

Tell Tale

An adult female domination tale

by

Irene C

Synopsis:

Inspired by E A Poe, this is the tale of a man captured and tormented by a sadistic woman who has no limits. When she finds a new boyfriend the agony becomes deeper.

Strength 8/10 5,000 Words

Written 2013

Re-edit 2022

Though this work is copyright, permission is given for the distribution of the work as long as it is offered:

1. Free of charge. If you have paid for this then you have been cheated.
2. Unchanged from present form (including this notice)
3. The author's rights are not diminished.

Second Edition

All rights reserved

© 2013 Miss Irene Clearmont

The right of Miss Irene Clearmont to be identified as author of this work (Tell Tale) has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This tale of adult, explicit female domination is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

The characters and situations in this work of fiction depict imaginary scenes and any relationship to actual persons and circumstances is coincidental. The purpose of this work is purely as entertainment for consenting adults and both the writer and the publisher of this fictional work do not endorse the reenactment of scenes depicted.

For author information contact:

Website: www.MissIreneClearmont.com

Email: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

Tell Tale

The footsteps sounded hollow on the bare boards of the floor as she walked towards me. I could not see her, all was dark before my eyes, but her presence was tangible. A force that had captured me and confined me for her twisted pleasure. I could feel my head swim as the footsteps stopped. A brief pause that seemed to last an age before I heard her heel grind on the hard wood. I knew that she was going to open my prison and use me again. I heard her nails scratch on the wood and would have gasped in fear if I had been able.

I almost choked on my dread, it had become a tangible lump in my throat that gagged my throat in its grip. If it had not been for the hollow gag that she had forced into my mouth I would have suffocated. I heard the boards move, the access port that allowed her admittance to my small cell below the floorboards of her farmhouse.

Before the opening was even open, I could feel the taste of the whip on my flesh, the way that her heels ground my balls, the cut of that cane and the taste of her in my mouth. Soon, she had promised, I would pass away and then she would have to replace me with another. The tears streamed down my face under the rubber mask and slid between my lips leaving a true taste of fear. The lachrymose taste of salt and terror.

Suddenly another sound, muffled and distant, filtered to my ears through the utter darkness. The jingle of a bell, the one that hung on a delicate chain by the front door. I heard my owner stop for a moment and then sigh as though a happy event had now been cancelled. A small shuffle of the metal nails of the stilettos on the boards and then her steps retreated from the room and down the uncarpeted stairs.

I heard the jangle again, more insistent and protracted before the click of the door as it was opened. Voices, barely heard, just the tone of a man and my mistress in conversation. The door closed again with a loud click and the ringing of that doorbell. I strained in the opaque blackness and awaited the sound of those heels on the stair-boards, for I knew that when she wanted relief, my mistress would not be hindered in her purpose.

Then came the voices again, in casual chat in the hallway. 'Thank you for allowing me to check the house,' said the male voice, 'he may have hidden here and we would just like to eliminate you from our enquiries. He is dangerous, if you think that you have seen him, you should on no account approach him. Just call us...'

'I will.'

'Shall we start with the ground level, do you have a cellar?'

'No, just the cupboard under the stairs.'

There was the sound of the policeman and my mistress moving from the hallway to the kitchen and then wandering through the entire house. The sound of his heavy footfall and the creaking of the floor boards contrasted with the click of her heels. 'That all seems to be in order,' said the policeman. 'I advise you to make doubly sure that all the doors and windows are locked at all times. Mr Dillsann is a dangerous man.'

'Of course.'

The footsteps climbed the stairs and went into the bathroom before approaching the place where I was hidden. I tried to shout. I tried to yell, I tried so hard to call for help, but the man-shaped gag that filled my mouth and held my mouth wide for her use allowed no more than a slight groan to escape my throat.

There was a pause in the footsteps and the policeman said, 'Thank you Miss Curtis, I am sure that you won't be bothered again by us...'

'No problem,' said my owner with a light laugh. 'It's no bother at all to help a policeman... Any assistance!' There was a brief pause as if the policeman was considering the reply from more than one angle. The sound of her taking a step and then I heard her moan slightly and the squeak of a kiss being broken. Then there were the sounds of his hands stripping her naked and laying her on the bed with a squeak of springs and a sigh on her part.

He fucked her. He made her shriek with abandon as he pumped her full and took her. All the while I struggled with the leather straps that held me down. I pulled and I thrashed like a man insane as he finally climaxed with a grunt and she yelped at that final series of thrusts into her. But, the metal bars that surrounded me and supplied the hard points to pull me stretched out did not even register my struggles.

I heard him pull up his flies, I heard him with his insincere goodbye, I perceived him slamming the door behind him and then I knew that Adeline Curtis was going to attend to me while she was still panting from her casual fuck.

She was an evil angel of endless foul persecution. I was in the shadow of her wings.

The heels on wood as she stood and then the sound of the floorboards being lifted to expose the metal cage where I was kept, to emerge only for the times when she took her sadistic pleasures. I could not see for the thick band of leather over my eyes but the air that struck my lungs was fresh even though redolent with the aromas of pure sex. 'Mummy's had a little fuck,' she said as she opened my cage. 'Now she needs a

little devotion from her pussy slave. Out you come and then you can taste what fun she has being having!

I felt the end of her crop on my back and made that effort to make myself available for her amusement. The shallow hole, a sexual grave in her floor, was just deep enough to fit my restricted body and I worked my way out of it onto the floor of her bedroom. Wrists bound tightly to shoulders and ankles to upper thighs, she had zipped me into a tight suit that made me walk on elbows and knees like the animal that she was making of me.

The crop struck my bare back. It felt like hot wire being drawn over the vulnerable flesh as she prompted me to move blindly to where she wanted me. I felt her hands move over my face, a strangely almost-affectionate touch as she took the gag from my mouth. A cramp took my jaw as the penetrating rubber cock was pulled free and I could move my tongue and feel the ring that still held me wide.

'That's better...' I heard her heels on the bare floorboards and waited for an order. The last few days had taught me that any word I said was punished by her whip so I stood quivering like a small animal that awaits abuse by a loving owner.

'Henry Dillsann,' she said in a severe tone, 'you have been a naughty boy and now the police are searching for you.'

I could hear her moving around me as if I were undergoing an inspection. The tip of her crop traced the most recent painful line on my back before I felt her hand on the handle on my hood. A scrape of the hard soles of her shoes and I realised that she was sitting on the bed with her legs open and my masked face inches from her pussy. I could smell the musty smell of semen intermingled with the delicate familiar perfume of her sex.

My mind was full of the name that she had assigned to me. A name that the policeman had used, a name that indicated that she took me for another. A man that the policeman had been searching for, a man that was being sought for some serious crime. I so wanted to tell her that I was Henry Brougham, undeserving of her spite and malice, but the crop in her hand gave me good cause to be silent.

She pulled me forward and my wide lips closed around her cunt, a wet place, dribbling the pleasure of Adeline and the policeman. 'Now you can sip from me and then we shall recommence your training,' she said. 'There are so many things that you have to learn to become my little pet. So many things...'

I lapped at the smooth flesh and swallowed the seepage of sex. I treated her clitoris to intense attention. I ran my tongue along the grooves that welled to inner and outer lips and for a few precious moments I forgot the cramps and pain that filled every

part of me. Bound tightly, unable to move except slowly on knees and elbows, I leaned forward and was gratified to hear her small cries of satisfaction as I cleaned her with small touches that made her shudder and whimper. Every stroke of the tongue, every labile touch caused a small progress to Adeline's coming climax until at last she pulled me tight to her soft open flesh and used me as a plaything to push her over the edge.

There was a moment of stillness as I lapped and massaged her while she lay panting and I wondered if I had pleased her enough to be allowed to say a few words. To plead that I was not this other Henry, that I was innocent of his crimes, but I was too slow and the gag was fitted again with a merciless rigidity. I could feel the bell end of that rubber cock pushing into my throat and had to keep my head high to stop choking.

'Today's lesson is about the devotion that a pet has for his owner,' she said at last. 'No matter what the pain, no matter what the discomfort a truly faithful pet always tries his best to please his owner. Can you please me?'

I nodded my head and heard her laugh. 'I doubt that you can, little Henry, but you are going to try and then it will be time for you to be put away again. You love your cage, don't you?'

What could I do but nod in reply?

An hour of terror and confused pain. She gave me orders that made my knees and elbows raw even though the pads on the tight suit saved me from the hard boards. She made me try to stand on my knees, whipped me for failing to run fast enough and then scratched me with those metal tipped heels. She slapped my face and my balls and then started to wank me before laughing at the bobbing prick that pointed from my stomach. The teasing and agony stretched until I longed for my cage, it filled my head with confusion. I hoped to please Adeline, I hoped that she would be so pleased with her pet that she would allow me to serve her again. On the other hand I flinched from the whip and groaned when she played with me just scant moments to raise my hopes and then dash them in a cold dousing of her mirth.

'Do you want to go back in your cage?' she asked.

I nodded. 'It's not good that you want to be alone instead of learning how to be my little animal!' she said. 'I think that we should make you more eager to perform in future by making your little hidey-hole a little more uncomfortable!'

Her foot pushed my ass and I stumbled into the shallow hole in the floor. I felt her attach the chains to the rings in the suit and was stretched, splayed as if pinned in a

box. My folded arms and legs were racked with pain as she tightened the chains and locked them into position.

'I have prepared a small treat for you,' she said and I felt her hand unzip the rear of my latex suit. 'Something special to fill your night with discomfort in preparation for tomorrow's lessons.'

She lubricated me with a couple of strokes of her fingers and then pushed something narrow into my ass and tightened the ring around my cock. I then heard the cage lid being locked into place and the boards being put into place and her feet on the floor above my head.

For a minute I felt nothing, even the intruder in my ass faded from my mind until it began to spurt into me. It trickled in a steady stream that filled me with fluid that felt like a leaden weight in my bowels. I felt a burning on my ass, a savage heat that made the sensitive skin of my entrance blister with a pain that was all consuming. Adeline had anointed me with some sort of irritant, some sort of capsaicin or pepper cream that was gripping my thoughts like a fist. The pain was intense, the fluid that filled me strained me while the chains stretched me to an unnatural position that I was going to have to hold all night.

The cream had faded, its potency lasting just a couple of hours. My body had relaxed to accommodate the position and the enema was now weighing me down and distending my belly as was my full bladder, but the ring on the base of my cock held the liquid inside me until Adeline decided that she was ready to empty me.

I heard her step up the stairs and tried to imagine her stepping up the bare boards with swaying hips. It defied my imagination, what she looked like, how old she was, what shape her body was and how she dressed.

I had never seen her!

It had been dark and raining when I had left the car with just a coat and the keys. My mobile had been out of juice, as was the car and I needed to find a phone. I found a booth, but it was empty and smelled of sour urine so I headed up the lane to where the lights were glowing in the windows of a large farmhouse. I knocked on the door and shuffled in the rain waiting for the house's inhabitants to come to the door. No one came to the door and I peeped through the windows and then moved to the back of the house to see if knocking at the kitchen door would get a result.

Five minutes later I was writhing on the ground as the discharge from the cattle prod laid me in the mud. A minute later I found my senses fleeing as another shock sent

me into unconsciousness. Hours later I awoke bound and twisted in a suit that masked my face. I had entered a whole world of pain and darkness.

Adeline entered the room and kicked off her shoes. I heard the click of the old fashioned light switch and the creak as she climbed into her bed. For a few moments there was silence and then I heard a gasp. A small groan, a light whimper and then the springs of the bed filled the darkness in my head.

The squeaking of the springs, the small gasps, the panting of my owner as she pleased herself. I heard a few small words and then a bitten back muttering of 'fuck' as she tried to slow her climax, but instead she came with a gentle rhythm of her hips on the springs of the bed.

A final purring sigh as she turned and dropped off into a deep sleep.

A few days passed. I know that they were days and not weeks or hours because I heard Adeline frotting herself every night after treating me to hours of indignity and sheer pain. She taught me that a word spoken, even a sigh or a yelp of pain was punishable by a whipping that would leave me shuddering with fright.

The only positive result of those few days of punishment and strict training to become Adeline's pet was that she allowed me to see my surroundings for the first time for a few seconds as she changed the hood that she kept me in. It was as I had imagined it. An old fashioned brass bedstead, a room of bare boards with a small rug by the bed. Pictures of summer flowers and bright light streaming through the motes of dust that swirled in the room.

I did not see Adeline. She fitted me with the cruel new hood from behind and whipped me when I tried to turn my head to see her. 'That's not allowed,' she said. 'Soon you are going to experience something special and I really think that the gift that I am having prepared for you will be so much better if you spend a little more time in the dark learning to obey.'

I nodded and heard her shoe scrape on the floor, the clear signal that I now associated with service to my owner. I lowered myself carefully and sure enough the shoe came to my lips to be worshipped and adored as she liked before I was due to serve her.

Sometimes she allowed me the privilege of using tongue and lips, sometimes a dildo was affixed to my mask and I fucked her without ever touching my flesh to hers. I felt her hands on my cock and almost mewed with delight as she pulled me rigid and played with the tip by rubbing it with her thumb.

'I'll bet that you are dying to come, kitty?' she said in her sweet tones. I circled my head as I had been taught, a sign of assent that did not matter to her opinion, she just required me assent to all of her tortures! The hand played with me and then tickled my balls before she pulled at me again.

'I'm not sure if a little pussy cat is allowed to come?' she asked. I tried to circle my head as I felt a gathering in my balls and loins. I could feel it moving into reserve, the balls' flesh creeping with uncontrolled urgings, the stiffening of my cock. 'You're not ready yet,' she said with finality.

A hand slapped my balls and my dangling prick as she stopped my climb to climax in its tracks. 'Tomorrow is going to be a special day for you and me. It is the day when you get your kitty name and I find out what a good little pussy you can be.' I shuddered at her words and realised that I might never find the moment to tell her that I was not some escaping rapist that was being hunted by the police, I was just a man who had run out of fuel on the highway...

'Please Adeline,' I said. There was a moment's pause that seemed to be five minutes to my terrorised mind and then she caned me with a brutality that she had truly held in reserve for this moment. As each blow parted my flesh she shouted just one word, 'silence!'. I wept and felt convulsions take me as she stripped the skin from my ass and back with a systematic and measured violence.

I yelled in agony as the cane found the tracks of a previous blow and Adeline stopped to force a gag into me with a savage twist. 'You will never speak again,' she shouted. 'Pets don't speak, they make the sounds that their owners allow them to make!'

I was confined to my tiny cell under the floorboards and was glad that I had this refuge from my owner's rage and fury. Here, chained tight, with a glowing feeling spreading through my ass and balls and stretched to tightness, here I could rest and recharge for the next day.

I heard the doorbell, distant and muffled, it rang a cheery chime that was followed by the sound of heels and the door opening. A man's voice sounded, but it was muffled and the words were inaudible, just the sound of conversation was audible. The door closed with a jangle of the bell and my owner and her guest faded out of hearing in the lower part of the house.

The stygian darkness of my hole swallowed me. It consumed my thoughts and only allowed me to concentrate on my plight. My balls hung, battered and burning, my ass

was full of another enema and my mouth was sore from the continual intrusion of that cock that filled it to the limit of breaking my jaw. I whimpered and then found myself mewling as she had trained me. Tears filled the hood and trickled down between latex and my skin as I suffered at her pleasure.

Hours passed in contemplation and terror. The intense terror of her returning and the hope that she would appear. My neck strained and ached, my limbs felt like lead, the joints of my hips and shoulders pulled out of their natural shape by the tight chains that held me immobile.

Occasionally I heard voices and laughter from the two people who were sipping tea while I suffered and then came the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. My heart pounded with fright, my mouth dried and my skin crawled with alarm as I heard the sure reports of heels on stairs matched by the tread of a man who followed her. 'This is where I keep him,' she said in a light tone. 'When you have seen him then you can decide!'

The man's voice said, 'How did I miss him on the first visit?'

'Because I keep him hidden, nice and secure in a special place,' she said.

'Where?'

The man's voice was in the room, as was Adeline's. 'The room is bare!'

I heard her walk to take a position standing on the floor boards that concealed my dungeon. There was a moment when only the footsteps of the man could be heard as he searched for my cell. A tapping told me that he was checking the walls and then he started to laugh. 'OK, I can't find it,' he said. 'Give me a clue.'

I heard the boards being moved and the movement of air on my back that told me that she had stripped the opening and was displaying me. 'You kept your husband in there?' he said.

'Hubby was such a good little puppy,' replied Adeline. 'This time I decided that I wanted a pussy as a pet and Henry here is nearly finished, or at least he will be tomorrow.'

'I should be arresting you!'

'But, you won't,' she replied.

'It's a fitting end.'

'It's not the end, it's just the beginning,' she replied as she undid the chains and gave me that touch of the crop that told me to climb out of my prison.

'He's certainly in a worse place than if he was standing being sentenced in Crown Court,' said the policeman. 'How long do you plan to keep him?'

'Her actually,' said Adeline with a small chuckle.

'He doesn't look much like a she,' said the man's voice. 'In fact pussy looks like a bit of a tomcat!'

'Tomorrow kitty gets spayed,' said Adeline. 'If you want to arrest him then you had better do it now!'

'If I arrest him, then you will be in deep!'

'If you don't then I promise that you will be in deep!' said Adeline in reply.

'Are you trying to bribe an officer of the law?' said the policeman.

'Is it working?'

'Of course!' There was the sound of kisses being exchanged and a slight moan from them as they undressed. The sound of shuffling feet as they moved in that age old dance of sex and mounting eagerness.

'What do we do with 'kitty' here then?'

'What is a pet for?'

'Company, companionship and enjoyment, I suppose,' he said.

'It'll be our little secret, our little perversion,' she replied. 'I'll show you what kitty is good for and you just lie back and enjoy the ride.' Hands released the gag and I knew what she was planning, I just was in too much fear to cry for help from the man whom she had corrupted to her deviant point of view.

I shuffled forward and found my mouth plugged by a new gag. Hard and soft, it was the same shape but curved to fill my mouth with its thrusting bulk as he found that kitty was more for pleasure than companionship! His cock was huge, it barely passed the leather bound ring of the gag that held me open as it forged into me with a slow progress until at last it closed my throat and then pulled back in its first stroke.

I do not know what Adeline was doing as I learned to suck cock. She supervised and tapped me with the crop a couple of times as she taught me to rock back and forth to pleasure her new boyfriend. I licked, I sucked, I compressed my lips over the edge of the gag to give him a nice tight fuck hole. I could not help myself and mewed, a sound that came from my throat as the cock speeded up and reamed my mouth with steady force.

And then he came. He spurted thick juice into my throat that filled my mouth and trickled from my chin as he withdrew and pulsed the final spurts into my open mouth with the encouragement of his fist. 'Kitties always lick their lips,' said Adeline. As I obeyed she laughed in joy at my tongue mopping up the last of that salty lotion and used the cane with a single stroke on my ass. 'Now I expect you to purr,' she said. 'Kitties always purr when they get the cream.'

I did as I was told and then felt the cock-gag being forced back into my mouth. The two of them discussed me as they fondled themselves into the mood for a second fuck. Every other word was a whimper, a moan or a sigh as she brought him to stiffness and he teased her breasts and cunt. 'How long do kittens live?' he asked.

'He'll last a year or two and then we'll be looking for another pet. Something different, something new!'

'What like,' he gasped.

'A nice porky little fuck-pig would be perfect!'

'Sow or boar?'

'Oh, if kitty is female, and if the next is a fuck-pig, then it has to be able to fuck!'

'Oh, Jesus, you're so tight,' he gasped. I could hear him fucking her. Pumping up and down on her body, the squelches of sex, the aroma of come and her juice and the slap as thighs met and clapped. Now the conversation had died and the only comments were the grunts and cries of intercourse. As Adeline climaxed she flailed at me with the crop, but the blows were light because she lay under him and could not easily reach.

The post copulation caused another strand of conversation to emerge as the two lovers lay entwined on the creaking bed. 'Spayed?'

'It's only right!'

'How?'

'The vet comes tomorrow and he'll be debarking the little kitty as well!'

'You managed to find a vet to do this to him?' he asked.

'She's my cousin and she does it all the time. There are loads of wives who are sick of their stupid husband's philandering and disobedience,' replied Adeline. 'She is really quite an expert. The castrator simply pulls a band over the balls and they die off quite quickly. As for his voice, one or two little cuts with one of those tonsil guillotine and he is done!'

'You are leaving him with his cock?'

'Of course, I love to play with my pet's most sensitive parts,' she laughed. 'There is nothing quite like tormenting a nice long cock!' This evoked a silence as the deviant couple settled down in each other's arms. I stood in my private darkness and wondered if I could make an escape? After all, if they were both asleep and I crept down the stairs and outside, it might be that I would be noticed and saved.

I stood stock still as only hope could make me. Slowly, I moved and started to head in the direction that I thought the door was, lifting each elbow and knee separately so very slowly. Step after step and I expected to run into the wall. Then I would turn right, I had decided, and head down the stairs backwards. A blind kitty seeking to escape.

Now it was clear that I was more than doomed. Once Adeline's cousin had taken my balls and my voice, I would never escape. I would be yet more helpless and subject to torture and training than ever until at last Adeline had her perfect 'kitty', and I was counting towards the time when she would want the novelty of a 'piggy'. Another man kidnapped and reduced to an animal for her amusement.

I heard a slight sound behind me. A slight metallic tinkle that stopped as I waited for it to pass. Suddenly there was nothing below my elbow. Somehow I had managed to get through the bedroom door without touching the jambs of the doors. Neither had I heard any sound from the two perverts that planned to destroy me to satisfy their lust.

Ponderously I turned to face backwards. One step at a time I climbed down the stairs. There were thirteen steps. Each a torture to descend. Each had to be assayed and then slowly used. Slowly, slowly to stop them creaking and making a noise that would betray me. At last I was at the bottom of the stairs. The hallway was still and all I had to do now was to get out of the house and head for help.

I found the door and tried to stand on my knees and find the handle. Again, like the stairs, this was a slow job that required patience as I prayed that it was a handle and

not a knob. I found the handle and slowly depressed it whilst managing to pull at the door by pressing my other elbow against the wire letter holder behind the letterbox. The door opened a few inches as I managed to fall quietly onto the thick hall rug.

It was then that I realised that the door chain was on. A tiny latch, a pathetic chain that only allows the door to open a few inches. There was no way to open the door so I headed for the kitchen and the back door.

They found me hiding behind the sofa in the living room. They laughed at my helplessness and terror. A casual slap to my balls and I was led back upstairs to be strapped face up in my cage ready for the vet. Held open and ready with my head on the floor and my thighs parted to allow her to castrate me.

Adeline and I were on our own. 'I don't really care that there is a rapist on the loose,' she said as she tightened my bonds. Suddenly, I realised that she knew that I was not Henry Dillsann after all, that was just her excuse to make it all palatable to her lover.

'You are just some poor schmuck,' she continued, the gag was taken out and a tube inserted into my mouth. 'When Phil, my big strong policeman, has been used to having a nice little human pet for a month or two then it won't really matter if the real Henry Dillsann is found. He'll love fucking you too much and I can already see that he'll be ideal!'

As Adeline tightened the chains to pull my thighs wide I heard the bell ring and knew that I would never escape my owner. She would play with me until I was no fun and then she would dispose of me and plan a new acquisition.

This time it would be a piggy. A man made to fuck on elbows and knees. A man who would be stripped of his personality and intelligence until he was nothing more than a grunting porker that knew how to fuck her endless cunt. Like me he would not be able to cry for help. Like me he would be tightly wrapped in latex and confined in a mask and a coffin cell that would barely fit his frame.

Her steps reached the door of the bedroom and hesitated.

'Piggy Phil! It has a certain ring to it...'

The End