

Immoral Earnings

An adult female domination tale

by

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Synopsis:

Decades in the future, a Britain where women rule and men are used and abused without thought. A few women are still married in the old fashioned way, living with a man, loving him... Just such a woman is Samantha, a policeman who is concerned about a male pain-brothel that needs to be expunged.

Being denied a warrant, Samantha decides to gather the evidence herself illicitly by filming the activities in the house of pain. Once inside, she finds herself out of her depth and is picked up by the sadistic Sophie, a member of the MDS. The secret police who ensure that men are reduced to slavery.

This is the tale of what happens when Samantha discovers something inside herself that she will do anything to satisfy.

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Set just a few tens of years in the future, a future where so much has changed. Women now rule in the place of men and the collar that they have placed around the male neck is on the very cusp of being closed and locked for the very last time.

Immoral Earnings

Part One: The Silk Room

The pencil flickered in the police Inspector's fingers and twirled for a moment before coming to rest. It was a small sign of tension, a poker tell, that she could not stop herself from doing. 'So tell me what grounds that you have for going to the trouble of getting a warrant?'

The woman facing her watched the pencil come to rest before she gathered her thoughts. 'The so-called club is clearly being used as a brothel,' she began. 'In the last day over twenty persons have visited it, usually for not more than two hours at a time.'

'You know that that's not enough, Sergeant, we need some sort of proof. What about the finances, there must be some sort of papertrail?'

Sergeant Samantha Willis pulled a wry smile and shrugged her shoulders. 'You know how difficult that is without a warrant, Ma'am,' she said. 'In fact in this case it's impossible...'

'Well we have just two possibilities then,' said the Inspector. 'Either get me proof in the next day or give it up. We have bigger fish to fry at the moment anyway in North London...'

'Why is it so fucking impossible to get warrants?' said Samantha with a small sigh. 'Sweet Mary! We all know what's going on in there, it's illegal and it's brutal mistreatment of helpless people and we can't do a thing!'

'As long as people are prepared to accept money and others are prepared to pay,' said the Inspector with some finality. 'Just get me the evidence that I need to get the warrant and we'll go mob-handed.'

'Yes Ma'am.'

'Are you really going to do this?' said the uniformed officer to Sergeant Samantha. 'I mean this is really risky, they don't take prisoners there!'

Samantha took a deep breath and tried to smile. 'It's my job... all you have to do is to make sure all of the recording gear is receiving the signal from the wire that I am carrying.'

'This operation is not sanctioned,' said the Constable. 'You're just doing this for your own ego. No one cares what happens there at all. They have no other chance of a job, it's all they can do, be fucked and get paid for it! It's their own fault, they're all just willing and natural victims anyway, the sluts!'

'I can't believe that sexist attitude, I can't believe that you just said that! Well, so what if this investigation is not official?' said Samantha as she opened the car door. 'They need our help, there are people in there that are no better than slaves serving abusers. I need to do this, I can't believe that we can't get the warrants. It's almost as if there was pressure from above to allow this sordid business to continue to make obscene profits.'

The Constable looked up at Samantha as she slammed the door. There was nothing else to say. It is well known that corruption plays its part in the brothel business... Someone, somewhere was protecting the owners and making a whole wad of money from doing it. By entering the place, Samantha was really risking getting into trouble with her superiors. Not just from those who would give her short shrift in the brothel, but those in positions of power inside the force who would do all that they could to protect the owners of the trade in flesh. The sadistic misuse of human flesh that was becoming almost acceptable nowadays.

That's the way politics is moving. Taking the rights of those unable to protect themselves. Taking those second class citizens and making them no more than property. Passed off with casual comments like, 'They like doing it,' and 'of course they are well paid to suffer.' Yet everyone knows that the bitches got nothing and the owners get it all. The money and the prerogatives...

The Constable sort of liked Samantha, she really was one of the better Sergeants after all, even if she was a bit soft hearted. This was really going to make a whole heap of trouble. She reached for her phone and tapped the screen to call up her boss. 'I tried to talk her out of it,' said the Constable after explaining the whole story. 'She just wouldn't listen.'

There was a pause at the other end and then the familiar voice said, 'Shit! There's someone in there who... never mind. You did the right thing by calling, now just fuck off from there and let me sort out the mess! There are political principals at stake, don't worry your head about them. We'll discuss your reward tomorrow in my office. I like reliability, so you'll be rewarded well for your loyalty... Just make sure that all the recording equipment is down, switched off and get out of there.'

The Constable hesitated and then switched off the phone. 'What the fuck,' she muttered to herself as she reached down and switched off the receiver. 'This really is the deep end...'

She really had tried to talk Samantha out of going in; she convinced herself that she had tried so much harder than she really had. Guilt was a fire that needed damping down until even the embers did not glow. 'I wonder who the hell is in there?' she thought as she joined the traffic.

As Samantha rang on the entryphone she did not notice the unmarked police car slide from its position in the road and swish off. Now that the door lock to the building was buzzing she involuntarily held her breath and pushed the door open to enter the brothel.

Samantha teetered on the oh-so-high heels that she had put on. The only pair in her wardrobe, she almost never wore shoes like that, or for that matter the rest of the uniform of a woman who lived for sex and who would do anything to get it. Her hands smoothed her short dress and made sure that the top was open to the fourth button, exposing the deep valley of her cleavage. She looked the part, now all she had to do was to get enough evidence of the cruelties that were being meted out in this place. Naïve and with a sense of superior purpose, she primped her hair. A microphone and a concealed camera would suffice to bring the full weight of the law to bear onto this place.

The door clicked behind her as she stood waiting for the lift. In fact it was less of a 'click' than a clash of metal on metal. The sound was so unexpected that Samantha walked back to the door and tried to open it. It was secured, the door was not just locked, it was made of that concrete hard glass that protected jeweller's shop windows in the high street from enterprising thieves with bricks in their hands.

The lift arrived and the doors opened to reveal a smiling woman who held out her hand to Samantha as if she was a long expected friend. 'Hi there,' said the woman with the long red nails. 'I'm Sophie, the Mistress of the house tonight. I am here to make sure that we offer everything that you want and that you pay for. I got your reservation.'

Samantha smiled and felt as though her face was cracking. She hadn't switched on the recorders yet, to transmit their telling pictures to the Constable's unmarked car. She felt a slight flush in her cheeks and said 'Of course,' and muttered her name as a greeting with all the calmness that she could muster. 'I'm Mistress Samantha.'

As the lift doors closed Samantha fiddled with her stocking tops and surreptitiously switched on the recorders. Nothing could happen to her now! Even if there was some incident, everything was being recorded and the perpetrators would fall foul of the law! She felt invulnerable...

The lift smoothly slid up the inside of the building until it came to rest on the tenth floor. 'After you,' said Sophie with an expansive gesture. Samantha walked into a dimly lit room that was decorated in the style of a Las Vegas bar of the nineteen sixties. Deep alcoves with leather chairs, a bar with spots that pooled the light on the shimmering glass bar top. Rows of bottles and women standing around chatting in a casual and easy manner.

Samantha tried to relax as Sophie led her to the bar. 'What would you like to drink,' she said to Samantha. 'A cocktail perhaps? The first is always on the house.' Samantha could not see a list of prices and realised that the rates were going to be high. This could cost a packet just to get to the point where the whores were brought in and the evidence was secure.

'Make mine a G and T,' she said. 'Plenty of ice...'. As the barmaid mixed the drink Samantha made an inspection of the other women in the bar. It was quite clear that the clientele were wealthy from the jewellery and clothes on display. One woman nearby, dressed in a slinky red leather dress and knee high boots offered a silent toast as the barmaid placed the gin and tonic in front of Samantha. She lifted the glass and made the same small motion in return with her glass. It seemed that the woman in red took it as an invitation to approach.

'Sophie, who have you brought for us tonight?' she asked. 'A partner, a performer or a solo artist?' Sophie laughed and winked at Samantha.

'She is here for the first time, are you going to show her the ropes, Carrie?'

Samantha sipped her gin and tonic and observed Carrie. Here was a woman who casually abused the men who were forced to serve as prostitutes in the bordello. Rich and self confidently safe from the constraints of the law, this was a woman who took what she wanted without regard for the suffering that she inflicted. 'Of course, if she's willing,' replied Carrie with a small grin. 'In just a few minutes is the auction and then we can all pick and choose our partners for a fun night.'

'I think that tonight I'll go solo,' said Samantha. 'I mean that it's my first time here!'

'Nonsense,' said Carrie. 'I won't hear of it. Tonight I feel like having a partner in crime, I'll get you out of your shell and we can be bitches with our little slut together, especially since it gives me a chance to show you the silk room.'

'Then I can leave you in the capable hands of the beautiful Carrie,' said Sophie. 'I just have a couple of small matters to care for, so Carrie will help set up your account; she knows the ropes and the men will be here in just a couple of minutes!'

With a nod to Carrie, Sophie left Samantha and Carrie and headed away. 'An account?' asked Samantha.

'Tonight we'll put it all on my tab,' said Carrie. 'I like the look of you and it's only money after all! What's the point of being rich if I can't indulge myself?' Carrie rested one hand on Samantha's hip for a moment and smiled before she raised her glass and took a sip of the outrageous cocktail that filled it with pieces of fruit.

Internally, Samantha breathed a sigh of relief, but how would it look if Carrie paid for her? Suddenly she saw that she had to get out of this oppressive place, but how? She was in too deep. What if... There was no time to arrange the thoughts in her mind.

Carrie smiled and suddenly Samantha had a feeling of déjà vu as she saw that smile. Somewhere she had met this woman before, somewhere she had seen her. Was it on some case? Was it just from a newspaper clipping or a photo on a noticeboard? The feeling of knowing where was just at her fingertips, just within reach of her memory.

'Thanks...' said Samantha, meaning to add that she had decided to leave, but at that moment a small bell rang and a door at the end of the bar opened. From it was wheeled a trolley by a naked man who pushed it to the centre of the room.

'Take your pick,' said Carrie with some relish as she took Samantha's hand and pulled her to the mahogany trolley where the five other women in the bar were eagerly heading.

Samantha found herself looking at a collection of whips, quirts and canes that were mounted in clips on the trolley. Hands reached out as the woman picked their favourites with comments like, 'This one is my favourite,' and 'I prefer a simple bamboo cane.' She looked down at the handles of the instruments of punishment with a shock. From next to her, Carrie reached down and picked the red braided handle of what turned out to be a whip that was so stiff that it was almost a crop.

'I think that this matches my boots,' said Carrie as she flexed the stiff weapon in her elegant hands. 'When it comes to accessories then colour is the most important. Which one are you going to pick?' As Samantha dithered over being forced to pick from all the canes, Carrie said, 'It doesn't matter which one you pick really. It's really just to get the feel of being dominant and to make the auction more fun when the male-bitches come in...'

Samantha reached for the nearest handle. A straight plain plastic handle with a small loop for her wrist. She pulled it free and Carrie commented in approval. 'Personally I just love the effect of the whipcord cane,' she said. 'So thin that it is nothing more than a cord, so stiff that it cuts like a blade. When I feel unrestrained I always pick it, but paying extra for the damage is such a drag!'

She ran the cane through her fingertips and realised that the carbon fibre stalk was slightly rough and almost impossible to bend. It was as light as a feather, as easy to swish in the air as if her hand were empty, yet, and yet, it hissed as it cut the miasma of smoke and female pheromones in the bar on the tenth floor of the pain brothel. It hissed like an angry viper. Samantha's fingers ran along the stiff shaft and realised that this harmless looking stick was actually a terrible instrument of pain in the wrong hands.

Hers! Samantha could hardly see the shank of the cane in the dark of the bar. A small shudder ran through her, a frisson perhaps? 'Come on now,' said Carrie, 'the auction is about to start and we haven't even seen the merchandise yet!'

Her hand reached out and she took Samantha's wrist possessively and dragged her to the front of the woman who were clustered around the door which was allowing the male whores into the bar. Samantha could see the back of the woman who had decided to befriend her. A swaying behind in tight leather, a smooth sexual moon in

red that hovered over the tightly laced stiletto boots. Samantha felt a tremor of need in her heart. This woman was a sexual magnet.

The men stood there. Waiting. Ten of them waiting to be chosen or rejected by the women who gloated over their helplessness. Three were naked but for the restraints that enclosed their cocks. The rest were dressed to excite. A couple were 'mock women' while a couple more were dressed from head to toe in tight fitting costumes that showed every bulge of their muscles under a shiny surface. The rest wore skimpy costumes in shiny leather or latex. Zips, laces and restraints, they were all so ready for use.

Sophie appeared and made a small announcement: 'Ladies, this is the moment when you pick a partner. We shall be auctioning all of the sluts here for your enjoyment. All of them are looking forward to a hard night of pain and pleasure at your hands...'

The women clapped and laughed and one of them wolf whistled as the men looked apprehensively at the women who would choose from them. Sophie walked down the line and then tapped one of the costumed men to stand forward. 'We'll start with George here,' she said as he toed the line. 'He's always a bit of a favourite amongst the ladies...'

As she spoke she allowed her hand to drift to his thighs and fondled the bulge that nestled there. 'Two hundred,' said an older woman dressed in a designer dress.

'That's just a start,' said Sophie. 'He's normally worth at least five hundred.'

Samantha watched the bidding and found herself in a conflict of emotions. On the one hand she shuddered at the way that these male sluts were being traded, used and abused. On the other hand she found herself gripping the handle of her crop in anticipation of Carrie making a bid for a victim. Anticipation of what? Samantha so wanted to escape and yet she was so excited by the auction for helpless male flesh.

Men were just sluts and by no means the equal of women in intelligence and society, but that did not mean that they had to be traded and abused! Years ago it had all been the other way around. Women had been used and abused until at last they had taken what was theirs by right, now it was the men that needed to be protected from abuse...

Samantha looked at the men parading and wondered how they could allow themselves to be so taken advantage of. How the hell was she going to escape from this? She was woken from her reverie with a start as Carrie nudged her and made a bid. 'Four hundred,' she said to Sophie. 'He's the one we want!'

Samantha looked at the man who was being auctioned and wondered what had attracted Carrie to a man who was dressed like a cheap male whore. Lips red with lipstick, high heels and a frilly costume that was a sexual parody of woman's dress. 'Four hundred?' said Sophie with a small smile. 'This bitch is ready and willing...'

There was a brief pause and then Sophie passed the leash to Carrie.

'Have fun! The silk room is all yours.' Samantha felt Carrie pull on her hand and was led, like the male whore, from the small group of bidders towards the back of the room.

'I really don't think that...' said Samantha as she struggled to formulate a means of telling Carrie that she wanted to leave. Carrie stopped and turned to Samantha. 'Don't be silly,' she replied, 'this is on me!'

With that, she turned and led her two charges to a door and opened it to reveal a room hung with black and red silk. No windows, no furniture but a huge circular bed that filled the centre of the room and a whipping horse from which snaked the shackles that would hold its victim. Here was the place where women could indulge their fantasies. The place where abuse was sanctioned and hapless men were abused.

'I love this room,' said Carrie. 'I always reserve it when I can.'

Samantha looked at the man standing in his sexy little costume and felt a small pang of guilt. While she was here in this brothel, her husband was waiting for her in innocent hope. Of course she had had affairs with other women and used the occasional man for casual sex, but never like this! Somehow this was different. Using a slut like this malebitch was one way or another a deeper infidelity even though he had no right to her devotion, after all he was just her husband, the man whom she owned.

Samantha stood there, more a picture of helplessness than the man in his small lace bodice, his erection lifting up the short hem of his skirt. Carrie started to laugh at Samantha. 'Come on my dear, you really should get with the program,' she said.

'I can't!' said Samantha. 'Really, I can't!'

'Nonsense said Carrie, what is there to be worried about? Why did you come here if not to have your way with some skilled whore? Let's get you out of that frumpy frock and see what you have!'

Her hands reached out and she slid the zipper down Samantha's back before she could object. Samantha tried to clench her arms against her body, she tried to turn to face Carrie, but the movement allowed Carrie to pull down the dress and expose her breasts with a small twitch of the hands. As Samantha moved her hands to cover herself Carrie was able to slide the dress to allow it to fall to the floor.

'What have we got here?' asked Carrie.

Samantha stood with her hands on her breasts and looked down to where Carrie's gaze led her. The small box strapped to her thigh, the wire that dangled where it had been ripped from the brooch masquerading as a camera, a red light flashing showed that there was no contact with the base station.

'It's, I mean I was...'

'Darling I know what it is and I know who you are, so let's not start lying to each other.' Samantha looked at Carrie and saw the smile. In the background, the male slut stood obediently as he waited for the women who had bought his services to remember his presence. His erection now lifted his skirt to show his ringed balls hanging and the tattoo of his owner that lined the inside of his thigh.

'You know?'

'Of course I do, do you think that I am in the habit of paying for any stray cat that comes in here to have a good time! You are a foolish woman who has no idea what she is doing! Fancy coming in here and thinking that it would be a good idea to gather evidence in a brothel. Jesus, you're so naïve if you think that your career in the police will survive this.'

'Who are you?'

As she spoke, Samantha realised that she had recognised her partner. 'Mistress Jasmine Carrington, of MDS, Commander rank,' said Carrie as she reached out and pulled Samantha's hands from her breasts. 'On the other hand you are a former police agent of the drugs and vice squad and as such you are not in a very good situation!'

Samantha stood and stared. All the makeup and the clothes! How had she not recognised Carrie as one of the most outspoken opponents of male emancipation? This was the woman that had advised the President to force through the 'Chipping Bill' through the lower house. This was the woman who had arrested the entire old male establishment ten years ago for 'unspecified crimes against female authority'.

Seeing the look of fear and shock on Samantha's face she started to laugh. 'I'm not going to arrest you, my dear. It is not a crime to be naïve! On the other hand you are now verging on foolish. I know that you are going to argue that the law should provide protection for men, as it does women. But, there are obvious differences!'

As Carrie spoke she looked over her shoulder at the cringing man who was on the point of sinking to his knees with fear. Now that he knew who Carrie was, he was trembling with terror. 'So what are we going to do with our little ex-police sergeant?'

'Despite who you are...' started Samantha, but Carrie broke into the beginning of her 'the law is the law' monologue.

'It's not who I am, but what I represent,' said Carrie as she turned slightly and lifted the hem of the man's frilly dress where a small bump on his thigh moved under her fingertips. 'This man has been fitted with the new chip that details his present owner and his entire police file. It allows him to be sorted, traced and sold. Soon all men in Britain will have this and all those who come from abroad will be chipped too. It allows us to follow his every move and ensure that we never go back to the bad old days when men ruled by physical force and that alone. I have achieved this much

and there is so much more to come! When I am finished men will be so low on the agenda that they will have less rights than animals. They will be bought and sold, used and looked after by their owners. The payment for that security, they will be our pets, playthings and slaves!

The soliloquy was spat at Samantha with venom that was personal and real. For a moment there was a small pause before Carrie spoke in a softer tone. 'There are so many misguided women in this country. They will learn the pleasures to be had when my reforms are in place. At the moment they suffer from guilt and self reproach when they do all the things that they have a natural impulse to do. I am going to purge that guilt from their spirits. As I am yours!'

The man in his pretty pink sissy dress, his high heels, his lipstick and pink blusher, stared at Carrie as if she were more than just the woman who could buy him by the hour. She was his mortal enemy. He raised his hand and made a sound like a whine of agony. It was torn from his throat like anger and hate and then suddenly he was in motion. His fist caught Carrie on the side of her head with a distinct smack, knocking her off her heels to the floor. His foot raised, the spike raised above her neck as he was poised to stamp that dagger of a stiletto into her throat.

Samantha did not think, she threw herself at the painted whore and pushed him tottering on his heels. Stockings rent by the impact, lipstick smeared from the backhanded blow that she delivered as a follow up. He grunted and regained his balance in two backward steps that brought him up against the bed. Samantha gripped her short cane and swept it crosswise across his body with a hissing blow.

A line of bright red suddenly appeared on pink. It streaked through the thin lace of his dress and cut him. He shrieked. It was a cry from his inner soul. A wavering high pitched screech that sounded as he lurched forward with arms wide to grapple Samantha and bring him inside the sweep of her deadly cane.

Samantha dropped the cane and put her fists together and swept them up to catch his chin as he threw himself at her. But the slut's heel broke and he lurched to the side just as the blow should have landed. His strong arms grappled her waist and he almost lifted her from the floor as his body arched back to deliver a massive blow with his forehead against hers.

Samantha found herself outmatched in strength and all the technique in the world could not work while he clasped her to him and held her arms to her sides with his wild strength. For a moment there was stasis. A brief split second, a momentary pause, as Samantha realised that he would knock her out and then finish her in a matter of dazed moments. His mouth opened to speak, but no words came and then suddenly, his grip relaxed and he mouthed a cry of pain.

As he sank to his knees, Samantha saw Carrie, the long straight knout in her hand. The picture of dominance. Red lacquered boots, whip in hand and the hem of her red leather dress riding up her thighs to expose the tops of her stockings. A reddening bruise and a small cut on her forehead showed where her manslut had punched her. For a moment, Carrie seemed to be considering another blow, but the

single blow from the iron weighted straight whip had felled him to lie at her feet. A small smile played on her lips as she looked down at the man on the floor.

Her foot pushed forward to his face and stopped. He kissed it and then looked up at his mistress with a single look. Then he bent his head again and kissed that shiny red leather. The smooth toe of her boot that mirrored his face. Samantha, meanwhile stood and took in the scene and then suddenly realised her nakedness as she saw her discarded clothes.

Carrie looked up from the man at her feet and said, 'You see, Samantha, sheer brute force and witless strength, that is men.'

'Why didn't he cry out?' asked Samantha, 'He was trying to shout, but all that came was a squeal.' Carrie looked down at the man who had now turned his attention to her heels. She watched with an almost tender look in her eyes as the tip of the knout directed his tongue to the spike of the heel as she lifted her foot to tip toe.

'I had him silenced years ago, when I first got my first promotion in MDS. It was then that I realised that I too, would have to purge myself and I had this brothel set up as a place to put husbands and lovers to one side. A place where we could use them as we wanted without ever having the inconvenience of a male in our intimate lives.'

'He's your husband?' asked Samantha. 'You had him locked up here?'

'A woman in my position cannot afford to have any relationship with a man, it would be so open to exploitation by political enemies. So here is Eric. Former Minister of Education in the last male government that this country ever had. He kisses my boots, he wanks like the monkey he is as I punish him and then he is allowed occasionally to serve me. When I feel the urge to let him please me...'

Samantha looked at Carrie and realised that she possessed an iron will, a heart of flint and was the most attractive woman that she had ever met. She dominated the room, she radiated power and singular intensity. Her breasts heaved under the red leather and her hands held the lash with an authority that showed proficiency and was at home with absolute command. At the same time Carrie looked Samantha in the eye and nodded.

'I haven't thanked you,' said Carrie. 'He caught me unawares. I should have known that he would crack in the end. At any rate he won't ever do it again. I will make sure of it. So what the fuck am I going to do with you now? One moment you are a crusader for men's rights, the next moment you find that you have rescued the fourth in command of the Male Discipline Section!'

'Who else is locked up here?' asked Samantha.

Carrie sighed. 'The building is not twelve stories high for no reason,' she said with a small movement of the hand. 'Four hundred or so women in senior positions are allowed to leave their husbands and former lovers here to be either used by any woman who can afford it or of course those women who still retain some attachment

to them. Now that I have told you, now that you know, you might just find yourself in a cell!

Samantha stepped forward. She stepped over Carrie's attentive husband and pressed herself into that hard leather as she moved to kiss the woman who was the antithesis of everything that she believed. Their lips touched for a moment and Samantha felt her head swim with lust as she smelt the skin and breath of this woman.

'If you can prove that you will never mention this, if you can show me that you feel enough to be mine, then I shall relent! Show me that you can serve me and the state and we shall discuss a rank in the MDS and some personal advantages that you may progress towards.'

'How can I do that? Punish him?'

'My dear, I think that is why I am attracted to you, your naiveté is just so delicious! Little Eric is going on a one way trip that will teach him that there are worse things than a wife who takes your voice away. This part of my life is finished; Eric and I are going to split up and find new partners... I suppose that one could call this a divorce! No, Samantha, you are going to have to prove to me that you have the mettle to submit and conform to the lifestyle that the MDS expects.'

Carrie put a finger under Samantha's chin and lifted her face to look into her eyes.

'You have a day... twenty four hours, if you like and then we shall speak again... Please me!'

Samantha found herself on the street. It was raining, the unmarked car was gone, her dress was slightly torn, the street light glistened orange in the water and she was perfectly soaked through. All she had to do was to prove to Carrie, Mistress Jasmine Carrington, Commander in the MDS, that she was fit to love her, to join her. That was all!

Part Two: Entering

She sat in the kitchen of her small apartment and sipped at the coffee that was still too hot to drink. It had taken an hour to walk home in the rain. The water soon penetrated her clothes, it filled her high heeled shoes and it ran down her back in a stream. The metallic puddles in the road were at first walked around and then Samantha realised that she was so wet that nothing mattered any more.

It was three when she walked into the kitchen and stripped off all of her sodden clothes. Water ran from shoes and dress, it pooled on the floor and Samantha sat down to think. She surveyed her lust for Carrie in every detail and then her predicament. Scenarios played in her head and she knew deep down that Carrie had meant what she had said about a cell with Samantha's name on it.

She took a fresh towel from the cupboard and rubbed herself down. As she did so, Samantha wandered to the window and looked down into the street. The rain was drifting lines that swept the concrete below with lines. There, in the street was a car which shone in the soft glow of the internal light.

The MDS had already staked her flat. They were watching Samantha and she had no idea of how she could possibly appease Carrie, never mind find herself back in a bedroom with her. She sat back down and stared into the coffee as though it would reveal the answer to her conundrum.

A small island of bubbles just went around and around.

Finally she decided that she could not decide and should go to bed. For a moment she paused at her husband's door. Perhaps he could help her? She smiled at the thought of Jerry being able to help her with a serious problem. He had just completed his maximum seven years of schooling and could do little more than read and write, never mind help her decide what she could do to escape Carrie and at the same time become hers! Samantha contemplated waking him and having him serve her, but Carrie's magnificent body was still in her mind and she did not wish to sully the memory with his awkward attempts to please her.

So she left him in his room to dream and threw herself on her own bed. In the darkness Samantha could not get that woman from her head. Cruelty incarnate, a woman who was dangerous to know and treacherous to love, but attractive, so attractive. Samantha wondered what it would be like to go to bed with a woman like Carrie. Would she treat her lovers as though they were mere men to be punished? Would she melt in the arms of a woman? Would she be demanding or easy to satisfy?

Samantha felt herself becoming aroused. Her hand slipped to that smooth crack and pushed in deep. So deep. Her middle finger inside, the base of her palm on her covered clitoris and two fingers rested on the small gathered skin of her ass hole. It was her usual position.

A slow rotating pressure, a finger fucking her cunt and a subtle play that tickled and enticed in equal measure on that node of her ass. In her head she saw Carrie, she

saw that red leather and she saw the whip in her hand. She saw the hem of the skirt rise slowly to reveal a gash that dripped juice down her hard thighs. She saw the whip rise in her inner sexual fugue and climaxed as she realised that she wanted Carrie to be strict and hard in bed.

Hard with her... Samantha needed a Mistress not a lover. She suddenly knew that she hoped that Carrie would fuck her. Take her and make Carrie come, make her serve that delicious powerful body, that deep slit that needed to be gratified. Samantha felt another climax coming on and pressed her fingers into her ass with a relentless pressure.

Now she was pierced in two of her holes, she had to fill the third and moved her hand to her lips and slipped a finger between into her mouth. Her body arched on the bed as she imagined serving and being pleased by Carrie. Her eyes screwed closed as the film in her head ran behind the lens of her imagination. Now Carrie was fucking her with the handle of the whip.

Samantha orgasmed again and again as her fantasy fuelled her cunt. Her hand dripped with her juices and then bunched to press into her pussy with fingertips together as she imagined the giant handle of a whip being pressed into her, raping and filling her while the dream bitch, Carrie laughed to see Samantha gasp with orgasm after orgasm.

She lay gasping on the rucked covers of the bed. Her hand was still implanted inside herself and a thumb lingered between her lips. Her breath rasped between her lips as she slid into an uneasy sleep that was disturbed by those nightmares that have no form, just a malevolent grey background of fear and immorality and small details of her lust.

As she dreamed she fucked herself with her fingers. She ran with the oil of her excitement until the covers on which she lay were soaked. All she could see in the dream was vague darkness and the bright red heels of those boots. The heels that needed attention, the spikes that craved devotion. The wearer of the boots was far above her, far above her...

Bright and early. Samantha rose early as she always did. A two kilometre jog to warm up and then the weights at the gym. Finally back to the apartment for breakfast and still in time to get to work by eight. That was her routine and it did not vary even today, but her thoughts were full of Carrie. Crowded with worry about how she could show Carrie, prove to Carrie that she was ready for the MDS, ready for Carrie.

Ready to serve. She arrived back at the apartment slightly winded, with her mental problem still unresolved. Opening the door she smelled the coffee as she always did and called out a bright 'I'm back,' to Jerry as she slammed the door behind her.

'Breakfast's ready,' he called out as she kicked off her trainers and headed for the kitchen.

Samantha, preoccupied by her inner struggle, failed to blow him the usual kiss as she sat down and picked up her coffee. 'Is there something the matter?' asked Jerry with a concerned tone.

'Nothing that you need to worry about, just women's decisions...'

'Is it work?'

'I told you, it's a personal problem.'

'Then shouldn't I be able to help? I mean, you are my wife!'

Samantha looked up at him and smiled to herself. Jerry was such an airhead, a confused bundle of hormones and emotions. There was no way that he could be allowed to make important decisions for her; or himself for that matter! 'It's not important,' she said to avoid the argument.

'If it's important to you then it's important to me too...'

'Jerry, just shut up and get on with your housework. If you must know, I have to make a career decision and it's something that you can't help with at all.'

'I just want to help, just give my point of view,' said Jerry carefully. 'I know that I'm not as well educated as you, I know that looking after you is not as important a job as working for the police. I know all of that, but I just want to share a little of your life, after all I am your husband!'

'Jerry!' Samantha's voice carried a warning tone that should have told Jerry to be silent, but he did as he always did, he pushed past the line of reasonable conduct and pressed on into the distance.

'When I married you, I thought that we would be a partnership. A collaboration of equals, but since the wedding you have started to change. Now I find that all you want me for is bed and as a personal servant. I'm surprised that you haven't had me chipped yet... I know that it's not compulsory, but it's where you are going and... and...'

Jerry started to sob and could not finish the sentence. Samantha looked at the man that her mother had told her was not fit to lick the soles of her shoes and felt a strange mixture of feelings. On the one hand, sadness. After all, she thought to herself, we have been married for five years and that is a long time and worth something. At the start there *had* been something, that was certain, but now Jerry had become just a drudge who cleaned and dusted. He never wanted to go out, he never wanted to play exciting games in bed and he never dressed up for her. In short he no longer tempted her and without his physical charms there was not much left to the relationship.

Samantha put an arm around his shoulders to comfort him, but despite the movement and the contact they both knew that there was only compassion and pity in that intimacy. Love, lust and affection had flown the nest.

'If you ever try a trick like that again you will be on the street as quick as you can say 'MDS',' said the Inspector as she fiddled with her pencil. It twirled through her long fingers like a baton and finally came to rest, pointing down on the old fashioned blotter that lay on the desk. The dressing down was as Samantha had expected. It left out all mention of the offer and deal from Carrie. It centred on the misuse of surveillance equipment, the 'going behind backs' and the personal insult that Samantha's superior felt every time the people under her command refused to be micromanaged. 'Do you understand?'

Now there was a question that did not need to be answered, thought Samantha.

'For the next few months you will be assigned to office, liaison and bureaucratic duties. Hand over all of your open cases to Sargent Williams and start by finishing the crime figures for the next Chief's meetings.'

'Yes, Ma'am,' answered Samantha with a sigh of relief as she left the office. Now all she had to do was to please Carrie and she would be off to the MDS. She could leave all the messy, ordinary crime behind her and concentrate on the threat to society posed by all those men. The trouble was, she deliberated, that what was obvious to Carrie was not obvious to her! If she asked what it was that she had to do, then she had already failed.

The thoughts of Carrie filled her head and she saw that figure again, the one that she had masturbated to all night and in her dreams. The power and dominant stance. The leather and the casual way that she handled her whip. The way that Carrie had sacrificed everything for her ambition. The need to reduce men to slaves and belongings. The single path to a society that was better and fairer for all...

An hour later, Samantha sat in a small office and contemplated her life. She raised her eyes from the glowing screen where reports needed completion and accounts had to be balanced. She stared at the wall and the calendar that someone had pinned to the wall at the beginning of the year. Buxom women posed on every page, ideals of soft womanhood that needed to be protected by the rest.

Samantha had a shit job now! A partner who did not interest her anymore and moral beliefs that were struggling to resist the oncoming express train of female emancipation and male subjugation. In her heart of hearts she knew that men were a stupid and violent necessity. They needed control and help making decisions. She bought into that, she just did not believe that they should have no rights at all.

Obviously they could not be treated as equals to women! She leaned back in her chair and regarded the screen with a detached stare. Her thoughts coalesced into a single emotion. The need to have Carrie, the absolute compulsion to join her in the MDS and serve her. Nothing could be allowed to stand in the way of that ambition, *nothing*. Her pussy became greasy at the thought of Carrie. It frothed and itched with unfulfilled lust to sate her yearning.

The small room became witness to a gasp and then a small cry as Samantha climaxed. One hand under the desk, twitching her dripping cunt. The other arm rigid, palm pressed into the edge of the desk, forcing her back, filling her with rigid tension. The climax went on and on. It was like surfing a wave until at last she was cast up and found herself staring at that calendar while her breath came in gasps and her fingers squirmed inside the tunnel of her pussy.

Part Three: The Silk Room

Sophie appeared from the lift and walked to the glass doors. That she personally opened the door spoke of something. The door swung open and Samantha stepped into the rest of her life. Trailing in her wake was Jerry. 'Welcome back,' said Sophie with a small smile at Jerry. 'I see that tonight Madame has decided to bring her own amusement!'

'He's my husband,' said Samantha as the lift was called.

'Of course,' said Sophie. 'How very sweet and old fashioned of you. Mistress Jasmine Carrington is waiting upstairs for you.'

Sophie looked dubiously at Jerry and then shrugged. 'Of course, despite the fact that he is your husband, he cannot go into the bar...'

'Of course,' replied Samantha. 'I am sure that you will find a suitable place to keep him until I have discussed matters with Carrie.'

A deft touch from Sophie and the lift stopped at the fifth floor. Naked corridor lit by glaring fluorescent lights. A woman in MDS uniform stepped into view and took Jerry. For a moment, as the lift doors closed, Samantha could see the shock on his face, the expression of betrayal at the uniform and then the doors slid closed and he was gone.

'He will be found a cell and fitted with a collar,' said Sophie in a disinterested way. Samantha almost felt a twinge of guilt, but the doors opening into the bar to reveal Carrie swept away all doubt of what she was doing. High heels in plain black and a smooth dress of latex that had no seam and swept over her rounded figure like a wave lapping up a beach. In her hand was one of those outrageous cocktails and a whip hung from that wrist like a fashion accessory.

'So you came back,' said Carrie with a small smile. 'That is the first of the three things that you have to do for me.' Samantha risked it! She leaned over and kissed the woman that she had started to fixate on. The woman, the thought of whom, was becoming an obsession that triggered a drizzle of juices in her gaping pussy.

'I left Jerry, my husband on the fifth floor,' said Samantha as Carrie led her to the bar.

'G and T,' ordered Carrie from the barmaid before turning back to Samantha. 'Very good, darling. You now have completed the second part of the MDS entry examination. Was it a tearful goodbye, when he realised that you were sacrificing him for your career? Did he cry? You have to learn to give up men as companions, friends and acquaintances.'

'And sex?'

'Darling, sex is just that, sex! Do what you want with as many men and women as you want. Just make sure that you do not form emotional links with other women!'

Carrie passed the drink to Samantha and sipped her own. 'Other women?'

'I've seen your file, Samantha Willis. Born two thousand and thirteen, educated in St James Senior Girls School in London and then studied in Girton College, Cambridge. Met and married Jerry Maddenly in twenty thirty four and joined the Met. The rest of course is all on file, including the two commendations and the award for special service and your promotion to vice and drugs. I know that you have had three casual affairs in the last five years. Three with women and two with men. I know about your parents and what happened to your father in the men's rights riots in twenty twenty and I know why your mother committed suicide. Darling, Samantha, I know all about you, you have no problem fucking women or them fucking you for that matter!'

Samantha sipped her gin and tonic and admired the woman who was bending her backwards. The thought and presence of Carrie was turning her on and she was fervently hoping that this would all end in the silk room. Just the two of them together.

'So how about other women in the MDS?' asked Samantha.

Carrie burst into laughter. 'That would be perfect! We do everything that we can to encourage our officers to fuck. The most incorruptible attachments are inside the tiny society that we are building from all the women that join us. You will be assigned a partner and expected to spend at least a little time together intimately...'

'So what is the third thing that I have to do to join the MDS?'

'Come with me...'. Drinks in hand the two made their way through the empty bar until they reached the parked trolley with the canes. The one that they had chosen from last night. 'Of course, we always choose the same!' said Carrie as she showed Samantha that she had already chosen the same iron weighted, braided knout.

One finger of Carrie's pointed at the neutral handle of the cutting cane that Samantha had borne yesterday night. Samantha took its feathery lightness into her palm and marvelled at the lack of weight and the way that the stem of the cane cut the air with a hiss.

'It was a good choice yesterday and it's still a good choice tonight,' said Carrie. 'There are some painful lessons to be learned now and this cane will help you through all your complexities of emotional uncertainty.'

The door opened to reveal the silk room in all its glory. Voile that made the exact size of the room impossible to guess. The giant bed with the covers turned back and the whipping horse that stood isolated. A man was stretched over the horse. His frame bent over the leather top and fettered by chains from each corner. His ass was towards the two entering women, his legs were spread and a trickle of blood ran down his thigh where a chip had newly been forced under the skin.

Samantha recognised Jerry, she knew that bar code number, she recognised his legs and ass and now she understood the test that was being asked of her by Carrie. 'Is this the third part?' asked Samantha, sure of the answer. 'I have to make him suffer?'

'No, dear, the third sacrifice comes at the end of our pleasure. This is just the warm-up, the introduction, the preface before the rest of your life. Make him suffer, make him come, whip him or ignore him. Love him one last time, say goodbye or just ignore him. I don't care what you do with him. I had him placed here to make your last hurdle harder in his presence. After all there is nothing like real commitment to make the love bonds break.'

Samantha looked at Jerry and wondered what she was going to be asked to do. 'So, are you ready?' said Carrie.

'For what?'

'Your choice.'

'What choice?' Carrie smiled and sipped at her drink. It was as if she wished to prolong this moment, the way that she paused. At last, though it had only been seconds, she pulled a small piece of paper from her décolletage and passed it to Samantha. With slow fingers, Samantha unfolded the paper and stared at a list of five items without comprehension.

'You have to choose one,' said Carrie who was now watching Samantha's face very carefully.

This was that moment when they realised the depth of commitment to the MDS. This was the moment when they either rejected joining the future elite that Carrie and others were creating, or they accepted it. What Carrie saw was a lack of emotion. A successful suppression of shock that boded well for her latest recruit. Samantha looked up and said, 'Number three,' before passing the piece of paper back to Carrie.

'Very good,' replied Carrie. 'It will be done to him when we have finished here, in the Silk Room. I think that the time has come at last for us to get to know each other better. More intimately...'

'She is so sure of her power over me and yet I cannot resist,' thought Samantha as Carrie stepped up and pouted her lips in a kiss that would seal the devil's bargain that the two women had enacted. Carrie had a grip on Samantha's heart and lust, a grip of iron that was beyond just physical attraction.

Immoral and depraved. 'Come with me,' said Samantha as she ignored the proffered kiss and led Carrie to the bed. 'Unzip me.'

Carrie turned her back to Samantha and waited for light fingers to run down her back and release her from the dress. Samantha looked over her shoulder at her husband draped over the wooden whipping horse. He tried to raise his head and managed to

look her in the eye. A gag held his drooling mouth open , betrayal filled his eyes before he could hold his head up no more and his head dropped to stare at the wooden slats of the furniture to which he had been chained.

Samantha's hands drifted the length of the zip without opening it. This was the moment that she had spent the last twenty four hours dreaming of. The moment when she would show Carrie that she was the perfect lover! Her hand reached the hem of the dress and lifted it to reveal the muscular thighs of her obsession. Stockings finished and firm flesh waited for her touch. Her hand drifted. It lifted the hem until her fingers gently touched the outer lips that pouted between her thighs. Samantha heard a gasp as contact was made and sensed Carrie opening her legs a little as her finger tips played over that smooth skin.

'Oh that's so good,' said Carrie as Samantha's fingers slid into the wet slit that opened like a flower. Samantha brought her other hand into play and scratched those thighs gently as her fingers explored Carrie from front to back. Then she put her feet between Carrie's and moved them outwards to make her lover open herself to the invading hands. For a moment Samantha felt resistance and then the legs parted and Carrie bent forward to place her hands on the bed.

'Open for me,' whispered Samantha. 'Wide and vulnerable for me...'

Carrie groaned and opened her legs wider as a finger touched the inner lips of her cunt. She could feel it exploring. She could feel it move in her slick pussy and then slide into her to probe deep inside. It fucked her slowly as the nails scratched her thighs. Carrie gasped with desire as the finger slowly left her and reentered, joined by four others. They forced their way into her as the hand that had scratched her moved to explore the pussy stretched around the slim hand that had penetrated her. It fluttered from the clitoris in the front, around the thin lip of stretched skin that clung to the hand and then wandered to explore her ass hole with a delicate touch.

The hand inside her moved slowly.

It twisted, it thrust, it retreated and then forced its way back deep inside as a finger pressed on the clenched button of her ass. The finger pressed, it turned, it bore down on her and then entered. 'Oh God, Sam. Oh Jesus, fuck me, fuck me...'

Samantha smiled to herself and slowly fucked Carrie. Every now and again, Jerry managed to lift his head to see what his wife was doing to a woman who had seduced her and yet the seduction was mirrored and Samantha soon had Carrie gasping and panting as she reamed her lover and taught her what it was to be the passive partner in love for the first time.

Brick by brick Samantha built the climax until at last the finger that had been probing Carrie's ass slid down to find that bud of a clitoris that was swollen with need. Finger and thumb caught it, rolled it and then rubbed it gently forcing a shuddering orgasm from Carrie that collapsed her knees and made her thighs shake with the aftermath.

It was over, for now. Carrie lay gasping on the bed. She looked back to see Samantha standing over her licking her fingers as though savouring Carrie's

fragrance with deliberate slowness. Her head was full of confusion, this was so unlike anything that she had done before. She was always the aggressor, the top, the leader of pleasure. Carrie always made the rules, she always ordered and manipulated. Enjoyed the feeling of men and women between her thighs, fearful of her power and position. Scared, in fact terrified of how she would react if the sex was not satisfactory.

She rolled over to lie with her legs draped from the bed, looking up at Samantha. 'You're not scared of me are you?' she said.

'Nervous, fearful that I may not get to keep you for my own, but no, I'm not afraid of you.'

'Can you make love my way?'

'Of course. Anyway...'

'Do you want to show you how I treat my male lovers?' Samantha looked around at her husband. The tears that streamed from him dripped from his face and ran down the sloped side of the whipping horse to the carpet. He had forfeited all respect with his weeping, he was the old and Carrie was the new.

'Show me!'

Carrie smiled at the way that Samantha had turned a request into an order and slowly stood. Her hands smoothed her dress back down to her knees and she picked up her whip with a casual movement. One moment Carrie was moving slowly, the next her arm swung in a rapid arc and the whip lashed at the exposed ass and thighs on the whipping horse. A scream, thin and startled wailed from Jerry's lips and a bright red line appeared on both cheeks of his ass.

'I always prepare my male lovers with a little proof of my intentions,' said Carrie in a quiet voice. 'Men understand pain and force, dominance and terror best.'

A second blow slashed the length of Jerry's back. From the blade of his shoulder to the upturn of the cheek of his ass. The red turned a purple so bright that it was almost unnatural. A lividity that stretched like a gouge and wept tears of red where the braids had momentarily scraped the surface from his skin.

Jerry was beyond crying and weeping. His body trembled involuntarily from the impact and the sheer agony of the blow. He rattled in his chains in an uncontrollable reaction of panicked suffering. Carrie just smiled and hefted the whip with care.

'This is a Russian Knout. With the iron rods braided into it can flay a man in seconds, rendering his spine to jelly if the blows are laid on correctly. It was used to punish peasants a couple of hundred years ago and became a favourite of the Okhrana under the Czars,' said Carrie as she lined up the next blow. 'Sometimes it has a whole bunch of thongs; this one is a simpler version. It can be used to kill and maim, or it can be used to create a map of pain on the body, every stroke a straight road to hell until the plan is completed.'

As she finished the last word the knout lashed out again, this time crossing the backs of his legs. As the whip contacted she tugged it, a fleet draw across the skin to break it and leave a line that slowly welled red as it too became a livid stripe.

Carrie walked over to Jerry's head. Samantha was reminded of a tiger stalking helpless prey. The movement was purely sexual, her hips swayed and she took small slow steps until her feet stopped at his head. Carrie was a pure sadist, a woman who was in complete control of every small detail of the emotional and spiritual dominance that she was asserting. She reached down and lifted his head to expose the face still wet with tears.

'Are you ready to serve your wife?' asked Carrie of the mute face. A small sound came from his lips and she dropped his face and passed from one fastening to the next to release him. Standing back, Carrie ordered Jerry from the leather topped bench to huddle in a pile at the two women's feet. 'Show me,' said Carrie to Jerry.

He shuffled to Samantha's feet and began to kiss her shoes. Tears dripped to the leather of her shoes as he tried to caress her feet with his gagged lips. 'This is what men are for,' said Carrie to Samantha. 'This little husband of yours is going to show us true obedience!'

The whip in Carrie's hand nestled under Jerry's chin and lifted him to attend to Samantha's bare legs. Samantha felt a surge of lust fill her as she watched her lover use her husband as a sexual tool to satisfy her urge to dominate. There was something horrific and rewarding about the woman who could inflict such hurt to display such tenderness and Samantha knew that Carrie was on the point of climax just from the consequence of wreaking such torment.

The man reached Samantha's knees and she bent to lift the hem of her short black dress. There was no shame or embarrassment in exposing herself to Carrie as the face crept up her thighs until on the brink of the tender triangle of her pussy. All the while she watched Carrie, observed how her breathing speeded, the way that her breasts heaved under the tight latex. Watched the end of the knout quiver as she longed to correct the man who served Samantha.

The open mouth closed over Samantha and a tongue entered her to probe the delicate flesh. It found her clitoris and Samantha staggered at the overwhelming pleasure of having Jerry forced to serve her. From long experience he knew what she wanted and needed, he worked hard to excite her as the demoness with the whip demanded.

Samantha staggered back to the bed and sat on the edge. Jerry followed like a small frightened puppy and Carrie watched him with a smile on her face. The scene was set, the players assembled and now the real indulgence could begin.

Samantha lay back on the bed with a sigh. Her thighs trembled and she could not sit as her husband slipped between her wide open thighs to serve her. Standing over him was the slick rubber clad Mistress Jasmine Carrington, Commander in the MDS, who had become the arbiter of Samantha's orgasm.

For a minute Carrie watched critically before she moved to pick the evil small cane that Samantha had chosen from the bed. Almost casually she laid a sharp stroke on that ass that quivered so temptingly. There was a small sigh and the wirelike rod slashed Jerry. He pressed into Samantha making her gasp as he pushed his tongue deep into her.

'Now that's better,' said Carrie. 'If you are a good little man then I am going to give you a lesson that you'll never forget.' Jerry licked and probed in the wide gully that was dripping with excitement. He had never known Samantha to be soaked like this, she was pouring with delicate tasting liquid as she climbed to the heights of orgasm.

Then something touched him. Between his thighs from behind, a touch at his balls and cock. He could not help the massive erection, Carrie was pressing the point of her shoe into that small area of sensitive skin that was the no man's land between ass and balls. Jerry felt his erection grow yet stronger and did his utmost to satisfy his wife. Then a touch at his ass, a pressure that he could not resist.

Samantha was blind to what Carrie was doing to Jerry. All she knew was that she felt as if she was being transported on clouds. Face, lips and tongue probed and played with her while Carrie directed the man who had no choice but to serve. This was better than any other fuck that she had had from her husband. It was years since she had allowed him to push his prick into her, and at least six months that she had not allowed him to climax, but this was finer than anything that he had ever done before. Samantha opened her eyes and watched Carrie smile at her and then bend over Jerry with that wire thin whip in her hand.

Another bout of pressure on her pussy and Samantha was about to come for a third time. Third time was always the best, the culmination of the previous two. She opened her legs and felt the face push hard into her. How could she know that Carrie was taking Jerry with the handle of the whip. Forcing it into his dry ass hole as she planted small kicks at his balls and then rubbed his cock with the hard uppers of her stilettos.

Jerry moaned and felt a surge when the handle of the whip touched some sweet point inside him. There was no climax, no gush and spurt of cream from his cock, just a dribble of ruined orgasm as Carrie milked him of his climax and substituted a slight pulse that was neither fulfilment nor pleasure.

He pressed one more time into the flesh that he had loved and gave it what it wanted as his cock dribbled onto the carpet. His back, ravaged by the knout, his cock drained like a tap at the twist of Carrie and all the while Samantha climaxed around his ears. She screamed and gasped, she sang and sobbed with the release.

He knew that if he had made her come like this she would not have deserted him for this sadistic woman who knew every switch in his head and every need of his body for pain to make him climax. The handle of the cane was pulled from him, a hand pulled on his hair and Jerry was wrenched from between the soft thighs of his wife to find that his hands were once more chained to the whipping horse. He watched as

Carrie climbed onto the bed to lie next to his wife. One hand fluttered to Samantha's pussy and stroked it, the other lay tucked behind her head.

'So what do you think of 'my way'?' said Carrie with a small chuckle.

'Heaven,' came the reply.

There was silence for nearly five minutes. Both women were lying and considering how the other would fit into her future. How it would go... Chained to his punishment stool, Jerry could feel every lash of the whip. The open wound where a ruthless nurse had injected a chip under his skin and the dribble of come from his prick that had signified the opposite of climax. He knew that he was lost, he understood the attraction of Carrie instinctively, he was only a man after all!

'Why pick number three from the list!' asked Carrie.

'Because...'

'Is it jealousy?'

'No, I don't care who he fucks now.'

'What then? What made you choose castration?'

'I just wanted to be his last fuck...'

There was another pause for a minute before Carrie spoke. 'I think that I love you.'

'I certainly hope so!'

The End