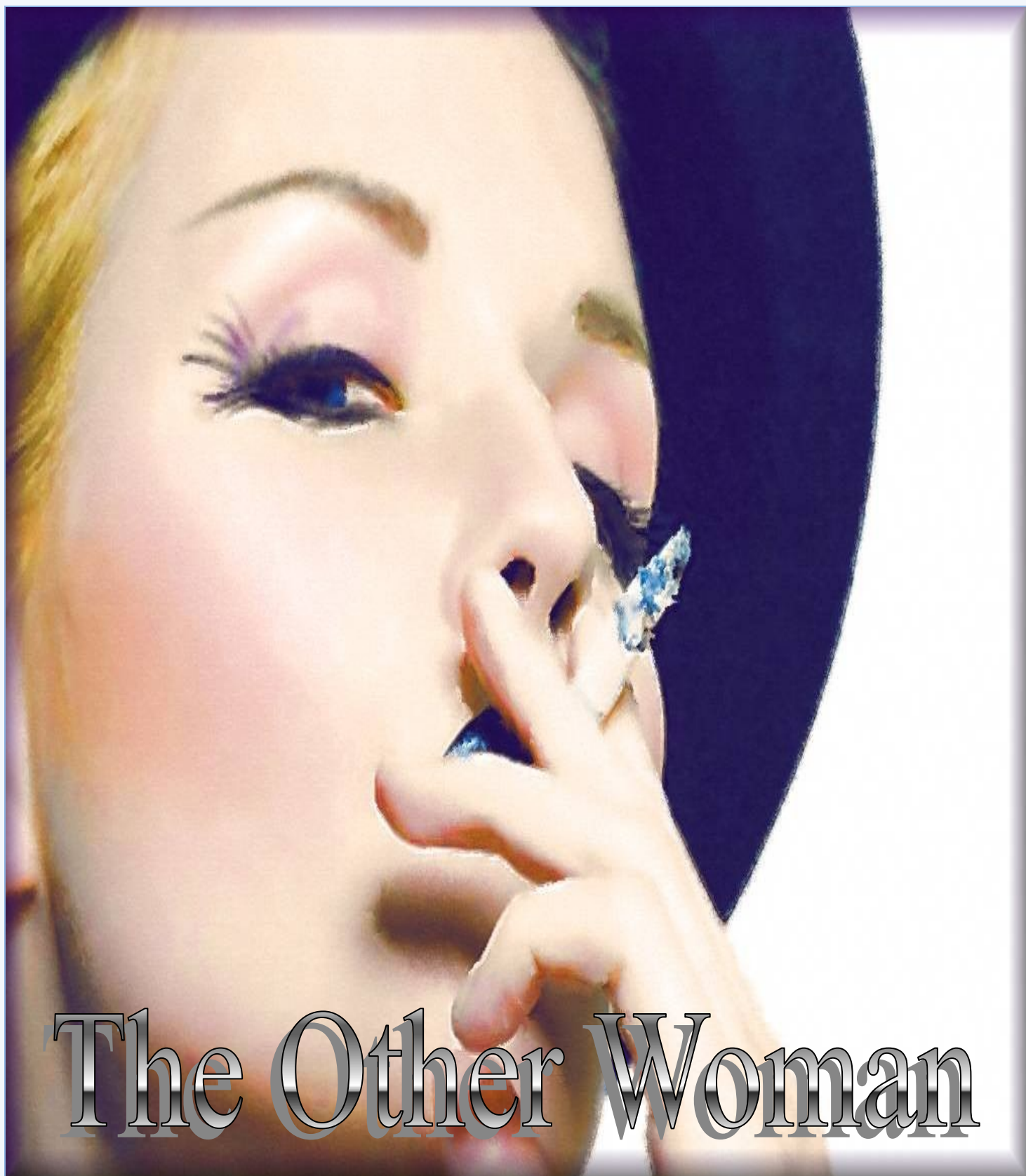




The Other Woman



Miss Irene Clearmont

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By

Miss Irene Clearmont



A fantasy that came true.

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Preamble.

I suppose that there is a point in every marriage where one of the partners 'goes astray'. Well, OK then, not every marriage, but I have to admit that it happened to me, that moment when you say to yourself, *'There is someone else in this marriage, someone that I have not yet met, someone who is intruding.'*

This is the story of an intrusion that became an invasion.

A woman opened the door and allowed herself in.

Of course we all expect that the other woman is some tart or slag that hubby has met in the office or at some drab pub or else a pub with drabs! The signs would be lipstick, perfume, missing money, missing husband, late nights, strange credit card bills and the resetting of the passenger seat in the car.

These signs might come all at once, on day one, or they may arrive like busses, too late and in threes. With me, the signs were quite different, there was no lipstick, the credit card bill was fine and no one else had been in the car.

The start was Monique...

... and the finish obsession.

Finding Out.

Craig and I had been married for some ten years when I start my story. Let me get it straight right now, there were no visible problems; sex was pretty good, there was enough money for a new car every year and we had just paid off the mortgage. We took some pretty good holidays and the only thing missing was the children.

We were trying for them at last and the sex became an 'almost' obsession as we just kept on trying. In the end, we had to admit that it was not looking so good so I paid a visit to the doctor for the usual gamut of tests.

The result shocked me, more than shocked, I was dazed.

I was not fertile, or should I say that I was *no longer* fertile. The doctor told me that I had a case of Chlamydia, that silent curse that is passed by one sexual partner to the other, a kind of poisoned sexual calling card.

Doctor Vasy had told me that, judging by the damage, I had been infected five or more years ago!

I drove home in a turmoil of anger and confusion. Mainly anger. Sometime a few years ago Craig must have slept with another woman because I had certainly been one hundred percent faithful.

So I got home in a fury; how I managed to drive home without ramming some other poor driver or a lamppost I'll never know.

I stormed into the house with a shout of that shit's name to find him in the kitchen making a coffee.

"Craig, you piece of shit!" I shouted making him jump with shock. I have never seen him so surprised; he almost threw the mug across the room with the surprise.

"What? What is it?"

Well he could scarcely know that I had been to Doctor Vasy because I hadn't told him that I was going.

"Who have you been fucking?"

There is no substitute for being direct. Just to add to the tension I was shouting at the top of my voice.

I saw him choke up. It's a dead give away with Craig, before he can lie he just has to swallow. It's a poker tell that I've been using for years and he was never the wiser.

"Darling, I would never..."

"You fucking liar," I shouted at the top of my voice. "Can I get Chlamydia from a toilet seat? How dare you tell me lies! I don't bloody well think so. The only cock that I've been riding is yours, for ten fucking years, so I want an explanation right now!"

Craig went white. I'll swear all the blood drained from his face as though it had been sucked out. In fact I nearly thought that he was going to fall over. His mouth moved but no sound came out, not even a gurgle or hiccup.

So to keep up the pressure I carried on yelling at my wanker of a husband: "Who is the slut? Where have you been putting your dick and which hole?"

Strange Hobbies.

Well the truth can be stranger than fiction, it does not happen very often but when it does you fall down flat with surprise. It is

like when a magician pulls back the cloth and there is the blonde, all in one piece again!

Craig left me in shock because I would never have suspected it of him. His voice was small and I almost had to get him to repeat what he said before I could make sense of it.

“I went to a dominatrix!”

“Pardon? I mean ‘pardon me’! You went to some cunt of a whore?”

Craig hung his head, he could not face me and look me in the eye. That is a sure sign that what you are being told is the truth so I just had to listen and try to figure it out.

“Yes I paid her,” he said in his small voice, “but, I needed it, I really did.”

“What you needed some woman to give you a thrashing?” I asked in amazement.

Then I remembered a conversation that Craig and I had about five years before. He had wanted me to dress up in more than

lingerie, boots and so on and I had refused him and ridiculed his request.

I suppose that I was to blame as well, but there was no way that I was going to let him off the hook. So I did what I always did and went onto the attack.

“Who?”

“I forget!”

I laughed at his naïveté. “You are going to tell me that you have stopped this now? Who is she?”

“Mistress Monique,” he replied.

“Where?”

“Really, Sabrina,” he said, “you cannot possibly go and see her, please!”

“Tell me now, Craig, or I’ll throw you out of the house. I may still do it but do as I say!”

Craig heaved a sigh and disappeared to come back after a minute with a calling card that he passed to me.



I glanced at the gold and black card and revised my opinion of Miss Monique just a little. Not *too* tacky at all. I passed it back to Craig and told him to call her up.

“Please, Sabrina, don’t make me do this, Please!”

“Call the bitch up, I want to speak to her.”

I Supped With the She Devil.

So there I was knocking on the door. Actually I was not so stupid to go to Mistress Monique’s working address, I just organised a meet with her. I just had to see this woman who had persuaded my husband to pay for sex with her.

Amazing!

She agreed!

So I thought that I'd box clever. You know, get the slag out of her element and have a good old shouting match with her. So I thought, what better place for a meeting than a posh restaurant in Soho, that den of sexual iniquity in the West End.

So I booked a table at a little restaurant that I had heard of, but never been to. Translated from the Italian it is called 'The Wolf's Maw' and is really a pretty smart 'before the theatre' restaurant.

I made sure that I got there early. It never looks good being late for a meeting with a whore. So there I was, alone at the table, glass of red in hand; a pretty good Barolo if I might say. I had a dozen things in my mind lined up to say. From the copiously crude to the elegant posh 'put down', they were all prepared.

So when Monique came into the restaurant dressed in jeans and fur coat I did not even recognise her. For a moment she looked around and then she came directly to my table.

"I suppose that you are Mrs Sabrina Sanders," she said in a cool voice.

Without waiting for an answer she flicked her fur to one side and sat opposite me at the table.

“Then you must be Mistress Monique,” I replied, stressing the ‘Mistress’ with a slight sneer.

“Oh! Don’t bother with all that crap, ‘Miss’ is quite enough.” She laughed. “It’s only my clients that call me ‘Mistress’.”

At that moment the waiter arrived and offered the menu and the wine list. I really believe that Monique and I would never have ended up friends and more if he had not come at that moment to break the two prize fighters apart.

As it was, she ordered the wine and I ordered the food for the both of us and we had cooled down a little.

Once the ice had been somewhat broken she proved to be sharp witted and a lot more down to earth than I had ever thought.

“Craig is a proper little darling, really,” she said with a smile, “he does all that he is told without a murmur and more besides!”

I gritted my teeth to stop myself having a right go at the woman and just about managed. I could feel myself starting to actually like the bitch!

“You know that five years ago you gave him Chlamydia and he passed it on to me!” I said between clenched teeth.

“Is that how you found out?” she said and reached to touch my hand. “I mean that Craig was cheating on you?”

I pulled my hand out of reach without letting her make contact and let her continue, “He has only been coming to my studio for two years, so, five years ago is impossible...”

I looked into her eyes and realised that she was telling the truth.

“Well I hope that he has not passed it to you then,” I said.

“Unlikely, I have never allowed him that pleasure, so it’s a bit improbable.”

“What? You mean that he’s never fucked... I mean that he’s never once?”

I was lost for words, totally. I mean what's the man paying for if he never gets even a fuck?

'Amazing.' I thought.

"Change the subject," she said. "I mean you know what I do, or at least you have some idea. What do you do?"

"I design furniture," I said, "Mostly in wood, but we've now started in steel and brass."

"Design? Or make as well?"

I found myself being distracted from my purpose here. This was turning into a meal with a companion, lover or friend and not with the bitch who fucked my husband.

Of course it turns out that she didn't, she hadn't!

There is one other bit of the conversation that I have to report. I asked her what she charged. Monique's answer was a little evasive, since she told me that it depends on the service, but her final comment floored me.

"About four to seven hundred an hour."

“Pounds? I mean, that much?”

“Well would you do it for less?”

“Of course not.”

“Well then. Since I enjoy it as well it’s all just cream in my coffee. In fact you could say that I live the life.”

“Can I come round and have a look. I mean, I’m not a voyeur or something but I just have to see.”

“Alone?”

“Of course.”

“Well, I do couples as well,” said Monique with a smile. “Should I be charging you when you arrive? Or is it a social visit?”

“I have no idea! I suppose social, but if I take up your time...!”

“I’ll tell you what. You come round with at least six hundred in your hands and we’ll see. I’ll get the bill!”

Monique paid the bill and I left a huge tip. We stood in Archer Street as she lit a cigarette.

“There used to be a casino here,” she said. “I once tried to get a job here once. That was a few years ago!”

We walked to Piccadilly together. We did not speak a word; we were both too deep in thought. In the end I left her as I hopped into a cab. She stood in her ultra high heels and fur coat, drawing deeply on the cigarette and puffing the blue smoke into the fresh night air.

Jeans and a fur coat indeed!

Flash trash with a stash!

But, I had to admit that despite my reservations I liked her. In fact I felt some strange gravitational force pulling me towards her orbit.

Maybe more.

She was direct, she did not flaunt, she just was. Monique was one of those women who never fits in but she forces a place in any level of society and is accepted for what she is.

I had one last impression of a cynical smile on her face but I might have mistaken amusement for disdain.

Devil's Kitchen.

It is the strangest feeling going to a prostitute. When you are a woman and it's the first time then you get the butterflies in the stomach and a worried feeling that someone is following you!

At any rate there I was wandering through Fulham with a pit in my stomach and a wad of cash in my hand. It was me that asked to come, what had I been thinking?

At last, even though I went as slowly as possible I wound up standing on the steps of her address wondering if pressing the bell was really a good idea. I mean, what the fuck was I doing?

I had waited for this meeting for three weeks now. I had to find a day when Craig was tied up and when I could get away with a few hours to spare. It also seemed that Monique had a full diary!

I was on the point of turning on my heel and heading for the tube station, when the door opened and I found myself looking into the eyes of a middle aged man who seemed to be a sort of butler.

He nodded to me and said, "Sabrina? You are expected."

So that was it then. I could no longer retreat from this foolish expedition. Yes, I was curious about Monique and what my husband was doing here. But a great deal of the reason had fled at the point that I realised that Craig had visited a number of prostitutes over the years, Monique was just the latest.

I followed the man in the uniform into the house and allowed him to take my coat. He then led me to a room that was like a bedroom without the bed. Chests of drawers and wardrobes ranged the walls and a makeup table on the wall gave the room a theatrical air.

"Please wait here," he said.

I sat on the only armchair available and waited for Monique. At length she came and I stood to greet her.

"Sabrina," she said. "I wondered if you would have the nerve to turn up! Did you bring the money?"

I surrendered the six hundred pounds that I had brought and wondered what the fuck I was doing here.

“The money is not important,” she said. “It just represents our relationship for the moment. Keep it in mind that you have paid me and thus I owe *you* a service. The paradox is that the service is going to be that *you* do as you are told.”

“Does that mean that I have to call you mistress?”

“Only if you fancy doing so,” she replied. “Most men get a kick out of it, most women prefer not to... On the other hand I think that you will at least for today.”

She took my hand and turned me around. One hand lifted the hem of my skirt so that she could look at my legs. Then she stood behind me and pulled me into her and cupped my breasts. I allowed her to manhandle me, in fact it was an interesting experience and I felt myself relax in her hands.

“You have a great figure, Sabrina, slim but also largish breasts and wide hips under a narrow waist. I think that you would look great in anything, so I will not give you much advice. Just pick from the clothes in this room and I will send Tania. She does the makeup for me and a few other things besides.”

“Where do I put my clothes?” I asked.

She pointed at a wardrobe with a dismissive gesture and left me to my own devices.

I meandered from one collection to the other. It was all here, I could have dressed in any one of a million ways. From Bavarian milkmaid to rubber slut and back to French maid.

In the end I decided that a full length leather dress, split up to the thigh was the thing and I poured myself into it. I kept my heels on, black and metal stilettos, and added stockings that came to not much over the knee.

Tania turned out to look like a lost art student. Maybe nineteen years old and a masterful touch with the makeup. Blue feathers for lashes and azure eyelids fading to black on my glossy lips.

The amazing thing was that it takes me an hour to apply lipstick and foundation and then to finish it off. She managed the lot in ten minutes and the effect was stunning.

Throne Room

I was led to Monique's chambers. I could not decide if I looked like a trashy sex slave ready to be used; or a mistress who would

elegantly make her needs known with a flutter of the fingers. But, the feeling of chaos in my head and the willing loss of control excited me.

I was losing control and the feeling intoxicated me.

When I arrived Mistress Monique was sitting on a throne. A huge wood and leather armchair that stood on a wide carpeted dais. The rest of the room was empty but I noted that the walls were festooned with chains and fixed rings of steel.

Mistress Monique said, “Sabrina, you have chosen very well, that outfit is perfect.”

I felt a glow of pleasure at her praise. She indicated with her hand that I should come to her side and as I approached she held up a pair of satin gloves in red.

“Put these on, now!”

I pulled on the gloves and then found out why she wished me to wear them as Monique cuffed my wrists together with hand cuffs that would have broken and bruised the skin if the soft material of the gloves had not protected me.

She knelt me down by her throne and arranged me as if I was a doll. The feeling was a total high, I was her ornament, a pliable doll by her throne and the idea caused me to blush with excitement, the excitement of having all resolution taken away and substituted for subservience.

“There is some thing else that you need to wear for me,” she said as she pulled a Venetian porcelain mask over my face.

I sighed and it must have sounded like lust, it was emotional hunger, I suppose!

The mask covered my face from my upper lip to forehead, effectively concealing my face. With great care she arranged me to perfection. The long leather dress was arranged so that a deep décolleté was shown and the hem, allowing the tops of the low stockings to show. Finally the mask so that the black lips were displayed and the feathered lashes fluttered as they should.

“Remember,” she said. “Do always as you are told and you will learn what you want to know, even though you do not know that you need this knowledge yet. Not a word are you allowed to say. No sound. You are Orpheus to Eurydice, you are my slave but I have consideration for you, do not forget that whatever I do it is for your good. *Your* good and my pleasure!”

I opened my mouth to speak. I intended to ask her a question or two. Either she sensed it in me or else she was sublimating her personality to the role that she was assuming. Her hand touched my black lips and she shushed me with pursed lips.

“Obedience!”

I sat waiting, she sat on the throne and crossed her legs. “Look forward, into the distance, not at the persons that will be in the room,” she said.

The door opened and the butler entered. In his hand was a leather quirt, a crop that ended in a short tail with knotted braids. He came to the throne and bowed. The crop he placed at Monique’s feet with a delicate little movement.

“Your next appointment waits for you, Mistress,” he said as he genuflected.

“Bring him in then,” she said.

The butler left, and as he exited a naked man came into the room. The naked man was, *of course*, Craig. I should have seen it coming, it was so obvious. No wonder that the appointment had

taken several weeks to organise. Mistress Monique had allowed us both time to cover up the fact that we were *both* cheating with her!

Craig's hands were bound behind his back and his ankles were restricted by cuffs with short chains between them. They made his steps into a shuffle, an abject hobbling.

"Pass me the whip," said Mistress Monique in a hard tone as he approached.

Craig picked up the whip with his lips and teeth and stood holding it ready to pass to his mistress. I wondered what Mistress Monique was up to, what was she trying to tell me? I could not guess at the moment, I could not see the destination, just the road.

Mistress Monique's hand whipped out and slapped my husband. There was a sound almost like crockery breaking as the full power of her arm came into play.

"I said pass me the whip! I did *not* say hold the whip for me. I did *not* say pick the whip up. I did *not* say fondle the whip with your tongue. I did *not* say kiss the whip. You really have to learn to obey me properly, word for word."

Craig did not react, he just hung his head and offered the evil looking crop to her with both bound hands.

“If I have to correct your behaviour again, you will regret it. I know that your wife is considering your position in her life so you really don’t want me to be contacting her, do you?”

I could see the fear in his eyes.

The threat of whip and wife was all part of his addiction. She was the heroin in the red hot spoon and the trail of white on the mirror. He was the possessed who craved the fix and she was the needle in his arm.

I felt breathless as I watched her deal with my husband and I wondered if I would rather be in his or her place.

The erection proved Craig’s addiction.

It showed me the second lesson that I had learned that afternoon. The first lesson was that abuse could be dished out as long as the abused did not recognise it as exploitation. The second lesson was that this man was in the power of any woman

or possibly even a man who knew where the keys to his locks were kept.

I felt a shiver run down me because I too was in the grip of a similar catharsis. I was hesitating between being the used bitch of Mistress Monique and the proud manipulator of Craig. She was finding the well hidden keys to my locks as well.

She took the crop, that goddess, and let it pass through her hands a couple of times before she sat on her throne. So far she had ignored my presence except that she was showing me the power that she had over my husband.

Monique beckoned to my husband until he came within her reach and then her hand reached out and took his prick with a motion that pushed him from tip to base with a smooth motion of her gloved hands.

Craig stood stock still and to my total amazement he climaxed!

Craig came with a spurt over her hand and a splash on her nylon clad knees.

That one move of her hand had brought him to orgasm with just a single move. A smile played on her lips, a curious sort of disdain and satisfaction crossed her face.

“Did I give you permission to come? Have I *ever* given you permission?” she allowed her voice to slip into the mode of a schoolmarm or perhaps a bored mother talking down to her child.

“This is now the third time that you have coughed up slime from your pathetic little cock. This time I shall punish you in an exemplary manner.

Slave Mistress Slave

Craig looked scared.

A real look of fear spread over his face as he eyed the evil crop that dangled from Mistress Monique’s hand. Then there was another component of this scene that he did not understand. Who was the beautiful woman who knelt like a gorgeous masked doll by her mistress’ side?

Craig concentrated on Monique and fulfilling her wishes. It was so difficult to understand what she wanted.

Did she want him to come just so that she could punish him for it?

Was she showing the woman in the white mask her power?

Was she really pleased or displeased with Craig?

He bowed his head and thanked his stars that he could not figure it all out. It was just too much for him. This woman was an enigma. She took his money and slapped him for it.

She enjoyed his confusion.

He wondered at the butler. That almost silent, enigmatic man who, it seemed, served as her slave. But, he was never naked, but always subservient. Uniformed and deferential but, he was never grovelling.

More of a servant than a slave. I thought.

Monique walked around her captive. Of course there were two captives in the room, myself and my husband but it seemed that somehow we had different status and the I was the slave of Monique where as he was treated like the slave of a slave.

I wondered at her next move. It came with a suddenness that was blinding and made me start in shock. She laid a blow of the crop, that veil hybrid of horse-whip and tawse across his thighs. The blow landed on the bunched muscle at the top of his legs, narrowly missing his balls.

But, Monique did not stop there; the whip slashed his thighs from the front and then returned on the backstroke to score his soft ass with lines that ran across the smooth flesh like traces of a hot needle.

Craig almost fell.

His chained and fettered ankles almost tripped him and his bound arms unbalanced him.

But he stayed upright.

“I have decided that you are no longer to have sex with your wife,” said Monique. “To that end I will punish you until you cannot allow her to see your naked body!”

“But you promised!” cried Craig. “You said...”

As he spoke the whip slashed out again in an arc of pain. Now it etched his chest and back. Fore stroke to his back and return to his chest. The knots and tails of the cat left cuts in the soft flesh that welled slightly.

“How dare you tell me what I did or did not say, bitch,” screamed Monique as she prowled around him like a leopard that has its prey quivering, ready for the kill. “I decide what I said or not.”

She allowed the whip to trail over his chest and shoulders as she walked around.

“I have decided to mark you as mine, little Craig. You cannot hide from the women in your life. They have the right to know your inner thoughts, the inner motivations and they have the right to have your keys to you in their hands.”

“Please Mistress,” he was sobbing the words now. His chest was heaving with the repressed emotion and the reality of it all. “She will leave me and I love her more than anything!”

“If you love her then why are you here at all?”

“Because she does not understand that I have to serve and obey her. She thinks that we should be a partnership and we are equal.”

The braids of the whip reached out and kissed his upper arms, leaving their marks for all to see. She was marking him like a farmer marks his sheep, making him hers for all the females of the world to see.

“You are wrong. She does not understand that both you and she have to serve.”

I let those words roll around my consciousness and reverberate like a tolling of bells. She understood me.

I just could not believe how he was submitting to this treatment. He was prepared to sacrifice or marriage and at the same time he told her that he loved me. What the fuck was going on in his mind?

What was going on in my mind?

I sat quietly. Sooner or later I knew that Monique would involve me in her scheme, I just did not know how. At last she had enough of whipping my husband. She stopped in front of him and pushed one foot forward.

I cannot tell you how exciting it was to see Craig lean forward and kiss her feet. He licked her shoes and heels with a will and sucked her heels as she moved her feet. I was not really sure why it was so exciting but it was as if she had sublimated his need to fuck into a need to be fucked. The heel was her stiff prick, it passed his lips in a simulation of sex, of oral rape that she ordered him to submit to as she twisted her stilettos to allow him to impale himself on their steel.

I think what got me dripping was the sheer hold that she had on him. She lit a cigarette and smoked as he lavished all his love on her feet, her shoes, her heels and her toes. It would have been farcical except that Craig meant it!

He was willingly allowing her to fuck him by proxy!

Finally he was finished and she had smoked the last breath from the cigarette. The last wisp of brown blue smoke trickled up and dispersed.

She clapped her hands and the servant, that strange slave butler entered the room carrying a wooden box that he presented to Mistress Monique.

She nodded to him and he left the room, silently as he had come.

Craig was kneeling in abject submission on the lower steps of the dais of her throne. Monique turned to me and unlocked one of my hand cuffs as she moved my hands in front of me and then refettered them. As she did so she winked to me. A sign of reassurance, a sign that she was on *my* side, that she was doing all this for me.

I nodded back at her and stood as she bade me.

Monique opened the small box to reveal a small bag of silk that she took out and unwrapped. From where Craig was he could not see what it was but I could. It was a ring, a ring of steel, surgical steel. An inch in diameter and with steel as thick as a ball point pen, the ring opened wide in two halves to enclose him with a permanent sign of her possession.

Holding it up in the light revealed two names engraved deep in the steel. 'Monique' was scribed deep in that metal, his new

owner, fantasy and real. His wife was retracting her ownership, this was another sort of band.

I nearly clicked it closed but Monique's hand stayed me as she mimed that once the ring was closed it could not be removed without cutting it off.

I smiled at her and she spoke to me in low tones.

“Bitch, place the ring on him, slap him and then leave the room like the good slave that you are. Do not forget that I allowed you to escape my world, *this time*. Next time you will not be so lucky, but I choose the time and the place. It is by my good graces that you leave at all. That you leave with something at all is a great deal to be grateful for.”

I turned to Craig and lifted my head sharply to make him stand. I dared not speak because I was worried that he would recognise my voice.

Craig stood.

I reached out with my fettered hands and clipped the ring around his balls. It was not tight, but too little space remained to slip it off.

I reached back and slapped him with the back of my hand. The edge of my fetters caught his face, leaving a cut that stood in relief on his jaw.

I bowed at Mistress Monique and walked slowly out of the room.

She had showed me the way.

I just had to follow.

If I could.

Waiting for return.

I met the butler, he was waiting dutifully outside the door for me. When I arrived he led me to the front door and opened it.

“What about my clothes?” I asked.

“They have been destroyed, Madame.” He said as he reached down and picked up a bright heart shaped plastic handbag and passed it to me. “This is yours now!”

I looked inside and noted that every item from my old bag had been placed in it except for all my money. Just a few pounds in change lay in my purse, all the cash was gone!

“Money? How do I get home?”

“Madame the night bus fare is there in your hand.” As he spoke he pointed at the coins.

I pulled a face and walked into the night. Dressed like a hooker in leather and stockings.

As I walked down the steps I was glad that I had left my Louboutin heels on. I saw him watch me walk into the night, a sexualised whore. I was hot as fuck, what Monique had taught me in that two hour session was a revelation.

I got home at eleven. All the way I had been stared at and been ogled by every man who noticed that he could see my stocking tops through the slit of my long gothic leather dress.

As soon as I got in I cast off the shoes and made a coffee.

Monique had given no indication of her intentions with Craig so I decided to wait for him.

Should I wait in the clothes that she had gifted me or should it be in normal dress? I weighed up the various outcomes that I imagined and decided on staying dressed in the costume that I was wearing, but without the mask...

It was after one that the door opened quietly and Craig slipped into the house as quietly as he could. I imagined his balls being born down by the heavy ring. I could almost see through his clothes to the stripes that Monique had left on his smooth skin.

As soon as he had shut the door I switched on the light. The brightness made him leap around to see me, mask dangling from my hand, the vision of the slave who had fitted him with the heavy ring that marked him as property.

I allowed him to stare for a moment, to realise that I knew everything.

All.

“Strip!” I said, mustering as much confidence as possible. “Now!”

He stripped and I saw the crusts on his cuts, the softening of his flesh with welts and the steel ring that crushed his independence.

He saw with shock his wife standing there.

He saw with shock the woman who had watched him punished.

He saw that they were both one and the same.

I could see that he was hesitating between ardour, excitement, fear and shock. His prick was like a barometer of his thoughts. It could not make its mind up as to whether what he was facing was a cause for joy or a cause for regret.

As for me I flickered like a flame, half between guttering in the wind that was Monique or burning bright in the brain of Craig.

Consequences.

Have I left you hanging?

Wondering what happened next when the leather tart met the errant husband?

Were you expecting some huge sexual finale?

You might get one yet.

Well you might think that poor little Craig was in a bad position, what with the fact that he had been caught paying another visit to his mistress, you know the wrong one!

It turns out that I was still not interested in the sexual side of dominating Craig. Yes, it's true that I got a taste for it when I met Monique and saw how she operated. But even Monique, it turns out, often never actually had sex with her clients!

I suppose that's the big secret that is hidden from wives and lovers. It is that all this domination has a sexual root but in reality it manifests itself as a game that is played between consenting adults.

All I was really doing was signing up to play the game and it is more fun than you might guess from the comments above.

It works like this. Craig was mine, he always had been but I had never asserted my ownership; now that had all changed! Once a month he got sent to Monique with his allowance in his pocket to gift to the woman who Craig hungered for.

Sometimes she let him climax, more often than not she did not. At every visit he carried a letter to her from me. A memo that listed all his faults and failures since the last granting of absolution.

I just did not have any sexual interest in him anymore. Monique had taken that from me. Seeing him come at her single touch purged me of that leisure activity.

That was what I lost. That was what he lost!

The ordinary sex life, the intercourse twice a week, the blow and hand jobs that used to sustain us, even though his thoughts wandered back to his fetish.

That had faded to black.

His punishment was to be used and abused without the relief and safety of a home life.

Now that that door was opened there were occasionally other men who tickled my fancy. They pleased me while my former husband stayed in the cage that he had made for his own room. He laid there hearing the sounds of lovemaking coming through the walls.

I never once let him in.

I allowed Craig to stay as long as the business became mine. He consented... That was the deal. I suppose that he thought that all the concessions that he made would result in some sort of twenty four–seven relationship where sex would rear its head. What he discovered is that most basic of facts. The fantasies of two adults rarely coincide, someone has to lose.

This time it was Craig.

The next time it would be me.

I was ripe for the plucking!

He allowed me to shift the whole business into my name and I allowed him to stay. That was pretty much the whole deal. He had become an employee and I had become the ‘hot’ businesswoman of the moment.

You may have seen the small feature in some of the woman’s magazines that used words like ‘refreshing’ and ‘bracing’ in describing the way the business had grown and what an inspiration I was to other women who run their own business’.

When they interviewed Craig and asked him what it was like to be an employee for his wife he answered that he was satisfied with things the way they were and could not imagine it otherwise.

By then I had become obsessed by Monique. I needed to get close. She was all I could think about, she was all I needed. Meeting her was like climaxing, I became breathless and winded, my pulse raced and just the smell of a cigarette was enough to take me to that parting in Piccadilly.

One thing had changed a little. Our furniture business, which used to be sustained by single orders of individual pieces, swelled as we started to produce pieces for women like Monique. Basically the market is huge, but almost invisible, and we made pieces from steel that would make *almost* anyone blush. But, those times are gone and the business was sold.

I was left in charge of my life and my husband, but somehow I was dissatisfied with my lot. I slept with a few men but I was discontented with them.

I needed more.

I needed Monique.

Monique's Need.

Well Monique and I kept well in touch. In fact we met about once every couple of weeks as we relived that first tense meal that we had all those months ago.

She was responsible for the changes that took place in my wardrobe. That leather dress was still a favourite of mine, especially with stockings and heels.

I suppose that it had become my hunting outfit.

Whatever she suggested I bought. One time we met and I spent the whole time hoping that she would realise that I was wearing the latex skirt that she had commented on.

For her!

I was hoping for just a word an acknowledgment that would make my day complete. But, she never said a word, her hand seemed to linger on my smooth ass for a moment but that was all the sign she gave, if sign it was.

One week, about six months after the events above we met in the Savoy for a cup of tea and a chat. The Thames Foyer is a beautiful place to meet. I enjoyed taking Monique to all the places that showed London to its best advantage. In fact I had a whole bundle of friends but I met none of them as often as Monique.

That day was the day that she told me her real name and at last I knew that she was not only my best friend, I was hers.

I was hers.

There is a fantastic glass dome in that room. The whole place is lit in clear sunlight in the morning and an airy Edwardian atmosphere pervades the place.

We were both relaxed and enjoying just the presence of the other.

“You know that ‘Monique’ is just a stage name, a pen name?” she said as she sipped her tea. “I mean, it’s just not on, having your real name on the lips of clients like I have!”

“Do you want me to guess?”

“No, not really. Olivia is really not the right name for a dominatrix and so I changed it to Monique because that had a sort of French taste, sort of short for Dominique.”

“Well I’ll keep on calling you Monique,” I replied. “It just seems right.”

“I think that perhaps you might use Mistress Monique,” she said.

“As you like,” I answered as my heart thundered.

“You are right and you have made my mind up about something important for me. The reason for me telling you all this is that James has left me. You will remember him as the ‘butler’ who opened the door to you that Friday afternoon when you came to visit.”

“Was he a husband or a lover?”

“Neither really. He was a client who ended up staying for the duration. He was ideal, he did so much for myself and the clients without ever needing anything in exchange.”

“Why did he leave?” I asked.

“It’s a bit difficult to explain really, but let’s say that I found him another woman who he has now to serve!”

“So what are you going to do?”

“I need a butler! Tania does all the organising; she’s a sort of secretary who I am training for the business as well as doing clothes, makeup and such like.”

“Are you suggesting what I think that you are?” I said. “I mean Craig...”

“Is married,” she said as she completed my sentence. “Well, the answer is: yes *and* no! Actually since *you* put *my* ring on him he has other priorities that take precedence over mere marriage!”

I sat back in the chair and looked her in the eye.

She was wearing her fur coat and jeans again. That strange combination that worked for her and no one else! The dark make up and the high heels said something about her that was sexual, almost indefinable to a woman, but most men recognised her strength and paid some sort of obeisance.

To me it was like a bottomless pit, I could have stared into that face all day and all night. I was falling into that pit, already with arms and legs spread, falling for ever and ever.

“Monique tell me? Tell me what you would like? What can I do?”

‘She’s going to take Craig and I really want her to take me,’ I thought as I watched her eyelids flutter.

“I would *like* everything!

That’s all I ever needed in life.

You!”

Domestic Bliss.

The house is a large one. It is one of those places that presents a face to the street that makes it look like a four room house. Actually it has about ten rooms depending on how you count them.

Mistress Monique lives in and uses almost the whole house.

Tania occupies a small room in the basement, that typical London arrangement with windows that look into a cavity that lies before the house. The deep hole that is bridged by the pathway to the front door.

That room is the only one that is always locked.

Tania likes her privacy and she is the boss of her own space.

Otherwise I have to clean the whole house. Craig does his bit but he has his hands full with the jobs that Mistress Monique dishes out at the start of the day.

I start at the top and work my way down to the basement. I dust, vacuum and polish all morning long. When that is finished I attend to all those little tasks that Mistress Monique needs doing.

Mistress Monique is strict, there's no doubt about it. She keeps an eye on everything and makes sure that we do our allotted tasks to a standard that she expects.

She chose a nice little uniform for me, a short red taffeta and lace dress with all white trimmings. My outfit is just a little on the daring side. Craig gets the butler's outfit because he is often seen by the callers to the house.

So, what, you ask made me do it?

I mean, to go from successful business woman with all the affairs that she could handle to become the domestic servant in a house of ill-repute?

It's simple really.

I discovered that when Mistress Monique asked, I just had to obey. I know that sounds crazy, but she had filled me with herself. Mistress Monique had poured herself into me and I just had to be near her all the time. This was the only way.

Call it love if you will.

It isn't love really. It's more obsession than love and affection. Sort of worship I suppose. Ever since I let Mistress Monique put the cuffs on me, that first visit, I was drawn and I suppose that it was just a matter of time before Mistress Monique told me to serve her.

The short months before were like a false dawn. It seemed that I was becoming stronger and more in control of my life but the

truth of it was that Mistress Monique was grooming me for her use.

My morning starts at six in the morning with preparation for that day's work. I have a shower and clean myself. Mistress Monique insists on cleanliness for myself and Craig.

"You never know when I might need to offer or sell you or your husband to a client. Or perhaps as a favour to a dear friend so you must be ready at all times," she said as she led me through the routine the first time.

She was right.

We have earned her a fortune!

So in the shower I primp and preen and make sure that I am presentable should I have to serve. The next thing is to dress. This does not take long because Mistress Monique has decided that I should just wear the short dress and shoes and that no other clothes are needed.

It did seem strange at first, being accessible all the time but Mistress Monique likes to make sure that her guests can use her maid with the minimum of fuss.

When all the preparation is done I have to make sure that breakfast is presented at exactly eight in the morning. A tray is left with coffee and hot croissants for Tania and I am actually allowed to serve Mistress Monique personally.

Sometimes she is alone in bed and tries to coax me in between the covers with words of affection. When she does it is the highlight of the day because she is so open-handed with her orders.

She guides my body to gratify hers and I am fulfilled.

She has started to train me how to please her and Craig is sometimes trained as well. Just yesterday all three of us spent until eleven in the morning in bed as she showed Craig how to use just his lips to make a woman climax while she showed me how to massage her beautiful body as Craig made her orgasm continually.

I have never been so happy before.

The day then normally continues with the cleaning and washing. I find that this takes until about one in the afternoon when it is my duty to serve the meal that Craig has prepared for Mistress Monique and Tania.

I stand and wait for them, ready to fetch anything they might need while they eat and discuss the day and the appointments that have been made.

I try not to listen to this discussion because Mistress Monique told me that it is none of my concern, the business of the house. She says that my betters will look after me as they will and that is all I need to know about, is their decisions.

The business of the afternoon consists of all the appointments that Mistress Monique has. Sometimes I am required to wait on Mistress Monique and her clients in some way. Since she almost never allows them contact with her body I am often used as a substitute for her.

“Just do as you are asked,” she said to me. “If you are to act as doll for the clients, then they must find you *fully* compliant. I never want to hear any sort of resistance; you are the part of *me* that serves the client.”

Those clients, they learn to please Mistress' body, but they never touch it, they would never be permitted. Instead they serve her by using me. Mistress Monica told me that I must *never* climax when they lick and cosset me because that would be stealing her orgasms, so I stay cold and let them fuck and serve without allowing myself any gratification.

It is what she wants.

Occasionally Craig is called in to serve, when the client has paid extra and wishes to abuse a man, not a woman. This he does most skilfully. I must say that I am really proud of the way that he follows his orders. I have watched him suck and swallow exactly as Mistress Monica trained him to do. As far as I know he has never failed to please, no matter how difficult or demeaning the task that he has been given.

For myself I can modestly say that I have done all that is required of me and even been rewarded with a kind word from Mistress Monique.

It is the most that I am allowed.

The evening is spent making sure that Tania and Mistress Monique are comfortable and contented. That means making

sure that favourite snacks and drinks are at hand at all times and any other personal service that they may require.

Tania is particularly appreciative of the massages that I give to her legs and feet. With gentle strokes of the fingers and tongue I sooth the cares of her day away. Of course Tania is Mistress Monique's collaborator and I have to serve her as well, but my day is made when I am allowed to sit at Mistress Monique's feet and give them a soft resting place.

It is the evening that Craig and I are punished if for any reason we have been less than perfect in our duties. Mistress Monique picks the punishment and applies it with great determination.

She is supreme, she decides and the weight of choice is lifted from my shoulders. Our betters should have power over us, that is now my creed, my reason for breathing.

Finally it is midnight and we go to bed. Occasionally, and it is really quite seldom, Mistress Monique picks one of us to go to bed with her to play with. I don't think that I have spent more than a night a month with her in all the time that I have served her.

When I have been picked I have tried so hard to satisfy her, but sometimes she is just in need of me to vent her anger or frustration at the irritations of the day. That is her right, her privilege and she needs the outlet.

As she tells me, that is what I am there for, I am her plaything.

It is what I wanted from the first time that she shackled my hands, Craig was the one that discovered Monica but in the end it was I that became addicted to Mistress Monique.

She is the needle in my arm.

The End.

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in one hard back volume for those that prefer something big and solid in their hands! You may just prefer paper and quill, vellum and ink to a virtual glowing screen. If you prefer the ephemeral to the real then you can find them all on the WWW. As you like, I am not cheap!

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