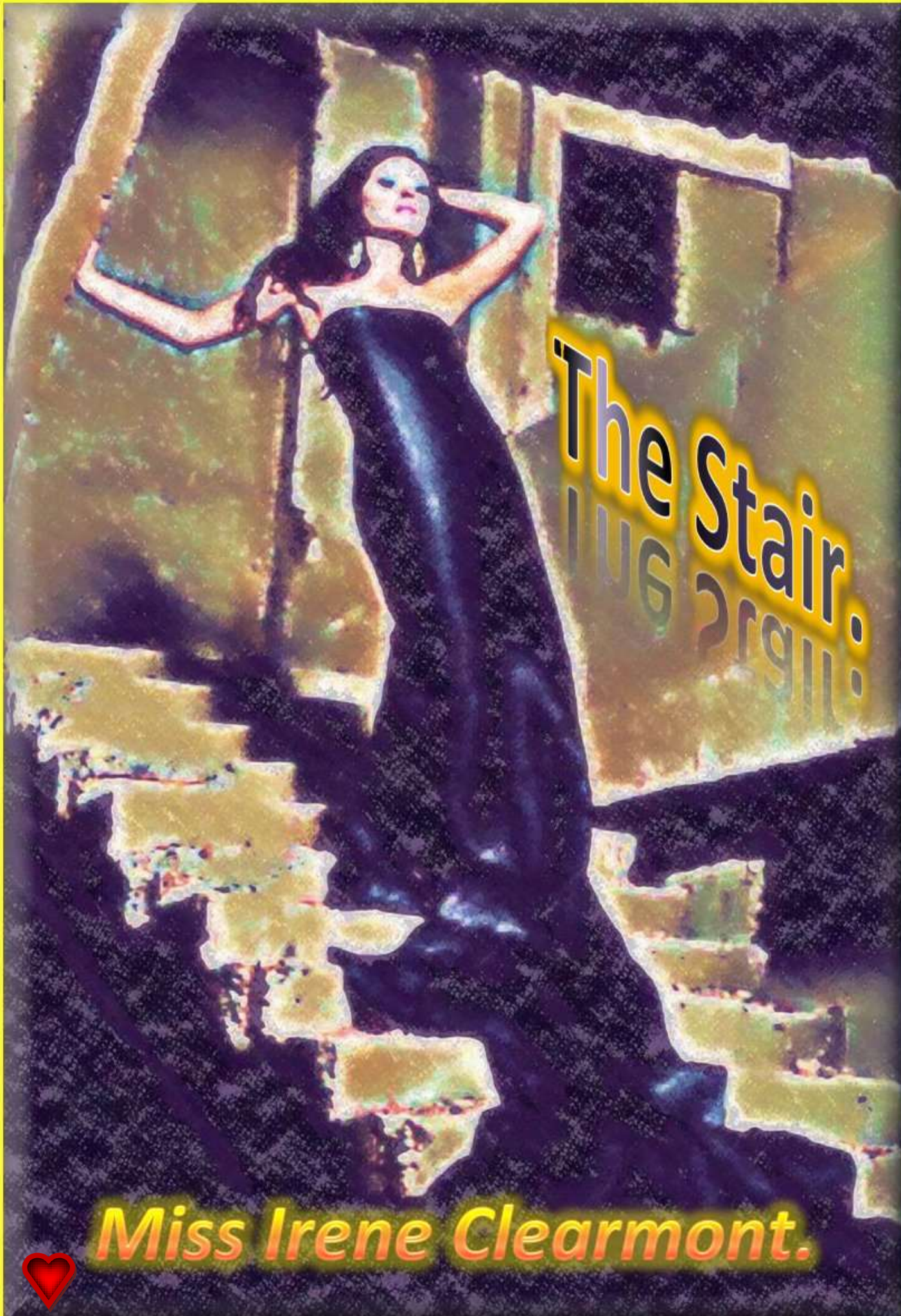


A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black strapless dress, is posed on a wide, ornate staircase. She is leaning back with her arms raised, holding onto the balustrade. The staircase has a light-colored, possibly marble, surface with a decorative pattern. The background is dark and textured. The overall style is reminiscent of a vintage poster or a stylized photograph.

The Stair.

Miss Irene Clearmont.



The Stair

by

Miss Irene Clearmont.

An **Adult** tale of Female Domination

There is no coming to consciousness without pain.

- Carl Jung

The only antidote to mental suffering is physical pain.

- Karl Marx

The Stair.

The Dress.

I awoke to the sound of her heels on the stair. It must have been the creak of the door that actually woke me, but it was the click of metal on the terracotta tiles that brought me to.

The faint light from the open door surrounded her slender form like a glow to my light-starved eyes. Her face had that enigmatic smile that she always wore when she entered my little kingdom and looked down at the husband that she kept for her private use and torment in the cellar beneath the house that we had bought together.

As I looked through the bars of the cage I could see that tonight she was wearing that long dress that I had bought for her, the one that we always called the 'hope and charity' dress because it was for charity events that it was intended. Smooth silk, unadorned and flowing like liquid over her slim figure.

At last she stood before the cage and passed a hand over her long curls. It was a little habit of hers that used to so enchant me. Now it left me breathless with desire. How I longed to

return to those simple days when every instinctive move of her body and head was a signal of her love for me.

The love that had turned to hate.

Maybe not exactly hate, more distaste...

“Darling,” she said, “I just thought that I’d look in on you for a moment before I went out. It always fills me with such joy to be able to keep you up to date with my love life.”

I nodded but the gag in my mouth prevented words of contrition tumbling from my lips.

Her slender hand moved a stray curl from her cheek as she spoke.

“Do you remember Ken Halderwell?” she asked rhetorically. “Well we have arranged to meet tonight and then perhaps go to the theatre. Who knows what will be happening after that, though I think that the fact that he has booked a room at the Savoy may well mean that I won’t be back until tomorrow.”

I tried to speak but only a whimper issued from my lips.

“Oh, darling, are you hungry or thirsty?” she asked in a mock concerned tone. “Perhaps we have time for you to drink a little?”

I tried to shake my head but she just ignored the movement and turned to get the tube from the hook on the wall. When she had attached the tube to my gag her hands closed the covers over my eyes and smoothed over the leather with a firm motion to make the Velcro take grip.

“That’s better. You know that you are not allowed to see my body any more, not since you decided that there were other women besides me!”

I heard her slip off her dress and then a slight tugging at the tube as she got herself comfortable. I tried to move my head but she had already hooked it with a ring at the top of the cage where I crouched as the first of the liquid entered my mouth.

I heard the water leave her body and pour into the funnel and her sigh of release as she enjoyed relieving herself for my benefit. As I struggled to swallow she chuckled to herself.

“That’s so much better now. I really didn’t want to go out with all that inside me. I will feed you tomorrow and tell you all about my adventure, so get yourself in the right frame of

mind because I would not want you to cry again like the last time.”

I heard the click of her heels on the stair, the slight creak of the door and the turn of the key in the lock and then I was alone in my darkness.

The Plan.

The house was paid for, the car was paid for, but the rest of our lives was a mass of bills that we paid as they became due. I suppose that is one of the consequences of working for a software firm. The money arrives in gushes as the work is finished and the salary is paid in bonuses and shares in the software.

If it sells, then you are rich.

If it bombs then it's nose to the grindstone.

After a year it became clear that the company was going to fold with huge debts unless it was bought out by one of the larger sharks in the pool. My share of the company was twenty per cent. That meant that I had a fifth of the profit and a fifth of the debt! The trouble was that the debt was eight million and the profit was measured in hundreds of thousands.

It was my wife, Eve, my lovely wife who came up with the insurance scheme as I sat one evening trying to make sense of the company accounts.

“Life insurance,” she had said as she looked at the balance sheet that I had sketched out on a piece of A4. “We transfer everything into my name, we insure you for a load of money and then you die!”

I looked up at her, shocked.

“I have to die to get us out of our money problems?” I asked incredulously.

“Don’t be silly darling. You don’t die, you disappear and then I claim the insurance. We hide you abroad or in the cellar and wait until the money comes and all of the company debts are declared invalid due to your death.”

“I’m not sure if that’s a good idea, Eve,” I said doubtfully. “How long does it take?”

“Seven years. But that is seven years abroad, darling,” said Eve seriously. “You will find work under an assumed name and I will guard the fort and visit all the time!”

“I’m not sure,” I replied.

But the idea took root as the debt mounted. We arranged the insurance, a sum of six million with payments of five thousand a month.

“At this rate we will have to move in the next three months,” I said. “There is a panic at the firm because we only have enough money in cash to operate another six months. After that it’s bankruptcy and the end of it all...”

“Then we should really get a plan together and decide how you are going to die!”

“Abroad, on holiday? Perhaps if we go to Greece or somewhere that the police are not too efficient?”

“So we send someone in your place. Then he disappears and then travels back under his own name. Then we sit it out.”

That was the plan.

Simple and rounded.

There was no great problem finding someone to go abroad for ten thousand, but first we had to prepare a sort of priest hole for me to hide in, at least for a month or two.

Our old Victorian house had two cellars. One was entered from under the stairs and formerly served as a larder and wine cellar. The other was the small coal cellar that was at the front of the house. A door in the kitchen led down the steep steps into a dirty space that was high enough to walk in but was really only four by four yards in area.

It had one advantage, the door could be concealed behind a fitted kitchen unit that slid aside and the lack of windows did not betray its presence.

I am not much of a handyman, a do-it-yourself guy. I am happier with a computer keyboard than a screw driver, but I cleaned the space out, tiled it over and fitted a sink and small toilet ready for my stay in hiding.

I went on holiday.

Actually I bought the tickets for the ferry and trains and then passed my passport to my wife.

“Tomorrow night you move into the cellar, honey,” she said, “and then we begin the plan. Three weeks wait and we will go on a holiday together and escape for a while we figure out how to pass the seven years! I was thinking the south of France, but perhaps Spain is a better idea?”

That day a delivery van arrived and dropped of a massive box. My wife got the deliverymen to take it down to the cellar for an extra twenty pounds tip.

“What the hell is that?” I asked.

“It’s something special for you to help you pass the time while you are in our little priest hole. We will open it tomorrow night when we move all the other furniture ready for your stay.”

The next day I went to the office and tried to behave normally. I must have succeeded because we went for a quick drink at a local bar before driving home.

She was waiting for me in her sexiest dessous.

“I think a small drink is in order and then you will spend your last night on earth in heavenly company,” she joked. “I think that you should have a last meal and a last fuck before you die!”

She poured me a whiskey and I sipped it whilst admiring her exquisiteness. In a corset of red satin, sheer stockings and high heels she was a picture of all that I desired in a woman.

I laughed at her joke.

I should have cried.

The Cage.

I awoke with a terrible headache. I could not remember what had happened after the drink. I opened my eyes, but I was in the dark.

It was pitch black.

I stretched out a hand and found cold metal. I knelt on the hard wood on which I was lying and hit my head on a low ceiling. It did not take long to realise that I was in a cage, a prison that was not even large enough to lie in. Metal bars fenced me all around, through which I could just pass my hands to feel that the cage lay on a cold tiled floor.

The thumping of my head subsided as I lay still wondering what had happened.

There was a creak of a hinge and a little light entered the room from the top of the stairs. I looked up and realised that I was in the cellar that I had, myself, prepared.

A pile of cardboard lay leaning on one wall and I recognised the box which had been delivered had contained this cage. With a click of her heels my wife came down the stairs. She was still dressed in her dessous, a picture of pure allure.

“What have you done?” I cried out to her. “Why?”

She just smiled and flicked her hair.

From her décolletage she pulled a small piece of paper and waved it in front of the bars of the cage.

“Do you know what this is?” she asked lightly.

I looked at the paper and recognised the logo at the top of the paper. ‘Hotel Thistle’.

“It is the receipt for the hotel where I stayed just three weeks ago,” I said as I looked into her eyes.

“Might I ask who you were with?” she asked in a sweet voice.

“Ken Halderwell of course,” I replied hoping that the lie would pass muster.

“Oh! Ken?”

“That’s right, honey. We had our meeting with Logical Software Solutions in Manchester and that’s where we stayed.”

“But, there is a little problem, honey, with your story,” she said.

“Mmm,” I replied.

“Ken was in London that day because I bumped into him and his girlfriend in Harrods, so I ask again. Who were you with?”

“Honey, please let me out of here and we can discuss this through.”

“What is there to discuss?”

The Hood.

The next time that she came to the cellar she was in her jeans and a loose knitted top. In one hand was a large shopping bag, in the other was a box cutter. She wore flat soled trainers and her hair was pulled back into a long plait.

I looked up hopefully as she came to the cage and kneeled just out of reach.

“I have decided that I am going to enjoy punishing you for your little indiscretions, honey,” she said as she pulled a metal dog dish from the sack. “You see, I have been checking through more of the bills and credit card statements and I now realise that my suspicions were right. My little hubby was having an affair which seems to have been going on at least a year or two. What do you have to say about that?”

“I am so sorry...” I started.

“Not as sorry as you are going to be!”

“I love you and only you!”

“Is that so?” she said as she pulled a loose black leather bag from the shopping bag. “Then put this on! If you love me.”

She stressed the word ‘love’ with a smirk.

I took the leather from her hands and with dismay I realised that it was a sort of hood.

“Please, put it on and then I would like you to wear this as well,” she said as she drew a ball gag from her bag. “I am of course saying ‘please’, but what I mean is that if you do not immediately put on the mask I will be forced to use a bucket or two of cold water to encourage you, honey.”

I put on the mask and took the gag in my hands.

“Is this really...”

“....necessary,” she said as she finished the sentence for me.

“Of course it is! You will find that it will all go a lot smoother between us if *you* have nothing to say. After all, it has been lies all the way for the last few years so silence is better I suppose!”

I tightened the gag, forcing the ball into my open mouth.

“Make sure it is nice and tight,” she said.

Then she stood and went to the top of my cage. I thought that she was going to open the sort of lid that was in the centre of the top but instead she clicked a switch.

I heard a regular clicking noise every few seconds, a sort of switch or relay that repeatedly clicked and switched.

“That is an electrical relay,” she said. If I find you being obstreperous than I will leave it switched on; so that whenever you touch the bars of your little cage you will get a

small shock. How small depends on my mood, how long it stays on for is also up to me. I would advise you that I am on a period right now and am not feeling in a very forgiving mood!”

She turned and started to cut the cardboard box into smaller pieces. She worked patiently and swiftly to remove all the cardboard. Then she returned from the house with other boxes that she opened to reveal a set of do it yourself cupboards from the local hypermarket. As she put them together she talked to me.

“I need a place to put a few things that really are better not stored in the house, the tools of my revenge so to say,” she said. “Then comes the soundproofing for the door and finally a few more slight alterations that will make my life easier and yours considerably more arduous.”

Finally she was finished and she went upstairs and closed the door. I was all alone in the dark. I loosened the gag a little and tried to decide how the fuck I was going to get out of this mess.

It was true!

I had had an affair with a woman that I met on a business trip over a year ago. I had slept with her and a couple of others as

well. But I had never really expected that it would be, discovered. I had not realised that Eve would take such a terrible revenge. Now I was isolated in the dark, serving solitary with a misused woman as gaoler. Worst was, they would be searching for me in Greece and soon no one would believe that I was even alive!

The Lover.

It is a year now, or maybe three. Maybe more! I cannot get a grip on time here in my cage. Eve, my gorgeous wife no longer tells me the date, day or even the time. I am her hobby. The revenge has not yet run its course and she enjoys having a prisoner in the cellar.

Bit by bit she has gained mental and physical control of me. Chains and gags, cuffs and blindfolds. It was obvious that she had been shopping in a sex shop when she came with a collection of items that she could insert into me.

I tried to cry out when she pushed a huge dildo into me, but she just laughed and stroked my cock until I was as hard as a rock.

“Look who likes to be fucked like a little girl,” she said as she switched on the vibrator and slowly milked me with a gloved hand. “Again?”

I tried to say no but she would not hear.

I felt her attach something to my raging prick that started to move and milk me as the dildo in my rear pushed and bucked with mechanical ardour.

“That’s so much better,” she said as she closed my eyes. “Automatic love from this automatic pussy will keep you satisfied!”

I heard her switch on the electric current in the cage. That evil clicking sound started, warning me off touching the bars of my world. Now I was blind, being raped and if I moved a few inches I would be shocked as well.

“I have something special on order for you, my dear,” she said. “When it comes, you will really be fucked properly. The machine I have ordered can run forever, because it has no batteries, it runs from the mains. It is diabolical what they sell on the Internet, you will just love it, honey!”

I whimpered as I heard her steps on the stairs.

The clicking of her heels and then the closing of the door.

That next visit she started to make me drink from her body. Always I was blindfolded, never was I allowed to see her naked, never once did she use me to service her. She raped and fucked me, she made me come for her, Eve occasionally punished me with a crop...

I was bound and fastened like an animal as she admired her work. She introduced me to her latest toy, a simple fucking machine that she could use to make me suffer all night and all day. With a steady whine the disk rotated and pushed a huge simulacrum of a penis into me while I lay helpless in my cage.

The Lovers.

“Darling,” she said. “It was wonderful last night, Ken is such a considerate lover.”

Eve sat in front of the cage on the small easy chair and crossed her long legs with a sweeping motion. Her hand tended to her curls for a moment as she recalled her evening with my former colleague.

“First we went to a lovely restaurant in Soho. Italian, and so sophisticated. He has such good taste in wine, honey. We had a perfect bottle of Rothschild with a dinner that was to die for. Escallops, mussels, black tagliolini with squid. Dreamy!”

There was a light in Eve's eyes that spoke of rapture as she described the evening.

"I thought, in my innocence, that we were going to go to the theatre, but Ken is so clever, he took me to one of those erotic clubs that infest Soho. It was so sleazy, expensive, but a real treat. Darling, you are missing so much by being here. On the other hand it's entirely your fault, isn't it?"

She reached for her little clutch bag and pulled out a packet of cigarettes and lit one of the slim pink cylinders with her Dunhill.

"I have never been groped under the table before, darling, but it was all so dreamy. You know that all the girls who served in the club wore latex? It was outrageous, but so, so erotic. They had such a naughty show with women and men who do things that I would never have dreamed of doing. Ken Halderwell is so very kinky, he *really* is in to all that bondage stuff and I must say that it pretty much excites me too!"

She took a pull at the cigarette and eyed the tip for a moment as though it gave her the inception of an idea.

“So, after climaxing under the table twice, we went to the Savoy. It’s wonderful there, so perfect, so still and like a fantasy. Of course I had to allow Ken to fuck me, honey! How could I reward him otherwise for the wonderful night?”

She brushed a stray curl and held her hand up, fingers outstretched, to admire the manicure. Strawberries and roses hand-painted on those long sharp nails.

“Ken Halderwell is certainly well endowed, darling, and he is not embarrassed to use it either! I am sure that you are so glad that he serviced me properly. He showed me how to sit on a man’s face and extract the most pleasure from every lick of the tongue. After climaxing so many times that I lost count; I let him show me what he wanted and gave him something special! It is the first time that I have allowed a man to take me from behind; anal sex has never really interested me until now. It was so good, so fulfilling and filling if you get my meaning. He used a pair of handcuffs on me and I used them back on him. We must have played all night.”

The cigarette was finished and she dropped the stub to the tiles and crushed it with the pointed heel of her stiletto.

“Darling, honey? Is that a tear in your eye? Well never mind. I have some very special news for you. Ken Halderwell is

coming round here in an hour to look at you. Now that the coroner's court has declared you dead I am at last a wealthy woman. There is another little twist, lover, because Ken has also been made rich by your death. He now owns all the rights to that software patent that you both had and it seems that everyone wants to use it!"

I felt my body shake with the hopelessness of it all. Eve laughed and enjoyed my distress.

"Ken says that there is nothing more erotic than another's pain, and he might just be right. I mean, honey, you are crying and I am feeling horny!"

She slowly pulled up her dress to her waist. One hand slid a finger into her naked slit while the other held the dress up so that I could see every detail of Eve frigging herself to my suffering.

No panties just smooth flesh... and Ken's come dripping...

It was the first glimpse that I had had of my wife's pussy in such a long time. I had dreamed of that milk white skin that folded so neatly over the lips of her cunt. Dreamed and longed for it.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” she gasped as she orgasmed and then let the dress fall.

“Ken has proposed to me. Now that you are dead, the widow can marry again. I have not decided if I shall say ‘yes’, but he is certainly an intriguing lover. He says that you will make an ideal ‘fuck puppet’, but I am not sure exactly what he means. I am eager to find out and I am sure that you are too. I don’t think that it sounds too much fun for you though, honey!”

Eve stood and looked at her high stilettos speculatively as if puzzling something out. A wet patch on her dress showed at her thighs, it marked the centre of her excitement at discovering that there might be just so much more possible for a woman with a husband who no longer existed. Or maybe it marked where Ken’s juices were leaking out of Eve’s cunt.

Her foot extended to push the shoe into my cage.

“Kiss it, honey. Ken will be here soon to fuck me again and look you over. It does not look too good for you, my little fuck puppet because he wants to start by showing me that a simple caning can reduce a man to a shuddering, eager slave slut.”

“He told me that the spasms of a slave in agony are a unique gratification when the slave is serving orally. He says that pain is the best lubricant for service.”

“There is no coming to consciousness without pain.”

The End

Copyright © Miss Irene Clearmont 2012(Feb)

Some of my other stories are at:

<http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/IreneClearmont/>

*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!*

More of Miss Irene Clearmont's WWW writing can be found at:

<http://femdomcave.com/authors/author-bio/irene-clearmont/>

Contact me at:

MissIreneClearmont@yahoo.com



Most   Mails get a reply.

Irene

xxx