

My little easter egg...

I suppose this could be what happens if you wander into Irene's bookshop and start flicking the pages over. If you know, then you know...



Passing Through

Graham's house was like a library in one way and not at all similar in another. It was full of books; that made it comparable! That they were all in complete disorder, that was the difference. Was Graham a collector or a reader, a cataloguer, a collector or a librarian? More the first than the second and the fourth far more than the third. He husbanded his income and spent it on only the barest necessities and books until at last the house was full and he had to extend into the roof-space and the garage.

His obsession took over his life. How could he have time to read and search for more books if he was wasting time looking for female companionship? He could not! So he travelled to Hay On Wye every few months, he thumbed through the second hand bookshops in the seaside towns of the east coast and he travelled hundreds of miles when he heard that churches and charities were selling second hand books.

Graham had started collecting books when he was sixteen. At eighteen he had come into the annuity paid for by his father's 'death in service' insurance fund and from then on in, he had never looked back. Each room of the house was dedicated to an interest that was reflected by the books in the room.

One room for anything to do with railways, especially steam and the great building works of Isambard Kingdom Brunel. A second room and a third as well as the garage was filled with books about the Second World War. From each and every angle, books published before the war, during the war and after the war. What Graham did not know about the Second World War would have fitted on a postage stamp. This interest of his, the nineteen-thirties and forties led to a curious spin off. A secret hidey-hole room filled with books that Graham regarded as a daring, but incomplete corpus of erotica.

He had started with a book that featured large ladies of the Weimar Republic beating their men with unfeasibly long canes. That had led to other books. Victorian and Edwardian novels, German collections of strange fetishes, French books by Montorgueil and Anais Nin and American sexual comics of the fifties. As he completed each section he sought more gaps to fill until at last he could spend hours slowly masturbating over pictures by Willie and Jim and reading the novels that had been hidden under bookshop counters in the sixties.

Graham had everything, an income, a hobby that was totally absorbing and of course a full sex life, even if it was just a love affair with his right hand.

While reading a louche travel guide to London printed in the nineteen sixties, Graham suddenly realised that there was another source of books that he had never really considered. So he caught the train from Peterborough to London with the internally declared intention of exploring London, specifically Charing Cross Road. Once there he decided that his first stop had to be Foyles. On the whole, Graham despised new books, but here was a chance to visit what might be the largest bookshop in the world. He found the shop a block from the spot where his guide book said it should be and then entered to find it a faceless mass of overpriced paperbacks all topped off by a twee café, a department with greetings cards and other plastic rubbish with an orderliness that had nothing to do with Graham's ideas of a bookshop. Five minutes later he was in the shop on the other side of the road.

Dusty, ill kept, shelves high to the ceiling, way beyond the point where they could be reached. The shop had a staff who neither cared about attending to clients or for that matter about the books.

Perfect! Graham found that he was in dreamland, a place where the hours would slip through his fingers like the sand through an hourglass until the bell rang and he would be tipped onto the street.

It took a full day just to encompass the majesty of that green windowed shop. Just to absorb the groupings and find the areas that would interest him and then start, spine by spine, investigating the individual books with enormous care. In a day he had found just five worthy of purchase, towards the end of the second day there were fifty books piled by the cash out desk that would find their way into Graham's collection.

Realising that he was perhaps going to overstress his finances, Graham decided that only one more day would be allowed in Charing Cross Road, then he would head home with his treasures and lie low for a month until his stipend appeared in his bank account.

In the evening, when the shop closed he headed into the maze of small streets behind Foyles and lamented that some of the old bookshops that had adorned this area had faded not just from the street fronts, but from memory. He wandered around looking through the sixties guide book that detailed the area and stood on the pavement where in times gone by he could have materially added to his erotica bookshelf. One by one he crossed off the sites until at last, Graham found himself standing before what was perhaps the last second hand bookshop in Soho that also sold old erotica.

There was no name, the streetlight opposite was flickering and the door and window of the shop were adorned with the simple message, 'Open'. Graham pushed and found himself in a place that had been overlooked by the passing years, a true throwback to the seventies and sixties. On the walls were shelves laden with paperbacks. Westerns by Lois D'Amour, SciFi by Isaac Asimov and romance by Catherine Cookson. These books had been there since the day that the shop opened, because in the centre of the shop were the pages that the buyers really wanted to turn. Deep racks with magazines with raunchy titles. Shallower racks with books, spine up, that had been illegal at the time of going to press.

Graham looked behind the counter and saw a middle-aged woman in attendance.

'Can I help you sir?' she asked.

'Graham shook his head, 'Just looking,' he said as he headed for the central section.

'I have books that are a little spicier as well, but they are not on display,' she said as he idly flicked through the magazines.

Magazines were of no real interest to Graham, so he switched to the spines of the paperbacks that presented themselves. Titles like 'Bangkok, City of Lust', 'The Girl Who Could Not Stop', 'Whipgirl' and 'Manhunter'. Most were already in his collection, but Graham managed to find three or four books that might be interesting.

Finally he approached the counter. The woman was more attractive than he had first realised. Perhaps 'attractive' was not the word he was looking for... Graham decided that 'interesting' was a better choice. She towered over him with her six foot height. Her face was not plain, but neither was it pretty. Rather she had strong features and could only be described as handsome. Then there were her breasts! Graham had never seen the like. They stuck out like the huge cones and were colossal beyond anything that he had ever seen outside his erotica collection. Lastly, when she stepped from behind the counter he realised that her hips were broad but that her shapely legs narrowed down sharply to tiny ankles and feet.

He passed her the books that he had chosen. 'I have a copy of the first English translation of 'A Man-Maid In Berlin' with drawings by Steffi,' she said. 'It was printed in the late forties, but it's as close as you can get if you can't read German!'

As she spoke she pulled the book from under the counter. She handled it with almost reverential care and was clearly relieved when Graham did the same. 'It's beautiful,' he murmured as he flicked through the pages.

'A hundred and twenty pounds if you want it,' she said as she took it back.

'Tempting,' he replied. 'I haven't got that one.'

'Collector?' she asked with a wink.

'I suppose so...' Graham was so used to living without contact with the rest of the human race that he was a little taken aback by this rather striking woman. Then a strange thought entered his mind, suddenly he felt that he knew her somehow! Deja-vu? He could not be sure.

Book by book, she entered in the prices until at last she announced the total.

'That'll be twenty three fifty,' she announced. 'If you want the other book, you can have it for a hundred... it's a steal at that price.'

Now Graham had recalled his Deja-vu. He remembered one of the German collections of drawings that he hid in his erotica collections. 'Hilda' the book was called. German books were always subtitled and he had translated this one on the Internet as 'The triumph of the big woman'. There was no doubt! That strong face, the figure and even the clothes with a tight funnel skirt and the soaring heels on such slender ankles. This woman was a double of the Hilda from the drawings. 'OK, I'll take it,' he said finally as he went over budget for the whole trip to London.

'Ah, you cannot resist,' she laughed.

He thought he heard a trace of a German accent in her voice, but could not quite be sure. 'Are you German?' he asked on impulse.

'A long time ago... Listen, I'm closing up soon, do you fancy meeting up for a coffee,' she asked.

'Erm, well why not?'

'Good, there's a small café around the corner, 'Billies', meet me there in half an hour and we can continue our little chat.'

Graham paid her and left the shop with a strange pensive feeling in his breast. He felt a peculiar attraction to her and yet didn't even know her name. Was it the resemblance to the drawings? Perhaps. Her age? Well she was years older than him, forty he guessed, but sort of indeterminate at the same time. As he walked around Soho, he peeked into the bag of books and tried to decide if he was really going to meet her. In the end he decided that it would be interesting and anyway there was little else to do but head back for his rather shoddy hotel in Wood Green.

He found the café and surveyed the empty tables. Where to sit? There in the corner. He ordered a tea and started to leaf through his new purchases. As usual they were a mixture of bold statements on the covers and pathetic prose inside that was only just lifted from turgid by being so aggressively sexual

and fetishistic. Storylines in these novels tended to move away from plot and into sexual action in just a couple of pages. Fodder for the right wrist!

Graham sipped his coffee and then noticed that the woman from the bookshop was just entering the café. She waved her slim hand to order a coffee and then came to sit opposite Graham. As she did so he noticed that outside of the shop the resemblance to the drawings was, if anything, even stronger. Her hips were broad and her stomach flat, her legs were long but so narrow at the ankle. Her delicate feet were slipped into stilettos that were so high that her foot was almost vertical. The long fur coat that she wore hung from her wide shoulders added to her figure. It simply emphasised her slim neck and the curls that tumbled around her face. 'Found the place then?' she asked. 'I half thought that you wouldn't turn up.'

'I was considering it,' he admitted, 'I suppose I am a little shy!'

She ignored his comments and asked: 'Are the novels any good then?'

Nervously he laughed. 'Depends on what you think is 'good'', he replied.

'OK then, racy, exciting, sexy or perhaps titillating.'

'I suppose that they're all of that, but actually the quality of prose is poor, the print rubs off and there is never a proper ending to the story,' he said.

'What about the translation then, how's that?'

He laughed: 'I dared not get it out of the bag in the café...'

'Well then, I'll give you my opinion, for what it's worth. The text is badly translated, but even in the original German it was ponderous, the drawings are by 'Steffi', a second grade artist with an occasionally brilliant imagination. For its type it's quite good, in comparison to the best it is stilted and underwhelming.'

'Well I suppose there are better,' he mumbled.

'Don't get me wrong, it's well worth the hundred, it's just that I would place it in second rank.'

'There are a few missing from my collection,' said Graham.

'Like what?'

'Oh, mostly first impressions and editions of the main works. Even for a completist like me they are too expensive.'

'I do have some doublets in my collection,' she said. 'But, they are not in the shop, I keep them at home. One day soon you'll have to arrange to come to the shop and I'll make sure that you can flick through them. On the other hand, they might be just a little expensive for you if you are on a budget!'

Her slim hand picked up the cup with delicacy and she sipped her coffee. 'I don't plan to come back to London for a while,' said Graham. 'But, when I do, I'll give you a call.'

The woman sat back and looked at him for a few moments and then leaned forward. 'I suppose you could come back to my place now, if you like!'

'To look at your etchings?' asked Graham with a clumsy attempt at humour.

'That and more,' she smiled.

There was one thing that bothered Graham. He was going to a woman's apartment and did not even know her name. How could he ask now? He pondered the conundrum when it seemed that she anticipated him and extended a hand. 'I'm Hilda by the way, and you are?'

'Graham.'

'Well, now that we know each other's names, I'll show you my collection and of course offer you a coffee and a bite to eat.'

It turned out that Hilda's apartment was just ten minutes from the café. A doorway with handwritten labels for a 'new model' called Cindy and a rusted bell that had been painted over a dozen times. The door opened onto a decrepit stairway that was so steep it was almost vertical. The carpet was worn to the weft, most of the bronze carpet-rails were bent and covered with verdigris. At the top of the stairs were just two doors. One was labelled 'Cindy' the other was a modern door with a metal face and three locks.

'One can never be too careful,' laughed Hilda. 'Cindy's clients are probably not the sort to hesitate if they thought that my door was insecure!'

Graham nodded and watched Hilda open the door to reveal an apartment that was both larger and more tasteful than he had expected. A corridor lined with books opened into a large living room with elegant furniture and a large fireplace. 'Follow me,' she said as she led him through the living room into a kitchen. 'Tea or coffee?'

'Tea please,' he said.

'This is my little hidey-hole in Soho,' she said as she made a pot of tea. 'A special home from home that allows me to indulge myself.'

'What, collecting books?'

'That's part of it,' she said as she poured. 'Erotica, books, items that fit with the erotica and a side interest in the mystic world that underlies this one.'

'Oh. What do you mean?' he asked.

'There is another world in close conjunction to this one,' said Hilda. 'An overlap of reason and substance that is formed by our imaginations. I connect to this other place with ritual and by other means... sorry, I must be boring you, Graham.'

'Let me show you my etchings!'

He smiled and followed her to the front door. There she slid a bookshelf on silent hinges and revealed a small bedroom that was also lined with books. Only the fireplace that dominated one wall broke the shelves. Graham stepped into the room and suddenly he had nothing but respect for Hilda. She had as many books as him, but they were organised, labelled, ordered and perfectly displayed. What was more, every volume that he could see at a glance was erotica. Some were bound in leather, others were just paperbacks, but all were in perfect condition. There was the occasional gap and Graham realised that these were landing places for books that were not yet in the collection.

'This is my whole collection,' she said with pride. 'Take a look, are there many that you haven't got?'

His eyes roved the shelves and he replied, 'Most of them, well at least in the first editions like these. This collection must have cost a fortune to assemble as well as endless patience.'

'The bookshop helps,' she laughed. 'Men bring in books for return that are worth so much more than the couple of pounds that I pay. Also I am in contact with a few other collectors, like yourself for instance. Then of course, there is patience and travel...'

Graham pulled a first edition of Montorgueil's 'Four Tuesdays' from the shelf and delicately flicked through the pages. 'First edition in Britain for that translation, the illustrations are probably better than the French original. Price? Well I bought it a good few years ago for three hundred and eighty German Reichsmarks, but of course that was before the Euro.'

Unseen by the preoccupied Graham, Hilda moved to the fireplace and stood leaning on the mantelpiece with her hands. She looked in the mirror and spread her legs a little until the split in her skirt at the back parted a little to show the sheer nylons and the darker rings of the stocking tops.

Graham looked up from the book and slipped it back into the space on the shelf. This collection was everything that he wished for. It was almost complete, just a few spaces had been left by Hilda to slip in the last acquisitions and complete the library. He turned to find her standing posed with a long trailing whip in her delicate hand. 'I like a little fantasy,' she said.

Her German accent seemed to thicken as she spoke until the ss's became zeds and the th's became zeds as well. The whip in her hand twitched a little and Graham felt a lump in his throat and a recognition of a scene that he had wanked to a thousand times. His face flushed and his knees trembled. This was his first experience of sex that involved a partner other than his right hand and the lump gathering in his trousers was just too powerful to be ignored.

'There's a good boy, Graham. Just undress for me and I will show you how to please me.'

He could not ignore her, he could not run away, he was hypnotised by her pose. His hands moved of their own volition and he undressed as he was ordered. 'You have been a naughty boy, Graham. Tell me what you have done that needs to be punished!'

He stuttered and coughed and then bent a little at the waist as if that would hide his erection. 'I saw your picture,' he mumbled.

'Pardon,' she said, 'I want to hear every word of your transgressions. Strip and then tell me how you are going to atone for your errors.'

'I saw your picture, you know in the book and I did stuff...'

'What picture?'

'The drawing of you, Hilda, in the book. I wanked over it, I played with myself for hours, I couldn't help myself...'

Hilda turned. There was no emotion to be seen on her face, or perhaps just a little satisfaction. 'How are you going to atone?'

Graham looked at the slender whip wand in her hand and then at her feet and slowly lowered to his knees. 'Three strokes of the cane and then you can reward me for punishing you. Bend over!'

He slipped to all fours and did not have to wait long for the first cut of the wand. It whistled through the air and contacted the cheeks of his ass like a stiff wire.

Graham cried out and heard her shush him to silence. 'If you make a sound then the stroke has to be repeated,' she said. 'You still have three left.' The next swipe of the cane bit deeper, but Graham managed to hold his breath and make no sound. When he looked between his arms he could see her perfect tiny feet in those arched stilettos and longed to kiss them.

Another blow came as a shock, but he bit his lip as he felt a trickle of blood wend its way down his thigh. She had cut him deep with the wild stroke of the willow and somehow he knew that each blow would be harder than the one before. 'Very good, Graham, soon we will test how hard your cock is, just one more little swish of the cane to suffer and then you can apologise properly for daring to wank over me. Then I shall show you how you will spend your life giving pleasure to me.'

The last blow was like a white hot streak over the flesh of his thighs. It bit like a razor and rent the skin in a haze of drops of his red blood. He reared onto his knees and managed by some means to stifle the scream that was locked in his breast. 'That was easy. Next time it will be a real thrashing! Since you have done so well, now comes the part when you start to satisfy me!'

She walked around him as he dropped back to all fours. On the soft carpet her heels sunk into the pile making no noise. Finally those ankles and shoes were before him and he knew what she wanted. 'Just little chaste kisses, Graham. I do not want you slobbering and licking. Dry pecks to show contrition and ownership!'

His lips brushed the patent leather and he kissed as if it would be enough to release him from her spell. After a minute he felt her lean over him and the tip of the lash traced the bitter cuts that still scored his flesh. He dared not look up, this was a ritual that had to be completed and he was spellbound by her strength and need.

Her hand came down and lifted his chin. A finger guided him to sit upright until at last he kneeled before Hilda with his face staring up at the ceiling. Her hand retreated and the wand fell to the floor. At the edge of his vision he could sense movement and then heard the rustle as her skirt slipped to the ground.

He so wanted to look, but did not dare.

She stepped forward and over him, she looked down and smiled as her thighs parted and her half shaved pussy slipped over his mouth with a slick movement. His head was pushed back so that he stared up at her body as her pussy devoured him with lust. She felt his lips, his tongue, she felt his head trapped between her thighs and knew that he knew what had to be done.

'First the front and then the back,' she whispered. 'Make it last, Graham, or the leather will cut you to ribbons before I am finished with you.' He heard the sound of her voice, he knew what he had to do and instinctively what the punishment for failure would be. The actual words were beyond his hearing. He probed, he massaged and he licked and teased. He felt the massive thighs ripple with climax, he felt them clench, grip and then release. A small river of her excitement spilled over his face and mingled with the blood of his cuts as Graham brought his picture-perfect woman to climax after climax.

Finally she gripped him between her thighs and pressed down to seal his lips with hers as a warm stream erupted from her and drained down his throat. Hilda sighed and released him with a small pull at his hair. 'Very good, little boy...'

Her foot lifted a little and then pressed against his straining cock. The heel grazed the tip, it cut down the length of him and then the sole pressed his erection into the narrow instep of the stiletto. So narrow that it gripped him tight as the foot rose and fell to bring him to the point of coming. 'If you

come, then you will lick it off my shoes,' she announced when she judged the moment right. 'Do you want to come now?'

'Oh yes, please, Hilda, yes please!' The foot lifted and fell just three times and then he spilled his come over the spiked heel, the patent leather and the leather sole of her boot.

'Now keep your promise...!' Graham gasped and then bent to his new task. He licked her shoe clean, he kissed away every drop and then dried and polished the leather with his lips. Finally he slipped his lips over the spike and sucked as he allowed it to slip from his mouth. 'Good, now get dressed and listen to me. You are mine, Graham. You will serve me forever and whenever you are in London you may call me and ask if I will consent to be pleased by you!'

Graham slowly dressed and admired the wide hips, the delicate slit and the strong thighs as he did so. He knew that he could not easily resist her now, but he did not feel so consumed that he would ever need to return. It had been a pleasure, but it had also been an overdose that would last him forever. On the other hand it would be interesting to find out what her conditions were!

'Every time that you visit you will bring me a book to add to my collection, every time that you visit you will receive one more cut of the cane before I am pleased. You will be chaste, a man who lives only for me, a man who runs when I beckon, and is silent when he is beaten. I will be your key-holder and you will wear this for me...'

She held out her hand to reveal the strange contraption of polished steel that would contain his prick, lock him away and keep him chaste while he was away from Hilda. A curved tube to contain him, a ring that would clasp his balls and lock him into her grip and a thin tube that would slide into his cock as a final assurance that his prick was forever captive. He took it from her and nodded. Once fitted on, this would be difficult to remove and uncomfortable should he get an erection. A maximum security prison for his sexuality! Gone would be all the private moments spent with his collection, this would make him her property.

'I shall fetch a lock now,' she said. 'If you ever undo this without my permission, I will punish you in ways that you cannot possibly imagine. Wait!'

Hilda slipped from the room and Graham realised that this was his very last chance to escape her clutches. He pulled his trousers up and grabbed the bag of books that he had bought in her store. Looking around the shelves he made a decision and pulled three volumes from the shelves to slip them into the bag.

All three of them the originals of 'Hilda' that he had so often wanked to. Then he sought the exit, but he had neglected to notice how the secret door opened and fumbled around for a catch. Finally the door opened to reveal Hilda standing blocking the exit with a small padlock on her palm.

'Now you can put it on for me,' she said.

'Erm,' replied Graham. Hilda cast a glance around the room and frowned. She looked down at the bag in his hand and held out her hand.

'Do you think that you can leave? Are you stealing from me?' she asked as he passed the bag to her with a crestfallen face. 'You are! Thief...'

'I'm sorry, but I have to go. I shouldn't have taken the books, but I won't be your slave, I won't wear that tube and I will stay in control of my life.'

Hilda looked down on him and rested a hand on his shoulder. 'The alternative is so much worse,' she said. 'Either submit or I shall do something to you that will last forever...'

'You cannot stop me, Hilda, I refuse!'

'You will lose everything...' Even though she was bigger than Graham, even though she was certainly stronger than him, the high shoes and narrow doorway allowed him to shoulder her from his path as he headed out of her apartment. Graham opened the front door and looked down the steep stairs. 'This is your last chance,' she called from behind him.

He ignored the call and took the two long strides to the top of the stairs and then it happened. The world suddenly telescoped, the stairwell grew and became a cliff face, the bare carpet swelled and the exposed warp and weft became huge strands like a ship's cord. Graham looked back to see the doorway to Hilda's flat towering like the apse of a cathedral and Hilda herself became a giantess of a hundred metres. Graham was caught naked in the rumpled mass of clothes that had fallen from him. He tried to reach the top stair of the staircase, but it was too far, she simply reached down and plucked him from the carpet and tossed him in the air.

He flew so high, he tumbled in the wind and then he fell into her palm face down as she caught him and took him back into her home. Her finger and thumb gripped his waist and she dropped Graham casually into a tall vase. She stood and admired him in his glass prison for a few minutes before she disappeared for a few minutes more, finally returning with a single leather bound book.

Naked in the vase he watched Hilda absorbed in reading the book. Every now and again she marked her place with a ribbon and read on. All the while she ignored the tiny three inch little Graham who sobbed and wailed in a high pitched squeak as he tried to climb from the simple prison she had dropped him into. He was not even large enough to rock the vase and so in the end he lay and stared up the funnel of the vase with a hopeless squeak.

She read on. Outside the street lights went out. Dawn raised a weary head and the clouds promised rain. Inside, Graham slept as Hilda stripped to enact the ritual. First she selected books from her library, placing her choices at the top of the pile. Then she took the book that was hung with ribbons and placed it on top of the heap. Finally she lit a candle and poured the wax until she had completed a design on the cover of the book. The ritual was almost complete.

Almost... She reconsidered and smiled, it was her world that he was about to enter and she had already decided his fate. Graham woke to hear the low singing and stared through the glass at Hilda standing over a pile of books while her hand slowly brought her to climax to allow the fall of a single drop of liquid to snuff out the small candle.

She looked over at him and smiled. Naked she was a goddess, a sexual divinity with a yawning cunt that glistened with excitement. Only the shoes remained of her dress. Her breasts hung deep and begged to be cherished and her thighs were strong and ready to close around a captive lover.

Hilda extended a hand and plucked Graham from the vase by his waist and held him for a moment before her sex. Her clitoris was like a pillow to him, the matrix of her sex was like a wall that enclosed a pit of infinite depth and the whole was flushed pink with excitement that was highlighted by the oils that seeped and spilled along her upper thighs.

For a moment he believed that she would force him into that tunnel, but instead the hand moved and dropped him onto the surface of the pile of books. The wax that crusted the surface was hard to the touch of his feet and the guttered candle stood like a pillar before him. He heard her voice and then a laugh that throbbed through his frame as he looked up at her and pleaded with tears in his eyes.

She spoke, but the sound was distorted, the room seemed to shimmer with streaks of golden light that streamed towards him and then pierced his frame. Those rays transported him to an alternate place where the features of the room dimmed and faded, the sunlight split into motes of bursting flame and the towering figure of Hilda became a dark shadow filled with a smoky essence of power. Hilda was Goddess, witch, necromancer, sorceress, mage.

Graham looked down and saw his feet sink into the cover of the book. The wax lapped around his thighs and he slipped like a blade into the book without breaking its surface. The world grew dark as his head was swallowed and suddenly he was in a different realm, a place where letters and words streamed past him in furious flight. A place where triangles and diagrams grazed his flesh as he fell.

The fall slowed. Dim light from below beckoned as he fell towards it and he knew that this was not a dream, it was a portal to a place that Hilda had spoken of when they had first met. The light beckoned, but the fall was as slow as honey dripping. Every page that he fell through seemed to take a lifetime, every word in her book swirled and passed him slowly. He tried to reach out, but the letters slipped between his fingers like smoke.

Diagrams passed, handwriting and notes, all were just smoke, all just slipped through him or around him and did not brake the onward fall. Like a leaf he drifted, like a leaf he had to land on the bottom sometime, or at least that is what he told himself. He drifted through the book and fell ever downward, it seemed like days of tumbling a page at a time as he plummeted. It was more than a dream or a restless sleep. There was no need for sustenance, an endless drop into forever or never. Graham did not realise his danger or what was ahead, he just savoured the sensation and slid from page to page.

Days, hours, minutes and seconds drifted by, or at least that was the perception that Graham had of his slow plummet. Finally the last page was gone and he slipped through the lower cover of the book and into the next book on the pile that Hilda had assembled.

Graham descended like a drifting feather. He fell and he felt the warm air pass him, but suddenly he was there and the man who had been curled at her knee faded to leave Graham to face the punishment that Kwok Lei-Lei had decided that he should suffer. The fur was soft and warm. Before he opened his eyes, Graham felt as though he had at last woken from his dream of confusion to find himself at home, in comfort and waking from a deep sleep.

Graham saw the leather skirt and the shapely knee so he raised his eyes to look up to see the slim figure of Lei-Lei smiling down on him as she raised the whip. The tip of the whip caught him on the thigh. It cut the flesh like butter and Graham cried out in agony. 'Will you or won't you?'

Lei-Lei gave no clue as to the correct answer, the answer that would presumably stop the pain as the next slash of the thongs wrapped around his inner thigh and punished his taut balls with a terrible sting. He looked up at the stern Chinese woman for a clue and saw that she was raising the whip again.

He had to guess, he had to stop the pain... 'I will, please, I will do whatever you want!'

'Good,' said Lei-Lei, 'though I am just a little disappointed that you gave in so easily when you promised me that you would never surrender!'

He opened his mouth to ask the slim Chinese girl what it was that he had assented to, but she just used the moment to stopper him with a hollow gag. Graham's question came as a gurgle and then he

saw the man who had been silently watching from behind slowly open his trousers. The cock that he tenderly took from the shadows was almost throbbing with need, and the man gasped as he slowly forced it between Graham's lips and then pulled back a little.

'I'll come too fast...' gasped the man as he pulled free.

'Fuck his face,' said Lei-Lei. 'He just wants to drink your come, so fuck him.' Graham felt the bite of the whip again and then he tumbled from the scene as come splattered his face and the man rammed his gushing cock into Graham's mouth with a groan of lust.

Far above the limits of the tableau, Helga slipped her fingers into her gaping pussy and massaged herself to climax. Her fingers slipped through the swollen lips of her gaping cunt and then dragged at her clitoris as she opened and closed the book to make the scene skip and jump to reveal Graham's humiliation. She saw him forced, she saw his mouth wedged open and then she saw the man's crudely drawn prick spew come that splattered Graham's face as the cock was once more forced between his lips.

Lei-Lei reached down for Graham's prick and played with it a little. 'Is the taste of him exciting for you?' she laughed as she felt him stiffen.

Hilda closed the book. He would fall one page at a time. Each scene was just a pause, so she knew that in a few hours Graham would be in one of the pictures that she most found thrilling in the whole book. Every time that he climaxed he would drop to the next scene until at last he would come to the place where she had decided that he would be imprisoned forever.

She went for a coffee and tasted her sweet scented fingers.

Graham dropped into darkness with needles planted deep in the cheeks of his behind. He had been forced to fuck her tightly clenched thighs as she jabbed him with needles and at last made him climax with a scream. Now he was heading for the next scene and he dreaded to know which it was.

How many times had Graham masturbated to these scenes, how many times had he imagined that he was one of those in the drawings? Now that he was, he sobbed as he realised that Hilda was going to make him suffer all of them before he finally dropped from the back cover of the book.

The drop was like sleep. It renewed him a little, it allowed the needles to fall from his flesh, though the agony of their piercing was still there.

Suddenly there was a flicker and he knew that he had arrived at the next page. Graham understood what was happening, he knew that he was experiencing each and every picture in a collection of the pictures of Montorgueil, all of them. Hilda watched from above as the maid settled and then she reopened the book to find her helpless victim trapped under a woman who was enjoying every struggle of her victim.

The naked ass pressed on his face heavily while a high heeled stiletto crushed his balls. The heel that mashed his balls and then ground into him was pure agony, the rounded ass that moved back and forth over his face was sweating as it pushed his lips into a soft pussy and then the maid relieved herself as she climaxed.

A stream filled Graham's mouth. He coughed and choked while the foot ground his balls into the floor. From the point of view of a reader, Hilda just opened her mouth and suddenly realised what the maid was forcing Graham to do. She had never realised that the man under the maid was being used as a receptacle for her relief, she had always assumed that the maid was simply extracting oral service!

Graham screamed and wept as the high heeled shoe slowly destroyed his balls. He could still feel the pin jabs in his ass from his last encounter and he realised that he would carry the wounds of each page on to the next. That realisation triggered another feeling and he strained up to look past the misty edges of the room and he saw movement, he saw Hilda's face and he saw her lips purse open and then yawn as she climaxed to him being destroyed by her fantasy.

Graham fell through picture after picture. Occasionally the scene was a respite, sometimes it was just a fuck that he could manage or perhaps even enjoy. Sometimes he sensed that Hilda was frotting to his predicament, sometimes all he could see when he strained to look up was a deep darkness that showed him that the book was closed.

The scene was so familiar, such a turn on for Graham when he was the one turning the pages of the book, but now it was a nightmare that he dreaded because he was starting to understand how the magic that trapped him in the book worked. If he climaxed he would drop onwards, if he did not then he would suffer the scene until he did.

Dressed in stockings and heels he was suspended by the pins in his nipples. With his wrists chained to his stiff cock and the man pulling at him he knew that he could never come unless he could persuade the woman who was paddling him from behind to reach through his thighs and play with his bruised and battered cock.

Graham looked into the mask of his tormentor and then down to his cock and he knew that this man would make him perform and make him suffer as he did so. The leash bit into his cock and the ropes pulled at his nipples while the woman spanked him with the paddle and counted every stroke. Then the rope went slack and Graham was forced to his knees and the cock pushed into his screaming mouth.

'Fuck him,' encouraged the woman as her hands reached for that bleeding prick and massaged it to hardness. 'Fuck his throat and make him yours...'

Graham found that the cock was choking him, his vision started to grow blurry while the female hand gripped his balls and then pulled savagely at them. He gagged as the cock finally pushed into his throat, it forced an entrance and then pushed deeper to the accompanying groans of the man.

Finally, at the brink of fading to unconsciousness, the woman stroked Graham's cock and he climaxed with a rush and a desperate thrashing of his body as the prick in his throat blocked the air that he needed to live.

It saved him, that small stroke to his straining and aching cock. He came with a rush and suddenly he was travelling the void between the pictures.

Graham prayed that the Montorgueil collection was at last over. It was possible, the last illustration that he had experienced had been the last in the pirated collection that he also owned. 'The Sadism

Of Women' was the title, but now he was passing through a darkness, a brown and grey cloying darkness that seemed to last for hours.

Graham still felt the size of that prick that had forced his throat open and almost choked him. Just at the thought of that prick raping his face made him gasp for breath. His cock was sadly bleeding and ravaged by all the pins, darts and heels that had forced him to climax, the cheeks of his ass were worse. They bled and ached and would take days to recover.

Soon he would fall from the book and find himself as a miniature manikin on Hilda's table, he thought. He would beg her to restore him and offer her anything that she wanted. He would find all the missing books in her collection, beg borrow and steal them, Graham would do whatever penance that she ordered.

He would be her slave, kiss her ass and clean every fold of her magnificent body, he would serve as the man who kissed her feet in the morning and kissed them again at night as he made her life one of ease and indolence.

Graham fell through the cover of the book and crossed into the next.

Graham had not anticipated that she would force him from one book of sadism to the next and he hoped that this one was not the illustrated version of Comt De Sade's Days of Sodom!

The cover of the new book was considerable drop. The frontispiece was a rose and then he arrived at the first scene. He felt nothing more than the greatest relief that Hilda had given him a short holiday in the fantasies of Namio Harukawa. A world of over-large women who were served by small men who sucked, licked and drank their way through the naked pussies of those colossal Japanese bitches.

Graham found that he was staring up at the rounded body of the most magnificent woman whom he had ever seen. As she spoke in Japanese on the phone, his job was to make her climax a dozen times and then allow her to massage her magnificent body against his puny frame.

He licked and kissed and was rewarded with a gush of juices that made his face slide through her pussy as she purred like a cat and rubbed herself against his face for ever more passionate orgasms. Finally, she had finished with the phone and allowed it to drop. She muttered something in Japanese and then he felt her ease her bladder into his gaping mouth.

He gulped her waters down and fancied that she tasted slightly of rose water.

Then she stood and looked down at him before speaking and then thrashing his face with a series of brutal slaps that made his thoughts ring. At last she seemed finished and hitched the leash around his neck to a hook before heading out of the room.

Graham looked up. Though he could not see her face beyond a slight haze beyond his world he knew that Hilda was extracting yet more climaxes and lustily enjoying his predicament. Then Graham suddenly realised that for the first time he was actually on his own in one of the book drawings. He thought about the erotic drawings of Namio Harukawa and realised that it was rare for one to show a man actually climaxing.

Perhaps that meant that he would always have to wank to move to the next scene?

His hands were chained and pulled high, his collar also. He stood on tiptoes and struggled to look down at himself. Finally, the Japanese beauty re-entered the room and unhooked her slave from the

wall. A few words in Japanese and then she inspected him with a small smile. A mechanical device in her hand was shown to him with an explanation in Japanese.

Then she bent down and he heard a click and a mechanical grinding sound. Next came a sharp twinge in his balls that quickly subsided. She stood and slapped his face again before leaving him to contemplate what she had done.

Graham looked down and saw his limp cock hanging over balls that were slowly turning blue! A tight band circled his balls, cutting off their contact to his body. While he watched he was being castrated by that tight band! His flaccid cock sprang from his groin, a large cock, a proud cock and perhaps even a cock that could fuck a woman like the Japanese woman who was about to use him as her toilet.

But, it was not a cock that would ever stiffen again. No balls would hang under that prick when she returned! There would be just a smooth area, a continuum between cock and asshole, a slight scar where the balls had been before being amputated by the woman who now had him forever. Graham would never come again, never spurt his come and escape this powerful woman. A woman who was not satisfied with a man until he was busy swallowing her wastes and she was whipping him to jelly with that steel-cored whip that she was about to return with.

Hilda left the page open to freeze the terror on Graham's face as her hand slipped to her boiling pussy and the swollen clitoris that demanded just a negligible touch.

End