



# Knit One. Purl One.

An adult female domination tale

by

Irene C

**Synopsis:**

*Set in 1963 and 1964, the gentle tale of a man obsessed. A virgin who slaves at his desk and lives a life of fantasy as he looks at the women who surround him. Then one day Audry appears. An older woman who works on the company reception. A woman who is also alone, but realises that Harold has a weakness that she can exploit. A weakness that she can use to make him hers. A fetish for wool that fills his mind with submissive thoughts.*

*This tale was written as a commission and is dedicated to them.*

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Dedicated to AH and HH. It was what they wanted, it was what I loved writing!

Knit One. Perl One.  
It creates a smoother finish.

**November 1963**

There is that old saw, the one that says that you can always remember what you were doing the moment that you heard that Kennedy was assassinated, but in the case of Harold Wentworth, he passed the newspaper-seller's board barely registering the news.

Five years as an accounts and expenses clerk at Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons had numbed his mind to all external events; the boredom of the job had effectively cleared his mind of all preoccupations and social relationships. His world had shrunk to desk, account books and the bell that marked the half hour's break for a hurried lunch in a cheap café. Harold was a man of habit, a creature that merged into the background of his surroundings and his minor interests that he kept concealed from all those who knew him.

He reached the doorway of the offices behind Strand and made his way to the reception to clock in for work with his card in his hand. It was not a good idea to clock in late at Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons; they did not take tardiness with a pinch of salt! Three times in a year with more than ten minutes late resulted in dire consequences and was sure to stymie what little progress that had made in the firm.

The small bell on the clock rang and he checked the time stamped on the card. Ten minutes early, he was later than usual but the number eleven bus had been held up in the West End so much that he had almost considered alighting and walking the rest of the way. Harold went to the reception as usual to check if there was any post for him. In his position in charge of three other clerks there was the occasional letter that needed to be read, stamped and passed on to the personnel department on the third floor.

A new receptionist sat at the desk, someone that Harold had never seen before so he introduced himself and asked if there was any post for the expenses clerk's office. The woman introduced herself as Miss Audrey Poole and started to search her desk for possible post. As she did so, Harold did what he always did when he came into contact with a woman, he measured her against his internal list of attractions. The clothes she wore, the way her hair was done, her age and of course the amount of make-up that she wore.

By the time that she had decided that there was no post for Harold, his assessment of her attractiveness was complete. A wool knitted dress, that rated at nine out of ten, her hair done in a tight bun, that also scored highly, eight out of ten. Her age was perhaps fifty to fifty five which was a little on the older side for Harold, but still interesting. He could give her perhaps six out of ten and finally Miss Audrey Poole scored ten out of ten for the makeup, because of the red lips and the pale dusting of

face powder combined with the highlighted cheekbones in pink. In total a score of over eight on average.

He nodded to her in thanks and headed for his desk with thoughts of Miss Audrey Poole in his head. He had never had the nerve to actually approach the women who he found attractive, he simply lived in his own little fantasy world and admired them from a respectful distance.

The whole morning he thought about the woman that he had seen at the reception and he dreamed of being able to approach her and see if she was as interesting as his mental assessment had suggested. What he needed was an excuse to approach a woman who was almost twice his age.

The bell rang and Harold neatened all the account books and papers before nodding to his two clerks and heading for his half hour break. He slowed his step as he passed the reception to admire the new receptionist from behind and noted that she had an impressive figure, broad hips that stretched the knitted dress to show where her girdle pulled her waist in and a broad back to support those magnificent breasts.

Twenty five minutes later he ascended the four steps outside Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons and decided to ask for the post again. Of course, there was almost never anything in the third post of the day for his tiny department, but the thought of chatting to the doyen of his fantasies was actually pushing him forward. The excuse in his mind was that he wanted to check if she was wearing a wedding band, to see if the 'Miss' in her name was correct or not.

'I wonder if any post has arrived for me,' he asked.

'Ah, Harold,' she said, giving him two small thrills. One because she had remembered his name, the other because she had used his given name and not his surname. Audrey sorted through her pile of post and shook her head.

'Nothing here for you, are you expecting an urgent post?'

Harold noted that she wore no ring, which increased her ratings without a doubt. 'Just a confirmation of PAYE,' he lied. 'It may come tomorrow.'

'I'll keep an eye out for it,' she said with a smile.

He was about to turn away when Audrey said, 'If I may be so bold, I noticed that you live in Fulham.'

'That's so.'

'I too have lodgings there and I was wondering if you might be able to show me the best bus to catch to get back there,' she said. 'I'm new to London and it's all very confusing.'

'What time does your working day finish?' he asked, with hope in his heart.

'At five thirty.'

'Wait for me here and I'll direct you,' he answered.

'Thank you, most kind.'

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Half past five could not arrive soon enough for Harold. He found himself distracted by the thought of sharing the bus with her as well as the fact that she too lived in Fulham. Suddenly, he was overwhelmed with his fantasies firming to reality. When the final bell sounded, he stamped out his card and looked around the reception area. It seemed that she had not waited for him after all and his heart fell before he noticed her standing on the steps smoking a cigarette.

'Evening,' he said. 'I'll show you where the bus goes from, Miss.' He led her to Strand when the rain began to fall. The queue for the bus huddled under their umbrellas and coats while Harold and Audrey stood in the doorway of a shop, under cover.

'Thank you again for helping me,' she said. 'I wonder if I could be so bold as to ask you to accompany me to work tomorrow as well. Otherwise I'll never recognize the correct place to alight from the bus.'

'Of course, he stuttered. Harold smelled the rain on her dress, that perfumed smell that wool gives when damp. He was almost entranced by the fragrance that mixed with her perfume and wafted his way.

'That settles that,' she said, 'but I must find some other way to thank you.'

'That's not necessary,' he said before he could control himself.

'I insist, perhaps we could go for a tea in Fulham when we get there. There's a lovely little café by my lodgings.' The bus arrived and they got on it, finding seats in the long sideways benches near the front. As the bus filled up, stop by stop, Harold found himself pressed against Audrey. He could almost imagine that he felt the clips of her stockings pressing into his legs and the glorious smell of that damp wool excited him so that he sat uncomfortably with an erection almost the entire trip.

It was the first time that Harold had experienced such a height of agitation, it was the closest that he had ever come to a woman in his life! She made small talk about London, Fulham and Hexham, where she came from, and most of his answers were monosyllabic as he fought to control the intense feelings that this mature woman gave him.

When he awoke from his daydream he was entering the café that Miss Audrey had invited him to. The air was dense with cigarette smoke, the tables had no cloths and it was self-service. They ordered two teas and a couple of bites to eat from the counter and settled by a window. In the gathering darkness outside, people hurried home from work and the chatter in the café was loud and boisterous, but Harold sipped his tea and chewed at the greasy sausage roll, entranced by the vision of loveliness that sat opposite him. 'We should do this more often,' said Audrey. 'You are the *only* friend that I have in the whole of London.'

'I would love to,' replied Harold as he watched her light her cigarette. He tried to keep his eyes on her face, but they wandered to those huge breasts and then the tip of the cigarette and then to the dress that she wore with such aplomb.

She watched him with a little amusement. It was so clear that Harold was both inexperienced and easily manipulated, there was something enjoyable about sitting in the café with a man half her age, a man who, it seemed, had no girlfriend or for that matter any other friends. She had asked a few discrete questions at work and discovered that Harold was known as 'Timid Titmouse' by the secretaries because his eyes always wandered to their breasts and because he seemed frightened of his own shadow where women were concerned. One woman had even dismissed Harold to Audrey with the sarcastic comment, 'He was born a virgin, he'll die a virgin'!

Finally Harold managed to get to the subject that he had been longing to broach, but had not found an opening for. 'Do you knit your own dresses?' he asked when the subject came around to the required dress for work at Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons.

'I knit all my own clothes,' said Audrey with a small smile. 'It's a sort of hobby of mine, I suppose. Of course there are some undergarments that are not suitable in wool, but for the rest, all of them.'

Harold blushed at her mention of unmentionables and sipped his tea with a concentration that was total. Audrey watched him and thought to herself that she liked this shy young man who blushed at the slightest thing. He reminded her of her dead husband. Introverted and bashful, needy and yet easy to keep in line.

*If I were just a few years younger*, she thought to herself as she watched him continue to hide his blush behind an empty teacup. *So perfect for me...* The radio in the background of the café played 'Love Me Do' and Audrey felt a little regret that she was not twenty or at most thirty, because Harold would be such a perfect man to have around for her. She sighed and Harold noticed the regret, but did not understand the reason behind it.

'I love wool,' he said and then realised that it sounded a little strange saying that so he added, 'It really suits you and you do it so well...'

'I could do something for you,' she replied with a small smile. 'Perhaps a cardigan or some such, it would only take a day or two.'

'Well, thank you,' said Harold, 'that would be so nice.' Then he realised that she had not yet been paid and added, 'Of course I would pay for the wool.'

'We could choose the colours together,' said Audrey. 'I think that red would suit you well.'

Again he blushed. Harold nodded and said, 'Perhaps on Saturday, The weekend would be perfect.'

'Saturday it is, Harold,' she said deliberately using his forename, 'but, remember that we meet at the bus stop tomorrow morning at seven thirty.'

'I'll wait for you,' he replied.

'I'll see you then.'

Miss Audrey Poole stood and looked down at Harold and blew a small kiss at him with her bright red lips. His reaction was to try to stand, but then he suddenly realised that she would see his erection, so he sat down again and said, 'Tomorrow morning.'

Audrey made a small movement with her hand that could have been interpreted as a wave and left the café. For a moment Harold watched her walk by, admiring her figure, the dress and the hair gathered into a severe bun and sighed with yearning.

On the short way home, Audrey wondered if it was right for her to lead 'Timid Titmouse' up the garden path, but then she smiled to herself and thought of her own needs. A runaway husband, at an age that was neither young nor old, unlikely to find a man, sooner or later she would have to admit that she would be without a partner forever.

This might be her last chance, and 'Timid Titmouse' was just right for her. She would make sure that he would never run away. He would be hers, cocooned and encased, hers to have and manipulate forever. All she had to do was to plan a small campaign and he would be hooked...

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Audrey's campaign had a simple object in view. Find out what this young man needed, supply it and then lock him to her with bonds of dependency that he could not break. That she did not imagine it in these terms was a sign that she was fooling herself, but it was the truth of the matter. Three steps to heaven, companionship and a young man who would be ideal for her.

She made sure that she was early at the bus stop and saw him round the corner with hope written all over his face. His excitement was immediate when he saw her and his long overcoat hid all signs of it. Even though the weather was quite warm, he had taken precautions against being visibly excited in her presence by covering up.

Audrey had noticed the tent in his trousers and knew that there was something about her that excited him greatly. Now that she saw his look she realised that it was not her breasts as she had at first thought, but the clothes she was wearing. The knitted dress, the stockings and perhaps some other detail that she had not yet discerned.

The trip passed and she was careful to press against him and let him feel her thigh through his trousers. It was years since she had exerted herself, but all the hard won wooing lessons soon came back. Discrete touches, pressures, smells and comments flowed from her as she rediscovered the manual of courtship that she had thought long gone.

By the time that they arrived at Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons he needed the raincoat to hide his uncontrollable interest and she suggested that they meet for lunch. Unfortunately Harold discovered that his break and hers were at different times and so they had to be satisfied with a visit to the café again in the pretence that he was trying to help her knowledge of London and that she needed a little companionship.

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Saturday came and Harold wanted to make sure that he was smart. The house that he owned in Fulham had been his parents and, as an only child he had inherited a fully furnished house after the accident in which they were both killed. He had scarcely changed a thing, he just lived as he had before, in the bedroom that had been his and had done no more than clear out old clothes and a few personal items.

They had agreed to meet in the café and when Harold looked at his watch he found that he still had half an hour to go. Seven minutes to walk to the café, a minute to lock up the house and put on his coat, three minutes to polish his shoes and so on. He added the available minutes to those he needed as he flipped his tie over to make the perfect Windsor knot. Plenty of time...

As he pulled on his shoes the door bell sounded and he hurriedly laced them up and opened the door. There stood Audrey, long skirt, an inch of kitten heel, hair pulled back into a plait that was coiled around in a spiral. Though he was shocked that she had come to meet him at home, Harold quickly gathered his senses and stood aside to allow her in.

'What a nice house,' she said as she surveyed the house and then turned her gaze back to him. 'I wore this skirt, because I thought you might like to see the wool and stitching that would be perfect to make a cardigan for you.'

'Erm, yes,' he said, 'you'd better come right in.'

He closed the front door behind Audrey and led her into the rather dowdy front living room. He sat down, but she remained standing and he found that he had to look up to talk to her. It gave him a sudden feeling that she was not only much older and more competent than him, she was also senior to him, like a teacher or perhaps an important aunt.

Audrey's hand reached down to his eye level and took the hem of her knitted skirt in her fingers. She lifted it a little in front of his face and showed him the inside of the skirt. 'Rough on the inside and smooth on the outside, it's so easy to do,' she said as she looked down at him.

His eye wandered for a moment to the revealed tops of her stockings and Audrey decided that he was in the net now. All she needed was to land him and toss him onto the bench for gutting. 'Ah, yes I see,' he stuttered as he looked up at her.

'Just feel how soft it is,' she said as she offered the hem to his wavering hand. 'I just love the feel of wool on my bare flesh, do you find the same?' His fingers took the hem of the skirt and he made a pretence of rubbing it between thumb and forefinger. The touch of her clothes was like an electric shock. It was not just that they were made of the material that he so craved, it was the fact that they were *her* clothes.

Intimate, warm from her skin and created by her hand. Audrey looked down at the concentration on his face and saw that he was now in some sort of an almost-trance. His fingers rubbed the wool, his eyes could not take themselves off the slightly exposed stocking tops and then he looked up into her eyes.

She moved forward a quarter step. His hand touched her leg for a fleeting moment before he withdrew. 'So, in winter, I wear my own knitted stockings,' she said, 'soft, warm and actually really quite luxurious. They are quite tight around the thighs at first, but they soon become softer. So, anyway would you like me to knit something for you?'

'A cardigan?'

'I could make it in any colour that you like,' she said.

She moved another quarter step towards him and looked down to see that Harold's face was almost up against her skirt. His hand retreated from the skirt and she realised that this first attempt at seduction would have to be regarded as a failure. Audrey stepped away from Harold and said, 'I wouldn't mind a cup of tea, Harold.'

He knew how close he had been, he knew that he had to take a step, but he just could not bring himself to! Harold found that his breathing was deep, he was almost hyperventilating. He shook his head slightly and then stood, before he led Audrey into the kitchen.

The kettle was put on the gas in the old fashioned kitchen. 'Harold, is this your house?' she asked.

'It is, Miss Poole,' he said.

'Please don't call me 'Miss Poole',' she said . 'There is no need to be so formal! 'Miss Audrey' will do just fine!'

'It used to be my parent's house, but they died about three years ago in an accident and I have lived alone here ever since.'

'You live in this enormous house all alone?' she asked.

By the minute she was discovering more and more about Harold that made him more and more interesting.

'Yes, I suppose that it's too big for me, but I suppose that at some point in the future I might need it all.'

'You could show me around,' said Audrey with a smile. 'I'd love to see it all.'

Harold led her around the house. Filled with Edwardian furniture, a huge coal cellar and with a definite feeling that it was not fully lived in. The only room that seemed at all modern was his bedroom where a record player and several long play discs as well as a pile of books rested on a table. For a moment, Audrey thought that she was going to be able to attempt a seduction in his bedroom, but the kettle started to whistle like an oncoming train and they had to head back downstairs again where Harold was safe and sound from her. 'You have so much room,' said Audrey. 'You really ought to find a lodger to make some of the space pay.'

'How would I do that?' he asked.

'You ask around at work a little and you'll soon find someone reliable. That's the problem, getting someone that you like who is reliable and won't disturb your life too much.'

'Mm,' said Harold as he poured the kettle into the teapot. 'I cannot really think of any one, unless of course you would be interested?'

Audrey appeared almost shocked. 'It would be so talked about,' she said. 'I hate to be the subject of loose gossip.'

'I'd never mention it, Miss Audrey,' he said. Now that the idea had been seeded in Harold's head he could not let it go and the idea of having Audrey here, living in his house, filled him with awe. Awe and hope... would she agree?

'What rental would you require, weekly,' said Audrey with a smile.

Harold had no idea of how much rents were, he knew roughly what she was being paid and halved it. 'How about three pounds and ten shillings?'

'Oh, that's expensive,' she answered, 'I couldn't possibly afford more than two pounds and three shillings.'

'That's fine then. Let's make it two pounds a week and you can have my parents' old bedroom.'

'I'll move in, in a week,' she said, 'but you have to promise that you will not tell anyone at all about our little arrangement, because you know what they will all think!'

Harold poured the tea and passed a cup to his new lodger. He was in a state of pure excitement at the way things were going. Soon this woman would be living in the next room to him. Suddenly he had a thought; he hoped that he could manage to masturbate quietly enough so that she would never know. One thing was for sure, all of the thoughts in his head as he brought himself off would be of Audrey.

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A few days passed with a slow ticking of the clock for Harold. For Miss Audrey they passed like the blink of an eye. She concentrated on making sure that she did not push too hard and by the end of the week Harold was comfortable that the woman that he so desperately fancied would be moving into his house.

It turned out that Miss Audrey only had a small chest of clothes and a suitcase to bring. Her landlady stood with crossed arms and watched her go with the young man who carried her case. Even though it might have seemed innocent, the landlady knew a man who was in lust when she saw one. And Harold was one.

They ported her cases the three hundred yards to his house and lugged them up the stairs. 'I'll need some bedding,' said Miss Audrey as she surveyed the room. 'I have an over-blanket, but sheets and blankets will have to be found.'

Harold rested, sitting on the bed, and looked up at Miss Audrey. She stood there with arms on hips, a knitted cardigan that hung open and the red skirt that was, so far, his favourite. Her hair had been gathered into a bun, but strands had loosened and were whispering around her head.

'We need to sort out food, bills and a few other things as well,' she said. 'Also the house work and the small garden in the back... I'm used to having it all done for me.'

'That's fine, I'll do all the housework and the garden,' said Harold as he admired Miss Audrey. 'I do it all now anyway.'

'Good, that's fixed and decided,' she said and sat next to him on the bed. 'Look at this.' She leaned forward and opened the trunk and took out the blue knitted bed cover and shook it out.

'It took three weeks to make because the stick is so tight.' She took the knitted blanket by the edges and shook it until it spread out across the bed and floor.

'Tomorrow, I'll start on a special sweater for you.'

His hands spread over the wool and Miss Audrey leaned forward and kissed him. She had planned this move for days. A kiss that could be lascivious or just a thank-you depending on how her little landlord reacted. He did not give a clear signal, confusion was on his face and Miss Audrey decided to press on, he was so shy that he was never going to make the first move. In fact he was never going to even make the second.

And the third... She slipped her lips onto his and pushed him flat on the bed while she lay on him. With a small movement Miss Audrey was on all fours over him, the kiss still being held. She could feel the erection in his pants and decided that he should get to know that she knew.

She slid a thigh between his and pinned his wrists with her hands as she increased the pressure of the kiss. 'Miss Audrey,' he said as they broke the kiss for a moment.

She sat up and sat astride him looking down. Harold could hear his heart beating in his chest, the sound of drumming in his ears and at the same time felt a surge of panic at the way that she pinned him to the bed with his body and arms between her thighs.

As he looked up, she pouted a small kiss and her hands went to her breasts and slowly unbuttoned her woollen cardigan with deliberate movements. A rabbit in the headlights, Harold watched Miss Audrey slowly open the blouse underneath to reveal the huge breasts contained in the cups of her girdle. For a moment she supported them with her hands before she lifted her skirt and showed the overwhelmed Harold the tops of her stockings and the fact that she wore no knickers allowing the dense bush of her pussy to be revealed.

'Miss Audrey,' he said again.

The words were like a charm of protection, but they had no effect as Miss Audrey who was starting to become eager to taste her young prey. Her hand slipped between her thighs and she slowly undid the buttons of his fly and freed his cock to stand free before the shrine of her pussy.

Harold gasped and almost climaxed, he was paralysed, he could not stir as this older woman moved to take his virginity. He had no idea of what could, should or would happen next and submitted to every move that Miss Audrey made. He watched her

drop her skirt, she leaned over him on all fours. The tent made by her cardigan surrounded him, enclosed him in a warm space. He could feel his cock rub against her as she came forward and Miss Audrey's breasts dropped from their cups and swung over his face with the wool of her cardigan surrounding them.

'You may kiss them,' said Miss Audrey breathlessly.

She wriggled her hips a little and as his lips reached to kiss her clenched nipples she slowly sat on that little cock of his and swallowed it in one smooth rocking motion. Harold gasped and she pressed down on his face with her breasts to muffle his cries as she slowly rocked and milked his cock with her pussy. It was heaven for her, but nowhere near a climax, but this was for Harold. This was the closing of the jaws of the trap that she was priming for him. Breasts, the soft feel of her, the wool of her clothes and the fuck would all combine to make this the perfect distillation of his fantasies.

Every factor that he longed for was included as he suckled at her breasts and came with a surge that was quite unlike his experiences of masturbating. It was a surge from within, a gush that made him buck his hips against her thighs, he cried out and Miss Audrey smothered him in wool, flesh and the smells of her fragrant perfume.

After it was over, after his shudders had slowed and his gasping breath had stilled, Miss Audrey sat over him with his flaccid cock still in her sopping pussy and her breasts cascading over the top of her girdle. She looked down at him and smiled. A finger traced from his lips to hers where she kissed it lightly.

'You did well, Harold,' she murmured.

'It was wonderful, Miss Audrey, when can we do it again, please?' Miss Audrey laughed at his sudden bold question and slipped off her cardigan. This she draped over his chest and face before stripping off her blouse as well and tossing it aside.

'When you have pleased me of course,' she said.

'How do I do that?' he asked.

'That's something I'm going to teach you, Harold. You are going to learn how to make me so full of pleasure that I burst,' she said with a laugh. 'I have so much to teach you, so much to show you and you have so much to learn to be a good little lover for me.'

He gazed up at her and realised that this was better than his fantasies had ever been. Because it was not all his fantasy, it was hers as well and he would have to be trained to make love properly, the way that she wanted.

'I will do anything for you, Miss Audrey,' he said as he watched those breasts.

'I know that you will, Harold,' she laughed. 'I know...'

**May 1964**

'Mr Wentworth, I am a little surprised that you take this position. Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons have looked after you now for four years, pays a good wage and offers good conditions. Why would you want to leave us for an upstart company like Slater Walker?'

'Sir, I have to advance my career, and Slater Walker Bank is offering an exceptional salary of thirty pounds a week as well as various other things that I really cannot in all good conscience turn down,' said Harold.

His boss sat back in his chair and thought about how inconvenient it would be to lose a man like Harold Wentworth. Worth his weight in gold really, did what he was ordered, was thorough and for the last six months he had worked at twice the rate of all the other clerks.

Perhaps a little blackmail would be in order? 'Has this sudden move anything to do with the fact that Miss Audrey Poole happens to have the same address as you?' he asked.

Harold looked at him and laughed, 'Are you trying to exert pressure on me through my private arrangements? Miss Audrey Poole is a lodger, nothing more and nothing less. I am very disappointed that a manager of Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons would stoop so low! You have my notice sir, please act on it.'

He stalked out of the office and felt a weight lift off his shoulders.

In the past six months so much had changed since Miss Audrey had become part of his life. She had indulged his passion for knitted clothing, she had trained him to be a perfect lover for her. She had shown him both passion and supervision that had rebuilt him from the ground up. He knew that others would think that his life was strange and unorthodox, but he loved it, Miss Audrey loved it and surrendering to her was the sweetest thrill that he had ever known.

He took the tube home and walked from the tube station to the house where Miss Audrey was waiting for him. As he walked he thought of her and how he could not resist her body, her instructions and her needs. She knew what he wanted, what he needed and she knew how to make him need her all the more.

Harold entered his house and stripped off his coat and hung it up. How the house had changed since he had taken on Miss Audrey as a lodger! Gone was all the clutter. Miss Audrey had never paid a penny in rent, she had just taken over the house and remodelled it according to her personal taste. The hallway looked much as it had ever done, it was the view that presented an ordinary view to the world. A peek inside showed a normal house like any other on the street, beyond that it was a different place that was designed to foster Miss Audrey's grip on young Harold.

Miss Audrey had something special for him, a new experience, a new service for him to perform. He closed the door behind him and stripped off all his clothes and hung them carefully in the small wardrobe and put on the suit that she had made him. From the knitted stockings to the tight fitting bodice and sleeved top it covered him in a layer of knitted angora that felt so good on his skin. Only his cock stood from the suit and his face peeping from the hood. He felt complete, snug and secure as he knocked on the front living room door and heard Miss Audrey's voice bidding him to enter.

Miss Audrey stood in all her glory. Large breasts perched in the cups of her full length girdle that finished in stockings with the carefully clipped bush of her pussy hiding what he came home for every night. Long satin gloves covered her arms and dangling from the wrist was a short cane on a loop.

'Darling, have you been a good boy?'

It was the question that she always asked him, the question that made him tell her every detail of his day. The women that he had seen, the thoughts that he had had, the longing that he had for this mistress that now controlled him with a rod of iron and the gentle brush of wool on his skin.

'I gave in my notice at Winkworth, Theodore, Holdens and Sons,' he said. 'Mr Holden was not at all happy and tried to argue me out of it. Then I came straight home as you told me to.'

'Did you see any attractive women?'

'On the tube there was a woman dressed in a wonderful knitted coat that hung to her knees,' he said. 'I touched it with my hand and it was so soft and flowing...'

'Did you think of me?'

'I can think of nothing else, Miss Audrey!'

'Two strokes!'

As always, when he had confessed some thoughts that had tempted him he was punished. Today, perhaps in a pleasant temper, Miss Audrey had decided that what would normally be deserving of five strokes of the cane was only due two.

He bent to touch his toes and Miss Audrey lifted the flap that concealed his bare buttocks. She waited a moment to increase the tension and then laid the first stroke on the exposed flesh. There was a crack as the bamboo rod inflicted the pain that was needed to clear his mind before he was permitted to serve her.

The bamboo left a straight red line from cheek to cheek and Miss Audrey noted that his little cock was nice and rigid.

'Never forget that you are mine,' she said as she landed the second stripe of the cane to leave a line of red that ran parallel to the other.

'No, Miss Audrey!'

'You may go to my bedroom, where you will find the new outfit that is yours to wear every day for me,' she said. 'I have decided that it will inculcate a little more respect and obedience. In five minutes I shall come to inspect you and if you are satisfactory I will permit you twenty minutes of reward time after which you will do your chores, make the tea and then come to the bedroom to serve me.'

Harold bowed to her slightly and headed up the stairs. Hung in all the picture frames up the stairs were photographs of Miss Audrey wearing a selection of his favourite outfits. He paused by the one where she was dressed in the clothes that he had first seen her in. He remembered his indecision, his reluctance and realised that she had changed him, made him hers and he worshipped her for it.

Her bedroom was hung in swathes of cloth, the bedspread was a knitted blanket and laid out on it was his new clothes. Harold carefully stripped off his suit, pausing for a moment to run his fingers along the lines of the caning. She was right, if he was hers then he needed to be punished for his mental cheating, but he could not help himself admiring other women and he could not help confessing when she questioned him at the end of every day. Honesty was by far the best policy when living with Miss Audrey.

He lifted the first of the pieces that she had folded neatly for him. It was a long sock, a single stocking in knitted pink wool that had a wonderful cable pattern that ran from ankle to hip on the outside of the leg. He pulled it on and found the other and briefly admired himself in the wardrobe mirror as he pretended that he was just making sure that the cable pattern was straight.

The next piece was a hood. Knitted in light pink it would cover his head leaving just eyes and mouth open. Red lips had been sewn in button stitch around the mouth. Perfect full lips and slight touches of colour that looked like makeup had been put on the cheeks while the top had long hair that had been braided into two yellow plaits that hung free with small pink ribbons at the ends.

He carefully pulled it on and admired her work in the mirror. Now he looked like a knitted puppet, a dolly face on his familiar frame.

Finally he held up the last piece. In pink and baby blue it was a dress with a modern miniskirt all rolled into one. He pulled it on and found that it barely hid his throbbing cock. In fact his erection lifted the edge of the skirt exposing his bare thighs.

He turned before the mirror and realised that Miss Audrey had dressed him as a knitted dolly. A child's plaything for her use. Just that thought sent him into a rapture.

He heard the door open and there she stood, the cane in her hand and her legs slightly apart so that he could just see her glistening sex peeping from below the line of the girdle. Her breasts seemed to be surging almost over the cups that contained them and he saw that she had pulled a simple knitted glove over her right hand, an incongruous mixture of the satin and wool that seemed all the more erotic for its contrast. 'A perfect little knitted dolly,' said Miss Audrey as she walked around Harold to admire her work. 'Dollies belong on the bed. That's where they are played with!'

She gave him a gentle push and he fell backwards to lie spread on the bed with his little cock peeking from under the knitted skirt. 'Today your twenty minutes can be with this,' she said holding up her gloved right hand or I shall allow you a special treat if you want.'

Her cane pointed at her moist pussy. Only once a month was he allowed to slip his small prick into her, the rest of the time she only allowed her hands to touch him. Harold looked at Miss Audrey and pointed mutely to her hand. The knitted glove was just too much to resist. He loved being allowed inside her when she allowed it, but the clench of the wool on him was too much to resist.

Miss Audrey's gradual training was producing the desired effect! 'If I use this glove,' she said, 'you must promise that you will not mess up your new clothes!'

'I promise, Miss Audrey.' Her hand closed on him and she laid the cane to one side. His pink face looked at her, it took in every detail and the satiny-red lips parted as he gasped.

The feel of it, soft and scratchy, a hard grip that enclosed him in a woollen glove. The hand slowly worked on him until his breathing changed and Miss Audrey laid a hand on his head and patted him.

'There, there little dolly, come for mama.' It was the first time that she had used this method of bringing him to climax and there was something so right about it. Harold gasped and wanted to move, but she moved her hand to his neck and held him firmly.

'My little dollies have no life of their own,' she said. 'They lie broken and take every stroke, every little pleasure in total silence for mama...'

Harold's eyes dilated and he came with a small squeak that Miss Audrey decided to ignore. Soon he would have to come in complete silence and stillness in as short a time as possible. Soon the twenty minutes would be halved and again until he would learn to come for her in just a few seconds.

The less time he took the more left for his chores and her intimate pleasure. He never produced much sperm, just a dribble from that small cock and she soaked it up with the glove with ease. 'That was very good, Harold. Later you are going to find out how a little rag dolly can please mama all night...'

Miss Audrey allowed him a moment's respite and then stood by the bed with the cane in her hand. 'I want all the chores done by seven,' she said. 'Then I will have the chicken and beans at half past. By eight you will report to me here and I will have your instructions ready for my own little playtime.'

'Yes, Miss Audrey!'

It was not difficult doing the chores and making the tea would just take minutes. Then he had a night of strenuous exertion to look forward to. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror as he passed out of the room.

He made the perfect little rag doll for Miss Audrey.

There was no doubt about it!

**The End**

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