

Down At Heel Princess

An adult female domination tale

by

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Synopsis:

A man is trapped in a fantasy that begins when he finds himself serving an arrogant Thai Princess in his shop. His capture is a simple matter for a woman that owns all she surveys.

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Down At Heel Princess

Scene One: Shopping

Princess Jum Pruangmanee entered the shoe shop just before closing, posturing like a queen. She almost was a queen... Strutting in and noting the other two clients with a disdainful glance that passed over and through them with just a glance that summed up her contempt. Mature and attractive, overdressed and on high heels. The manager looked up from his till and acknowledged her with a small nod and a smile, but she ignored it and strode over to the displays that displayed the court shoes and picked up a red pair of Louboutins with her manicured hands.

The scarlet stilettos with purple soles had caught her eye and she passed them from hand to hand before placing one on the floor and comparing it to the shoe that she already wore. 'Can I help you Madam?' said the manager from just behind her. The Princess turned around and looked at the manager as if she was uncertain whether to just dismiss him with a careless word or ask for service.

'My name is Her Highness, Princess Jum Pruangmanee,' she announced in a firm tone. 'I am here in London for just two days and am looking for a pair of shoes that will match my outfit for a party tonight.'

'What colour would that be, Madame,' said the manager.

The Princess pulled a swatch of silk from her handbag and displayed it. It was a deep red, just a little darker than the shoe that she had in her hand. She raised one painted eyebrow in query and then placed the shoe in her hand back on the display. 'The colour has to be exact and this one does not quite match,' she said.

'Do you have a style or manufacturer in mind?' asked the manager as he bent to retrieve the shoe by her foot and replace it on the display.

'Heel, at least this high,' she said as she opened her fingers to show him, 'and I want patent, with no platform, toes covered and the minimum of fussy decoration on the uppers.'

'We might just have what you want,' he said as he pulled a box from under the stand. 'These might be OK, perhaps if I could see the swatch again...'

He opened the wooden box and displayed a pair of shoes that cost a month's salary for him. 'No, no, no!' she said in an exasperated tone. 'I don't like the bows and the silver detail on the heels is just execrable!'

'I can look in the stockroom for you, Madame,' he said as he closed the box. 'We have new stock today that has not been registered and there are several pairs that might fit the bill.'

The Princess gave the manager the swatch of silk and watched him disappear into the back as the shop emptied of other customers. A small bell rang and Suzie, the other assistant, informed Princess Jum Pruangmanee that the shop was on the verge of closing.

'It will close when I say it does,' she said haughtily. The manager popped his head around the stockroom door and said to Suzie, 'You can go. Just lock the door on the way out and I'll let Madame out when she is satisfied.' With a small glance at the awkward Princess, Suzie called a 'goodbye' to Terry, the manager, and left the shop, turning her key on the way out.

Some customers! she thought as she looked back at the woman, overdressed in mink and lilac silk, a small veil perched on her hat and enough make-up on her face to keep Givenchy in profits for a month. Five minutes later, Terry came back into the customer area with four boxes piled in his arms.

'I think that these might just fit the bill, size seven I presume?'

'Mm, let's see,' said Jum haughtily.

Terry opened the first box to reveal a pair of plain red stilettos and showed it to Jum. 'Fit it for me!' She sat down on a chair and Terry kneeled to take the shoe off her foot. He could see that his guess of her size was correct and was about to slide the shoe on her foot when she said, 'A massage first, young man. You cannot fit a shoe without a massage!'

Terry looked up at her and noted the small smile and decided that he was going to be at least half an hour with this obnoxious Princess before he could escape. On the other hand, each pair cost a thousand pounds or more, so it might well be worth it.

He took her foot in both hands and squeezed a little. The last foot massage that he had done was for his girlfriend and he could not be reckoned to be an expert. Gently he massaged the foot for a half minute before slipping the shoe onto her foot. Jum stood and looked down at both her foot and Terry.

'I'm not sure,' she said. 'The lace bow is a little overdone...'

'Perhaps these, then?' said Terry as he opened the next box and brought forth a pair of dark red Choo's and displayed them for the Princess.

'They look perfect,' she said with a smile as her foot lifted. 'Would you be so kind?'

He slipped off the previous shoe and was about to slip the new one onto her foot when she said, 'Pardon me, but haven't you forgotten something?'

'Um?'

'Massage, it always comes first...'

 Once again he massaged her foot. He looked up at her face and saw an expression of rapture pass over her features.

'Don't stare, little boy,' she said, 'or I'll just demand more from you!' He finished massaging her foot and slipped the Choo onto her foot.

'That's perfect, young man, I'll take them!' Terry was surprised that she made the decision so fast and slipped the shoe off her foot and replaced it in the box with its twin. In fact she seemed happy and presented her credit card with a small flourish.

'That's a thousand three hundred and thirty pounds,' said Terry as he typed in the amount into the till.

Jum entered her PIN and he presented her with the receipt. As he did so she pulled a fifty pound note out of her purse and made as if to offer it to him. He looked at her and realised that she was actually going to tip him, so he reached for the note.

'It's for you,' she said, 'have you earned it?' His hand dropped and he saw a small smile cross her features. 'I think that you *nearly* have...' she added and she dropped the note on the floor by her feet.

Terry was confused; he stood waiting for the Princess to add a comment.

'It's yours if you want it,' she said at last.

He stooped to pick up the note. 'On your knees, of course,' she said. He looked up to see her smile and got onto his knees to pick up the fifty pound note. 'So, there's just one more little service,' she said. 'Kiss my feet like a good little boy and the tip is yours!'

Terry pouted and slowly kissed each shoe briefly. 'Well done,' she said, 'but just do it again to prove that you mean it!'

He planted another kiss on the toe of each foot and retrieved the bank note before standing. A curious feeling filled his mind as he found himself looking down on the woman who had made him kiss her shoes in such an arrogant manner. He almost decided that he might not have needed the tip to do it and found that his cock was stiffening.

Uncertainty permeated his feelings. 'Perhaps I will need more special service tomorrow,' she said. 'Are you open at the same hours?'

'Yes, Princess,' he said.

'Ah, then you are learning... If I come back I shall certainly demand more from you, would you like me to return?'

'Of course, Princess' said Terry.

'Then I shall, expect me at this time tomorrow,' she said before switching tack. 'Do you have a girlfriend?'

'Yes, two years now.'

'That's good,' she said without explaining what she found satisfactory about the fact. 'I hope that it's not that rather slutty sales assistant who left earlier.'

'No, that's not Sarah, Princess.' Terry felt his cock swelling to its full extent as he wondered what this woman was planning. The thought made him breathless and he wondered at his excitement. He almost felt that he had cheated on Sarah and yet he had done nothing...

With a small flutter of the hand as a goodbye she picked up the box and waited until he had unlocked the door. As he switched off the lights, secured the safe and made sure that all was ship shape for the next day he found his heart pounding with excitement.

There was no doubt that he was looking forward to tomorrow!

Scene Two: Intermission

Princess Jum Pruangmanee sat at the table and eyed the waiters. There was no doubt that they had been chosen for their looks as well as their ability. In her head she thought about the shop manager that she had teased so delightfully. How he had fallen for her little tricks.

Soon she would add him to her collection of willing slaves. Men were so weak! Just a hint of sexual activity and their trousers tented and they were like putty in the hands of a woman who knew what made them tick. Manipulation and control, that was the name of the game and she was an expert.

She looked over her shoulder at the petite woman who stood behind her . Servants, they were so lazy when you allowed them to be and did not attend to disciplining them all the time. They ignored their owners and let their thoughts wander when they should be attending to every detail of their mistress' comfort and service!

A small clap of the Princess' hands brought her attendant's attention back to where it should have been all the time and the Princess wondered if she should really be treating such a careless slave to such delight as she had planned for the next day.

The petite Thai slave came round next to her owner and reached to refill her mistress' glass before retiring to stand behind the chair. Dressed in a Chinese silk jacket and narrow skirt she was a delicate flower, hand plucked and trained by her owner. A narrow figure with small bud-like breasts that barely registered under the jacket, her long lashes fluttered and her lips pursed gracefully in the way that she had been taught.

Tomorrow, she would be allowed to perform for someone that seemed suitable to her fatal princess. It was a reward that came rarely, to be allowed to show her mistress her skills with mouth and hands and then be permitted to orgasm. A pleasure and a humiliation, as all her life was now... She wondered who had been selected for her and hoped that it was some rich English Lord or perhaps a landed gentleman.

She could almost taste that cock in her mouth now! In any case, she had belonged to Princess Jum Pruangmanee ever since the Princess had married. The Princess liked to think that the slave was a gift from her husband, but she knew that that was not strictly true. The gift had been hers to give! But, it was what Princess Jum Pruangmanee thought that was the truth.

Scene Three: Taking Stock

Terry was on tenterhooks all day. He had dropped boxes, mixed up the new stock and then got angry at his assistant for nothing. In the end he apologised and sent her home early. That part, at least, was part of his plan. It would not do if there was gossip about the arrival of the Princess, once again at the last minute.

He looked at his watch, almost half past five, and started to arrange the displays to keep his mind off the idea that she would not turn up. At half past five exactly the door opened and she walked in. Trailing behind her was the prettiest girl that Terry had ever seen.

Petite, hair done into a long plait and wearing just a long overcoat and court shoes. The Princess was as overdressed as the day before and wore the shoes that he had sold her twenty four hours ago.

Terry greeted them with a nervous smile and wondered at the presence of the other woman. Obviously a servant rather than a friend was his summing up of the Princess and her companion. He locked the door and greeted the woman who had persuaded him to kiss her feet.

'Good afternoon, what can I do for you?' he asked.

'I have decided to treat my faithful slave,' said the Princess. 'Some nice black high heels would be perfect.'

Terry wondered at the word 'slave'. The Princess spoke flawless English, so it was certainly not a mistake. He looked down and summed up her size as a five. 'Plain black?' he asked.

'Exactly,' said the Princess. 'Perhaps we can do the fitting in your office?'

Terry nodded. His heart was beating so hard that he could almost hear it as he switched off the shop lights and led them both into the stockroom-office that was his work area.

The 'slave' sat on a chair while Terry reached up and pulled down a cardboard box with what might be the perfect shoes. Black with slight gold trim, they were from one of the cheaper ranges, but still cost over three hundred pounds.

'I think that these will be perfect,' he said wondering how this was going to work.

The companion was a surprise... He slipped a shoe off the delicate foot and massaged it as he had been ordered to the day before, as the Princess looked on with a satisfied smile. Then

he slipped on the shoe, a perfect fit. 'Perfect,' said the Princess. 'Now the other one and then we can begin your treat!'

Terry massaged the other foot and slipped on the second shoe. The heels were so high that the 'slave's' foot was recurved to the toe. An almost fetish look that would mean great care was needed when walking. The small girl stood and walked a few steps. It was clear that she was used to high heels, because she had no difficulty balancing at all. 'I have decided that a tip is not the correct way of thanking you,' said Jum, 'instead my slave will show you her skills as a reward for you both and you will show me that you appreciate the gift that I am giving you.'

The coat dropped from the slave's shoulders and revealed that she was dressed in just a pair of pink panties covered in soft ruffles of lace.

'She is a trained expert,' said the Princess. 'She will please you and then you will do the same for her, it is traditional in Thailand to give and receive... always.'

'Erm,' mumbled Terry as the girl dropped to her knees in front of him.

Suddenly he was embarrassed and had a strange excitement that filled him with a need that was all too obvious. Deft hands released Terry from his pants as the Princess watched and enjoyed her little surprise. She caught Terry's eye and smiled in approval, it was clear that he had thought that he thought that he could have her...

Ridiculous! Too ridiculous for words even.

But, that is what men are! They think that they understand everything, that they can control everything and make their dreams happen the way that they desired. Not in the here and now, not while Princess Jum Pruangmanee was present. No man was allowed to touch her, take her and make her his. No, *she* decided how to have her entertainment, not a little man like the manager of this over-expensive shoe shop.

He felt lips close around the tip of his cock and looked down to see the gorgeous little woman slowly slip him deeper and deeper until at last his groin met her lips and he could feel his cock press into the constriction of her throat. It was a pussy and mouth combined, a delicious massage that went from the base of his prick to the tightly wedged tip and all the while the Princess looked on and enjoyed the sight of him fucking the face of her whore-like servant.

Small hands massaged Terry's balls and massaged that delicate smooth skin between cock and ass with a subtle touch of nails that was exquisite. 'Is that pleasurable?' asked the Princess as she moved around the scene and took it all in. 'She is a superior cock-sucker, don't you think. Now you will undress for me!'

It was not a request, it was an order. Terry's hands undid the buttons of his shirt, wrenched the tie over his head and stripped off his upper body while the girl with her mouth over his cock pulled down his trousers and slipped them off as he stepped free and kicked his shoes off.

'Now lie down on the floor for her and you will find that pleasuring her is an experience that you will never forget.'

Almost toppling with the extremes of the sensations in his cock, Terry slowly lowered himself until at last he was lying full length on the floor while the Princess arranged him to her taste. All the while those lips stayed clamped around him, all the while the hand played with him to bring him to a point that lay on that distant horizon between climax and excitement. Never quite crossing, never quite reaching an inevitable end, he just hovered there and gave himself up to the sheer, gratuitous gratification.

The Princess moved to a position above his head, she stood and looked down with obvious enjoyment at controlling the fuck totally. He looked up her legs and could see the tops of her stockings, but no further. She was shrouded in the shadow of her narrow skirt. His eyes filled with tears and he knew that the girl who serviced him could feel that point of climax and just keep him from it for hours if her mistress chose to tell her too.

Hands took his wrists and stretched his arms over his head and the Princess moved to pin him to the floor with the arches of her heels.

The Princess said something in Thai to her slave who slowly withdrew her mouth from him, leaving Terry suspended in a place where the clouds were about to rain or the sun was about to shine. He was gasping and realised that the girl was turning to crouch over him. Slowly and with a ballet-dancer's grace she moved while teasing him with her hands until she had positioned herself with her back to her mistress, just the frilly lace of her knickers separating Terry from her cunt.

Once again she bent over him and he was taken into that heaven. Smoothly and with a slowness her face sank over him until at last he arrived again at that horizon of lust and completion. 'Would you like to show my little slave what you can do to please her?' asked Jum. 'I think that it is time that you gave something back.'

Above Terry's face was the arch of strong thighs, the lace and frills of her panties. It was his world, all of it and he wanted nothing more than to satisfy the woman who was the arbiter of his gratification. 'Please,' he whispered.

He heard the ruffle of clothing as the Princess bent and pulled at a tied bow in silk on the knickers. With one sweep of the hand, she pulled the bow and the knickers fell into parts that stripped that shaved sex of its cover. Terry was looking up, ready to reach up and kiss that pussy and what he saw made his heart almost stop.

A small rigid cock pointed down at him, a wide seamless metal ring clamped onto its base, circling and separating the tiny balls and confining and directing that diminutive cock. Suddenly his world had changed as the thighs above his face lowered to press the tip of that prick against his lips.

'There is no pleasure to be had unless you show my little servile husband that you can please me,' said the Princess. A twinge of laughter had slipped into her voice as she enjoyed the shock that her little surprise had caused. The sudden decision that needed to be made between perversion and pleasure.

Intense pleasure. 'Open wide, little boy and swallow!'

The suction on Terry's own cock increased and he felt himself at the very edge of climax. An overwhelming feeling that would vanish if he did not do what he was ordered to do. His lips opened and the tiny cock pressed into his face. Not two inches long, it was stiff and smooth, shaven and circumcised and the two balls that were held tight by that ring were like small marbles that bobbed before his eyes. A sapphire gem stood in that tight ass hole. The thighs pressed down and the Princess' feminised husband started to slowly fuck Terry's mouth with shallow strokes.

'You see, it's not so bad, in fact you are doing so well and so is my husband. After all, he has not ejaculated for a year now and must be craving to fill your mouth.' He could feel the tiny cock on his tongue; it pushed in and out as his *own* cock finally passed the point of no return. A gathering storm of come that would be injected deep into that shemale's throat.

Terry felt everything; it was all magnified in his fevered mind as he watched the sapphire lift and approach with a rhythm that matched the hands that played with him. He felt his balls contract, he felt that surge within; he felt the high heels that locked his wrists down to the floor as the Princess directed her exclusive entertainment.

And then Terry came with a gush that made him press into the face of the slave that was likewise fucking his lips. It was beyond excitement and joy, it was a bliss that lasted just seconds that were stretched to minutes and hours.

He felt a small drop drip from that cock in his own mouth. A spicy, salty drop that was all that the slave could muster in come. Despite the small amount, the scent and taste of the

Princess' husband filled his senses as fingers closed firmly around the base of his own cock to keep it stiff and ready for the next round.

Gasping for breath he opened his mouth wide and cock, balls and metal ring pressed into his unguarded orifice. And then it began again. The sucking, the licking and the hands that explored every part of him, made him surrender, made Terry gasp as he was brought once again to the point of orgasm. Hips retreated and he could see that little prick, a glistening teardrop of sluggish honey hanging at its tip and he could not resist raising his head and plucking it with his lips.

The reward was a gentle and satisfied sigh from the Princess and another climax for him that shattered his mind in a blaze of light. It was like being squeezed of every drop, forced to come, involuntary spurts of immeasurable pleasure. Terry gasped as he slid into a closed world where a tiny dripping prick almost touched his lips and the small balls writhed with sensation.

The slave climbed off Terry and stood naked awaiting his wife's pleasure. While Terry lay exhausted and replete on the floor looking up into the eyes of his Princess. 'I hope that my husband has pleased you,' she said. 'Three times are sometimes possible, but two will have to do. For now.'

Terry looked up as the Princess Jum Pruangmanee reached into her handbag and placed a small red box on a shelf of the stockroom. 'This is for you to open this evening when you have a quiet moment to reflect. Be alone and take it seriously...'

She took the keys of the shop from Terry's crumpled trousers while the man-woman-slave-husband slipped on her coat. Terry felt numbed, he could not move as he watched the Princess leave the Stockroom.

He heard the locks open, the door open and then the lock turn again. He heard the keys rattle as they were pushed through the letterbox and he lay in total post climactic bliss as he imagined what it must be like to be Princess Jum Pruangmanee's husband? A man who served an arrogant Princess, a man who had become just another of her belongings.

Not a word had he heard from the slave's lips...

Scene Four: Choose

He did not open the box. Took it home and stared at it while he made coffee. It gnawed at him, it lured him, it begged him to open it with unspoken words, but he knew that if he opened the box he was lost. he Knew that if he opened the red package he would never be the same again.

In just two days he had been broken and remade. Manipulated, tempted and forced if not raped, but he had done it all willingly and he knew that door had been opened that would be almost impossible to close. He reached for the box, his hand withdrew and he sipped his mug of coffee instead.

The box sat on the table and begged to be opened.
It longed to be opened, it burned his mind.
Sat there and tempted him...

Scene Five: Choice

Terry sat on the plane and stared out of the window. Here at twenty thousand feet all he could see were clouds below and the sun above. Glimpses of the Andaman Sea shone azure occasionally and then the clouds closed again. In one hand lay a sheet of paper written in an elegant hand that promised the world and nothing.

Dear little bitch,

You have opened the box, passed the test, and will soon be in my collection of men who love only what I can give, a life of profound, intense and degrading service. Service that you have already tasted and will need to act out again and again for my amusement.

To begin to please me is the best that you can hope to achieve in your life, so surrender to your need to be mine.

No one will know where you have gone, no one will care. You will vanish and become my property and all the joy of that service will fill you to the brim. Use the enclosed ticket to journey to my palace wearing the small token of my ownership as it should be worn. You belong to me now and know that you can do nothing but serve me forever...

I know that you will do this even though you know that you will never return, even though you know that I will change and twist you according to my merest whim. You know that you can never have me, no one can have me! You will never ever do anything but perform bizarre entertainments for my gratification. That is your future and it is too sweet to avoid.

That is the prospect that I offer you and the one that I know that you just cannot resist.

Your Owner,

Princess Jum Pruangmanee

In his hands was a heavy metal ring in two parts that he had found in the box when he had opened it. When it closed it could clearly never be removed, it would constrict its victim's cock and hold balls tight and stretched. In the ruthless and affectionate care of this ring a man would shrink, be semi-emasculated, lose his masculinity, his future and his will to resist the woman who had given it for him to wear willingly for her.

Terry rose and strolled down the aisle of the plane to the bathrooms. He entered and dropped his jeans to inspect himself as a complete man for the very last time. Finally, he scrutinised the ring and pressed the two halves over his cock. The bayonet fittings clicked into the holes with finality and he was hers.

Enclosed, the balls were two shiny sensitive spheres that were separated and emerged from the ring under the trapped cock that had been his pride and joy. His cock swollen between the bars of its new prison.

He was hers, now. In an hour he would be in Bangkok and he would vanish. Who knew what awaited? Only his princess... Terry knew this for a fact. And he longed for it... He craved it.

The End