody drinks and then lunch. She’s still itching and we all inspect the damage more closely. Her inner thighs and buttocks are covered in stings, all the way to her anal rim. We give them a good scratch. Her unlocked pussy rings hang down.

Sarah boils plenty of the plucked nettles on the barbecue and makes a huge pan of ‘Nettle Tea’ for M. We let it cool and then make her drink at least two pints of it while we knock back our beers, wine and sparkling water. Soon all of us are nipping over to the outdoor loo.

Eventually M can’t hold her bladder any longer. She asks Sarah permission to go. The five of us pretend to debate our decision while she stands alongside. Maurice winks at me. This is what Jock’s come for. His ultimate kink.

Women pissing outdoors.

He’s a thickset, ruddy-faced man with bleach-blond eyebrows and a shock of ginger hair. I never found out his age but I guess he’s mid-forties. We allow him to orchestrate M’s public pee.

She pulls her bikini bottom off. Then he has her pose with her feet apart near the tent. She’s barefoot and walks tentatively across the gravel. As usual, her face is flushed but there’s that spark in her eyes. Her lip quivers with humiliation.

“Okay lassie, knees wider. Show us that gaping minge of yours.”

M squats even lower, spreading her thighs.

“Okay hen, let her rip.” Jock shouts out.

M grimaces and we can actually see her relaxing her muscles. A tremendous cascade soaks the gravel. It sounds like a mini waterfall against our laughter. Somehow she keeps going for what seems ages, until at last the gush slowly fades to a trickle.

Of course, Sarah and I have watched M piss many times; on the toilet, astride the toilet, into a cat litter tray, into her diaper, outdoors in the garden and even in a public car park. She’s not remotely shy in front of us. But an audience of jeering guys never fails to embarrass her.

“Over here, lass.”

She hobbles over and spreads her legs. Jock runs his hand up her damp inner thighs, staring into her eyes. He nonchalantly fingers her glistening rings and thumbs her clitoris.

“You’re a wee horny bitch aren’t you?”

“She wants your cock, Jock.” Maurice nudges him.

“Do you now, lassie?”

M blinks, blushes, biting her lip. I can see it in her eyes. The truth is, she does. This loud, thickset stranger who’s at least 10 years older than her, who’s just mocked her pissing ... who’s now teasing her clit ... she pushes her hips out towards him. She actually craves him.

“Y ... yes Sir.” She manages to whisper.

Everybody laughs.

“Turn around then.”

Jock's hands roam her hips and buttocks. He rubs the hives caused by the nettles and uses his thumbs to expose her anus.

"You'll find she's nice and tight back there." Maurice reassures his friend. "Lots of cocks have been up there fuck knows how many times but her asshole's still tight as a Scotsman's wallet, isn't it?"

Jock chuckles at the joke. He glances at us.

"Of course." Sarah smiles. "Be our guest."

We allow Jock some privacy. He takes M indoors for 15 minutes of oral and anal. Meanwhile Sarah brews some coffee and we chat with Maurice and Rahul. Jock emerges with a big grin on his face and a wet stain on his blue shorts.

"You're up." He says, high-fiving Rahul.

M's least-favourite visitor enjoys another quarter of an hour of her time. Eventually they both rejoin us in the tent.

"How'd she do?"

Rahul shrugs. "To be honest, my friends, she's a bit smelly."

Maurice holds out a hand and beckons M to him. He inhales dramatically, leaning his nose near to her armpits and thighs. He taps her hip and she turns round and bends over. He sniffs, pulling open her gaping anus.

"You may blow me instead." Maurice informs her condescendingly.

M gets down on her knees between his legs and helps him tug off his shorts. Maurice never gets performance anxiety in front of us. But at his age a few beers can slow him down. What's more, he joins in our conversation as we all sit around watching. So it takes over half an hour of valiant head-bobbing for M to get him off.

"Fank y ... ou thir."

She looks at him open-mouthed, awaiting his permission to swallow. Maurice simply stares at her and then carries on chatting with us. Eventually he wags his index finger and she gulps.

"Thank you Sir." She repeats, helping him to get his shorts back on. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled fiver. He loves trying to pay us for the use of M.

Sarah and I waive it away. "Don't be silly. You bought lunch."

An hour later, after the three guys have finally departed, we examine M's body. Her redness and hives have faded and the stinging has gone. Sarah pats her on the bum.

"Time to get back to work."

We settle back into our deckchairs and watch her kneeling in the partly-cleared patch, pulling up nettles and placing them in the plastic bucket.

CHAPTER NINE

FREEDOM DAY

On 19th July, Lockdown rules are eased and we celebrate so-called 'Freedom Day' by taking M to a tattoo parlour in our nearest large town (we avoid more local places to avoid any gossip). We've all agreed that she's going to have a heart with our initials inked onto her hairless pussy mound.

The artist who owns the place is doing her tattoo himself. He already knows what we've booked but not about her labial rings. Sarah and I send M in while we do some shopping. She has to pull down her shorts and explain her embarrassing piercings to this stranger all on her own.

I'd like to pretend we made her blow him afterwards as a tip, but this account is what actually happened. The truth is we don't condone involving 'innocent' members of the public in actual kink. So M simply paid him £120 and left with her pussy cutely inked. Now she'll bear our initials there for the rest of her life. I like to imagine some vanilla partner in her later years discovering it and asking her to explain.

Instead of more liberty after 'Freedom Day', M's daily routine over the past month has become even stricter. Her stamina and tolerance are remarkable. I simply don't know how we'll cope, if and when M leaves us one day.

Every day for her still starts at 05.00 hrs with 3-4 hours of housework. The early morning is when we expect her to break the back of the daily 'downstairs chores', so that she's available during the rest of the day. She 'does' our open-plan kitchen, living room, utility rooms, washing and ironing, dusting and polishing. She has to be very quiet so as not to wake or disturb us.

This year Sarah's become truly addicted to morning cunnilingus. To be honest, I'm not sure I've gone down on my wife in the early morning throughout our entire marriage. Don't get me wrong, I enjoy kissing Sarah 'down there' but it's always been an evening activity for me. There's something about a woman's mix of overnight mugginess, sweat and stale pee that puts me off oral, especially with pubic hairs thrown into the mix.

Back in February, Sarah asked me if I'd mind if she goes a bit "au naturel" for a while. She's been hairless most of our marriage. I said I didn't object and so, over the past few months, she's grown quite a bush, albeit a neatly groomed and shaped one. In fact I rather like it after many years of the same smooth 'look and feel'.

Like any couple married for 30 years, our sex life ebbs and flows. It was interesting that last November and December, when M moved out, Sarah and I found we had less sex. We both agreed it was probably because we were having to do more of the 'normal stuff' ourselves; making morning coffee, feeding the cat, household chores, even opening the wine. It was also because we didn't have the stimulation of M being around to 'spice up' our libidos.

Sarah and I rarely have sex at night any longer. Probably for the last five years or so. Frankly, alcohol gets in the way. A few glasses of wine in the evening and it can take a long time for me to orgasm at bedtime. But it's also because we simply prefer the mornings (and sometimes afternoons) at our age and now I'm retired. With M back in our lives, we find ourselves making love two or three times a week again. I still love that feeling of squirting a big morning load in my wife's pussy.

That's usually after we've ordered our first tray of coffee. M brings it up and then returns downstairs to carry on with chores while we take our time, get our systems running, then cuddle and have sex. We order a second tray of coffee and tell M to tidy the bedroom (pick up clothes from the floor, etc.) and ensuite bathroom while Sarah and I chat and browse our phones.

Suddenly, Sarah throws the duvet aside and raises her knees akimbo as a sign. She doesn't even say anything. There's a kid's plastic bib stored in the drawer of Sarah's bedside table. M puts it on over the starched collar of her crinoline dress to ensure it doesn't get soggy.

I enjoy watching for the first minute or two. I turn on my side and smile down at M as she hunkers between Sarah's legs. I can smell that distinctive fishy odour of sweat and sex in the room. M glances at me as she confronts my wife's oozing bush. Her expression is meek and deadpan. Then her tongue snakes out.

“Mmm.”

I lean up and kiss Sarah on the lips. I love that excited moan and exhalation of her breath as she reacts to M’s gentle tongue. She arches her neck and eyes the ceiling. I pull back and leave both women to it.

Of course, the unfairness of the moment is part of the point. M is constantly criticized and punished for having the slightest body odour after a hard day’s work without even the benefit of deodorant. Sarah constantly berates her about the ‘*horrible stench*’ as she sniffs under M’s arms and between her legs, quite often the result of my jizz.

Whereas Sarah can lie back with a rancid pussy without any sign of irony. M has to snuffle, lick and worship my wife as if she’s just stepped out of the shower and applied scent. Occasionally Sarah props herself up on her elbows and stares down at M’s face. The slightest twitch of M’s nostrils suggesting displeasure is punished.

It’s not always about orgasms. Sarah sometimes just wants to be cleaned and to enjoy that nice feeling of a tongue and lips between her thighs. She says she often doesn’t know what she wants when M starts licking. She decides if she gets sexually aroused. What she always enjoys is being cleaned down there before she gets in the bath or shower. Not afterwards.

“Mmm ... lap that up ‘bidet’.”

Sarah teasingly refers to M as her bidet. Of course, it would be easy for Sarah to bathe, shower, even just wipe, before M licks her. She could tell M to fetch a nice warm, wet flannel to swab her first. But no. She wants M’s tongue to do the hard yards. Sarah doesn’t want her bathwater tinged by strands of my floating cum. So M cleans her first.

I usually leave them to it. I pull on my dressing gown and go downstairs. M arrives after a while and makes me coffee and a bagel before getting on with her chores. We usually don’t speak. I check her lips and chin. She’s not allowed to wipe her face clean. Sarah likes her bouquet to cling to M until it fades naturally.

Half an hour later, I hear Sarah come downstairs to inspect how much has been done since 5 a.m. She’s a good judge of how much work ought to have been achieved in the 4-5 hours, depending on what time we woke for breakfast, how long any sex and cunnilingus took, whether she’d then soaked in the bath, or just showered, etc.

Sarah checks how many shirts have been ironed, the state of all the rooms, polished floors and wiped skirting boards, any preparations for our lunch, etc. A lot can be achieved in 5 hours.

After Sarah’s inspection, M starts upstairs; making our bed, fresh sheets twice a week, cleaning our bathroom, collecting any laundry from the basket, checking the other bedrooms, vacuuming the carpets. I can hear the Dyson through the ceiling of my study. It’s the only modern appliance that M’s allowed to use.

Just after 11 a.m., I summon her to my study by one means or another.

“Yes Sir?”

She’s wearing the black, crinoline dress and high heels, and clutching an old toothbrush.

“What are you doing?”

“Cleaning your bathroom Sir.”

I nod my chin towards the spot under my desk.

She bobs a polite curtsey and gets onto her knees, carefully placing the toothbrush by her side on the wooden floor. Without another word, I open my dressing gown and restart typing.

I can see M’s hair under the glass-topped table that acts as my desk. I feel the stiff fabric of her dress brush my bare legs.

“Sss.” I hiss a fierce warning. The crinoline feels unpleasant against my skin.

“I’m so sorry Sir.” She whispers in apology.

Her soft lips suckle the head of my penis into her mouth. She makes no complaint about my state. Like Sarah, I’m somewhat crusty and salty. I’ll get round to bathing this afternoon.

Her mouth feels warm, wet and delicious. I’m erect in no time.

“Ninety minutes.” I murmur.

She doesn't reply. But it's clear that she's heard me. Sometimes I'll say '20 minutes', sometimes 45, 60, 90, even one hundred and twenty. It depends on my mood and the time available. Today's instruction means that her task is to make this blowjob last exactly an hour and a half. That will be perfect timing for my pre-lunch drink. Her mouth slides steadily up and down, her tongue floating like a butterfly.

I carry on typing. My study's totally silent except for the click-clack of the keyboard and the tick-tock of my old clock on the bookshelves. She slurps silently so as not to disturb my train of thought.

I take a break and slide forward in my chair. M understands and releases my glistening shaft. She lowers her face to my balls and kisses my anal crevice. Her flicking tongue cleans my sweat.

"Coffee?"

My wife opens my study door and peers in, smiling. She's holding a mug.

"Mmm ... please."

Sarah walks over and places the mug next to my laptop. She's been finishing a watercolor and is wearing her painting smock. Her eyes glance under the desk.

"How long?"

"Twelve-thirty-ish."

"That's perfect." She grins. "How's the book going?"

"I've nearly finished. So I'm revising the Introduction now."

"Show me a draft over lunch." She blows me a kiss and leaves.

I shift position and sit up straight in my chair again. M puts her lips around my cock again. She restarts sucking gently.

Ffftt!

The coffee gives me a little flatulence. It's just another inequality. M isn't even allowed to make a gassy sound when she's doing her business. Whereas I let rip at any time in her presence without hesitation. Even when her face is between my thighs.

Ffftt.

I stare down at her face. Her eyes meet mine. Both our expressions are pokerfaced.

I don't tell M the time. It's her job to keep track, even though she doesn't have a watch or phone on her. I glance at the clock on my PC. It's 11.37 a.m. I smile inwardly.

Sarah and I jokingly refer to this as M taking 'Dicktation'. She's losing an hour and a half of her valuable housework time. But she'll have to work double-speed this afternoon or catch up tonight. Whichever. I hear her gag slightly as she bobs her head a little too deeply.

I reread what I've written:

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

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

... However, there's been another, secret, side to my life; the side that lies behind my pseudonym, so to speak. The truth is that my kink life hasn't all been in my imagination."

I smile down at the top of M's head.

She makes me cum at exactly 12.23 and 40 seconds. It's a decent BJ. Nothing special but it does the job. Clears the pipes. She gargles and swallows and licks me clean. Then she looks up expectantly from between my legs.

"Seven minutes early."

She blinks in disappointment. "I'm so sorry Sir."

"Spicy tomato juice."

She rushes off to the kitchen to make my drink. I retie my dressing gown round my waist and send my latest draft of the document to the printer. Once it's printed, I join my wife on the patio. I'm admiring her painting of a garden scene when M hurries outside with our tray.

We take our drinks; tomato juice with Tabasco and lemon for me, a cold Sauvignon Blanc for Sarah, plus two glasses of iced water.

"Can you count?"

“Y ... yes Sir.”

“Is 90 the same as 83?”

“No Sir.”

“When I say ninety minutes, I mean ninety minutes!”

“I’m so sorry Sir.”

“Bend over and raise your dress.”

Meanwhile, Sarah picks up my printed draft and starts reading aloud from the Prologue.

“She tells me her name is Melanie. After a couple 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.”

I pick up a bamboo from the garden trug and swish it through the air. It makes a whooshing sound. M has lifted the hem of her dress onto her back, exposing her buttocks.

“She’s 37,” Sarah continues reading, “divorced with no children, and currently single with no ties. She wants to explore her submissive desires and fantasies. And she wants to explore them with me. For at least a year or two. With no pre-agreed end date.”

Whoosh ... thwack!

I guess it’s time to update everybody how she’s getting on.

CHAPTER TEN

POSTSCRIPT

I finished the draft up to this point in late August, before I submitted book one ('What Lies Behind') for publication. Since then, the lockdown rules have relaxed further, vaccines have continued, the days have got shorter and the evenings darker, but life hasn't really changed that much.

Certainly it hasn't for M.

Her own days are as long as ever. 05.00 to 23.00 seven days a week. She's had one day off (for migraine) in ten months plus a few TSD enforced 'rest' sessions (total sensory denial). Her 39th birthday came and went without any acknowledgement at all. Last year we made a fuss. This year we purposely didn't even mention it

Our family visited us over the late-August Bank Holiday weekend. M stayed at a nearby Airbnb but still came to work daily, as our 'normal' housekeeper, obviously without any kink. Our kids approved; they said they thought Melanie was 'charming' and 'hardworking'!

The Airbnb where she stayed in our village is a barn conversion owned by friends of ours. He's into DIY and this couple did much of it themselves during lockdown. It has 3 double bedrooms and is getting popular with guests. But he and his wife aren't young and they were already getting depressed about the amount of changeovers they were doing, cleaning and ironing, especially 'same day changeovers', when guests leave at 11 a.m. and new ones arrive at 4 p.m.

One evening they invited us round for a drink and we were discussing their problem. We volunteered Melanie's assistance (our vanilla circle knows our housekeeper by her real name), saying we didn't really need her fulltime and she could use the extra income. Our friends were delighted and asked us to check with Melanie.

We told M as soon as we got home. There was no discussion. Her time is ours to use as we wish. We said she'd have to fit it in on top of her existing duties. Since then, on average her Airbnb cleaning now takes 10-12 hours a week depending on the number of changeovers and how the barn is left (ie. if the kitchen grill and cooker were used, the state of the two bathrooms, how many beds need changing, etc.).

Each changeover takes her anything from 3 to 5 hours and there are usually two but sometimes three per week. Naturally the work is entirely vanilla. On required days, M walks there mid-morning (after check-out) and cleans everything, changes beds, scrubs bathrooms and the kitchen, leaves the place immaculate. She wears a navy blue 'vanilla' tracksuit with her hessian knickers and bra underneath. She also wears a surgical facemask and latex gloves for hygiene reasons.

Sarah and the wife of the couple occasionally pop in to say 'hi' and to check progress. But the actual guests are the best barometer. They rate the cleanliness and presentation out of 5 and M always gets 5-stars. She brings the laundry back to us and does several more hours, washing and ironing the bed linen and towels.

When M gets home mid-afternoon, she changes back into her maid's outfit and gets straight to work, making up for all the time lost. She prepares lunch before leaving our house, on the days when she has an Airbnb changeover. Sarah and I eat it alone and leave the plates and mess for her to clear when she returns. We give her no credit for the lost hours. We don't even acknowledge her absence.

"Why hasn't the ironing been finished yet?" Sarah asks.

"I'm sorry Mistress. I'll do it as fast as I can."

"Get on with it you lazy cow."

"Yes, Mistress."

"And my loo's in a heck of a state." I add. "It's been like it for hours."

"I'm sorry Sir. I'll do it as fast as I can."

I smile inwardly. It's in a heck of a state on purpose; not flushed, skid marks dried to the porcelain, soggy tissue in the pan, towel and magazines on the floor. Like the worst kind of motorway service station toilet.

"No you won't. I need a blowjob first. I've been horny since lunchtime. Get down and blow me now and then you can clean the loo as soon as I've cum."

“Yes, Sir. Of course.”

When we first met M in January 2020, we discussed her career, her rented flat and expenses. In short, her professional career’s been put on hold. She is a ‘housekeeper’ now, or a cleaner, maid and slave, with a bit of unpaid whoring thrown in.

She moved out of her rented flat and put her stuff in storage when she came to live with us. She still has her bank account but we handle all of her minimal overheads such as her storage fees and phone contract. Obviously we house, feed and clothe her as well, without charging any rent. So she has no use for cash.

The deal with our friends is quite straightforward. Airbnb guests pay a £45 cleaning fee and our friends hand this amount in cash over to us ‘for Melanie’, plus £5 to cover our water and electricity for the laundry. So we receive £50 per booking of theirs. So far it’s amounted to £100 or £150 a week, about a grand in total. We keep the banknotes in a jar in the kitchen and use it for anything we need cash for, like visits to the local shop and post office, buying stamps, cat food, beer, that kind of thing. M can see cash building up and casually being spent. Naturally she’s very grateful for the workload but she has no need of the money itself. (We do keep a record too. Sarah will probably declare the net income on her own tax return).

As the nights draw in, we start to become conscious of something M said right at the start. She wanted an arrangement with us that has no pre-agreed end date but at the time she envisaged ‘*at least a year or two*’. We are now approaching the end of her second year. But none of us raises the subject. M doesn’t mention it and nor do we. She’s ‘off the radar’ as regards her old social circle and employment. Sarah and I think a third year looms.

A number of people messaged me after the publication of ‘*What Lies Behind*’. Somebody called Maria Luisa said it was ‘*beautiful and intriguing*’. She liked that M is almost forty ‘*who, every day, has the sole task of washing, cleaning, ironing, cooking and serving. No dreams.*’ Her message struck a chord. I replied as follows:

“I found two words in your email very poignant. When you said ‘no dreams’. In some ways that’s the life of a maid and skivvy, without conventional ambitions. But in other ways she’s now ‘living the dream’ that she’s had for most of her adult life.”

I went on to say that something Sarah and I have discussed privately is what M’s life will be like after she leaves us. Will she be able to cope with ‘normal’ again? Obviously, she can’t stay with us forever. We all know that. Not into our very old age or hers. But that’s a problem for the future.

I don’t want M to have any regrets. We don’t believe she’ll regret all the washing, cleaning, ironing, cooking and serving, or even the sex. But at some level she’s steadily being mentally conditioned as a slave. Not only having slave fantasies (which she’ll never be rid of) but now actually thinking like a slave too. I currently feel her 40th birthday next August is some kind of deadline. She needs to return to living a real life in the real world. Before it’s too late.

Another correspondent, Jack, suggested that we purchase some clothes for M from charity shops. We haven’t done that yet. But there are regular weekend car boot sales in the area where we live and, since lockdown eased, they’ve sprung up again. Sarah’s particularly good at picking stuff out (like most men I don’t have the patience to browse!). For example, M’s ‘vanilla’ tracksuit, some underwear, exercise kit and trainers all came second or third-hand from car boot stalls. Sarah takes a flexible attitude to sizing and fabric. She chooses tatty garments in manmade fibres that literally cost pence from the ‘bargain box’. Obviously vendors tend to wash them before they bring them to sell but it would be fun to find a few used, unwashed knickers, thongs and bras with colourful stains on them. We’ll keep looking.

Meanwhile, the relaxation of lockdown rules has ironically made it harder, rather than easier, to ensure M still gets a variety of cock. For one thing, vanilla people are now more likely to drop round without warning. We don’t want M to be entertaining six old blokes when the vicar pops by with a leaflet!

There’s more general activity outside, in our neighbourhood and beyond. We live in a very private setting but there are more people about a bit further afield and at the local railway station. And M’s group of admirers are generally busier and more distracted. They have jobs and lives. Some are undoubtedly bored of her.

Nevertheless, a handful of regulars continue to step up to the plate; Maurice, Rahul, Jock and a couple of others. Lesley has visited again with her strap-on. To encourage people we allow them to live out their own fantasies. They bring special wardrobes for M to wear; nurse, secretary, bunny girl, catwoman, 50 shades, navy officer and, inevitably, schoolgirl. They bring props like speculums and medical kit, riding crops and huge dildos, water pistols and funnel gags. Fantasies include every kind of perversion including some I can't or won't write about here.

It's remarkable to reflect on the woman who arrived to spend a weekend with us in January 2020; an inexperienced, almost prudish divorcee on the surface, an anal virgin, a beginner at oral, and a missionary position lover. Her 34D tits had never felt the sting of a plastic ruler or a clothes peg on her nipples. Her pussy was more used to her own fingers than throbbing cocks. Her throat had never once tasted semen.

Naked she doesn't look so different now, apart from her piercings and tattoo. Her anal whorl has undoubtedly changed. Anybody 'in the know' would recognise a woman who takes it up the ass. Her labia protrude more than they did. But in essence she's visibly the same woman.

But scratch the surface and you'll find a slut, an unpaid whore; a cunt that's absorbed literally miles of different meat, a throat that's drunk litres of diverse cocktails, an anus that can stretch to accommodate the largest guys without her even blinking. Photos and videos have recorded her doing all this and more, with some men twice her age, and others only a little over half her age, and with women too.

I sometimes daydream about M when she's in her 70s; an old woman with all these memories. I once heard a wise joke; nobody arrives at the gates of heaven and says "*You know, Saint Peter, I wish I'd had less sex in my life!*"

Leaving aside that the joke misses out a few hookers and others who might well feel otherwise, I think the point holds true. Sex is part of why we're here. Live it while you can. Many people probably wish they'd had even more sex and not less! M certainly wishes she had more during her 20s and 30s.

On days when more than one 'regular' visits us but they don't arrive at the same time, we encourage guys to hose her face. Nothing says 'a slut lives here' better than M opening the front door for the next visitor with cum dripping off her forehead and cheeks. She finds facials very humiliating. She'd much rather swallow than take a load on her chops and walk around like that. It's funny how certain things gnaw at somebody's pride and other things don't.

She also dislikes a certain kind of paddling that Maurice recently came up with. We tie her down on her back with her legs up and over, so that her knees almost touch her shoulders. This 'beached crab' position presents her buttocks and anus upwards with her face staring up at us between her thighs.

Then we sit round and chat with her trussed like a turkey in this position. Sometimes we insert a wax candle into her anus and light it, so that the wax runs down into her crevice. Then, whoever's there takes turns whacking her bare buttocks and smirking down at her. Maurice came up with the idea of making her sing aloud, such as Britney Spears' "*Hit me baby one more time*". Any flat notes or loss of time results in another drum roll on her reddening butt. M hates being teased and paddled like this. It gnaws at her self esteem in a way that bending over for the cane doesn't.

Finally, our attitude to M's chastity has evolved since the summer. There's no particular reason. We just started enjoying seeing her orgasm; great pulsating, toe-curling and face-distorting climaxes that are as enjoyable for her audience as they are for her. Her cunt gets used now much more than it used to. We don't focus on her bottom any more. She's learned to accommodate triple penetration; anus, vagina and mouth at the same time. One day we plan to see if she can manage the porn star's legendary 'pentagon'; serving 5 guys at once using her three orifices and both hands. But that's something still for her future. For now, we ask ourselves ...

What lies before us?

THE END?

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

AN ESSAY: M FOR MASOCHISM

This essay isn't really meant to be part of the book. Please don't read it as such. I wrote it for my own interest and have cut and pasted and tweaked my notes for readers who might find the topic interesting as well.

Background

A few weeks after M moved in with us, back in February and March 2020, I began to wonder what might have caused her masochism; nature or nurture, or even something else? Was it (a) all to do with some genetic disposition of hers towards an enjoyment of 'pain' (using the concept of pain in its broadest sense)? Or was it (b) at least partly triggered by some trauma or event in her past? Had somebody, or something, caused it?

Over the following year and a half, I've revisited this broad question, as I've got to know inside M's head better, have studied her intently, and have done some background reading. Of course, I've also been forced to confront my own sadism, or what I like to think of as merely my 'sadistic disposition'. Where does it come from? Was I born with it inside me? Please note that I'm not a medical or psychology professional and I'm not claiming to be right, or wrong, but am merely interested in the question.

Statistics

According to meta-analysis of online research, BDSM fantasies (and hence 'urges') are common in both males and females, with between 35 and 70 percent of the population having such fantasies and around 20 percent actually engaging in physical BDSM acts of some sort. So next time you're on public transport (bus, tube, subway or whatever), think about that; at least one of the two people either side of you has similar kinky thoughts to you! And one in five of them has done more than just think about it.

There's some evidence to suggest that sexual masochism may be unevenly distributed around the world and it's most common in the affluent West, though there's been less study of it outside of 'Western countries' to prove that point. I can think of several reasons why masochism might be more common in London and New York than a village in Africa or Indonesia.

According to research, people who actually engage in BDSM acts are most often (i) white (ii) well educated and (iii) young. But much less research was being done when current oldies (say aged 60+) were young so it may be older people can only think about it now, as opposed to engaging in it too!

The internet has created sexual opportunities for kinksters that previous generations never had. The ability to seek out a compatible partner into, say, 'panty-sniffing' or 'violet wands', 'sex in video-store porn rooms' or being 'choked by cock' simply didn't exist until 20 years ago (those are all random fetishes anybody can search for on Fetlife).

Individual sexual studies have found similar stats to meta-analysis, although most research has focused on BDSM generally and not masochism specifically. Both US and UK studies conclude that between 5 and 15 percent of people ADMIT to having ENGAGED in BDSM. Assuming some others are shy or in denial, and others fantasise but don't act, these figures support a figure of 50 percent of western adults having power-based sexual fantasies of one sort or another.

There's a famous quote often attributed to Oscar Wilde; 'Everything is about sex. Except sex itself. Sex is about power'.

According to recent research, more women admit to fantasising about 'being dominated' (as distinct from masochism specifically) than men (65% in women, 54% in men), while more men report fantasising about 'dominating someone' than women (60% in men, 47% in women). Furthermore, more women actually desire to 'engage in masochism' than men (28% in women, 19% in men).

Allowing for the fact that research such as this has to be taken with a pinch of salt, and exact percentages are absurd, do we think that the broad conclusion might be correct? Females are more

‘submissive’ and more ‘into receiving pain’ than males? Personally I think it’s a dangerous conclusion. There are far too many moving parts. For example, even if the percentages were true, the trend may be narrowing. We don’t have figures for 20 years ago. In another 20 years time, the numbers may be equal. Also, BDSM and D/s are generic terms; mild bondage with your boyfriend using a few silk ties is very different from chains and whips with casual strangers.

Nevertheless, lets’ accept that lots of women (and men) have submissive and/or masochistic fantasies and a fair proportion of them want to do more than just daydream and masturbate.

Which will eventually bring us to M.

Defining Masochism

Masochism is defined as a psychosexual disorder in which erotic release (usually but not always orgasmic) is achieved through having pain inflicted on oneself. The term comes from our Austrian friend Chevalier Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (a male) who wrote in great detail about the satisfaction he gained from subjugation (by women) and the whip.

The result is that in the public mind masochism is too often focused on physical pain, flagellation and blood. But as I wrote above, ‘masochism’ is as broad as it is long, ranging from ritual humiliation with little or no pain, to brutal floggings that leave scars, via varying degrees of bondage, mental and emotional masochism, enforced denial and chastity, in fact anything involving a transfer of power that leads to some form of subjugation, suffering or pain. The transfer of power is always consensual. Let’s be clear; non-consensual activity is not BDSM.

One complexity that appears to have been researched very little is the concept of ‘the switch’. Humans are highly complex beings and many of those who are ‘into BDSM’ can enjoy both sides of the divide; as submissives one day but as dominants the next. This suggests there are many for whom the game (‘power transfer’) is actually the priority, rather than playing on one team or the other. My wife is undoubtedly one such person. We developed her submissive side over many years. But M’s arrival brought out Sarah’s dominant streak.

Defining M

Putting M into a simple ‘box’ would do her an injustice. She obviously seeks much more than a spanking over somebody’s knee. And she’s very different to a submissive girlfriend who wants to be fucked hard by her hot, Alpha boyfriend. M had much darker and more extensive fantasies well before she met us. Yes, my stories (and many others) drip-fed ideas into her mind over a period 15 years but other thoughts were already within her.

What M knew she wanted, above all, was a 24/7 existence and not occasional ‘scenes’. She wanted relentless, strict, even brutal discipline, and an austere regime. She wanted to be used and abused and neither thanked nor acknowledged afterwards. All those things are a form of masochism and a form of submission. But combined they’re all-embracing and, I suspect, unusual. I’m sure she’s not unique but she’s rare, indeed she’s special.

In return, Sarah and I were able to offer M a few things; firstly, safety and security. Masochists and slaves want to feel owned and protected. Even those who want to be ‘whored’ out don’t want to be raped, or worse. Secondly, we’re a married couple who would care about her but not get romantically involved with her. We’d provide her with the Victorian maid’s existence she wanted to experience plus the lack of warmth and thanks. Her subsequent hiatus with Brad proved to her that she doesn’t want traditional romance blurring the lines.

Good pain versus bad pain

Masochism is unique to mankind. Humans have a brain that can understand ‘benign masochism’. Masochists seek out ‘good pain’ knowing that it won’t cause them serious or long term damage. Bruises

on buttocks heal. But that's something that animals aren't capable of thinking. Animals always react to threats by choosing 'fight or flight'.

M's reaction to her routine with us has always been that it's ultimately 'benign'. Long hours, relentless toil, Spartan conditions, sloppy food, strict obedience; none of these things actually damage her (whatever handwringing do-gooders might think). That's her personal view. And for her it's not remotely sexist. She doesn't think she's like she is simply because she's female. Intellectually she's a feminist. Women are at least equal to men. There are men who similarly dream of being butlers and slaves to dominant ladies. M just happens to be female.

One difference between us is that she needs physical pain more than Sarah and I get off on inflicting it. It's generally held common sense that humans seek pleasure and avoid pain. But many don't. Even outside of BDSM, vanilla activities such as running marathons, rugby tackles and NFL scrimmages, getting tattoos and piercings, eating hot curries and suffering hangovers, all these and more involve pain. Many of us invite some form of pain or another in our lives. In some way the hurt is enjoyable; the numb tongue or vomited booze is a badge of honour. No triathlon competitor is considered kinky for saying 'bring it on'.

Some people seek out fear instead of pain. Being frightened is something common sense says we should all avoid. Animals don't like fear. But many humans enjoy watching a scary horror movie from behind our closed fingers, or climbing onto a sphincter-clenching rollercoaster ride. So there has to be something at work in human biology or psychology to make us desire these things.

But the populations of countries where pain and fear are a daily threat (eg. parts of South America, Africa and Asia) don't seek it out either. Who wants to be spanked today when you fear being arrested and tortured tomorrow? However, in the relatively comfy West, maybe many of us still have some innate need for pain? To suffer it or, perhaps, to inflict it?

How our bodies cope with pain

The link between pleasure and pain is deeply rooted in human biology. For a start, all pain causes the central nervous system to release endorphins – proteins which act to block pain and work in a similar way to opiates such as morphine, that induce feelings of euphoria.

Athletes and runners release lactic acid which is a by-product of the breakdown of glucose when oxygen is in short supply. Getting stitch in the sides or burning in the legs usually causes a competitor to slow or stop. Yet a runner's goal is to 'fight through the pain'.

It works as follows; the lactic acid irritates the pain receptors in our muscles. They send distressed messages up our spinal cord to our brain. But our brain reacts by messaging our hippocampus (the control centre of our nervous system) to summon up endorphins to fight back. Endorphins are our own, natural narcotics, or pain-suppressors. They bind themselves to the pain-receptors in our brain to prevent the signal transmitting pain.

Some people overcome pain through determination and willpower. They feel pain but refuse to give into it. Training can help us learn to cope with pain. The Olympic runner who wins a race in the home straight does it partly through (i) talent and partly through (ii) training, and partly through (iii) sheer bloody-mindedness, or the will to win.

Other people seem to produce more (or stronger) endorphins than others. Their endorphins swamp the pain more effectively. Hence that person actually feels less pain. They're the people of whom it's said they "have a high pain threshold."

But endorphins are more than mere pain-suppressors. They also stimulate the limbic and prefrontal regions of our brain. This is where our emotional life and behaviors, and our long term memory are all housed, where we react to our nostalgic memories or beautiful music, and where we conduct our love affairs. The endorphins trigger a 'rush' that follows pain. In athletes this post-pain rush is known as a 'runner's high' after finishing a race. Endorphins can be addictive. People crave a repeat of that rush.

But endorphins are only part of the body's weaponry. Adrenaline is instantly produced in response to competition, fear and pain. It raises our heart rate, making our defenses more alert and effective.

And then there's anadamide, a fatty acid and natural pain-killer that is a form of natural cannabis. Sometimes known as the 'bliss chemical' it doesn't so much block pain as confuses it. Movies often portray a person who's been stabbed or shot as smiling happily in those moments before they breathe their last. That's a portrayal of the warm, fuzzy sensation in our brain triggered by anadamide, similar to the feeling created by marijuana.

So when M's bottom is caned, her system has several layers of defense against any pain, aside from her sheer willpower. Endorphins suppress the hurt and trigger a rush. Adrenaline raises her heart rate and anadamide envelops her with a warm fuzzy sensation.

Why do humans have these things inside us? Scientists and historians believe mankind evolved them to survive. Our ancestors needed ways of coping with the painful exertion of a mammoth hunt or the immediate aftermath of an agonizing injury in combat.

We learn about pain, our tolerance of it, our ability to manage it, as we grow up. At first a toddler cries every time he or she falls over. But that phase soon passes. We learn how to fall and how to cope. Almost all young children dislike curry or chili at first. It's hot and painful on the tongue. Yet many of us learn to relish that same heat and spice as we get older. We discover that we can enjoy the temporary pain because we can control it. We know a curry won't cause us permanent harm.

Masochism and Sex

Which brings us back to the difference between 'good pain' and 'bad pain'. Burning thighs and a sizzling tongue feel like good pain to many people. And so can stinging buttocks. Runners get their buzz one way, curry-eaters from hot spices, and sexual masochists from CP.

Responsible sadists understand this well. 'Good pain' is part of the contract between BDSM participants. It can be 'physical pain' (the cane), 'controlling pain' (chores, denial) or 'emotional pain' (cuckolding), and the recipient wants it to hurt, but it's benign pain. Because it causes arousal; erections in a male, moist heat in a female.

'Bad pain' is totally different. It destroys arousal. It might be a pulled muscle during a bondage session or a humiliated cuckold unable to cope with the emotional trauma. This is why SSC (Safe, Sane, Consensual) exists. Why Limits should always be negotiated. To help partners differentiate between good and bad pain.

In a study using FMRI (Functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging), researchers monitored the brains of women as they masturbated themselves to orgasm. This was a normal cross-section of females, straight, bi, gay, vanilla, kinky, married single. They found that over 30 specific areas of the brain were active when these women masturbated, including those involved in pain. Furthermore, the facial expressions as they reached orgasm – particularly in women – are often indistinguishable from those in agony. *La Petite Mort* (the 'little death') as the French aptly call it.

That certainly holds true for M. During her time with us, we've been through various stages. Over her first few weeks we made her edge and masturbate and eventually climax for our entertainment. Then we trained her in strict and near total denial. Her labia were pierced to aid self control. She learned to provide oral and anal sex without receiving any conventional vaginal or clitoral reward.

But during the latter half of this year, we've allowed her to orgasm more often, but frequently combined with pain (and humiliation). One example is masturbating herself using a fingertip smeared with Deep Heat in front of a laughing audience. The intensity of her eventual orgasms, allied to her agonised facial expressions, suggest that in M's brain, pain and pleasure are intrinsically linked (perhaps more than most people?).

To return to the original question that I'm still pondering; why? Why M? Her parents were loving and neither excessively strict nor overly indulgent. She was never abused as a child or teenager. Nothing that happened in her early years can be considered a cause. She never looked at porn (visual or written). Her fantasies, such as they were at the time, were cliché romantic; dashing heroes and the like. Sex was not a concern in her life up to the age of 18.

She had one boyfriend before marriage who took her virginity and introduced her to penetrative sex. Her older husband was a loving man but with a low libido. It was during this time that her fantasies

seemingly evolved out of nowhere, from an acorn into an oak tree. She discovered erotica but doesn't blame porn for who she became. She says the kink was always there, lurking undiscovered, hidden deep inside her. She'd simply suppressed it since puberty. I can only take her word for it.

So it doesn't appear to be nurture or really even nature that created her psyche. Had she been a runner, she might have satisfied her need for pain by running marathons. Indeed one theory as to why any higher proportion of females might be drawn to sexual masochism is that fewer sporting options have historically been open to those that hunger for pain and the subsequent rush.

M's need for pain became bound up in a much bigger need for 24/7 suffering. There's no doubt that our treatment of her 'satisfies her'. She has no desire to 'end it' yet. In fact, she wants us to push even further, if we're comfortable with doing that. She actually 'enjoys' us doing certain things to her because we enjoy them (and she doesn't). The relatively vanilla 'people-pleasing' part of her personality has a desperate need to please us (and others).

When she first moved in, sex itself wasn't a major part of her fantasies or desires. She saw actual sex as a necessary evil, serving us and, eventually, others. But hard work, discipline and corporal punishment were her priorities. Being hooded when we first involved other people suited her. She could see them as the same nameless, faceless men from her fantasies.

Her sexual journey since has been a long one. We've taken her a very long way from her own fantasies. First the hoods came off and she could see the men attached to the cocks. Then the women attached to the cunts. She learned to use her mouth and anus and to expect nothing in return.

But most of all, it has been about her conquering that innate preference we all have for a taste; 'I don't like the taste of offal', 'I prefer slim guys', 'he's not to my taste'. It's been a battle because I'm not satisfied with her merely overcoming her physical distaste for fat, old, bald guys. I want to see something else in her eyes.

I want to see her total blindness to a person's appearance. For example, Gary, who was introduced to us by the 'friend of a friend' (one of M's original fans). He's only 43, not much older than M, but he's over 21 stone (300lbs), bald with stubbly, unshaven jowls, huge manboobs, and an immense, overhanging beer gut. Gary admits to not having had a girlfriend in 20 years.

I won't claim M was thrilled when she first saw him. Of course she wasn't. Especially when she first confronted him naked in his socks. But her expression remained neutral. She could appreciate Gary as just another male worthy of her service. Her own physical preferences are no longer relevant. He has a cock and balls and a requirement she can do something about. That's all that matters.

A year ago she'd have blown Gary and that would have been that. But now even that's not enough. She fucked him instead (her on top) and, yes, she reached orgasm. Her sexual goal was to learn how to climax from penetration alone and now she's achieved it.

So to answer my own question at the start of this essay; what might have caused her masochism; nature or nurture, or even something else? I don't know and ... does it really matter?

SECOND CHANCE

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This free short story was originally written for a handful of submissive ladies who were members of my old online story group. It was written by 'VG', my pseudonym for short stories, and I feel it displays a different side of me; in some ways, *the 'real me'*. It is written in the second person (ie. addressed to "you") and is part of a series of stories that all have 'Second' in the title. It contains around 4,700 words, a bit of mild torture and some NC sex.

SECOND CHANCE

02.23 hrs

You wake to a tremendous banging.

You glance at the digital clock in panic. The bedroom is dark and the sky outside is pitch black. It's the middle of the night.

The hammering continues. Your husband flicks on the bedside lamp. You blink at him. Both of you were fast asleep.

Daniel staggers out of bed and walks down the hall.

You hear his worried voice ask. "Hello? Who is it?"

"Stazi. Open up!"

You gasp. The police are at your door. Not just normal law enforcement. The 'Stazi'.

The State Security Police.

The door chain rattles and you hear Daniel sliding the bolt back.

Immediately loud footsteps echo in your hall. Heavy boots. You can just make out a man talking angrily to Daniel but not what they're saying.

Two men appear in your bedroom doorway. They shout at you.

"Out of bed, Now!"

You pull the sheet up to your neck.

"I ... I've nothing on ..."

One of them strides forward and rips the sheet from your grasp.

Suddenly you're naked in front of two fully dressed policemen. The bedside lamp shines bright enough for them to see everything. Both of them are younger than you.

"UP!" they shout in unison.

You climb off the mattress as fast as you can and stand holding your right hand across your bare breasts with your left protecting your thighs.

"Out."

They march you naked into the narrow hall where six more Stazi have handcuffed Daniel. He's wearing just underpants. You prefer to sleep nude.

You are both escorted down the concrete staircase of your apartment building to the dark, deserted street below. Fortunately it's summer and the temperature is mild. A black van is waiting, its engine still running, with yellow headlights on.

"In."

Rough hands push you through the open doors in the back of the van. There's a cage inside, enough for maybe four people, made of metal grilles. Daniel is shoved in on top of you.

The state policemen clamber into the front and rear seats. Doors slam. They ignore you and start chatting, laughing, lighting up cigarettes. The driver kicks the van into gear and, through lattice of the back window. You watch the apartment block and your previous life disappear.

Forever.

Of course, the moment would be terrifying if you were innocent.

But it's even worse when you know that you're guilty.

At least - if wanting to flee the country you had the misfortune to be born in for a better life elsewhere - *a second chance* - is a crime then you and Daniel are both guilty. You've been secretly, silently planning for months. Researching the best ways it might be possible to illegally cross the border from East to West.

And now your plan's been found out.

Somehow.

The Stazi Headquarters is a monstrous, brutalist piece of architecture. Twenty stories of grey concrete and smoked glass windows. Its dreaded black vans enter and leave like vermin, via an underground car park.

"Out!"

Two uniformed men drag you both out of the back. They seem only vaguely disinterested in your nakedness. You are 38 and proud of your body, of your face, but their eyes seem not to notice. They even seem to look right through you.

Except for one of them. He's younger, ferret-like, with a long nose and jutting yellow teeth. He makes sure that his roving hands touch your bottom and hips and even your bare bosom.

Daniel is pushed ahead of you. He's handcuffed and being pulled along. You follow behind with a couple of the Stazi holding your elbows.

You wait at the bank of elevators. Steel doors slide open. You notice you're at the G-minus-3 level. Three floors underground.

Suddenly a dark woollen hood is pulled over your head.

You can no longer see.

You lose track quickly after that.

Pulled and pushed and spun around, you enter the lift, go up, or maybe down inside it, are marched out, down a long corridor, up some stairs, into another lift, up or down, again you're not sure, along a second long corridor, pushed and tugged and mauled the whole way.

Throughout, you have only two thoughts in your mind.

One hope.

One dread.

You dare to *hope* that Pavel might somehow be able to help.

And you *pray* that you won't be raped.

It is a futile prayer, of course. Very few women enter the Stazi Headquarters and exit without having been sexually abused. Even past your first flush of youth, you know you're nice-looking enough to attract attention. But somehow optimism sustains you.

Still hooded, you hear a rattle of chains, your arms are pushed upwards, metal secures your wrists. Now you're hanging almost on tiptoe.

Moments later, hands brush your legs and more metal is fastened around your ankles. Your legs are secured wide apart. Obscenely wide apart.

Then you sense men leaving the room and a metallic door slams.

Silence.

What seems like maybe an hour passes. Although time is distorted so in fact you have no real idea how long you hang there.

Suspended, spread-eagled, uncomfortable and totally blind.

And then, eventually, you hear footsteps, a metallic clunk, and voices.

Two, no three, people; two men and a woman.

"What do think about this one?" a male voice chuckles.

“Not bad. Body-wise anyway. Let me see her ID photo.”

“Mmm ... yeah, this one’ll do.”

Hands touch you everywhere. Your hips first, your breasts, nipples, neck. Multiple hands and fingers exploring, evaluating. One of them is behind you probing your spine, buttocks and anus. Another is in front, a finger trailing down your abdomen to your vagina.

You can’t close your legs or thighs. You hang there like a carcass.

“What’s she in for?”

“Planning to flee. With her husband. That guy in Room 77.”

Somebody laughs.

“Oh shit. The one who’s already been castrated?”

“That’s the one. Fucker cried like a pig.”

You listen to them, stunned, not knowing how to react.

Daniel castrated?

Fresh tears prick your eyes inside the dark hood.

“Then this pussy’s going to need some new dick.”

“Yeah and plenty of it!”

Fingers open your dry labia, peeling you open like a piece of fruit.

You hear three different laughs; a male snort, a throaty chuckle and a female cackle.

And then you hear different footsteps, another metallic clunk, and you sense your three tormentors snapping to attention.

“Thank you colleagues. I’ll take over from here.”

You gasp into the claustrophobic hood.

“Yes, Sir!” the voices reply.

“I will see to this bitch personally.” A familiar voice snaps.

It is Pavel.

The hood is pulled off your head. You blink and try to focus in the bright light.

Daniel’s oldest friend is standing there, staring at you.

His face is like thunder. His dark eyes stare at you coldly. Then he looks you up and down. He has never seen you naked before.

There is another man standing next to him. Even though it’s still the middle of the night both men are dressed in the dreaded coal-black and silver-trim uniforms of the Stazi secret police.

“So, cunt,” he hisses, “you planned to leave your country.”

He emphasizes the rhyme in ‘cunt’ and ‘country’.

“P ...” you start to say his name but, before you can even get the word out, his gloved hand viciously strikes your jaw. He obviously thinks you were going to beg him ‘p ... please’.

Bells ring in your head and pain shoots through your teeth.

“Do NOT speak bitch, unless you are told to.”

Both men exchange cruel smiles with each other. They appear of similar ages. But whereas Pavel is tall and handsome with neatly trimmed dark stubble along his jaw, the other man is an ugly cliché; very short, very fat and very pale.

Their eyes slowly gaze down your naked body.

“This one looks worth a second glance?” The fat one says.

Pavel sneers at you. “There must be better than *this* tonight.”

“I don’t know, I quite like her.”

The ugly one reaches out a hand and cups your left tit, kneading it with his fleshy fingers. His thumb and index finger squeeze your nipple painfully.

Pavel grins and takes a step forward, shoving his hand down between your legs. His eyes stare at you coldly, without any shred of recognition.

“Yes.” He enthuses. “You’re right. Let’s give this bitch a thorough going over.”

You start to speak again and his gloved fist backhands your cheek. He snarls with impatience.

“You can talk when we interrogate you. Until then, silence! Fetch a gag.”

The fat officer grins and you watch him waddle to a tall cabinet that’s fixed to the wall.

For the first time you glance around the room. It’s a windowless cell. Bright strip-lights cast a stark glow onto the grey walls. There are rows of instruments of torture hanging from hooks; whips and sticks, canes and belts, chains and ropes, clips and clamps.

You notice a foul hole in the corner. It’s a drain, with a coiled hose, ready to wash away whatever fluids cover the concrete floor. There’s even toilet paper on a roll screwed to the wall near the drain. The room stinks of fear and you notice a whiff of disinfectant you hadn’t detected before.

Next to the tall cabinet is what looks like a mobile generator. It’s a black box with red trim mounted on a trolley with wheels. There are various cables dangling off it.

The officer opens the cabinet and you see the shelves inside, groaning with more instruments of pain; hoods and masks, pliers and screwdrivers, boxing gloves and heavy boots. There are funnels and even what looks like an oval toilet seat, and headphones with video equipment.

The man removes a black rubber ball with straps.

“This will shut the bitch up.”

Pavel stands behind you and buckles the ball into your mouth, fastening the straps at the back of your head.

“Lower her.”

You are suspended on tiptoe, in an ‘X’ shape, your arms and legs outstretched. You hear a rattle of chains lowering you and mercifully you are finally able to place the soles of your feet flat onto the floor.

The two men finger your vagina aggressively now. You trim your pubic hair but don’t shave it. Their sharp fingernails snag in your hairs, making you wince. Thumbs wrench your labia apart.

“Hah, at least this one didn’t get fucked by her husband last night.”

“Nice and clean and dry. Just how I like them.”

“No, my friend, let’s not fuck the bitch yet.” Pavel grins, eyeing you coldly. “Her husband will never fuck her again. So it will be fun to make him watch us do it on his behalf. Besides, I fancy giving her some other pain first.”

You watch in dread as Pavel selects a vicious bamboo from the wall.

You lose control of your bladder and spray the concrete floor.

Flashback

It is summer, years ago. You are engaged to Daniel. Both of you are lying on a rug in a green field. It’s a simple picnic of cheese, salami, a loaf of bread, two apples, rough wine. You are talking about your upcoming wedding.

Pavel is to be Daniel’s Best Man. The boys have known each other since childhood. They are best friends. You like Pavel too. He’s tall and handsome and clever and driven. But your relationship with him has always been awkward. You can see his jealousy a mile off. His jealousy of Daniel and the fact that you have taken away his best friend. Nothing will ever be quite the same again between the two boys.

But you know the truth. It’s not really you that has come between the two of them. Their ambitions are different. Your fiancé Daniel is an idealist, a writer and poet. He wants to be a journalist. Pavel is a realist, ambitious, ruthless. He wants to join the Stazi, the dreaded State Police.

Now their loyalty to each other is merely loyalty to their shared memories.

And you can feel another jealousy. Pavel’s interest in you. He’s envious of Daniel. A woman always knows. But he doesn’t want to love you. No, he simply wants to fuck you. It’s there in his eyes. One time he even grabbed you, tried to push you up against the wall, when Daniel was fetching a bottle from the kitchen. But you knew that if you said anything to Daniel afterwards, nothing would ever be quite the same between the two boys again. So you stayed silent.

And that was the first and only time he’d tried anything.

Until now.

Now he has his second chance.

The cane makes a whistling sound behind you as Pavel tries a practice swing.

The other officer is standing in front of you. His fat round face is only inches from yours. He has lit a cigarette and he exhales grey, acrid smoke in your nostrils. His black shirt bulges against his belly.

You hear a second screech of wind a split second before a flame lights up your backside. The pain is everywhere, not only where you were hit. Your brain explodes into a galaxy of shooting stars.

You watch the obese officer's ugly face blur in front of you. He's smiling.

Thwack!

After that, the endless whooshes and cracks and your own internal screams merge into a cacophony of terrible noise and scorching agony. The gag in your mouth means that you can only slobber and squeal, but your imagined bawling sounds loud inside your head. You soon lose count of the blows. At some stage you are aware of Pavel now standing and watching you, and you realize the other man has taken over the cane.

Pavel's eyes seem to stare but you can't focus with the pain and tears streaming down your face.

Until, at last, it's over. You notice silence first. Or a kind of hush, behind the whirring in your brain and your slobbering and retching. The cracks of the cane have ceased. But their fiery blaze remains.

Both male faces appear out of the flames in front of you.

Pavel reaches out and gently wipes a tear from your eye.

"How was that, cunt? That's what happens to girlies who plan to leave our beautiful country."

Once more he emphasizes the rhyme in 'cunt' and 'country'.

"I think we'll have a little fun with these next."

The fat officer reaches out and squeezes your left breast.

Moments later, there are steel alligator clips fastened to your nipples. They dig into the helpless nubbins of flesh. The clips have thin steel chains with hooks on them.

Pavel grins and hangs a circular metal weight onto the hook dangling below your right breast. The other officer immediately hangs one off the left.

"Big tits like these should be able to support a heavy load."

They laugh and quickly add two more weights to each side, until your breasts are horribly stretched and your nipples look like pieces of elastic. You gasp into the gag, pleading with them wordlessly.

"Now, my little cow. Swing those udders."

You don't understand at first. But Pavel is holding the cane threateningly.

Realising what they want, you start to rock your body, setting the weights swaying, slowly at first, then faster like pendulums.

"More, cow! Higher."

Somehow, you shift your body faster, swinging the weights higher.

Pavel walks to the cabinet. You try to focus on him. He comes back carrying a tube. Some kind of ointment. Maybe it's antiseptic for the wounds on your buttocks?

"Let's heat up that cunt, shall we?" he smirks.

No! You stop rocking and try to dodge his hand. His index finger is covered in white cream. It is between your thighs. He swabs it inside your vagina.

The pain is intense. It starts like a struck match but almost instantly turns into a roaring inferno. The heat in your buttocks is nothing compared to this new agony in your vagina. You feel your head spinning, unable to breathe and then the lights go out.

Mercifully, all is dark.

You awake, what seems like much, much later, in a stinking cell.

It is murky, but you can make out other bodies. All are lying or hunched on the concrete floor. The cell is very small. Every inch is covered by naked humans. All of them are female.

The woman next to you is dabbing a cloth on your back.

“Ssh.” She whispers. “It’s carbolic soap and water. It helps clean the worst damage. Prevents infection.”

She looks a similar age to you. Mid-thirties. You smile weakly, to thank her.

Your buttocks, thighs, breasts, nipples, vagina, clitoris are all sore.

“H ... long?” you manage to whisper.

She pouts. “A few hours. They threw you in here a while ago but all of us soon lose track of time. You were unconscious. You began some delirious sleep-talking a while ago.”

“I d ... did?”

“Yeah, about a ‘Daniel’, and a ‘Pavel’. You kept murmuring something about wanting a ‘second chance’.”

You force another grim smile. She continues to clean your buttocks.

“W ... was I ...?” you swallow, unable to ask.

“Raped?” she tilts her head sympathetically. “Not yet, poor thing. I’m afraid you still have that ordeal to come.”

You look around. There must be about a dozen naked women in the cell; all unconscious or sleeping, dazed or catatonic.

“All of us?”

She shrugs. “Various stages. You’re the newest. Last night’s intake. I’ve been here about ten days I think. That one over there’s been here longest. She’s three quarters gone.”

“G ... gone?”

“Yeah. Nobody leaves here alive, sweetheart. We just what’s called ‘... disappear’ or ‘... evaporate’. And by the time that comes, we’re pleased to disappear, I can assure you.”

You stare at her.

Disappear.

Evaporate.

They come for you later. You are allowed to shower, then are fed thin soup and stale bread, inspected by a female doctor in a white coat.

“We need you alive.” She smiles, patting your bare hip. “I have special instructions to keep you strong for all the fun the Deputy Chief has planned for you.”

You shiver, fearing that Pavel has now become the Deputy Chief.

“C ... can I ask ... the men? My husband?”

She laughs. “I’m only responsible for the females.”

You stifle a tear and she seems to take pity on you. She’s older, maybe fifties, with grey hair in a bun and half moon specs. She looks at her screen. You spot the name badge on her lapel says ‘Dr. Olga Nowak.’

“What’s his name?”

“Daniel. Somebody said he’s in Room 77.”

She arches her eyebrow. “Room 77. That’s code.”

“Oh ... what ...”

Her manner changes to brusque. She scans her screen for a second.

“I’m afraid I can’t find your husband’s name.”

Her eyes soften.

“But don’t get your hopes up.”

You have no idea what time it is when they come for you again.

You are marched to a different cell. There's a bed in the middle of it. An iron frame with four metal posts and a filthy mattress.

Your wrists and one ankle are cuffed to the posts, leaving you spread-eagled, face-up, with one leg free. Your mouth is gagged. The fresh scabs on your thrashed buttocks quickly stick to the soiled mattress.

The same overweight officer and Pavel are first to arrive.

"Ah ... if it isn't the wannabe tourist, planning to visit the West."

Until this moment you held out some hope that Pavel might be secretly trying to help. But you realize that's stupid. Life isn't like that. He fucks you without any ceremony. At least you spot just a sliver of shame in his evil eyes as he betrays his oldest friend.

He lowers his uniform trousers and shamelessly reveals an erection. He kneels on the bed and spits on his fingers, reaching down to lubricate you.

Then, you can't believe it. He winks as he thrusts inside you.

"How is she?" his fat colleague chuckles.

"Pretty good." Pavel grunts, accelerating his thrusts. "You've seen her husband in Room 77. She's nice and tight. The wimp has a tiny cock."

"And also no balls now!"

It only takes moments. You can tell you mean nothing to Pavel. He seems to jerk off inside you, polluting you with his disgusting seed.

You look sideways at the walls as he pulls out of you and tugs his black trousers up over his glistening shaft. You will not give him the satisfaction of acknowledging you.

The appalling, corpulent officer follows, almost crushing you under his weight. His stale breath stinks of tobacco and garlic. Physically he's more revolting than Pavel yet you actually hate him much less.

Then you hear Pavel speaking on his phone, summoning reinforcements.

"Yes, have every guard who's off-duty come down here now."

In all, fourteen more men visit your cell over the next hour or so. At one stage you recognize the young soldier with a long nose and jutting teeth. You remember he was part of the team that arrested you. You have no idea how many days or nights ago that was now. His ferret-like face smiles in triumph as he pulls out, leaving his trail of slime behind.

Eventually a total of sixteen men have used your naked body as if it were no more than a soggy cumrag.

Later, after some sleep, you are showered again, fed more soup and bread, and milk this time, and inspected by the same female doctor.

Dr. Olga Nowak is very matter of fact.

"Sixteen men, it says here?"

You nod. Lifeless.

"All in your vagina? No anal or oral? Yet?"

You can't even summon the strength to nod.

She smiles, kindly, lowering her voice.

"I have news of your husband. He's alive."

You're barely able to compute her whispered words.

"Stay strong. It won't be long now."

This time her words penetrate the fog in your brain.

"N ... not long?"

Her blue eyes stare at you.

"You won't have to suffer much longer. I'm afraid you're down for an early ... *evaporation*."

You are lying in the stinking cell with another dozen women when two guards arrive and summon you.

“Come.”

You are marched along a corridor, held by your elbows, feet hardly touching the ground. You climb stairs and then walk more until you arrive at a heavy door.

‘Deputy Chief’

There is a brass plaque with Pavel’s title on the oak door.

The guards open it and push you inside.

You are confronted by five men sat in a semicircle of chairs. Each is an officer dressed in black with silver trim, holding what looks like a glass tumbler of whisky. You recognize the fat officer, and also Pavel. There are three others.

Their ten eyes stare coldly at you.

“And this one?” A balding, older man seated in the centre asks.

“Planning to flee to the West with her husband.”

“I see. Sentence?”

“Torture. Gang Rape. Evaporation.”

“Excellent. No need for a grave for any family to visit.”

“How long?”

“I would think she’ll last about a week.”

You feel Pavel’s cold eyes staring at you. He finally speaks.

“Personally I see no reason to delay that long.”

This time they fasten you face-down.

It’s the same cell, the same iron-framed bed, the same filthy mattress. Your own red blood has dried alongside paler, less recent stains. Both your wrists are cuffed. Both your ankles are left free.

You count ten men. One after the other they violate your anus, slapping the scabs on your buttocks, opening them up, drawing fresh blood.

You lie there and take it, praying for the mercy of ... *evaporation*.

Your final thoughts are of the husband you love so much before you slip into darkness. You realize that you’ll never see him again.

Later, much later, you wake to the same fellow prisoner cleaning your back and buttocks again with her cloth. She now looks half dead herself, with great raccoon eyes and swollen lips. One of her front teeth is missing.

“H ... how will I know ...?” you whisper.

“When it’s time?”

You nod.

“We never know. One day one of us is simply taken and she doesn’t return. A new one takes her place. That’s it.”

“How ... d ... do they do it?”

She shrugs, sighing. “Nobody knows. Bullet. Knife. Injection. The only thing everybody hopes for is that it’s reasonably quick.”

This time it feels different.

Two guards escort you along the corridor, up the stairs, down another hallway to a heavy door. They seem grimly determined.

‘Deputy Chief’

Using your semi-closed black eye, you manage to read the sign on the door. The same female doctor is waiting in his office with Pavel. She's holding a syringe. You catch sight of a black body bag on the floor.

So, this is it.

Evaporation.

Pavel addresses you while Doctor Nowak presses the needle to your arm.

"Despite appearances I have not forgotten our friendship. However, I'm afraid that minimizing your pain was the only thing I could do. My associates demand that every dissident suffers. And at least your suffering will be over now. As early as I could arrange it."

Your lip trembles, your eyes moistening.

"D ... Daniel?"

Pavel shakes his head sadly.

"You must have known you both signed your death warrants the moment you planned to flee. But at least you'll be reunited soon."

You watch him glance meaningfully at the imaginary sky.

The needle pricks your arm. You feel a slight pain but it doesn't hurt.

It's hopefully a release.

It is.

You start to dream.

Flashback

It is summer, years ago. You are engaged to Daniel. Both of you are lying on a rug in a green field. A simple picnic of cheese, salami, a loaf of bread, two apples, rough wine. You are talking about your upcoming wedding.

He suddenly tips you backward, both of you laughing. Your shoulders are on the rug and he's on top of you. His lips send heat coursing through yours, his urgent tongue invading your mouth. You feel him above you, the hardness of his groin, rubbing against your skirt.

You glance upwards at the sky.

You are a virgin. Until this moment.

He's fumbling with his belt. You're hitching up your skirt.

His penis enters you. It doesn't hurt.

It's hopefully a release.

It is.

You awake in an ocean of white.

Is this what heaven is really like? You make out a sea of clouds; *white* sheets, *white* walls, *white* blinds, a nurse in a starched *white* uniform.

She looks down at you. Her vivid blue eyes are full of kindness and care.

"Wh ... where ...?"

She puts her finger to her lip. "Ssh .. don't speak more than is necessary. You're in the West. Both of you."

And suddenly you turn and see there's another bed in the room. It is all white too. Pillow case, sheets, cover, bandages.

"He'll be fine." The nurse says kindly. "A big bandaged bump on his head but he'll be okay."

You look at Daniel's unharmed, calm, sleeping face directed towards you. You look again at the nurse for reassurance.

"A few cuts and bruises on his body. But nothing worse."

And then she reaches in the pocket of her white uniform and takes out a small piece of paper. She gently passes it to you.

“They found this hidden in the body bag when you were discovered.”

You take the note from her. You recognize the black crest and silver trim. Fingers shaking, you read the neat script.

My dearest friends,

I'm so sorry I couldn't do more for you. That I couldn't spare you both completely. But I knew my plan would be discovered unless everything appeared as brutally normal. My friend Olga helped me arrange everything.

You and I chose our different paths a long time ago. Sadly we will never meet again. But you will always be in my heart. Enjoy your second chance in the West.

You have now both evaporated.

Your friend, always.

Pavel.

THE END