

Interview In Manhattan



Miss Irene Clearmont

A Saturday Afternoon Interview In Manhattan.

Sitting in the window of Southgate near Central Park looking over the greenery and rocks of the city sanctuary; Irene seemed relaxed, sipping her coffee and perusing the excellent menu whilst talking about the most outrageous behaviour. She was primly dressed in black and fur but showing a plunging neckline and fiercely high red heels.

She had agreed to meet me when I contacted her about her latest undertaking, the purchase of land in upstate New York and up towards the Hamptons on Long Island. I really wished to inquire about her business rather than her investments but that might have been dangerous.

For me.

"You have invested in land that is not zoned for building?"

"Yes, there are a few houses and farm buildings there but nothing significant."

"Why in such isolated locations?"

"For me the isolation is an asset not a disadvantage." She said, sipping her coffee with pursed lips.

"But you have bought for 100 Million, so investment must be uppermost in your mind?"

Placing down the cup delicately she traced the rim with her forefinger. For a moment she seemed to be deeply considering her answer. Rings on her fingers, a flash of rainbow reflection from the diamonds.

"Investment for me is not losing value. That is I pursue my own goals and interests for my own reasons. It so happens that I have a small stake in a business venture up in the north of Long Island and I wanted to buy adjacent land to add value and privacy. As for the upstate land, well, that is a long shot, we shall see if I have judged the market right."

I considered my options carefully. Here I was, the bogus reporter for an American Investment magazine, and there she was, a woman involved in some sort of shady dealing over the last ten years.

Why bogus?

Because I am a private detective and I can sense these things...

Normally I am involved in divorce and other sticky personal cases that require tracing, patience and impersonation as well as a talent for recording and filming.

A woman who was trying to trace the disappearance of a friend of hers had hired me. God knows, normally these cases are sorted in a few hours of searches on the

web and some shoe leather being left on the sidewalk. A quick few hundred bucks and a days work. This one was not working out. Already I was out of pocket on expenses with nothing to show the client.

The only lead was Miss Irene Clearmont, a sexagenarian woman who was connected to all the right people and came out of nowhere just ten years ago. Difficult to get to talk to, impossible to trace, money in spades and privacy of impenetrable proportions.

"So tell my readers about your investments in Long Island!"

"I have part of a special farm in the north of the island. A kind of training institute. We do selective breeding, training and some very specific education. The work is somewhat secretive because we are making great strides and have to protect our methods."

"This sounds interesting, can you give me any more clues about this fascinating business." I felt myself leaning forward a little as if in conspiratorial mode.

Irene, on the other hand, just smiled and finished her coffee. I felt one of her shoes touch the inside of my thigh, a somewhat unexpected move from this attractive but older woman. The flat sole of her stiletto rested between my legs and gently rubbed against my erection.

With a smile that would have been coy in any other woman she opened her small clutch bag and took a lipstick. With a delicate touch she renewed her lips in plum red before she consented to continue.

"If you wish, you can join me there, but it may be a little discomforting for you. Today, before I agreed to this interview, I called your magazine only to be informed that you are not on their books as a reporter. In fact it turns out that you are a private investigator and are poking about in areas of my life that I consider to be inviolate and untouchable."

For a moment she smacked her lips to smooth the lipstick. "This is not acceptable. I am prepared to help you if you can offer a proposition that interests me!"

"I am sorry to deceive you but I need to move forward on a disappearance case that I am working on I did not mean ..."

"To deceive me!" Irene finished my sentence and wriggled her foot in my crotch. "I can see three possible courses of action, each of which has advantages and disadvantages for me, the variable being your reaction."

By now I was feeling pretty taken by her, a raging hard on and a mystery.

"So what choices do you see?"

Miss Clearmont leaned forward and I leaned also as she spoke in a whisper.

“Well we could go to my limousine and get fucked as we drive to see my investments in Long Island. I like fucking and being fucked and you do offer some possibilities in that direction. Second you can walk out of here and tell your client that the pursuit of this matter, whatever it is, is beyond your capabilities. The third possibility is for you to be completely open with me and tell me what you are investigating and who your client is.”

She leant forward a little more and I felt her unzip my pants beneath the table. I could scarcely resist her as her hand freed my erection to stand proud against the sole and heel of her shoe. A slight motion of her foot pulled my prick to attention and pressed it against the metal tip of the stiletto. Both her hand were again in sight but a slow rhythm had started and already I could feel myself moving towards orgasm.

“So what is it to be my little private dick ?” she said with a grin. “Sex or honour? Because both are not available, just a choice of one.”

Her metal heel dug under my balls and pressed on the delicate join between ass and testicles. The sole firmly pushed and stretched me to orgasm, a surge that erupted in the privacy under the table but was clear to both of us.

“Let us go to see your investments.”

“I hoped that you would see it *my* way.

Sex is always the best choice where I am concerned!”

A Long Trip

I left the restaurant with Irene on my arm. She called her chauffeur on the mobile and the Mercedes pulled up at the kerb with a whisper. I opened the door for her and she slid into the leather cell with a practised action. Joining her I closed the door and turned to face.

The car pulled away from the curb with a susurrantion barely discernible from the inside. Irene opened her bag and pulled an envelope from it. For a moment she fumbled at the closure and then passed the photos to me.

A large house and stables, a Ferrari parked outside. These were the backgrounds of the two photos. The foreground of the one on top was a naked woman in chains and a hood with the purple marks of a savage beating on her breasts and thighs. The second was a woman of generous proportions wearing a long fur coat and holding a riding whip. A glimpse of flesh showed in the fur, a plump of sex and a rosette of nipple.

“You run a brothel?” The question slipped out involuntarily, but it was what I had been thinking of.

Irene laughed and reached to fondle me for a moment. "No not a brothel, something much more interesting!"

I must have looked a little blank as she felt that she had to elaborate. "Sex, power and satisfaction. We offer sex but not just for a straight payment for service. We train the willing and unwilling and then offer the benefits of that indoctrination to a world wide selection of exclusive clients to experience and enjoy in the privacy of their own surroundings."

I could not stop her hands from slowly undoing my belt and pants. My mind wandered into realms of tension and pleasure. This woman, this sixty-year-old medusa, was forcing people into slavery, sexual slavery and now she was fucking me. A single one of her fingernails stroked me from balls to the damp tip of my straining erection.

"Do you want me to show you how it works? How we train and force compliance? How the victims are defiled and degraded for the subtle but painful wishes of our degenerate clients? How the torture and suffering of those we force bring pleasure as the slave is violated and punished for uncommitted crimes? Does this excite you? This power to extinguish and maim, rape and ruin?"

"Yes." I whispered as the pleasure took control and Miss Clearmont took charge.

I did not feel the restraints go on my wrists and ankles, all I could feel was the hands that made my prick strain to come a second time. I was so falling from a height into her skilled hands. The soft fleeting brushes of fur on the very tip and the firm grip on my balls.

By the time that she had almost brought me to come I was naked and helpless and struggling, not against the restraints, but against the gratification of orgasm being over too soon. God, it had to last forever this feeling of falling, the tales of slavery and servitude.

This second coming.

The pleasure stopped before I came, the hands revoked their gift and the body of my evil partner withdrew from contact. For a moment I was just dazed, a quivering mass of flesh, lying on soft leather and my long discarded clothes. Then awareness came. Awareness of the cuffs that encircled my ankles and the soft pocketed gloves enclosing my hands. Both with delicate chains leading to eyelets in the car's upholstery. I sat up and lifted my immobilised hands.

"You are far too self centred to be a partner of mine!" she said. "I need service and attention and now I shall show you what I mean. Still I will show you how you can be less a selfish person and give as well as receive."

Still a little dazed from nearly coming I said, "You do not need to tie me down to make love to me!" but reason and argument was not a realistic strategy.

Her hand moved to the centre console of the car and pressed a knob. A small mechanical sound and felt my legs and arms being pulled. The chains were being

wound into the car and I was being stretched implacably across the back seat in the process. Irene moved to a facing seat and watched as I was pulled and drawn out, immobilised and exposed for her complete attention.

She reached into a cabinet and pulled out a mask. With me struggling and begging she pulled it over my eyes and mouth. A leather hood covered my head and was laced tight to mould itself to my features. For a moment I struggled for air before she unplugged the brass mouth opening. I felt her strong hands hold my head as she screwed something else over my mouth and into the mask. Then a wrench and a tube penetrated my open mouth and forced its way over my tongue.

“Don’t try to talk my bitch, that is the first lesson. The second is to relax and put yourself into my hands. You are about to please me and pleasure me. If you do well you will be glad you did. On the other hand I am very demanding and a sweetheart that does not please is a lover that regrets his stubbornness. I need to feel real volume inside me, I need to be fucked and penetrated and you are my ideal tool.”

As she spoke I could feel her mounting me. At first I thought that she was going to fuck my straining cock but then she shuffled up my prone body and settled herself on the dildo that was my mouth's air supply.

Every stroke was a breath to me as her sex opened and closed the air holes running along the length of the fearsome latex device. Grasping the handle on the top of my mask she used me to satisfy herself. I was nothing more than a fuck doll, a tool for her pleasure and a thing for her grasping cunt to control. It decided if I could draw the very breath of life.

As I gasped for air, she came and scored my chest to bloody ribbons with her sharpened claws, a tiger finding heights of passion and lust as the staked goat shudders in terminal pain. She orgasmed not just from friction but from the frisson of my forced service.

“You see how you have pleased me.” she whispered in my ear, “Now I will give a little attention to you.”

I felt her hand take my straining cock. With a slow movement she pulled down exposing the delicate tip to the attentions of her other hand.

“I have to decide. Are you going to learn about my business from the inside, as an intern, or am I going to show you my hobby from the outside as a privileged visitor? Let us see how you respond to my tender lovemaking.”

I tried to resist, I really did, but the insistent rhythm of her hands blasted all thought of resistance from my head. For a moment she stopped, I waited, almost unable to breathe with the sexual tension.

When the hands returned to their work I could feel that she had turned her rings around and now the diamonds were scratching and bruising my tender flesh.

The pleasure was balanced by pain, the sensuality by discomfort.

"Is that better my little fuck-slut." I heard her giggle as I struggled to be free of this craving, this need for pleasure as I thrust into her hands, my hips betraying my need to come at any cost.

"I think you are well suited to be trained my dear."

Was it those words that found a deep recess of my consciousness? The thrill of giving all to this fearsome woman and falling into her power? A rush of stimulation overcame me and I came into her hands with a thrust of my fettered body. Never before had I been so high, never before had I so needed to be controlled.

"Soon we shall be there."

I felt the root of the dildo being withdrawn from between my lips to leave me gasping in a post orgasmic trauma. A finger entered my mouth and moved over my teeth in a casual motion. The other hand still played with my fading erection, cupping me and drawing me back towards sexual need and excitement.

"Miss, please let me be yours." I said, almost involuntarily.

"You see!" she replied, "You just need suitable training and you will be ripe for the taking. Should I not be the one to do that taking? Would it not be better to leave this over complicated life and serve me? Let me be the one to take and you will give your utmost. So simple, you just need to surrender, I would be *so* delighted to have you as mine."

Miss Clearmont had brought my injured prick once more to attention. Pleasure with pain.

"If you are mine you will writhe in pain and skip with pleasure. You will serve whom I command and become my chattel. At the finish you will beg to do my bidding."

The third time was the best and worst. I came with a whimper of pain as I gave my last to her probing hands. In the darkness of the mask her voice drove me whilst her fingers explored and penetrated. My lips longed to kiss her and my tongue to taste her but service was at her bidding not mine. At that final surge of sexual bliss I gave myself to her and felt the relief as she accepted my promise.

The End. The Beginning.

That takes me to the end of the story of my only meeting with that beguiling medusa, Miss Irene Clearmont. But it is only the start of my remote servitude to her.

Toiling to be perfect in the hope that she notices and gets some slight word of my good conduct but I am beneath her notice. I know that now my training is fully complete in her institute of subjugation, I will be sold.

The money that I make her will purchase a fur coat or a diamond ring a small thing that gives her a moment of pleasure, but she will have long forgotten me as I go the highest bidder, to perpetual slavery.

Do I regret that flaw in my character? That defect that made me throw my life to the wind? No, it was worth the deep pleasure of capitulation because no matter who buys me and uses me I am hers forever.

The End.

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