



Game
Set
&
Match

Miss
Irene
Clearmont



Game Set & Match *by* Miss Irene Clearmont.

An *adult* tale of female domination.



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Whoever said, 'It's not whether you win or lose that counts,' *probably lost*.

Martina Navratilova

No one rejoices more in revenge than a woman.

Juvenal

The character 'Sheikha Tasnim' was used with permission from Clare Penne and her wonderful stories 'My Passage To Womanhood'. This story is dedicated to Clare without reservation! - Irene

Game Set & Match.

Extracts from 'All Stars and Hollywood' magazine, the 'magazine for the followers of fashion, film and sport'.

05.05.2011 By our Sports Reporter Josie Fladden

So here we go again as Fazia Muta, the little rich Arab girl of tennis was spotted outside 'Miss Domina's' discothèque in fashionable, central LA with Dave Sharparov. What a couple! She is one of the hot three contenders to take the most silverware in the classics this year. He is ranked 50th in the world, but all of us girls have to admit that he cuts a pretty tasty figure as a fashion model for his own new line of sports and casual ware, 'Highly Strung'.

The relationship, a match made on centre court, has been rumoured for over a year now but neither of the gorgeous pair have indicated that wedding bells are on the horizon.

08.06.2011 By our Sports Reporter Josie Fladden

So what was Dave Sharparov doing with Sally Freeman in Freeport in the Bahamas? Signed into the resort hotel under the name of Mr and Mrs Herman Strung they shunned the limelight and refused to be interviewed by your enquiring correspondent.

We can all speculate that the tempestuous relationship between Dave and Fazia Muta is all but over, but we were not able to confirm this as she refused to comment on why Dave and Sally are sharing a honeymoon suite for a week in the casino resort.

So it looks like they are only practicing for the nuptials to come, still practice makes perfect!

08.01.2012 *By our Sports Reporter Josie Fladden*

Now comes the grudge match, but the prize has already been won! It looks like gorgeous Dave Sharparov has chosen which tennis star belongs in his night sky. At last he has served Sally Freeman with a ring that is ace! With no call of 'out' from Fazia Muta, that sultry firebrand, the wedding looks set for June, just after the Dubai Classic. Here, we are looking forward to an all star wedding!

Unfortunately the Arabic princess uttered some angry words that we can only paraphrase here! It looks like Paris will be the field of combat that she has chosen to show her former lover that he made the wrong choice. Fazia plans to eject Sally from Paris with a grudge match that most commentators consider to be the upcoming game of the year.

Chapter 1.

Deuce In Paris.

“Deuce !”

The call from the umpire rang across the court and caused a ripple of applause as the two gladiators sized up against each other across the court. Fazia Muta and Sally Freeman were well matched in both skill and experience, with Sally needing just her service game to win the match.

Of course there was a lot of money at stake, there always is in the finals of a Grand Slam tournament, but what was really at stake were the places in the rankings as Muta and Freeman vied for the top seed.

Sally looked over at her opponent and smiled, she looked exhausted from chasing every ball and now she was ripe for the master stroke. Two bounces of the ball on the ground and the ball was tossed up to be blasted down the centre line for an ace.

This match had been promoted as the grudge match to end all grudge matches.

For a moment Sally glanced up at Dave in the stands and blew him a little kiss. This was so very sweet, the adrenaline left her floating in a sea of heightened awareness. Soon she would be the first seed, the gorgeous Dave Sarparov would be hers and she would have sweet revenge on the Arab bitch that had spent the last months insinuating to all the ‘celebrity’ press that Sally was nothing more than a whore who played second rate tennis.

Sally’s body arched and hammered the ball at her opponent.

Fazia had scarcely moved as the ball swept by her like a bullet to score another point for the increasingly confident Sally.

"Advantage Freeman," came the call.

The short Arab girl swayed gently. Her face shone with a sweat that betrayed her fear. The fear that she would lose, the fear that Sally had her on the rails.

The fear that *she* would look the fool.

With match point in Sally's hands she just had to win one more rally and the title and the prize was hers. She sized up the desperate light in her opponent's eyes as vulnerability showing its face and paused for just a couple of seconds to gauge her defence.

Sally longed to finish the contest with another ace, it would be so sweet to blast her opponent into kingdom come with the whole world watching.

On the other hand this was a delicate matter of tactics!

She made her serve, an aggressive toss of the ball with the left hand and a sweeping connect at the tip of the racquet's arc. The pace was slow, Fazia reached to return the bouncing ball and then pulled her racquet back as she saw that the ball had missed the line.

The crowd went wild as the umpire announced the result.

"Game, set, match, Freeman," he called.

Fazia could not believe her ears, surely the ball had been out of play? She raised her hand and spoke to dispute the call, but the umpire looked at the centre line umpire and then simply pointed out that she had used all three of her calls.

He started to call the points.

"Freeman in three sets, six, three. Two, six and six, two".

Fazia approached the net in a haze of confusion and anger whilst Sally tripped to the net with a little skip and hop as though she was about to jump over it in the time honoured manner.

The noise from the crowd and the announcements over the announcement system filled Fazia's head with the white noise of sheer anger and frustration. At the ultimate moment she had been robbed of the last point by a line judge who was probably staring at her legs rather than the centre line and now she had to bite down her fury and congratulate the woman who had beaten her by a chance of fate and not a fair call.

A hand extended towards Fazia and a supercilious smile played on the lips of Sally as they shook and walked to the small podium where the silver cup on its blocky base was ready to present to the winner.

"I know that it was out!" whispered Sally with a smile. "It serves you fucking right for insulting me last night in that television interview."

Fazia almost spat at Sally, the racquet felt like a weapon in her hand. A weapon that she could use to wipe the patronizing smile off that face, but she resisted the impulse with a clench of her hand.

There would be better moments for a settling of scores.

"I promise you that I will have my revenge..." Fazia whispered so quietly that it sounded like a hiss to Sally.

Chapter 2.

Foreplay In Dubai.

Fazia sat in her hotel room and contemplated the smooth sea that lay so far below the broad hotel window. Several local fishing dhows were setting sail, they looked like red smudges on the azure water with their sails billowing over weather beaten hulls.

With a sigh she glanced over her shoulder at the mute television that was displaying its soundless pictures of reporters and stories from around the world.

Tomorrow was a big match, all the physical preparation had been done now only the careful pre-match diet and mental approach remained to complete before she stepped onto the court against her quarter final opponent.

Then after the quarter final she would face Sally Freeman in the semis.

This was the last chance!

Why?

Because after the Dubai Classic would come the wedding and the sweetness of all that victory would be a sour taste after that shit, Dave, had hitched his wagon to Sally fucking Freeman.

The screen of the giant television flickered and showed a group of sports pundits behind a desk. Fazia switched on the sound and watched the discussion about the coming tennis matches.

"So, Bill, what about the American first seed hope, Sally Freeman, and the quarter-finals?"

"Thanks Mike. Well we have to assume that Fazia Muta will defeat the incumbent Czech champion, Illona Servoanova. Her form looks good, she is really piling on the aces and the double faults have dropped right out of sight. Of course Servoanova is also pretty hot at the moment, after all she is seeded at number seven and at these levels there is little between them."

"Bill! I'm thinking that Muta wants to get her hands on Freeman in the semis and that will provide the crucial difference in motivation!"

"Right you are, and what a match that will be. After the Paris scandal where the ball was clearly miscalled and out and Muta was not allowed to contest the call, she will be seeking to wipe the slate clean and prove that Arabic tennis has come far enough to provide a number one seed."

"So, a touch of revenge?"

"Certainly Mike. That's what it's all about, on and off the court!"

"Who do you fancy for the Dubai Classic Final, then, Bill? The local girl who has all the support of playing at home or the American rising star whose backhand volleys are like cannon fire?"

"For me, Mike, it's got to be Sally Freeman again!"

"Why's that Bill?"

"Well Freeman is three years younger and that means a lot at this level. She has the willpower and the physical staying power to last until the bitter end of the third set. I just don't think that Muta can find the mental and physical resources and she has no real answer to that backhand that Freeman uses with such confidence."

"So you think it'll go to three sets?"

"Yep, Mike. I think that fury and temper will give the first set to Muta before the sheer professionalism of the young American girl will win out and crush her hopes of being the local hero."

"Thanks for that, Bill. Let's move on to the Australian open and look at how golf sponsorship..."

Fazia switched off the television with an angry movement of the wrist. It all hurt so much, because it was the truth. She knew that the only person who had no fear to play against her was that cursed Sally Freeman.

Worst of all Sally would beat her in the semis and Fazia would have to hang her head in shame in her own country, beaten by the cursed American slut who had stolen her man.

A laughing stock.

That Dave had chosen to go with some other woman was not even the problem. After all Fazia had already given him the boot, it just had not been announced to the paparazzi! Dave had moved fast and made it look as if he had kicked Fazia into

touch and of all the open legged bitches in the world to choose from, he had hooked up with fucking Sally Freeman almost immediately.

Fazia turned to the window and watched the sun gradually setting over the shimmering waters of the gulf. A delicious thought was entering her head, the sketch of a revenge that would be so final that not even the thought of Sally Freeman would ever bother her again.

'Yes,' she thought to herself. 'I'm at home here in Dubai, I understand the rules here and you will suffer a thousand times for the humiliation that you have heaped on my soul.'

There were going to be a few difficulties, but already they were being side stepped in her mind and the delicious chastisement was taking shape. She knew the people who could help her, she knew that she would win hands down in Dubai. At once she felt lighter of mood and ready to act.

"Sally fucking Freeman is going to taste more than just a setback to her professional career," Fazia muttered as she reached for the telephone. "I'm going to end it and get that Dave back where he belongs. Under my rule! Then I'll kick him out like the dog that he is, on to the street where he belongs! If I want..."

Chapter 3.

Breaking News In Dubai.

"The latest headlines from Al Jazeera news in Dubai."

"The continuing crisis with Iran blocking the straits of Hormuz and attacking an American frigate in International waters has reached a

new milestone as calls by Republicans in the American Senate to attack Iran reached a new more serious level. We'll have more on that report after the strange story of the disappearance of Sally Freedman and her husband to be, Dave Sharparov."

"Both the American authorities here and the Ukrainian minister for foreign affairs have urged the Government in Dubai to give top priority to solving the strange circumstances that surround what may be a kidnapping. It has been suggested that terrorists have abducted the American number one seed tennis star and her Ukrainian boyfriend for political reasons."

"But, with the ongoing crisis in the gulf and the standoff between Iranian and American forces in the straits of Hormuz the story is looking to be pushed way down the list of priorities of the Dubai government as it seeks to prevent supporters of Iran from demonstrating their politics on the streets of the capital."

"So far all that we know is that Miss Freedman was travelling to her match at the Aviation Club for the quarter finals of the women's classic, one of the biggest single events on the tennis calendar. Unexpectedly she was joined by her husband to be, Dave Sharparov at the last moment. The local police report that they have found the car abandoned and signs of a struggle are clear near the abandoned vehicle."

"As soon as we have further news we shall be returning to this story. Meanwhile we go over to Abdul Sharif, who is on Kumsa reporting on

recent visible signs of the Americans stretching their military muscles in the waters of the Gulf.”

“Over to you Abdul...”

Chapter 4.

In The Net.

Fazia slipped into the dark limousine and the door clunked behind her. There were no reporters, no paparazzi and no fans to see her go. Firstly no rumours had been dropped, secondly the press had not been warned and most important, when a higher agent of the General Department of Punitive Establishment in Dubai wants privacy then that privacy is guaranteed.

After a few moments Fazia’s eyes adjusted to the dark leather interior that was lit only through the smoky glass of the windows. A woman sat opposite her, ensconced in the soft upholstery, legs crossed and a slim cigarette in her hand.

“Good Evening Fazia,” she said in English, but with overtones of a German accent.

Fazia was a little puzzled. She had been expecting to meet her cousin Abdhel Mummmed, after all he was her contact with the Punitive Police in Dubai.

“Who are you?” asked Fazia as she decided that perhaps not all was going as she had planned with Abdhel.

The woman smiled and pulled back the shawl that covered her long hair.

"My name is Gudrun. You could say that I am a specialist helping the Emirates to solve some of the 'people' problems that they have!"

Fazia sat back and tried not to show any concern.

"Well, I guess that you know who I am then!" said Fazia. "So, tell me, what aspect of this business requires the specific help of a beautiful foreign expert from the government?"

"About six months ago I was hired by the Omanis to train some of their, let us say, more discrete correctional institutes."

Gudrun let a small laugh escape at her use of the euphemistic approach to her explanation.

"After completing that overhaul of two institutes I was asked by the chief of the Dubai Punitive Establishment to help them with similar problems in one of their correctional establishments," she continued.

"I don't understand..." said Fazia. "I mean what has this got to do with Abdhel?"

"My dear girl, you really are just a little naive, are you not? If you ask one of the senior officers of the Dubai fifth directorate to help you solve a personal problem and if that person consents, then your personal matter becomes more than just a private problem!"

Fazia gulped as she realised that her idea to have Sally Freeman abducted for a couple of days and then released just before the match was starting to get beyond her control. If indeed it had ever really been in her control!

"Where are we going then?" asked Fazia.

"To the little establishment that I have been organising for the last few months. It is there that you will meet a couple of acquaintances of yours, because decisions have to be made about their future."

Through the darkened windows of the limousine Fazia could see that they were heading out of the city area of Dubai and were heading into the desert hinterland that stretched for hundreds of miles to the west of the city.

For ten minutes there was silence as Fazia tried to weigh up her companion. With her slight tan and the insignificant touches of makeup she could be taken for perhaps an Iranian or Eastern Arab woman, especially as she wore both *khimār* and *hijab*. Otherwise there was no sign, but the single dull metal ring on her ring finger and the obvious care of the manicure that adorned her finger tips with black and silver.

On the other hand, Gudrun knew all about the small girl who sat opposite her. She had read both the files and the cuttings and knew that Fazia represented what the authorities feared most of all in a woman. Successful, driven, temperamental and unlikely to be subdued and obedient like a woman of the Emirates *should* be. Worst of all she was intensely popular in the world outside the Gulf States. That made her an object of pride as well as an object of apprehension.

"How far into the desert are we going?"

"Just far enough!" replied Gudrun.

Another ten minutes and the car turned into what appeared to be one of the extensive date farms that were scattered in the

outer parts of the vast desert that makes up the Arabian peninsula.

Then a check point, a raised gate, a short gated tunnel and the car was in a dusty compound surrounded by high walls and forbidding walkways.

"This is not exactly Al Aweer jail," said Fazia as the door of the car opened and she stepped into the intense light that bounced off the walls of the compound.

"Al Aweer jail is the public face of Dubai," said Gudrun as she adjusted her veil and stepped out of the car. "It is the modern correction and retraining side of the state system. *This* is where personal enemies of the state and those who have upset the rich and powerful end up, when they have to fade from public view."

"You mean that Sally Freeman and Dave have ended up in this dusty compound?"

"Absolutely. What is more, they can never leave the system once they have entered it!"

"But the match? I have to play her!"

"Fazia, Fazia," said Gudrun. "Don't be so naive! Once the two *unbelieving* foreigners arrived here, under the supervision of the correctional police, they have become the property of the state. Or perhaps it is better to say that they now belong to whomsoever the state chooses to be their guardian!"

"Why have you brought me here to see this then?"

"Follow me!"

Chapter 5.

First Service.

The dusty outside of the buildings did not betray a hint of the up to date decor inside. The doors with their cracked glass windows opened onto the dusty little office with rusting grilles and furniture. Once admitted past the office with a camera-check the two women opened the door onto another world. Here was a stark modernity. A tiled corridor led them into a door where they had to wait for two minutes for their identity to be confirmed again.

"Actually the checks are done in Dubai City," said Gudrun. "That way there is no local establishment to threaten or bribe."

Fazia just nodded and wondered what she was doing here. After all once she knew about a place like this then she was forever under threat.

Gudrun looked down at her and knew what she was thinking. "You are being shown this for a reason. It is a lesson. Learn well and draw the correct conclusions!"

"The only lesson is that, *at the moment*, I am on the correct side of the bars. It could be otherwise!"

"Well done," came the reply.

At that moment the gate clicked and Gudrun opened the bars.

"We are now in the part of the prison where *you* do not wish to be acting the role of prisoner!" said Gudrun as she led Fazia into a corridor lined with doors with small glass windows set at eyelevel.

Fazia could feel a nervousness overcome her. A slight weakness in the knees and a light-headedness that left her a little breathless.

The German woman, still in the long robe but with the silk black headscarf around her shoulders, paused by one of the doors and glanced into the window.

"Good, very good. They really know how to organise a proper environment for training here," muttered Gudrun as she turned from the darkened glass and continued.

Fazia took a quick peek through the glass into the cell beyond. She caught a glimpse of a man wearing a hood lying curled up on the floor asleep. His body criss crossed with bruises and livid stripes that showed where he had been whipped or caned.

Two steps, and she had caught up with Gudrun who was just fitting a key into the next door along.

The door swung to reveal a cell like the previous one, but this one at least had a small bed, a cabinet and a couple of pictures on the wall.

Sitting on the edge of the bed was Sally Freeman.

She was wearing a short summer dress that was a luminous orange colour like the uniforms in American prisons. Around her neck was a plain metal collar, her feet were bare and there was no sign of the engagement ring that she had been wearing for the past few months.

Sally looked up and there was clear surprise when she saw Fazia looking into her cell.

"Fazia, what the fuck?" she said in shock.

"Mind your manners," retorted Gudrun and raised her hand a little as though she was considering slapping Sally's face. "Fazia is here to help decide your ultimate fate so it might just be a little politic to help her come to a decision that is in your interest as well!"

Fazia could see a tear gathering in the corner of Sally's eye and her compressed lips showed that she was almost at the point of tears.

"As far as I am concerned Miss Sally Freeman should never play tennis again. Otherwise I don't give a flying fuck what happens to the slut," said Fazia. "It is Dave Sharparov that I want to get my hands on!"

Sally looked up at Fazia and then at Gudrun.

"What happens to me now?"

Gudrun reached out and patted Sally on the head in an almost proprietary way. Her fingers pushed a few strands of hair back and then drifted down Sally's cheek to end cupping her chin.

"My dear girl, I have had so many requests for you that I may well have a problem deciding exactly where you are to go next. At any rate you will soon find out who is the lucky man or woman who will be your owner."

A small shiver past through Sally's frame and the tear finally loosened and ran free down her cheek.

"Don't cry little Sally! Don't cry! If you are lucky you will find yourself a good owner who will look after you and see to all your needs."

Fazia was taken aback. She had imagined that this was only a temporary situation, nothing like this had ever entered her head when she had spoken to Abdhel about the possibility of making sure that Sally missed the semi-final of the tennis open. Suddenly Sally had disappeared into a parallel universe and Dave was sure to be here too.

Worst of all were the hints that this could be her fate if she failed in some way to please the government or who ever it was that controlled these prisons.

Sitting abject on a bed that was screwed to the floor.

Waiting for a fate over which there was no control.

A fate that was sealed by others.

Others like this German bitch, Gudrun.

Who knew what destiny would bring?

Gudrun glanced at the shocked face of the young woman who had accompanied her to this well lit dark place. '*Most satisfactory,*' she thought as she soaked in the fear that emanated from both women.

In one the fear of what the future would bring. The fear of being trained, of being broken and recreated in the mould of a servile, obedient slave.

The other had the same fear, but the uncertainty that the high life could suddenly invert due to some unintended slight, some misspoken word, some unguarded action. Then she would be the one in the collar, the one who feared the evil lash of Gudrun's tender loving care.

Chapter 6.

News Update.

"The latest headlines from CNN news service, brought to you by our award winning presenter Ivan Smirnovin Washington."

"We go over live to our correspondent in Kuwait, Jim Devenier. Is there any new news from the Emirates about Sally Freeman, Jim?"

"Well, Ivan, the crisis with Iran has really put this story on the back burner, but with Sally's parents arriving at Dubai yesterday the story has regained some traction."

"Relations between the USA, NATO and Dubai may well hinge on the result of this investigation, it really is *that* important. But, Jim, we are hearing rumours that the Americans have requested that an FBI team of investigators be allowed to carry out an investigation on Emirates soil."

"That's right, Ivan, an American Air Force C5 landed here in Kuwait just a few hours ago. It's being said that they are waiting for permission to fly up to the Emirates and that there are some CIA, FBI investigators and two of America's best translators on board. But, at this stage, Jim, I have to say that these are not official facts but

speculation based on the fact that the plane is known to have come from the Ramstein base in Germany, matching a flight from the USA that is known to have CIA markings. So it's all just speculation at the moment, Ivan, but we think that there might be some more breaking news from Dubai."

"What's the latest breaking news from Dubai, Jim?"

"A news conference held by the most senior of the police anti terrorist squad has announced that there is some evidence that al-Qaeda are involved, apparently the Yemen is the source of this new intelligence. Sally's parents have greeted the intervention of the American government as a positive sign and they have begged the terrorists to, at least list their demands and make it plain what must be done to free their daughter."

"Sounds like there is a little movement there, Jim. What's the reaction from the Ukrainian government? After all Dave Sharparov is being held as well."

"Quite muted, Ivan. Quite muted. The government of the Ukraine is pretty quiet about all this because they fully occupied with the cutting of the gas line to Kiev by Russian energy giant Gazprom after they failed to agree to the price hike last week. They don't want to provoke the Gulf States at all because of their imports of liquid gas from Oman."

"It's a pretty tangled web then Jim. Let's all hope that Sally Freeman can be found soon. She is one of America's greatest athletes."

“Well the tennis goes on. Just four days after Sally Freeman disappeared Fazia Muta looks certain to take one of the top prizes in women’s tennis. The Dubai Open. She faces the number fifteen seed, Sonia Angelovna tomorrow, but most of those in the know are saying that Fazia has never played better than she is at the moment. Still... we are *all* the more focused on the plight of Sally Freeman at this time.”

“That’s right Jim, the yellow ribbons *are* out for Sally all over the USA. Right now, after this commercial announcement from the holiday paradise of Israel, we move to Tuvalu for the world hula-hoop championships where the American team is in with more than a great chance of carrying off the trophy for the fifteenth year in a row...”

Chapter 7.

Winners and Losers.

The music was loud, in fact not just loud, over the dance floor it was deafening. That was not going to stop the celebration that had taken over the private club. It was like petrol on the flames.

In this place, far from the stiff mores and morals of the official Dubai, a party was underway that would run until the sun was up again and perhaps longer. The alcohol and other more potent substances were imbibed, and locals and foreigners who were in the know and on the list joined to celebrate the local girl’s victory.

A victory just a little overshadowed by the disappearance of Sally Freeman. On the other hand there were at least five people in the room who knew where Sally was, or at least had a good idea of what the future held for the American bitch who had had the nerve to come into conflict with Fazia Muta and then dared to play her in Dubai.

And Fazia herself?

Well, she was dancing with the crowd to the throb of the electronic pulse that raced through her body with every beat of that music. Her face was ecstatic. Her mind was filled with the power that she had gained, the respect that was hers.

Her mind buzzed with the fear of that revelation...

When she had found out that Dave Sharparov was the figure curled in the cell next to Sally she had almost orgasmed with delight.

Fazia had entered the cell and run her fingertips over the stripes of the cane that covered him from his powerful prick to his broad shoulders.

"Have him if you want!" was the offer from Gudrun. "No one else has any interest in him. It is Sally Freeman who will have no trouble finding an appreciative owner!"

"I would own him?"

Gudrun smiled and explained the details to Fazia. "Of course, if you like I will help you with him. The first one can be so difficult to get right."

Fazia had agreed, what else could she do but agree to the proposals of this German lamia?

"But what about Sally?" she asked. "What happen to her?"

Gudrun smiled slyly.

"It just so happens that a sort of friend, or rather an acquaintance of mine is her in Dubai on business. She is always looking for young ladies of quality to add to the harems and seraglios, her business and pleasure nicely compliments my own interests..."

"God, have you sold her?"

"My dear Fazia, I prefer to use the term 'offered her a new viewpoint on life'; it sounds so much more *consensual*!"

"Who is she, this friend?"

"Do you wish to meet her?"

"None of this has turned out like I expected," mumbled Fazia as she realised that the help that she had called in to enable her to win tennis match had turned into something quite different.

"I know!" said Gudrun as she placed a comforting arm around the tennis star as though they were long friends. "Things never do turn out like we expect. The trouble is that you started a ball rolling that no one had any interest in stopping! For instance you contacted Abdhel and the ball was no longer on your side of the court."

Fazia sighed and wished that she was anywhere but in the grip of this German woman who seemed so in control of events.

"To answer your question, the woman who has asked to be allowed to take possession of Sally Freeman is one of the most proficient preparers of women for the harems of the Gulf States, Tasnim, or to call her by her honoured title, Sheikha Tasnim."

"I thought that seraglios and harems were banned now..."

"Ahh, that is a mistake that many make when they see the laws that are passed and imagine that they are binding on the princes and sheikhs who control these small kingdoms. If that were the case there would be little need for people like myself or the Sheikha!"

"I am not sure that I wish to meet her after all..."

"That's probably just as well my dear. She is, shall we say, more than formidable and a redoubtable business competitor of mine because her contact in this part of the world are so much deeper than mine are! She might take a shine to you and where would you be then?"

The arm on Fazia's shoulders tightened to force her to look up into the taller woman's eyes as she spoke.

"I think that you might well find yourself in that stainless steel room where I have seen her train men and women in the accepted ritual of submission. I have never seen a woman wield a cane with more subtlety than Tasnam, it kisses the flesh with lips of anguish and yet the pleasure is irresistible."

Fazia shuddered, a small quiver of fear and excitement.

"So I think that you really do not want to meet Sheikha Tasnim, do you?"

Fazia shook her head.

"But, what do I do about Dave?"

"That's more like it! You have plenty of money don't you?"

"Of course, but?" answered Fazia.

"What is money for if you cannot use it to enjoy yourself? Use that power, you will find that money is not about things, possessions and belongings. Money is all about power."

"So I need to find someone?"

"Exactly that! Of course it is so much more satisfactory to do these things yourself. You know, if you want something doing well, do it yourself!"

"Can you help me? I mean, I really want to learn."

"I really haven't time, my dear. But, I can send someone who will help you and that you can trust."

"What will it cost?"

"You'll never know until you're finished, but you can be sure the cost is high but the corresponding pleasure is almost unbounded!"

That had been then; this was now, in the discotheque...

Fazia's body thrummed to the heavy beat and gyrated to the music in imitation of a slow fuck. A sliding, thrusting of the hips and a smooth up and down motion that suggested that the tennis star was fucking an intangible partner.

That was it!

She was.

Chapter 8.

Second Service.

Vanya arrived.

The airport at Garhoud, Dubai City, was packed as usual, but Vanya stood out from the crowd as she emerged through the arrivals doors.

She was not at all what Fazia had expected. Skinny, almost painfully thin, about forty years and plain in an almost old-fashioned way.

When they met at the airport Vanya offered Fazia her bony hand and smiled in a thin way, lips compressed. The grip of those long fingers was formidable, even Fazia who had trained to improve her grip found that she had to resist to stop her hand being crushed.

"Gudrun said that you'd be here to meet me," said Vanya in an accent that betrayed her unfamiliarity with spoken English.

Fazia tried to smile, but she was almost taking a dislike to this woman before she knew her for a more than a minute.

"The limousine is this way," she muttered and turned to lead the austere Czech woman through the crowds that filled the marble flagged hall.

In the spacious and cool leather interior of the limousine the two women sat opposite from each other. There could not have been more contrast between the young tennis player and the pale bony woman who had such ghostly grey eyes that her black irises seemed like holes to nowhere.

Self control and control of others was Vanya's imperative, hands in lap she studied her employer with a cool gaze that made the young tennis star wonder if she could find the strength to order this woman to do her bidding, no matter what she was paying.

"You are filled with self-doubt, I can see it in every line of your body," said Vanya.

"I know what I want..."

"Do you? Are you sure? Tell me."

"I want Dave Sharparov to be my toy. I want him to do as I tell him. I want..."

At this point Fazia's mind went blank. It was true she did not know what it was that she wanted, or how she was going to achieve it. She felt like a fool.

'What am I doing?' Fazia thought to herself. 'I have mixed myself in things that are beyond my imagination, but like night follows day there seems no way out of this.'

"Gudrun said that you needed help and that she would consider it a favour for me to teach you how to make a man or woman conduct themselves as their owner wishes. I am happy to offer that help because Gudrun is very dear to me. When we have finished not only will Mr. David Sharparov be your plaything but he will allow you to do anything to him that you wish. Be it making love on a bed of roses or a whipping on a bed of thorns, he will obey you out of fear of pain and your displeasure."

"How long will it take?"

"Weeks, months? Difficult to say. Once I have seen your new acquisition I will be able to guess."

Vanya smiled, but it passed unnoticed by her employer. She knew what the next question would be. It was always the same. How much and how long.

"How much money is it going to cost me?"

Fazia held her breath anticipating some incredible sum.

"That depends on a number of things. It is not just me that you have to pay for. I will need a few things and a place to live. It depends on how long it takes and it depends on how fast that you learn the intricacies of your slave's mind."

Vanya held up a hand to stop the words that were forming on Fazia's lips.

"I guess that it will cost only a couple of hundreds of thousands. Maybe three or four, but the first is always the most expensive and the most difficult."

Chapter 9.

Line Call.

The Daily Sentinel, London. (iPod App version)

03.06.2011 By our Middle-East correspondent. Claudia Shapelli

There is still no reliable word on the whereabouts of Sally Freeman or her Ukrainian boyfriend. In fact it seems that she has just disappeared completely from the face of the earth. Police in Dubai finally allowed an investigative team from the U.S.A. to help with the search for the top tennis star a month ago, but they are no closer to finding out what happened all those months ago.

It was expected that there would be ransom demands or perhaps political demands but not one ripple has disturbed the pond since three Tunisians were arrested for faking a ransom demand of twenty million dollars three months ago.

So what has happened? The desert is a huge place and, like Las Vegas, there are many secrets buried there. The Dubai squad that was assigned the job of finding Sally Freeman inside a week spends its time questioning suspects and checking alibis but to no avail.

Some of the rumours that are passing for fact in Dubai and Abu Dhabi are strange to say the

least. So far there has been no mention of U.F.O.s but the idea that the young American is now part of some harem in Saudi Arabia or Oman can be discounted as being the stuff of imagination.

So the yellow ribbons remain tied and weathered around that old oak in New England and family and friends feel the withering of their hopes as that precious time slides by with no word of sister and daughter, Sally Freeman.

The F.B.I report that they are still giving top priority to the search and that they have the full cooperation of both the authorities in Dubai and the American military. They are listening to every transmission in the Middle-East whether it be propagated by Somali pirates or Yemeni terrorists.

While there is life, there is hope.

Is there life?

Chapter 10.

In The Net.

Dave Sharparov had come to fear and dread the sound of the door opening. The ordeal had begun in a small cell as a woman with what seemed to be a German accent had caned him, he was naked and helpless.

She had been dressed in a full chador in deep red. Face masked and hands gloved she had left her mark on his flesh in lines of violet bruises.

Thereafter had followed days or maybe weeks when he was fed and watered and the bowl that was his toilet was taken and returned empty.

How was he to know that these two weeks were the best of times? How could he know that this waiting that he was enduring was just a space that would soon be filled by a woman who had broken stronger men, stauncher women than him?

So they moved him.

In a limousine that travelled in a swirl of dust across the desert whilst a surly and resentful guard in police uniform watched his every move. The trip took almost a full day, a trip that crossed at least one border control that Dave noticed.

Was he going into Oman or simply crossing some internal checkpoint in the plethora of Emirates that laced this coast of the Persian Gulf?

Ar-rustaq is surprisingly green, a place of date palms and lush undergrowth. David had a fleeting glimpse of those spindly trees before the car entered a compound and he was hustled to another cell.

The third that he had been in since his abduction.

Every time that he had attempted to question his captors he had been beaten so he remained silent and did not resist being pushed into a tile lined cell. He was still alive, that meant, as

far as he was concerned that he was still worth something. As a political pawn, as ransom potential or perhaps as terrorist pressure on some government somewhere.

He sat on the edge of the bed that jutted from the wall and waited. He was thirsty and hungry. His bladder was full and he could smell the sweat and dirt that caked his body.

An hour passed.

The door opened.

A tall woman, painfully thin, stood in the doorway and regarded him with the greyest eyes that David had ever seen. Standing behind her was the man in police uniform that had been his guard on the trip.

"Undress!" she said.

He hesitated.

"I do not repeat myself often. When I do you will have cause to regret it."

The accent was Slovak, or may be Czech he noted. She was from his part of the world.

David started to undress. Shirt, trousers, shoes and socks came off.

"Naked," she said.

He slipped off his pants and stood naked before her piercing and thorough gaze.

"You'll do," she remarked as she beckoned for his clothes with her long fingers. "Pass me all of that shit."

He passed her the clothes and risked a few words in Ukrainian. She smiled and shook her head. Even if I spoke good Russian I would not use it here. Trust is understanding and they only speak English here."

Vanya nodded at the guard as if to underline her point as she passed him the pile of clothes and took the cane that he proffered.

"You and I are going to get to know each other very well," she said. "My job, no my calling, is as a trainer. I train men to obey their owners. Sometimes men, most times women. In this case you have been acquired by a woman, though she may decide to lend you to male friends, I do not know."

"I do not understand," he said.

The cane became a blur of fawn dust and the last three inches caught his inner thigh leaving a bright red stripe that pointed with implied threat at his flaccid cock.

"From now on all flippant comments will be rewarded with the cane. I do not require you to understand, I require obedience. If you deviate from that clear path which I set you will be punished according to my whim. That may depend on how far from the path you have strayed or it may just be a sign of my mood."

David struggled to stay on his feet. He could feel the burn of the cane and watched the tip as though it would help if he could anticipate the next blow.

"So it begins," she said. "Soon you will meet the woman who owns you. She is your goddess. She is your Queen. You will be perfect for her because my reputation and disposition demands it of you."

The cane lashed out again and caught his upper arm with a blow that made him cry out with the shock and pain.

"For the moment I will allow you to scream or cry out," she said. "However, when I tell you that the phase is complete you will be silent, even when you are beaten. It is the owner's right to decide if she wishes to hear your suffering or if she wishes you to be silent in your pain. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do."

The next blow had the outside of his thigh as a target. The bamboo almost whistled as it swept through the air before the slap of contact.

"A nod will suffice. Do you understand?"

David's thighs shook and trembled. The guard standing behind this evil woman just smiled as if David's pain was cheering an otherwise boring duty.

David nodded.

The first lesson had been learned.

Chapter 11.

First Set.

Australia was missed.

Despite the best efforts of her tennis agent who spent all his time on the phone trying to convince Miss Fazia Musa of her invincibility on court, Fazia was learning that she was gaining another kind of invincibility.

Vanya was so austere, but she was an excellent teacher for both the nascent dominatrix and the reborn slave. That was her credo. Break the slave's ego into small pieces and rebuild him in the image that is required.

Every day David had to learn to serve. It might be that he had to learn a poem. It might be that he needed to lick some shoes clean and polish them until they shone. It might be that he had to sit still for hours at a time or wank for his Czech teacher.

Sometimes the tasks were trivial, sometimes difficult and sometimes impossible. That was the idea. Each failure was punished almost at random. Occasionally a slap or a light blow. Then a whipping that left the blood running down his thighs.

His food was adulterated with strange tastes. The shutters on the cell were opened and closed at random. Sometimes there was silence and then noise that left him disorientated.

And all the while Fazia watched the Vanya the master at work. Fazia knew David intimately. She knew his every kink and secret and her knowledge was used to break him down, until at last the day came when the new mistress could become part of the program and start to create the man she wanted.

Five weeks it took in that cell before Vanya finally had David mewling at her feet. The metal cage that contained his prick was the only clothes that he wore as he kneeled awaiting her

pleasure. For a moment she lifted her long robes to expose her high heels and legs. The white flesh of her thighs contrasting with the sheer black of the stockings.

David tried not to stare but this sight was one that he had longed for. Finally, all that had gone before was over.

This woman, this female mother figure, this queen of his thoughts was showing approval. His mind was full of splintering thoughts, the endured beatings and the words of praise.

He waited.

"Good! Well done," she said. "You have done so well in the last days that I think that we have reached the moment when you can meet and adore your new mistress. Would you like that?"

He nodded. It was forbidden to speak unless the order was exact. It was forbidden to ever say or indicate 'no'. The only possible answer was 'yes'. His heart felt that he might lose Vanya.

She knew what was best for him.

She was stern but she ruled his world.

Her hand relaxed and Vanya allowed the robe to drop and brush the floor with its hem, the vision of 'what might have been' was over and David would have to adjust to Fazia and her needs.

Chapter 12.

Practice Service.

17.01.2012 Reuters, Oman.

The police in Oman yesterday announced that David Sharparov was found and freed from captivity by police who had been watching a known terrorist hide-out for three weeks. This sudden development creates new hope that Sally Freeman who was kidnapped at the same time as David Sharparov seven months ago in Dubai.

The government in Dubai has issued a statement welcoming the news and are flying Mr Sharparov's parents to Dubai to greet him.

In a full statement to the world's press agencies, the Minister for Internal Security for Dubai announced that Mr. Sharparov would be spending some time in Dubai, with the support of the government, to get over the trauma and shock of the events of the last few months.

As far as we can ascertain, Mr Sharparov was not mistreated or tortured in captivity but full details of his time in Oman must await his own statement in the next few days.

David stood on the balcony of the apartment block and stared down into the street below with vacant eyes. Now that he was back in Los Angeles he should have felt better, but something disturbed his peace of mind.

Those long months in captivity!

He thought of Sally, but the picture in his head was distant, faded. The affection that he had felt for her was gone like a dried up river. The course that it had taken was clear, but the water had long since dried up and the power of its flow was just a memory.

He knew, intellectually, that Sally was now in a harem in Kuwait. Serving her mistress as she had been trained to do. Vanya had showed him the pictures and short film of her, but it had not even caused a moment of regret to him.

His eyes saw Sally being trained to pleasure her mistress. His ears heard her begging for mercy as she was thrashed. His heart told him that she deserved her punishments and chastisements. She had been so wrong for him on so many levels.

Some severe discipline would do her good and teach her that she had been so iniquitous to tempt him from his true love, Fazia. If she would not obey her rightful owner her due was to suffer for her misbehaviour.

Sally was of no interest, she was the desiccated past.

Fazia!

The thought made his prick stir with desire.

It swelled and hardened to be, at last, stopped by the steel tube that reminded him of his mistress. She was his key holder. Fazia was the woman who allowed him, sometimes, to show his ardour.

He wandered into the apartment and glanced at the clock.

In just half an hour Fazia would return from her shopping expedition and he would be ready for her as usual. His cock pressed in its constricting metal restraint, reminding him of all he owed to his lover.

With any luck she would be in a good mood and he would be allowed to please her in all those little ways that she so loved.

Flowers decorated the apartment and filled the rooms with their perfume. Everything was in its place and perfect, just the way that she liked it.

Her trophies were polished and all the domestic tasks had been done.

David had been a good boy, now he hoped for his reward!

He sat on the sofa and drifted into a reverie.

The last three months had been hectic and stressful, but the rekindling of his affair with Fazia had helped him recover from the terrible months of torment. In his mind's eye he pictured Vanya, but it was a fading memory in which the woman who had crushed him was more of a mother figure, a stern, but fair instructor and teacher.

Suddenly he heard the keys in the door and his heart leapt with elation that she was back, his true love and guiding mistress, Fazia.

She entered and smiled at him as she laid all the clothes that she had bought on the sofa as he stood unselfconsciously to attention, ready to help should she demand it.

"David," she said, "I have some good news for you. In fact good news for both of us! I have decided that we are getting married in the next few months."

"Thank you," he said. "I will do my best to please you."

"I know that you will, darling. You *try* so hard to please me..."

David noted a slight undertone of disapproval and wondered what he had done to upset her. What had he said that might have disappointed her?

He waited.

Fazia came and put her arms around him. He smelt her perfume and skin, a slightly flowery, musky smell that left him spell bound with enticement.

"You really will be a perfect husband for me, darling. But sometimes I feel like a little more attention than even you can manage!"

"I try to please you."

He felt tears well in his eyes and he blinked to stop them trickling.

'What could he do more?' he wondered. *'What else did she need?'*

"I know that you try so hard for me," she whispered, "but even you cannot fill all my needs as a woman."

Her hand stroked his thigh making him strain again at the cage that contained his manhood.

"What would you like me to do?" he asked plaintively. "I so need to make you contented!"

"Sometimes I need a little more. You know that you cannot be allowed to make love to me for another three months, darling. It would be so wrong of me to go back on my decision to punish you for your little indiscretion a week ago. I mean, you would lose all respect for any orders that I give you if I went back on every decision that I made for your good."

David nodded. She was so right! That he had allowed himself to pleasure himself. What had he been thinking when he succumbed to that gross temptation?

"So," she said heavily with a sigh, "what I have decided is that I will occasionally find a man who pleases me. That means that you do not have to worry about serving me in bed continuously without being able to share in my pleasure."

She looked up at him and allowed her hand to feel the hard metal that was concealed in his trousers. Her fingers ran over the restraint and found the little padlock that symbolised her power over him.

David adjusted to the new reality with little displacement. His argument was not that she should not find new partners. It was not that she was declaring love and then telling him that she was going to share that love.

"Please," he begged, "I will do whatever you ask. Whatever you need I will do for you."

"I know that you will, darling. When we are married and you belong to me fully I will let you serve me and the new man in

my life to you fullest ability. That will please me so much. But, now you are being a bad boy..."

"Please!"

"You argued with me so I have to punish you. Surely you can see that you push me to discipline you when you argue?"

"I did not mean to argue. I just wanted to tell you that I will do whatever you want. You know that I love you so much!"

"See! You are doing it again! You are questioning my decisions about your guidance. The punishment I have now decided is that you will have another three months of chastity on top of the first punishment. That means that you will still be locked up when we get married!"

David sighed with disappointment.

"I am so sorry. You are right, I really must try harder to agree with you. Sometimes I just cannot help myself from straying from the path of your guidance."

"There, there," she said. "I will break the rules a little for you, since you apologised so well. You can please me a little now and we will see how it goes. But," she added in a firm voice, "you will just have to accept that I have needs that you cannot fulfil while you are in chastity. I have the right to be pleased by any man that I choose and I will reluctantly assert that right!"

David felt her hands on his belt. The strong fingers worked to strip him and ready him to serve her. He stayed, still waiting to see if she was going to order him to undress her, but she stripped him and then circled to admire this husband to be.

He had a rangy physique. Muscular but not ripped. Tight frame and loose limbed, strong but not muscle-bound. Her name was emblazoned on his back in pink roses. A tattoo that she had bought him when they first returned to Los Angeles.

His prick was at least nine inches, but bound in the shiny chromium plated tube it was no more than four. She admired the fixture on his groin and inspected the lock and the small cage that contained his balls.

Soon he would have accumulated so much chastity punishment time that it would stretch to years and decades; then she could have the lock removed and a weld substituted. So much more practical!

Her fingertips played around his flat stomach and fluttered down to the metal that enclosed him.

"Such a shame," she whispered. "I so need some cock in me! You have spoilt my fun!"

David hung his head in shame. It was his fault that she was unhappy. Now she had to suffer for his bad behaviour.

"So what am I going to do?" she said in a soft voice.

"Fazia, my love, I cannot decide for you. Please don't ask me to do that, I am so scared that I might make a mistake."

"I think that I should let you have a chance to please me and we will see if that suffices..."

She took his hand and led him to the bedroom. With slow movements she commenced the strip tease for her captive

audience. Top and bra, she revealed her smooth well formed breasts. As she did so she tweaked her nipples and sighed with lust. Then her hands slipped her skirt off to reveal the stockings and lack of cover for her pussy.

Her naked cunt was stripped of all hair. A thick trickle of semen came from that gaping flower and soaked into the lacy top of her stocking.

Creamy white, mixed with the juices of her excitement, it told of her excitement and fulfilment just half an hour before.

David kneeled before the goddess that he loved and waited for her signal, but she delayed to allow him to appreciate the meaning of that scene.

"See if you can please me half as well as my new lover," she whispered. "I still need your tongue, darling. Clean me and please me; to show your love!"

He bent forward and gently lapped at that glistening liquid. Her scent, so familiar, mixed with the heady flavour of the last man that had fucked her.

At last the tip of his tongue entered her and released another flow of liquid.

"Darling, that is so good for me," she gasped as he pushed into her and massaged the bud of her clitoris. "I think that you are so good to me that I might allow you to touch my breasts..."

His arms extended upward and his fingers found her swelling nipples. As he sucked the cordial of her satisfaction from her slit he teased her breasts with his strong fingers. Once again he could feel the swelling that was limited by steel.

He longed to fuck her.

It would be the ultimate pleasure.

At last she climaxed with a scream of fulfilment.

Her thighs trembled and his hands came down and around to clasp her ass. They held her steady as he pushed her to further heights with his lapping tongue, until at last she was fully satisfied.

Cleansed and trembling.

"I cannot wait for your chastity to be ended," she lied in a gentle voice. "Until then I have decided that you should always pleasure me after I have made love to the man that I have chosen to service me."

David looked up at her flushed face and nodded.

"You know that I would do whatever you want."

"I think that it might be better if you met him," she said, "if I decide to allow you the favour! It might be nice if you were there when I am fucked so that you can help us both to more enjoyment. Do you think that you could do that for me?"

"If you think that I would not be in the way of your pleasure."

"Darling, of course you would not be imposing! I am sure that a tongue that tickles me while his huge prick impales me would be such a lovely idea. Of course we cannot allow the huge cock of my new man to go unloved!"

David watched her face in rapture as she laid out his new duties.

"I would love it if you helped. I can feel another orgasm coming on just by imagining you milking my lovers so that they last longer for me as they fuck me to orgasm after orgasm. A suck, a lick and a slow hand. You could be such a help and bring so much pleasure. Just think, you would be giving me so much satisfaction."

"I am not sure if I can suck a cock!"

"Are you arguing again," said Fazia threateningly. "I would hate to have to prolong your chastity again..."

"No, I meant that I am not sure that I would not make mistakes. I just want to please you."

"Good! Then it's all decided!" she smiled down at him. "I will train you and we will see how it goes. There is always more to learn. Tomorrow we will start your training and in a trice you will become the best cock sucker in Los Angeles."

"There is always more to learn!" he repeated.

"There is so much to try and experience and I promise that we will try everything."

Chapter 13.

Out.

17.09.2012 'Hollywood Stars' on the 'E' Channel.

"Welcome to the wedding that has had the tennis world holding its breath. Finally, Fazia and

Dave are tying the knot. Of course there is a tinge of sadness, even on this happy day for the perfect couple, because it reminds us that Sally Freeman has still not been found. But, I am sure that wherever she is she will be so happy that Dave and Fazia are tying the knot! We now go over to our live reporter in LA, Josephine Richter."

"Hi there, Hollywood fans. Josie here! As you can see, behind me, all the finest tennis stars are here as well as many faces that you will recognise from stage and screen..."

Sally Freeman sat in her mistress' boudoir waiting for her owner to arrive. She had run the bath, laid out the clothes and prepared everything for her arrival.

The television ran in the background and whispered its droning mish-mash of news and entertainment. She heard her name and glanced to see the live pictures from the USA. A location so far away and strange that she barely recognised the faces and places.

She glanced again to see the happy couple leaving for their wedding reception. It scarcely registered that the story had to do with her. In fact her head was so full of a checklist of tasks and punishments that she did not even recognise Fazia.

The door opened and Abdahlla strode into the bedroom and switched off the television with a snort.

"Tonight I will be needing you to attend to me," she said in Arabic. "I expect you to be ready for punishment at nine and

afterwards I think that you will be allowed to bring me a little pleasure. My ass demands your service and my cunt needs to be soothed."

"Yes mistress Abdahlla," said Sally as she watched her mistress undress.

Sagging, but huge, breasts. A gaping cunt that rent her groin amidst a mass of henna red curling pubic hair. She would want a probing tongue in every orifice tonight. That would be after the punishment caning that brought this sixty year old woman to a climax before the personal service began.

"You are much too defiant, my little slut!" said the large woman as she plunged into her bath. Water slopped onto the floor as she did so.

"The bath is too full and too cold, bitch."

Abdahlla cast a hateful look at her American slave and smiled a crooked smile.

"I think that I should have a little work done on you. A good Muslim woman is clipped and sewn, I think that you would benefit from having those urges removed permanently, for my delectation."

"Yes mistress."

"That's settled then. I think that thirty strokes of the cane will be enough to get me in the mood for your rather low quality service. Today I have decided that you need stricter supervision so I am going to start being rigorous in your training. After sex I may wish other, more personal services!

'What is more personal than the service that I already render?'
thought Sally with resignation.

"I have determined that you would make an ideal slave to attend to all the functions of my body. Already I feel that my bladder is full to bursting, so you can make a start when I have finished my bath! Make sure that you are ready to do exactly as you are ordered, first time, without any hesitation..."

"I am yours, mistress."

THE END

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