

Close Up Examination

An adult female domination tale

by

Irene C

Synopsis:

An interlude in Irene's world. A small follow on from the novel Dark Widow. Revenge brings pleasure to both women, why should it not have a happy ending?

Strength 6/10 - 1,500 Words

Written 2014

Re-edit 2022

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Second Edition

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Close-Up Examination

There was low noise in the dark. A creak possibly or maybe it was the small cry of a woman climaxing or perhaps being punished for some infraction.

No, it was the creak of a door. First opened and then closed with the attending step of the woman who had entered the room. Every single person in the house, from the highest to the lowest knew that measured footstep and experienced at least a small frisson of uncertainty or fear. When Miss Irene Clearmont entered a room all who were there had better be prepared to listen, answer and serve.

Veronica, Irene's close companion, punished harder, was more ruthless and cold in her treatment of her victims, but somehow, Irene was worse... The footsteps crossed the room and the listener knew that Irene was standing now near the large bay window that looked over the Long Island scenery.

There was still for perhaps five minutes before the footsteps indicated that Irene had walked to her desk, the creak of the leather as she sat and then the rattle of the receiver on the telephone and the slight click as she dialled.

Muffled, but clear, Irene spoke for a few moments into the phone. 'Ra'fah, darling,' said Miss Clearmont's voice. 'I just called to make a few arrangements before your visit here in the good ol' US of A!'

There was a brief pause as Irene listened and then a short laugh followed by: 'Ra'fah, Ra'fah, slow down a bit. There is plenty of time for you to meet your commitment to me. Anyway, when the freighter gets to Boston, the Institute will take on the cargo and make sure that all the customers that have been lined up get their goods.'

Another pause and then: 'I am so looking forward to your visit and I am sure that you will be amazed at the changes in the place since you were last here. I don't think that you have met Hillary yet, she is now responsible for all female training, I think that you'll like her...'

Finally Irene said her goodbyes followed by the click of the receiver in its cradle.

A slight creak and then a drawer was opened followed by a scratching of a key in a lock. The lock so close to the listener...

A crack of light opened and the middle aged woman found herself being granted a view of Miss Irene Clearmont's silk clad legs and shoes. The door opened under the vast desk to reveal a small arrangement that gave Irene so much pleasure. Ready for her use at any time, a woman who now had good reason to regret having crossed Miss Irene Clearmont in the past. It had been twenty years ago...

Mrs Deidre McCann, a senior ward nurse in the St. Christopher Hospital in New York. Not merely the senior sister, but Deidre was in charge of training, practical examinations and staff induction.

Tonight was the final interview, with a failed candidate for senior nurse, general ward duty. Irene Clearmont, a woman who had been a thorn in the side of Deidre for well over a year now. At *last* that time was coming to an end, because Deidre was sure that when she failed Irene, she would leave and be out of Deidre's hair. If, however, Irene had passed the exam and the practicals, Deidre would have to have guided her for another two years. A prospect that was not at all to the taste of the senior nurse. A sense of relief with a little pent up anxiety at having to end the woman's career.

The glass door opened and trainee Nurse Irene came into the office. She was a little mature to be doing the exams, but there again some just start late in life!

'Sit down, Miss Clearmont,' said Deidre with a small wave of the hand. 'I have been considering the results that you got in the theoretical exams as well as the practical exercises and have called you here to discuss my decision as regards the St Christopher Hospital examination course for senior nurses.'

Irene looked at the woman whom she knew did not like her and waited. The presence of both these determined and forceful women filled the room to overflowing. 'I am afraid that I have to tell you that you have failed the practical examinations and passed the theoretical exams,' said Deidre in a rush as she got the worst part of the interview over with in one strike.

She fully expected an outburst from Irene. An explosion of wrath that she braced herself for, but there came nothing! It was the practical examinations that were subjective and under Deidre's control. They were the ones that would take the most effort to resit. 'You failed on the treatment side, Irene,' said Deidre, 'not the diagnosis and theoretical...'

It was at that moment that Irene leaned forward and hissed, 'Either you pass me or you will regret it for the rest of your life!'

'I'm sorry? Are you threatening me?'

Irene leaned back and gazed at Deidre with a gimlet-like stare. She knew why she had failed. Personal conflict, her rough treatment of patients and small observations and suspicions on the part of Deidre. Things that she guessed at but had no proof of...

'I'll ask again, are you threatening me?'

'I'm *telling* you...'

'You are dismissed and you can count yourself lucky that there will be no mark on your record!'

Irene stood and looked down on Deidre before whispering, 'Not today, not tomorrow, but sometime in the future, you had better watch your back...'

'Out now,' shouted Deidre. 'Now!'

The letterbox slammed closed and the letters fluttered to the floor behind the front door. Deidre picked them up idly and leafed through them as she went back to her coffee on the kitchen table.

'Bill, bill, advert, bill and prize-draw,' she muttered as she dealt the letters onto the table like cards.

The prize-draw envelope caught her eye because it had no branding or other advertising other than a small statement at the bottom of the envelope that announced: 'You have won a cruise to Florida. twelve nights and return flight.'

Normally she tossed these brash come-ons in the bin, but this was just a little fascinating. Inside the envelope was a plain letter that announced that her participation in a credit card lottery had won her... There was a number to call to release the tickets and an Internet address to check the validity of the prize.

'What is it darling,' asked her husband when he saw her reading the letter and making a small noise of satisfaction.

'Honey I won a cruise, I think...'

'That's great he muttered, where to?'

'Florida.'

'I love Florida at this time of year,' he commented.

'It's just for me,' she smiled. 'It's a bit odd, but there is just a single ticket for a single cabin!'

'Oh, that's a shame...'

'It's next week!'

'Can you get the time off?'

'Of course, they owe me over three hundred hours at the moment, I'll use them.'

'Well you'd better pack... sounds great.'

The taxi, actually a limousine, that arrived was in keeping with the idea that Deidre was going on a cruise.

Police later admitted that they had no reports of a car of that type and colour registered in Manhattan and that the car must have come from outside. The police also had to admit, after two months' investigation, that they had no idea what the motive could be for such a complex and expensive abduction of a mere nurse. A woman who seemed to have no enemies and certainly was not well off... The excuse that the police gave for their failure was of course that after a week, the trail had gone cold and any report of an abduction usually has to be either solved or well on the way towards being solved inside seventy two hours.

A hand reached down to the smooth head of the former head nurse and stroked the skin with an almost loving touch. Once the door on the desk was opened the tightly restricted and helpless victim of Miss Clearmont's revenge could be slid out of the compartment to allow Irene to play with her as she fancied.

Occasionally, just a small conversation. One sided of course, because it had been a number of years since Deidre was allowed to even utter a cry, never mind actually form words that had meaning. Occasionally, Irene would use the small keypad at her disposal which controlled every function and node of pain and pleasure on the captured woman, but mostly Irene just liked to enjoy a little 'alone time' with Deidre. Slip out the drawer in which she was permanently mounted and guide her face between Irene's thighs to extract a little pleasure, a little revenge and a great deal of satisfaction. There was no doubt about it, Deidre was an expert in her small field of expertise! Bringing Irene to a state of orgasm with just a little application of lips and tongue.

Today was one of those days when she would be able to apply her skills! A day for climax, a moment where she could enjoy the complete subjugation and humiliation of a woman who had thwarted her all those years ago.

'Enjoying the cruise still?' asked Irene as she opened her legs to reveal that hungry pussy that was served by so many who hoped and were forced to please her.

Deidre rolled her eyes up to look at the smiling face above her and opened her mouth as she was trained. Irene was the only person that she had even seen for the last ten years even though she knew there were others who remained out of her sight. Irene was her world, her entire experience, her universe.

Pleasing Irene was all that she was allowed to do. Pleasing Irene was what she was created for. For Deidre had been created by Irene. Recreated as a toy that gave exquisite pleasure. Moulded and altered for mistress.

Her tongue probed deep. A hand dropped to stroke the bald head as if in affection, though the rising climax was much more than that, it was satisfaction. All these years, endless service, cared for and loved by her owner. And... Deidre loved her owner.

Of that there was no doubt. She loved Irene with all her heart. How could it be otherwise? Irene was the only thing in Deidre's life.

As the first trembles of those thighs that encompassed her head struck, the slave looked up at the face that smiled down at her and she knew that she belonged as she had never thought that she could belong. Loved the slick flesh that she served so willingly. Loved Irene as no one else could...

She was at once goddess, mother and lover.

The End.