

Denise

An adult novel of sexual slavery and female dominance.

Miss Irene Clearmont

Denise

Written By

Miss Irene Clearmont.

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Synopsis:

Miss Denise Arden Lamont renews her friendship with an old university friend, Kathy. Kathy has always been rather curious in her choice of male friends and indulges herself in training them.

As Denise slides into this dark world of sexual slavery she becomes entrapped by the evil Miss Clearmont whose appetites for malevolence and vice know no boundaries.

This was the first novel written by Miss Irene Clearmont. It set the scene for quite a few other short stories and novels. Miss Clearmont has now started writing again after a gap of several years. She has turned her hand to many different styles of writing but, one thing is constant. In her writing women are always the superior sex, they make their female and male victims grovel and serve, they are always in control.

Miss Clearmont decided to clean up the text, chapter headings and some of the grammatical errors since the first release of the text onto the Internet in late 2010. This text is the result. The story has not been rewritten, the characters undergo the same tribulations and Denise becomes the innocent victim of her betters as before! What has changed is that the whole is easier to read and has now reached a final rendering.

Miss Irene Clearmont hopes that you will enjoy her first excursion into writing as much as she enjoyed writing it, so read on...

Irene x

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The Puppet Mistress

I was Denise Arden Lamont, but this is not only her story. It is the tale of a fool slut and her entrapment. By allowing myself to slip into a world of sexual slavery I was changed from a woman in command of herself, into a chattel sex plaything under the control of ruthless Mistress's. Their goal is simply to demand, and get sexual gratification from their ascendancy over me. How I was brought low is told here.

Chapter 1

May 1989 Mid Year Harvard

I had, I suppose, always lived a life of ease. This comes of being born into a wealthy 'Old Money' family that has always married into other wealthy families. The real problem of being rich is not how to live a full life, but rather how to do enough to make life interesting. I chose to work even though my trust fund would allow me live an easy life. My work absorbed me like my meagre family life never had. On my thirtieth birthday I would find myself very rich but until then I had to live on the returns and interest, actually not a small income. In my circle of friends there were a few women who spent all their time fucking the gardener and handyman and their money on designer clothes. My closest friends however, were made of rather stronger stuff.

In the late 80's it was vogue to go and get educated in university, and of course rebel against the system. I myself studied law. This was not rebellion but status. Getting into Harvard was not a problem, money talks. It turned out that I had proficiency for legalities and the course became an obsession. I enjoyed the power of holding a client or adversary in the palm of my hand.

It was there that I first met Katherine De Burg. She was certainly not a striking girl. Even at the age of twenty she was rather on the plump side with large breasts and short legs. Not that she wasn't attractive, it was as if she didn't care.

She was studying law as well, but was also taking a complimentary psychology course. As the courses continued she shied away from law and took a doctorate in psychology. The funny thing was that I really felt attracted to her, and even though her circle of friends was quite different to mine we often did things together, especially as we both came from Jersey. I remember that she seemingly had no boyfriends. Since it was trendy to be homosexual.

I wrongly assumed that she got her kicks elsewhere.

How wrong I was.

This story starts on the day that I paid her a visit at her apartment in those heady university days. I didn't go there often but it was not the first time. She was one of the few students whose parents were rich enough to make sure that their little girl lived comfortably. We had agreed to do an essay assignment on Tort Law together, as it was an area that I particularly had an interest in, but in which Kathy struggled. I knocked on her door without answer and tried the handle.

The large well-furnished apartment had three rooms. From her bedroom I could hear conversation. Rather naïvely I went in. To my amazement I saw a rather muscular guy naked on her bed. Kathy was standing by him with a bamboo cane in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

The man was firmly tied to the bed with arms and legs outstretched, and had the most enormous erection. Tied round the base of his cock was a rough piece of rope. When I entered the room Kathy turned to see and gasped with surprise. I could do nothing but stand amazed. It was of course Kathy who recovered first.

"Sorry. I forgot the assignment," she said.

Everyone has dabbled in bondage at one time or another. But to see it live as a spectator is bound to be a shock. The man on the bed looked at me with a neutral expression, his prick standing proudly its purple tip shiny

and exposed. Even so I could not help to be curiously interested in the sight of the plump Kathy with a crop threatening the hunk on the bed.

"I'll come back later," I replied.

"No. Let me show you what I've achieved," said Kathy as though her sexual achievements were of interest to me.

Without waiting for an answer she turned to the man and said; "Whom do you serve?"

"You mistress," came the reply.

"This is Gerald. He loves and serves me. In fact he just can't wait to serve me. Tell Denise what you can do."

Whilst she spoke she moved the tip of the cane up and down his now straining cock. When it reached the top she flicked it a little to catch the purple top a smack.

"I can do anything for you mistress," came the reply.

A superior look came across Kathy's face. Taking a drag from her cigarette she bent over him and blew the smoke into his face. Gerald did not seem to notice the smoke but looked at Kathy with a gaze of pure devotion.

I felt a small flutter in my chest, I had never managed to get a man tied up like this, and I was beginning to become interested in finding out more. Not that I would have admitted it to anyone, even myself.

"Today is Gerald's atonement day. Yesterday he promised me the earth but failed to deliver. I offered him a chance to get back into my good books. Denise, sit down and I'll tell you a story."

Kathy patted the bed and I sat down with my back to Gerald. I could feel his hard naked muscular body behind me. Kathy did not sit down, but stood by the bed and talked as she ran the tip of the cane all over Gerald. Every now

and then she whacked him with it lightly and I could feel a suppressed shiver as he moved.

"I have decided to train a man. I got the idea about six months ago. Basically I read a book about conditioning animals on my course, and what is a man if he is not an animal? Best of all I've decided to do it while telling the man what it is that I'm doing. That's the challenge and the pleasure. Gerald is the second, and I'm getting better. The trouble was that I went too quickly. Even with Gerald. It's not enough that he does as I tell him. I want him to want with heart and soul to do whatever I want."

As she was talking I could see that her nipples were hardening through the dress that she had on. Her breathing was faster and the hand with the cigarette was shaking.

"Do you mind me showing you?" she asked.

Kathy's excitement was infectious. I was dubious though and wondered whether the two of them were indulging in some sort of game to get three in a bed. I decided that I was not going to get involved in any threesomes but still my curiosity was piqued.

"Show me," I replied.

Stubbing out the cigarette, she waved me from the bed. Then she took a cloth and blindfolded Gerald. After the blindfold was on she kicked off a shoe. Her chubby toes were placed over Gerald's mouth.

"Lick me slave."

Gerald's tongue licked her foot as she played the cane over his cock. After a few licks she worked her toes into his mouth. She stopped hitting his hard-on but just played the end of the bamboo over to tip of his erection making his cock throb and jerk. When she had had enough she signalled me to watch closely.

"Gerald." She said, "I'm going to touch your cock with my foot. I know that you love my feet and always come for them. If you come this time though, I shall use the glove. I wish to show Denise how much you love me."

With that she turned on one foot and ran her foot, still wet from his mouth, down his body. Then her toes touched his straining cock. As soon as she did so his prick leaped and his come shot over Kathy's toes. Still dripping with come she put her toes back into his mouth as he tried to beg forgiveness for coming. She fastidiously made sure her foot was licked clean before she continued.

"No excuses. Now I'm going to use the punishment glove. If you come again you will regret it." She said in a quiet voice.

Reaching under the bed she pulled out a slim black leather glove. As she pulled it on I saw that sandpaper had been attached to the insides of the fingers.

"Ten strokes, count them..."

Grasping his prick in the glove she pulled. Every time she finished a stroke he counted. With the other hand she ran the cane over his body and whacked him at every count. By the time the ten strokes were finished his prick was red raw, but he still had a massive erection. She struck every part of his bound body.

One blow caught the side of his face and left a welt.

"I have now worked out a conditioning that will make him mine. You see, every time that I allow him to come it is always with my feet. He can reach orgasm no other way. Two days ago I fucked him for two hours without him coming until I touched his cock with my toes," she said. "Of course there are refinements that I wished that I'd brought in sooner, but my dear Gerald is now the slave to my feet."

Slowly she untied him and removed the blindfold. He lay passively until she told him to kneel on the floor.

"As a reward for showing how much power I have over you I shall let you come again now," said Kathy.

Then she slid her foot back into her high-heeled shoe and slid it between his legs. His cock jumped and jerked and strained at the contact and then he came again.

He then proceeded licked her pumps clean.

"You are dismissed foot slave, I may need you tomorrow for the night," she said and watched passively as he pulled on his clothes and left.

What had amazed me was the fact that Kathy was fully dressed and so casual about the whole affair. "It's just a practical experiment to prove my thesis that a man can be sexually trained by stimulus and punishment."

We did not discuss the matter further. But I later found out that Gerald was the son of Gerald Parvenu II, one of the richest supermarket chain store owners on the West coast.

I was fascinated by the whole business. Kathy finished a year earlier than me and I did not see her for a while. On impulse though I went out with Gerald. I don't think that he recognised me as Kathy's friend. I found out that even a year later he could only come if I touched his straining cock with my feet.

Altogether a strange way to have sex, but most enjoyable considering that he could fuck for hours and used to literally beg for me to use my feet. The sense of power when I finally touched his throbbing cock with my high-heeled foot and then licked the come from the patent leather was thrilling. What his future wife would make of this was anybody's guess!

Chapter 2

January 1998 New York

I am not going to write about the things that I did after Harvard except to say that I remained in contact with Kathy on and off for the next few years. The contact was sporadic and by letter.

In fact by January 1998 when I met her again it was a Christmas and Birthday Card friendship. I had married but like many of these things it didn't last and we separated childless. I suppose I gave too much attention to my legal career and too little to my marriage. I always had the feeling that he was simply waiting until I was thirty and then he could divorce me for much more serious money.

He never fucked anyone behind my back; we were simply a couple who drifted apart. He went to Palm Springs to where his business interests lay, and in the end never wanted a dime of my money. In fact I let most of my earlier university friendships die and really lived through my work.

My University friends drifted to other cities in the USA and Canada and I never put in the effort of maintaining them. Even my family life suffered especially when my mother died. A junior partnership in the firm was not enough for me and I worked steadily towards full partnership and a nameplate in brass on the office door.

With only a brother in the navy and a father whose interest in life faded when she died I rarely went back to Jersey but spent all my time with colleagues and alone. My father died in '93 soon after my mother. He had already moved his fortune into trust funds for my brother and me.

It was about five years later that I met Kathy again. It seemed to be by accident rather than design. I was sitting in a coffee-house in Brooklyn when who should sit next to me but Kathy. Plumper than ever, wearing expensive clothes, and reeking of designer perfume she was her old self. We gossiped for a while before I admitted that I had screwed Gerald after she had left.

"Control is such fun," was her comment.

"Listen. I have a much better man to train now. It's taken me a year to find him, but I think that he's just perfect. I'm just in the opening phase of the conditioning. Would you like to see him? Here's my card, come anytime...." She said.

I was interested, especially after my experiences with Gerald. I missed the foot fucking I suppose. It was only a matter of days before I rang Kathy's house to arrange a visit. Her house was on the East Side. A rather fashionable new style bungalow, recently built, with a high fence and complete privacy. A single Jeep was parked on the white gravel path. I had of course telephoned earlier to tell her I was coming round.

I rang the bell and waited. It was Kathy that answered the door. In her hand was a videocassette.

"Come on in Denise. I'm just in the middle of something that will interest you," she said. "I'm starting where I should have started with Gerald. At the beginning. The problem with Gerald was that he was distracted with his study. Pete on the other hand is all mine."

"You mean that you've kidnapped someone? I asked almost ironically as I followed her down the hall.

"No. No. He's willing enough but he's left his wife to be with me, and now he's got no friends or family," she replied. "I've got him now, and the training is going to begin. I lured him on with my money and let him fuck me. Slowly though, I've cut him off from all outside contact.

Pete so liked being the gigolo that now that I'm getting all kinky he doesn't mind. About two months ago I started on the bondage. I tied him down and tormented him to come. It wasn't difficult to get the cock restrainer on soon after."

"You are the same patient Kathy," I said. "You certainly take your time."

"Oh, I reckon that I could work much faster but I enjoy the slow gradual assumption of control rather than the rather flawed methods of some others that I know."

Kathy showed me to a door that led to the cellar. It was well lit and carpeted. Through another door we entered a small room with just an armchair and a video and computer set up.

"Sit here and enjoy the show." She said as she switched on the screen.

The screen showed what appeared to be a normal bedroom but for the lack of windows. Sitting on the edge of the bed was a naked man, well-muscled and about twenty-five years old. Kathy winked at me and left the room. A few moments later I watched Kathy enter the room with the video in her hand. She sat next to the young man and slipped her hand into his crotch. I could see her plump fingers massaging his cock as she spoke.

"Do you really love me more than any other woman?"

"Yes," he moaned. "Haven't I proved it already?"

"Can I test you then?" said Kathy as she grasped his cock firmly. "Am I the only fuck for you?"

"Yes." He replied.

Kathy let go of his cock and got up. Then I saw her place the video in the machine by the bed and switch it on. She seemed an age messing around with the machine while the man watched her with curiosity. Going back to him she switched on the video with the remote.

"It's a porno flick," she said. "If you *really* only love me then it won't get you excited."

His erection had gone down while Kathy fussed over the video. Then the film started. It was a standard film. Boy meets girl. Girl gets screwed. Boy fucks her every which way. It didn't take more than a few seconds before

he got an erection that would have lifted a car. Kathy stared at it in mock surprise.

"You only love me, but the whore in the film excites you." She said accusingly.

"I can't help it my love," he replied.

"But you said that you loved me. How can I live with a man who tells me that I'm the only one but gets a hard on every time he sees a bit of wet cunt?"

"I love you," he said beseechingly.

"If you did, this wouldn't happen would it?" she said and smacked his erection. "I'm not sure that I trust you."

"You know that I would do anything for you my love." He begged.

"Then fuck me!" came the reply and she switched off the video.

Without undressing she slipped onto his lap and helped his cock into her cunt. After just a few moments he came and she withdrew. What astounded me was the look of pure rapture on his face. The whole fuck had lasted just a few seconds. Kathy had not even stirred. Placing her hand on his limp cock she held it gently.

"If you really love me then you can have a present that will help me to trust you," she said.

With that she slipped something out of her cleavage and held it in front of his face. It appeared to be a flexible tube with a ring attached. He nodded dumbly as Kathy slipped it over his flaccid prick and clipped the ring around his balls.

"This will remind me of your promise," she said. "Anyway it won't let you break it."

Then she got up and went to the chest of drawers at the end of the bed. From a drawer she pulled a couple of lengths of rope.

"Prove that you love me darling," she said as she tied him.

He was tied sitting to the corner of the four poster bed. When she was satisfied with the knots Kathy switched on the video again. Then she sat next to him to watch. The girl on the TV was using a dildo in her blonde pussy. The scene lasted for moments. All of a sudden Kathy's victim began to twist in the ropes.

"The studs in the restraint will help get rid of your lust for my competition," she said. "I love you, but you betray me. You will learn to control your cock and let me be the only one to excite you."

With this she got up and left the room. Moments later she was standing in front of me. Kathy's sex slave could not take his eyes off the TV that showed the dildo going in and out of both pussy and asshole. But his body pulled at the ropes as he struggled to ease the pressure of the studs in the sleeve over his throbbing cock.

"I can't leave him too long like this," she said. "But you've arrived at exactly the right time to see the next phase begin. His name is Pete and he worked as a gardener for me. It took months to get him to have an affair. In the end it was the silk sheets and thought of fucking a rich bitch that got him. I had to isolate him from his friends and family. I thought that this would be the most difficult part. It wasn't."

"One night about a month ago," she continued, "I scratched the fuck out of his back and cock as he came, his wife did the rest. The next day he moved in. I gave him more money than he'd ever seen before and he gave up his job. Since then I've been fucking him all the time. I became difficult. I doubted him and then believed him on alternate days. We played bondage games. All in all I've softened him now to the point that today I introduced the first sexual conditioning."

"You mean the tube." I said.

"Yes. I'll take it off later but gradually I'll keep 'testing' him with porno films until I am the only way he can get an erection. That's only the start. Soon I'm going to get a tattoo!"

"Where?" I asked.

"On my feet. He is going to be trained to respond only to my feet and the tattoo. That's the next stage. Once I've got him that far he's trapped. Until then he may still escape the trap by leaving. But he won't, he's too weak. Already he comes in seconds. When only my feet can make him come I'm going to get him to commit."

"What do you mean 'commit'? Surely he'll be yours to do with as you wish?" I asked.

"He's got a long way to go. I need him to do something that will bind him to me so that he can't leave even if he changed his mind. I haven't quite worked out what he's going to do yet but I was thinking of a couple of possibilities. Perhaps a video of him or maybe I'll get him to mark himself as my slave with a tattoo. Like I said I'm not sure yet but I have plenty of ideas."

I must admit that I felt some admiration for Kathy. She had a hobby that made me damp between the legs. My experience of Gerald and his slavery to my body gave me the idea that perhaps Kathy had it right. After all for several months Gerald had licked every crevice of my body from tits to ass hole just to have me touch his straining cock with my toes once a week.

Here was Kathy making sure that this sex slave was going to be not only a willing captive but useless to anyone else, and so bound to her for as long as she cared.

Chapter 3

March 1989 New York

Part I (Slaves and Training)

There are magazines and porno films that give the impression that a whip in the hand, some leather or latex gear and a pair of big breasts will force a man or woman to submit to any or all forms of female domination. This may correct in some cases but I know now that real domination is rather subtler.

Kathy was almost the opposite of a typical dominatrix. Dark but not quite black hair that was never in a tangle but always somehow unkempt. She stood a little over five feet tall but rather than a slim figure was a little more than voluptuous. She nearly always wore loose dresses of the type that have no waist.

Not a typical rich bitch, she always looked more like a housewife!

What Kathy had, was more control over the life and sex of her victims than any dominatrix, because they lived for her rather than just submitted or resisted for fun. Kathy's plan was, as she explained to me that day, to destroy her victim and then rebuild him in the image that she required.

The image that she chose to stamp on this slave was that of a man who in most respects was normal, but sexually defunct except when she was there. He was to give her pleasure at any moment and lived most in fear that she would reject him. Most of all he could not function with any other woman.

Gerald had been an early attempt, but already she had learned enough to castrate his sex life. He was able to gain satisfaction with any woman, but only in the way that she had trained him. Her next step was to prevent her slave being able to come with any other woman but her.

Her ultimate objective seemed to be, to simply order him to ejaculate at any time simply by her giving the order, but not until the order was given. This she planned to do in several stages. Slowly the victim would fall under her complete control. It seemed that she used the cane and whip sparingly, being rather interested in the symbolic ability to be able to hurt rather than the actual hurt itself.

In fact she had further plans which I was not aware of at the time. But it would be wrong for me to tell of them until the proper time.

Kathy's advantage was her money. At the time that I went to her house her father had died and as an only child she had inherited his fortune. She was not really interested in the business except as a means to pursue her interest, but I remember reading a well-informed article in the business pages of the Washington Post that estimated the value of her business interests at over ten million dollars a year.

More than enough for her purposes; the money simply stacked up for several years until she was bought out of the board by another firm that paid an undisclosed sum that must have been in the hundreds of millions. With this fortune she lured her victims. They thought of her as an fat, oversexed million-heiress who could be married and milked. She manipulated them and controlled their lives.

Her method followed the following stages.

The victim has an affair with Kathy. She builds his hopes that he is the centre of her world. Gradually his life centre's around the sexual affair and he is swallowed up. She then burns his other relationships by revealing the affair.

He moves in to live with her.

The sexual partner is isolated now.

He depends on her for money, house and home. She shows uncertainty and insists on proof that he is to be trusted. In this phase she shows more signs of sexual instability. The bondage and other games begin. At last he is softened up and dependent enough to submit to her need for him to wear the tube permanently.

She doesn't starve him of sex but insists that his sex is her property. She then begins to bring him off with other methods than straight intercourse.

Fucking drops out of the scene and her feet and hands become his only relief.

This brings to fruition the methods of the second stage.

She associates sex with her feet and shoes. It becomes the only form of relief. She no longer lets him touch her but always brings him off until it is the only way. It is at this stage that she starts using the black box to prevent him getting excited any other way. She continues to show porno flicks with the tube and box on to make sure that only her feet can make him come. At the end of every session she takes it off to allow him to prove to her that she can make him ejaculate even if no other sex can. When he can come no other way she moves to the next stage.

She now risks all by setting him loose. She rejects him either by throwing him out or arranging another affair for him. This she does by using a hired whore to show him that only Kathy can make him come. Now he comes back as her slave. At last she can use him to please herself. He has no other option. He belongs to her.

There are following stages but at the time I had no idea. I also didn't realise how I fitted the plan but fit it I did, like a glove.

Kathy and I spoke on the phone a few times over the next few weeks. I scarcely mentioned her hobby but neither did she. About a month later we spoke on the phone. Kathy asked me if I fancied some 'spend and run' on clothes and so on, so I returned the next day at Kathy's invitation.

She planned a shopping trip and I was invited. I remembered that I had a holiday to take. As a junior partner in a law firm it was easy to get a break. Any way my thirtieth birthday was coming up so I made sure that the holiday stretched a few days beyond. I had no cases in the pipeline that needed court treatment and was acting as research assistant in a major case that was being settled out of court in the time honoured fashion.

I met Kathy in Times Square and we set out. We ambled from shop to shop buying clothes and other such. Kathy then took us to a small café where we at last got into a discussion about her hobby.

It was then that she explained to me the pattern of domination that she had invented. I asked her where her present victim was in the scheme.

"He's nearly at the end of stage three," she said. "But he's so easily led that it has only taken a day or two for him to lose his erection unless I'm there."

"Surely it will take time to turn him into a foot slave?"

"No. The best of it is that he has always been a little way that inclined anyway so I started early. I still fucked him now and again but that's going to stop as of yesterday! I have some other shopping to do now. We can split up for half an hour or so, or you can come with me to see what I am buying for my little foot-slave."

"Oh, I'll come along if you don't mind," I replied.

"If you do then you'll have to come back to my place to see the new toys in action!"

I agreed, and thus fell into Kathy's trap.

Kathy led me to a sex shop just out the back of the café. Rather lurid neon's decorated the outside, promising all manner of sex items and a cinema that promised the hottest porno's in New York. Inside the shop was a sort of supermarket. Fetish clothing, films, magazines and sex toys lined the shelves.

I browsed the shelves whilst Kathy bought a number of items that she had obviously decided on beforehand. Stiletto shoes, some sex toys and a few films and books. I had never seen such a variety of bondage gear. From the rear of the shop I could hear the soundtrack of the cinema where it seemed that at least one or two women were experiencing monumentally overacted orgasms.

Outside the shop we waved a taxi down and set off back to Kathy's house.

On the way Kathy managed, without effort, in getting Sam, the driver into a discussion about sex. He enthusiastically related his latest conquest whilst Kathy replied in eager monosyllables. By the time that we had arrived the taxi driver had given Kathy his card and promised a night of unremitting fucking if she should ever feel lonely enough to call.

Inside Kathy's house she led me straight down to her video room.

"I need a small commitment from Pete to confine him further," she said. "This will be the real start of his losing his freedom. Sit here and watch or you can come and see in person if you like."

I demurred and she switched on the video display. Taking the bag of things that she had bought at the sex shop she left the room. It took about ten minutes or so for her to appear with Pete in tow in the bedroom with the camera. She was wearing the same clothes but also her new stilettos. They must have put seven inches on her height as the soles were built up as well as the heels.

"Take your clothes off Pete, I've a little treat for you," she said.

Pete got undressed and laid his clothes to one side. His cock was not erect until he saw the shoes that Kathy was wearing. When he did, he became erect almost immediately. He winced as the studs in the tube that he was wearing bit into his erection. Kathy unclipped the tube using the small key that she kept tucked in her shoe.

"I love it when you're naked," she said, "but you're not naked enough for me, honey."

Kathy reached down, grasped the thick bush of hair round the base of his prick, and pulled sharply.

"Let's tidy you up and give me a thrill to see you fully naked."

With her hand on his cock he could only nod assent. He made as if to stand up to go to the bathroom, but Kathy held him down and reached into her bag of tricks. From it she pulled a tube of cream. With a gentle push she spread his legs and uncapping the tube she smeared the cream all over his balls and prick.

"If you're a good little boy my feet may slip out of my lovely stilettos and tickle your naked prick," she said as she finished.

At this his cock sprang to attention.

"Not yet darling!" she continued, and gripped it in her hand. When she worked her hand up and down his cock the erection faded rapidly. "It will take a few moments for the cream to work."

She continued rubbing in the cream without showing any surprise at his loss of erection when what she had done would normally excite. Kathy had already gained so much control that her promise of feet was more exciting than a hand job.

In fact the hand had become a turn off.

"Kathy, mistress, could we try something different if I'm good enough?" he said.

"What would you like my little boy?"

"Could we try it with your shoes on please?" a plaintive note had entered his voice as though he expected rejection and the loss of any favour at all.

Kathy's face took on a look of deliberation as though she pondered the pros and cons of the idea. I could see a secret smile for the camera. Poor Pete had been manipulated again and was requesting Kathy's wish.

"Might it not hurt you?" she replied.

He shook his head as if to answer would be too much risk. "OK then, but I may ask for a little excitement myself. If you feel up to it you can have it but I may have a little request for you. Is that fair?"

"Yes Kathy, Yes please."

"I like the sound of 'Mistress', it's sexier than using my name. I like it Pete and if you call me that you will be more likely to get what you want from me." As she spoke she started to wipe the cream from him with a damp cloth. His skin shone pink and naked, every hair had gone. For a few moments she fondled his cock clearly enjoying the lack of stiffness. "Should we do it now or would you like it later?"

"Now Kath... mistress, please now," he pleaded.

"If you come on my shoes I may not do this again," she said.

"No mistress," came the reply.

Lifting one shoe up to near his prick I could see that the built up sole at the front had a hole in it. One touch of the shoe on him and his cock was straining. With a flick she lined his cock up against the hole and it slipped into the shoe. All he could do was to groan as she moved her foot back and forth, his prick slipping in and out. He almost came. I could see it on his face and in the flush that spread over his chest.

"Don't come on my shoe," she whispered. "Otherwise you will regret it."

Slipping his erection out of the hole I could see the pre-cum like a pearl on the end of his prick. Kathy then allowed the pointed heel of her shoe press against his balls whilst the high arch of the shoe rubbed against his tip. At that he lost control and came. As he did so Kathy deftly slipped her foot to allow the sperm to splash all over the patent leather uppers. I had never seen so much come.

"Mistress, mistress!" was all he could say when he looked and saw her shoe. "I am so sorry, please allow me to clean your shoes and feet."

Kathy gave him a calculating look as if to probe as to whether or not he was ready for the next inevitable stage of sexual training.

Yes he was.

"You will clean my spikes you moron. How dare you mess up my new shoes?"

To anyone looking at the shoes, except Pete, it was obvious that the shoes were designed to be come onto. To Pete, he had messed up the shoes that Kathy intended to go out in! He hung his head and waited for her to take them off so that he could clean them in the sink. Kathy simply placed the foot on his thigh and said "Lick it up."

I held my breath involuntarily as I realised that this was a crucial moment. If he refused, Kathy had wasted months of patient work. She could of course remind him that he had promised something in return for making him come with her shoes on. He looked up at her face for one moment as if to say something but Kathy's face was set in a serious look and he bent down to the shoe. His tongue slipped out and began to lick it up. He started on the leather but when his tongue touched the flesh of her foot she pulled away.

"That's enough," she said. "I haven't decided what favour you owe me yet, but be sure that I shall punish you for your mistake."

For a moment she stood looking at his nakedness and the spunk that surrounded his lips. Then she picked up her bag and left the room. After a few moments she came into the video room with a broad grin on her face. "

This one is so easy that I almost regret having picked him as a slave," she said.

"Would you like to introduce him to you?" she continued with a sly grin on her face.

I hesitated but a moment. I was being caught up in this situation. "OK, but I'm not going to take my clothes off!" I replied.

"Just kick your shoes off. That's all Denise."

I slipped off my pumps, and then Kathy led me out of the video room and led me down a corridor lined with doors. Some had metal facings; one or two had thick glass doors looking into rooms that appeared to bare of all furniture but a hole in the floor. They even seemed to lack windows. She stopped at the end of the corridor. She opened a door onto the room that I had seen on the screen. The camera was nowhere to be seen. Pete was lying on the bed exploring his naked balls and flaccid prick with his fingertips. As soon as we came in his hands covered all.

"This is Denise. Say 'Hello' Pete," she said.

For a moment he looked confused before replying.

"Hello Denise."

Being at a loss for words but excited by Kathy's conquest I had nothing to say by way of introduction, Kathy did it for me.

"My friend Denise wanted to meet my faithful lover and devotee so I asked her round."

Pete looked down at my bare feet. I could see an erection starting and a confused look on his face. Kathy ignored it and turned to open a door in a small closet. From it she took a short cane. Suddenly she turned with an angry look on her face.

"Pete! Denise is not here to be embarrassed by your shameless lust."

She aimed a sharp strike at his erect cock.

Taking my hand she led me from the room.

As soon as she had closed the door she laughed a wicked little laugh.

"See how he fancies your feet and nothing else." she said. "He's not entirely mine yet, but that will come... If you fancy giving him a hard time be my guest. He needs a firmer hand than mine to keep him in line. Perhaps a strict legal mistress would help. Oh, that reminds me. I have some problems legally; can you do some private work on the side for me? What I need is a discrete lawyer to draw up some contracts and so forth. I don't really want to go to a stranger or my regular lawyer. Of course I'll pay you handsomely."

"I'll be happy to act for you as long as it does not conflict with my partnership. But I should warn you that I'm not a very good contract lawyer, it's not really my speciality," I replied as we entered the video room.

The screen was still on. There was Pete on the bed trying to wank. Kathy studied the screen intently. Pete was having problems; he just couldn't get a hard on. He thrashed his limp cock for a few moments before looking under the bed and trying to open the closet door. The closet was locked as were all but one drawer. Kathy pointed excitedly to the screen.

"Just watch the fun now," she said hoarsely. "I'm glad I prepared early, I wasn't expecting this development just yet."

Pete slid the drawer open. From the camera angle it appeared empty. However he lifted a folder from the drawer. Opening it he withdrew three photos. He laid them in plain sight on the floor. One was of a large breasted blonde slipping a vibrator into her pussy. She was wearing a latex corset and a necklace that had spikes on it. Her feet and shoes were off the picture.

The next was a picture of Kathy, naked. The picture was taken so that the feet were off the bottom of the picture. The last was a blow up of Kathy's feet. There was a tattoo of a chain between her toes. For a few moments he stared at the choice. He then realised that he was fully erect. He wanked over the picture of Kathy's feet. As he replaced the file he had second

thoughts. He took out the picture of Kathy's feet and slipped it under the mattress.

"I make him clean his own room, so he figures that's a good hiding place. God what an idiot he is, but so well trained. That means the next hurdle, minor though it is, is past."

"Meaning?" I asked.

"I won't have to wank him so often! Now that he's got a picture of my tattooed feet he is going to build up a gestalt fantasy that will just lead him further up the garden path. I now need to bleed him of resistance once and for all. I had better wait a couple of weeks though before I make my next major move." She looked reflective as though weighing her next move and it's timing.

Kathy switched off the video and TV and turned to face me. "How about if you come in about a week? We could discuss my little legal problems and maybe go out. I sometimes feel so cooped up with my little hobby that I don't get out."

"OK then." I replied. "Give me a call in a week or so. I have to get out of New York for a few days, especially as I've taken three weeks off from the office."

Part II (The Fuck in Atlantic City)

I went for two days to Atlantic City. It's not that I gamble more than a few dollars on the Blackjack and Craps but I love the atmosphere. Pulling on the slots has always given me an aching arm rather than any pleasure. On the Craps when the roll is hot and I'm throwing the dice I can get carried away enough to get damp thighs and a trembling hand.

The hand is satisfied with the chips, the cunt needs a cock!

As usual I found a Motel behind the strip. It was discrete and comfortable and, best of all it was a place where I could take a man back to without

having to answer any questions. I often went to Atlantic City just for the action on the tables and in bed.

There I was standing at an empty Craps table.

I was not playing but had got myself into a conversation with one of the Boxmen. He was a good-looking guy of about twenty-five with a ready smile rather than the rather greasy attitude that casinos tend to encourage. I had only been discussing where I came from and so on when the game started.

The Stickman started pushing the dice to me and I put my bet on the Come.

I have always liked the way that it's possible to come hundreds of times a night on the dice table!

The first half-hour found me a couple of hundred down but the game was starting to build up on both ends. The dice must have passed a good few times round before I got a real taste of a roll. With the point on four and the dice hot in my hands the roll went on and on. I quickly recovered my losses and tapped nearly a grand win from the roll before I Seven-outed and my luck was at an end.

I had picked up a visiting card from the motel as I booked in. When I had a moment after my roll I scribbled "3am in the lot." on it and gave it with my tip to the Boxman. He saw the card, winked and called the next point. I left the table and moved to the Blackjack. It was about one in the morning and so I had two hours, if of course he showed up.

He was waiting in the parking lot by a battered red T-Bird that had seen better days, but not this decade! He was dressed in 501's and a T-shirt and wore the same friendly smile that he had on the table. We exchanged names so I found out that his name was Ron. He gestured to the car but I suggested that we take mine.

"Any good bars?" I asked as we walked to my Mercedes.

"Oh, I know a few, it depends on whether you want to be seen or not," he replied.

"I don't care as long as the atmosphere is lively."

We drove about ten minutes before finding the bar. It was pretty empty but the bar area was full and the music was loud.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Dangerous question." I said. "But if you want to put me in my slot then I'm thirty in a couple of weeks. I'm old enough to appreciate a straight approach!"

We chatted about this and that and avoided the trap of discussing Craps and money! After about an hour and three Margaritas we drove back to my motel. Ron was the best looking guy I had ever found in City. He was tall, casual and blonde. I had started to flirt in the bar and the drive to the Motel was an exercise in me trying to fend him off enough to drive but not enough to slow him down. We rushed long the balcony walkway to my room and entered.

As soon as we were in he started to undress me. He had large hands but they were slow and sure. I tried to get his jeans off but he blocked me and told me to wait. He took my clothes off slowly and gently. I began to get really turned on when he cupped my breasts as the bra came off.

Gently he stroked my nipples erect before he moved lower down. My cunt was wet with impatience before he finally had me naked. He slipped a finger in and stroked my clit for a few moments before offering himself to be undressed. In my state, speed was of the essence. It was only a few moments before his erection was standing free of restriction.

I cupped his balls with my hands and bent to take his cock between my lips. His prick jerked and his thighs clenched, so I slowed the action and led him to the bed. First he smoothed my breasts and belly with his hands. Then he raised his lips and kissed my breasts, finally sucking and nibbling on my

nipples. His tongue felt rough on the sensitive skin of my nipples. His lips smooth as he tweaked them erect and then rubbed them with his thumbs as he cupped my breasts with my hands. He fucked me gently from the front and then turned me onto all fours to take my pussy from behind. As he steadily shafted me I suddenly had a sort of mental rearrangement.

It is difficult to explain the way that sex can take you over and then leave you in the lurch. For a few moments as he came I remembered Gerald. He used to fuck me from behind for hours before wanking over my feet. I so enjoyed him servicing me because I could control the pace and be sure that the pay-off was easy.

Then I realised that Ron was coming. I had completely lost my heat and had to fake coming. I sort of regretted it but I had to admit that even though I liked my sex strong and regular, the control was such a turn on.

I fucked Ron twice in the Motel but now that I had Kathy in my head Ron's efforts stimulated but did not overwhelm me. If you hear a song on the radio that you cannot forget all day then you'll know what I mean.

I changed Motels the next day and played another casino instead but I did not pick another stud, as was my want. I slept alone and dreamed of a man who would lick my clit and ass until I had come a thousand times and then pay off simply by touching a straining cock with the lightest tickle of my toes.

Have him attend my every wish and never worry that he may wander and seek another but have him wait with baited breath for my singular intervention. If I had a bad day I could give him hell without ever-wasting time making up; he would always be the one with contrition in his eyes. If I felt really bad I could thrash him or ignore him at my whim. I awoke hot wet and restless.

Part III (Miss Clearmont and Kathy)

When I got back to my apartment I still did not feel relaxed but awaited my next call from Kathy as I pottered around. I did not leave the apartment, as I did not want to miss the next call and give a "Yes" immediately. Instead I watched my videos of old films and read up a few law books. I sensed though, that calling her would betray too much interest in her exploits.

Even though I was attracted by her power I felt uneasy about pushing myself forward too fast. It was in fact two weeks after I had last met Kathy that she called. By that time I was almost at the point that I was going to ring her anyway.

"Hi there." she said. "How about tomorrow?"

"About what time?" I asked.

"Oh, in the afternoon some time I suppose. I'll send my driver for you."

"Since when have you had a driver?"

"Last week I hired him," she replied.

"See you then."

Click. Kathy put the phone down. I had long since put together the few legal books that I had figured that I'd need, but went over them again. I wondered what help she needed that could be so sensitive. Something to do with her hobby I supposed.

Next day a cab pulled up. I had never seen such a splendid yellow cab. It sparkled and shone. The windows were blacked out and the chequered pattern in red made it stand out from all the wrecks that posed as cabs here in New York.

I stepped in, briefcase under my arm and was amazed. The driver was Sam, the same man who had given us a lift a month or more ago. On the way I found out that Kathy had offered him a steady job working as her driver. She had paid for the cab to be repaired a week or so ago and only let him

drive her and no one else. Another victim lined up on the starting blocks I thought.

Kathy's desire for domination was insatiable.

When we arrived I noticed that Kathy's Jeep was not there. Sam told me that she had popped out for a few moments on an urgent errand. He drove off and I let myself in. All was quiet. I wondered where to wait. I had not seen much of the house so I sought the living room. It was not difficult to find.

I sat in a comfortable chair and prepared to wait for Kathy. Facing me were two TVs. One showed a typical mid-afternoon soap with the sound muted, the other was a monitor of some sort and was switched off. By me was a remote. I idly switched on the monitor. There was a picture of Pete's room. It was empty and the bed was stripped. It had a look of disuse that was difficult to define. I pressed the channel button on the remote. I got a view of an empty triangular cell like those we had walked past a couple of weeks before.

Flicking through the channels I saw three more cells, all bare of furniture with no windows.

The next channel showed the outside of the house with four views on the one screen. My next flick of the switch showed an office with a huge desk with papers on it. Kathy's admin I thought. The next view was another bedroom. From the view through the window it faced the car parking spaces in front of the house. Stretched on the bed was Pete. He was chained down, face down, and his head was held in a harness that faced him forwards. Since the view was from the foot end of the bed I could see that his cock was strapped into a small black box with two wires leading out of sight. In front of his face was a small TV. Playing on it was a strange video.

The video was of feet.

Every few seconds the scene changed to a different pair. Either the feet were in spike heels or bare. Walking, crossed, rubbing together or stroking an erect cock.

Each time the picture changed Pete thrashed for a moment and then was still.

Then I noticed that sometimes the picture was Kathy's feet. The tattoo made it obvious. When this one showed, Pete did not thrash around but stared at the screen in rapture. I quickly realised what was going on. Kathy was indulging in more conditioning. I watched the screen avidly, fascinated in Pete and his problem, which was obviously to control his erection to avoid being punished, unless of course it was Kathy's tattooed feet that were being shown. I was so taken by the scene that I did not hear Kathy until she spoke.

"Tsk, tsks my dear. Fascinating isn't it? What you can see is the next phase. I'm avoiding what I call the Gerald syndrome where the fetish can be linked to any pair of feet, like yours, but must be directed to my feet only. It's what I call a personal fetish. In other words only I can relieve his need."

For a moment I felt embarrassed by the fact that I'd been caught watching. "What are you doing to him?"

"Simple really." She replied. "The box is set to sense any change in size of his cock. As soon as it swells he gets a little shock to his prick. Unless of course it's my feet that are being shown. Then the box momentarily pulls his foreskin back, not enough to come of course, but enough for him to enjoy a moment of sexual thrill."

"He's going in the right direction," said Kathy. "The next step is further commitment, but I haven't decided how to do it yet. Have you any ideas?"

I paused for a moment. I had been thinking and wondering what the next step would be but Kathy's method was difficult to predict. I was however, excited to be able to put in my input.

"Perhaps something in the same line as when you removed all his hair." I ventured.

"Hmm. Not a bad idea. How about a permanent depilation," she replied. "I know a clinic where he could go and get it done. Or maybe we'd better have it done here. I don't want him to leave the house over the next few weeks so that maybe a better solution."

"You're not suggesting that we do it ourselves are you?" I said without having realised that I had involved myself in the comment...

I had had my bikini line done a couple of years ago and the work seemed a bit complex and was not comfortable. The TV still showed the tape running and the bound man was still not controlling his cock properly. I decided to change the subject.

"How long is the tape that he's watching?" I asked.

"About eight hours," she said. "But I don't do more than a couple of hours without a break. I don't want to render his prick totally useless. If I did that I would lose control of him."

We both watched the tape for several minutes, waiting for his responses. It seemed as though his responses to the wrong feet were muted unless they were massaging a cock.

His pleasure at the pictures of Kathy's feet though, was undisguised. It was difficult to tell if he found the training a pleasure or a pain. But there was some pain!

"I like the idea of depilating him," said Kathy after a few moments. "It's not too extreme and may help to mark him. At any rate he's been on the VCR foot treatment for a week now and it's time to make another move. Come along and let's have a talk with him."

We went up to the room where he was confined. There he was tied down. Now that I could see him from all angles I realised that he was gagged and had earplugs on as well as being tied. He had no idea that we were in the

room with him. Kathy indicated with her hand that we should not show ourselves to him. The black box swallowed his cock and his balls completely. On it were two switches. Kathy pointed at one that was a knob that had five positions. It was set on the lowest.

"That controls the number of stimulations when the correct pictures come on. At the moment it's on the lowest setting, as otherwise he won't last the two hours. Later I'm going to work on his stamina as well until he finds it an effort to come unless the stimulation is 'just so', until then the lowest level is enough," she said.

"The other switch has only two settings. One administers a shock if he gets erect when the picture is wrong. The other setting allows the box to physically punish him by gripping him with whatever type of sleeve I fit it. Here look at this."

With a small key she opened a drawer in the dresser. There were six rubber sleeves that had different types of studs in the interior. The number six had needle-like spikes. The number one only rubber studs.

"I've never used five or six but I had them made anyway. Who knows I may need them one day," she said. "To be honest I like the electric shocks. They don't damage him and are really no worse than touching an electric farm fence."

At the rear of the drawer were a row of six wooden boxes each was about eight inches long and closed with a little clasp. I didn't ask what they were at the time but I guessed that Kathy was prepared to train women as well as men.

Kathy closed the drawer and locked it tight.

She then turned off the video with the remote and started to undo the bindings that held Pete down. She did not take off the box that confined him though. I could now see that the two wires were actually a single cable and a steel wire that was fixed to a ring on the bed. When she had done with the

chains and gags she helped him sit up. He was a little stiff from lying there for two hours.

"You are a good little boy for me Pete," she said to him. "Would you like some relief now? Or maybe you'd prefer to save it up until you could come for me?"

Pete did not hesitate. "Now mistress if you would, please. I can prove my devotion."

Kathy clicked the knob on the box to four. "You have only been saving for four days my dear. That means only four strokes. But since you've been good I'll help you a little. With that she slipped a foot out of a shoe and put it on the bed between his legs. You may touch my foot when I say."

With that she clicked on the remote again and said "Now." The box murmured a moment and Pete stroked Kathy's foot with his hand. Then he arched and came as Kathy knocked his hand away.

"Very good. Your devotion is perfect. I love you with all my heart."

Pete grinned at the praise and said "I love you too my mistress. Please let me serve you."

"Not now my darling. I have work to do." You can go to your room now and I'll speak to you later." Kathy then released him from the box and waved him out of the room.

When he had left the room Kathy started to tidy away all the chains and gags. All of them were locked in a closet that was full of restraints and canes. When she had finished she stood for a moment looking out of the window.

"You noticed my driver?" She asked.

"You mean 'Good Time Sam'?" I answered laughingly. "Your next slave?"

"No, I mean not yet. He's too useful. Over-sexed and over sure of himself as he is. I have a new project in mind, now that I'm well on the way with Pete. I'm going to change him, but not into a foot slave. That comes later though. Pete is taking up more of my time now and I also need to think of a correct training mode for Sam."

"Let's go to my office," she continued. She led me to the room with the desk. She rifled through some documents for a few minutes until at last she drew out a folder. On the front was written 'REPORT Subject - PT' in large type.

She tossed it over to me.

Inside were a mixture of grainy photos and type written pages as well as photocopies of other documents. It was a private investigator's report on Peter Temple. From the photos I could see that Kathy had had a PI investigate Pete from top to bottom. In fact the reports and the detail of his every move and breath showed that Kathy had investigated Pete with almost illegal thoroughness.

"This is where I need your help," she said after I had flicked through the papers. "I plan to give all the money in these and these bank accounts to his wife."

She indicated some statements from the Chemical Bank in New York. "I've already put some more money in the accounts from an untraceable source. I want you to draw up the documents that will, with Pete's signature, allow her access to the accounts. You see here and here," she pointed "He has been squirreling away money for the last five years and the account names are his only."

"His wife does not know about them then?" I asked.

"I think not. Anyway she has no access. That's your job," she replied.

"According to this he's got over \$110,000 in the accounts," I added.

"Most of it though is mine," she laughed.

"OK then I'll draw up the documents. I may need to take him to the bank though. His signature may not be enough," I said.

"There's no need for that really I think. But if there is I'll take him and make him sign in the bank." She said.

"It'll take about two days to do."

"What's the charge?" she asked me.

I thought for a moment and then replied, "Nothing in cash, I'll tell you in a couple of days."

Kathy led me to the front door where Sam was waiting in his cab for me. He drove me home in a way that showed that even if his cab was the smartest on the road his driving was as bad as all yellow cab drivers.

It took two days to find out how to get Pete's wife's name onto the accounts. Not too complicated but unfortunately it would require Pete to go to the bank. Kathy did not seem put out by this when I phoned her, but simply said to bring the forms over right away and she'd fix the rest. When

I went round there Kathy was waiting for me. In the room were a man and a woman whom I didn't know. She flicked through the forms herself, gave them to the others without comment and ushered them out. When I asked her about them, she told me that they were P.I.'s and that they'd sort out the whole affair. With her money she simply got what she wanted.

"Look at this," she said as she turned on the Video screen in the sitting room.

There was Pete on the bed again in the usual position. The film was playing again and the feet were passing before his eyes. After two more days and countless hours he was getting almost no shocks. Obviously Kathy was

succeeding in bending him to her will. I noticed that when Kathy's feet were shown they were always explicit. They massaged a huge cock and occasionally made it come.

"Good isn't it?" she asked. "It's not a real cock at all. It's a specially made prop."

"It's amazingly realistic." I enthused. "Isn't it a little on the large side? Imagine having that enter your pussy, it would really fill you up."

"All part of the conditioning really," she replied. "It has to look good, and anyway all the films have to be different and I could not find enough real cocks to jack off to make the film. Would you like to see the next refinement? In about ten minutes I have another guest."

We sat for five minutes watching the film before Kathy led me up to the bedroom where Pete was. There she untied him and told him to get dressed. As he was doing so Kathy started in a pleading voice. "Pete, could you do me a favour? I love you with no pubic hair. But every few days I have to get it off. Let's take it off permanently."

Pete looked at her for a moment and then nodded.

"Oh thank you my pet," she said as she slipped off a shoe. "Let me reward you right now."

With a stretch she lifted her leg and rubbed her foot against his crotch until he came. It took just moments. "You are my best lover." She said. "Come downstairs when you're ready."

We went down to the living room and sat down.

"Your idea was perfect," she said. "Thanks. By the way what's the charge for the papers?"

"Simple," I replied. "Let me help you train Pete, or at least be in on it!"

"Done!" she replied. "I'll give you a key to the house and you can visit anytime."

Just then the doorbell rang.

Kathy opened the door. Into the hallway came a rather strict looking middle aged woman carrying a medical bag. Her slightly greying blonde hair was pushed back and a small nurse's cap perched on top. Even though she was in her late fifties she was an impressive looking woman.

The severe look suited her large breasted figure and the black high pumps that she wore complimented her long but very shapely legs. She wore a white coat similar to a doctor's and carried a large medical bag. All in all she looked the very picture of the senior nurse that her medical bag showed her to be.

She shook hands with both of us and introduced herself as Miss Irene Clearmont. Kathy explained that she had a room downstairs suitable for the job and led myself and Miss Clearmont down. The lights in the small-unfurnished rooms were off but Kathy led us to the room where I had first seen Pete on the bed. The bed now had a white rubber sheet on it and the room was bare of all other furniture.

"I'll just get Pete," she said.

Whilst Kathy was gone Miss Clearmont took some items from her bag. She had broad strong-fingered hands that looked to have a strong grip. But it was the elegant, long red fingernails that were really noticeable. She had the type of equipment that I had seen when I had had my bikini line done.

Pete and Kathy came in hand in hand.

"Off with the trousers young man and let's look at what I've got to work with," said Miss Clearmont.

Pete stripped and lay on the sheet as Miss Clearmont inspected his groin.

She showed no surprise that he did not get an erection. Then she gave Kathy a felt pen and asked her to mark the area to be depilated. Kathy paused a moment and then circled an area that stretched from navel to his inner thighs. With one eyebrow raised Miss Clearmont asked if Kathy was sure that so much would be done.

"I'm sure that that is just the start," replied Kathy. "We may do more later."

Miss Clearmont shrugged her shoulders and said, "That will take two days. Unless you're in a hurry in which case I charge double for night work."

"What is the charge?" I asked.

"Five cents a hair!" came the reply.

"OK all night it is then!" said Kathy to Miss Clearmont. "If you do a good job I'll pay double your charge anyway so please start at once."

Miss Clearmont took a syringe from her bag and injected Pete's groin. "A small anaesthetic will be in order. Now if you'd be so kind I prefer to work alone."

"Just call if you need refreshment," said Kathy.

Kathy and I went to the living room and selected the channel showing Miss Clearmont. Kathy chuckled as we saw Miss Clearmont go to the door and lock herself in with the key left in the lock. Then she pulled some restraints out of her bag and proceeded to fasten Pete to the bed and then gag him.

He looked more than a little drugged so it was clear that she had injected him with more than anaesthetic. When he was satisfactorily fixed she undressed slowly. Even though she was well over fifty she had a fine pair of breasts cupped erect by a leather bra that did not hide the erect nipples with rings through each nipple. Her panties came off to reveal a naked and shaved cunt that glistened with her excitement. Kathy reached for the sound control.

"There's a good little slave," Miss Clearmont said. "What's the wicked woman doing to you?"

With the electric needles in her hand she climbed onto the bed. Positioning herself carefully and kneeling over his head, she started to depilate his groin. Her naked crotch dripped onto the gag and Pete's face. When she had worked for five minutes she climbed down off the bed and retrieved a dildo from her bag. She screwed this onto the gag and worked herself over Pete's head.

"Now little one, you're going to fuck me," she said, her voice betraying her excitement.

I could see that Pete was starting to recover from the medication and was now fully aware of the situation. It seemed as though he had no power left in his limbs and could only lie passively. Miss Clearmont had given him a drug that would leave him fully aware but at her mercy. Miss Clearmont then waved the depilation needles in front of his face.

"Don't struggle little boy or I might slip and damage you," she threatened.

Instead of lowering herself to allow the dildo to enter her cunt she slid forward a little and then lowered to take it fully in her ass. When she was right down she wiggled her hips moved slowly up and down a couple of times and then started work on Pete's groin again. He started to move and struggled weakly every time the needles entered his groin.

"Did I forget the anaesthetic and only give you the "knock out" in my excitement my little slave? Just you wriggle and make mama happy."

Every time Pete struggled she lowered herself to get the full effect. The dildo slipped easily in and out of her ass giving Pete a close up view as she took her pleasure at his pain. After each stroke she removed another hair from his groin with the electric needles to make him move again. Kathy started to giggle next to me.

It was a few moments before she could speak.

"Miss Clearmont was disbarred three years ago for misbehaviour. I told her to take it to the limit but not to let her feet touch his prick." She said. "Lets have a cup of coffee and a brandy and come back to the screen later."

It was two hours later that we turned on the video again. Miss Clearmont was dismounted from Pete but had left the dildo sticking up like a black tongue. She was just finishing his balls off. They were red raw and glistened with sweat. I could not figure out how it was that he was so still until Kathy pointed out the black base of a vibrator sticking from between his ass buns.

Miss Clearmont herself had taken off her bra. There, dangling from her erect nipples were two rings that had small weights attached to them. Every now and again she slipped a hand to her cunt lips and excited her large erect clit with her sharp nails. Pete had nail marks all over his chest, but she had drawn no blood.

"Time for a break," said Kathy. Picking up her phone she rang the room downstairs. "Are you ready for a snifter of brandy?" she asked.

On the screen I saw Miss Clearmont fumble for a moment at the vibrator in Pete's ass. Then she dressed in her white robe and came upstairs. Just before we switched off the video we could see the glistening black end of the vibrator pumping in his tightly stretched hole.

Then Miss Clearmont came into the room with a swish of white robe that parted slightly to allow a glimpse of her dripping sex. Her clitoris stood proud like a little prick peeping out between her lips.

"Is Pete being a good boy?" asked Kathy with a smirk on her face.

"Oh yes he is. I just love your men." She continued. "They never come but just suffer while I do my work in the usual way."

"How long will it take?" I asked.

I caught a whiff of Miss Clearmont's musky perfume.

"Let's sit down first and have our brandy first before discussing business." Broke in Kathy as she went to the decanter and poured three very large brandies.

We sat in the armchairs facing each other. Miss Clearmont had a compulsive sexual magnetism. She parted her long legs a little, almost unconsciously in my direction as she sipped her at her glass. I could see her naked clit pulsing outside her sex lips. I felt a curious attraction and repulsion at the same time.

Miss Clearmont was so sure of herself and so sexually charged that anything could happen. She noticed my inspection and opened her legs just a little wider allowing her lips to part and reveal the cherry red inner sanctum of her inner opening. My lips were dry and I licked them briefly, unconsciously. Her hand strayed to her lap and with a finger she parted her lips fully with her ring and forefinger. Her middle finger stroked her clitoris as we talked.

I'm not sure whether I was offended or stimulated.

"He's such a pleasure for me," said Miss Clearmont. "He wriggles and excites as good as a woman. His darling little cock has never even become erect. How far is the training then?"

As she said this I could see her middle finger slide into her pussy, but all the while she was watching me like a cat watches a mouse. Kathy did not seem to notice the interchange between us. It must have been all the brandy but I felt my hand wander towards my breasts. Before it got there I pulled it sharply to my lap and cursed myself for having got so involved.

Miss Clearmont pulled her pussy wide open so that I could see how the juices flowed and then slowly closed her powerful thighs and folded the robe over her knees.

I realised that Miss Clearmont and Kathy had worked together before and that Miss Clearmont knew a great deal of Kathy's method and its outcome.

"About as far as Henry was when I passed him to you," said Kathy.

Then to me she said. "Henry was an earlier attempt at conditioning. The trouble was that he needed too much force to train, and as you know I don't like to inflict pain in the early stages until they are ready to ask for it. So I gave him to Miss Clearmont as a slave. How is he now?" she asked.

"Well I've just got him back after a loan to a friend of mine who works on the West Side. Any way Greta has him well in hand, he bears her mark. He is fairly obedient and still has a fixation on feet. He's still complete but I'm thinking of having him fully worked over in the near future, he can be a bit of a handful sometimes," said Miss Clearmont earnestly.

"If you do, bring him round for a visit. I would like to see the effects," replied Kathy.

I had trouble fully understanding the discussion when Kathy suddenly changed the subject. "Let's do a complete work down on Pete," she said. "I know it'll take a while but rather now than later."

"Hmm. OK then but it'll take three days. One for the needle work and two for the remainder!" said Miss Clearmont.

We sat for another five minutes until the brandy was gone before Miss Clearmont went down to attend to Pete again. When she had gone Kathy turned on the video again.

"Let's look and see what the evil Miss Clearmont has in store for Pete now," said Kathy as she poured me another snifter of brandy. I tried to object by moving the glass but she was too agile and before I could say anything she had the glass half full.

"Did you drive here yourself?" she asked. "Because if you have the car here you can always overnight here and go home tomorrow."

"I'll stay if it's no problem," I replied.

Miss Clearmont had disrobed again and was hard at work on Pete. She reached into her bag again and gave him another injection. This one did not seem to affect him in the way that the last one had. Then she pulled the vibrator from his ass and switched it off. She took off the gag and then put something from her bag in his mouth.

It took a few moments to fit but with her strong fingers pinching into the side of his cheeks Pete had no option but to allow her. With a twist of a tool in his mouth she was finished. Then she stood back to admire her work.

The balls and base of his cock were red where he had been depilated. His mouth was stretched open and could not close and he was tied to the bed by cuffs and restraints. Once again she lowered herself onto him facing the direction of his limp prick. Shuffling forward she had her ass hole over his wide-open mouth before she finally dropped onto his face.

"Lick me and make me come slave," she said.

We could not see his tongue at work, but the effect it was having on the middle-aged dominant nurse was clear. Pete was doing as he was told whilst Miss Clearmont using one hand on his chest to pull hard on his nipples and the other on her engorged clitoris.

This as well as the fervid attentions of Pete's tongue gave her orgasm after orgasm until she seemed totally spent. At last it was over. Miss Clearmont climbed off her human vibrator and set to work on Pete's inner thighs. Pete just lay there with a fearful look in his eyes, his chest heaving as he tried to recover from not being able to breathe fully for the last five minutes.

"Later I've some other ideas for coming with the help of my little slave. But for now I have a little gift for you that I think you might like. Would you like it my little boy?"

Pete could only nod his acceptance. The restraints allowed no other movement.

"Good!" she said.

Once again she ruffled through the bag. This time she brought out another dildo. It was only about three inches long with a tube and a rubber bulb attached. She licked it to lubricate its entry into his ass and then inserted it.

"Every time that you flinch from the needles I'm going to press once on the bulb. If I were you I'd stay very still," she said as she held up the bulb for his inspection. "Right then, let's get on with it and remember, stay still you little fucker."

She worked with a will on the captive Pete. Kathy turned off the video link.

I sat down with in one of the chairs and Kathy passed me another brandy. She seemed very at ease considering the fact that her carefully trained slave was being mishandled by the rogue nurse downstairs.

"Might not her attentions ruin your training?" I asked. "After all you've invested so much time and careful effort and now he's being attacked by the dominant Miss Clearmont."

"Not at all my dear. He's ready for it and anyway I'm going to rescue him later. It is in fact the first lesson for him that I really rule his life. I know that Miss Clearmont's methods are over the top but it gives me pleasure to watch her at work."

The discussion over brandies continued for over an hour. I found out that Miss Clearmont was disbarred for sexual molestation of a woman whilst under anaesthetic.

The woman's boyfriend had walked into the surgery at the wrong moment. She still operated at the fringes of medicine doing such work as depilation and body piercing that required no licence.

Kathy had met her a couple of years ago when she had required some work on one of her trainees and had used her ever since. As the conversation continued I realised that I was the worse for wear from all the brandy. In

fact when Kathy offered to show me my room she had to help me up the stairs.

The bedroom was one that I had not seen before. I had a vague recollection that the furniture was all chrome and plastic before she helped me undress and into bed.

Part IV (Midnight Rape)

I awoke to darkness.

My head was still woozy from the drink and I could feel the covers over my head. I tried to move my arm but there was something holding it down. I was strapped to the bed. Some sort of restraint was over my head and it was not the covers but a blindfold covering my eyes. For a moment I panicked and tried to thrash around. The restraint was total, I could not move at all.

I gave up and tried to figure out what was going on.

My head was not clear though and my fuzzy thoughts could not grasp the logic behind my imprisonment. Then I felt a touch. I felt the covers pulled from me. A strong hand wandered over my skin. Momentarily it touched my breasts and nipples. Then it wandered down to between my wide-open legs and briefly toyed with my pubic hair. The touching seemed to go on forever. I even felt a sharp nail scratch across my ass hole for a moment.

Then I felt the hands undo the gag. I opened my mouth to speak and felt strong fingers pinch me under my ears. For a moment I caught a whiff of perfume and realised that it was Miss Clearmont. I tried to jerk my head to one side and Miss Clearmont tightened her grip. Momentarily her hand slipped and I was able to let out a scream. Miss Clearmont slapped my face.

I felt one of her nails snap as she used both hands to grip me by the ears and as she pinched me under the ears she spoke again.

"Now you've done it you little tart. I am going to make sure that you regret your resistance."

With that she shifted her grip and slid one hand to my breasts. My head was held in her tightening grip as she caught my nipple between her fingernails. I could feel the sharp broken nail bite in before she turned her hand and twisted. It hurt and I opened my mouth wide to relieve the pressure on my jaw.

Suddenly something smooth like plastic was placed in my mouth. It covered my teeth and held them wide. One hand pinched my nostrils while the other fumbled inside my mouth for a moment. Then there was a click. Suddenly I remembered Miss Clearmont and her treatment of Pete. She had placed something inside his mouth to stop him being able to close it.

I felt the bed move as she climbed onto the bed by my head and the warm flesh of her muscular thighs surrounded me. With a tug she took off the blindfold allowing me to see that she was kneeling over me. The slit of her sex pouted at me and her ass hole framed by her firm buns hovered above my eyes.

"Don't cry out now little doll. It would result in a lot of pain and anyway Miss Kathy is out of the house for the moment and we are all alone to enjoy ourselves," said Miss Clearmont. "I suggest that you make me happy and I may decide not to hurt you, too much. Especially if you serve me well."

I felt Miss Clearmont shift her weight and her soft pussy came down over my mouth. Her large clitoris tickled my tongue. She wiggled a bit more until I found that I could only breathe through my nose buried in the crack of her ass. Then she said, "Excite me you prim little bitch, use your tongue to please me well and I'll give you a little excitement as well."

I felt her pinch my nipples with her nails. Then she shifted so that I could see her stomach and breasts over me. Her tits with their gold tipped nipples swayed as she moved forwards again to give me access to the lips of her sex. For a moment my eyes saw her large smooth belly tremble with passion and the raw skin of her depilated pussy. I moved my tongue over

her clit and she shuddered. I could taste her sex as her juices mingled with my saliva. At the second shudder she put all her weight on me. Her fleshy pussy pressed around my mouth and my nose was covered.

"Lick me my little cow, make me come before I get angry and give you a fucking good thrashing," I heard her say as she clenched her thighs and put all her weight on my face.

I needed no further stimulus and licked for all I was worth. I nearly fainted before she came. When she did I felt her sex swell and push softly into my mouth driving my tongue out of the way as her sex nectar flowed down my throat.

Her orgasm twisted my head back and forth as my tongue struggled to massage her clit. Finally it was over and with a heave she got up from the bed. My head was able to tip a little and see her rummaging in her bag. I dreaded the result. She pulled out a small bottle and a syringe. With a professional motion she filled the syringe from the bottle and tapped the air out. Then she bent over my thighs and jabbed the needle in. All I could do was gurgle with fright.

The fixture in my mouth allowed no words. Then she went back to the bag. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her arranging the contents. I felt a woozy feeling from the injection and tried to pull at the restraints. No way would they give. I felt tired and weak. A strong hand opened my pussy and another pushed in some object. There was a slight click and a vibration spread through my sex. The feeling of the invasion horrified me but the vibration gave me a warm feeling that spread and excited me.

By this time I felt fully awake but my body felt as heavy as lead. The injection sapped my strength and resistance and I could not move but lay passive on the bed. Looming over me Miss Clearmont undid the restraints. I could not have fought her. I just bent as she positioned me. Like a child with a doll she manipulated me. There was a loud click and then another. She turned me over on the bed and pushed me on to all fours.

"Oh dear, you're getting all wet. Don't say that you enjoy this treatment?"

There was another click and then I felt something small enter my ass. Another click and the sound of air being squeezed into the soft rubber object in my ass. The dildo in my rear swelled to fill me. It stretched my hole to the limit, stimulating and stretching. Another click and I was turned over. The naked Miss Clearmont had a camera. She took another picture and then propped me onto my knees. I could only just balance. Then she set the camera on the table and peered through the objective. She turned a small clockwork key on the drive at the base of the camera. When she was satisfied she picked up a cane. Holding it under my eyes she threatened my breasts.

"Be a good little bed bitch and lick me again. The cane will tell you if you are licking me the way that I want."

She fiddled with the camera again positioning it. Then she stood over me. The camera had a clear view of my face between her legs. I pushed out my tongue to touch the lips of her sex just as the camera clicked. It clicked several times as she waved the cane threateningly outside the view of the camera to make me kiss and lick her clit.

"Well done my little cunt licker. Just a few more pictures and then I can relax and enjoy you properly."

Taking a realistic looking latex cock in her hand she pushed it into my mouth. For a moment I gagged as it went in. She then moved around close up to get some more shots. She put the massive dildo in my hand and had me pose several more times. Each time the rubber cock penetrated me in my mouth or cunt she took a close up picture. Her fingers relentlessly probed my sex feeling every detail and exposing me for the camera. When she had explored me for the lens Miss Clearmont pulled a small plastic bottle out of her bag and smeared a pale white liquid all over my face and breasts. A few more photos and she was ready for the next film. As she photographed me in various poses she muttered to herself.

"These snapshots are better than I had hoped. You have such a juicy little ass and cunt my little porno star. Just wait until they see what a prim little lawyer like you does on her day off!"

The photographs went on for quite some time. She manipulated me like a doll and muttered if I did not stay still. Miss Clearmont scoured the room for props. A candle, a scent bottle and the heel of a stiletto were photographed in and penetrating my dripping pussy.

With my rear in the air she pushed a sharp nailed finger into my virgin ass hole. She hit me once with the cane for overbalancing, it was enough to stimulate me for the rest of the shoot. As she worked at me I felt a warm feeling of excitement gather. Maybe it was the stimulation or maybe it was the effortless power that she exhibited over me. She must have shot four or five films before she was satisfied and put the camera away.

"Now for your reward," she said with a grin.

Taking the candle from my ass and the dildo from my cunt she slipped a hand down over and into my cunt. I felt a finger slip into the warm wetness and begin to stimulate me. Another hand fondled my breasts and teased my nipples. Slowly one after another finger joined the first until the whole of her hand was tightly wedged inside me. The fingers wiggled widening me and stretching my cunt.

"What a good girl you are for the photographer. Mama is going to reward you and then show you what your next move is."

With that she kissed me full on the lips, her tongue licking round my open mouth and her lips sucking mine in. "I love the taste of my cunt on your lips darling little clit slave, but now you are going to discover the rich taste of my ass."

With that she stretched me on the bed lengthways and lowered herself onto my face. Her ass hole swayed for a moment above me before covering my mouth. Her hand slid out of my cunt and moved up a little. It exposed my clit and started to massage me there.

Her cunning fingers moved faster and faster and I licked what was offered. I could no longer say if I minded. I licked the sensitive skin between sex and ass hole before she sat right back and forced me to stimulate her crinkled and folded hole with lips and tongue. All the time she gradually increased the speed of her finger over my exposed clit building me up to a climax unceasingly. The orgasm that took me made me spike deep into her ass with my tongue and she came as well.

"Well done my little ass eating slave. Now you can go back to sleep and dream of what the big strong nasty nurse did to you. In the morning the nightmares will begin."

With that she placed a pill on my tongue and forced me to swallow. Then she took the plastic mouth opener from my mouth, unlocking it with a screwdriver like tool, and kissed me. It was less a kiss than a violation of my mouth. I felt her invade my mouth and suck at me again. As she did so one hand idly took one of my nipples and twisted it with a jerk. I gasped at the pain and she slipped her tongue as far as the back of my mouth. With a reluctant heave she disengaged her mouth and stood by the bed. She cleared up all the items that she had taken from her bag and as an afterthought pushed a visit card into my fingers.

"When I need you I'll call you. I may need a little bed bitch like you in the future, and you are at my beck and call."

I could only lie passively under the deadening influence of the injection and watch her strut out of the room with a swaying of hips under her white doctor's coat.

Part V (The Morning After)

I must have slept a few more hours. I awoke to see Kathy in the room opening the curtains. She bustled around humming some tune. I felt the visit card under my fingers and folded it up.

"My! You slept the sleep of the innocent," she said as she sat on the edge of the bed. "Fancy a coffee and something to eat? It's too late to call it breakfast but never mind. Pete has been finished and Miss Clearmont has to go soon."

"I'll be down in five minutes." I said.

Kathy left the room and I was left to think about last night. What was I going to do? Miss Clearmont had me. If those pictures were shown I was in real trouble. For one I could kiss my junior legal partnership goodbye. Why had I stayed the night?

A thought struck me, "Did Kathy know?" I thought of the video pictures that I had flicked through. Was there a camera in this room? I looked round the room but could see no sign of a lens or aperture. No, Kathy would not allow it to happen. I became sure that Miss Clearmont had acted on her own in this and that Kathy was not involved. Why oh why had I not gone home?

I went down stairs and found the kitchen. There was Kathy and Miss Clearmont sitting drinking coffee from mugs and deep in conversation. They were both perched on the high kitchen barstools.

"He's done now. It'll take about two days for the rest to fall out and then he'll be as naked as the day that he was born. Of course the treatment is permanent so you are going have to get him a wig," said Miss Clearmont.

Then she noticed me enter the room. I sat down with Kathy between us and picked up the mug that Kathy had placed for me. Slowly I sipped not wanting to either look at or talk with Miss Clearmont. The coffee was strong and hot. I felt my head clear.

"I'll just take a look at Pete before you go," said Kathy.

With that she slipped off her stool and quickly left the kitchen.

As soon as she was gone Miss Clearmont spoke. "Sleep well then did you? Did you dream of my dripping cunt?"

I could not answer but made as if to get up to follow Kathy.

"You had better never walk out unless I allow it," she continued in a firm tone. I sat back down. "Interested in seeing some photos? If you are then you'll leave with me and I'll allow you to keep a set as a memento. In fact you will be able to look forward to the next time."

She stood up and moved next to me. Slowly she climbed onto Kathy's stool and spread her long shapely legs. One hand parted the white coat; the other fingered a ringed nipple.

"Do you like my cunt then?" She asked.

I was so choked with fear and emotion that I could say nothing in reply.

"Answer me you prim little shit or you'll regret it!"

I nodded.

"Good, that's better you see. It really helps if you to love my cunt. Do you love it?"

Again I nodded.

"It loves you. Do you know what lovers do?"

I shook my head in answer. "Well my little uninformed cow I'll tell you. Lovers kiss, that's what they do. In fact I do believe that a 'French Kiss' is the norm, do you think that you are going to kiss your lover?" Miss Clearmont pointed to the floor between her open legs with a red nailed finger. Her order was clear.

I slipped onto my knees and slipped my tongue into the soft moist hole. The naked fleshy mound above it contrasted with the darker crinkled lips. I looked up to see Miss Clearmont cupping her generous breasts with both hands. Her thumbs played over the rings that pierced the swelling nipples.

After a few moments I felt her clit swell. I gave it a lick. It distended slightly and pushed out into my mouth. I closed my lips around it and ran them like a little cunt over her prick-like clitoris. She swayed her hips on the stool slightly to allow her to fuck my lips. How had I let her control me like this? I felt her take my hair in her hands and Miss Clearmont lifted my head free from her thighs and bent to plant a kiss on my forehead.

"That's not a good bye kiss at all is it? Do you know what sort of kiss it is?" She said. I looked at her and dreaded the next words. I knew what she was going to say. She did not disappoint me.

"It's a 'Lets do this more often' kiss," she leered with a wink.

Kathy's footsteps could be heard returning and Miss Clearmont folded her coat over her thighs.

"Well, my poor slave is fast asleep." Said Kathy as she entered the kitchen. "The whole night and morning of your work on him must have tired him out. I suppose I'd better let him sleep and then I can continue with his video session later. I'm not trying to destroy the poor bastard. Do you fancy going home Denise? You look ready for a rest even though you've just got out of bed. I'll call Sam and he can run you home."

Miss Clearmont turned to me and said. "Where do you live?"

"Over on the West Side." I replied.

"Then I can take you if you don't mind," she said.

Part VI (Miss Clearmont's Care)

Miss Clearmont's car was a blue Oldsmobile. One of the big old ones. The windows were blacked out. I sat in the front next to my blackmailer. She drove in silence for several minutes.

Finally she pulled up at a bank.

"Won't be a moment," she said as she left the car.

I watched her enter the bank. She was gone for perhaps fifteen minutes. When she returned she leaned over to the back seat and pulled the doctor's bag beside her. Opening it she pulled a thick envelope out and passed it to me.

In it were about fifty photos. They were the pick of the bunch. They showed me licking an enormous prick, the come still on my face. Another showed me with my tongue sliding over a clit that stretched like a little cock from between hairless cunt lips.

For a moment I wondered how she had had them developed so fast. I flipped ever more rapidly through them. Each was worse than the rest. Many showed my face clearly and my tongue and lips fondling cocks and pussies. My heart sank. Miss Clearmont waited patiently while my despair mounted. When I had finished she showed me a small key. It was clearly a safe deposit box key. She smiled and pointed at the bank.

"You are *my* property bitch. I have deposited the deeds to your freedom in my safe box. So, what are you?" she hissed.

"I'm yours," I answered.

"Pardon slave, what did you say?"

"I'm your property."

Miss Clearmont slapped me across the face. I felt a ring scratch me on the cheek as I squealed with the shock of the blow. Then with one hand she gripped the hair at the rear of my head and pulled me close. Her other hand plunged violently between my thighs and forced its way under the gusset of my knickers to pinch my sex.

"I am your Mistress you little shit. You beg I give. I say and you obey. I piss and you drink. Do you understand? You are altogether too intractable as yet but you will beg, obey and drink. Now then what are you?"

One finger entered my cunt as her hand twisted my hair, pulling my eyes to stare into her angry face.

"I am your property Mistress." I replied with fear tingeing my voice.

"That's better but the tone of voice betrays your words. I'll drive you home now but I have a little punishment to remind you that you are rude little slut and need correction."

With that she rummaged in her bag and pulled out the little soft dildo with the rubber bulb. She held it up to my lips and I opened my mouth. In it slipped and was inflated to become a gag. I could taste myself from last night on the swollen object as it swelled to fill my mouth. That was the way I got home.

Every now and then she slipped her hand into my dress and either scratched my body or pinched my pussy. At one set of lights she opened my thighs and slipped a finger over my pussy before scratching at my ass hole with her broken fingernail. Momentarily her thumb entered me as she did so.

By the time that the car pulled up in front of my apartment I was scratched from my neck to my groin and my pussy felt bruised. My nipples were sore with being twisted and my breasts were scored with the scratches from her sharp fingernails. With a tug she let the air out of the gag. My jaws ached from the stretching that they had received.

One hand reached up and pinched my nose closed as she pushed her lips to mine. The other massaged my clit through my panties as she pushed her tongue into my mouth. After probing both holes insistently for a moment she withdrew.

She placed the gag in the bag and gave me the pictures.

"I have two other sets of these. One I may sell to a porno magazine. One I may give to your boss. You can bring yourself off with your set." Saying that

she gave me a copy of her visit card. "If I call you, here is where you'll be in under an hour."

She reached over and opened the car door and gave me a little push.

"You are my chattel now little cunt slave, do not forget it bitch," were her parting words as I got out of the car.

Her car drove off and I hurried up to my apartment block with tears of anger, shame and fear in my eyes. I rushed inside and locked the door. I rested for a moment with my back to the door and recovered my breath. It was good to be back in familiar surroundings again. I wandered into the kitchen and made a tea. I felt better already and tried to sit and plan what I should do about the attentions of Miss Clearmont. What could I do? It was not as though I was entirely innocent.

If the truth were told, I had helped Kathy and her with Pete!

The thought of possessing a sex slave, no matter how unwilling, had turned me on. The photos were all of me clearly a willing participant with Miss Clearmont. I knew that I had no legal leg to stand on, and even if I did the consequences of the photos being shown in any court or police house would finish my career.

Of course I was wealthy.

I had independent means.

I could simply leave my job, lose my friends, earn the disgust of my family and still live in comfort. But as I thought about it more and more I became determined not to give in to Miss Clearmont. I just needed to get a grip on her and myself and find some way to get the pictures back. I also had to find out just what it was that Miss Clearmont was demanding for the return of the photos.

The only option seemed to be to get Kathy's help. She knew the woman well it seemed and might help me. I decided to get out of town for a couple of days to let myself think without having to worry.

I finished my tea and decided to take a rest. Feeling soiled by the last few hours' events I had not the energy to take off my clothes so I went into my bedroom and lay down on the bed.

My heart nearly stopped.

On the ceiling above the bed was a huge picture. It had been pasted to the ceiling like wallpaper. It was a picture of Miss Clearmont as taken from the floor. Her dripping cunt was held open by her hands to reveal her clit and the hole of her sex! Her thighs were spread wide and her breasts jutted out over her belly.

The effect was as though I was lying on the floor with Miss Clearmont standing over me ready to sit on me. I stared up at it with horror. Miss Clearmont's hands were on her large ass cheeks holding them apart to allow me to insert my tongue in her ass hole with ease.

Then I noticed that an envelope had been pinned in one corner of the picture. Unsteadily I pulled a chair under the note and tore it down. The envelope was pink and had my name written on the front. I hesitated before opening it. The envelope was not gummed and I pulled the note out.

Dear Slut,

I know that you are admiring my picture and wishing that I was really about to let you lick my cunt and ass hole. I knew that you would want a constant reminder of your loved one so I fixed a little photo up for you.

Of course your lover misses you! Badly!

But do not be upset by the parting, I'll allow you to get together again in the very near future to renew your acquaintance. Meanwhile I thought to remind you that I might call at any time so if I were you I would stay by the phone and wait. I went to such a lot of trouble getting a picture of your lover that I would be very angry if you took it down. What's more your lover might turn on you and swallow you!

You may like to have some news of your lover. She's dripping in anticipation of the next meeting. Your kissing made her so excited that she may want a couple of days to allow a closer relationship to develop.

If you have any doubts about how long our love will last lay them to rest! Missy Cunt wants you to be her slut forever. Don't forget that you are my bed trollop and will serve me as I wish, and I wish it. I will have you, I will change you, I will own you and you will be my little slave.

Love,

Miss Clearmont.

There was no way that I was going to sleep under the picture of Miss Clearmont's thighs and dripping sex. So I picked up my bedding and headed for the living room. I could see no alterations in this room so I spread the covers onto the sofa and switched off the light.

When I did so I noticed that I had a message on the telephone answering machine. The green indicator light blinked insistently. I got up and switched it on. There were two messages. One was from the office. It was one of the secretaries. She told me to call, as there was some special work that needed doing.

The other was Miss Clearmont.

"Do you like the lovely picture? It's my favourite. I need something from you. Please take a picture of yourself and send me a copy. Make sure that your cunt is wet with excitement and that your ass hole is visible. It would please me if you were penetrated. Also a pose that shows you as the bitch cunt slave that you are will make me happier. On your knees with your tongue ready to serve my needs. You can earn some mercy by having one or both holes filled. My dominant friend Greta says that she'd like to meet you, but I told her that for the moment it's not possible. Any way Greta is probably a little aggressive for a sweet bitch like you. If you don't send me the picture you will be sure to meet Greta soon."

For a moment there was silence and then another woman's voice came on. It sounded slightly husky as though she was a heavy smoker and maybe older.

"I'd love to meet you, little cow. Miss Clearmont owes me a favour so I might get the darling photos from her. From the pictures you look to be just the slave I need to give to a friend of mine who is just learning how to cause pain for her pleasure. My little cunt slave would really like to meet you soon so rather not send a picture and then we can meet sooner." She laughed.

Miss Clearmont came on the phone again. "You will get a call in the next two days or so. Make sure that you're in to receive it or there will be serious consequences."

The contact broke with a click and I was left with no thought of rest. I had to speak to Kathy. Probably only she could help me. I found her number in the address book and rang it. It rang several times before it was picked up. It was not Kathy but Pete that answered.

"Mistress Kathy's residence," he said.

"Is Kathy there please?" I begged.

"I'm sorry but she isn't here at the moment, can I take a message for you."

"When will she be back?" I asked.

"I think in a couple of days. She told me that she had urgent business in Canada and would be back maybe Friday or Saturday," he replied.

"Have you a contact number for her?" I asked.

"Afraid not. If she rings I can pass a message on."

"It's very urgent, please tell her to ring Denise."

I put down the phone with a sigh of frustration.

Two days, no three because today was Wednesday. God, what if Miss Clearmont rang first? Shit, shit and double shit, what was I going to do? I

started to pace the room without even realising that I was doing it. My head whirled with schemes from the improbable to the suicidal. Kathy seemed my only hope; somehow I had to contact her. But, I didn't know her friends or any others that knew her except Pete and the vile Miss Clearmont.

I decided to have a shower.

I could wash Miss Clearmont out of my skin, dress in fresh unsoiled clothes and think. I desperately needed to gather my thoughts and recover enough from my panic in order to decide on a plan of action. I stripped off the dress, shoes and panties and dropped them in the waste disposal chute with the great feeling that I was shedding the last terrible couple of days.

Then I had my steaming hot shower. It was wonderful. I decided that my first move was to get new locks on the doors and windows. Then I could relax a little; at least at home I would be safe. The steaming hot shower was like a refuge of sanity. I felt myself calming down as I luxuriated in the powerful stream of hot water.

Tenderly I bathed the scratches and sore places on my abused body and rubbed scented oil onto the hurts. At last I was finished and ready to dress. When I went to my wardrobe I got an appalling shock. All my clothes were gone. The rails were bare of clothes. A lonely pair of open handcuffs dangled from the rail. I ran to the dresser. In the top drawer I found my summer wear and underclothes were also gone, in their place was a rubber bag.

When I picked up the bag I realised that it was not a bag at all but a rubber mask. It had no eyeholes and just a zipped opening for the mouth and tiny breathing holes for the nose. Inside it were a dress and an envelope. The dress was made of Spandex and of the most revealing sort. When I let it hang from my hands it seemed small enough to fit a fashion doll. As it unrolled, a pair of red lace hold-up stockings dropped to the floor. The note said:

No knickers allowed. Your lover expects a sexy little bitch and not an office frump. Greta added the mask just in case you don't think that you are going to make it on time!

God, they had been through my whole apartment. I had put my only clothes and shoes in the chute and had nothing to wear. What other surprises had they in store?

I phoned Burt the doorman and found out that, that morning a telephone repairman had been in the apartment. He sounded worried that something had been stolen but I told him that I had noticed that a piece of furniture had been moved.

I decided to go through the whole apartment. My shoes were gone and two new pairs had been substituted. One pair was a pair of red stilettos, the heels must have been five or six inches and with platforms of another couple of inches. The other pair was a pair of even higher platform shoes that had laces for the legs that were so long that they would go to the knees. They were lurid pinks and yellows. A small note was attached.

Surprise your lover! Personally I like the red shoes but even a cunt slave should have some choice as to the shoes that she gets fucked in.

Both pairs fitted me but the heels were so high that I could only wobble. The kitchen seemed to be clear of their attentions, as was the spare bedroom. The bathroom was also clear of changes. I felt in a panic. Where else had they been?

I decided to phone my secretary at work and check on the call from the office. She told me that a new client had been in the office and requested me by name. My heart sank as she told me that it was a Miss Clearmont, who had come in with a friend, as she was so distressed. What kind of business was it I asked. It was a case of blackmail of course. Miss Clearmont had seemed so distressed and her friend had had to support her as they

left. Miss Clearmont had left a number to call and would I be so kind as to call her.

The number was the same one as on the visit card. Putting the phone back on the hook I sat stunned; they had even been in the office. I considered calling Jake Darrel, my boss, but the thought of explaining in detail the fact that I was being blackmailed sexually would cost me too much emotional energy. I took a couple of aspirins and lay on the sofa. My life was crumbling around me and the one person who could help was in Canada.

I lay in the semi-dark and tried to sleep but I simply could not. I decided to watch some TV. I flipped through the channels but only found the usual late night dross. After about ten minutes of clicking the channel button on the remote I decided to watch a video. I pulled out my favourite film and stuck it in the VCR. Instead of the film there was another video. I stared with disbelief.

There was Miss Clearmont dressed in a nurse's uniform. She looked severe and dangerous. She strutted through a reconstruction of a hospital ward in perilously high heels whilst a naked man followed behind her with a whip on a tray ready for her use. I watched with a kind of horrified fascination as she came to a girl kneeling on a steel table. Miss Clearmont ordered the girl to lie on the table and then fixed down with shackles, her head hung down off the edge of the rough surface. She then took the whip from the slave and whipped the girl over the tits as she stood with her sex in the slave's face. It seemed more for effect than too actually hurt.

The girl's tongue flickered in and out of Miss Clearmont's cunt just as mine had only yesterday. Then she ordered the slave to fuck the girl. While his prick entered the girl struggled and twisted as Miss Clearmont lashed her. I could not stand anymore and took the video out of the machine. I looked through the other video film boxes. All but one other was empty.

I placed the other video in the machine with dread and started it. This time there was an older woman lying on a bed with pink satin sheets. She was in her late fifties and had the most enormous breasts that I had ever seen. A

small ring pierced each nipple. Her crotch appeared to be clean-shaven but the knickers hid her bulging pussy.

She woke up and got dressed.

I had to watch to find out if this was Greta, Miss Clearmont's friend who had recorded on my answering machine. In fact I already knew the answer but had to find out for sure. The woman slowly dressed in a tight rubber slip-on dress. It was so tight that she had to roll it on from the bottom up. Her breasts struggled to stay inside the dress revealing a huge cleavage. When she had put on a pair of pink high heels the camera followed her to the living room. There on the wall was another copy of the giant photo that I had on my bedroom ceiling but framed and hung like a work of art.

The doorbell rang and a young girl came into the room. The woman told the girl to strip and inspected her fully with her hands. With a slap on the thighs the slave's legs were spread. Almost brutally one hand investigated the girl's sex and slipped in. The woman in the pink dress kissed the girl on the mouth as she played with and manipulated the girl's pussy. The other hand twisted the slave's breasts and nipples.

Finally she was finished with the investigation and ordered the girl to follow her Mistress to the punishment room. With her slave in the room the Mistress selected a dildo and asked the slave if she would like to be fucked with it. The girl then called her 'Mistress Greta'.

I turned off the tape and sat alone and forlorn in the dark.

This was worse than any nightmare that I had ever had. I had never imagined that my accidental meeting with Kathy would bring so much trouble. I had treated her training sessions of Pete as some sort of a game but now the game was serious I no longer felt like playing.

In fact it did not seem like a game anymore. I thought of the photo that Miss Clearmont had asked me for and wondered what to do. I rang Kathy's number again even though it was two in the morning, all I got was the answering machine.

Sleep was a long time coming.

Part VII (A Pussy Lover)

The morning brought no fresh ideas. I was simply too scared to take any action. I lay naked on my sofa for more than an hour before getting up enough courage to go out. I pulled on the clothes that Miss Clearmont had left me.

With an effort I decided that I would not wear the hold-ups but would go out and buy some new clothes. There was a general store just round the corner that I never normally shopped in so I decided to go there and at least get a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. I tottered out of my block, luckily not meeting anyone that I knew who might wonder at the way I was dressed!

The store was open so I bought some cheap clothes and a pair of cheap sports shoes. At the front of the store was a display of instant print cameras. I stood for several minutes before I decided not to buy one; Miss Clearmont was not going to force me. I went back to my apartment and locked myself in. The trip out had been so traumatic that I had to lean on the locked door for a few moments to recover.

In my living room the green flashing light of my answering machine blinked to show that someone had called. With my stomach fluttering I pressed the play button.

Miss Clearmont's voice rang with tones of disapproval.

"No photo and no sex slut at home, as she was instructed! Come to my place now or face my righteous anger. You have one hour to get there. Make sure that you are suitably dressed. If you think that you are going to be late you should bring the mask that Greta so kindly gave you."

The message had a time stamp of only ten minutes ago so I had fifty minutes to get there. I sought the visit card for another five minutes before

I found it. I was in such a state that I did not think of anything but getting there on time. I had lost all resistance so soon after deciding to rebel!

I raced to the street before I realised that I had my sports shoes on instead of the high heels that had been left for me. Up I went again, grabbed the red stilettos, and ran to the street. I hailed a cab. The driver was reluctant to let me in until I had proved that I had enough cash. I made him race across town by offering a hundred dollar bill as a tip, and made it with moments to spare.

Once out of the taxi I frantically changed shoes and looked at the house that my nemesis lived in. It was small but detached. A low wall surrounded the property and trees grew in the well-clipped garden. I walked up the drive noting the familiar blue Oldsmobile with blacked out windows parked by the steps to the front door.

I had the right house.

I rang the bell and waited.

A man I recognised from the video that I had watched the night before opened the door. He closed the door behind me and silently led me to a door. With a neutral voice he told me to enter.

I opened the door into a small sitting room with a huge leather easy chair set behind a big low desk. Sitting in one of the chairs was Miss Clearmont. She was wearing an over tight red dress and had a pair of red high-heeled shoes on her feet. Red lace gloves that were cut to allow her long red nails to peep through the ends of the fingers covered her hands. I noted that she had repaired the broken nail from last night.

She counted on her fingers as she spoke:

"Not at home when I called. You were late by five minutes. Photo? I thought not. At least you are properly dressed. But it's all very well you wearing those clothes, but I see no make-up. "

"I had no time, I had to get something to eat," I lied.

"There was plenty of food in your apartment. Now I can add lying to the list. In future I will be addressed as "Miss Clearmont". If you are this rude again I shall give you a thrashing that you will not forget," she answered.

Part VIII (Miss Greta's Pet)

She stood up and walked to stand right in front of me. Then she unzipped the fastener down the front of her dress to allow it to fall to the floor. She was naked except for her shoes and the rings piercing her engorged nipples.

Her breasts swung as she leaned forward and planted a kiss on my mouth. For a moment her tongue tasted my lips. Then she returned to her chair. From a drawer she pulled a pair of handcuffs. With a smile she offered them to me. I was about to put them on when Miss Clearmont motioned me to fix my hands behind my back!

I fumbled for a moment and then clicked them over my wrists and waited for more. I noticed one of her hands slip between her thighs and briefly rub her crotch. She motioned me to turn around so that I was facing the door. I felt my skin prickle with expectation. The soft carpet muffled Miss Clearmont's steps and I shuddered as she slid a hand down my back, raking me with her fingernails as she did so. I moved my hands slightly and the cuffs tightened by themselves. There was a pause for a moment and then I felt my ankles being chained together. I looked down to see a pair of leather cuffs with a length of chain between.

"You are a splendid sex toy my dear," she said. "If you are fully obedient I *may* let you serve my cunt."

Miss Clearmont was admiring me. She stalked round me occasionally touching breast or crotch with light fingers as though taking delight in a newly acquired piece of sculpture that had taken much effort to procure.

"Well, well aren't you just a pretty piece of ass. I would like a naked slave though, you'd better get used to it."

With that she opened a drawer in the desk and pulled out a knife. I flinched a little as she approached.

"Don't worry yet about the knife," she said hoarsely.

She slid the knife between my breasts and cut the dress with a slow downward stroke. For a moment I felt the tip catch in my pubic hair but it cut its way out and the dress fell to the floor with a flutter.

Once again she walked round me. She touched my breasts with the flat of the knife as if to test the effect of the cold steel on my flesh. Then she placed it on the desk and reached into the drawer.

"Though I like a struggle sometimes, today you are going to accept the gag without a fight," she said. "In fact I would like to hear you speak first! Then the gag can go in."

She stood waiting as I tried to think what it was that Miss Clearmont would most like to hear.

"Please gag me Mistress Clearmont. I would love to serve you."

My fazed mind ran out of imagination. I stood dumb for a moment because I was not sure if she wanted more.

"Would you like to be trained for my sexual pleasure or would you like to become a toy?" She said.

"I would like..." What a choice. I had no idea what she meant. The choice seemed meaningless. Then I had visions of her giving me to Greta if I said 'Toy' so I continued "to be for your pleasure only."

"That's really sweet my little bitch, but I am going to have to share you. But the sentiment is nice."

With that Miss Clearmont fixed in the gag that held my mouth open. It stretched my jaw but allowed my tongue freedom of movement.

"Now let me tell you a little story," she said. "It's all about a wilful little prim cunt that does not do as she is told! That's you in case you did not realise!"

She continued: "First she breaks her generous new Mistress's nail. Then she does not take the picture that she is asked to. As if that was not bad enough she is late and lies as to the reason why. After all this she begs to serve her Mistress and to be her only slave. I'm sorry but this story may not have a happy ending. Because of her wilful and bad behaviour the prim little slave bitch is sent for training to an expert in sexual pain. Did you watch the film that we left in your flat in which Greta was the star?"

I shook my head.

"Oh dear, she will be so disappointed. Greta thinks that it is one of her best. On the other hand it means that you still don't know Greta's little secret do you? I love the climax of the film where Greta uses her spurs to ride the little slave. She loves to twist little obstinate bitches like you, but I promise to ask her to leave no marks at the moment. After all we may need you for a bit more photography yet. Let me see now. You have two weeks before you have to go to your office. That means that you might be released. If you are, you will be back to beg for more punishment. You won't escape though because we can't have you disappearing can we? But you're going to learn a few useful things in the next week."

With that she went to the door and opened it. There was Greta. Dressed in a similar latex dress to the one on the film, her breasts wobbled as she crossed the floor in her high heels. She was a couple of inches shorter than me but looked strong and well muscled.

Miss Clearmont turned to Greta and said. "You can have the little bitch for a couple of hours today while I'm busy and then I'll lend her to you for next week."

Greta ran her hands over me and I shuddered. Then she pressed her hands on my shoulders to bring me to my knees. With a stilettoed toe she pushed my knees apart and then pushed me backwards. I fell before catching myself on my hands. I was kneeling backwards. Because my hands were cuffed I could not move unless I was to fall to the floor.

Greta looked at my pussy and said, "She is not fully naked, may I?"

"Of course my dear, strip it, fuck it, stop it up, make it come, fill it, and train it. Just don't damage it permanently," said my Mistress.

With that Miss Clearmont took a lead from the drawer in her desk. The chain ran to a point and then split. At the end of each chain was a clip. These she fastened to my nipples. As she did so she tightened a little screw on each.

"I would not recommend that you try to pull free little slave, it might hurt, but it would hurt less than the punishment for disobedience!"

Miss Clearmont passed the handle of the leash to Greta. With a smile she pulled gently on the chain. I struggled to my feet. My nipples were pulled forward. The small screws that Miss Clearmont had tightened bit in to my flesh a little and made me stumble forwards until I stood a few inches from my new Mistress.

I could smell the cigarette smoke on her breath as her tongue slid out to touch my lips. My mouth was still wide open from the gag and she turned her head to the side a little and closed lips with me. I could taste her as she invaded my mouth and felt my stomach heave a little. Then she pulled a little more and I was forced to press her lips with mine. Her tongue explored my whole mouth and almost felt as though it was slipping down my throat.

Then she pulled back.

"She's not a very responsive slave is she?" said Greta to Miss Clearmont.

"That's true," replied Miss Clearmont. "But we can make her eager to kiss can't we, I'm sure that we are experienced enough to make her beg for a kiss from us rather than a kiss from the whip."

At that moment the phone rang. Miss Clearmont turned to the desk to pick it up and Greta started for the door with a small tug on the leash. My nipples were beginning to swell with the discomfort of being pulled and already felt more sensitive. With a wave of the hand Miss Clearmont stopped Greta as though she wanted her to hear something.

"Ah, hello there," said Miss Clearmont to the hand-piece. "Glad as always to hear from you."

There was a moment of silence as the person at the other end spoke for a moment and then Miss Clearmont answered.

"Well as a matter of fact she is."

There was another pause.

"Thursday? That's longer and better than I expected. Of course I will be careful."

A pause came, in which I could hear that the speaker at the other end was a woman.

"No not too long of course, I know what she's like when she gets too involved, there's no stopping her. Listen I'll tell you what, ring me in an hour and I'll have the delivery plan sorted out and then we can discuss the details. In an hour then."

Miss Clearmont then put down the phone and spoke to me. "I've changed my mind dear, I have some urgent business to do, a client who is in a hurry so I think that you should spend a little more time with Greta and get to know her better."

Greta smiled and just gave a short tug on the leash to lead me out of the room. As we left Miss Clearmont called out to Greta, "Don't forget that she's a liar, make sure that she tells the truth!"

I was led down a corridor. It was lined with pornographic prints, some of which featured Miss Clearmont. Then we went through a door and down a bare corridor. At last we reached a strong wooden door which Greta had to unlock.

I had stumbled to keep up with Greta to prevent her having to pull on the leash. My mouth was dripping as I could not swallow properly, but I could still taste Greta in my mouth.

Behind the door was a sumptuously furnished room. A huge four poster bed filled one end and a tall chair stood against one wall. The colour of the room was red and the lighting was red as well. A massive armchair stood against the other wall next to a large wooden chest of drawers. Greta led me into the room and let go of the leash. The weight of it tugging as it fell made me start. Then she walked round me slowly as if assessing what to do.

When she had thought for a minute she went to a small box on the chest of drawers and took a cigarette. Lighting it she strolled back to me. All I had as reassurance was the fact that Miss Clearmont had told her not to hurt me. I felt so weak from nervousness that I wobbled on the outrageous red heels that I wore.

With the cigarette in one hand she reached for my crotch. I flinched expecting a burning touch but she simply pulled at my pubic hair and murmured "This has got to go." then she stroked my swollen nipples with the other hand and said, "You are a fine specimen. I still expect to get the photos from Miss Clearmont and then you'll be mine."

"I would like to tattoo you my dear. I have always preferred my cunt slaves naked but fully decorated. She pinched my nipples and said, "A bit of jewellery here would look pretty, and rings to lead you by would be a nice touch. Would you really like that my sweet?"

I nodded and tried to say 'Yes' but the word came out as a hiss. Greta's hand crawled up my skin to my throat and then one finger popped into my mouth. It moved around as though feeling my teeth under the plastic gag and then she suddenly slapped me across my face.

"A nod and a hiss you little cow. I offer to make you sexually attractive to me and my clients and you nod and hiss. I don't care if you have a gag in or not. You will call me by my name and bow rather than nod. Now then would you like your nipples and cunt to be pierced and a tattoo of a cock between your tits?"

"Yes Greta."

The strain of talking round the gag made my jaw ache and I bowed as low as I could.

"That's better my dear. Let me show you what's in store after I get you for my own."

With that she led me across the room and tied the leash to the top of the bedpost. The post was taller than I was. She deftly tied the end of the leash by standing on the bed so that my breasts were pulled up and I had to stand precariously on tiptoes to relieve the strain. She slipped a hand between my legs and a finger into my pussy.

"I shall just go get a few bits and pieces, I'll be back shortly. Don't go away slave," she mocked.

It seemed ages before she returned. I was in such agony as my calves hurt from standing on tiptoe and balancing on the stiletto heels and my nipples ached with having been stretched. I could not see her enter the room as she came from behind me but I heard her slow steps on the thick carpet. She stood on the bed and untied the leash.

As she did so I was face to face with her enormous veined breasts with their small loops of pierced gold. I fell over as my legs folded with relief. It

felt as though they were on fire. Greta stood by my face, her shoes right before my eyes. On the floor behind them I could see another medical bag the same as Miss Clearmont's.

From above I heard her say, "If you fall down again I will fuck you. But don't think that I would waste the attentions of a dildo on a shit like you because I will use my heels in your ass. Now get up and stand straight."

Standing from prone with ones hands fixed behind the back and a pair of cuffs on ones feet is difficult. Doing it when every muscle in your legs is in agony and you have six-inch heels on is terrible. Somehow I swung my legs and got them under me. Then with a lurch and a fear of falling I managed.

"Very good slave," she said. "See what's possible if you just want it badly enough. Now you want to do something else for me don't you? But you're going to have to guess what it is that I want. If you guess wrong there will be punishment, if you guess right there will be a reward."

I struggled to think of what she might want from me. As I stood a moment she tapped her foot with impatience. I dropped to my knees with an ungainly lurch and lay on the floor again. With a lurch I put my lips to her patent pumps and kissed them.

"Please make me your toy Mistress Greta," I grovelled.

After a few moments of licking I struggled to get up again. I overbalanced with the effort and fell prone.

"Very good indeed. You forgot to lick my shoes when you were down before. So you guessed right but failed. What does that mean?"

"Punishment by you, my Mistress," I managed to say.

"That's right, fair punishment!"

As I lay there she went to the bag and pulled out some keys. With them she loosened the chain on my legs and undid the handcuffs. My fingers tingled

with the returning circulation adding to my woes. Then she led me to the bed. With a single motion she snapped the hand cuffs onto both wrists with the bedpost between my arms.

At least my arms were in front of me now, I thought and I didn't make the mistake of pulling at them. When she was sure that the handcuffs were on me properly she stood behind me and placed her feet inside mine. Slowly she used her feet to spread my legs as far as the restraints would let them go. Suddenly I felt a pressure against my pussy. At first I thought that she was using her hand, but the pressure was too great. Just as the large object started to slip in I felt a similar pressure against my ass.

"Like it bitch?"

"Yes Mistress Greta. Please fill me."

As I bent forward to bow the double dildo slipped into my cunt and ass and filled me. I could not properly stand straight because of the intrusion and remained hanging as the cuffs caught against the contours of the bedpost. Despite my fear I could feel a warmth and dampness spread across my crotch.

"Now I should like you to meet someone."

Greta clapped her hands. I could not see the door but heard someone enter the room. When he came into view I saw that it was a man. He was wearing no clothes but the tattoo on his chest covered almost from his cock to his chin.

It was a picture of Greta naked. Her pussy gaped where his navel was, giving an almost surreal effect. Her enormous breasts had their nipples where his were and small rings were fastened to pierce his and hers together. Her hands held a whip and a dildo and her legs, encased in black stockings placed their stiletto heels at the base of his cock. He was wearing a ring round the base of his prick, which was fastened by a tiny silver padlock.

"This is my slave. Whom do you love, slave."

"Only you Mistress Greta."

As he spoke he bowed.

"Very good slave. Now tell me, what is your duty?"

"My duty is to you alone, Mistress Greta. Please tell me your wishes," he replied.

"I wish to show my little bitch here how to obey. Fuck her mouth."

He moved to my head and kneeled on the bed. I could see his cock starting to grow. It was the largest cock I had ever seen. I shook my head but felt a grip on the dildo in my rear that made me stay still. His cock entered my open mouth and almost hit the back of my throat .He seemed to choke all the air from me before he started a rhythm.

"Don't come in her mouth slave but I will let you come on her face."

Greta was doing something to the dildo in my cunt and ass. It started to grow. I felt stretched to the limit. I felt an easing as my cunt accommodated itself to the object rammed almost to the hilt.

He used my mouth like a fist to wank into. I could see no sign of pleasure on his face. He was performing for Mistress Greta rather than taking his gratification. He withdrew in time to pump come all around my mouth and over my face. I felt it trickling from my chin and around my tongue and towards the back of my throat. His erection stayed in front of my face. I stared wild-eyed at the tattoo, Mistress Greta behind me and in front.

The slave with no name maintained his erection despite coming and awaited further orders from his mistress. Mistress Greta ordered him off the bed and sat on the edge of it facing me. She pulled out the tool that would unclick the gag. In a moment my mouth was free. Then she undid the handcuffs.

I swallowed tasting the salty jism of his come. She seemed to be waiting for me to make some sort of move. But the cuffs still held my ankles and her slave stood close by.

After a few moments she said, "Do you like to be spunked on?"

"Yes Mistress," I replied and managed a little bow.

"Good girl," she said. "Perhaps you are a little uncomfortable at the moment? After all I have filled you for my own enjoyment. I was wondering if you liked it as well. Do you like the feeling?"

"Yes Mistress. It pleases me to please you," I replied and repeated a little bow.

As I did so I could feel the dildo move inside me.

Part IX (Mandy. Slave to a Slave)

"Well never mind your pleasure; I have arranged a little excitement for you."

With that she clapped twice and another of her slaves entered the room. This time I was horrified. The slave was a woman of about thirty-five. Every hair on her body had been removed; even her head was bald. She was naked except that she wore a ring that pierced just above the lips of her cunt. A tattoo of a coming prick thrust between her breasts, the come splattering her neck to her chin. Further tattoos of chains draped her body; even her bald head was tattooed with a crown of small intertwining cocks. Greta made a motion with her hand and the slave turned away from me and touched the floor between her feet allowing me a full view of her sex. I could see the ring in her cunt and another that pierced just above her ass hole.

A short padlocked chain tightly connected them permitting no access to either hole without the key. Across her back was a tattoo, which read 'Mistress Greta'.

The female slave waited in the bent position until ordered to face me. Greta told her that she could speak.

"I was Mandy. I used to be a secretary for a trader on the New York stock exchange. Mistress Greta kindly took notice of me and offered to train me to be a slave. I foolishly refused until she persuaded me by force that she would look after me and show me how to serve her body. I love Mistress Greta; she is my world. I have been trained to do anything for her body. I was honoured for her to fit me with the rings that allow her to control me, as she demands. When I am a bad slave she punishes me by chaining my rings to a leash and caning me for her unrestricted pleasure. If my cunt gets wet from serving Mistress Greta she sometimes allows me to bring myself off whilst she canes me. If I serve her well enough Mistress Greta has promised to give me a new name of my own..."

Greta signalled the slave to stop talking with a wave and said, "Now you see my problem dear. I have you for only a couple of hours and I need you for longer if you are to be a recreated slave like Mandy is. I plan to train you to obedience in all things; you will thank me for every lesson in sexual pain. When I get you I shall make Mandy here your mistress. You will be the slave to a slave! Mandy will tell me what punishments that you deserve and where all the rings, ornaments and tattoos will go. I shall make you so attractive that none of my clients will be able to resist the thought of having you every which way. You will make me so much money and I shall be happy. Do you wish to be Mandy's slut?"

Tears welled into my eyes as Mandy's face lit up with a sly satisfied look. Her hand strayed to her crotch and she played with the chained ring in the lips of her pussy. The glistening excitement and anticipation made her slip a finger in and move it gently forwards and backwards. She breathed in long slow breaths. A small shudder of expectation at the pain that she would inflict on her first victim shook her hips. She had been taken so far that she could only think of sex in terms of pain. But just the thought of

controlling every move and function of her new slave could focus her and bring her to orgasm.

I could not bring myself to say anything.

Then I saw Greta indicate the dildo to her. Mandy stepped forward and pushed it further in. I yelped. Mandy gave it another push, I could feel that my ass hole had been stretched to the limit and the one in my cunt seemed to be pushing into my ribs from the back, it had gone so far.

"I said, do you wish to serve Mandy? Answer me now or I shall give you something to think about."

With that Greta ran her fingertip round the dildo in my ass where the skin was stretched tightest around the thrusting latex. Suddenly I felt her thumb nail scratch me there. It was agony, just for a moment, but unbearable. I was in agony and Mandy laughed.

"Please Mistress can I hurt her like that as well?" Mandy pouted.

"Later when she's yours you can do what you want. I will teach you exactly where it hurts most. In fact because she will not tell us that she wants to serve you I shall allow you to have her for five minutes now." Greta put a finger against my chin and lifted my head so that I could see her eyes.

Then Mistress Greta showed me her lit cigarette and said. "You see my dear you are lucky that I only used my nails."

Mandy pushed me to my knees regardless of the dildo that made it difficult to kneel. Then she pushed my head back until I was looking at the ceiling. Opening her legs she stood over me facing towards my knees. For a moment she seemed about to offer me her cunt or ass hole, but then she slid forward and I felt her rings and connecting chain pass over my lips. Mandy bent forward and twisted my nipples.

"I will serve as your slave," I shouted as Mandy leaned forward more until her fingers came into contact with my clit. My cunt was so stretched that

my clit was open and vulnerable to Mandy's fingers. She massaged it hard from side to side while the discomfort was so extreme that I shouted that I would be hers as a captive toy.

Mandy stepped off me and turned to Greta with a grin. "Mistress please can I have her as a toy? I love her little pussy and clit, the first ring is going to go right through it."

Greta patted Mandy on the head affectionately and said, "I promise to allow you to have her to play with when she is mine. But for now the cunt is full of rubber cock and she so wants to serve you that she cannot stop getting wet in anticipation"

Greta was so different from Miss Clearmont.

I had not even see her undress. She had worn her dress the whole time and used others to control me. It seemed that she wanted to watch her slaves suffer but serving her was an exercise in pain rather than humiliation. God, what an evil bitch she was. She let Mandy rub my stretched clit dry and drum her nails on it. The feeling was one of arousal mixed with agony. I went to move to ease the discomfort but she slapped my face and urged Mandy to scorn me.

"When this slut is your slave, Mandy I shall lend you some of my training tools because I have decided to make you chief among my sex slaves. Your new name is 'Mistress Torment'. It will be your duty to train the new slaves and teach them the meaning of servitude. Do not be negligent or disappoint me."

Mistress Torment placed a finger on the point where the dildo extended the skin of my ass hole thin against it. My tortured and stretched skin prickled in anticipation of the attack. Then Mistress Torment dug her nail in. I screamed and flinched, earning another slap.

"Mistress Greta I thank you, you can rely on me to keep your trust. May I insert the gag to silence this slut?"

"Yes," came the reply.

Mistress Torment moved round to my mouth and slapped my face.

"I am so looking forward to training you. It makes me wet to think of all the services that you are going to perform. By the time that I've had you for a week I'll have you begging to lick my naked cunt and slip your studded tongue up my ass hole. My feet and tits will be wet with your licking and my hands will have entered and violated every hole in your body. I love the thought of making you stretch for me. I will have you stretch so far that your cunt will fit both my feet. I shall never disappoint my Mistress Greta by being lazy with your indoctrination."

Greta gave Mistress Torment a gag with straps that fastened behind the head. I opened my mouth and felt a round ball enter my mouth before the gag was buckled at the back. Then Mistress Torment took a tube with a bulb on the end and connected it to the front of the gag.

As she squeezed the bulb the soft ball in my mouth swelled to fill it. Mistress Torment pumped until my jaws were extended and my mouth was stretched wide. Satisfied that she could not force more air into the gag she removed the pump bulb and felt the edges of the rubber mask that covered my lips at the edge of the gag to make sure that the seal was good.

Mistress Torment then removed the dildo. She pulled it out suddenly. The sudden suction clenched at me. I tried to gasp but the gag denied even that relief. Mistress Torment then discussed my training with Mistress Greta, as though I was not even there.

It seemed that I was to start with menial sex tasks and correction. I would attend Mistress Greta's sex clients and spend the rest of my time in a cell. I would of course have to be altered to suit Mistress Greta and Mistress Torment's taste. This involved rings and studs being inserted and tattoos being done.

My cunt and ass would be widened by having to live with ever-larger dildos and objects in them for long periods. Mistress Torment stroked my tits and

pulled my nipples as they spoke and suggested that my breasts were too small. They discussed tits from the point of view of cup sizes and speculated on the best size. Mistress Greta suggested that my present 'B' should be increased to an 'F'. Mistress Torment was sure that I would look better for having a size much larger with very large pointed nipples.

"I would like her so big that she has to carry them in her arms if she's wearing no bra," she reflected. "Then I can punish her for being such a cow with huge udders."

In the end it was decided that Mistress Torment would decide but think about it before I returned as a slave. When I was broken and fully submissive they would lend me to Mistress Greta's friends for their pleasure. They both laughed and discussed a Mistress Jenny. Mistress Greta then turned to me and told me that Mistress Jenny had a terrible habit of overusing her slaves if they were disobedient.

She had a reputation for returning slaves damaged and exhausted if she had them for more than a few days at her country house. I kneeled on the floor with my head bowed. Mistress Torment fiddled with my nipples and my pussy dripped. I was horrified by their plans. Compared to them Miss Clearmont was an angel. I found myself praying that Miss Clearmont would keep me for herself rather than give me to these two sadists.

They were not planning a casual violation but a systematic deflowering that involved altering me to fit their taste for the pornographic. In fact I was to be a toy to be broken and then put back together in the order that they decided.

I had not so much as thought of escape. In fact my life before the last two days had changed so much that I was having trouble thinking rationally. I kept praying that Miss Clearmont would save me! Mistress Greta ran a hand down my back and between my thighs.

"Look at this, the little sow is wet with hope of having her body altered to our taste. You might be right, she would be so grateful for a really large pair of breasts that it might reduce the time to get her trained. I know a surgeon

who does implants that make the breasts so big." She said as she indicated with her hands a size nearly twice as big as her own pair.

Tears welled from my eyes as Mistress Greta let her fingers idly play with my cunt lips. I could feel a wetness there that made her moving fingers slick. She gently rubbed my clit and I wiggled in response. Just as I started to relax she pinched me and dug a fingernail into my ass hole. There would be no orgasms without matching pain from Mistress Greta or Mistress Torment.

At last the two finished their discussion of their sexual plans. Mistress Greta looked at her watch and declared the two hours to be finished. With a sigh she idly scratched my pouting ass hole and sex and stood up. Mistress Torment, who had gone into something of a reverie at the thoughts of having the same power over another as Mistress Greta had, reluctantly stood.

She and the tattooed man sex slave were dismissed with a wave and Mistress Greta led me back to Miss Clearmont's office using the nipple leash again.

Miss Clearmont was sitting at her large desk on the phone as we walked in. She hung up on the conversation and looked with approval at my gagged and exhausted state. My dripping pussy caught her eye and she signalled me to come to the desk. She smiled and pulled a large envelope out of a drawer.

On the front of the envelope was the address of my legal firm. Stamps had already been stuck to it. She pulled the contents out. They were blow-ups of the photos that she had taken last night. The photos had been carefully trimmed and enlarged to show my face covered in come and my tongue caressing a huge clitoris. Mistress Greta looked hungrily at them.

"Should I send this to your office" slut?" she said.

I shook my head.

"No? I think that I follow your thoughts. I have a better idea, I think you should hand deliver them! Is that a better idea?"

I could see one hand flutter down to her thighs as she toyed with me. Mistress Greta flicked through the photos and selected one that showed my tongue touching Miss Clearmont's puckered ass hole.

"Would it not be amusing for you to be dressed as a rubber bitch and hand deliver the photos to your office. Just think of all those lusty lawyers that have longed to fuck you wanking over thoughts of having you as a slave," Miss Clearmont said with a smile.

"This is the best one," said Mistress Greta with a chuckle. "This would make them get wet with lust."

"Perhaps we should send them one at a time, starting with the ones that don't show her face and then build up the excitement?" said Miss Clearmont.

"My dear Miss Clearmont you are so subtle. That's a great idea," said Greta as she ruffled through the drawer full of photos. Miss Clearmont pulled one from the drawer.

It showed me with a dildo in my cunt.

My head was thrown back so that my face was not visible.

She slipped it into the envelope and rolled the chair back as she stood. Then she came to me and opened my legs with her black varnished fingernails.

Then she wiped the top of the envelope against my pussy before pressing it closed. Miss Clearmont clapped once sharply. A few moments later Miss Torment appeared. Miss Clearmont gave her the envelope and told her to post it. My knees buckled, they were not blackmailing me; they were finishing me. Miss Clearmont then dismissed the slave and turned back to me.

"I have decided what to do in the longer term with this cunt slave," she said.

Mistress Greta showed considerable interest as Miss Clearmont continued. We shall mark her for now, and a bit of depilation will help. Then I shall have her. When I am bored with her I'll give her to you. Have you decided what would help her to please us?

"Yes my sweet. I have decided that it is now time to bring Mandy into a higher responsibility. This little cunt will be her first trainee. I am perhaps a little generous but I said that she could do what she wanted with her."

Miss Clearmont nodded with approval.

"She may overdo it a bit first time."

"I know," replied Mistress Greta. "But she has to learn the hard way that too much too soon can spoil a slave. It doesn't matter though it's a useful lesson."

"What did Mandy suggest?"

"She would like the bitch pierced and ringed and then a small alteration to enlarge her breasts." Replied Mistress Greta.

"Nice and large I hope. We need some entertainment. Yes big tits would suit her, really big of course so that we can use her on film. A slave with big wobbly breasts is such a turn on. Also I like whipping them!"

As the discussion continued Miss Clearmont expertly kneaded my tits and pulled at them. When she had finished she declared. "In my opinion we could take her from an unimposing 'B' or 'C' to a rather better 'F' or even much larger! In fact it may be possible to make them even bigger. Anyway enough of later, I have to make some calls and do some paperwork. Please take her to the White Room where she can wait my attentions."

Mistress Greta led me out of the room. I was taken into the house proper and then to a steel door. We went down some cold steps into a corridor

lined with doors every few metres. Mistress Greta opened a door into a windowless room lined with white tiles. In one corner was a hole in the floor. Miss Greta waved at the hole with a limp hand. I realised that she was offering me a chance to go to the toilet. I looked at the hole and shook my head.

I had had nothing to eat or drink since Kathy's brandies. My need was not so desperate that I could do so in front of this bitch. Mistress Greta shrugged her shoulders and pushed me to the wall. She took a thin chain from her pocket and fixed it to my gag. Then she fixed it to a padlock in the wall. I could not sit or for that matter reach the hole in the floor.

Mistress Greta slapped my face and pinched my nipples. As she did she said, "Enjoy your time here, when I've finished with you, you'll be a slave fit only to lick the shit from other slave's cells."

Part X (Indoctrination)

I was not tightly held by the chain and was free to stand as I would. The ankle cuffs did not prevent me walking a couple of steps if I was careful. The problem was that I could not sit down.

I was emotionally drained and tired from lack of sleep over the last two days and the lights were so bright especially since the whole room, floor, ceiling and walls were tiled in bright white. The cell had discrete metal rings at various heights and on the floor and ceiling a strange looking circular light lit it with great brightness.

It was to one of these high rings that I was fastened.

The gag forced me to breathe through my nose and made my jaw ache. In fact my pussy and ass ached with the treatment from the double dildo that had been forced into me.

My brain whirled with hopes and schemes most of which were fantasies that Kathy would find me and free me from this house of terrible calculated sexual assault. I finally calmed down and started to consider my real

alternatives. In fact I had none except to somehow get out. Without thought I had come here willingly. It now also looked as though rather than wishing to blackmail me Miss Clearmont really only wanted the challenge of adding another slave to the coffle and that getting unwilling slaves was simply more fun than culling the pages of contact magazines for people who really wanted to be enslaved.

That way they had real slaves not ones that enjoyed serving. It meant that I was of no more consequence to Miss Clearmont and Mistress Greta than another outfit or pair of shoes. It was that realisation that broke me. I was their toy and like all toys I would be played with until the satisfaction of ownership had at last expired and the plaything was given to a friend or another slave to play with.

My hands were free and I was able to check if I bled from their attentions. I did not, though there were bruises on my legs where I had fallen and my clit was rubbed raw by the attentions of Mistress Torment. Suddenly the colour of the light in the room changed from white to green.

It was a shock to see the whole room reflected in green.

My skin seemed to be purple and the bruises turned black. It was a macabre touch. I stood I don't know how long before the lights changed again. Now they were red. In fact at irregular intervals the lighting changed colour, seemingly at random. When it turned white the brightness was almost unbearable.

It was impossible to guess how long I had been in the room. My thoughts turned to Miss Clearmont. Just as when Mistress Greta had held me I started to hope that she would remember me. I saw her as a moderating force that wished me only to have large breasts instead of massive ones!

She had not wanted me to have huge pointed nipples and tattoos of giant pricks that were coming between my breasts. Her pleasure in my sexual attentions was almost welcome compared to the attentions of Mistress Greta.

I remembered that though she had gagged me it was not as bad as the one that Mistress Torment had put in and she had not hung me on a leash by my nipples either.

As the time went by I started to fantasise about a new plan. I would be so good to Miss Clearmont that she would let me go out of pity. No, I would pleasure her so much that she would let me take my revenge on the sadistic Mistress Greta and Mistress Torment. She would care for me and lead me for her and my pleasure. I pictured her orgasming so strongly that she made me her protégée.

The lights changed colour again and again.

I felt so tired and weepy that I relaxed only to find myself starting to stumble on the smooth tiles and hang from the chain attached to my gag. I was starting to sleep and it I felt I might not be able to stand. I felt totally exhausted.

I felt a sudden thirst that went when the lights turned to yellow. My bladders felt full, and then suddenly empty. The light changes started to change my mood.

Red was for defiance and escape.

Blue for sly surrender and trickery.

Green made me wish for attention, any awareness even if it was evil Mistress Greta come to collect me to give to her slave.

Purple made me feel sad and self pitying and brown made me want to please my captors with honest surrender.

Suddenly I realised that the lights were white again and changing no longer for the first time since I had arrived. The door opened and there stood Miss Clearmont. I staggered for a moment to stand straight. Miss Clearmont was dressed in a tight white rubber dress that covered her from knees to throat but leaving her large firm breasts exposed in a lattice of lace. Her almost

bare breasts were tipped by tiny rings through the nipples and her hair was pushed well back.

When she reached out to touch me I saw that she had surgical gloves on. In one hand she carried a metal machine that filled her hand. I was so woozy that I could only watch as she reached out and placed the end of the machine over my nipple. There was a brief flash of pain as she squeezed and a gold stud was piercing the nipple. I could only stare as a tiny drop of blood welled up in contrast to the gold. The other nipple took just a few seconds. I did not even flinch.

She put down the piercing tool and stroked a hand around my groin.

"What a tough gag my dear. Does your body ache?"

I nodded dumbly in reply. I could only see her large breasts heave as she felt the tightness of the gag.

"That's a shame. The gag is a little large I suppose, but Mistress Greta is sometimes a little over the top."

Then she let a little air out of the ball in my mouth. My eyes welled tears at how generous this magnificent woman was. I motioned for her to allow me to touch her breasts. With a satisfied look she allowed me to gently stroke her breasts with trembling hands. They were firm and warm under the sexy lace.

I felt comforted. I was pathetically trying to please my captor.

"I have to get some sleep my little cunt lover, but I'll be back in the morning to see you and propose a little beneficial deal. I have some things that you can do for me that will make me very happy."

She watched my gentle touches and smiled.

"You are sometimes such a good little slave, but I don't have time to release you at this moment. I'm sorry that you are uncomfortable. I shall have

much pleasure training you. You will be glad of my training when you are ready. For now you will have to wait for my next visit."

I nodded acceptance and let my hands fall. As she left the room I felt that I had really managed to please her and that in the morning when she had time she would free me to discuss important matters. The lights changed to brown and I dreamed of serving her any which way that she might want. I would lick her feet and thighs; my tongue would explore her sex.

When she orgasmed she would surely let me go.

It was impossible to gauge time in the cell. The lights changed irregularly. I came to look forward to some colours and hate others. I tried to support myself against the wall so that I could rest. But, I could not reach my high-heeled shoes to undo them and slid on the metal tipped heels when I tried to lean at an angle. Every time that I pulled the chain on the gag, the ball in my mouth pulled and caused such discomfort that I had to stand.

I tried to pace but more than one step was impossible. My moods changed more rapidly but gradually I began to long for Miss Clearmont to return.

She had loosened my gag and let me try to please her!

She had shown pity at my aches. She had even let me touch her magnificent body for a moment. I felt that she had only pierced my nipples to prevent Mistress Greta putting large rings in and had promised to allow me to perform a service for her that would help me.

Miss Clearmont had promised to return when she had had her rest. I stood and stood; the lights flashed their colours irregularly but with a faster rhythm. Miss Clearmont replaced Kathy as my saviour; she was real and her sexuality reigned supreme in the house.

Part XI (Unseen Treachery)

Once again the lights turned white. I blinked at the change and suddenly felt how full my bladder was. I needed to go to the toilet.

Miss Clearmont was dressed in her medical coat and had placed the nurse's cap on her hair. She wore white stilettos and had surgical gloves on.

"I'm so sorry that you had to stand so long my lovely little slut. The delay was unavoidable as I had so much sleep to catch up on," she said sympathetically. "Would you like a visit to the toilet?"

I nodded and she came over and using the key released my gag from the chain. I stumbled momentarily as she led me to the hole in the floor.

"I give you permission," she said. "You are a good slut and can use the hole."

I wobbled over the hole as I squatted and relieved myself fully. The feeling was one of total release.

"That's better, how can I get a dildo in your ass if you are so full?"

I nodded again gratefully and she slowly undid the gag. I breathed through my mouth again and stood for a moment.

"Would you like something to eat?" she asked.

"Yes Miss Clearmont, please," I answered.

"Good, I just need your help in formulating a legal document and then you can eat. I need your help so much and only you can help me," she sounded truly as if she needed my help.

I felt so grateful that she was on my side. She was so understanding and sympathetic.

"Do you mind if I make a little inspection to make sure that Mistress Greta has not hurt you?" she asked.

She knelt and put a hand in my pussy. I felt a finger enter me and probe around. For a moment she rubbed my clit and I felt a small shudder pass down my spine.

Then she pushed a finger into my ass and slowly rotated it.

"She has loosened you up a little. That's a good thing, we need to work on that don't we? After all we don't want you too tight for my pleasure do we?"

"No," I said. "I wish to please you. Mistress"

"That's wonderful news my dear, because you shall please me. Come along now," she spoke as if I was a child, but the tone gave me a feeling of security.

When she had finished she stood and took off the gloves. Tossing them down the hole in the floor she left the room. I followed her white starched coat and thus left the cell.

It was clear that Miss Clearmont was concerned for me. She led me to her office. Spread all over the desks were papers and legal documents. Standing on them was a decanter and two glasses. She poured a long clear drink and handed me the glass. I drank deeply before realising that the drink was pure gin.

I coughed but she patted my back to help it down.

"Drink it all for me my little slut; it will help you recover. Would you like to please me first or should you like to see the papers?" she asked in a reasonable voice.

"As you wish Miss Clearmont," I answered.

"Good, pleasure first and work later."

She opened the cabinet on the wall and took out some restraints and some clothing. I had almost forgotten that I was naked. Miss Clearmont came to

stand in front of me. First she took a pair of latex pants from the pile. She showed me the inside of them where a rubber cock was fixed.

"Would you wear these for me? It excites me that you will get a thrill as you pleasure me?" she said.

"Yes Miss Clearmont, I wish to please you as much as I can," I replied.

The pants were held together by studs that turned to release. She placed the cock in my mouth and I licked it. Then slipping it into my quivering ass she fastened the pants onto me. I could feel the penetration as the rubber prick worked itself into me.

Taking a pair of soft cuffs she fixed my hands in front of me. Then she brought out a gag and fixed my mouth open. As she did so she said, "Please understand that I would not have you catch me with your teeth when you come."

I expected her to open her coat and ask me to satisfy her but she led me behind the desk. She indicated that I should sit on the floor with my legs under the chair facing the seat.

The chair was an old fashioned library reading chair with high winged back and stout legs. When my face was towards the seat she clipped a collar, which was attached to the chair seat-front with a short chain, around my neck to hold me there. Satisfied that I was fixed firmly she went round the back of the chair and fiddled for a moment with the rubber dildo in my ass.

I felt a click as she attached something to it. Finally satisfied she stood over me. Looking up I could see under her coat. Her pussy, shaven as always pouted at me with longing. I could just make out the shadows of her large tits tenting the coat almost out of sight. She reached down and stroked my face with her hands.

"Greta and her little slut want to work you over. Greta has a fetish for big tits and cunts that a train could drive through. She likes her slaves to scream when they are fucked up the ass hole with her heels. Her greatest

wish with all slaves is to alter them and break them. She lends her slaves to people who delight in destroying them. If you serve me and obey all my commands you will have given me pleasure and I will protect you from her. If you do not I will let her have you."

Miss Clearmont said this in an unemotional way that made me hope that I could serve her every wish to protect myself. I believed her and wanted to serve. I still hoped in my heart that Kathy could save me, but how was I to contact her and get her to believe my story?

Miss Clearmont's phone rang. There was a pause and she said. "Show her in."

With a flick of her coat Miss Clearmont settled herself on the chair. Her naked ass lowered gently onto the chair allowing her to straddle me between her thighs and wiggled to settle her pussy over my mouth. I could feel her clitoris swell into my open mouth and the inner lips of her cunt dripped her excitement into me.

My tongue reached up and massaged her. Its tip followed the creases and folds of her inner lips and stroked her swollen sex. I felt her shift again as I heard the door to the office open. Her sex slid forward and her puckered ass hole was presented for attention. This bent my head back on the end of the collar-chain as she slid forward on the chair. The collar flexed a little allowing the movement.

"Hello," said Miss Clearmont.

She moved up for a moment and then settled her ass upon my lips.

"Darling, I'm so glad to catch you at home."

The other voice was Kathy's!

I must have started in surprise at hearing Kathy's voice because suddenly Miss Clearmont's thighs closed their grip on my head. I felt the power of her

legs as she squeezed, the effect being to make me use my tongue with much more urgency.

Miss Clearmont lowered herself even further closing my mouth with a fleshy gag that prevented me making any sound. My tongue played over her ass and teased the little creases and puckers of flesh that closed it. I felt a movement in my ass as the dildo quietly came to life and started to vibrate.

The feeling made me almost ecstatic.

"I got a strange message when I got back from my business trip," continued Kathy. "My friend Denise, who you met the other day, left a message to contact her. But she is not at home and has left no clue at her work as to her whereabouts."

"It's OK Kathy, she's not in hearing, so you can cut the crap," replied Miss Clearmont. "I have her in a cell downstairs and you came too soon for me to arrange our little trick. It doesn't matter though, because she is totally disorientated and we can set up the manoeuvre in the next hour."

"Oh good. How is she? You didn't give her to the gentle attentions of Greta did you?"

"Only for an hour or two," replied the woman whose ass I was licking.

She wriggled slightly in the chair and I had trouble keeping my tongue in place. I felt the puckers of flesh loosen a little and licked harder trying to push my tongue in as deep as possible.

"Is she ready for Pete then? Or do we have to wait a day or two?"

Miss Clearmont replied "She's not quite ready to try to fuck him yet, but she is sure that you are going to come and rescue her from me."

"Good then we can delay until tomorrow and then I'll let her loose when I come," said Kathy.

The dildo vibrated more urgently and I took it as a signal to lick with more force. Suddenly Miss Clearmont's ass hole loosened completely and my tongue pushed inside.

I pushed as hard as I could upon feeling a reaction from Miss Clearmont.

The vibrator reacted with a slow in and out motion that took my breath away. Miss Clearmont's thighs were quivering, which made it difficult to hear the next few exchanges because they closed round my ears and also made it difficult to breathe.

Miss Clearmont orgasmed.

It did not show in her voice as she talked to Kathy except that once she caught her breath and turned it into a cough. But in my *privileged* position I felt her characteristic reaction as her sex swelled and she clamped her thighs hard together.

She relaxed and moved a hand to stroke my hair, which I took as a gesture of approval from my supreme sexual Mistress. I felt a sudden happiness that I had pleased her and started to work again on her sensitive ass.

"What will you do to the silly bitch when Pete no longer has a use for her?" asked Miss Clearmont.

The dildo in my rear made my pussy wetter and wetter but I did not come. In fact I was now hoping that I could get Miss Clearmont to come again and thus please her even more. My tongue probed as deep as possible and I could feel the heat of her shaved pussy on my forehead as I worked.

"Oh, then Greta can have her. I find her curious but prudish attitude a bore. I'll let you have her if you want but I'd prefer her to disappear into Greta's grip because she doesn't let go. Any way I promised Greta that I'd pay for one of her slaves to be altered as much as she wished and a promise is a promise. I'd rather I spent my money on a friend's education than have some stranger benefit." said Kathy with a sarcastic laugh.

Even though I was being fucked from behind and had my tongue slipped up Miss Clearmont's hole I could hear the conversation and take it in.

My heart sank.

I had decided to try to please Miss Clearmont to escape Mistress Greta but I had placed my real hope in Kathy to get me free of the whole situation.

Kathy was betraying me.

She was worse than Miss Clearmont was, because she was going to give me to Mistress Greta after playing some game with Pete as part of his education.

I felt Miss Clearmont shift back as if relaxing. Her sex slid over my mouth.

I touched her clit with my lips and tongue and then stuck my tongue as far as it would go up the tunnel of her sex. I could taste her warm wetness and feel the thrusts of the dildo in my rear. Somehow serving her was turning me on. My cunt swelled and sweated sex, but there was no relief. My lips fumbled for a moment and then gripped her engorged clit. Slowly I massaged it while teasing the very tip with my tongue.

"I'll tell you how I'll arrange matters," said Miss Clearmont. "Just leave the slut with me for a couple more days. By then she will be so wound up with waiting for you that she will orgasm when she hears your voice. I'll arrange the meeting and you can arrange the rest."

"OK then, two days and I will phone you beforehand. I'll get my driver to help her back to my place. One loose end though, the photos?" said Kathy.

"I don't know yet, perhaps there may be a use for them yet."

The two of them said goodbye and I heard the door close as Kathy left. Miss Clearmont sat for a while. I worked over her clit again and then moved to stroking her inner lips with mine. The wetness of her excitement flowed into my open mouth tasting almost sweet with stimulation.

I licked and sucked and she came.

A trembling overcame her and she slid forwards to allow me further access. It must have been five minutes before she got out of the chair and stood. She looked down at me with a smile.

"Kathy is such a manipulating bitch, but I love her," she said.

She stroked my face with her nails. One finger slipped into my mouth and explored in an almost casual manner.

"I have saved you from Kathy, would you serve me to save yourself from Greta?" she continued. I tried to say 'Yes' and nod, but my head was held firm.

Miss Clearmont released me from the chair.

She left my ankles together but the wrist cuffs came off. The pants remained on but the dildo was stilled when she disconnected it from the chair.

It took a moment to stand but Miss Clearmont held me. Then she sat me in her chair. The documents on the desk caught my eye. Some of them had my name on them others appeared to be financial papers.

"I need your help as a lawyer. I would like you to sign these papers as a witness. Here, here and here."

She indicated on the forms.

"This is to stop Kathy getting at your money."

She slid a hand down to my dripping cunt and stroked it. Her nail scratched at my inner lips and her thumb tickled my clit. Before I came she deftly slowed down and pushed a pen to me. I picked it up in my shaking hand.

As I tried to read them she pushed her breasts out of her coat and moved a finger to enter my cunt. I was on the very brink of orgasm. The invasion of my ass hole and the sight of those smooth full breasts, penetrated with gold, filled my mind. I longed to please her and kiss those orbs gently, rubbing the rings with my tongue and teasing the erect flesh with my lips.

I signed wherever she indicated and shifted to allow my Mistress better access to my sex.

Suddenly she stopped. Her hand withdrew and the breasts drew back. She took the pen with a hand that was wet with my excitement and placed it out of reach.

Then she placed a hand at the back of my head and gripped me by grabbing a handful of hair. My orgasm receded and Miss Clearmont got me out of the chair by pulling my hair.

"How dare you sit in my chair," she said as she dragged me upright.

My shock at the sudden change of events numbed me for a moment.

Miss Clearmont slapped my face and pushed me to the centre of the room.

Chapter 4

May 1998 New York

Part I (Gifts and Betrayals)

Miss Clearmont gave me a push that made me fall to the floor. I fell heavily and banged my head on the floor. I was still bound loosely by the ankles and could not break my fall.

I felt dazed.

The lack of sleep, the large gin, the White Room and the confusion of the over-heard conversation combined to befuddle and leave me with no will. I heard Miss Clearmont go to her desk.

When I opened my eyes she had a syringe in her hand and had discarded her white coat. Her face showed excitement and elation and her full breasts shone with perspiration.

With a step she was standing over me looking down. Then she bent over me and placed one hand on my neck. I felt the fingers of the other probe my breast for a moment before she injected me just under the nipple. She stood again to watch me, but I was simply too exhausted to move. I felt the heaviness of limb over come me again. I felt so tired, a feeling of hopelessness overwhelmed me and tears formed in my eyes.

"Now you are mine little cunt slut. How could you possibly consider that Kathy would rescue you from this house? Kathy had her own plans for you!"

I moved my head to the side so that she could not see the tears. Miss Clearmont went to the desk and gathered the papers. Then she knelt beside me and held the papers before my eyes for inspection. I could not focus on the forms and anyway her hand was trembling with excitement that shook them and made them rustle.

"Let me tell you what you have signed."

Miss Clearmont went through the papers one by one and explained them to me as she did so.

"This one makes a withdrawal from your savings account. The amount has yet to be entered but it will be *all* of your money. It also transfers all the money in your cashing account to the savings account first. Now this is an interesting one. This little sheet renames your trust fund, which I believe matures in just five days time on your thirtieth birthday. Let me see now..."

She rearranged the sheets until they were in the correct order.

"This one moves the money to an offshore fund in the Bahamas that is a numbered account. That means that anyone with the correct code number

can use the account." She explained this to me as if talking to a child. "Now then, this one has my signature on it. It is the one that closes the Bahamas account and moves the money to my account in Austria, Europe."

She flicked over to another form.

"This could be my favourite, even though the thought of all your millions being mine makes me so wet that I could just come by thinking about it."

"This one," she went on, "is the one that you signed that makes me your manager should I wish to have a porn starlet on my hands. The last is the best, it is a letter that I shall send to your office asking to resign your partnership and of course leave the business. In it I will of course include the photos that we made just a few days ago as well as the other ones that you and I shall shoot in the next few days."

Once again she showed me the forms and this time I could see them clearly. The letter took just a few moments to read. It cited that my interests in pornography modelling did not suit the interests of the firm and that as such I resigned as of now and passed all my interests back to the senior partners forthwith. It was personally addressed to Jake Darrell, the senior partner.

My eyes filled up again and tears dripped down my face to soak into the plush carpet. Miss Clearmont then placed the forms back in order and put them into a tray on the desk. All was clear now. There would be no blackmail because Miss Clearmont would have it all; money, inheritance and a cunt slave ripe for the fucking. I could hear her opening another drawer and then she came back to me. She squatted before my face and showed me a little box. Her legs parted to reveal her dripping slit, and her erect clitoris standing prouder than I had ever seen.

Flipping the lid she pulled out two shiny steel rings.

"I have been so thoughtful. Since you have done me a favour and given me something, I felt that it was only right to give you a little present."

Slipping a black nailed finger through the rings she held them up for me to see. Each was about an inch in diameter and had a break in it. Stamped onto the rings was a single word, 'Slave'.

Behind the rings I could see her pussy dripping sex, the cherry red of her clit seemed to throb with lust. A dribble of sex juices dripped onto the carpet.

"Before I fit them I should explain. These rings are chromium plated. Underneath is vanadium steel which, the maker assures me, cannot be cut without a diamond saw. When I pinch this little part a bolt is released that cannot be withdrawn making them permanent."

With that explanation she leaned forward to attend to their fixing. First she removed the posts that she had shot through my nipples in the White Room and then she carefully positioned the rings. It was at the edge of my vision but when she clicked the first one a pain shot through my nipple. If I had not been drugged I might have reacted. As it was I could not even flinch.

The second was worse.

"Oh dear, did I miss the little hole? Never mind, it is permanent so I'll just have to accept the position!"

Miss Clearmont stood and surveyed me with a critical eye. "There is one other little thing that I have to do. If you don't mind I'll get it over with and then all our accounts balance."

She went back to the desk and opened a drawer. Then she returned with a pencil in her hand. With one foot she rolled me over onto my front. Then she sat on me and drew something with the pencil. It seemed to take ages, even though the area that she worked on was a small one just over the small of my back.

When she had finished she went to go for some other piece of equipment. Once again she kneeled over me. I heard a low hum like a dentist's drill before it contacts a tooth.

Suddenly there was a sharp burning pain in my back. The pain continued as she worked. It must have taken twenty minutes but at last she was finished. Standing up again, I could see her shoes and ankles as she stood and looked down at me.

"Every piece of baggage should have a property tag my dear. This one is yours. I am sure that you will agree that since I own all your property as well as you, it would be remiss of me not to mark you as mine."

She chuckled as she spoke and then went back to the desk to pack the electric tattoo needle away.

I felt so weary and sick that I just lay there, my mind a blank. Miss Clearmont spent about ten minutes at the desk and then picked up the phone. She spoke for a few moments about preparing a room and then came back to me.

Once again she tipped me over with her foot. I lay staring up at the ceiling.

"I am going to tell you what's going to happen to you now. In a week or so you will come into your inheritance. I cannot work you over until then because I would hate it if you were unable to sign a document or some such and I had disposed of you. So for the next week you are going to be my guest.

"I am going to love giving you to Greta and that bitch slave of hers. But before I do so I will keep you in the White Room and then you will have to perform for the cameras. As a present on your thirtieth birthday I'm going to give Greta a little present! You!"

With that she went to the chest of drawers and withdrew a monster dildo. With a smile she showed me an attachment that allowed it to be fixed firmly onto a woman's crotch with a belt.

"When I fuck you on your birthday I'm really going to open your cunt up. If you show any sign of rebellion I guess you know which hole this will be going into? Then I'll gift wrap you and send you to Greta."

She replaced the terrible thing back in the chest of drawers and returned with a grin on her face. She let out some of the chain between my ankle cuffs.

She went back to the phone and ordered a slave up.

To the slave she said, "This cunt needs feeding and watering, see to it. I need her in the photo studio in two hours ready to become a slave for the rest of her life."

With that she returned to the desk, replaced her coat and left the room in a swirl. In her hand were the papers that would give her my entire fortune.

Part II (The White Room)

The slave carried me to the corridor where the White Room was but instead took me a couple of doors further. On the way he did not say a word. We entered the room and he put me on the floor. The tiles were cold and hard and the room was a gloomy one with naked brick walls and a ceiling of rough concrete. The slave fastened me to a ring on the floor and left me to my thoughts.

Scarcely one passed through my head, I just felt forlorn and lost.

The gag held my mouth open and I dribbled from one corner. My breasts were sore with the rings and I shifted a little to get them out of contact with the rough floor. Other than that I waited.

The slave returned with two bowls that were of the type that dogs eat from. In one was a sort of paste; in the other was a yellowish liquid. I looked at the bowls with distaste. I was almost so hungry and thirsty that even this fare would make me eat. The slave looked somewhat sympathetic.

"If I were you I would eat. The brown mush is simply the leftovers of the house ground to a paste. You never know when the next meal will come along."

I looked at him; it was the first time that anyone had been genuinely sympathetic in the last few days. He was naked except for the tattoo of Mistress Greta. Even here I could not escape them.

I nodded acceptance of his advice. The problem was that my mouth was held open by the gag and my hands were fettered. To add to the agony my muscles were still affected by Miss Clearmont's injection. At last I managed to drop my face into the bowl and suck the pap up with my aching tongue. I licked and sucked.

It tasted of nothing really.

Lumps of sweet were mixed with ground up savoury food, the effect being an unpleasant sort of thick gruel. Several times I gagged on the stuff before licking the last few lumps from the bowl. I struggled on my knees to the other bowl.

It was not water but water mixed with something salty and slightly bitter in taste. I drank a little but the taste of the water put me off after only a few gulps.

"You had better drink it all because you will be punished if you don't." He said.

I lapped at it like a cat but it took too long so I finally got up my courage and sucked the whole lot down. When I had finished he took the bowls away before returning a few minutes later. I could feel my stomach rebel at the food but held it down.

"Are you Denise?" he asked.

I nodded agreement and he looked thoughtful.

"Were you there when Mistress Kathy was meeting Miss Clearmont."

I nodded again at which a little smile showed and a look of comprehension crossed his face. Once again he left the room, coming back this time with a bucket and a cloth.

"I have to clean you up and get you ready for Miss Clearmont," he said.

He sponged me down in an impersonal way before asking me if I needed the toilet. I shook my head. Even though I had been so degraded I was still too proud to shit in front of him.

He nodded again and undid the fetter that fixed me to the floor. He picked me up and carried me out. I felt dizzy and nauseous and closed my eyes, so I did not see where I was taken. In fact I nodded off to sleep for the first time in a couple of days.

When I woke, shaken awake roughly, I found myself in a brightly-lit room lying on a rough low table. My hand and ankle shackles and gag had been removed.

"Are you ready to become a sex slave?" said Miss Clearmont.

"You have my money, my sex, my fear, why do you want to destroy me completely?"

Part III (Conditioning)

Miss Clearmont did not answer.

She looked incredibly angry at my question and stormed off.

I managed to swing my legs off the table and stand by the time that she came back. In her hand was her bag. She had a savagely angry look on her face and dropped the bag by me so that I was able to look inside and see a profusion of shackles; sex gear and medical items all tidied and racked in exact order.

She opened a small pocket and took out the open-mouthed gag. She fitted it in a matter of moments before turning again to the bag and taking an electric razor. With rough motions she slashed all the hair from my head. Then she pushed me with my back to the table and removed my pubic hair.

It hurt because the razor had a cutter to cut longer hair and she pressed so hard that it bit me several times. When she had finished she put the nipple lead on that I had had on when I first met Mistress Greta.

This time she tightened the screws with a savage twist that hurt even more because the rings had left me sore. She wrapped the lead around her fist and pulled me out of the set.

"You are for the White Room. You will never question me again Denise. In fact this may be the last time that any one will call you Denise. From now on your name is anything that anybody wants to call you. You will be taken from here on your thirtieth birthday. I will then make love to you a last time before Miss Torment is to get you as training material. She needs to learn that a slave has to be degraded slowly to learn to adapt to each punishment one at a time. This way the slave does not notice the gradual lowering of her guard until she is totally ready to serve and be altered and remoulded."

We had reached the corridor.

I saw the door to the White Room and pulled at the leash. A fiery pain in my breasts nearly made me faint and then I was pulled into the room. Miss Clearmont hung the leash handle from a hook and left me waiting for her return. When she came back she had a man in to who was carrying a number of pieces of wood under his arm. The slave was not the one with the tattoo of Mistress Greta on his chest.

While Miss Clearmont talked to me he put them together silently.

"You are not going to be comfortable here. I have arranged for the doctor to come in a few of days. The doctor will begin the planning for some

alterations. Before then I have decided that I will start the work on you myself. I have changed my mind about you being filmed yet. You are still too wilful to meet the outsiders who make the films professionally and anyway you are going to feature in a movie in which a sadistic Mistress fucks her slaves with larger than normal objects. I will open you up. I fancy that Mistress Torment will want you nice and slack anyway so a few days will be all I need to work you over."

The slave had completed his work and was standing by a frame that he had put together for a moment, then he left again and returned with a projector. He fitted a battery of slides into it and plugged it into a concealed plug.

A wire came out of the projector and was plugged into a small socket that projected from the lighting. I looked at the frame that he had set up. It was an 'A' frame. It stood about as high as my crotch and had a screw attachment at the top.

Miss Clearmont explained it with glee in her voice.

"Your legs will be shackled here." She pointed at the bottom of the frame. "The widening dildo goes here where your cunt will go over it."

She indicated the top with a gesture.

"Every day that goes by, I shall use a larger one. Then the real pain begins because there are other uses for them. Look at these beauties."

She took six dildos from her bag. With great relish and care she placed them upright on the floor. The first was about six inches long but very wide. Each was longer and wider than the next. The last seemed about a foot long and as wide as a bottle.

I must have pulled a face because she laughed and said, "When we have finished with your cunt I will start on your ass hole. You are going to be fit to fuck a house when I've finished with you."

With that she dismissed the slave with a wave and moved the frame to the wall next to me. Then she screwed the smallest under the top of the frame. When she was satisfied she got me to stand over it.

My feet were shackled tightly to the base of the frame.

By twisting a screw she inserted the object. I could feel it press against the lips of my cunt. My weight forced it in. Slowly I felt it push its way into me. It took several moments before she stopped turning. With a sigh she stepped back to admire my position. Then she fastened my ankle cuffs to the base of the frame. I shifted but could not get comfortable. I felt stretched to the limit and wondered how I could possibly take the next size up never mind the last one in the row.

"God. But you turn me on. It's so horny seeing you on the frame and not being able to escape your fate."

I struggled to talk but she had the mouth gag set so wide that all that came was a gurgle. She reached down to feel how the rubber prick was entering me. She massaged my over-stretched cunt lips with her fingertips and then moved forward to stroke my clit.

Her other hand stroked her breasts through her white coat and fondled the rings. Then she opened her coat to reveal her belly and crotch. Her fingers slipped into her cunt and started to flutter over her sex. I could see her fingers glisten with the juices of her excitement. Her other hand massaged me more insistently. Then she slipped the fingers from her sex into my mouth.

"That's better little slave, lick the flavour."

My tongue licked the musky fragrance from her fingers as she began to rub me towards a climax. I started to feel an easing in my cunt as I trembled. Suddenly she slapped my face and stopped the massage just before my climax. Then she ran a finger again round my stretched inner lips. Her nail scratched me and I screamed.

Once again she started to masturbate herself. I saw her open her legs wider, pinch her clit between forefinger and thumb, and roll it between them. Miss Clearmont threw her head back and came.

"Oh God, that was good, I can't wait for the next visit. I am going to have you."

With that she turned and left me to stare at the row of objects that were going to stretch me over the next few days. Suddenly the lights turned orange and the ordeal had begun.

The lights changed colour and I shifted position to accommodate my cunt to the object that was slowly stretching the muscles and widening me. It was so uncomfortable that it seemed to be bumping the top of my hole. I could take the weight off it for a few minutes but then my thighs gave out with a quiver of fatigue and I slumped allowing it greater penetration.

Every few minutes the lights changed colour. I tried to resist the effect but I started to fantasise again. Then the room started to cool down. The hum of a fan was just discernible. The temperature dropped. I felt goose bumps on my flesh. The lights went blue. I started to shiver and could see my breath in the cold air. The muscles in my pussy tried to contract but the dildo held them open.

The air seemed icy and I moaned as I got cramp in my leg.

I slipped further down and the widening dildo forced its way further in. The colour stayed blue. I shook with cold, the pain in the muscles of my legs got worse.

I cried out but no one came.

I seemed to be frozen to the core when the fan stopped and the light turned brown. Suddenly the projector came to life. It shone a picture of Miss Clearmont on the opposite wall. She was sitting in an armchair with her legs apart revealing her pussy. She was beckoning with her hand whilst holding a short crop in the other. A smile played on her lips that told me

she was pleased at my progress. All the time that the lights were brown the air temperature stayed warm.

Colours came and went but every time the colour turned blue the cell got cold and I screamed with anticipation of the pain. Then a further refinement, while the pain colours showed I saw Kathy.

Every time that it shone brown, a picture of Miss Clearmont was shown. I slumped with fatigue but the dildo pushed against me and I had to straighten. The lights turned green and the projector showed a picture of Mistress Greta. She stood by a bound slave whose crouched naked form by her feet showed him to be completely at her mercy. She was fully dressed but in a bizarre rubber dress that let her massive breasts hang showing the rings and studs that pierced them.

While the slide picture hung there I could not but feel that she was stopping the blue light and the cold that came with it and Kathy's picture. The purple light showed Mistress Torment naked and with a whip in her hand. She had her pussy wide to show the two rings that pierced it and a single thick chain which hung over her breasts and draped to her crotch. I shivered with cold when the blue came on and then was then rescued by one or other of the Mistress's before being treated to more cold. Whenever a light changed to a colour other than blue I sighed with relief.

It seemed an age before Miss Clearmont came back. She stood before my bound form and then fixed my hands to a hook in the wall above my head. Then she unscrewed the dildo. I felt the relief of the emptiness of my vagina. She exchanged the dildo for the next in the row. With horror I saw her add another to the row. The seventh was bigger yet.

"I think that you can do this little thing for me if you try hard for me. You will love me later for the work I am putting in for you now."

Then she turned the screw and the next was forced in.

"If you think that this is bad wait until I start work on your ass! You are going to thank me for my attentions when Greta's bitch slave starts work

on you. Unfortunately I have some important things to arrange so I cannot stay to enjoy, but next time I come I hope to have the time."

With that parting shot she left me. I could feel my bladder pushing against the object that over filled me. I had no control and let go, feeling a warm stream run down my leg to the floor.

The lights changed to yellow and a low sound started. It gradually increased in volume to become a scream of noise. The blast of sound resonated around the room. It must have lasted a few minutes but it left my head empty until the lights turned to blue and the hum of the fan started.

The object pushing into me was longer as well as wider than the last. I felt as though I was being impaled. My legs trembled with the effort of pushing up against the shackles. A reaction set in and I felt my pussy grip and struggle against the intruder as it rendered the muscles slack.

The cold and the picture of Kathy took control. When the lights changed to brown and Miss Clearmont's picture appeared I thanked her mentally for saving me. I was on the slippery conditioning slope.

In fact I was falling rapidly.

By the time that Miss Clearmont had inserted the sixth widener into my straining pussy I was not fully conscious. She had to slap my face before I could recognise her.

"You are nearly there now. Only one to go and then you will be ready up-front and then we can begin with your ass."

The colours took on effects. Blue was cold, red was heat, and yellow brought the sound. Brown brought Miss Clearmont, my saviour. Green brought Mistress Greta, my goddess in rubber. Purple brought Miss Torment, my example of a perfect slave and mistress.

I feared each change as the lights flickered for a few moments before each transformation adding apprehension and tension to the changes. Some colours brought pain, temperature changes and sound that was unbearable.

Others brought relief. My mind started to associate the Slave Mistress's with relief and the other colours with agony.

It went on and on.

I could not count the time and started to react with hatred when I saw Kathy and relief when I saw the others. I knew that I was being conditioned. I understood the principals behind it but my mind was overwhelmed with the sensations of the colours, sounds and pictures. I felt my grip on reality slip as I longed for relief from Kathy. I did not notice at first but the periods of pain that came more often or else the good colours came for a shorter time.

The dildos hastened my decline into a fantasy. They filled me and held me rigid on the frame, the ache from my drawn out muscles eased as each increased my capacity. I longed for the slightest human contact and came to long for Miss Clearmont to come and talk to me even if it meant that she fitted a larger object into my cunt.

I cursed the time that I had spent with Kathy and longed for the torment to end. In the end I could not even feel how it might be when it ended. I had forgotten my money, the apartment and all to do with my job and former life.

I was being reprogrammed.

I had been in the White Room for at least several days when the seventh was screwed into place. I was delirious, soiled, and defiled as I had long lost control of my bladder and bowels.

Miss Clearmont wanked every time that she inserted the next size dildo. I vaguely had the impression that each time she came more energetically as she asserted her power over my body. Sometimes she dribbled water into

my mouth. Occasionally it tasted salty or bitter; once or twice it was sweet. I had trouble keeping it down, my throat was becoming sore from dryness and cold and I had trouble swallowing.

I could not sleep more than a few naps before the sound or the cold and heat started. From lack of rest I was becoming an automaton. I do not even remember the last few days in the room until the last was removed. I felt my muscles in my cunt try to clench in reaction but they were stretched to slackness and would not respond!

Part IV (Preparations)

Miss Clearmont was standing talking to a man in normal clothes.

"She needs water and some food or else you will lose her," he was saying.

"Later she will be fed and watered, but we need to discuss her operations. I want the slut to realise what is round the corner," she replied.

"OK then but she must be fit enough to recover fully or else she will make a poor slave."

The doctor walked round me considering. "We should start on the breasts because it is the most complex, how big should they be?"

"I figured about twice the size of mine," she said whilst watching the effect that her words had on me.

I failed to flinch which made her look annoyed.

She came close and slapped me.

"When your breasts are the size of melons, with nipples full of rings I shall send you to Greta who will come in her pants when she sees you."

I felt a single tear trickle down my cheek which Miss Clearmont wiped away, and said, "You will love your new life as a slave I promise you, you

will get to serve me and make me come with your tongue every day while I will control your every breath with my ass hole. I will keep you in a cage at the foot of my bed so that you will always be at my beck and call. I will fondle your breasts if you are a good little girl and thrash them if you are not."

"You are paying so that's your affair, but she will look more than enormous."

"That is the idea. I want her to look not enormous, but gigantic. You will give her more than big tits, she will become my body slave for a while and then Greta can have her. When can you start?" said Miss Clearmont.

"In a week I'll have her on the table and a few weeks later she will be healed," he said unemotionally.

"Good, the other changes that we discussed can be done later, and that gives me time to do a couple of other things that need to be done."

"Clean her, feed her and don't let her get too exhausted just before I do the work."

With that he made an inspection of me that left no part untouched. His hand even slipped into my pussy. He frowned and moved his hand around with no difficulty.

"If you do not keep something there she will start to shrink again. I recommend that you do another week and then the effort will not be wasted. The size will become permanent."

He withdrew his hand and wiped it on my breasts with a casual motion.

Miss Clearmont and the doctor left the cell still deep in discussion. I was fully awake, but weak with lack of food and sleep. I looked at the mess on the floor by the frame and shuddered. What would it be like to have my ass hole filled like my pussy had been?

It seemed difficult to believe that Miss Clearmont had been a nurse.

I shifted my weight and felt my fettered hands unhook from the hook on the wall. Just then the slave with the tattoo of Greta came into the cell. In his hand were a bucket and a sponge. He closed the door and placed the bucket by my feet. With a twist he unbuckled my ankles. I could not stand and was lowered to the floor. He sponged me down, as I perceived feeling and circulation return to my body.

Part V (Escape)

"My name is Henry, I'm going to see if I can get you out of here."

I vaguely remembered Kathy saying that she had given Henry to Miss Clearmont. It seemed from another world. Then it had been someone else and had been of no concern to me, now I suppressed a shudder and thought of myself.

I nearly fainted. I could not walk, my hands were shackled, and I was naked. Here was this man promising to get me out. I laughed weakly at the ridiculous thought of me getting out. My first word was, "How?" it was all I could say round the gag.

"I'll carry you."

His strong arms lifted me and he took me out of the cell. Up the corridor he went through a door that led to the normal part of the house. I saw that from this side the door was disguised as a shelving unit full of books and ornaments.

The light from the windows blinded me and made my head swim. He carried me through the house. I never wondered at the lack of people, but we met no one. He took me to a bedroom where he gently put me on a bed.

From under the bed he produced a pair of bolt cutters.

"Put these here earlier," he muttered as he struggled to get the handcuffs off. It was a labour to do so, as they were heavy-duty cuffs. At last he cut through them and my hands were free.

I began to hope that he could get me out. I tried to stand and look out of the window. We were in a room that overlooked a narrow path that led by the house to the street. My legs wobbled and I nearly fell to the floor. Henry was looking through a wardrobe.

"If you are not dressed then you won't get far," he said.

I looked at the clothes that he had in his hands.

A pair of high heels and a slip of a dress, but they were better than nothing. He even found a pair of pants, even though they were tight rubber I put them on. Then I staggered to the sink in the corner and drank long from the taps.

It helped but then I realised that the internal gag was still in. I had become so used to it that I had forgotten that it was there. He peered into my mouth and then fetched a pair of tweezers from the dresser. Using them as a lever on the catch I felt the gag release. The gag fell out on to the floor. My jaw suddenly ached and I realised that it was not only my cunt that had been stretched. I rubbed my face and tried to smile but I think that I produced more of a leer.

He helped me get the dress and shoes on. The dress was knee length and of stretchy form fitting material. The shoes had heels that were high but normal. I managed to stand and took a few steps.

"There is no time now, come,"

With this he opened the window and helped me over the sill. There I stood in the alley not believing that I had escaped. Henry gave me a wink and shut the window. I had thought of an important question for Henry and looked around, to see that he had already shut the window.

What day and date was it?

Chapter 4

June 1998 New York

Part I (Kathy's Fuck Slave)

The alley ended at the rear of the houses with a fence that in my state I could not hope to climb. So I headed for the road. It was a suburban street like any other.

Trees lined the wide road and big houses surrounded by gardens stretched in both directions. I decided not to pass the front of Miss Clearmont's house so there was only one direction to go. Walking slowly I headed away from my prison.

The air had a slight chill on it and I could see that evening would soon be coming. The feeling of simply being free revived me more than any drug could have. I felt energy and determination return. I could not believe that I had spent more than a week at Miss Clearmont's house, so I still could stop her having my inheritance.

Now that my legal career was almost certainly over I decided to make one more appearance in court. Kathy and Miss Clearmont would be charged with kidnap and my revenge would be to see them go to jail. I came to a road that crossed Miss Clearmont's and turned the corner. It had taken me at least twenty minutes to get just a few hundred yards but my step was quicker and my legs were getting stronger. I ran my hands over the dress too smooth it and found a fifty-dollar note folded small in the only shallow pocket.

Being suburbia there were a lot of people around but I found that I had no desire to speak to anyone. About fifty yards ahead of me a woman was climbing out of a cab. I shouted and tried to run, but the best that I could manage was to quicken my step. The driver waited for me and I climbed in. He pulled off as soon as I had closed the door and asked me where I was going. I replied with my apartment address. I felt safe for the first time

since I had been at Kathy's house before Miss Clearmont had raped and photographed me.

"What is the date?" I asked the cab driver.

I saw him look at me in the mirror. I must have looked a little strange with my very short hair just starting to grow and the signs of weariness on my face.

"The twentieth." He replied.

I nearly collapsed in the back seat. I had been in the White Room two weeks. My birthday was long gone. A week had passed since Miss Clearmont had emptied my accounts.

God, two weeks!

I sat silent in the cab all the way across town. The cab driver charged me thirty dollars and I got out. It was starting to get dark; the lights were on in my apartment. The front door was open and I headed up. I felt drained and longed to sleep. The door to the apartment was unlocked and I entered to find Kathy sitting on the only item of furniture in the living room. The whole flat was in the middle of a redecoration and all my furniture and possessions were nowhere to be seen.

"Nice to see you. Predictable as always my little Denise," said Kathy in a low voice.

"My apartment..." was all I could say. "What have you done?"

"Wrong, *my* apartment. I bought the block a week ago for the outrageous price that the owner wanted for a quick sale," she replied. "You are now mine."

I started to head for the door but Kathy was quicker. She stood with her back to the door and showed me the key in her hand.

"Don't you even want to hear what's happened in the last weeks while you have been enjoying the attentions of Miss Clearmont?"

I had until now never seen Kathy really sexually excited. True she had shown a small reaction when she showed me Gerald many years ago, but now I could see that she was really turned on. Her breathing was in short gasps and her nipples stood through the thin material of the dress she had on.

I nodded and Kathy went on as though it was the most ordinary thing in the world.

"I suppose I'd better start at the beginning."

She indicated that I should sit down in the only chair.

As she talked she walked round me.

"Two months ago I found out that you had fucked Gerald at Harvard. What's more; you and he fucked for several months. I knew that at that time he would be unable to come without your feet so I was interested to see that you stuck it out so long. I thought that you might make an interesting conquest for me. My first woman. So I decided to rope you in."

Kathy lit a cigarette before continuing. One hand held the cigarette daintily while the other slid to her pussy. I could see a damp patch form under her fingers as the dress pressed into her crotch. She took another draw at the cigarette and continued.

"It was easy to find you and pull you in. You already had had a taste of domination and could not let go when given another chance. I showed you Pete who I specially started to train to ensnare you. By the time that you had visited twice you were hooked. Miss Clearmont then fucked you in my house. I enjoyed watching that tape so many times. When she rewarded you by making you orgasm I knew that you would make a better bed bitch than any Mistress of slaves. Then she took you. I had not realised that you had so much money, but she got there first. I originally intended that you

would fuck Pete but you and she tricked me and I got so mad that I wiped you out."

She held up a hand to stop me saying anything.

"It's not like me to get mad but I did. I told Miss Clearmont that you would come back to me and we had a little bet. We each bet that if you were released you would come back to us. To prepare for the bet I have erased you from every record, official and unofficial that I could find. You have no bank accounts, no credit cards, no qualifications, no job, no friends, no home, no insurance and no social security number. Basically you do not exist except as our little cunt slave."

As she said this she counted off her fingers. "The rules of our bet are that you be let go now and then we search for you.

The first to get you wins.

I swallowed, dazed by events. "What is the stake?"

"Well, not so much really, the winner gets to keep you and the loser has to pay the other to keep you."

I sensed a sinister undertone to the bet.

"You mean pay to have me altered to the winners taste in the bizarre."

I could not believe that we were having this conversation. We spoke, our voices sounded normal but we were discussing my going under a surgeon's knife in order to please the sexually depraved taste of two women one of whom I had considered a friend.

"What would you do?"

"I need a whore to help me in my little hobby. You would be ideal." Kathy reached out and fingered a nipple ring through the thin fabric of the dress. She tweaked it between finger and thumb before continuing.

"I need a whore slave to whom sex is a duty not a pleasure. I would take the pleasure and you would perform the duty. I think that a small painless operation would satisfy my needs and you would never have to worry about climaxing again. In fact you would never be able to."

Her hand worked at her pussy through the dress and a small shudder shook her from heavy breasts to her thighs. With that she went to the door. "The rules of our bet are that you get an hour's start." Kathy opened the door. You have an hour, and then we start to try to find our little run away slut. You can always save yourself the trouble and tell me where you'll be in an hour!"

Without a word I walked out of the apartment and headed for the street.

Part II (Whore On The Run)

I left the block by the front entrance and headed... well at first I had no idea where to go!

I had twenty dollars, no proper clothes and if Kathy had done what she said that she had I had nowhere to go. I stopped in a small park behind the blocks and stopped to think. My first problem was to eat and find money.

The main problem was to find some way to find an area of my life that Kathy had failed to touch. That meant I had to find someone who Kathy had no idea about. It was starting to get dark. I had to find shelter for the night. Every time that I thought about Kathy I felt a chill. The conditioning had affected my judgement. I thought about Miss Clearmont. I wondered if the game was important enough for either of them that if I surrendered to one or the other they might have some mercy.

I decided that if I had to surrender it would be to Miss Clearmont. Yes. She was probably the best bet. Across from the small park I saw a delicatessen. I went in and bought a couple of bagels and some meat. As I walked away I munched on the bagels. I saw a telephone. With a quarter from the change I rang my office.

"Can I speak to Jake Darrell please." I asked the receptionist.

"Is that Denise Lamont?" She asked.

"Yes. Its very urgent."

"One moment please."

All the background noise of the office stopped as the receptionist put her hand over the receiver. I started to worry that the quarter might not last. Then the receptionist came back to me.

"I have been asked to say that you should not consider contacting the firm or any of the people who work for it. You may not enter the building or it's grounds at any time."

With that the phone was put down and I was left standing in the chill evening air with the receiver still held to my ear. So Kathy or Miss Clearmont had sent the pictures and the letter to my firm. I stood irresolute for a moment. The phone still had fifteen cents worth of call registered. I pulled out another quarter and on impulse rang my apartment number. After a few rings Kathy picked up the phone.

"Yes?" she said.

I did not dare answer but could not bring myself to put the phone down.

"Is that Denise?" she asked.

After a moment's hesitation I said, "Yes."

"Good. Then listen up. You will be in the apartment car underground in ten minutes. If you do not come then I shall fuck you. I understand that you are calling from the public phone by 'Goldstien's Deli'. Better to be *my* servant than the slave of Miss Torment."

With that Kathy cut the call. I wondered for a moment how she knew where I was. Did she know the area so well? Then I saw a woman with a mobile phone about fifty yards away who kept glancing in my direction.

I walked away, looking occasionally behind.

Yes, she was following me.

My stomach had butterflies with the fear. I had just changed my list of priorities. First I had to get away from the tail. I had watched a thousand movies where a hunted or watched person tries to get rid of their tail. I thought of subway stations, shops and crowded places. Suddenly I realised that I did not know the area well enough even though I had lived there for three years.

I turned a corner and on impulse stepped into shadowed doorway. I held my breath, a few moments later the woman walked past and headed up the street. I stepped out again and back round the corner. I could feel my heart beat with the tension. Quickly I walked away. I felt a surge of triumph; I had won the first little battle with Kathy, now I had to get money or a place for the night.

Suddenly I had an idea. My car!

I never parked it in the normal lot. I had a private lot in the next block where a security firm watched the cars. In the car were two hundred-dollar bills that I always kept hidden for emergencies and breakdowns.

I headed for the lot. When I got there I simply greeted the security guy as normal and headed down to my place. There was the car standing in its usual place. The keys, I had no keys. My Mercedes stood there and I had no keys. I pushed my face to the driver's window and looked in. It was my car, the mess of street maps and papers lay on the passenger seat. I looked again and could not believe my eyes. It was unlocked! I sighed with relief and opened the door. Suddenly the car alarm sounded. I froze with shock for a moment and reached under the driver's seat. The old purse with the money in it lay under the seat. I grabbed it, stuffed it into my cleavage and

turned to run away. A security guard stood about five yards away. His hand was on his pistol and he had a grim look on his face.

"I forgot my keys," I said.

"Stay right there where I can see your hands." he replied as he un-holstered his pistol.

"It's my car and I forgot the keys" I repeated. He asked me my name and I gave it, he nodded for a moment and pressed a button on his radio.

A radio at his belt squawked. He reached for it without taking his eyes from me.

"Lot two, one five," he said. "Grey Mercedes 190, who is the registered owner?"

There was a brief pause.

Then the radio spoke, "A Kathy De Burg is the owner."

My heart sank. Notify the owner of the attempted break in and call the cops," said the security guard. "I have the thief covered."

We stood like that for about five minutes. I could not prove whose the car was, and the guard simply stood and told me to keep quiet and await the police. I tried to talk but the guard would not listen. After five minutes a beat policeman arrived. He spoke briefly with the guard, searched me for weapons read me my rights and then took me to the station.

The charge was breaking into a vehicle without consent. In my days as a lawyer I had dealt with these charges many times, naturally I declined council. At the desk I was fingerprinted and had to give up the purse. The duty sergeant tipped out the contents. Inside were ten dollars, two condoms and a small envelope. I watched him open the envelope and tip three photos on to the desk. Each was a picture of me licking a cock with come on my face. He smiled and showed the other policemen there.

Kathy had utterly anticipated me.

Part III (Police Slut)

I was thrown into a cell with two other women. Both were hookers who had been picked up earlier. They asked me questions but I could not bear to answer. The cell smelt of stale piss and they were lying on the only two benches. I stood holding the bars with a sense of despair. I had been running from Kathy and Miss Clearmont for a couple of hours and already I was in serious trouble.

If I had slept in Central Park I would not have been worse off. A black guy with a colourful sense of dress bailed one of the hookers and I was left with the other. It allowed me to get the first real sleep for ages. I awoke a couple of hours later to find that the other girl was still the only other occupant of the cell.

"This can't be your first time, darling!" she said. "You look too old."

She was a white girl dressed in satin pants and a short T-shirt covering a slight figure. Long blonde hair hung past her shoulders contrasted with the make-up that gave her face the look of an older woman. I guessed her age at twenty-one or two. She seemed sympathetic and eager to talk. I told her my name and asked when we would be released.

"You're a bit fucking naive aren't you? My man should come in the next hour to bail me, how about yours?" she laughed.

"I have no one." I answered.

"You're working on your own?" she asked.

Dully I nodded.

My name is Suzann. *Listen*, when my man comes I'll see if I can get him to bail you. He's OK really and he only takes fifty percent."

Suzann was trying to be helpful, I could see that she felt sorry for me.

"Please, would you?" I replied.

I had to get out before Kathy was notified and she came to bail me. I decided to try but my imagination failed me.

I had no ID; in fact I had no identity never mind the driver's license. I found that Suzann was working as a call girl with a couple of others. They visited hotels and apartments all over New York. Suzann seemed genuinely to enjoy the work. She had plenty of money, her pimp was OK, he never beat up on her, anyway she told me, he spent so long stoned that his three girls had no problem tricking him.

They had put up the prices months ago without telling him. We chatted for about twenty minutes before a well-dressed man of about thirty arrived. The cell was opened and the prostitute left me alone in the cell. A few moments later I heard an argument outside the cell. Suzann's pimp was arguing with the duty sergeant. Moments later I was in front of the desk recovering my purse and signing out. I hurried us out of the building.

As we left I saw a large blue Oldsmobile pull up.

Part IV (Whore)

We went down-town.

The pimp introduced himself as Greg.

Greg drove his Lincoln at a slow patient pace. Probably years of selecting tricks from the sidewalk slowed one's driving down, I thought to myself. He was a straightforward guy and told me that he would act as my pimp for fifty percent.

At last we were there.

When we got to the apartment I was led up a rather grimy staircase to a dingy room where an older woman sat with a mobile phone and a normal line. It was explained to me that this was from where the girls were controlled. I was given a pager and told to wait for the first call.

Just then the phone rang. It was to be my first job. Suzann winked at me when we were told to go to the Windmill Hotel, room twenty-four where a man was waiting.

The older woman said, "Let's do a double on him."

Suzann explained that often two went and the punter was too interested to refuse and ended paying for both. This was normally done on a night with too little work.

"So many men dream of three in a bed that when both turn up, their hard on usually wins over their money clip," she laughed.

Greg said that he would run us round there and off we were again. The Windmill Hotel was a typical businessman's hotel. Suzann told me that they got a lot of jobs from the reception there. I followed her up the stairs and we knocked on the door. Suzann and I entered to find that it was a suite with a huge double bed.

The man waiting for us seemed surprised, but as Suzann had said, he stopped me leaving and offered to pay both of us. Suzann smirked and started to undress with a slow provocative swing of the hips. I hesitated for a moment before sliding my dress to my feet. He stared at me, I had forgotten that Miss Clearmont's rubber pants were still on me. Then he grinned when I rolled them down to reveal an almost hairless cunt underneath.

Suzann was an expert and slid onto the bed like a film starlet. Her slight figure made her look almost girlish; small breasts and narrow hips covered with the flimsiest of underwear. My slightly fuller figure and long legs contrasted well with her. I knelt on the floor in front of him and started to undress him from waist down whilst Suzann stood on the bed and ran her

hands all over her body. The man's pants bulged and then slipped to the floor as I released his cock. Placing my hand on him made him throb with excitement.

I started to get carried away.

Normal sex had seemed so far away that the sight of a cock throbbing and jerking with desire heated my thighs and pussy to fever pitch. He could not take his eyes off the rings in my nipples. His hands fingered them stimulating me to fondle his prick with both hands.

It was moments later that we had him on the bed fully stretched and we were ready for real action.

Whilst Suzann sat on his cock and helped it into her hole I shuffled to his head and offered him my nipples. His tongue fondled them softly arousing them and making the heavy rings stimulate me. Then I slipped a hand to my pussy. I fingered my soaking lips and opened them wide for him to see whilst fluttering my fingers over my clit. Suzann had him well in control keeping him aroused without squeezing his juices.

I was getting more and more aroused. He was licking his lips and thrusting into Suzann. What could be more natural than that I shifted and sat over his face? I was about to lower myself on to his mouth when Suzann started to signal me not to. I stayed poised, dripping over him whilst she pointed at me and then fingered her clit. I suddenly realised that he was a punter and should get nothing for free.

But, I could not resist and fingered my cunt, giving him a view of my thumb and fingers slipping in and out of my hole and playing with my clit. Suddenly he lurched and came into Suzann. For a moment he had his lips on my pussy lips, I came with a tremble and sat back to my heels with my pussy away from his head.

"You two are fucking great!" he said. "How about another turn?"

"Twice is pay twice!" said Suzann as she lifted her slender hips from his dripping prick."

"OK then, let's do it!" he replied.

The second fuck was my turn. Suddenly I realised that my vagina would be too big for him even though he had a good-sized prick. So I let him ass fuck me and Suzann let him fondle and kiss her tits. When we had finished for the second time he was exhausted.

It took him five minutes to get out of the bed and pay up. Two hundred-dollars, but he pushed another fifty into my rubber pants as a tip for the ass fuck.

When we got out into the night and the fresh crisp air blew the cobwebs from my mind I realised what I had done. But my depression lifted when Suzann started to praise me. Then she told me that an ass fuck was normally an extra hundred, and sitting on his face was an extra fifty. These have to be arranged beforehand, she told me.

Then she hugged me and we strolled up the street to find a taxi.

"You are a strange one," she said. "A pair of rubber knickers, a cunt that even I could see is big enough to park in, and the rings in your nipples with 'slave' on them."

I tried to laugh it off but inside I wept that I was no longer the Denise that I had been two months ago. We got three calls that night, all for pairs. It seemed as though Greg was teaming us up so that he could let Suzann assess me.

We made a good tag team though, and made nine hundred bucks. Of that only three-fifty went to Greg because what Greg did not know about would not hurt him, Suzann figured.

Dawn saw us at Suzann's apartment. It was small and a little drab, but there I got the first unbroken sleep for weeks. In my mind and dreams Miss

Clearmont was sitting on my face and I was tickling her familiar ass with my tongue. Then the dream turned blue and Kathy was personally operating on my cunt to remove my clit. I awoke with a scream to find Suzann next to me in bed, her hair disarranged and a shocked expression on her face.

"God! You gave me a fright Denise."

"I can't help dreaming of the last two months." I replied and she turned over and went back to sleep.

Suzann awaked me. Greg was in the apartment with us. He sat on the end of the bed facing me with a serious look on his face. I looked at him and wondered how he had made it as a pimp. He was tall, blonde and looked like a kid. His muscular frame bulged from under his T-shirt and a tattoo of a snake curling round a naked nymph twisted on his right arm.

"You owe me, I figure," he said. I waited for him to continue. "I bailed you for a grand. You will pay me back a hundred a day and then work for me."

"Fair enough." I replied. I pushed my hand into my pants and brought a couple of hundred out and gave him one.

"If you need any shit then just ask. Don't buy from anyone else. I supply the best coke this side of Harlem if you need it," he offered.

I declined with a shake of the head.

"OK I won't ask you where you're from and what you did. But I need to know what you're into, you know, for the business."

I must have looked puzzled so he enlarged. "Bondage, domination, cunt, ass, fuck and suck. You know the stuff," he said.

"Just the straight stuff," I replied.

"That's not what I heard from Suzann." He replied. "I heard you take it up the ass."

"To me that's straight..."

"I'm going to pair you with Suzann. She's got a good head for a trick."

Suzann showed a slight smile. Then she tossed me my dress. He scarcely gave me a glance and stood.

"Listen up girls, tonight we have an all nighter. Some bitch in Staten wants a couple of girls for a fuck fest with her," he said.

"The price is fixed at two grand. For that you do what the lady says. Don't fuck this up because she's one of my best coke customers." Then he looked at me and tossed me the hundred back. "Owe me tomorrow and get yourself some fucking shit-hot clothes."

I took the note back and Greg left. Suzann slid me a small glance and said, "He sure likes you, but don't expect him to want to fuck you, he's into coke... and men."

With that she left me alone and headed into the kitchen. I headed for the shower and made my plans. I had to get out of New York. To do that I needed money. To get that I would just have to fuck for a few weeks and save every cent. I reckoned that I needed a couple of grand to get out. I had not decided where to go yet but a thousand miles seemed like a good start.

I still had to create a new Denise, rid myself of the rings in my nipples, and find a job. But I still had my legal knowledge. I could easily clerk and pass the exams again. Once I was established I would come back for Kathy. How, I wasn't yet sure but I was determined to find a way. I felt better for making up my mind and dressed, went to the kitchen for a strong coffee.

Suzann and I went to a couple of shops and bought some sexy suspenders and stockings. A dress, black and demure, but sexy. Last of all I bought a wig. It was obviously a wig but the red hair had the effect of completely

changing my look. By the time we were back I knew her better and she knew me not at all. She enjoyed the money that she got from fucking but had a dream of escaping after making a big score.

She was pleasant enough but somehow I didn't trust her, she had been on the streets too long.

Part V (Party Slut)

We got a taxi to the promised job. When we got there it was a large house with tree filled grounds. There seemed to be a party in the offing. Already a number of expensive cars were parked in the long drive. Candles lighted the pool and frantic catering and other service people ran round organising the food and the other entertainment.

We soon found the woman who had booked us and she went with us through the arrangements. Each bedroom was to have one or two girls or boys in it for the guests. We were to go to our room and await the first arrivals. Anyone could come in and use us and we were to satisfy their every whim.

"I hope that there are no perverts coming," said Suzann.

I thought to myself that Suzann did not really know what a pervert was. A man came into the room with a tray. On it was a black plate with lines of coke already arranged neatly ready to be scored. He gave us a contemptuous glance and set the plate on the table by the bed. It looked as though the party was going to be a wild one. There must have been five thousand dollars of coke on the one plate. Suzann and I tidied ourselves up, all the while Suzann looked with longing at the black plate.

After a while we sat on the edge of the bed.

Our first customer was a young man of about eighteen who wanted a blowjob. We were half there when he took a snort of coke, I really think it was the coke not the sex that made him come.

It was about half an hour before the next one came in. She was a girl of about eighteen. I suddenly felt unsure, what did she want? Suzann and I stood and walked to her. She stood in her girl like party dress and looked at us with disdain.

"Are you two tarts ready for a bit of action," she said with a sneer.

"What ever you want," replied Suzann.

"Good, because I will need you for a while." As she spoke she turned to the door and closed it. With a positive movement she turned the key. Then she turned and started to take off her dress. It was the sort of off the shoulder dress that did not seem to hide anything.

Wrong, underneath she was wearing a strapless basque that held up her stockings with eight or nine straps. She wore no pants and was shaved, which allowed us to see that she had a tattoo on her sex that showed a snake's head peering from between her lips. I must admit that her full figure, long dark hair and the sight of her sex turned me on. I was sure that she wanted a session of ordering us to satisfy her but she fell to her knees.

"Teach me to make you come!" she whispered.

I saw Suzann breathe a private sigh of relief, she did not like the dominance scene, but being the Mistress was something that she could live with. Me, I felt a lurch of excitement at the thought of giving this girl a chance to serve me.

This was going to be fun.

I strutted to her and gripped her throat with one hand. Then reaching down I plucked the key from her hand. I forced her head up to see into her eyes. I stared at her for a moment and then slipped my finger up her throat to her lips before pushing it in.

I could feel her tremble with excitement.

Her breathing was erratic as her hands fell to her sides. Suzann stood to one side doing nothing. It seemed the natural thing to do was to take control and enjoy .I took command with a feeling that I was going to enjoy the turnabout and have a sex slave of my own. I ordered Suzann to kneel behind the young girl and hold her hands.

The position was symbolic.

I searched for something to tie her up with. Then I realised that my red lacy stockings would make an excellent set of ropes. I undid my suspenders and with a slow motion took off my pumps. Then I offered my foot to her mouth. I ordered her to pull off my stockings with her teeth. Being silk they slid off with a rustle. I took them and tightly bound her wrists with palms together then I used the other to pull her elbows toward each other and bound them as well.

When I had finished I ordered her to stand. With Suzann's help she staggered to her feet.

"One little word from you and I will gag you as well. You will only answer my questions and ask none. You are now my plaything and will answer all questions with a 'Yes'." I whispered in her ear.

I slid off my pants but left the basque on. My rings caught the girls wandering eye and she studied them with a look of extreme interest. I knew that Suzann was not so much into this type of scene so I ordered her to sit and watch.

"I do not wish to know your name," I said, "So from now on you will answer to 'Slut' and will call me 'Mistress'."

I tried to speak with the same authority as Miss Clearmont but to me I did not sound firm enough.

"On the bed Slut," I ordered.

Slut climbed onto the bed and kneeled, awaiting further orders.

It was plain that she was in a state of excitement, her little pussy had parted lips and I could see the pink of her inner lips becoming slippery with excitement. I picked up a straw from the table and the plate of coke. Slut nodded and I helped her score a line. Suzann also took a snort with great relish and then sat down again.

Her hand had wandered to her pussy and she idly fingered it awaiting my next move. I climbed on to the bed and kneeled in front of the bound and helpless slave. Slowly I reached out and slipped a finger into her pussy. Slippery with her arousal, I slipped my finger around her cunt, touching momentarily on her clit and then into the hole.

Slut opened her legs a little and my finger slid out. Then I lifted my hand and pushed the moist finger into her mouth. Slut licked it with relish. I found it difficult to remember that I was being paid to do this as the power of my control overcame me. With one rough hand I pushed her backward until she fell with her thighs open and her back to the bed.

"You are going to make me come." I said with relish. "If you have been a good little Slut, licking my pussy, I may let you come too. If you are not good enough little slave then I shall fuck you with the spikes of my shoes. If you are a naughty girl your ass hole won't forget me."

With that I sat over her face and fingered my pussy. I was almost ready to come any way so I ordered her to go slow and just tickle me with her tongue. I lowered my pussy over her mouth to feel the touch of her on my clit and inner pussy lips. The feeling of sex and power made me come but I lowered myself a little to feel her face enter the crack of my ass.

"Lick Slut and lick me good." I said, and began to slide forwards and backwards in time to her lips on my clit. I ground her face with my pussy for a few minutes enjoying the feeling before I leaned forward.

This put my ass hole over her mouth and let me touch her naked and accessible cunt with my own hands. I tickled her a little with my hand and that caused Slut to lick me so well that I started to come again. To slow it

down I slapped her mound sharply. She started and twitched as I felt waves of pleasure rise from my thighs to my groin. It was wonderful to have such a compliant little sex slave. I teased and slapped her for a long time, occasionally letting her tease my cunt and then my ass hole. I could feel from the tension that she was coming soon so I slapped her thighs and with a final last push of my pussy I got off. Then I started on her breasts.

"Would you like to be ringed?" I teased.

"Yes Mistress. Please make me come," she answered as I pulled her nipples using nails and fingertips.

"If slave Slut comes then she will pay for the pleasure," I replied.

Then whilst teasing her breasts I pushed my hand slowly into her cunt. Her hole was not tight and I forced my slim hand into it slowly whilst ordering her to lie still or else I would thrash her. Slut complied and came when I finally got my fingers in leaving my thumb to rub her clit vigorously.

I glanced at Suzann. She was in full view of Slut and pushing her hand in and out of her pussy with excitement. Slut lay on the bed quietly waiting for the next round.

Taking my lacy pants I screwed them into a ball. In full sight of my prisoner I rubbed them over my pussy until they were soaking from my juices. Then I stuffed them into my little slave's mouth. She gulped and struggled to get her mouth open wide enough, but then I stripped one of her stockings off and fixed the gag in place.

Reaching to her ankles I straightened her up so that her legs were wide open and her cunt showed glistening in the light. Then I went to the head of the bed and got two pillows, which I placed under the small of her back so that her hips were up.

"If you so much as move or make a sound I shall give your tits such a slapping," I said. With that I began to explore. Into her juicy little slit went one hand while the other fingered her ass hole. Over her tits tweaking the

nipples and touching her face with my moist hands. I explored her with ruthless attention penetrating her with both hands and tongue. She struggled not to move and trembled with her orgasms. Finally I thrust one hand deep into her and slowly balled my fist. I could see the excitement mingle with real discomfort and enjoyed the struggle that she had, not to move. When I had a full fist I roughly stroked her clit with my other hand.

She wriggled a little.

"You little bitch," I said. "Now I'm going to fuck you!"

My balled hand began to twist and the other hand pushed towards her ass hole. She stiffened slightly at the first touch so I warned her.

"If you move you will regret it."

I pushed a finger into her ass hole and began to fuck her slowly with my finger up her ass. Even though I was not touching myself I came while she lay rigid and fearful. My fingers and fist reamed both holes until at last she came with a slight shudder.

Suzann was sitting watching with a scared look on her face but I ignored it and untied my little slave. She kissed me on the lips, a chaste kiss, and ran from the room.

"Do you know who that was?" said Suzann. "She is the daughter of the woman whose house this is."

I shrugged my shoulders but secretly I worried if I had gone a little far. It's just that a taste of sexual domination seems with me to lead to a full bite.

Part VI (Party Slave)

We had a regular stream of guests as the party really started to swing. Most were single men high on coke and alcohol that simply needed a quick fuck or blowjob and then were out again. I had time though for two showers and

though I found the job exhausting it was stimulating as well. I must have sucked a dozen cocks and had a few slick pussies to lick as well.

Suzann just fucked them all and though she occasionally orgasmed I never saw a reaction like when Slut had been with us when she was genuinely enjoying herself. We had a patch between three in the morning and four when there were no punters and we rested. Suzan looked at her watch and said, "Just two hours to go."

The door was then opened by a girl of about twenty with an older man in tow. She had an incredible figure. Large breasts and long legs, long black hair braided into a plait and was wearing a long dress that showed her cleavage to real advantage. The man was probably about forty and well muscled. Suzann and I stood by the bed and waited for some signal.

"Look what we have here, two bitches and all alone," she said.

The man just nodded and turned to lock the door.

"I am Jenny," she said and started to unzip her dress.

The man just stood with his arms crossed in front of the door. Jenny slowly drew the dress down to reveal that it hid a red leather basque that covered her from crotch to nipple. Sheer stockings covered her legs from thighs to the red stilettos on her feet.

I felt a crawling sensation down my spine as I realised that the young girl was expecting something special. She clicked her fingers and the man got two pairs of handcuffs out of his jacket pocket and tossed them over to her. She caught them with a flourish and held them out for Suzann and me. Suzann was looking very nervous but still took a pair.

"Put them on," said Jenny. "Now!"

We both stood there with the handcuffs on and waited. Jenny then sauntered over to the plate of coke and inspected it. Then she pulled two

one hundred-dollar bills out and rolled them up. I had never taken coke before and must have hesitated when she offered me the rolled up note.

"Take it or I shall make you eat it," she said.

It might have been comical if she had not had the man standing by the door.

I did not hesitate.

Jenny had the air of a Kathy or; perhaps rather a Miss Clearmont. I snorted the white powder and nearly choked when it hit the back of my nose. There was a sharp tang like lemon in my sinus.

"Now strip, you pair of whores, and fast," she ordered.

Suzann had trouble getting her bra off because of the handcuffs, Jenny simply indicated to the man by the door and he ripped it off with a jerk. My bra was front opening and I got it off OK. The basque was a different matter as it hooked at the back so I offered my back to Suzann who fumbled the catches open. I had no stockings on so all I had to do was slip off my pants and kick off my shoes. Suzann was trembling with fright by the time that she was stripped.

"Now then I only want one of you, which is it to be?"

Jenny walked round us both as though we were lots at an auction. She did not touch but I felt a premonition of danger run up my spine. After a few moments Jenny touched the small of my back and said, "This one would make a better slave."

A sigh of relief came from Suzann as Jenny opened the door into the bathroom and locked Suzann in.

"What do we have here then?" Jenny looked at the rings in my nipples and then inspected my back again. "I do believe that I've found Miss Clearmont's famous runaway!"

I nearly fainted with shock. How had she known? It soon became clear. "You have not read your back recently have you? Well I'll read it for you. Tattooed in red letters it says: 'Property Of Miss Clearmont' and there underneath is her telephone number. Under that is the word 'Reward'!"

Jenny walked round to the front and slipped a finger through one of my slave rings and gave a little tug. Then with the other hand she stroked me from belly to crotch. Her hand slipped into my moist cunt. It did not stop but continued all the way in.

The coke heightened my senses. I felt as though every part of her hand could be felt in detail. My nipples stood up and I felt as though I was drifting in a sea of sensation. My clitoris ached to be touched and my cunt strained to massage her long fingers.

"Yes. Miss Clearmont has been at your little pussy hasn't she? Oh dear, a whore with a cunt this size is bound to be a failure so I'd better take you in hand."

Suddenly I remembered Mistress Greta and Mistress Torment discussing a Jenny but I could not remember what they had told me. I came out into a sweat of fear as she slowly twisted her hand about inside me and then pulled on the ring at my nipple.

"Please, don't give me back to Miss Clearmont." I said.

"Why not, my little slave, why not?"

"Because she will never let me go and plans to give me to Mistress Greta." I pleaded.

"Would you rather come with me then? I have a lovely isolated country house where you can hide if you want. It's a sort of academy for training the slaves that serve my needs. Of course I cannot show you special favour, but I'm sure that we can get along fine if you do what is required of you," she said in a quiet voice.

I nodded and said, "Anything but please not back to her."

The coke was making me dizzy and made me enjoy my own fear as though I was standing in her place and threatening myself. I swayed a little and she supported me. It all seemed very friendly but I knew that it was probably just a sham. However, with the drug and my fear of being handed back to Miss Clearmont for a reward I could only comply.

"OK then let's get you out of here. But if I am doing you a favour then you had better be a good little girl and show me that you can obey even the most difficult commands," she replied.

The man un-cuffed me and I got dressed. We left the room together as I planned how I could make a run to escape. Then I felt a strong grip on my arm and realised that I was running nowhere. We passed a number of drunk and merry party makers on the way out, but none of them took any notice of the three of us even though Jenny had not put her dress on again. In the drive were parked a dozen or more Porsches and other luxury cars. I was led to a large Jeep and put on the back seat.

Jenny handcuffed me to the seatbelt stanchion and off we went.

Chapter 6

July 1998 Long Island

Part I (The Service Academy)

Jenny sat in the rear next to me for the whole trip. It took about three hours to get to her country house. A drive of several miles took us through open fields to a large house and out buildings in the midst of trees and lawns. There was no sign of anything extraordinary in the house or grounds that would suggest that Jenny was anything other than a very rich young girl living in the lap of luxury.

A liveried doorman who ushered us into the main living room met us at the door. It was a tastefully furnished room with heavy leather chairs and furniture from the last century. Sitting in one of the chairs was a middle-aged woman dressed as though ready to go riding. A riding crop leaned against the chair and a heavy book rested in her hand. When we entered she stood to greet Jenny.

"Good morning Mama," said Jenny. "This is Denise, a young lady with a serious problem."

Jenny's mother looked me up and down and said, "And what is the nature of this problem?"

"Can't you guess?" replied Jenny with a smile.

Jenny's mother walked round me as if taking her time guessing at the puzzle. Jenny had removed my cuffs in the car when we got out but her mother noted the red marks where they had bitten a little into her wrists.

"I'd say that her main problem is in coming here," said her mother.

Jenny just smiled again and walked round the back of me. Then she unzipped my dress allowing it to fall to the plush carpet. With a smile Jenny's mother took a look at the tattoo.

Then she ran her hand over my back to my buns and round to the front before cupping my breasts with her hands. For a moment her fingers twiddled the rings, making my nipples stand up to attention.

"This is the young lady that escaped Miss Clearmont, I should say," she said finally. "Where on earth did you find her?"

"At the party last night, Mama. She was entertaining the guests in a bedroom when I stumbled across her."

"Well done Jenny. Miss Clearmont will be in a rage when she finds out that we got her first, I wonder what she's worth?"

"I intend to find out Mama, Miss Clearmont is now a very rich woman due to this young lady so I expect that she wants her back pretty desperately," replied Jenny.

Jenny made a signal to the doorman to take me by the arm. "Take her down to a room where she can wait for me to see to her later. Feed her and so on, at level two."

I left the room led by the doorman and was taken to the rear of the house. We crossed a closed in yard and went into one of the outbuildings. There was a corridor that led the length of the building with regularly spaced wooden doors. The doorman opened one of them to reveal a small room with a bed, wash basin and a chair but no window.

A TV set sat on a small shelf on the wall but it was switched off. The doorman shut the door and I heard the key turn. The room was a cell and I had once again fallen foul of the wrong people.

About five minutes later the footman brought some sandwiches and a glass of water and I was left alone with my thoughts. I ate with the hunger of someone who wonders where the next meal is coming from. I sipped the water to test it but it was clear. Sitting on the bed was a bore and anyway I did not want to think what may happen next so I turned on the TV set and sat with the remote.

I flicked through the channels idly and saw the usual selection of entertainment quizzes and shows. The set must have had cable because I kept going through some twenty channels. I watched this and that for about an hour before I got bored and switched the set off. I then quietly turned the door handle to find that it was locked.

This was indeed a prison.

I turned on the TV to check the time; it was about midday, I reckoned that I had been in the cell about five hours. Finally I slept. When I awoke there

was some more food on the chair and another glass of water. The time was eleven in the morning according to the TV.

I ate the cereal and drank the water. I could not help but wonder what was going on. Finally the handle turned and in came Jenny's mother.

Standing in the corridor was the bodyguard that I had seen earlier.

Part II (Lessons In Behaviour)

"You shall address me as Mistress Janet as of now." She told me. I stood up from the bed to face her. She was dressed in a long black dress with a high white collar and had white gloves on. I could see the long black nails peeping through the lacy ends of the gloves as she held a short crop with a leather loop at the end.

"Mistress Jenny and I have decided that you will be trained as a body service slave."

She held up a hand to stop my questions and moved a step closer.

"This will involve a process that you will not find too uncomfortable if you do as you are requested at *all* times. When the training is finished we shall decide what to do with you. You may be sold or else we may gift you to someone. In either of these cases you will continue in your role as a slave. I suggest that you resign yourself to servitude now and so spare yourself the false hope that you will be other than a possession of whichever owner you belong to."

With that she ordered me to strip. Slowly I took off my clothes and laid them on the chair. Once again she inspected her new slave and touched me a couple of times with the crop experimentally to see if I would flinch. I did not and she smiled with approval.

With a slight tap on the ass she indicated that I should go first. She took me to a room on the same corridor. It was a huge wardrobe. Hooks and poles

on the walls displayed a fantastic assortment of costumes and clothes. On one wall were full suits in leather and rubber that would enclose the slave in a form fitting skin. Some had zips and fasteners to allow access to intimate places on the body, others had mittens that were ringed to allow the wearer to be fully restrained with ease.

Miss Janet took me to another wall with frilly costumes in all shades. With great care she selected a short pink dress with much lace and a pinafore in white. For a moment she held it up against me to check the fit and then told me to put it on.

"You will only have the one dress my dear. When it needs repair or cleaning you will do this yourself and be naked whilst you do so. If you require punishment you will wear such a suit." She indicated the wall with the restraint suits. "The inside of which is rather more uncomfortable than it looks."

I put on the dress. It was almost a traditional maid's dress but it was so short and flouncy that my pussy was clearly visible and my nipples almost showed over the top. Miss Janet then selected a pair of shoes, also pink, with high heels and straps that fitted snugly round my ankles.

When she was satisfied that I looked correct she led me back to the main house. There she introduced me to another girl. She was a little older than me and dressed in the same costume as I was but the colour of hers was black. Her long red hair was braided and tied back and she was rather slimmer than I was.

"This is Miss Alain," said Mistress Janet to me.

"She is in charge of the household maids. She will train you to work on the general housework before you meet your other trainers in sexual matters. You will obey her every command immediately. Miss Alain has to write a report on every slave in her keeping daily. Should her reports indicate that you are unwilling you will be punished with great severity."

With a nod to Miss Alain from Mistress Janet I passed to Miss Alain's custody.

Miss Alain took me in hand quickly. She showed me a room that was to be mine. It was similar to the one in which I had spent my waiting time but had no TV set.

"This room will be kept absolutely tidy at all times. If I inspect it and find any mess it will earn you a demerit. The room will therefore stay exactly like this at all times that you are not sleeping. Every demerit will earn you a fit punishment that may lead to more serious punishment."

She led me to a washroom. Two naked girls were sitting waiting for the wash to finish. They were naked and stood when Miss Alain entered the room.

Simultaneously both said, "At your service Miss Alain!"

She showed me the parts of the house that I could enter and warned me that I was to stand when anybody was present.

"You are the lowest slave in training at the moment, all others are senior so you will not speak unless to answer a direct question at any time. You may ask me any question that concerns your duty and no others." she said.

When we had done the tour of the expensively furnished house she took me back to my room and lectured me.

"No slave may enter into any sexual situation with anyone unless Mistress Janet or Mistress Jenny permits it. No slave may be out of her room after the curfew that starts at eight at night and runs until five in the morning."

"At five you will be ready to perform your duties as I stipulate. When you have completed a set task you will come to me immediately for further orders. If you wish to perform any other action you will come to me and ask permission. Even if you wish to go to the toilet you will ask me."

Miss Alain then walked round me. With a flick here and there she adjusted my dress. "At all times your dress must be perfect. Your shoes unmarked and your pussy must always be showing. The very tops of your nipples must also show, so." and she pulled the front of the dress down an inch.

"Lastly you must be shaved fully. In fact I shall have you depilated because Mistress Janet has informed me that you are eventually to become a sex slave and it is required that your cunt be prepared for it."

With a small brush of her hand she touched the lips of my sex. "You will now go to your room and wash fully and I shall send you someone who will show you your duties for today."

I went to my room and undressed. I felt a wave of relief that so far all of the women in the house had refrained from misusing me. But I had a feeling that the tasks would be set so that punishment by such strict rules would be inevitable.

I washed myself at the sink and used the soap to clean my sparse hair. The task occupied my mind and prevented me having to think about being sold or passed on at the whim of Mistress Janet or Mistress Jenny. I thought about the terrible two hours with Mistress Greta and how she and Mistress Torment had mentioned a Mistress Jenny. It came to me that they had used her as a threat, but it seemed so far, that Mistress Jenny was sort of standing by her word to help me hide from Miss Clearmont and Kathy.

It must have been a good half-hour later when there was a knock at the door. I stood by the bed. In came a black girl dressed in the frilly dress, but in pale blue. In her hand was a bucket carefully carried to keep it off the dress. She set the bucket down and I could see that it was almost full of soapy water and the handle of a brush poked out of the bubbles. "I have been told to instruct you.

Also I have been told to inform you that slave Edith is to be punished later for three demerits and you are required to attend the punishment. The punishment is at seven and all slaves will therefore lose their evening meal as a reminder that punishment is for all not just the wrongdoer."

Part III (Cleaning Stables)

I picked up the bucket and held it away from the frilly pink dress. She led me to an out building and led me through a door into a stable. Several horses were in their stalls. The slave stopped and pointed at the floor. "This tiled floor must be scrubbed until it shines. No speck of mess may remain. When you have finished you are to wait for Miss Alain to come and collect you so that you may see the punishment of Edith."

I looked at the tiled floor. It was thick with horse muck and rotting straw. Most was dried in place and looked to have been there since the stables were built. In fact the mess was so bad that I could not see where the tiles stopped and the wooden block floor began.

I almost said that it was an impossible task when the slave added, "Do not leave the stables for any reason." With that she left me in the semi-darkness because she had closed the door on the way out. I started the work. First I tucked up the dress and got to my knees. Then I started to scrub. My arms ached with the work and there was not enough water to do the job. I was hours in my frilly dress and pinafore scrubbing the dirt trying to do the task.

The stable got darker as evening arrived and the floor was difficult to see clearly. Suddenly the door opened. I had been expecting it because I heard the footsteps outside so I jumped to my feet and pulled my dress straight. There stood Miss Alain framed in the doorway.

With slow steps she checked my work and then walked round me. "One demerit, your dress is dirty. Another demerit, the floor does not shine." Putting a finger under my chin she lifted my head and said, "If you get another demerit you will suffer a punishment. Come with me and watch Edith being punished for three demerits."

With that she led me through the yard and into the house. "Get cleaned up and come naked to the punishment room."

"Please Miss Alain I do not know where it is." I said.

Miss Alain pointed to a door at the end of the corridor and said, "You have ten minutes. That door there."

I hurriedly got clean and took off the dress and shoes. In the light I could see that there were marks all over the dress and the shoes looked to be caked with the muck. I gave them a quick rinse in the sink, cleaned the sink and went to the punishment room.

When I opened the door I could see at least ten other slaves. Some were naked and some were dressed in the familiar dresses and high heels. They stood in a semi circle round a hook from the ceiling where a girl of about twenty hung by her arms with her feet touching the floor but held well apart by being tied to two rings in the floor.

Her sex was hairless and open and her breasts heaved with fright. A gag was strapped to cover her mouth that looked as though no sound would ever escape it.

We stood there for about five minutes in silence before Miss Alain entered the room and checked that all the slaves were there. In her hand she held a crop.

When she had looked round she stood in front of the bound girl and said, "Edith has earned three demerits. The first was for having an untidy room. The second was for pulling a face when asked to clean Mistress Jenny's riding boots.

The third was for not standing when I entered the room. Let her punishment be an example to you all, because this is now the third time that she has been punished for three demerits. When I have finished with her she will be sent to the farm."

A couple of the girls winced, but there was not a sound from any of the slaves. Miss Alain then took a crop and started to cane Edith. She started at the ass and slowly walked round her moving up and around her struggling

body to her breasts. Each blow was a sharp motion that left a thin red line where the crop had struck. After a full turn round her victim Miss Alain looked at the criss-cross weals with satisfaction.

She ran her hands lightly over Edith's taut body feeling the ridges of raised flesh. Her hands wandered to Edith's cunt and opened it a little. Then suddenly she placed an expert blow lengthways on her cunt. Despite the gag Edith let out a cry and writhed in the fetters. Miss Alain then tapped the crop across her own hand and left the room.

The slaves left the room in silence and headed for their rooms. I cast one last glance at Edith to see her body slackly hanging from the ceiling, tears running down her face. Her legs were still twitching with the shock of that last blow. As I left the room I swore that I would not allow myself to be caned and would do all that was asked of me.

Part IV (Further Training)

The days went by in a routine of work. It seemed that the first day was a test and that many starting slaves earned three demerits straight away. I had a third demerit for not walking correctly in the pink high heels, but the three strokes of the crop were not bad enough to earn me another demerit for crying out.

On the plus side I could feel that the muscles in my vagina were slowly returning to their former tight state and that my nipple rings did not pain me as they had done occasionally in the first weeks. I adjusted to the routine and spent my days cleaning and polishing. Gradually I fell into such a routine that my life as a lawyer seemed so distant and my terrible experiences with Kathy and Miss Clearmont a dream.

Miss Alain was very strict in her interpretation of the rules, but she was consistent. Some jobs such as serving tea and cakes to Mistress Jenny became work to look forward to, and once I was so good that Mistress Jenny actually stroked my breasts as a reward. Every now and again a new slave would appear.

I never found out where they came from as it was strictly forbidden to chatter to each other. There were the occasional male slaves, most of whom had the heavy jobs. We were rarely allowed to see them though and had no contact. Every few days there was a party in the house. They were never like the affairs when I had been found by Mistress Jenny but were cocktail parties in which the slaves with no unpunished demerits were allowed to serve.

There was always a bit of groping at our shaven pussies but it was worth it to see the rich owners mingle and enjoy themselves so much. I had almost forgotten that I used to attend functions as a participant rather than a servant. There were some interesting people present, all dressed to the nines and with their husbands and wives.

They all seemed to have some connection with slavery and they treated the slaves with natural contempt as though it was the most ordinary thing in the world. I was scared that Miss Clearmont would be invited but she was never there, though I did hear a few conversations in which she was given a mention. After the party the maid slaves had to tidy up the house until well after midnight and I earned another demerit for spilling crumbs from an empty plate over the carpet.

Miss Alain set my punishment for the next day. I could not sleep after remembering Edith's caning. In fact it now occurred to me that I had not seen Edith at all since the caning. I remembered the fact that Miss Alain had had her sent to the farm.

I wondered what sort of place it was.

At five I went to the punishment room as ordered. There was Alain waiting for me. I stripped off my dress and she bound my hands to the ceiling ring. I was standing on tiptoe on the floor. Next she spread my legs until my toes were barely touching the floor. I could feel the pull on my arms as she attached my feet to the floor, well spread out. Miss Alain let out a bit of slack and I was standing. She then went to the wall and selected a cane. It was very flexible and thin. She swished it a few times experimentally in the air and then came to stand before me.

"I will administer five cuts of the cane. At every one you will say, "Thank you for correcting me Miss Alain." Do you understand?"

I told her that I did and the caning began. She did not put all the force of her arm into the blows but she knew where to strike. After each blow I thanked her. One was to the inside of each thigh two across the buns and one that raised a welt just under my breasts. They were very painful but not as bad as I had expected, and the blow that she had given to Edith along the slit of her pussy had not been given to me. Miss Alain untied me and waited while I got dressed.

"May I ask a question about punishments, Miss Alain?" I asked.

"You may as long as there is no hint of criticism," came the reply.

"What is the farm?" I held my breath wondering if I had overstepped my mark, but Miss Alain did not seem disturbed.

"The farm is where slaves who are not fit for training or to be punished are sent. On the farm all slaves are worked very hard and are in restraint all of the time. They are also punished regularly to teach them that they are property. Runaway slaves are usually altered so that they will not be able to escape again. The regime is a harsh one and sometimes involves much pain," she said.

With that she gave me my duties for the day and routine returned to normal.

Chapter 7

September 1998 The Service Academy

Part I (Routine)

The routine of getting up early and working hard all the time allowed me no time to speculate on what was happening in the outside world. I became totally absorbed in serving.

A nurse who depilated me visited me. It was uncomfortable but not painful and I felt proud that I could display my naked cunt at all times without the terrible stubble that grew so quickly. The nurse also inspected me inside and declared that my pussy was returning to shape. She told me that a couple of months would see it back to normal.

I had been doing clenching exercises but had told no one about them so I was secretly glad that they seemed to be working. I had been at the country house for a couple of months before I saw Jenny again. One morning Miss Alain did not allocate me any tasks but waited until we were alone.

"Mistress Jenny has required that you see her at eleven," she said. "You will report to me just before eleven here."

With that she sent me to my room. At a few minutes before eleven I reported and was taken through the house to see Miss Jenny. We passed out of the area of the house that I knew and into the areas reserved for the service of the highest slaves. They moved about silently in black uniforms like the one that Miss Alain always wore.

Mistress Jenny was sitting in an armchair reading a book when we entered the room. Miss Alain gave me a little push and then left the room. Mistress Jenny stood and walked over to me.

Mistress Jenny walked round me as she spoke. "My dear Denise, I hear good things about how fast your training is going. Only six demerits and already you have been here two months learning your new trade."

I smiled my thanks and kept silent; it was almost habit to say nothing when I was not asked a direct question.

"You are being sought by Miss Clearmont and Miss Kathy, they are in a real state now that you seem to have escaped them. I hear that Miss Kathy has hired a whole firm of P.I.'s to find you and their trail leads to the party where I found you and no further. It is of course difficult for me to hide you

like this. I hope that you are grateful for the great favour that I am doing you."

Then she continued. "You may speak slave."

"I thank you for your help and am very grateful that you are so fair." I replied.

"Denise, you realise of course that I cannot hide you forever. When the next phase of your training is complete I must, reluctantly, sell you as I do all my slaves," she said.

My heart missed a beat and I must have looked very downcast. So I could not stay here but would be given to another Mistress or Master to do as he or she willed. I had hoped to stay sheltered for longer.

"I can promise that you will be sold, maybe to a man who needs a slave for his sexual needs. Your training here will protect you because you will be able to serve all his needs and will be a valuable item that he would not lightly throw away or damage. But you must understand that I cannot guarantee that he or she will be as kind as I have been."

One of her hands moved to stroke my pussy. The sharp nails scratched lightly down the lips of my sex. "You are a very special slave to me. Because of that I have been taking a personal interest in your progress. Soon, begins the next phase. You will be taught to please a man or woman with sex. Most owners like their sex slaves to have their clitoris removed so that the slave can concentrate on the most important thing, only their owner's pleasure. A few others prefer this small unimportant operation not to be done. That means that this decision will be left to the new master or Mistress. It makes sure that the price that I get from selling you will be higher."

One of her fingers tickled my clit as she spoke and I could not help but to shudder with pleasure.

"Oh good," she said. "You are so *sensitive*; Mistress Janet will be so pleased."

I started to wriggle my hips in sympathy to her fingers and she moved one hand to hold a ringed nipple. The pleasure was so intense that my knees nearly gave way. Then she slowed down and slipped a finger through the ring.

My nipples hardened and I closed my eyes.

"I really think that Mistress Janet will take such pleasure in your training," she said in a soft voice. "I think you will fetch a great price and you will be so happy being used by your new master."

She then brought me to a climax. She had such a sensitive touch and knew exactly how to make me respond. I hoped that it would last forever but I could not hold back. When she had finished she slipped her fingers into my mouth to lick. I felt like a puppy being stroked.

For a couple of weeks after Mistress Jenny spoke to me the routine stayed the same. I started to enjoy my life as a slave. I almost never saw the Mistress's of the household, and then only in passing. Then the routine changed. Miss Alain changed my pink dress for a red one and told me to get ready for the next training stage.

She showed me a medallion in the shape of a rose.

"If anyone bearing this symbol wishes to use you then you must comply. They will tell you what to do and you will obey without question. Should you question or refuse such an order it will count as three demerits. A second such refusal and you will be for the farm."

Part II (Night Of Roses)

That night after curfew a man with a rose medallion entered my room. He was a blonde man of about six feet whose finely sculptured naked body smelt of attar of roses.

He lifted the cover on my bed and slipped in beside me. I shivered as his hands ran over my body and touched me from feet to the top of my head.

His hard prick pressed into my thigh urgently as his fingers played with my nipples. It was only a few moments before I was wet with desire.

"I am here to teach you how to pleasure a man," he whispered into my ear. "You will learn from me how a cock is to be sucked and how to make a man come so slowly or fast as he wishes. You will learn how to appeal to a male."

The room was dark and close. His fingers slipped through my cunt, and in passing stroked me to leave me feeling hot and cold. Gently he bunched his fist in my short hair and pulled me down to where his other fist gripped his cock. When I was only a few inches from the throbbing tip he slowed down.

"Open your mouth wide and slip over the tip without touching it," he said. "Then stroke the little ridge underneath the head of my prick with your tongue."

His hand guided me to cover his prick with my mouth and I tickled him gently.

"Can you feel a rhythm?" he asked. "Slowly work in time to it. As I thrust pull back and lick, each time the same."

I obeyed him and felt urgency in his hips. He responded by tickling me a little and slid a finger into me. I felt his cock throb and he pulled me back. "You must respond by either making the man come when you can taste him, or not, as he wishes. I do not wish to, yet." I felt him lift his hips and he turned away from me. I could see his firm buns just before he thrust me forward. Lick me."

I parted his buns with my hands and thrust my tongue into the depth of his ass. He pushed harder. "To really please me you must go deep and lick hard." He said. I felt his other hand grip my pussy and pull. It was ecstasy and I came. "Do not stop, your pleasure is unimportant."

I licked and sucked at him while he lay and moaned. "Now move a hand to the front and slowly draw my cock back." I did as he asked and felt him

thrust. "Now move to the front and take me in your mouth." As soon as I did he came. It seemed to be an unending stream on my tongue. I swallowed it and he gave a sigh of approval.

With a smooth motion he untangled our bodies and stood by the bed.

"Not bad for an amateur," he said. "Every night we will fuck like this. You will learn to control your coming and only release if I tell you that you may. You will learn to make me come in any way that I wish without me having to tell you."

He continued with the lecture, "Every night after our sex you will clench your cunt muscles two hundred times. Each clench will be held for two seconds. This will tighten you up for me."

With that he left my room. I started the exercises at once even though I had been secretly doing it anyway.

I never learned the name of my rose scented tutor, but I learned how to please him. I learned how to take a prick, without choking, all the way to the root.

I learned how to tickle his ass hole with my tongue from the inside.

I found his prostate with a finger up his ass hole and learned how to sense his coming from its contractions. His balls were gently sucked until they tried to hide inside his body. Giving him head in a dozen different styles I found the pressure point at the base of his cock that stopped him coming or allowed him as I willed. Even though he controlled me I controlled his pleasure.

Every few nights he let me come too, sometimes he left me high and dry but I had to make him come even so. I must have licked his come from every part of his body and then used it as a lubricant to make him come again. He never lost control but corrected me with patience until just making him reach his peak as he wished gave me the same satisfaction as if I had orgasmed myself.

My pussy tightened as it recovered from the attentions of Miss Clearmont and I learned how to control the muscles to clench and squeeze a prick when it entered me. As slack as a whore or as tight as a virgin the tunnel of my sex milked his cock with its grip time after time.

The sometimes long nights pleasing my tutor often left me exhausted in the early morning and made my set tasks more difficult. Miss Alain never took this into account but indeed seemed to give me more and more tasks that demanded care and hard work.

I grew stronger physically than I had ever been but somehow the lack of feeling in the nightly sex sessions left me more pliable and ready for training.

Part III (Pleasing Janet)

The days passed each one similar and I lost count of their passing but it must have been a couple of months before Mistress Janet visited me. She came to my room at the time that I was expecting my tutor. She came into the room and said, "Come with me my dear it is time for the final stage of your training."

She led me to a room that I had never before visited. Large and decked out as a bedroom, it had a four poster set in the middle of the room and large wardrobes around three walls. There were no windows and a large table was set on the other wall by the door.

"This is my personal training room," she said. "It is here that you are going to learn how to please a woman."

She turned to face me before continuing. "Having a Mistress is much more demanding than having a man as an owner. They have little interest in your pleasure and none in your comfort. It is probable that you will be sold to a woman who sees you as a simple slave who is one of the many trying to please her so it is important for you to perform well. When this stage is over you will be sold so you must be ready."

With that she opened a cupboard that was full of canes and crops. With care she picked one and came back.

"If you do not learn to please me I shall tell you with this."

She then put the cane between my legs, lifted it to touch the lips of my sex and drew it slowly through. I felt it enter me, and the ridges on the bamboo stimulated my clit as it passed through. Suddenly she let it drop a little and struck up. I gasped as she hit me; the pain and the stimulation were equal.

"You see, already you have failed the first lesson! You must show no reaction when your Mistress plays with your body. Your mistress owns you! She decides your every breath." With that she walked behind me and struck me across the ass with the cane.

"Kneel my little slave and put your hands behind your back. I shall now let you please me."

I did so and felt her unzip my dress. After removing it I felt her fetter my hands with a pair of handcuffs. Mistress Janet was wearing a long draped dress in black, the lacy seam of which touched the floor. This she lifted over my head.

For a moment I saw her long leather boots and red pubic hair, then all was dark. I felt a pressure at the back of my head as she pushed me into her pussy. I had to run my tongue through her pubic hair to find her lips and lick them. The pressure increased and I felt her dress lift up my back to expose it.

Suddenly I felt a stinging pain as she caned me smartly. I pushed my tongue into her cunt to find her clit and her inner lips swelled with pleasure. As I fondled her clit with my tongue she opened her legs slightly. I could feel the harsh patent leather of her boots scratch against my ears as my head was forced back so that my tongue could reach into her wet hole. She began a slow rhythmic motion with her hips that made it difficult to breathe and

keep up with the motion. I could feel her legs trembling and speeded up. Suddenly another blow was laid across my ass.

"Slow down you stupid little bitch," she said. "I won't give you another warning."

I slowed again and switched the attentions of my tongue between clit and vagina, massaging her lips with my lips and feeling the slick excitement as her hips rolled. Suddenly she came so I stopped. Another two rapid cuts from the cane and I started again, this time more softly as she was surely more sensitive after her first orgasm. She gave a groan of satisfaction and pressed onto me.

My neck was supporting her hips and felt the strain with an ache that spread to my back. But Mistress Janet was insatiable and pressed on. When she came a second time I slowed again to find out if she wanted more.

Suddenly I was in the light again with the Mistress in front of me watching. I blinked and licked her juices from my lips.

"Not too bad little slave, but you really must anticipate my needs better. I expect premonition when you pleasure me," she said. "Tomorrow we will continue your training, until then you will remain in the cuffs as a sign of my displeasure at your bungling after I came the first time."

I returned to my room with my dress in my teeth. I tried to get it on but with my hands behind my back it was impossible. In the morning Miss Alain gave me two demerits for being naked and then I was given my tasks.

With my hands behind my back I really struggled with the tasks that included scrubbing floors and operating the washing machines. As a result I got another demerit and a thrashing that left my inner thighs sore and very tender.

The next night with Mistress Janet was better. She entered with a swish of fur. Her pointed silver stilettos glistened on sheer stockinged legs. A full-length fur coat covered her from neck to knees. Mistress Janet indicated

that I should stand. As I did so she parted the coat with her gloved hands to reveal that she wore only the stockings under the fur. Her breasts with erect nipples proudly jutted over her rounded stomach. The bush of her pubic hair had been trimmed to a triangle that pointed to her naked pussy. The cane in her right hand tapped impatiently on the tiles of the floor.

All I could do was to stare at her impressive body.

I was starting to learn that the rich are there to be served by people like me.

"Turn round little slave," she said in an imperious voice.

Slowly I turned my back on my mistress. I felt her cuff my wrists and then blindfold me with a silk scarf. The folded silk felt soft on my skin even though it was knotted tightly at the back. I felt myself being turned to face Mistress Janet again. A hand fleetingly touched my breasts and trailed down towards my pussy.

Then I felt the cane's point trace its way over my body. It clacked momentarily on the slave rings in my nipples before moving down and to the back. Into the parting of my ass, touching for a moment my twitching hole it smoothly traced its way down my thighs to the floor. Throughout this intimate and yet frightening touching I did my best to remain absolutely still. But when the tip of the cane moved up again and touched the lips of my sex I shuddered. Mistress Janet's reaction was to flick the cane hard at my tender thighs.

"You will not move unless I permit it. Now get to your knees my little bitch," said Janet as I felt her hand on the top of my head push me slowly to my knees.

I heard a click of her heels as she stepped forward. Fur brushed my face momentarily as her perfumed cunt pressed against my face. Once again I felt the cane as she played the tip over my back and cuffed wrists. The heavy fur of her coat swirled around my shoulders.

Its softness contrasted with the rough lacy stocking tops as it brushed past my face and folded softly over my back. I felt rising excitement as I approached her pussy with my open mouth. Cautiously I slid the very tip of my tongue into her moist pussy. I could feel her little clit pulsing under its fleshy hood. The cane on my back patted me approvingly as I felt her hips thrust slightly forward pressing her sex onto my willing lips. Mistress Janet let out a little moan. I felt a hand on the back of my head force me into her thighs.

"Lick me well little bitch and I will not cane you," she muttered.

I let my tongue play over her hooded clit before plunging deeper. Every stroke of my tongue moved from the depths of her warm cunt to her pulsating clit. Her hands clutched at my hair and pushed me further in. One of her stilettos twisted between my knees and forced them apart. The tip of the shoe worked its way up my thighs scratching the floor with the heel as it went. Finally it lifted slightly to part the lips of my sex. Pressing against my clit it smoothly rubbed me to a climax.

At that moment I felt nothing but gratitude for Mistress Janet's generosity.

She came a few moments later at the urging of my tongue. At that moment I felt her cut my back with the cane.

"The Mistress always comes first," she said. "That is if the cunt slave is allowed to climax at all."

I apologised and hung my head.

Her toe was still pressed into my pussy and began to twitch. I could not see Mistress Janet's face for the blindfold but I knew that she was smiling.

I could feel another climax coming as she manipulated me with her pointed toe. Mistress Janet was such an expert. As one foot brought me to a climax her cane and the folds of the soft fur coat played over my naked body showing her power over me and reminding me that pain or pleasure were at her whim.

All that night Mistress Janet made me orgasm.

Sometimes she allowed me to lick her as she did so. I came to love the warm feeling of her furs that contrasted to her smooth skin and moist pussy. The cane slid between the lips of my cunt like an old friend.

Its ridges and tip stimulating me to shudders of pleasure.

The tips of her shoes kissed my ass hole as well as my pussy. The smooth leather tip stroked me to climax after climax. Finally she fucked me gently with her heels. I felt the cool metal tip kiss my lips before it plunged into my dripping hole. The sole of her shoe pressed against my clit bringing me to a tremendous orgasm.

Mistress Janet seemed to be satisfied with her night's play. At least I had not ended up in cuffs again and she seemed rather more pleased. By the time that she left the room it was dawn.

The next night was one of tuition.

Mistress Janet started to train me how to please her. A lecture and a blow or two of the cane accompanied every mistake. This time she was dressed in red satin. That night she showed me her 'G' spot and showed me how she could be made to orgasm time and time again.

I still received a few strokes of the cane but I was sensing her desires.

Every night she took me to her training room and taught me more. Each time she was dressed differently. One night she wore high heels and a slinky dress the next night a rubber corset and collar. Then she started to dress me up.

This often took a long time until I had learned how to put on the various corsets, skirts and other items that she wished me to wear. The nights were often filled with me pleasuring her continuously and sometimes they were just five minutes of frantic sex.

Never again did she let me come; the pleasure and training were all hers.

Even though she was an older woman she had a fine body. Proud breasts, a rounded but muscular stomach and a pussy that became as familiar as my own as I explored it with lips and tongue, fingers and thumbs. I came to love her visits.

Pleasuring this Mistress was no chore but a delight.

Even though she caned me regularly I looked forward to her nightly attentions. My daily chores sometimes suffered because I was so tired but I consoled myself with the thought that Mistress Janet would come again tonight and maybe she would make me orgasm again.

One day Miss Alain set me the task of cleaning the stable floor again. This time I made a good job of it. The first thing that I did was to strip naked so that my dress would not suffer. I had learned much, so when she returned I was proud that she could wipe the floor with a finger and pronounce it satisfactory.

"You are now fully trained," she said. "The next sale is in a week, so that is when you will go on the block."

Chapter 8

January 1999 Service Academy

Part I (The Auction)

I knew that my time at Mistress Jenny's house was coming to an end, but it still came as a shock. I wondered whom I would be sold to. A bitch Mistress who would make me pleasure her every night? A master who I could win round?

Or maybe a prostitute who needed a cunt slave to help her excite her customers?

The truth was that I was half excited and half in fear. One thing that I did know was that I was now a slave and would have to serve my new Master or Mistress whoever they were.

I had learned who were my betters. They deserved my service, they had the right to decide my future, my behaviour and my body.

I had a week of calm.

I was allotted no tasks by Miss Alain, neither was I visited by Mistress Janet in the nights. I was left in my room to worry and hope that the auction would go well. I must admit that I hoped to fetch a good price, I felt that I was worth it!

When the day of the auction came, Miss Alain called me to the outfitting room. There she dressed me with shiny chains and fetters that did not restrict me but enhanced the slave look. A small amount of light makeup in green was applied and my hair was tied back with a green ribbon. She then led me to the main sitting room.

A simple low wooden box stood in the middle of the room and easy chairs had been set around it. Mistress Janet was there, organising the sale. Two other slaves were also to be auctioned. They stood, also in chains; each decorated in a different colour of makeup.

We were arranged round the low box while Mistress Janet ushered the bidders into the room. Miss Alain showed each to a place and was seated.

Part II (Horror Shopping)

They were mostly women. Two men in suits sat at the back whilst the Mistresses were seated at the front. One naked male slave sat at the back with a telephone and talked into the receiver describing the three slaves. Most of the eight women were older, between fifty and seventy years old and were dressed in formal evening dresses. The two younger women were

dressed more casually but obviously had expensive tastes in jewellery and clothes. I breathed a sigh of relief that I saw no one that I knew.

I speculated what they would be like as Mistress's, would they be indulgent towards me or would they be strict and inclined to have me altered to their tastes? The other two slaves on auction looked nervous and looked at the bidders nervously. Did they have their own special fears or were they just frightened by the fact that they were just toys on sale to the deserving rich?

Mistress Janet introduced the bidders to the lots.

I was described as a sensitive slave who had been a rich heiress. My training was described in detail as well as the fact that I had already escaped one Mistress and needed to be kept securely.

Three of the women including the oldest seemed to show particular interest so when the time came that the bidders could inspect us more closely, they came forward. The oldest of the women was dressed in so much gold that she rattled as she walked. She was perhaps seventy and wore a long but tight dress in pink that allowed her wrinkled breasts to swell slightly under a mass of gold chains. With wizened fingers she fingered me and told me to open my legs to allow a proper inspection. I did so and she fingered my sex. One long nailed finger poked right into me before she gave a little tug to check whether or not I still had a clit.

"This one hasn't been snipped," she complained petulantly.

"I prefer a full operation," she explained.

Mistress Jenny heard the comment and came over.

"We prefer to leave them as we find them. If you wish to change the slave once you buy her then that is your business, but it does mean that you get the slave you want rather than the one that you don't," she said smoothly.

"All my female slaves are castrated and closed," said the older Mistress.

"That way they can concentrate on my pleasure rather than their own," she continued rather importantly. "I insist on the strictest discipline."

With that she turned to one of the other older bidders who was nodding her agreement. The two of them discussed the merits of various changes that could be made to their slaves. They talked over me as though I wasn't there at all.

I shivered and prayed that neither of them bought me. I had no choice, but a life of servitude to one of these rich Mistresses did not appeal at all. The other Mistress listened to the conversation but made no comment. She too fingered me and slipped a finger into my cunt. She just smiled when I wriggled my hips and turned her attention to my breasts. She twiddled the rings for a moment and then inspected my tattoo.

When the inspection was over the reserve prices were announced. I was pleased to hear that my price was well above that of the other two. The bidding would start at \$45,000 for me and \$20,000 for each of the others.

I was the second lot. So the first slave mounted the block. Mistress Jenny opened the bidding at \$20,000 and invited bids. The bidders indicated increases of bids \$5,000 at a time and the price rose quickly to \$35,000. It was the older Mistress who bought the slave in the end for \$50,000. Mistress Jenny looked very satisfied as the cheque was written and then she passed the chains to the Mistress' hand.

As I mounted the block I could feel my heart beating in my chest with fear. I prayed that the older Mistress only wanted one slave or did not have enough money left. But she began the bidding with an increase of \$10,000.

The others started to bid and the excitement began. Soon there were only two bidders left in the race, the older Mistress and the one who had inspected me. Then I got a shock. The slave at the telephone made a bid. That meant that there was a third bidder by phone. My price rose steadily.

Now only the Mistress who castrated her sex slaves and the telephone bidder were in the race. My price had reached \$75,000. Finally at \$90,000 the older woman dropped out and I was declared sold.

But who to? I wondered who was on the other end of the phone. One thing I was sure of was that it had to be better than the older Mistress. I was present to see the last slave sold. She seemed to be happy enough to be bought by one of the men. I suppose I envied her as I dreamed that I had been sold to a man whom I could twist round my finger.

It was unlikely but I had my hopes.

At last the auction was over. Some of the bidders left immediately and others stayed for a drink. Mistress Jenny came over to me.

"You are to go to your new owner. You have been well trained, do not waste the experience."

With that I was led to her car and after being shackled in the rear seat we set off. It was soon clear that we were heading back to New York. The drive was a long one. By the time that we were entering the city it was getting dark.

At last we pulled up to the rear of a medium sized house set in its own grounds and I was led into the back door of my new owner's house. I could feel my heart pound and my legs felt wobbly with suspense. I was taken straight into a small room with only a steel-framed bed and chained to it. The driver left with a wink and I was left standing naked to wait.

Chapter 9

February 1999 New York

Part I (Miss Clearmont)

The door to the room opened and Mistress Clearmont entered. I nearly collapsed with shock. With a wicked smile she came over to me.

"Tsk, tsk, my little slave, did you really think that you could escape me?" she laughed. "Irony is it not, here we are after so much time. Poor Kathy has been searching frantically for you since the moment you escaped her at the police station. Do you know what the best of the joke is?"

She came closer to me and I could see that she had a syringe in her left hand. I could not bring myself to answer; all I could do was let a little moan escape my lips.

"OK then, I'll tell you! I have bought you with the money that you so kindly gave me. I love irony and I am sure that you enjoy the joke."

She laughed and placed a finger through one of my slave rings. "Are you interested to hear what your future will be? Or do you prefer to be surprised."

"Mistress Clearmont, please keep me for your own. I promise that you won't be disappointed," I begged. I was in fear that she would give me to Mistress Greta.

"That's so sweet. A body slave. But there is a problem..." she paused before destroying any hope. "If I kept you I would always be reminded of how I became rich. That would not do. So I'm afraid that I must get rid of you. But I can't have you escaping my authority so I'm going to give you to Greta and her little whore bitch, Miss Torment."

My worst fears were confirmed. Mistress Greta was my new owner. I was dazed by the sudden turn of events. Mistress Clearmont then uncapped the needle of the syringe and slipped it into my thigh. I felt dizzy and then fainted as the drug took me.

Part II (Miss Greta's Fuck)

I awoke to feel the familiar feeling of being fully restrained. A gag held my mouth open and a blindfold of some sort covered my eyes. I also had the feeling that some tight clothing had been put onto me that covered my

whole skin. A cool breeze on my sex told me that my pussy was exposed and because my legs were wide open I was helpless to prevent any attentions that might be given to my naked cunt.

About five minutes after waking I heard the slow clicking of high heels near me. Mistress Greta's voice said, "The sex slut is awake now so let's start fucking the bitch."

Someone placed their hands on my temples and I heard the footsteps move to my feet. The digging in of the pointed fingernails ensured that my head could not move. Something warm touched the outer lips of my sex and penetrated me.

I felt it slowly slip in.

It felt like a prick so I clenched my cunt. It went in against all my resistance and they started to fuck me. I heard a small gasp from Mistress Greta and the fucking slowed down. I tried to please the cock without being able to guess if it was real or a dildo.

The hands by my head then undid the blindfold.

Mistress Torment was by my head the cloth of the blindfold in one hand and a cane in the other. She had a grin on her tattooed face as she slowly ran her nails over my face to my neck and breasts. I felt a grip on my nipples and winced.

Her mouth opened and her tongue ran round her lips erotically as her nails bit into me. I could just see Mistress Greta was between my thighs pumping at me. I could see her huge breasts encased in a tight rubber dress that let the huge erect nipples stick naked through two peepholes. They swayed in time with the movement as Mistress Greta pumped at my cunt. The pressure on my nipples stopped as Mistress Torment picked up a thin supple cane. She wafted the cane over my breasts so close that I felt the air swish as she did so.

"Oh you lovely little bitch cunt," panted Mistress Greta as she gasped with the excitement of fucking her sex slave. "Now!" she said.

Mistress Torment brought the cane down a touch catching my erect nipples and the rings with the swing. The pain was so sudden I arched my back and struggled against the tight restraint.

"Again!" she urged.

Mistress Torment brought the cane down across my breasts sharply. The blows were not hard but they stung my raised nipples. Again and again she caned me as Mistress Greta ordered her.

Then at a command from her mentor Mistress Torment dropped the cane and twisted my head to the side. I could now see that I lay on a table with my head sticking out supported by a board. Mistress Torment moved aside. Her decorated cunt lips glistened with the passion of sexual possession.

Mistress Greta withdrew from my cunt and came round to my face. I could see her throbbing cock. Wet with my juices it jerked with the motion of her narrow hips. For a moment I thought it was a strap-on dildo, then as she thrust it into my mouth I realised that Mistress Greta was a man.

She worked her prick in and out of my constrained mouth, and then a moment before she came she withdrew and sprayed come over my mouth and face. As she did so she slapped my naked cunt sharply with her hand. I felt the warm liquid trickle down my face and tasted it on my tongue.

With one hand Mistress Greta helped the come into my mouth while the other ran up her still rampant prick squeezing the last milky drops into my wide open mouth.

"God, but that was good," she said. "You are going to enjoy me fucking your every hole with my hungry cock. But I'm going to enjoy it even more!"

Her prick wilted a little. It's purple tip retracting. Then she started to massage it whilst the other hand ran over my rubber clad body. Coming to

rest on my tits; she suddenly dug her nails in. At my surprised gasp of pain her cock jumped a little. I could see her cock harden again as she stroked it. Mistress Torment bent to recover the dropped cane and struck me between the breasts.

"Tighten the fuck doll up," said Mistress Greta to her chief slave. "I want to ream her tight ass."

Mistress Torment went towards my feet and passed out of sight. I felt her fiddle for a moment with the restraints at my ankles. Then I felt my feet lift. When they were raised a yard or so Mistress Torment fixed a bar between my ankles to hold them wide apart.

A sound of a chain rattling over a pulley and my feet were drawn up until my open legs were vertical. Then my legs were drawn towards my head. I was being bent by force so that my ass was fully exposed. I saw my legs come into view. My feet were in red high-heeled shoes and my legs were encased in shiny red rubber.

The pulling stopped when my legs were almost doubled over my body with my feet just over my head. My pussy felt stretched tight with the tension as the rubber resisted the curves of my fettered body. Mistress Greta then walked round to my exposed ass. She struck me a stinging blow with the flat of her hand. Then she began to explore me. One hand opened my cunt whilst the other played with me. The feeling was indescribable. Pleasure as she encountered my clit and discomfort as the hand started to enter.

She did it so slowly that I could feel every move and texture of her fingers. My stretched pussy slowly gave to the pressure until she had her whole hand inside me. She moved her fingers and then started to use her other hand to stimulate my clit. Waves of pleasure made me tremble. My thighs shook as my new Mistress forced me to come as she willed.

Withdrawing her hand from my wet hole she slowed the attentions to my clit. Then I felt a pressing on my ass hole. First a sharp nailed finger penetrated me and scratched my anus. For a minute or so it moved inside me loosening me and finding my limits.

Her other hand slipped over my naked mound and then started to enter my pussy. First the tips of the fingers and then the whole slim hand slid again through my moist lips. It stretched me to the limit before withdrawing and lubricating my tender asshole with my own juices.

The finger in my ass was withdrawn and I felt her cock slowly force itself into my rear. She entered me slowly relishing my attempts to wiggle free. Her large cock pushed into me fully.

Slowly she fucked my ass.

The helplessness of my body as well as the attentions that she was still giving my clit excited me to another climax. Her strong thighs slapped against my rubber coating marking an insistent rhythm.

Mistress Torment threatened me with the cane but did not need to strike.

Then she slipped the cane through the rings in my nipples. I felt something give under my head and Mistress Torment withdrew the board that had supported it. With a quick step she placed her painted cunt over my mouth and sat astride my face. I licked her soft cunt for a moment before contacting her clit.

Her rings bumped my lips as I ploughed the soft flesh.

As Mistress Greta fucked my ass I licked her slave to a tremendous orgasm. My head was held in a grip between her trembling thighs and her juices ran into my mouth. I felt Mistress Torment's hand grip the cane and tug at it. The pain in my nipples brought me back from the brink of orgasm and then somehow increased the gratification.

The taste and perfume of her excitement filled my senses turning me on and urging me to greater effort. She wished to come a second time and put more weight against my face. I slipped my tongue into her and she responded by slapping my breasts.

The rings in my nipples pulled against the cane and the slapping hurt me but I knew that stopping would simply add more agony. The pain galvanised me to yet greater oral effort and as it grew I felt myself responding more and more as I got ecstatic with pleasure. Suddenly Mistress Greta came into the depths of my ass. I felt her withdraw and then her lips and teeth were on my cunt.

She bit and sucked ferociously.

It hurt but also made me ablaze with gratification. I pumped my tongue into Miss Torment's soft naked pussy with a will as I came yet again. I no longer noticed the difference between pleasure and pain; both forced a climax.

"What a good fuck this bitch gives!" said Miss Greta, "We will do this more often."

Part III (Casual Rape)

Mistress Greta and Mistress Torment left me alone with my thoughts.

At last I realised what I would have known for sure if I had watched the video left in my apartment. I would have seen that Mistress Greta was a transsexual.

I started to realise that the reason that she was so vicious was that she loved to command as a man but posed as a woman. In her distorted state she delighted in others being forced to become freaks for her gratification.

As for Mistress Torment she was the one who had wielded the cane for Mistress Greta's pleasure. She was the creation of Mistress Greta and took her pleasures as directed.

My tormented writhings were what had brought her to orgasm. If things continued in the same way they would punish me harder and harder as they got bored with me and I would face a terrible future. On the other hand the pain was starting to turn me on. Maybe I would keep up with

them and find that as the punishment got more severe my climaxes would get stronger.

My neck could not support my head any longer and it fell back. My legs ached from being pulled nearly horizontal with my body. I could feel the cold drip as the come leaked from my ass down to the bench and the semen on my face dribbled into my hair.

Now I could see the far wall. Racks and shelves displayed devices of torment. There were dildos that would again stretch my cunt and ass to slackness. Canes and crops and a selection of whips, some of which had small metal bits, braided into their thongs. Fetters, some with chains connecting them were ready to twist me into new and vulnerable positions so that the clips and whips could be used to best effect. Masks with no faces and eyeholes would control my *very* breathing for the delectation of these two connoisseurs of sexual pain.

I despaired of escaping.

No, rather than despairing I was realising that escape was not entirely my object anymore. I would not escape because I had given up.

I now knew that my previous escape had been allowed because Kathy had been waiting for me in my former apartment. I lifted my head to get a glimpse of my body. I could see that my breasts and legs were encased in a rubber costume that looked like a supple red skin. It had a shiny finish to it and was stretched so tight over my skin that it followed every contour. It looked attractive and I even started to wonder why I had never tried it before.

My nipples were exposed by peepholes to reveal the rings with the cane stuck through them. With the rings twisted to accommodate the cane my nipples were still sticking out with stimulation.

I was an abandoned sex toy that would be returned to later for more exciting entertainment. This toy would be played with more and more violently until it broke and was no use any more.

What would happen then?

Did they have a place like Mistress Jenny's farm to which I would be sent where I could be finally destroyed and used beyond repair or maybe end my days servicing the male slaves working the farm for a Mistress' profit?

I lay thinking about my predicament for perhaps an hour. I could see no way out. On the other hand I was not so sure that escape into a world where I had no place was really any better than my present confinement.

The door opened and Miss Clearmont entered the room. She was wearing casual clothes, a sweater and jeans. They hugged her generous tits and thighs snugly letting me see her sex where the jeans moulded themselves into her crack. Her nipples pushed the sweater to form two bumps.

The front zipper extended under her sex and disappeared to the other side. She came round to my head and looked at me. I could see that she wore high heels with metal spikes that clicked on the hard floor as she moved.

"Little sex cunt, so exposed there lying with your ass in the air and come all over your face," she said. "I am glad to see that my friends are enjoying your sex services already. You are going to experience the most excruciating pains and pleasures at their feet my dear."

She ran a hand over my nipples and then lifted the rubber costume to look beneath.

"Oh dear!" she continued. "Have they been caning and whipping you? Never mind it will help you to get used to it if they start now. Listen I'll tell you a little secret that may help you to get out of here."

I looked at her wide satisfied smile. She could tell that I was less interested in escape now, I felt as though she looked right through me to my secret motivations.

"If you do everything without complaint and do not resist they will lose interest in you and sell you on. If you want I can find an owner for you who will be gentler. Would you like that? Perhaps you might like to be Kathy's whore now that you have become Greta's slave?"

I nodded and tried to beg, but the gag in my mouth only let me make a noise in my throat. To me Kathy would make a consummate Mistress. At that moment I would have given anything to be at her feet.

"On the other hand there is much for you to learn; and I am a busy woman now so perhaps I'll never get round to it. I'm sure that you would not miss the fun for all the world."

Miss Clearmont was enjoying herself mocking my feeble hopes.

Releasing the rubber with a snap she went to look at my cunt. Her hand slid over the slippery skin and teased my ass. I felt her fingers enter my pussy. They pushed in. Something sharp, a ring maybe, caught for a moment and then I felt it inside. She turned her hand and I let out a yelp of pain.

"You have tightened yourself up again. That's a shame because you are going to have to go through it all again. Never mind, you don't belong to me any more anyway. I suppose that Greta will see to it that you are bored out to a size or three larger."

With a laugh she pulled out her hand again and squatted until her face was next to mine. With great deliberation she pulled out a cigarette and lit it. I could feel the heat from its tip as she smoked. The tip of the cigarette passed over one eyebrow singeing it away. A wisp of the smoke got into my eyes and tears began to well.

I could see from her face and the way that her nipples were erect under her tight top that she was horny. Slowly she undid the zipper on her jeans. Her generous flesh welled out revealing her naked cunt. She ran the zipper up the back and the jeans split into two. While she squatted, the lips of her sex pouted open and her clitoris pushed very slightly out throbbing into the light. I could see that she was slick and knew that she was going to fuck me.

I felt a mixture of excitement and fear mingle in my stomach that spread to warm my exposed cunt. Slowly she stood up as her hand slipped down to stroke her groin, her forefinger helping her erect clit to fully escape the confinement of the lips of her sex.

She turned away and from the wall behind me she selected a dildo. From the back I could see her generous ass atop those long shapely legs. Rubber prick in hand, she came back to me. With a twist she pushed it through my wide-open lips so that it wedged into the gag pointing upwards.

"Just one little fuck for old times sake," she said. "They want you to be fat and big because they know that Kathy and I only like slim cunt slaves. So I'll fuck you now one last time."

With that she held up my head and slid the black dildo into her cunt.

"Move your head to fuck me," she whispered hoarsely.

I strained my neck and slid the dildo up and down. Her pussy slurped with the motion and she slid her top up to reveal her nipples. Leaning over she brushed them against my shoes, the rings making a tapping sound. As I fucked her she slid her hands over my breasts and pulled at the cane that poked through the rings.

"Faster whore, fuck me faster," she gasped.

All I could see was her ass over me, the familiar little puckered hole twitching in sympathy with the motions of my rhythm.

"God, but that's good. What a pity that your new owners are going to alter you forever."

Miss Clearmont climaxed violently and then slid the length of the dildo until her anus was resting over my nose. With my mouth blocked by her flesh I was forced to breathe as and when she raised herself a little. I tried to drop my head a little but a sharp slap at my rubber-clad breasts made me move back up. Every time she let me breathe I gasped a breath that was filled

with the aromas of her dripping pussy and ass. She sat like this for a while enjoying the power.

When she was rested she slid off the rubber prick and turned round to get something from the wall. I could see the black shiny prick extending from my mouth pointing in her direction.

"You will learn that I control every single breath that you take." She said. "I am more than your Mistress. I am your creator. By the time that you are fully trained every bodily function will be at my command. You will orgasm, breathe, eat and shit at my order."

Turning to face me she held up a small whip with several short knotted lashes.

"Let me see if you like coming this way. Pain and pleasure go so nicely together. This might be the last time for us you know, and I would like you to have fond memories of me."

She passed to my ass and fondled the lips of my sex. I felt a finger touch my clit and smoothly rub it. Slowly she increased the speed. I felt myself become wet as she worked at me. Then without stopping the pleasure she started to whip my pussy, groin and thighs.

Each blow brought a stop to the rising excitement and then her persistent finger brought it back. Slowly she built me up to orgasm until I was quivering. I reached the point of no return and she lashed my cunt while pulling her other hand away from my sex. The knots of the small whip struck my tender inner lips and clit like fire but the orgasm took me and I came.

"Good isn't it?" She asked.

I nodded dumbly, the dildo waving obscenely before my eyes.

Miss Clearmont removed the dildo from my straining mouth and placed it next to the whip. With a single smooth motion she then replaced her jeans.

Then she squatted by my head again allowing me to see her huge breasts. They brushed my face, and I felt the rings pass over my cheek. Slowly she slipped her sweatshirt down.

"My, Oh my, you are crying. Do you love me?" she murmured.

I nodded slowly.

Tears of gratitude at her understanding of my feelings dropped to the cold floor.

Part IV (Care and Ownership)

"That makes me feel so sad because I cannot be here for you all the time. Listen little fuck slave and I'll tell you what those two bitch friends of mine are going to do. Mistress Greta is going to give you to Mistress Torment as a toy to practice on!"

"Mistress Greta really has no patience for training, she just orgasms when she sees a slave suffer. Mistress Torment has a list of things that she is longing to do to you. The trouble is that some of her plans are going to cost a lot of money. But Mistress Torment has none, so Greta has told me that she is going to make you a training exercise. If Mistress Torment can raise the funds to have you done then she will be allowed to do so."

"Is that not interesting? I wonder if she is bright enough to make a profit from you? I remember my first slave; she was so very sweet. I made a few mistakes though and had to dispose of her. I'm sure that Miss Torment will learn a great deal from possessing you."

Miss Clearmont took a final draw of the cigarette and continued.

"Enough of them and you though, I have some news about myself. I am going away for a few months. First I'm going to Europe and then I'm going to the Far East. Of course you are paying for it all. When I return I may pay for Mistress Torment to have you done if she hasn't enough money. She has some interesting ideas, not all of which are practical but you are a good

slave to try them out on. But by the time that I return I expect to see a sex slave who has been converted to a pleasure machine for her betters!"

With that she stood and passed out of my sight. I felt a slap on my ass and then a cheery, "See you in six months," before she closed the door.

I waited as the come dried onto me.

My neck ached and my thighs trembled with the tension.

Then I heard the door open and Mistress Torment entered. I saw her go to the wall and select a thin crop.

"This one looks fine for you!" she said.

Then she went to my naked stretched ass and hit me.

The blow made me jerk in the restraints.

Part V (Plans for Alteration)

"I have a little request," she said. "What I need is some money. The trouble is that Mistress Greta says that I have to learn how to make enough from you to pay for your alteration. So I should like some ideas."

With that she gave me another stroke. The tip caught the lips of my cunt making me howl.

I had become so used to the mistreatment that the stimulation of the crop brought a reaction of excitement that throbbed below the agony of the blow.

I heard another set of footsteps enter the room and a male voice that I recognised as the doctor. A hand investigated me as he spoke to Mistress Torment.

"The bill for all the work that you want done is \$18,500. The tits can be done with the money that you have already paid me, the rest will have to wait anyway until she is healed. The other little jobs that you wanted done immediately I shall do now," he said.

I felt his fingers squeeze around my clit and then a sudden pain. He let go of my clit and I heard Mistress Torment exclaim with pleasure. "That little ring looks lovely, thanks." Then the doctor came to my mouth. He told me to put out my tongue and pierced it with a large stud. Satisfied he looked me over with practised hands, noting the marks of the cane and the come on my face and hair.

"Make sure that you vary the areas where you whip this slave. I don't want to have to work on her if she is damaged. Also don't forget that I'm operating on her in a week so don't damage her breasts too much," he said to Mistress Torment.

The doctor left the room and I was alone with my tattooed owner. She came round to my face and squatted like Miss Clearmont had.

"Do you remember how I said that your studded tongue would search my ass hole until I came. Well now it is possible. I just love the little ring in your clit. When it heals I am going to use it on a leash to take you from one adventure to the next," she said.

"Are you enjoying your stay with me?" she purred.

I nodded in answer and was suddenly unsure if I was just trying to avoid more punishment or really meant it. Standing over me with the whip like crop in her gloved hands she seemed a goddess of pain and pleasure whose words could not be gainsaid.

She stood and stroked my tits. Then she jiggled the cane and smiled when my sore nipples stood to attention. She noted the weals on my crotch where Miss Clearmont had whipped me and ran her fingers lightly over them with pleasure. The memory of the excitement and pain of Miss Clearmont's attentions moistened my aching pussy.

"You are going to have such very big tits my dear, and when I get the money I have a few other bits and pieces that you are going to have done to you. Would you like to know what is going to happen?"

I tried to speak but saliva dribbled out of my mouth and only a croak came.

The nightmare had come true. I was a living toy and would be broken deliberately. Somehow though it seemed right to be the chattel of this proud mistress of pain and pleasure. Living through her plans for me would help me to please her and to me that was more important than anything else.

She was more important than anything else...

"Good," she said.

"Then I'll tell you. First the tits. I picked out the implants myself. They are going to look good and they were the largest available. In fact they will be almost the size of footballs, without the pointed ends of course. I shall enjoy making you scrub the floors on your knees. Your breasts will drag on the floor as you work under the threat of my whip while you clean the floor with your mouth gripping the scrubbing brush."

I pictured myself at her feet serving her needs. I would make her proud of me. I would serve her so well that she would stroke me and look after me. I would satisfy her needs in every way until she realised that I was a slave to be cherished and rewarded.

Surely then she would allow me to please her during our long nights together.

I fantasised being her bed bitch.

Waiting in a cage at the end of her bed. Ready for her call of service. Serving her sexual needs, my pain and pleasure driving her to a frenzy of climax. By

serving her every need I would make her love and value me. My commanding Mistress would protect me.

She broke my reverie continuing, "After the implants are done the good doctor is going to do some other things for me. I hate the trouble of having to fit your gag all the time so I'm having all your teeth taken out.

A nice smooth mouth to come into.

That should please Mistress Greta, who just loves fucking faces. We wouldn't want your teeth to catch her swollen and aching prick as she comes would we?"

Like a dog on all fours I would pleasure Mistress Greta. My huge welling breasts would excite my demanding Mistresses with their size and vulnerability. Sucking and massaging her throbbing cock whilst Mistress Torment excited and teased my ringed breasts and pierced clit. Restrained and chained for their use I would serve their rightful sexual demands. My holes, soft and moist, would satisfy their lusts.

Mistress Greta would plunder my mouth as my studded tongue rubbed her swollen cock. When she came into my softened mouth and I sucked every drop my mistress would surely reward me with pleasure. I would serve them as they demanded.

"A small operation should sort out your cunt," continued Mistress Torment seemingly not noticing my retreat into hopeless fantasy.

"I like them big. The trouble is that yours has proved that an operation is needed to really expand it. I have another little idea as well. I'm going to fatten you up. I really don't like you to be so slim, so you are going to go on a diet that should double your weight in a few months. You are really going to look good. Let me see now... tits, cunt, and size, Oh yes your ass! It's going to have to stretch for me."

I was bent double. Held by straps and fetters to stop me from avoiding my Mistress's just attentions. My cunt and ass would offer itself for their care.

Whilst Mistress Torment gently eased a giant dildo into my willing ass Mistress Greta would take her pleasure at my pussy. The vibration in my rear would make my juices flow.

Mistress Greta's deep and sexy voice demanding immediate satisfaction.

I would feel the slapping of her thighs on my ass as her excitement mounted. A sting of stimulating pain as Mistress Torment's thin cane hit my ass, shocking me and moving me to greater effort to please. Mistress Greta's balls slapped against my ringed clit bringing me to a shuddering climax just as she orgasmed. Both Mistress's would stroke me and fondle me. Their love for the helpless and dependent cunt slave making them delight in giving me another extreme climax. My fantasy of servitude overwhelmed me with love for the two Mistress's who would give so much detailed attention to their menial sex chattel.

Mistress Torment's excited voice broke into my reveries.

"That leaves just the last operation. I rather like the type of tattoos that make the skin bump up. You know the tattoos that African tribesmen have. The problem is that it is a major job to do so much. But when you are finished you will be etched and patterned with the same design as I have but I will be able to feel the patterns on your skin as well as see them. Every inch of you will be textured."

In the darkness of my cell they would come to me.

By touch they would feel their sex bitch as she quivered in anticipation of the delights to come. A hand coursed over my textured skin teasing the bumps and patterns. Recognising my helpless body by touch they would feel their way to my tender sex.

One finger touched the ring though my clit, another hand stroked over my engorged studded nipples. Every sense heightened by the darkness I could smell the musky sex of Mistress Torment's dripping cunt as it lowered itself over my pursed lips and writhing tongue. I could feel every sensitive bump on my skin as Mistress Greta's hands explored me from ass hole to nipple.

Then she brought her pulsing prick to the entrance of my sex. In which hole would she press her darling prick?

My tongue exploring every nook of Mistress Torment's pussy she bent forward to stroke my stippled breasts.

Would you like any other additions to please me?" broke in Mistress Torment.

Once again I nodded. I would have agreed to any of her plans for me she was becoming my owner in mind as well as body. Her leather clad hand released the gag a little and went on to stroke my face and neck.

"What would you like then?" she asked with a smile on her lips.

I had not expected her to actually listen to me and had really only nodded acceptance of her plans for me. Now she asked for me to add to my own degradation. My head swam with confusion as I groped for an answer.

"Please give me rings like yours." I said looking to the two steel rings that pierced each end of her moist pussy.

"I can do better than that little bitch, you can have my rings!"

When she had finished her little talk she retightened my gag took a big rubber prick and pressed it into my ass. She left me lying there, a fat dildo in my ass hole and her crop left clenched between my chin and neck. A final word to warn me of the consequences of dropping it and she was gone.

I lay in a daze of warm throbbing excitement. At last the uncertainties of my life were to be ironed out. Now that my independent life was over at last I could look forward to the certainties of life as a slave. There was no longer even a hope of escape.

Even the resentment of Miss Clearmont's theft of my self-reliant life style had been replaced with the knowledge that I had irrevocably moved from

that world. I would learn how to please my powerful Mistress's. Mistress Torment the giver of pain and correction. She would guide me to better and more complete service and gratitude.

The authoritative Mistress Greta. With cock and fetters she would take her rightful pleasures from my body, teaching me to give my all every time that the slightest effort was demanded.

Kathy, I simply loved Mistress Kathy. She who had led me to my fall. But Kathy was not just my nemesis but also the goddess who had remade me. She had given me to my fears and passions. I owed my new existence to her. Last but not least there was the beautiful Miss Clearmont. She would stand benevolently in the background. Praising me for good service and punishing me for not giving my all. She was my guardian and surety of a long life of slavery. My life was now in order and I could at last relax from uncertainty.

As I lay on the bench with no support for my head I gazed at the range of items on the racks and hooks on the walls. Every one of them would bring Mistress Torment pleasure in the days to come.

That pleasure would be at my discomfort.

I was sure that I would become intimate with all of them as I was trained in the next phase of my servitude. That thought did not upset me as much as the worry that I would fail to please my Mistress's and receive deserving punishment.

The thought was almost too much to bear.

That Mistress Torment should cane me for her pleasure was to be expected. It was her right to dispose punishments for her enjoyment. What upset me was that I would surely make mistakes and be punished for not being a good enough sex slut.

I would not fail my owners in that way.

Mistress Torment had my breasts operated on after a few days. The scars had nearly healed but the pull of the weight made my chest ache. My ringed and studded nipples were so stretched that they became the size of saucers.

I suspected that they were giving me hormones in my greasy food to fatten me faster. At last I was becoming the slave that my Mistress' needed. I felt almost proud of the fact that I could accept their alterations. I was not perfect for them, but I was becoming so.

Part VI (Ready At Last)

Mistress Greta had a surprise for me. The scars from my operation had almost fully healed and the visit to the dentist was organised but not due for a couple of weeks. As soon as she came into the cell I knew from her look that she had something special to say.

"It is time that you took Mistress Torment's place as my slave when I entertain paying guests," she said. "This is a very special guest. He wishes to fuck and punish a slave with a Mistress present. I have offered him you and he has accepted. Tonight you will start to earn some money for Mistress Torment to pay for the great expense that your improvements are costing."

I bowed my head and nodded agreement. The gag in my mouth let me speak no word.

"You will be called up to my private room tonight," continued Mistress Greta. "There you will utter no word unless you are asked a direct question. Every client believes that the slaves are willing whores so no slave must give their client any idea that this is not so. The client and I have already agreed a special code word that you must use if the punishment goes too far. Unfortunately you will never know it, so do not expect an easy time tonight."

With a click of heels Mistress Greta turned and left the little room.

At last I was going to be lent out to a man, even if only for a night. Despite Mistress Greta's warning I could not believe that a man would treat me more harshly than my two Mistresses. Dressed in nothing more than a gag attached to a ring in the wall I waited to be called. Mistress Torment came to feed me. There was a secret smile on her face as she spooned in the cold fatty food.

In fact she was rather gentle and did not even fondle my breasts as usual. Their size obviously excited her but it was my discomfort that really turned her on. She had already told me a dozen times that when I was fully healed she would spend a whole night punishing them just as a celebration. She left with a pat on my swelling stomach. I had really put on weight in the past weeks but was still not big enough for my owner.

Henry, the male slave came to wash me.

As usual it was a cold impersonal affair. Cold water and no conversation. Soon after he had left Mistress Greta returned. She was dressed in a tightly strapped red leather suit that laced at the back to show her large breasts contrasting to long legs and narrow hips. Her black patent boots had spikes that must have been six inches high. On her head she wore a tight hood. Her blonde hair was pulled through a hole in the back to form a long braid.

The hood framed her face with black allowing the dark makeup to look even more severe. She attached a collar with a leash to me and then led me through the house. As we walked she said. "Remember you are not to speak unless spoken too. The punishment for disobedience will be so severe that I might have to send you to Mistress Jenny's farm to get rid of you."

I shuddered and silently promised myself that I would not disappoint Mistress Greta in any way. We were now moving through a part of the back of the house that I had never seen before. It was lushly furnished with fine art on the walls and dark furniture. There was no sign of sexual ornamentation at all. It could have been any rich person's house.

I felt out of place in this luxury.

A naked slave in the abode of her betters.

We came to a heavy door with a gold handle. Mistress Greta opened the door and led me into the room. It was a bedroom of great luxury. A four poster bed, fully curtained, in the centre with other closets and wardrobes in mahogany.

Sitting on the black silk sheets was a middle-aged man in a suit. The man was sitting with his back to us with a brown envelope in his hands. As we entered he turned his head to face us and I realised that it was Jake Darrell, the senior partner of my former law firm.

Jake took me in at a glance. Then he turned to the envelope and took out the photographs of me that Miss Clearmont had taken all that time ago. Whilst he flicked through them Mistress Greta dropped the leash and walked round to get a better view.

"The whore sure has changed a bit since these were taken," said Jake to Mistress Greta.

"She always wanted bigger tits," replied the leather clad Mistress Greta. "I think that she was sexier the way that she was but she likes to be a bit bigger. Don't you; Denise?"

I nodded. I felt my breasts to be heavier than ever before. Jake dropped the photos and came to stand in front of me. I could see the bulge made by his erect cock. His breathing was faster and his eyes took in every detail of my body.

"I always fancied fucking you," he said. "Now you have spoiled all of that. Still, as a whore you would not understand that any way would you?"

I left the question unanswered.

Mistress Greta stood out of his vision behind him. She made a movement with her hand. With it she clearly indicated that her slut was to kneel in front of her former boss. Slowly I lowered myself onto my knees. Jake

looked down at me. The gag and leash clearly excited him but he seemed a little unsure of the next move. Mistress Greta supplied it. Once again she silently motioned me. Following her mimed instruction I reached up and pulled down the zipper of his fly. The bulge underneath my hand was unmistakable and was swelling. With a little pull I reached inside and freed his cock to stand proudly free.

"Denise is such a natural slut," whispered Jake.

"That is true!" replied Mistress Greta as she walked round to stand behind me.

With a twist of the hand she freed me from my gag.

"But she is moving a little too quickly if you wish to spend the whole evening here."

My hand squeezed his cock slightly making him wince with the effort of restraining himself. He stepped back slightly whilst I was held by my leash. It took him a few moments to recover his poise.

Mistress Greta went on to explain the entertainment. "I will be the Mistress of Pain. You, Jake, will be the Master. Denise will be the slave. I have prepared a selection of items to help us punish our little slut. Even though it is clear Denise likes to be disciplined severely we have agreed our code word if we go too far. I should warn you that Denise is probably a lot less squeamish than you are. Do you not agree little whore?"

"I love to serve my Mistress."

I almost choked on the words but the fear of Mistress Greta and the turmoil of anticipation helped me speak.

"I belong to you."

Jake's prick stood straighter. Its tip pointed at my face. I could see it jerking slightly with his racing pulse. A small drop of moisture gathered at the

small hole at the tip and hung like a dewdrop. Jake was eager to get started but Mistress Greta had not finished her dialogue.

"We have many hours of pleasure before us. If we want to make the most of it we must prepare a little. I think that I will start off with a little fantasy that will put us in the correct frame of mind for our punishment. There always has to be a reason to punish and tonight is no different," she said.

Mistress Greta placed the sole of her boot between my shoulders and with a little push had me on all fours.

"This is Denise," said Mistress Greta as she began to spin her tale.

"Denise used to work for a big law firm in New York. Then she got into the S&M scene by meeting an old friend. One thing led to another and Denise got blackmailed into becoming a slave."

Mistress Greta was telling my real story. I could not believe it. But Jake was settling down to hear the details of the fantasy that was the truth. I could see the lust in his eyes and his cock was twitching with anticipation.

Part VII (Fuck Slut)

"Denise gave away her whole life to her sadistic Mistress's and was indoctrinated as a slut."

Mistress Greta was pulling no punches.

I wondered if Jake would see the pictures that he had been sent and realise that there might be more to the story than fantasy. On the other hand, even though he was a top lawyer and used to forensic argument he was still a man!

In fact even if he did realise he would do nothing.

After all, his visit to a bondage brothel would not be a fact that he would wish to broadcast.

No!

He would accept the story as fantasy because he could not do anything else. He was trapped by his own respectability.

"Slave Denise has now become the trapped cunt of her bitches will. She has even lost her name and is now called whatever insult her evil Mistress uses at that moment."

I felt Mistress Greta rest one foot on my back as she spoke. Slowly it travelled down my spine until the heel rested on my anus and the pointed tip rested in the small of my back.

"Our little cunt then finds that her latest customer is her former boss. He had always wanted to fuck her while she was Denise but now that she has betrayed him by fucking anyone he is going to punish her."

The heel started to penetrate me as Mistress Greta pressed down. Mistress Greta had made sure that Jake could see her heel. He just stared as it sank into my hole.

Then Mistress Greta slowly pulled her heel free.

With a tug of the leash she pulled me round and said. "Lick my heels bitch. Tell me you have to be punished for creating such a problem for Master Darrell. Tell him how you must be punished."

I laid my head on the floor and started to lick the heel that was still warm with the heat of my own ass. After a few moments I paused to speak. "Please punish me as you wish Master. Please fuck and cane me. Fill me and fetter me."

"How do you think that you will be punished?" asked my Master.

"I will be punished as my Mistress and Master decide," I replied.

"Before we start we have another little bit of preparation to make." Said Mistress Greta.

With that she went to a drawer and removed a glass jar with a screw lid. Bringing the jar to me she opened it and placed it before me. A jerk of the leash and I was kneeling in front of Jake again. "The cunt will rub some of this cream into the Masters cock. It will slow down his stimulation and prevent him coming until he is ready."

I rubbed the cream into the master's prick with slow movements. At first I thought that he might actually come but the cream's effect was immediate. When I had done Mistress Greta took the Master's cock in her hand.

Slowly she rubbed it to full stiffness. Her other arm was round his shoulder and her lips touched his briefly. She whispered something into his ear that I could not hear and he nodded agreement. Mistress Greta clapped her leather-clad hands sharply. The door opened and a slave brought in a small table with an iced bucket of champagne and two glasses. Master and Mistress sat on the edge of the bed while the champagne was served. The slave then left the room.

"Our little problem is now a pleasure," said Mistress Greta.

"Yes, we must plan our punishment carefully. Our slave must suffer much torment but we are first going to relax and enjoy the sight of her anticipation," he replied.

"We could consider a little entertainment first if you like. While we sip our champagne our slave will first perform for us," whispered Mistress Greta in her low voice.

"That is a pleasant idea," he replied.

Mistress Greta walked over to one of the dressers and took a whip from one of the drawers. The handle was in the shape of a large cock and held braided leather thongs. She placed it on the floor in front of me and sat down again.

"Whilst we drink our champagne you will entertain us. Make sure that it's good or we will punish you with a much more severe whip for disobedience." She told me in a serious voice.

I looked at the whip and saw that there were small lead balls woven into the braids. I could not imagine a more punishing whip. Even a light stroke would be agony.

Mistress Greta sat next to my Master. One hand rested on his erection the other held the chilled glass of champagne. My Master sipped his champagne and watched me, waiting for me to entertain him. I picked up the whip and was surprised by it's weight.

Since I did not wish to thrash myself I had to play with the prick shaped grip. I took it in both hands and mimed sucking it. Memories of my rose tutor at Mistress Jenny's house came back to me and I treated the rubber cock to an oral fantasy.

Mistress Greta lit a long cigarette and watched me for a moment. "This slave loves sucking cock. In fact she has begged me to arrange her a little change to herself that will help her serve as a prick tease whore. There are so many men who would prefer their oral slave to have a beautiful soft mouth."

"I would love to use a slut with no sharp teeth," replied my Master. "I presume that I may return after the operation to meet your whore again."

"Of course. It will be a pleasure to help you to fuck her mouth."

Mistress Greta bent to kiss his throbbing cock. A red smear of lipstick circled his purple tip. She kept one hand on his organ and kissed him. Her tongue entered his mouth whilst her hand fluttered with sharp fingernails over his balls and prick.

"Her oral show is interesting," gasped my Master to me. "But do not let it go on too long slut. I would prefer you to fuck yourself."

With a flourish of the cigarette and a gesture Mistress Greta indicated that I should do something else. I now had the rubber prick as wet as I needed and placed it on the lips of my cunt.

I had only to push a little and I would be fucking myself.

One look at Mistress Greta and I pushed. The long dildo slipped in. I pushed and pulled building up a rhythm. I could feel my juices begin to flow. The excitement was taking me over. I started to enjoy the penetration. The dildo was perfect. It's ridged and stippled surface stimulated the walls of my cunt.

One of my fingers strayed to my clit and I almost forgot my audience.

I could see that Mistress Greta was undressing my Master. Sitting astride him she slowly undid his tie and shirt with a clicking of long nails. Every now and again she touched his cock. Either with her hand for a fleeting moment, or she allowed her leather-clad crotch to lower far enough to graze the sensitive tip. Her tongue played over his lips and face and traces of her lipstick on his lips were evidence to the ardour of their contact.

The dildo coursed it's way between my trembling thighs.

In and out.

I felt the lead scourges in amongst the braids. Some part of me longed to test the whip. After Miss Clearmont had proved to me that the whip and orgasm were part of the same; this more painful whip might offer more pleasure. I tried to avoid climaxing but the thoughts of being scourged and fucked were too much and I came.

Mistress Greta had my Master fully stripped. Astride him with her large breasts pressed to his chest she was playing with his cock with one hand whilst alternatively smoking and kissing him. Master Jake was watching me fuck myself.

He whispered into Mistress Greta's ear and she nodded.

"Would you like to ream your ass now my little cunt?" she asked.

The answer could only be 'Yes'!

I pulled the dildo a final time from my dripping cunt and pushed the well-lubricated tip into my ass. It took a moment to enter but then it slipped in without effort. Slowly I built up a rhythm. My Master seemed satisfied but Mistress Greta was not.

"Fuck yourself faster, you lazy ass hole. You will regret being idle when we get to deciding your punishment," she hissed.

For a moment I thought that Master Jake was going to intervene for me but Mistress Greta whispered to him again and then gently cupped his balls. I speeded up the movement of the dildo and watched Mistress Greta flick her tongue over his lips and her nails over his cock and groin.

I must have alternately fucked my pussy and asshole half a dozen times before my two owners finally finished the champagne. Master Jake was naked. His powerful erection was smeared with lipstick. Mistress Greta had another cigarette in her hand but her costume was as complete as when I had first seen her.

Even the zippers that allowed access were undisturbed. While Master Jake stood over me to watch me perform Mistress Greta lit the two candles. She seemed almost casual but she was controlling the whole situation. After the candles she went to the dresser and picked some fetters and rope from a drawer.

"Would you like to fether our bitch or shall I?" she asked.

"I bow to your experience," he replied.

With the pointed toe of one boot she separated my hand from the dildo. That left it half in my cunt so she pushed it right in with her foot.

To my arms and ankles she attached fetters. Then dragging me up by my hair she led me to the bed. The other ends of the shackles were attached to the tops and feet of the end posts of the four poster bed. Standing spread-eagled with the braids of the whip hanging between my thighs I could feel the weight of my breasts. The lead scourges tapped the insides of my thighs.

Mistress Greta switched out the light. The flickering of the candles made the room dance before my eyes. Master Jake came to admire his captive slut. He ran his hands over my body. My breasts, thighs and ass were explored. With increasing boldness he inspected the rings in my nipples and the small gold ring in my clit. His hand ran over my smooth groin and then to my bald head. He pressed against me and kissed me while one hand fumbled until it had my clit ring in a strong grip. As he slipped his tongue into my mouth he twisted the ring sharply. I gasped and felt his rampant prick press into the softness of my stomach. His tongue felt its way over the stud in my tongue.

Then his fingers turned to my cunt. They probed and groped their way inside and out getting to know every detail.

"Our slut likes to be given a little pain with her pleasure," said Mistress Greta.

In her hand she had a thin cane. Coming from the back she laid it on my ass. I struggled for a moment. Master Jake gripped me and pressed close. Another blow and he was gripping my nipple rings. I cried out, he looked questioningly at Mistress Greta but she simply landed another blow across my butt.

As I struggled he mauled me. It did not take much more before he gave my huge breasts an experimental slap. I scarcely noticed it with Mistress Greta thrashing my ass.

I could feel myself starting to climax. My thighs and legs trembled as Mistress Greta cut me with the cane and Master Jake played roughly with my huge breasts.

When he probed my cunt again with his strong hand I came.

I hung slackly in the grip of the shackles. With increasing excitement Master Jake probed my dripping cunt with one hand. The other slapped my breasts with increasing severity

"Denise. You really are a slut. I just love your massive tits they are so good to tease," said Master Jake as he forgot the difference between 'tease' and 'torture'.

"I have another little game to play if you want," said Mistress Greta to my former boss. "We will have to take her down, but you will be able to fuck her."

Almost reluctantly he stopped slapping me and helped Mistress Greta to untie me and put me on all fours. Mistress Greta took one of the candles from its holder.

When he saw what she was going to do, Master Jake parted the cheeks of my ass with both hands and started to press his prick into my hole. Slowly he eased his erection into my anus as Mistress Greta came to stand by my head. I started to lick the leather covering her powerful thighs. The whip in my cunt moved in time with his powerful strokes. It turned me on to be double fucked.

"Lick my boots slave." she ordered as I felt a drop of hot wax fall on my back.

The pain was not bad but the shock of the heat on my naked flesh made me jump. Meanwhile my master was fucking me. I could feel my breasts sway to the rhythm, my ringed nipples grazing the floor.

Mistress Greta's boots were smooth on my tongue. The splashing of hot wax on my back was encouraging me to lick thoroughly. It was a long time before Master Jake withdrew and moved to kneel at Greta's feet. With a strong grip on my ears he guided my mouth over his throbbing prick. I could feel the little jerks and then he orgasmed. The come drove deep into my throat but he held my head and made me gulp it down.

Master Jake then pulled the whip handle from my cunt and seemed to be about to test it on my ass. The drip of the wax on my back stopped and I heard Mistress Greta blow out the flame. Master Jake started to move my head back and forth as he built up another erection. Then with a sudden thrust the candle was pushed into my cunt.

I would have cried out in shock if my Master's giant cock had not been pushing to the back of my straining mouth.

I heard Mistress Greta unzip her costume. Her whole smooth leather suit came off above the waist leaving her shuddering breasts exposed. She offered a nipple to my Master's mouth while one hand slipped to her crotch. Master Jake came again.

As he did so he slapped my face with the back of his hand.

"Bitch, you made me come again too soon!" he shouted.

Mistress Greta unzipped her crotch. I heard a gasp of surprise from Master Jake as her huge erection sprang into view.

With a smile Mistress Greta said. "I get to fuck the bitch now. Pass me my cane or will you thrash the cunt for me?"

"She needs a flogging for making me come, I'll do it."

Mistress Greta fucked my ass. Her movements pushed the candle deeper into my cunt as my master cut me with the cane. He started on my ass and worked his way up my back. Then he started to flick the cane at my hanging

tits. I felt another orgasm coming on but Mistress Greta came first and they both slowed down, depriving me of my climax.

My two tormentors sat on the edge of the bed. I had not been ordered to move so I rested on all fours with the candle poking out of my pussy and come leaking from every orifice.

Mistress Greta was fondling her cock while Master Jake admired her breasts. His hand touched her nipples and fingered the ring for a moment before wandering over her taught belly and hovering near her upright cock.

"Do you like my little prick?" said Mistress Greta as she put a hand on his wrist.

"It was a surprise," he admitted. "But it is more than interesting."

"If you need cunt you always have the use of my slave. Her entire body is yours to torment and enjoy as you wish," said Mistress Greta. "That is what I like about this slut. She is so useable. She begs to be punished. In fact she has never asked me to stop. I am sure that I will find her limits but I haven't yet."

Mistress Greta guided Master Jake's hand to her cock while she slid the other hand up his back to the back of his head.

"I should like it if you gently sucked my nipples," she said as she slowly pushed his head so that his lips brushed the dark tips of her breasts.

He pursed his lips and took in the nipple.

I watched Mistress Greta manipulate Jake.

I felt awe at her control.

She always got her way.

Jake gently sucked her nipples and did not seem to notice his hand being placed on Mistress Greta's prick. Mistress Greta's hand played with his hair for a moment before once again pressing the back of his head. Now that Jake's hand was on her cock she moved her other hand to his groin. Her gloves gripped him and started to pull.

With steady strokes she built him up. When the excitement made his breathing ragged she pushed his head down to her thighs. There seemed to be a moment of resistance but Mistress Greta was firmly in control. His lips closed round the tip of her cock and his cheeks pinched in as he started to suck obediently.

Greta did not push him to the limit but put him back onto her nipples before she could come in his mouth. Instead she waved me to her groin.

"Suck my prick bitch slave. I need to come," she ordered.

I crawled between her leather-clad thighs and sucked her cock. It was only moments before she gushed her come into my mouth. I felt a hand grip my breast. Master Jake was pulling and twisting me.

"Denise used to be such a closed legged prim little shit in the office," He said. "Now she is a perfect slut. You really must come and pay me a visit after office hours. I would love to be fucked by you in your old office."

"My dear Jake," said Mistress Greta. "Denise does not fuck. She gets fucked. That's the way that she likes it. I'll tell you what. Why don't you come back for another session in about a month's time?"

"What is happening then?" replied Master Jake.

"Denise is paying to have some very special work done to herself. It might be nice if you could come and see the results," came the answer.

"I would be delighted to come."

My parting gift from Master Jake was another sharp slap in the face.

"What a fucking whore you are Denise." He said. "I would not have believed the change in you if I had not seen you enjoying it so much."

"Say, 'Thank you' to Jake," said Mistress Greta.

"Thank you for allowing me to please you," I said.

"She's such a good little bitch," said Mistress Greta to him. "I would be so sorry if she decided to leave us here but I'm sure that she is determined to stay and enjoy our ministrations for ever."

"I hope so, because I would like to fuck the slut again and test the limits of her resolution," he said as they passed through the door.

As they went down the corridor I heard Mistress Greta organising the next visit. The last words I heard her say were, "She has mentioned that she would love to be branded, perhaps you could help label her permanently with my mark."

I knelt on the floor. My leash snaked across the thick carpet and my breasts touched my knees.

The slap that Master Jake had given me still throbbed on my cheek. I felt like I must have looked, a cunt slave ready to be punished and pleased as was the will of my betters.

Chapter 10

May 1999 New York

Part I (Writer)

When at long last I was led back to my cell Mistress Torment was waiting for me. For a moment she inspected me. Then she showed me the little whip that Miss Clearmont had used on my naked pussy.

"It is time to celebrate your big tits my dear. I have brought along an old friend to meet them," she said. "It has already had the acquaintance of your cunt, now it gets to meet your giant breasts."

My breasts rest on the desk like the vast melons that they have become. A short iron chain is all that binds me but it connects the ring in my clit to the rough wooden stool so that I cannot move. Occasionally Mistress Torment comes in to see how I am doing at my tasks and cuts me with a cane if I am not making progress.

I can see the welts on my tits, the ones on my ass and back show their presence by the throb of bruised skin. My body is growing even larger and slacker on the diet of fat and other such food.

The only exercise that I get is to be led from one punishment or pleasure to the next. Ridges of fat and folds on my once tight belly enhance my once thin figure. I am not Denise anymore but an engineered sex slave who will go to any length to avoid the next punishment and to please her Mistress's.

But, the changes are much deeper than my appearance; they have penetrated my mind. Punishment is inevitable as Mistress Greta fucks my mouth and ass; and Mistress Torment fucks my body by changing and improving me. But in a way the punishment is a relief to me, it gives me assurance of my place and the secure feeling of being looked after.

It is proof of care.

Kathy paid us a visit. Pete followed her in like a good dog. His unusable prick hung flaccid almost hiding the small scar where his balls had been.

"He's such a good lover with his mouth that he does not need his little prick. Do you my pet?"

Pete nodded and said, "I love you Mistress Kathy."

Kathy patted him on the groin, but his prick did not stir.

"He asked me specially to have his balls removed, didn't you my sweet?"

Pete nodded once.

A smiled flickered across her lips for a moment as her fingers reached the empty space beneath his flaccid cock and then slipped to the sensitive tip. Her fingertips played over the glans and pulled back his foreskin but there was no reaction, no sign of an erection.

She then turned to me and squeezed both of my enormous breasts with both hands and said, "Well Denise you do look a tasty sight in that tight rubber dress with your tits hanging like ripe fruit. I like the ring in your cunt as well; it really makes you look the part. You really are putting on some weight at last my dear. I have never seen you looking so good."

She laughed and then continued, "It was really rather better that I didn't get you as a slave because our earlier friendship might have made me too considerate towards you. Training must be severe to really be effective. I must say though, that you make a fine set of holes for Greta's prick. Did you know that she plans to feature you in a series of porn movies? I shall buy them to remind me of you."

I felt Kathy cup my breasts.

Her strong fingers rolled the tips of my nipples with a slow smooth motion. A flicker of discomfort as my slave rings moved only added to the pleasure. Her support of my breasts, their soft flesh overflowing her hands; made me lean back a little.

Kathy's hand slipped down my swelling stomach to my naked cunt lips. Her fingers pressed against my thighs causing them to part obediently. A touch of the ring that pierced my clit and then a stroke of my inner lips. I responded by edging forward on the chair as she slipped a finger into me.

"My, my, you have become a responsive captive my dear friend," she said as her thumb twiddled the ring and her lips closed upon mine.

I felt her tongue search my mouth, finding my bare gums and exploring my pierced tongue. The strumming of her thumb became more insistent and my body responded with an explosive orgasm.

Her other hand explored my breasts and nipples and twisted the rings embedded through them. I could feel myself becoming excited again and gave myself to the feeling. Understanding my need she pulled at the rings sharply causing the now familiar pain and pleasure. Her tongue ran over my bare gums while her fingers gasped my clit.

At that moment I realised that I loved her with all my heart.

She understood my extreme pleasure at the pain causing me to shudder to a climax that made me heave against the restraint of my chains. I tried to raise my fettered hands to her shuddering breasts and my clit chain pulled at the ring.

"I love you too Denise. But, you belong to Miss Torment not me. She will look after you well and train you," she whispered lovingly.

My hands fell from her breasts as she drew away almost reluctantly. For a moment she stood looking at me before turning away; then she left the room without a backward glance; Pete followed her with bowed head.

Master Jake has also visited a number of times. In fact he comes quite often to the house. Mistress Greta is twisting him round her finger. It is not that she wants him as a slave.

No!

She is building him up to be a merciless Master. He is ever more confident with the punishments. Slowly he is overcoming his squeamishness about sex and pain. The result is that he whips and canes me harder and is forever seeking to push me to my limit. He does not realise that Mistress Greta sets my limits and she would never call a halt.

A few days ago Mistress Greta persuaded him to let her come in his mouth.

She has a grip and does not let go.

Kathy was right all those months ago. I have a suspicion that when he is ready Mistress Greta will tell him the truth about me. When she does it won't upset him. It will excite him and make him want to own his own slut.

There is one last thing to tell. I did have an idea to raise the money for the operations that will complete my transformation. Mistress Torment sensed that I did and got it out of me. I was reluctant because I felt that I would not do her justice.

Then she made me start to work for her.

Because the final irony is that I have to write this novel to raise the money that Mistress Torment needs to complete my sexual enslavement. She has the advance in her black nailed hands now; my future is slavery, sexual service and degradation but I have come to accept it. Now I am taking pleasure and pain as it comes.

The End

End Notes:

This novel was written in 1998 to about 2000. It was released onto the Internet in late 2010, about ten years later! Since 2010 I have found a publisher (FemdomCave.Com) and kept writing.

I have now prepared, meticulously and with exceptional pleasure a collection of all my Internet free short stories.

Find this volume at:

<http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/IreneClearmont1>

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 still 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/>

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Most E Mails get a reply.