

The Visit

An adult female domination tale

by

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Synopsis:

A young man pays a visit to a professional dominatrix for a light session of bondage. The visit soon becomes an ordeal that may last longer than he has expected.

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The Visit

A tale of fear and unwilling servitude...

Graham could feel his heart in his mouth. As he walked the street in Hamburg people passed him on their everyday business. Bags in hand, chatting, only concerned with their own thoughts while every step that he took, took him closer to a fate that he had decided for himself. Volunteered for, signed up for, an experience that he wanted so desperately, but had never dared to test... until now!

Of course, Graham had been in all those places that were so lacking back in the UK. The sex-shops that were more like supermarkets. The Reeperbahn, windows where the women posed nearly naked; he had even been to a strip club where sex was more than just a side show, it was the show! With these thoughts in his head, as the excitement reached the point where his heart was in his mouth he walked the quiet back street in Hamburg knowing that what he was about to experience would be the ultimate fantasy... He counted off the ordinary houses one by one until at last he stood before a set of steps that would take him to the sexual hell that he hoped for...

On the bell was written 'Fraulein Von Pietsche' just like the site of the same name on the Internet. No misunderstandings possible! Graham glanced from side to side before he pressed the button. People, ordinary people, walked by, never even glancing at the Englishman who hesitated on the step. Paused before embarking on his fantasy.

'*Miss Whiplash*' he thought as he pressed the bell with a small embarrassed smile. The name was so banal, so arousing... There was a pause, a brief moment when the loudspeaker made a sound like crumpled wrapping paper and then a voice spoke in German. 'Graham Darling,' he replied. 'English please!'

No answering word, the door clicked and he pushed and entered to find himself in a plain entrance hall with stairs going up and down. He stood as the door closed behind him and he wondered if he was supposed to go up or down. As he hesitated, the sound of a door opening above came to his ears and then the click of heels on the stone steps.

Graham had seen her photos on the website and thought that he knew what to expect, but the middle-aged woman who turned the corner on the stairs and then

stood looking down at him was more frightening and impressive than he had ever imagined. Tight leather boots that clung to her legs, a leather skirt that almost closed at the knees and a loose white blouse that scarcely covered her remarkable breasts. They strained to escape and he could just make out the pierced nipples that pressed the silk from within. Gloved hands held a crop and the look that she gave him was half smile, half disdain.

'Herrn Darling,' she said in a strong German accent. 'We have been awaiting you and you are late...' The tone was harsh, the manner quite critical and Graham could not help looking at his watch to check the time. Five to four, he was early! Perhaps this was already the start of the scene, that it *had* to begin with a reprimand to make everything possible once he arrived?

He hung his head and apologised, glad that he had already paid by credit card on the website. Pulling a wad of cash from his pocket now would have definitely spoil the impact. 'Sorry Mistress,' he began. 'I hope that I have not disappointed you...'

Miss Von Peitsche rapped the crop on her thigh with a slap and frowned before she simply made a small sign with her gloved hand for him to follow her. He almost ran at the steps just in time to catch the closing door as she disappeared into a darkened room.

Graham stepped into the almost-darkness, another world. This room had no windows, the walls were painted dark red and in the half light of candles that burned on the table in the centre of the room, Graham could see that the walls were hung with oils.

Miss Von Peitsche turned and, with the light of the candles behind her, she looked more terrifying than before. She rapped the braided crop in her hands and said, 'What are you waiting for, slave? Strip for your new owner!'

This was what he was paying for, this was almost as he had imagined it. How quickly the world had closed around the Englishman. Just five minutes ago, he had been in the normal world, now he was owned by this impressive German dominatrix!

His cock stood to attention as he hastened to obey her command. A frantic hand unbuckling his trousers and then struggling to divest himself of jacket and T-shirt.

The crop tapped in her hand twice and she seemed dissatisfied by the speed with which he obeyed her command. 'Take them... dispose of them.'

Graham stood naked by a pile of discarded clothes and shivered. Not from the cold but from the atmosphere of oppression and her power over him. From a dark corner of the room a figure moved into the half-light, emerging to reveal a glistening woman who was dressed from the neck down in glistening latex. Her heels were high, her legs long and chains sparkled from her wrists and ankles. This silent mannikin in latex stepped to do Miss Von Peitsche's bidding and gathered the pile of clothes before slipping back to the darkness leaving Graham standing, intensely aware of the strong erection that stood before him.

Miss Von Peitsche moved with deliberate steps and walked around her trembling victim, tapping him with the end of the crop lightly as she did so. The inspection was thorough, her eyes took in what he was presenting. He stood straight and tried not to follow her with his eyes as she inspected his naked body with a disdainful expression.

'I am not impressed,' she said at last. 'But, you will do for my purposes... for now. There is much to do before this *thing* is suitable for use...'

Graham thought about the limits that he had set on the session. Just two hours, all he could possibly afford. Mistress Peitsche was expensive, but clearly a professional who knew how to make each minute worth the cost. Nothing too severe, that was Graham's plan. A little bondage and a light tawsing or some such. He longed to fall at Miss Von Peitsche's feet and kiss her boots, but he dared not move. He was falling far into the fantasy and it consumed him. It was everything that he had ever longed for and he knew that he would not be able to resist returning to fall under the middle-aged dominatrix's spell again by the time that this short journey had come to an end.

From the corner of his eye he could see the slim figure in latex move once more into the flickering light. In her hands was a silken bag that hung heavy. Every step was perfect, a twist of her hips, a small step placing heel before toe, the chain between her ankles stretched to an arc as she moved. Ruby red lips, hair braided to a long plait, beauty and severity combined with a smile that was not a greeting. A sardonic twist of the lips, eyes that absorbed him and showed disdain.

A hand closed on his head from behind and Graham realised that the fantasy was about to begin. Miss Von Peitsche's gloved hand grasped his hair and forced Graham to look up with a strength that amazed him.

'There is much to prepare and I have another soon... You have half an hour to ready it before I will want to use the slave!' Her voice was low and grating, her accent heavy and the gloved hand gripping Graham's hair strong.

Miss Von Peitsche's heavy German accent was almost a part of the magic! It leant the low harsh voice a threatening tone that filled his head with tension. This was what he had paid for, to be treated as her shoe slave. To be punished and forced to come at her pleasure as he licked the pointed heels of her boots.

'Bind the slave!' said the leather clad Mistress. The order caused the latex clad female slave to pull a cuff from the silken bag that she carried and the snake of a chain followed with a rattle. The fantasy was so strong! Graham felt the smooth gloved hands on his skin, the click of heels as the Mistress's factotum clicked the fetters to him and a surge of intense excitement gripped him as he fell into the moment. This was what he had paid for, this was what he had longed for and now that it was real, he could scarcely breathe. His hands were pulled high up his back, and a collar was added to the chains that bound him.

All the while, Miss Von Peitsche tapped the quirt in her hand as her helper created a helpless slave from the man who wanted nothing more than to kiss her feet. Was paying for the pleasure to suckle her heels as she brought him to his fantasy Eden. Graham's legs quivered, his cock nodded with every addition of the restraints being added. Each click of a padlock, each rattle of the chains aroused him and filled his mind.

'The hood!' The young woman's face came close to his, so close that he could feel her warm breath on his face. Her hands lifted and he saw that she had a ring, almost a short tube, in her hands. His lips parted and the slim black hands slipped it between his jaws and rotated it a little into position. A strap was linked to the gag and passed around his head to be tightened with a savage pull at the buckles. It was then that he realised that this was more than he had expected! How was he supposed to use the safe word that he had given her? For a moment he felt fear fill him as the hands adjusted the gag and ensured that now speaking would be a trial.

Graham almost started at the realisation that he was more than just helpless, he was far beyond his fantasy, he was totally defenceless and dependent on the two women

that were enacting his fantasy with him. It was what he wanted, it was what brought terror to his thoughts. The scene had begun and he was in the centre stage. A small cry came from his lips and he tried to speak, but the young woman just smiled wryly and pushed a rubber plug into the ring in his mouth, completing the gag. Now he could not speak at all and his eyes widened in fear.

In those latex-clad hands was a formless rubber bag. The Mistress's slave's fingers searched and opened it, and lifted. It slipped easily on. It closed his vision, it pulled over his head from the front and he felt strong fingers smooth the latex over his trapped face. They pulled and moved around his jaw to line up the hood and then moved to the back where they pulled up a zipper and then began to lace up the hood tight.

The feeling that overcame him was sheer terror. An emotion that gripped him and caused him to gasp to breathe through his nostrils as the hood was tightened until it clasped him in a tight grip that took every shred of his identity from him, pull by pull.

'Perfect,' said Mistress Peitsche, 'now finish the dressing and we can begin to show our new rubber-slut its intimate duties... I shall return to use it in a short while, make sure that it is ready, entirely restrained and submissive. The client is important...' In the darkness of the hood, Graham made a whining sound to be answered by a small chuckle from the slave. The voice of Miss Von Peitsche sounded as if far away. 'Ensure that the selected shoes are fitted,' she added. Her words were followed by the click of her heels as she left her female attendant to do her bidding. Fingers fumbled at his face and unzipped the slits that covered his eyes and Graham's last view of Miss Von Peitsche was the sway of her ass as she left the dimly lit room.

Now that her mistress was gone, the young woman who enforced her mistress's wishes changed her demeanour. She looked into his eyes and smiled wickedly as she held up a pair of boots for his inspection. They hung slack in her hands, the spikes of the heels running parallel to the soles, the long laces that drifted out of his vision and she smiled as she displayed them. She muttered in German and then changed to English. Her voice was soft and lisping, but the tone was hard and uncompromising.

'You will be dressed as a rubber-slut... Nice and helpless for the first use!' Graham looked at the sly smile on her lips and shivered. The only sound that he could manage from his throat was a small moan as he felt her hands stroke his cock and

grip his balls. 'You are going to become *my* creation,' came her words with a small chuckle. 'All mine...'

The terror that had been until now just a dark edge to Graham's psyche moved to the forefront and he realised that there was something terribly wrong. This was not what he had requested, this was not what he had paid for... Some lurking thought that signified that he was in the hands of a female sadist, a woman who took special pleasure in his fears and wished him to realise his helplessness.

The hands pushed him and he fell backwards to the floor to land on the edge of an armchair. Now he was looking up at her, a helpless worm of a man who was at the mercy of a woman who was totally in control of him.

She kneeled and pushed his helpless feet into the boots and began to lace them up. Strong hands pulled them tight and smooth over his calves. He tried to pull his legs away, but the chains that bound him left no room to avoid the inevitable. A cramp took his feet as they were forced deep into the ballet-boots and the words that she uttered caused him to cry out in horror. 'I have longed for a little slave of my own,' said the lisping voice in its German accent. 'A slut who I can enjoy for my own... a man who is transformed to become the perfect slave.'

The boots gripped his legs and he felt her haul him up once again to stand. Now he could scarcely balance. Only the tips of his toes and the heels supported him as her hands roved over him with an intimate touch that was nothing more than a violation.

'Graham Darling,' said the rosebud lips. 'The man who is just another pathetic seeker of a couple of hours of bondage... The man who thought that he could serve my mistress and cut me from her affection! It is *my* place to kiss her feet and soothe her when she needs pleasure. You cannot just pay for her affection, not when I love her like I do! For this, you will pay, for this you become mine to enjoy.'

Graham cried out, but a swift hard slap to his face brought him back to the darkened room. 'No one knows that you are here, Graham Darling. No one but me and my mistress and *she* thinks that you are a man who has agreed to spend six months in utter servitude for our pleasure and the pleasure of all of her other clients!'

Graham began to weep. The tears slipped between hard latex and his skin as the maid enjoyed the realisation and dread that overcame him. 'You see, I played with the website a little, changed a few details and created a new client that has nothing

but your name in common with the *real* Graham Darling. Graham Darling no longer exists!

As she spoke, the maid's hands appeared with a loose shape in her hands. A red mass of rubber that had no form, but was rent by zippers and laces. She began to dress her trembling, weeping victim, speaking as she did so.

'This new thing that you will be, this crawling pet is a real masochist! A man who wants to become a helpless living dolly that will help make my beloved mistress the ultimate Dominatrix. You will become the one thing that she lacks to make her position as the supreme dominatrix in Hamburg. *That* is now the only Graham Darling! A pain-pet for others pleasure!' Her laugh was sharp and Graham felt her slap his behind with a savage blow.

The laces were pulled on. The dress that was being forced upon Graham contained a corset that narrowed his waist when it was pulled tight. The zippers were lifted and it began to take form. A flouncy rubber skirt that was raised by his erect cock. A tight integument of rubber that clasped every contour. Behind him his arms were pulled ever higher until his numb fingertips touched the collar whilst the maid's attention turned to the stalk of manhood that strained even as Graham whined in panic.

'Six months to break you, teach you to understand that pleasure and pain can mingle and become a guiding force,' laughed the woman in latex. 'Plenty of time! In six months, you will be something else entirely! Something barely human, something that weeps to be punished, something that crawls at her feet and begs to serve, something that will plead for the touch of Miss Von Peitsche's whip, to serve *forever* at her strict command!'

He felt the hands on his hanging balls. They slapped him lightly and then there was the cold feel of steel as she clamped a weighty collar around his balls and dropped it. Graham cried out as the weight pulled at him, but he could not help his thighs twitch as she played with his rigid prick. Teasing the tip and stroking it as his balls swung below. The smooth latex of her gloves stroking and teasing him as the sweat of fear ran from him like a river.

'This is going to be so perfect,' she said. 'It will be *our* little secret. Gagged and helpless you are going to be used as a fuck-hole every day and every night. A whipping post, a piece of furniture that is abused and forced to serve every moment of your miserable existence. The only two people who will know that you are a *true*

victim will be me and you and you will not tell. How will you be able to when I will keep you gagged and voiceless, a fuck-dolly in latex as you serve for our pleasure?'

It seemed that the maid was satisfied with the way that she had dressed Graham and she stood to walk around her helpless victim with a slow cadence of her heels on the hard floor.

'You see, Graham Darling, the Graham Darling that *I* created wants nothing more than to be punished, forced to satisfy the basest functions in this house of pain. He begged in a letter to be used without restraint, modified to Miss Von Peitsche's requirements to become nothing more than another tool to tempt her clients to violate his every limit. The Graham Darling that you are now is a man who wants to become a little sissy, a helpless mewling and crawling slave at hers and my feet. Miss Von Peitsche has asked me to start the training immediately as she has a whole list of important men and women that will need the services of a man who has longed to be the bitch at her feet.'

Graham saw her hands. In one was a thin cane that quivered with a need to torment him, in the other a sparkling jewel in a silver setting. 'So the training starts,' she said in a choked whisper. 'It begins now. It will *never* end.' Her voice almost broke with the exultant tone and the realisation that she had him in her power so utterly.

His last view of her was the hand that closed his eyes into darkness by closing the eye holes on his mask. The first kiss of the cane on his thighs and then he felt her hand on his ass. Fingers burrowed into him, they opened him, they pushed the jewelled plug into his rear and she laughed at his throttled cries for help. 'I have such a long list of little amusements lined up for you,' she continued. 'There is so much to learn and so much to teach you before tonight when your service *really* begins...'

The cane cut across his thighs again and he almost lost his footing as a searing agony filled his mind. 'Tonight some most important guests will arrive at Miss Von Peitsche's house of torment. An important couple who demand the very *best* attention to their perverted needs. They have paid so much for the pleasure of tormenting your helpless body. They need a bitch that loves to be punished and fucked! *You* will be offered to them to play with... Then tomorrow we shall begin the profound transformation that I have decided for you.'

Her hand lifted his skirt and touched his thigh. 'You will be branded as Miss Von Peitsche's property with a small delicate rose here,' she said. 'After that you will learn that there are so many uses for a man that wishes to serve. Intimate uses that will

degrade and crush you. I will make every lesson a torment, every service a welcome need to escape the whip.'

A hand touched his chest and traced circles before lifting to his throat. His skin crawled with terror at the light touch. 'I will have you silenced! A suggestion to my Mistress that you would be better silent and obedient. A tiny snip of the surgeon's knife here will make our secret so *very* secure. Our secret! The only sounds that you will utter will be piteous little whines that will make you sound so sweet, that Miss Von Peitsche will just love to hear more! A nice pair of pert breasts, rings that pierce your pathetic cock and perhaps a few other small alterations that will make you perfect.'

Her voice paused a moment before continuing as she slapped his balls. 'Maybe these need to be cropped? A pet does not need them, they just distract from giving everything to pleasure the clients.'

Her hand fondled his stretched balls. 'One day...'

In the darkness, Graham could hear the woman moan and realised that she was climaxing at her own touch. Orgasming with the anticipation of his pain and misery. Coming with the thought of having a slave that would be nothing more than a mute object for her sadistic pleasures. He could almost feel her breath on his masked face as she gasped and came before the cane in her hand dealt another stroke to his exposed rear. 'By the time six months have passed, you will *beg* to live the rest of your life as our bitch... poor little Graham Darling... the man who wanted a couple of hours of domination and shoe worship, turned into something less than a man.'

Her hand pulled at his cock until, despite the terror in his mind, Graham felt on the point of coming in her latex-gloved hand.

'No, no! You see that will be the *ultimate* torment! You see, the life that I have chosen for you allows no relief, no spurting your slime into a woman ever again! Chastity, perfect abstinence is the rule under my control. While you still have them, I want your balls so heavy with all of that come that they are strained to bursting. I am going to bring you to the edge of that release time and time again until you beg to do *anything* for a just a short moment of bliss. You will do everything that you are ordered to, Mr Graham Darling!'

The hand retreated and left Graham's climax to become a mere drip of precum. 'That's right, bitch! The only come that you'll ever experience will be the spurts of the

men who pay to use you as they gush into your lips and tight little sissy pussy. But, there is so *much* more, you will learn to please the men and women who enjoy real sadistic pleasure as you suffer; and the rest of the time you will spend in a tiny cage practising sucking on a rubber cock to show me your willingness to learn your new skills.'

Graham's knees bent, he staggered and crumpled into a heap on the floor, helpless and almost sick with the terror of the maid's laughter. A hand pulled the plug from his lips and his moans and stifled cries for sympathy issued as Miss Von Peitsche opened the door and entered the room.

He heard the click of her heels on the hard floor and imagined the smile on her face as she regarded the new addition to her business.

At the edge of his consciousness, he heard the words that Miss Von Peitsche spoke in her heavy German accent. Then, the spiked heel of the maid's stiletto entered his lips to silence his entreaties.

'Is the toilet slave prepared and ready for its first use? The clients are waiting to use it...'

'Yes, Mistress. May I use him too?'

The End