





# Three Times Three

An adult female domination tale

by

Irene C

**Synopsis:**

*Three women. Three paths. Three parts. A mystery, a murder and a fraud come together to make a perfect statement.*

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This short tale is a conceit, from a writer who knows no safe words, for there are none in her vocabulary. It is dedicated to all those who have stuck with me through thick and thin. Those that bought my writings. Those that have read and enjoyed them and those that pretend to understand them, for the author herself, certainly does not... This one is a gift, an outlying moonstone amongst the pebbles.

### **Selene**

Selene's *average* albedo is 0.12

No one has ever set foot on Selene.

No one ever will.

Ever...

She orbits no one, she has all the gravity.

She remains inviolate, distant, untouchable...

You will understand by the end and come back to this...

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## Opening Introductions

*The moon is high,  
in indigo sky,  
To lover's lust and lovers' sigh.  
Untouchable is she,  
no reasoning why,  
There is no man,  
with whom she'd fly.*

## Interview with a Slut

'I see that you have *some* experience as a receptionist,' said James Carmann QC with a small smile. 'After college, three years as a receptionist at an ophthalmic surgery and then six months in a jewellery shop. Mm. Tell me a little about yourself and what you think that you can bring to the job that the other candidates cannot?'

He sat back in his chair and put his fingertips together. Natalie smiled nervously and started her little speech. Despite her youth there was something more mature about the girl. 'I am customer focussed, friendly and able to deal with difficult clients,' she said. 'I know that my typing is a little slow and that I have never did achieve much in school, but I believe that I have a lot to give... I have this as well...'

Natalie placed a small folder on the desk with a smile and he picked it up and flicked through the photos. 'My ambition is to become a model,' she said. 'Lingerie, dessous and jewellery are a sort of specialisation...'

'That's very good,' he said with a small smile as he looked at the revealing photos and then back to the primly dressed young woman who he was interviewing. 'Of course, many of the candidates for this job are far better qualified and experienced than you and it would require something special... We are looking for a person who goes that *extra* mile, who realises that a job like this is *not* just sitting behind a desk and greeting our clients; in other words, a person who has the company's best interests at heart and can display skills that are, perhaps, not appropriately listed on a curriculum.'

As he spoke, Natalie nodded vacantly and James leaned forward to emphasise his point. Nathalie was one of three candidates for the job. By far and away the most attractive, by far the most poorly-qualified. James took in the wide eyes, the pert nose, the slim neck and the impressive rounded breasts that he could not easily pull his eyes from.

'Some qualifications are, shall we say, innate. Natural abilities that come to the fore when it is necessary to go that bit *further!* Of course, the post is just part time at the moment, three late afternoons a week...'

'Ooh,' said Nathalie almost with a slight lisp. 'I like the sound of that!'

'As senior partner, I decide who is taken on,' said James. 'That means that you must impress *me*, here and now! What can you show me that will convince me?' It seemed that at last, Nathalie was starting to understand what he was hinting at and she smiled brightly and unbuttoned the top button of her top. The effect of that one button being loosened caused a cascade, as all of the buttons below then popped open and the glory of her large breasts were to be seen, nipples hazed by the silky lace, they seemed to swell and James knew that he was hooked.

'Is that enough, or is the competition even stronger?' James could feel a rising need. The girl was like a living Barbie-doll, all curves and swellings, toned and tanned. Brash makeup, all pinks and apricots. Lips pouting as she fumbled to close the buttons. 'The competition is very keen so far,' he lied and he could feel his tone grow hoarse as he contemplated the mindless girl struggling to do up her top even as her hands pushed those delicious breasts upward. 'This is a nice desk,' said Nathalie in a complete switch of subject as if the huge desk was at all important. 'Would I get a desk like this one?'

James started to chuckle, but the sound stopped abruptly as he felt the heel of her stiletto run the course of his calf. 'It could be such a good hiding place!' she lisped. He gasped as the heel reached his ankle, lifted and then came to rest on the edge of his seat, the sole of her shoe pressing forward between his thighs to push at his growing erection.

'Hiding place?' he croaked. Interviews rarely moved this quickly.

James, selecting suitable candidates via his lust, firing each when they became stale or threatened his marriage or were simply becoming a bore. Nathalie was turning the pages of his script at a furious pace, often it took well over a week and a few threats to reach this point!

Her smile disappeared below the lip of the desk and she was gone. Hands opening his knees and her body between his thighs. There was a pause and the delicate bra was placed on the far side of the desk by a fumbling manicured hand coming from below and he heard her voice from under the desk, laced with a coquettish girlish tone. 'Breasts or lips?'

James looked down to his lap for the first time to see her fluttering eyelashes, the full lips and the plump hanging breasts that now hid her knees. 'Lips,' he said and almost immediately regretted the choice and then he was glad.

'My favourite...!' Nathalie's hands slowly undid his pants and long fingers slid into the gap to grasp his erection and press down the material of his trousers. She smiled and then looked down at the small thing in her hands and cooed.



'I have a bit of a thing for smaller men,' she said. 'and, they have a bit of a thing for me...' Her lips opened, her eyes looked up at him and she slipped over him, taking him into the wetness as her tongue lapped the length of him.

'Oh, fuck,' breathed James. 'Jesus Christ, you are so good...'

Her face lifted and his cock slid from her lips. 'Am I getting the job?' she asked. 'Tell me if you need *more* experience from me...'

'Mm,' was all that he could say as the face buried itself in his crotch again, swallowing him whole. Massaging and sucking as he started to feel himself fall. Her hands flat on his thighs, her lips on the root of him, the lacy bra on the desk, the sounds of her draining him, the smooth neck and back that rippled and James knew that he had found the candidate who *exactly* fitted his requirements.

'Are you ready to come, Sir?' she asked before she swallowed him yet again.

'Oh, fuck yes...'

The small point of no return, the coursing of blood in his head, the blonde on her knees with her eyes open and his balls gave their best... their all. A moment later, Nathalie was sitting in front of the desk again. Her tongue was licking a small drop of creamy come from her lips and James Carmann was signing the employment contract.

This time, she had no problem closing her top.

## Interview with a Courtesan

Pale creamy brick, Georgian and four storeys tall. A curved row of houses, each with a portico, shallow steps to the door as if time had stood still and a carriage and four would, at any moment, clatter to a halt and liveried coachmen would open the door of the carriage. Now, black limousines were parked where the coaches had pulled to, the houses were embassies or offices and only a few still were occupied as residences.

They had secrets, those houses between Mayfair and Park Lane. Legations with consuls that had become rich upon the backs of the poverty-stricken lands that they purported to represent. Dictatorships that declaimed in the language of democracy and freedom, but oppressed like petty tyrants. Occasional residences of men who professed emphatic religious beliefs that they contradicted in secluded casinos and brothels, when out of the public eye. Another address, a discreet place where clients surrendered themselves to debauched pastimes, yet another a so-private bank that concealed clients' incomes as well as it hid its own purpose facing the street.

Omar Abdullah Qum entered the street from the bustle of Grosvenor Square and strolled past the familiar Georgian houses. To a detached onlooker he would have looked like a Middle-Eastern tourist who had wandered from the shops and emporiums of Regent Street in error. Jeans and a worn leather jacket, scuffed trainers and a camera slung at his neck. Today he was alone, the bodyguards and minders, chauffeurs and hangers-on discarded, and left far behind as he sought that which was his oh-so *private* pleasure.

Unselfconsciously, he stepped the five broad steps to the door and pressed the bell. Subtle, but on this house, there was no brass sign proclaiming the-not-so-subtle subtle business that was transacted within. The net curtains prevented any peek at the interiors, it looked as if it were one of the few on the row that were actually private residences. In a way it was, those that inhabited the house possibly lived here, but also, they entertained their paying guests...

Perhaps more than private. The door opened, and Omar stepped into the hallway. Now he could see the pretty domestic that stood almost out of sight in the shadows and a rising sense of need rose in him that always materialised when that faint fragrance of rose-attar reached his nostrils. The door closed, leaving the hallway in shadows and the maid silently turned and led him up the stairway. The click of her heels on the stone, the bouquet that filled his senses, the perfectly straight seams of stockings with a small hint at each step of the creamy thighs. This was what he paid for, this is what made the fantasy perfect. The seamless delusion of perfection that made his fantasy whole.

At the top of the stairs, a balustrade swept with a view of the antechamber of the house, the maid leading Omar ever deeper into the only place in the world where the realities of his life were ignored, the arms-deals and deceits were of no importance

and the power that he revelled in were naught and just dust at her feet. The maid beckoned him with a crooked finger, the small mask over her face like porcelain.

Omar had never seen the faces of the women who drifted like dreams, masked and inviolate, they were the rulers in this small haven of femininity. The maid could be the mistress of the house, the mistress the maid, Omar would never know. The feminine mystery, all part of the experience.

He answered to the gloved beckoning finger and entered the hallows. A room with shadows. A bedroom where sleep was never entertained, but dreams were lived in this world of sorrows. The door closed and Omar smiled at his conceits. This was what his riches bought and he was *such* a dilettante. On the inside of the door was no handle, permission to leave was entirely at the mercy of his mistress. The bed, with discrete fetters, the wardrobe a cell where a man could pay in solitary for his minor misdeeds. The wooden chest that was both a whipping stool and confinement for those who disobeyed, the changing room where a man could be chained at the feet of the woman who selected her costume.

For years, Omar had frequented this house, this room and the women that were paid to play. Carefully, he stripped and folded his clothes, placing them out of sight in the small chest that hid the costumes of the real world from this one. Naked, he was impressive, toned and sculptured, masculine and strong. His breathing moved from shallow to deep, his manhood swelling and his excitement rising.

This is what he paid for in gold. This deep moment when he transformed from Omar Abdullah Qum, the man at the centre of a web of violence to become the man who would serve a bright silver goddess who held the reins of power, here in her domain.

The door opened and Omar gasped...

...as he always did.

Femininity, sexuality and allure. In matt black, a costume that moulded to every curve of her body. Covering every inch of skin, an integument that fitted so perfectly that not even a crease was to be seen as she moved. Only her eyes and the very tips of her fingers uncovered. A long ponytail of platinum white-blonde hair flowing from the opening in the hood, trailing like electrum over her shoulders.

Her hips and narrow waist, a dangling bell between her thighs that tinkled as it swayed with each step. From the smooth triangle stood a fearsome instrument of violation. Her feet arched in tightly laced boots, the only adornment breaking the blackness of her body, a tiny gold key that hung from her wrist as she trailed the long whip behind her to snake on the thick carpet.

The goddess' eyes inspected him, devouring every naked inch, from his strong-jawed face to the locked gold ring between his thighs. The hand with the whip twitched, causing a smooth wave to ripple the length of the braided leather and

Omar fell to his knees and bent his face to the floor. Now the pointed toes of her boots came into his view, presenting themselves at his lips for the greeting that was expected.

He felt nails drag on his back and Omar shivered with yearning. Every order, every service demanded was silent, a small movement of the hand, the kiss of that whip, a hand that would run a sharp nail the length of him, the movement of a boot. His eyes took in the needle-like spurs that formed a serried row of agony from heel to the very tips of her spikes and he knew that today he would be ridden like a mare, fucked like a whore and forced to come in a fountain across the patent leather that stretched over her feet.

The boot moved with its owner, turning on the point of a heel to present the savage spurs that would be blessed by his lips before they tore at the flesh of his flanks. A symbol of acceptance that was required, each tool of her superiority being blessed before ruthlessly being used to make him implore for her to take him.

Force a fountain of gratification. The tail of the whip pulled through his vision, pulling Omar to follow to the place that she had decided would be suitable for his punishment. Oftentimes the bed, occasionally the rings set in the walls, this time the padded chest where he would be whipped with languid strokes.

Omar crawled at her feet, not daring to look up at the woman that owned him so easily. Paid but no servant. He mounted the chest, with arms dangling and thighs parting, his erect cock pressed against the hardwood. Only one restraint was needed to hold him helpless for his silver mistress. A thin chain that locked to the broad ring that circled his balls. It sufficed to pin him to the place where the punishment would begin, preventing him from slipping from her grasp...

He felt the length of the whip draw over his back and thighs in a slow prelude. The points of her nails on his hard erection, the small sound of the bell as she enjoyed the tension and lengthened the interval between surrender and that agony to come. He saw her legs and ankles, the knees parting as she squatted and gently took the bell in her fingers. The chain tightened, an opening became visible below the hard-black cock at her groin. The flesh swelled forth, taut and smooth, the single mark of recognition revealed. No larger than the touch of a fingertip, the symbol that was his entire focus. From a pack of cards, a spade symbol in black that perched over the opening of that heavenly slit. Wet with her touch, marking the limit of the opening that he had never been permitted to serve.

She stood, he craned to keep her glistening skin in view, but the touch of a hand pressed upon the back of his head and only her boots were to be seen. A focus as the first stroke of the whip took his breath away and the punishment began.

Omar cried in anguish and then the braided whip cracked again.

Soon the spurs would urge him ever further into her world.  
He would be mounted and taken like a bitch.  
And then, he would lick her boots...  
Beg her to punish him forever.

## Interview with a Consort

'Not now darling, I'm just getting ready... Get your hands off me and go away, I'm in no mood to get frisky!' The husband retreated from her seated figure and stared longingly at the woman who was deeply preoccupied with plucking her eyebrows. Her long fingers used the tweezers with small sharp movements, her nails almost as long as the metal that clicked between them. Every little thing was perfect, carefully groomed and primped to perfection. At thirty, Selene had lost much of her youth, but in its place, had arrived a flawlessness that no immature woman could possibly have emulated.

'Just get Emily to do your tie and wait for me in the hall...'

Frederic looked one last longing time at his wife and picked up a tie. 'Not that one, dear, the red one! You know how I hate blue and it would so clash with my dress...'  
His hand dropped the blue tie, his favourite, and picked up the red one that she had already prepared for him. 'Get the car out ready when you are ready and wait in the hall. I will be along in just a few moments to make sure that everything is in order.'

With a last look at his wife, now attending to eyeliner, Frederic slipped from the room to search for Emily. He found her in the kitchen and mutely held out the red tie. 'One moment,' she said as she washed flour and fat from her hands and moved behind him. That was *his* life, he thought. If he wasn't waiting for Selene, he was waiting for some other woman. Her strong hands lifted his collar and tied the red silk with a flourish, pulling the wings tight and centring the knot.

'There, you look perfect,' said Emily as she moved around to check on her work. 'Now run along and get the car out, I have to get Ma'am's fur stole from the cloakroom.'

Frederic ran along. Rolling the huge Mercedes parallel to the steps and then stepping back into the hall to wait for Selene. For a moment, he considered smoking a small cigar outside while he waited, but he knew that it would just invite a disdainful look from Selene.

As always, she arrived in state. Stepping down the wide steps as if arriving to receive an Oscar. The deep red-black shimmers of the sheath that ran from low décolletage to her ankles, the outrageously high heels, the perfectly matched small purse on her shoulder and the long arms enveloped in tight smooth gloves with finger tips emerging to show the perfect manicure.

Selene reached the bottom of the staircase and waited as Emily added the thick black stole to her shoulders and adjusted it to drape *just* so. At last, she smiled as she caught sight of herself in the mirror by the door. 'All of the men will be so jealous of you,' she said with a smile. There was no doubt that she was correct, but Selene was referring to herself. Selene would be crowded by all those rich men who wished that they had wives who were even half as attractive as her. If they only knew the

truth, they would not be so eager... Selene was untouchable, perfect and so very distant. Once a year, *perhaps*, Frederic was permitted to touch her silver flawlessness, sully her with his sweaty desperation...

He opened the door and Selene sailed past, the stirring air of her passing carrying the perfume of her past his nostrils, leaving behind a rigidity that matched her inflexibility. Her favourite, attar of white roses... it filled the car as they rode.

Her foot extended, the shapely leg. The heel kissed the red carpet and Selene slid, fluid and desirable, just a few steps as her husband tossed the keys to the valet. She did not offer an arm or a hand to him, he found himself a pace behind as she passed the doorman as if floating and then, they were inside the milling crowd.

As Suez parted before Moshe, Selene carried all before her. Those at this élite event were peacocks displaying both their wealth and compassion for all to see. Cash and hearts on their sleeves, proving their social status and benevolence at the yearly charity ball.

If Selene had been fascinating and faultless before, now she was desirable and perfect. Frederic trailed in her wake, noticing the lustful stares from the men and green envy from the women. She kissed without touching, leaving her lipstick unsullied. Greeted even those that she only knew by sight, feeling her way to the very centre of the multitude, greeting with small nods and acknowledgements until she slid into the knot of men and women who were the heart of her world.

Bankers and traders, politicians, movers and shakers. Many with no real well-defined source of wealth. A few words here and a few there, as if to prove that her mind matched her body, words that were paid attention-to seriously while the men with their near-perfect companions secretly speculated on her charms and stripped her in their imaginations.

Frederic added his own few words and comments, but they were passed over as of no import and he became silent and reached for her hand. Selene shook him off with a small disdainful glance, leaving him in her shadow, while she made love to her attentive following. Inside he boiled with indignation, but his face bore a smile, as they made their way to the table marked with their names.

Three couples, as close to the podium as was possible, each couple representative of the entire room. To the left of Frederic, a handsome Arabic man and his wife fashionably swathed in silk. To the right a European with his pretty, but dumpy wife in a mass of jewellery and make-up. By Frederic's side, Selene, the wife who treated him as a door opener, a fashion accessory and a passport to the events that she revelled in.

The speeches began, the endless ego-stroking of those with everything that deigned to throw a few coppers to the less fortunate whom they disdained and despised.

Frederic sat and watched the occupiers of the seats at the table rather than the various luminaries that took their places at the podium in tedious succession. He imagined their stories, indulged his fantasies of their companions and suddenly realised that he was jealous.

Selene the perfect, Selene the empress of femininity and cold sexual desire, Selene the woman so out of his reach! Selene the flawless wife. She was all these things and more but, most of all she was Selene the untouchable. Selene the unreachable, Selene the queen of lost hope, Queen of tears, Mistress of inaccessibility, Selene the wife who had Frederic in the palm of her hand. Selene who doled out sex as a miser donates to the unfortunate.

Frederic knew that the only thing keeping her by his side was that prenup, the three sheets of paper that would leave her on the street. If he divorced her, and he never would, then *she* would get millions, if she divorced him, then there was *nothing* for her. Nothing at all.

A delicate trap indeed for both. The winner was the one that managed to hold out beyond the stamina of the other. It was Frederic that was at the point of cracking... but Selene just had to be in complete control.

Always.



## Intermediate Elaborations

### Safe Sex

On Friday, by the afternoon, the office always ground to a halt, staff leaving early, as soon as they completed their tasks, as the barristers and legal clerks headed for their weekend homes. All apart from a last one-or-two who might spend the weekend in the empty office researching or preparing their briefs for Monday.

Nathalie idled at her computer, ignoring the others that chatted the afternoon away. While she read, she practised the signature of a man who had died years before. The illegible scribble of a man who had signed a million documents or more in his life, a man that she had met just once. She sat at the small desk tucked by James' door while he interviewed a client, guarding the door and smiling vacantly across the emptying office. Knowing smirks from the other office workers, and the way that they avoided her socially showed that they understood exactly the reason that the attractive woman had been hired. What her office-skills consisted of...

In a couple of months', she would be gone again and another large-breasted secretary would take her place. It did not seem that Nathalie took offence, she sat quietly, typing the one or two letters that were required and slipped into the senior partner's office occasionally and the others winked and made comments.

The frosted glass door opened and a couple emerged from the office and, without a word to each other, they strode through the office in a hurry as if they could not even bear to breathe the same air. James appeared and looked over his domain. He leaned on the frame of the door and shrugged before beckoning Nathalie inside. Nathalie took the top page of her pad and dropped the sheet into the shredder by her desk.

'Nathalie, if you please...' said James.

She smiled up at him and slowly stood. Every movement of the girl seemed a provocation. The slow way she pulled her legs under the chair and stood, the way that she walked with a tip of the hips. Her straight carriage and fluttering eyelashes. As the door closed one of the middle-aged secretaries made a small '*Pfaw*' sound that signified disdain and she pushed her breasts out in imitation of the frosty -blonde who was undoubtedly already closing her lips around a rigid cock.

'Mr and Mrs Prior will be returning on Monday to sign these,' said James, indicating a neat document bound with a red ribbon. 'The final settlement.'

'Sir,' said Nathalie indifferently. James looked at her and was struck by the contrast to Nathalie's intelligence and her physical beauty. One was definitely lacking, the other made up for it in spades. He started to wonder if he would have to explain it in words of one syllable...

'I want you here on Monday morning first thing...' She looked at the papers and then back to his face.

'I'm sorry, but Monday I have a booking at the tanning studio...' James felt himself frustrated by her insouciance and pointed again at the papers. Now he spoke in slow tones as if Nathalie was a child.

'This is very important, Nathalie, because I won't be here. All you have to do is to make sure that Mike is here to sign as witness after the Pierces sign and then place the file in my safe...'

'I really just can't miss my appointment,' persisted Nathalie. 'I have to purge the bikini line before my holiday! I thought that I was only supposed to work on Thursday and Friday...'

James nodded. Nathalie was white as snow, no sign at all of a tan... 'I understand, but this is very important and I can't just go giving access to my safe to anybody! Come in on Monday and you can take the rest of the week off...'

She looked at him as though calculating the deal and then smiled. The balance seemed in equilibrium. 'If you insist. But, if you're not here on Monday, what will I do for the rest of the day?'

'Go home,' he muttered.

'Oh, that's nice, I suppose that I should thank you?' She lowered to her knees and looked up at him with blinking eyes. Her hands raised to his crotch and started to unzip his pants, but he stopped her and, grasping her wrists, pulled her standing.

'I have to show you how to open the safe...'

'No need, I'll just put it all in my desk...'

'No, *these* need to be locked away,' he said. 'On Monday, when Mike gives you the files, put the papers in the safe, and then go to your appointment. That's all. I'll be back on Wednesday from my long weekend and will sort the rest out...'

'With your wife?' The only time that Nathalie ever became animated was when another woman was mentioned. Almost as if other women were the only thing that could bring her into the real world from her inverted universe of manicures, tanning studios, fashion and beauty magazines.

'Of course, I promised her a jaunt on the yacht...'

'Oh, that's nice,' she said unconvincingly.

Another strange thing with Nathalie, thought James to himself. This was the first bimbo that he had ever hired who seemed to have no ambition at all to supplant his wife. She sucked his cock as he slipped it between her breasts, mounted him with enthusiasm on his office chair and the occasional night in a hotel, pushed him to the point of sexual madness with her body, but ambitions of marrying him... there seemed to be none! If she were not so totally brainless, Nathalie would have been perfect, but even after just three weeks he was starting to realise that she could not even manage the most basic of tasks. 'Let me show you,' he said as he led her by the hand. 'This is how to open it...'

Nathalie stood and watched as he punched in a number on the keypad and dragged a finger on the fingerprint sensor. The safe made a small sound, a beep and James swung the heavy door open to reveal tightly packed shelves piled with files.

'Put your finger here,' he muttered, taking her hand. Somehow the hand ended up slipping into the top of his pants and he gasped as fingers grasped him. Her body pressed against his and her lips pouted to meet his.

'Wherever you want...' she breathed. It took a monumental effort for him to pull her hand free and hold the finger on the reader and she seemed genuinely disappointed that he wanted her to program the safe and not his obviously needy prick.

'A number as well,' he muttered. '1234...' Best to give the empty headed bitch an easy number... Anyway, on Wednesday he would take her off the system again.

'1234,' she repeated as though struggling to learn. James took her through opening the safe and pointed to the small space at the top of the pile of papers inside.

'Put the file there,' he said as he swung the door closed again and heard the click of the safe closing. 'It's very important that you close the safe properly. Then you can go to your appointment...'

'It's all very complicated,' breathed Nathalie. 'Numbers and switches, it's not really what I am good at, at all.'

She slipped to her knees and her hands burrowed into his pants. In a moment, she had freed his manhood and was cooing at it swelling to show the sensitive tip poking from her palm where her tongue lapped a moment before looking up. James' face was contorted with his struggle to resist, his eyes took in the rounded breasts, the plump lips and the smile that was about to become his pleasure hole. 'Stop, Nathalie...' he breathed, but his will and need balanced on the cusp and a first dribble of precum was already being lapped by willing lips.

'Your cute little cocky needs emptying,' she said slowly and her hand retreated as lips closed around him. 'I can do that...'

'Fuck,' he breathed, and all that he could do was surrender to the wetness and suction that pulled him into her face.

A female voice outside the office door. James jumped away from the kneeling woman and had just managed to pull his zipper high as the door to the office opened and a short overweight woman stormed in.

'Like this?' asked Nathalie, switching from bitch to secretary in an instant. Kneeling by the safe, she ran her finger over the sensor and punched in her code. The safe clicked and the door swung open. Nathalie looked up at her boss and licked a dribble of come from her lower lip.

'Er, perfect,' said James as he looked up to see his wife standing watching.

'I have been waiting in reception for ten minutes,' she said. 'The flight is in three hours...'

'I just had to finish off here,' said James. He turned back to the kneeling bimbo and said, 'Now close it...'

She shut the safe door and it clicked and whirred. 'Is that right, James?'

'Everything is perfect,' he said to her. 'Now remember. The Priors sign with Mike as witness, then you place the file in the safe and that's it...'

James' wife stood with her hands on her hips looking down at the vision of sexuality that smiled serenely back at her and made a small sound in her throat. 'Now. Now! We have to leave *now!*' she insisted.

As if to prove her possession of James, his wife linked him and dragged him towards the door. 'Straight to the airport, the luggage is in the limo...' The door closed and Nathalie slowly stood. She wandered to the door and opened it. The office was empty but for a single woman sitting at her desk and a man with a trolley who was piling papers on his cart for shredding. With a little wiggle of the hips, she sat back at her desk and started filing her nails.

Half an hour later, the office was empty. One of the reception-security passed through and latched at the blonde at the desk who seemed to be idly surfing the Internet before passing on to the rest of his hourly round.

On the screen, documents appeared and disappeared. The standard formats of agreements and contracts. Nathalie seemed to have cast off her inattentive mood and flicked through them to find the one that she was looking for. A touch of the mouse and the printer behind her spat out the document onto letter-headed paper and she gathered it and flicked the pages to check that it was complete.

Document in hand, Nathalie entered James' office and opened the safe with a few touches and started to search. It seemed that the vast stack of documents was sorted to a simple order. Oldest at the bottom, each bundle bound with a coloured ribbon that denoted a year.

'Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen...' she counted under her breath as the years flicked by. Reaching ten, she carefully pulled the bundle free and held her breath. Either they were here or in the depository in the basement. She could only hope that they were here, because the depository would be difficult to search. To gain entry to... She remembered a blue cover on the document that she sought and pulled all three blue folders out carefully, making sure that order was maintained.

It was the second... A blue bound folder with just ten pieces of paper. She opened it and felt her heart clap with recognition. The pre-nup, the jackpot! It was then that she realised a problem. The newly printed papers in her hand had the new letterhead, the contents of the folder had the old-style logo. A serious problem, but one that she had already anticipated.

It had to be perfect. The office was still empty, the security guard would not return for forty minutes. Rapidly she matched the letterheads to the various small bundles of papers in her desk drawer before settling on a match. Once again, she printed the papers and folded the other copy to place it in her voluminous handbag.

Back in James' office she switched the new copies to the blue cover and initialled all the sheets before ending with a flourish at the bottom. Then she worked her way through the sheets again, this time with her well-practised copy of her pathetic husband's signature. Last touch was the witness.

Instead of copying his mark, she added the squiggle of a lawyer who had died three years before. The only real risk, but it ensured that he could not be called in to verify his penmanship. James and her husband would not remember who had been called in to witness the document...

Reassembling the stack for two-thousand and ten, she carefully put the safe back into order and breathed a sigh as the safe clicked closed. She locked the office, rooted through her drawers to make sure that no personal items remained and then dusted it down carefully with tissues that she then ran through the shredder.

Satisfied that everything was in order, Nathalie slipped from the office into the steep stairwell of the fire escape and took off her shoes. She padded down the ten stories, going down, but her mood was on the up and up. At last she was at the bottom where two doors presented themselves. One past security, the other with a simple push-bar to the street.

With shoes back on, she pulled her hair back and tied it in place before slipping on the baseball cap folded in her purse. Then she reached up to a small metal box just over the door. Nathalie could just about reach with her heels on and she lifted the lid and pulled the green wire carefully from its clip. When she slipped from the building, into the alley at the back of the offices, all that the outside camera saw was a woman in black, face covered, carefully looking away who strolled out of view.

The recording feed was most unfortunately, now disconnected.

## Unsafe Sex

Omar felt the warmth of her foot through the leather. The slight indentations between the toes where his lips pressed, the stiffness of the surface giving a little to allow that intimate awareness. Something treasured, something that she was giving without realising it. A small secret knowledge that somehow gave him just a little power over the situation. The foot moved slightly, urging him to attend to it as she demanded and he kept his eyes down to avoid another stroke of the long cane in her hand.

He was just an animal at her feet, a pet that she played with and trained for her amusement, as though the vast sums that he paid her were of no consequence. Just the three of them. The mistress, the pet and the maid who stood now by the door. Two of the occupants of the bedroom were masked, Omar would never know who they were, he was gagged, but recognisably Omar, even though his jaws were held wide and his body was criss-crossed by tight straps and the purple welts of his beating.

The mistress almost never spoke, she just *required*. A small tap on his rear, caused Omar to move slowly across the floor. Crawling on elbows and knees, his hands and feet fettered to shoulders and thighs. Helpless and ungainly, truly at the mercy of the goddess who owned him even though he had bought her.

There was no safe word, no limits to any scene. The limits were set by the latex deity whom he served. The only boundary was the joint knowledge that he might not return to the anonymous house in Mayfair. When he had finally arrived at where his mistress required, he found that he was looking up at the golden throne that she had installed for this moment. Plush velvet seat, lion's paws for feet and a high back that would frame the user from below. Omar saw her ankles pass his face and she sat on the throne in state, looking down at him with a small smile. Omar looked up and felt a dribble of drool leave his lips to drip from his chin.

The scene was so powerful that he forgot that he had paid for this, that he was the client and she the servitor. Instead he marvelled at her body, the long legs emphasised by smooth latex, the knitted and knotted laces of her boots, the small bell that hung from the chain that fell over the edge of her throne and the rounded breasts that overhung her thighs. He marvelled at the intense need in him.

Her hair was black, black as pitch. It flowed from the suit in a mist over her shoulders and suddenly Omar wondered if this was the same woman as last time! She had been blonde, almost to whiteness... The mask of her face, matte and smooth, seemed the same. Her build and the intimacy with which she controlled him were all the same, but a doubt filled him and suddenly he was thrown from the fantasy by his thoughts.

The mistress opened herself for him. The same small tattoo, the same delicious sex that parted at the opening. The same hands that stroked herself and the same red lips that opened slightly to emit a slow sigh of satisfaction. She was the same, but

different! This time, there was something altered in her mien. A subtle contentment that had not been there last week and Omar started to wonder at his sensitivity to her mood.

The cane in her hand was a birch rod, stripped of bark to whiteness. Six feet of almost-whip with a red-stained tattered tip that spoke of the punishment that he endured so far. It dipped and then sped, laying a stroke along the length of his back, causing him to jump a little just as he felt hands behind him. Parting the cheeks of his ass and the slight murmur of someone behind him, pressing at his raised feet and parting him as if to...

Omar gurgled, another drip of drool strung from chin to floor and something hard started to enter him from behind. It pressed against him, adding pressure as it found its mark. Fingers held his ringed balls and played with them, before closing to a grip that would not allow him to escape being fucked.

Violated by the maid... He looked helplessly at the mistress on her throne.

She had opened her thighs and leaned towards him and her lips seemed to curve into a wry smile. Her hands took the bell and shook it before pulling just a little to force the zipper up between her legs. He watched as flesh was exposed, from the tattoo to her belly. A smooth hairless skin that was the most Omar had ever seen of her.

'This is the penultimate time...!' It was not the first time that the willing slave had ever heard his mistress' voice. But, it was a rare moment that she deigned to speak to her slave. She had a low voice that entranced him. He so wanted to speak, to beg to serve that perfect cunt, but all that emerged was a gurgle as the maid behind him pressed home and the tip of the rod in the mistress' hand touched his lower back.

'Good boy,' she said with a small laugh. 'The time has come for you to be used... fucked. I will fuck you, bitch, you just don't know it yet!' The hand lifted, the long arc of the willow with it, and Omar gasped as he was pierced. Never before had another *directly* taken part in their games, everything was different. He could feel his cock strain and jerk, rubbing on his belly as it reached full extent. The hand slowly crept over naked skin and parted that delicious hole, to show that it was as wet as his drooling mouth.

Teased and played. Now he could feel the maid's thighs pressing him hard. Fully inside him, she moved a little to fuck him slowly. A cadence of thighs and gasping as the sweet spot was found and Omar made a small sound that could have been the whining of a puppy, but from the mouth of a man who was imprisoned by the fantasy. He watched mistress, she filled his vision and he knew that he was her slave forever...



A mounting pressure inside. He could not resist, this was the deepest the fantasy had ever been. Not because of the violation, not because he was fettered like an animal. Not because she was in complete control, but because there was a feeling of intimacy and connection that had never been extant before.

Mistress came with a sigh. A gentle climax that welled from within her perfection and had little to do with the fingers that strummed at her clitoris. She leaned forward to watch as her helpless slave gasped and shuddered in the throes of his own surrender. Fucked by the maid who had found that location deep inside that triggered release that was unaccompanied by climax. His prick jerked up and down at each stroke, his gasping mouth wider than the ring that held it open. The rocking of his bound body, muscles flexing and wracking as he was forced to drain.

'The penultimate...' she repeated to him as though to a child as her finger reached down to follow his chin. 'The last is by far and away the best fuck of all!' Omar's mind was mazed by her words. How could she do this to him? How could she bring this to an end? Just when it was bearing low sweet fruit? How much would he have to pay to be her only slave? Twice what he was paying, ten times?

The waters broke, the hard cock of the maid pressed home one last time and then slowly withdrew, but it was too late to prevent the deluge. The flood of come that drained from his cock to the floor as sensation was replaced by a void.

It seemed that his mistress was satisfied and she flicked her wrist to disconnect her maid from her client. The touch of willow on a shoulder and a retreat. Omar felt himself seal closed and then the dribble of come that welled from his ass and dripped warm down his thighs.

He saw her hands lower and then felt their touch as the gag was stripped from his face. Still panting with the aftermath of being taken from behind he looked up and saw that mistress was covering herself. Pulling at the tiny bell, the ripe, slick flesh became a smooth rounded surface of latex where just a hint of her form was implied by the path of the teeth of the zipper.

'Next time is the last,' she said. 'If...'

Omar managed to speak. 'The last? Please, please, mistress...'

She placed a finger on her lips to signal him to silence. 'I have decided. When I decide it is the end, then it is the end...' He moved his lips, but knew better than to speak. 'That's good! Next time I think that you will be rewarded with something that you have never been permitted to experience,' she said in that sweet voice. 'Perhaps!'

Omar could feel the come trickle on his thighs as though it was the only contact on his skin. As though the resting willow wand on his back were not there. As though

the straps that bound him tight did not exist, as though the ache in his limbs did not exist. 'Then there is this...' Her hand extended and the tiny gold key hung from its chain.

'It is yours forever,' said Omar. 'I never want to be released!'

'How sweet, but in the end, every man must part from his mother's arms. Even you!'

He looked down and swayed a little to kiss the toes of her boots. 'What do I have to do?'

'There is nothing that you can do, it is at the end. Another will be here, another who will take you in hand and teach you respect. Train you to give yourself...'

Omar's eyes filled with tears and mistress reached down to pat his head. 'Such sweet sorrow,' she whispered. 'That I shall say good night till it be morrow.'

'I can never change your mind?' he asked hopelessly.

You can never change *my* mind,' she smiled. 'But you can make the last assignation perfect for me. Then the key will be passed and you will belong to another!' Her hand plucked a small envelope from the side of the chair and passed it to his mouth. His lips closed on it and he looked up as a tear bled down his cheek.

Mistress unfolded like a flower. A black rose that swelled and became a standing vision in black. She patted Omar on the top of his head and slowly walked from the room. An hour later, Omar Abdullah Qum, purveyor of death and destruction, sat in the small café and opened the envelope with care. Inside was a single slip of paper where a cursive hand had inscribed an instruction.

*James Carmann QC must pay in blood for his crimes.*

*James Carmann QC sullied what he could never have.*

*James Carmann QC despoiled what was not owned by him.*

He folded the paper, the thrice-written name indelibly inscribed in his mind. This was the condition, the payment that his goddess required. All he could think of was her promise, her offer of that final reward. Omar slowly tore the envelope and paper into small shreds. Smaller and smaller until the confetti of the message was cupped in his hands. He lifted the bun of the burger and sprinkled the contents of his hand over the sauce and pickles before tucking into the best meal that he had eaten in years.

James Carmann QC was dead men walking...

## Surprise Sex

Selene moved like mercury flowing on an imperceptible slope. Each step an allure, each sway of the hips a temptation, each swing of her hand the grace of a cat. Dressed, she was framed perfection, naked she was the very mind and intention of the artist.

Frederic could not see more than a shifting shadow moving by, but his imagination filled the gaps as he felt the silk sheets pulled aside and her body slipped into the bed beside him. Selene did this to him, caused him to fantasise about what he should have possessed, humbled him to the point that he never dared ask. Caused him to dare to touch, a foolish dare that he never risked.

She would lie beside him, venturing him to risk everything by presuming to touch and he would just lie and sweat as he imagined those few times when he had been permitted to sully her perfection. He counted on his fingers the times and found that he did not have to use any finger twice. Eight years of marriage and five times! Three of those on the long nights after the wedding. Every man envied him, every man that he knew longed to possess Selene, but she was owned by no man. He could not even be sure that she owned herself...

The thought sent him into a rapture as he imagined Selene writhing on the sheets as her hands gave her the pleasure that he could not supply. Was not permitted to give... 'Darling,' she murmured in the dark.

'Mm.'

He did not even dare to speak any words, anything that would risk upsetting her. That was how much he was in thrall to his deity! He dared not even pray to her... 'I have something that we need to discuss...' Ah, there it went, fluttering away. The hope of being allowed to touch and hold fled from his mind and all that remained were her wishes. Selene lived in a world where her wishes were always fulfilled. The wishes of others, mere needless spider silk. Tokens of her superiority.

'And...' He felt her touch him. The very touch of her fingers was electric. A startling and hoped-for contact. The hand slithered down his body, touching chest and nipple, pausing at navel and then coming to rest just above the rising erection that was draining the blood from his brain.

'And... let's make love first...'

Make love! Fuck, join, shag, copulate, lay, couple, breed, screw! Frederic dared to reach out and touch her. His fingers came to rest on her smooth breast and she did not turn away from him. Wriggle and complain or simply brush him off with a few words chosen to take away the lust for his perfect wife. Selene consented!

Her hand recommenced its progress to close on the root of him and move a little as if suggestive of the possibilities. Frederic found himself in the midst of another calculation. Times that he had fucked her was five, times that she had consented to play a little, another five. That made ten times in all, each a moment of glory... Which was this? How would the count reach eleven?

The hand cupped his balls and he felt her turn to face him. His own hand stroked and teased and Frederic bit his lip as he tried not to make any move that would suck the mood from his wife. He dared to move lower. Over the waxed skin, the smooth mound that was his ultimate goal.

But he took his time. Each single inch, a test of her accord. He could feel her breath on his lips and he pursed, but she moved again and the kiss was not to be. The sex was to be impersonal, distant, a purging of instinct and not a joining of passion. Her thigh slid over his, and then again. The weight of her on his body as she slowly sat upright and laughed. Her night-black hair tumbled over her shoulders.

'Don't be so shy, Freddy, I want you inside me...'

He gasped. The grip of her hand swelled him to contact. The sensitive tip of him rubbing on her swollen flesh and his mind became focussed on that contact. He could feel her weight, the bearing down and his hands reached to her breasts. 'No touching, Freddy...' as she brushed him away. No touching! The contact between her thighs was all he could have hoped for as she slipped down the pole of his prick until the wide lips of her cunt pressed his groin. This was touching, both intimate and distant. A ride that could only end in one fashion as she giggled and he pressed upward.

'Are you in a hurry?' she laughed. '*Poor* little Freddy!'

All Frederic could manage was a groan as he climaxed. One stroke, one push into her and he had come! Spurred inside her body, filled her with his seed, while she sat above him and wriggled her hips.

Now she was dismounting. No cries of pleasure from Selene, just a small sigh as if a duty had been done and that was enough for her. Just a little sigh of satisfaction at her power over him, the emphasis of her domination the only release that she craved.

He fell from her and his come slowly sluiced from her. Selene remained straddling her husband and leaned forward. 'Was it good for you?' she asked. He nodded, but was not sure if she could even see his reaction in the dark.

'So, now for our little chat!'

'Selene?'

'I have decided that this is the last time we fuck!'

'The last time?' he repeated. 'Last time! Why?'

'Because there are so many things that I want to do with my life and it is time for us to part!' Suddenly, Frederic was wide awake. Complete attention to her words and tone at this sudden turn of events. The indicator in his head moved from 'part' to 'divorce'. His eyes moved to where the tiny black tattoo hovered over that perfect cunt. Invisible in the dark, but ever present.

'You mean?'

'That's right darling, I have already spoken about this to my attorney. This is the end of us, the end of our marriage... This fuck is where it all ends...'

'Another man?' he asked.

Selene laughed as if Frederic had spoken aloud the *most* amusing witticism and put her hand on his lips to close them. How she found them in the dark, he could not imagine, but the laughter came to a fluttering end and she answered his impertinent question. 'There are other men, but not in the way that you imagine,' she said. 'I have never cheated on our contract, never betrayed your trust, but it is time to move on at last, and time for you too...'

'Oh,' said Frederic sarcastically. 'This is for me?'

She laughed again at his misunderstanding.

'Everything is *always* for *me*...'

Frederic felt his willpower coming back. The hold that she had on him faded a little and his thoughts went to their marriage. 'Then I shall invoke the pre-nup...' he said in a hard tone. 'You get nothing, *nothing* at all... that will really be the last fuck...'

Selene climbed from him and moved to stand by the bed. 'Don't be so crude! Are you sure that you wish to do that? Cut me from you and leave me on the streets? Can you do that to me?'

'I can and I will.'

'I shall give you a small piece of valuable advice,' said the soft feminine voice from the dark. Her voice took on an edge of hardness that he had never heard before.

'Don't!'

'Fuck you...'

'No,' she replied. 'Fuck *you!*'

## Tying's of Threads

### An Unfortunate Accident

James Carmann QC strolled into the office. The three days on his small yacht in the Ionian Sea had been perfect. Or, at least it would have been perfect if his wife had not been present! But, she had been and so it had merely been a brief rest in the sun. He noted the empty desk by his door, before he remembered giving Nathalie the week off. By the time that she was at her desk again, she would have plenty of work to do to satisfy his cock!

He opened the door to find Mike sitting in his chair with a series of folders piled high. 'Hiya,' said Mike in the tone that always infuriated James with its trite bonhomie. 'Here are the contracts from Mr and Mrs Pierce. I locked them in my office as Nathalie was not here on Monday...'

'Fuck,' said James as he took the papers and flicked through them.

'Oh yes, *fuck!* She probably forgot,' laughed Mike. 'You hire the most outrageous secretaries!'

'Well, fuck you too...'

'The slut probably would have,' laughed Mike.

'I'll sack her!'

'Sacked in the sack,' said Mike. 'What a way to be terminated!' James brushed the comments to one side and ushered his junior partner from the office. At least it had not all happened in front of the staff! He opened the safe and slid the papers to the top of the pile before erasing the access code and fingerprint for Nathalie.

There was no doubt, she was a liability! HR would call her up, security would deny her access, accounts would round up her pay and Nathalie *would* be replaced. A red-head this time! Blondes were supposed to be more fun, but sometimes it got a little too much, even for James.

The next three hours saw him take calls, organise a meeting with a couple who wanted to divorce where he held the pre-nup and then to start the search for a new secretary. By two in the afternoon, James was ready for his business lunch. Some new client who seemed so secretive and unwilling to reveal himself, insisted on meeting his new QC in a nearby restaurant.

These rich idiots were so full of themselves. Puffed up with conceit as though the world revolved around them! James left the building and turned into the back streets of Kensington with a spring in his step. There would be no problem finding a new girl

to slip his cock into, of that he was sure. He imagined hiring a girl who was a little less perfect, one who would be so grateful at getting the job... One who slid up and down his prick with perfect little gasps of appreciative pleasure. Girly and so tender...

Up ahead he could see the restaurant across the road. He stepped off the kerb and the van came from nowhere...

An unmarked black van, three tons of hurling steel that left the imprint of a three-pointed star on its victim's chest as it easily rode over the lawyer, double wheels at the rear crushing the head that had had such lecherous thoughts.

It sped away. Just ten minutes later it was being crushed into a cube while the Albanian driver watched and then tapped his pocket where a bundle of hundred dollar notes were folded tight in a silver money clip.

A thousand for just a little bad driving. Not even bad driving...



## An Unfortunate Situation

Omar stood and inspected the row of Georgian houses as if for the first time. For five years he had indulged himself in the house with the red door, now it was as if it were the first time. He had digested his promise, fulfilled to the letter as a man floated in the Adriatic to be found by a fishing boat from Corfu. All the ends were tied neatly except one!

This last visit... a special visit. Omar Abdullah Qum had never been denied before and the feeling was not a comfortable one for the man who could have what he wanted. When he wanted and how he wanted. Even though he bowed and scraped. Was whipped and fucked, it was Omar Abdullah Qum that decided when it would happen and how much to pay. A hundred thousand Sterling a visit, three visits a month, five full years... he calculated the price and was satisfied with it. No price in money could ever be calculated for such perfection, such *intimate* agony.

Behind Omar sat a car in which his bodyguards and minders sat waiting for the signal. This would not be the last time, that much *he* had decided. The woman had a price and he had paid in blood. Now she would see that it was not about the money, not about the sex, but about the honour. His honour! No woman, no matter how perfect or divine could tell Omar that there was a *last* time! He strolled down the Georgian row to arrive at the red door. The car rolled behind at the pace that he walked and pulled into the sidewalk. Behind him, six men who would show his Goddess that *she* could fall so far that she would wake in a cage!

The aloof bitch! He rang the bell and the door opened as it always did.

The six men forced their way into the darkness of the house and Omar Abdullah Qum followed them to close the door behind him. The old man that had opened the door looked shocked. Angry even, and he started to swear, only silenced when Omar pulled the slim Beretta from his suit and held it up under the man's chin. Now, Omar saw that the hallway was empty.

It had always been empty, but now it was hollow. No furniture, only dark shadows where pictures had hung. Carpets stripped from the stairs and a few pieces of twine and packing in a heap in the corner. He turned to the old man, who cringed and started to whine. 'Keep him here,' said Omar as he took the stairs at a run.

Three at a time. Four at a time.

He leapt up the stairs and wildly opened the first door that he came to. The room was bare. Just the net curtains on the windows and a rolled-up rug that had been abandoned. The next bedroom was the same, and the next after that. Omar Abdullah Qum ran from room to room until at last he came to the room where his Goddess had had her sissy maid fuck him. The room where he had wept to lose her. He flung the door wide to find just the throne in the centre of the room. Standing

alone in majesty, just the cathedra on which she had sat and taunted him with his weakness.

The small rug on which he had knelt... Stuck casually between seat and armrest was a golden envelope. Omar plucked it and saw that his name was written in flowing Arabic on the front. He ripped it open to find a small folded slip of paper. A tiny gold key dropped to the floor. With trembling hands, he opened it wide.

A lipstick kiss. A perfect imprint in red that said all that he needed to know. The kiss over the lines of a poem, or perhaps just half a stanza.

*Of her nakedly worn magnificence  
We forget cruelty and past betrayal,  
Heedless of where the next bright bolt may fall.*

Omar sat on the throne and put his head in his hands. How could he not have known that she would anticipate him? His mistress knew everything, even his thoughts...

He turned the note in his hands and balled it tight.  
There was no hope left of finding her.  
Sooner grasp the moon.

## An Unfortunate Husband

Selene stretched by the pool. Her light tan barely covered by the bikini that was merely three tiny triangles of delicate lace held by narrow straps. She held up one leg and admired the perfect line from the tip of her toe peeping from the high-heeled slipper to the sculptured thigh that creased so perfectly where the bikini met smooth waxed skin.

In just a day the tan would be entirely gone and she would be porcelain white and delicate as if the sun's rays had never touched her. That was her gift, unsullied, clear perfection. The sun was now at its height, thirty minutes a day were required for a touch of impermanent colour and that had now been achieved, so it was time for the shade. Shadow and a cool clear drink to balance the shimmering heat. She moved her hand, and the rather poor specimen that waited on her moved to open the shade and then retreat to a discrete distance.

Her servant. Her pathetic slave! Selene's hand was bare of the ring that had marked her association with her unfortunate husband. Even the skin was now natural where that ring had formerly left a white circle of smoother skin. The last indication of marriage, the last thing that Frederic had left behind.

Well, not quite the last... his suffering remained and that was her especial pleasure.

Selene.

Nathalie.

Mistress.

The three phases of the Mother Goddess in perfect harmony. Wife, slut and untouchable womanhood. Old, young and perfect, the fusion making a harmonious whole. The whole affair was done and ended, all the loose ends tied.

The abusive James was no more, the lethal Omar had been neatly evaded and her husband, well, he was a man without a real future at all. Not unless she permitted it and she never-ever would. No man had a future with Selene. Now that Frederic had been destroyed by the terms of their pre-nup, he was under her care. Chastity would be total, already was, the condition of her absent-minded custody and careless abuse. Selene waxed and waned as the mood took her.

The key was already lost in an absent lapse. She looked across at the man who stood sweating in his rather feminine little uniform and lifted her glass in silent toast. She *had* warned him, a warning that he had ignored. She had told him *again* at the meeting with both their solicitor's present, that she would settle for half, but he *had* insisted and the pre-nup had then been revealed.

In all of its re-written glory. An exact reversal of the terms that her husband had imposed on her years before. Purging every account and property of his name. A legal battle that was over in minutes as his advisors stared at the document and tried

to make sense of her husband's total *lunacy* while he stood gaping and tried to remember the order of the names on the document.

His and hers, exchanged exactly in his memory. Her fingers slipped across her perfect tan and edged under the scrap of red that hid her liquid pussy. Enjoyed the plump lips, the little delicate folds and the swelling of a clitoris that could only yield to her own touch

Selene was more than content that Frederic had discovered her dark side. Her surge of silver hair swept over her shoulders now that the moon waxed once more. Now at last she could live the life that she had always dreamed of. Unsullied by the immodest touch of some lover. No need to prostitute her perfection or serve as a fantasy for all of those men that longed to possess her.

Maybe she would find a lover...

...but she doubted it.

None but herself was as flawless as she. None could *ever* possibly satisfy her... Men might serve, they might even be permitted to touch, but they would never violate her beauty with their corruption, no matter how they begged.

The man at her beck and call admired her from afar, as he always had. It would never happen, what he wanted; for she was the moon.

*The moon rides low,  
A crescent's show,  
No lovers tremble in her glow,  
A smiling witch,  
A chastening bitch,  
Goddess of pain, a heart of snow.*

**Fin**

**Credit where it is due...**

*Of her nakedly worn magnificence  
We forget cruelty and past betrayal,  
Heedless of where the next bright bolt may fall.*

*A short clip from Robert Graves' finest poem.*

*From WS's 'Romeo and Juliet', also a short breath to savour, as you well know, the quote is so celebrated.*

*The unfortunate rest, including poetic strivings, is all mine...*