Contractual Obligations

The problem with a female lawyer is when she gets her clause into you.

By

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1. Prologue

It was an autumn evening in London. On Thames Embankment, the lines of plane trees were already shedding their furry seed balls and the first strong winds of the season were picking off the early leaf fall.

In the hall of a house in Clerkenwell, a man stood quietly. His clothes were less than fashionable and made him look older than his years. Even so, they were of a quality that suggested that he could afford to dress well. His face was serious. An observant person would have noticed the way in which he was passing the brim of his hat nervously through his fingers as he waited. As the chiming clock on the wall began to strike the quarter hour he looked up at it, startled by the sudden noise. “Ah, you’re here.” A woman’s voice drew his attention away from the clock and towards the top of the flight of stairs in front of him. Her voice seemed to communicate a level of indifference. Her bored expression suggested that she found his arrival an irritation. “I suppose you had better come up, hadn’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress.” The man answered, quietly, stealing a glance upward and seeing the woman that was waiting for him. He put his hat on the hall table together with two hundred pounds from his wallet. Hanging his coat on the hall stand, he straightened his tie in a fastidious way and turned towards the stairs.

“Hurry up,” the woman snapped impatiently, “I have better things to do than wait for you.”

At the same moment, a few miles away in a flat just off the Holloway Road, a young woman slid the door of her wardrobe shut. The naked, bound and gagged man that knelt within was plunged into darkness. “Now, think about why you’re in there,” the young woman said, “and then perhaps we can have a more constructive talk about your behaviour in this relationship.” Her words were greeted with a muffled whimper of response as she headed to the lounge in search of a drink.
Allison Terry was on her lunch break but the precious hour before she had to be back at her desk was slipping away. She looked up and waved as Cerys came in to the coffee shop. Cerys looked as disorganised as ever, nodding an acknowledgement to Allison as she tried to juggle her large shoulder bag while she ordered a cappuccino. Fumbling in the bag in search of her purse as she reached the end of the counter, she almost knocked a pile of pastries to the floor while trying to find the money to pay.

Finally, with her bag tucked awkwardly under one arm and her coffee in its tall cup swaying disturbingly on a tray in the other, Cerys crossed the room and sank down in the padded leather armchair at Allison's table. "Phew. Sorry I'm late."

Allison smiled. She wasn't really that worried about the time. She knew that Cerys was a moveable feast - she turned up when she turned up. "Hectic morning?"

Cerys nodded, an outraged expression on her face. "I actually had to do some work!"

"Good heavens! How unreasonable" Allison laughed. Cerys's disaffection with the idea of working for a living had been a constant joke between the two since school days. "It's no good, Cerrie, you'll have to find a way to retire. You'll never hang on for another 40 years."

Cerys tossed her head indignantly, her long dark hair flicked back from her pale-skinned, oval, face. "42 if you don't mind," she responded. "I'm only 23. And anyway I may have found a way around that. That's what I wanted to talk to you about."

"You've found a man who'll keep you in the manner to which you wish to become accustomed?" Allison was sceptical. She was pretty certain that Cerys had done no such thing. Over the last two years Cerys had worked her way through a series of unsuccessful relationships where, usually, the money ran the other way. When it came to men, Cerys seemed fated to attract waifs and strays and Allison found it hard to imagine that she could have finally have moved on to finding a real boyfriend. "You know," she joked "a man that picks up the bill for both of you, when you go out to dinner."

"Patrick only ran out of a restaurant once."

"Yes, but then he made off with your credit cards and £1500!"

"Well, yes. No, this one's different. He's sweet. He runs his own company; lives in this great place out on the edge of town. Look." Cerys rummaged in her bag and pulled out her phone. She thumbed through a series of pictures before she passed the phone over to Allison. "See. Gordon."

Allison peered at the picture. "He looks a lot like Johnny Depp," she said handing it back.

Cerys looked down at the phone and giggled. She tapped at the screen a few times. "Ooops, sorry. Try this." She passed it back again.

"OK. I can see the attraction." The man in the photograph looked to be in his mid-thirties, professional, short haired, not athletic but he obviously took care of himself.
"Anyway, I need your help."

OK, Allison thought to herself, this is where we find out what's wrong with him.

"You're a lawyer; I need you to help me draw up a contract."

"Whoa! I'm a legal secretary which isn't quite the same thing. And anyway, what do you want a contract for? If he's the one that's loaded, he'll be looking for the pre-nup, won't he?"

"No, it's not like that. Look it doesn't matter that you're not a proper lawyer. I just want something that sounds like it's a proper legal contract. You'd be able to put something together wouldn't you? Cut and paste a few bits of legally sounding jargon?"

"Cerrie, I'm confused. You want a contract but it doesn't need to be a real contract." Allison looked across at her friend. Cerys nodded. "What sort of contract isn't a real contract?"

Cerys looked around her. Allison felt there was something almost furtive about the way that she did it. The coffee shop was filling up. A middle aged couple has just taken the last table alongside the two girls. "Look, I can't really explain it here. And anyway I need to get back to the office." She rolled her eyes as if this was a particularly unreasonable idea in the middle of a working day. "Can you come round tonight? It won't take long. We can have a glass or two of wine and I'll go through it then. How about it?"

Allison was puzzled but intrigued. Why shouldn't she help her friend? Besides, Allison wasn't really in any position to judge Cerys' choices. It wasn't like she had a man in her life. The only difference between them was it was usually Allison herself who decided that a relationship wasn't going anywhere. She looked at her watch. It was time for her to be heading back to Finsbury Square too. "Look, I've got to get back to the office as well but alright, I'll do what I can to help," she agreed.

"Oh thanks," Cerys responded with delight. "That really is great. Look, can you come at seven? Ring twice, so I know it's you."

"Seven-ish, then."

"Well, as close to seven as you can manage."
3. **An Evening Drink**

Allison was puzzled and a little concerned by the peculiarly precise way that Cerys had insisted that she turn up exactly at seven o’clock and ring twice on the doorbell. Whatever the cause, though, she wanted to find out what on earth was going on with her friend.

When she got to the apartment, Cerys was her usual pleasant, relaxed and hospitable self. Allison was welcomed in, enthusiastically.

"You had me worried at lunchtime," Allison said. "I thought you’d been at the gin for breakfast."

"Sorry," Cerys apologised. "All will be made clear. Do you want some wine or would you like to start on the gin?" she giggled.

"Wine will be fine," Allison said. Cerys disappeared into the kitchen and re-emerged clutching two glasses and a bottle of white wine, fresh from the refrigerator and dripping condensation.

The two of them sat down and Cerys poured them each a generous glass.

"Right," said Allison, "what is all this about? You were being seriously weird at lunchtime. I've spent all afternoon trying to work out what you were getting at. It’s been a real distraction." She lifted her glass. "Cheers!"

"OK." Cerys took a deep breath and paused, biting her lower lip.

Allison could see that she was nervous about what she was about to say. "It's all right, Cerrie, I promise not to laugh or anything."

"OK. Well ... Well, have any of your boyfriends been into anything a bit – well - kinky?"

"Not really. Unless you count a serious fetish for leaving the toilet seat up. I mean Jerry – you remember Jerry? – used to like me to keep my shoes on in bed, which I guess is a bit odd."

"Especially as you're usually in trainers!"

"Right. But apart from that no. I mean what are we talking about here? Fifty shades of Grey? He's invited you up to his red room of pain?"

"No, not at all. Well, quite the reverse really."

"You've got a red room of pain?"

"No. Well, no, not really."

"Not really?" Allison was looking wide-eyed at her friend. "Cerrie, what on earth is this about?"

"All right. Well, look, it's about this guy."

"Gordon?"
"Yes, Gordon. Well, Gordon likes certain things. Mainly what he likes is a woman that takes the lead."

Allison raised an eyebrow. "Is that lead as in showing direction or lead as in 'collar and'? Oh, good grief Cerrie, why can't you just have a normal boyfriend?"

"No look, he's sweet. And he is loaded, too. And he's a terrific lover too. It's just that he needs a bit of scene setting..."

"Let me guess. Does this involve you strutting around in a corset and high heels, wielding a bull whip?"

"No. It's not like that. Really it isn't."

Allison looked at Cerrie. She was looking really worried. "I'm sorry Cerrie. I didn't mean to poke fun. You obviously like this guy and if he treats you OK then I'm going to like him too, whatever his little 'interests' might be. If you and Gordon are both OK with whatever it is you get up to, it isn't any of my business what you do in the bedroom."

"And the kitchen," Cerrie giggled, "and pretty much anywhere. He's very, well, enthusiastic. To be honest I'm having fun with it too. I'd never thought about it really but maybe we've all got a bit of kink in us if we just find the right opportunity."

Allison didn't think that she agreed but she was worried in case her friend thought she wasn't taking her relationship with Gordon seriously and concerned that Cerrie would think her a prude. She laughed a bit nervously, "I hadn't thought of it like that," she said, "but if you're happy I'm cool with it, too."

"Good. I'm pleased. So you'll help me out?"

"Whoa! Hold on." Allison held her hands up. "I didn't say I wanted to get involved."

"Look, it's not like I want you to do anything with him. It's just that, well, he's really keen on the idea of signing some sort of contract of slavery and I just wanted to make it look really legal and everything, so he'd know I was taking him seriously, and then I thought of you and, well..... Look all I want is you to draft something out and make it look like a proper contract. It's not like it could be really real anyway – I mean no one can write a real contract like that in law can they? It would just have to look like one; with all the legal wording and everything."

Allison looked uncertain and shook her head. "I'm not sure Cerrie. I wouldn't know where to start. I don't know anything about these sorts of games and beside when we draw up contracts in the office we start off with a brief from the client that says what they want it to cover, what the contract is supposed to achieve, what the penalties are for failing to deliver. I wouldn't even know how to set about this. Besides it might be a problem; if anyone found out about it at work, I mean. Unethical behaviour. Something like that."

"That's all right. Look, I've got some copies of stuff I found on the Internet," Cerrie got out a file of papers. Allison's eyebrows shot up. From the thickness of the file, there was obviously no shortage of source material. "And I've written in things that I think would work well for Gordon and me. Please say you'll look at it at least, Allie. It wouldn't take you any time, I'm sure, and no one in the office need know, need they? Here, have another glass of wine." Cerrie refilled Allison's glass.
Allison took another sip of wine and thumbed through the papers with their hand written annotations. It didn't look any worse than some of the stuff she had to deal with from the lawyers in the office. Well, she told herself, there couldn't be any real harm in it and Cerys was a good friend.

"Allie, come on. How difficult can it be? Please say you will." Cerys's pleading and the extra glass of wine finally succeeded in breaking down her friend's reservations.

"All right," she said, "I'll have a look at it but no promises."

"Terrific. That's great. Oh, I knew you would!"

"I'm only looking at it."

"Yes, of course. I know. But still ... great ... thanks."

Allison was almost certain that if she didn't leave straight away there would be absolutely no chance of her getting out of helping Cerys and she really did want to keep her options open. After all, it did seem a bit weird. She couldn't imagine any of her other friends doing anything like this. But then she couldn't have imagined Cerys wanting to do anything like this either.

"OK. I'll give you a call tomorrow." Allison was heading for the door as quickly as she could.

"Thanks." Cerys gave her a good-bye hug and closed the door as her friend left.

Five minutes later, as Allison was boarding a bus at the end of the road, Cerys opened the door to her wardrobe. She pushed aside the blouses, skirts and dresses that were hanging there. The naked, helpless figure of a bound and gagged man stared up at her from the floor, his eyes blinking as the darkness of the wardrobe was replaced by the brightness of Cerys's bedroom. "Well, then," Cerys announced. "Now that I've dealt with my business, I think it's time to deal with you isn't it?"

The helpless man nodded enthusiastically and gave a mumphed grunt of approval as Cerys reached down to untie his ankles.
4. Original Research

Allison was thinking. She had spent a couple of hours after work reading the papers that Cerys had given her and searching on the Internet. It seemed like there was an infinite range of things that might be included in a contract like the one Cerys was looking for. It all depended on what sort of dominant/submissive relationship they had going, what sort of kinks they enjoyed and what Cerys wanted out of it. Actually, Allison thought, I guess it depends what he wants out of it too. To Allison that seemed as though it could range from experiencing embarrassment and discomfort at one end of the spectrum through to acute humiliation and pain at the other.

As far as actually drafting something was concerned, Allison didn't think it was likely to be difficult. She could easily use one of the standard contract templates that they used in the office. There was one that she had worked on as part of a supply contract for a services business. The challenge was going to be making it fit the sort of things Cerys and Gordon were looking for. And the more she read, the more variety seemed possible.

She looked again at Cerys's hand written notes. On one of the contracts there was a list of items highlighted as "red lines", things the Mistress agreed that the slave would not have to do and a second list that was headed up, “Things That Mistress Intends to Explore”. Cerys had crossed out some items although some alarming ones (“needle play”, ”knife play”, as well as "scarring, branding tattooing and other permanent marking" among others) were still on the list. Cerys had added "sissification, cross dressing, forced feminisation" on one line and "public displays, public humiliation" in another part. She'd also scribbled, "M. agrees that she will not reveal the existence or content of the contract." So, Allison thought, whatever Gordon wants he isn't too keen for anyone else to know about it.

The more Allison looked at Cerys's notes and the documents and the more she searched around on the web, checking up on some of the words that she didn't recognise, the more intrigued she became.

One of the things that she found particularly fascinating was the way in which many dominant women seemed quite different from those she had imagined. She had always thought that a dominatrix spent her time in high heeled boots and a corset, strutting up and down waving a whip. She'd also thought that they'd be bad tempered, scowling or sneering man-haters but although some of them looked less than happy with their charges, most of them looked like they were really enjoying themselves. Quite a lot of the women on the web sites that she'd looked at just looked like ordinary women, having a good time. Of course there were plenty of extreme fetish dommes, but there seemed to be just as many women that managed to dominate in clothes that wouldn't cause any comment in the office.

That thought set Allison off fantasising about one or two of the men that worked in her firm. There were a couple of men that she would really like to have grovelling at her feet, begging her to forgive them for their sexist, bullying ways. In fact the thought of a naked man cowering at the feet of an elegant but conventionally dressed woman left Allison feeling rather aroused.

It wasn't at all how she had expected to react. She had never thought she had any interest in such things, and yet, here she was, more than a little intrigued by what Cerys was up to and curious about the way in which others responded to these ideas. She shook her head, trying to shake off the insidious desires
aroused or possibly just unleashed, by what she had seen and decided that she had done quite enough research for one evening. She made herself a cup of green tea and took it and herself off to bed.
5. Lunchtime Call

It was the lunchtime on the following day when Allison picked up a call on her mobile. It was Cerys.

"Hi-yer," Cerrie's greeting was cheery.

Allison, trying to carry her coffee and sandwich while looking for a table and clutching the phone between her ear and her shoulder, wasn't quite as chipper. "Hang on, Cerrie, I'm juggling lunch here."
Eventually she managed to get sat down and turned her attention back to the phone. "Sorry 'bout that. It's a pain trying to find a seat in here."

"You should get yourself someone you can send out for lunch," Cerys laughed.

Allison was embarrassed by what she thought was an oblique allusion to Cerrie's boyfriend but she let the suggestion go by without comment.

"So, are you going to do this favour for me then?"

Allison had thought about it overnight. In fact she'd thought about nothing else. In fact, she'd woken up, at around three in the morning, in the middle of a very sexy dream, to find she had her fingers inside her pants. She bit her lip. The whole thing was disturbing. It was kinky and unnatural and it was something that she never would have imagined being involved in. But, on the other hand, there was something that drew Allison in to the whole idea.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "yes, I'll try to help but I'm not sure if it will be any good."

"Great! I was sure you'd do it. It will be great, I know it will, and a real surprise for Gordon."

Just as long as it's a surprise and not a shock, thought, Allison. She said, "Well, it'll take me a couple of evenings. How about if we meet up on Friday? I should have something to show you then."

"That quick? Wow, yes, sure, that's fine. Do you want to come over for a drink?"

"As long as you don't have Gordon serving it naked," Allison said with a laugh and then realised that a woman at the next table was looking at her with a very startled look on her face. She lowered her voice. "Look, I can't really talk now but that would be fine. How about 8 o'clock?"

By the time she got home that evening Allison had thought about how she might help. She had plenty of source material to be going on with and she had a structure to work to. She had taken one of the standard service contracts that the firm used and was busily modifying it on her laptop. She'd managed to bring in many of the ideas that she had picked up from her internet searches. There were two sections that she'd headed up "Rights of the Mistress" and "Duties of the Slave" which brought together all of the things that Cerys had said she wanted to be able to get out of the contract.

Then there was the section on breach of contract and the associated penalties. That part was very different from the sort of thing she was used to drafting and even though Allison decided that it wasn't a good idea to be too definitive over what should happen in what circumstance, it was pretty obvious that
the contract gave Cerys plenty of scope to make Gordon's life pretty unpleasant if he didn't keep up his end of the agreement. Finally she put together some wording on what would happen if Cerys wanted to terminate the agreement. Most of the documents she had seen on-line didn't appear to give the slave the option for getting out of the agreement, so Allison didn't include anything about that although she did leave a heading to remind her to discuss it with Cerys.

The printed version ended up being about twenty pages in length – far longer than she had expected. But, as she said to herself, it was better to get it right than to leave things out.

The trouble was, the more Allison worked on the contract the more she became intrigued as to why Gordon was so keen to get himself into such an arrangement. Certainly she could see what Cerys would get out of it; a life of leisure, waited on hand and foot and the prospect of sex anyway she wanted it, when she wanted it. Plus if you used enough rope, there was no danger of him leaping up and wandering off immediately after the act, Allison thought, recalling one disagreeable relationship where the man had seemed to find it impossible to stay for more than about ten minutes after they'd had sex.

That led Allison on to wondering how it would feel to be in a relationship where power was surrendered or taken. The web sites Allison had studied hadn't helped much on that. There wasn't much about how things felt – mainly about what went on and who was wearing what. Even where women were talked about they didn't seem very realistic to Allison.

It was funny, she thought, the way in which all of the various sites she had explored seem to take it for granted that women would want to take a dominant role, that every woman had her dominant side if they could only admit to it. It didn't strike her as very credible. For a start, she said to herself, perhaps overlooking how she had felt when she first started researching the contract, I don't.

I suppose, she thought, that since most of these sites are for men that’s only to be expected. They'll be looking for a way of either justifying their views about women or a way of getting their hopes up that someday it will happen to them.

Allison found most of the scenarios she encountered deeply unconvincing. Of course it was absurd to imagine some fascist, female-supremacist society emerging and it seemed equally unlikely that there were secret groups of man-hating women with their own dungeons, roaming the country looking for men to abduct into a life of slavery. She didn't buy the whole "women empowered by their high heels" thing either – she didn't need a pair of shoes to tell her that her way of seeing things was worthwhile and that her opinions should be respected when it came to sex.

For Gordon, though, Allison assumed that it was some sort of fetishistic response to the trappings of the classic dominatrix or the situations associated with domination by a female. Perhaps he just preferred the idea of someone else taking responsibility for sex. That would be typical in Allison's view; she'd met a few men who'd got pretty lazy about it after the first flush of excitement had worn off.
6. An Embarrassing Discovery

Two days later, on the Thursday, just before she was going to leave work, when Allison was interrupted by a cough and a diffident voice. “I wonder if I could have a word, Miss Terry?” Lionel Fairbrother looked rather uncomfortable as he beckoned Allison towards his office. As one of the senior partners Lionel was rather held in awe by the secretarial staff. He specialised in inheritance and probate work. Allison had worked on a few things for him but nothing recently. She'd always found him pleasant and while some of the office thought he was a bit stand-offish she'd quite liked the way he'd always taken the trouble to explain exactly why he was asking her for whatever it was that she had to do and she'd quite enjoyed his cultured manner and self-deprecating humour. His thin, pale, rather aesthetic, face gave him a studious look that was rather at odds with the sharp-suited style of the partners that handled the business law clients but Allison had enjoyed working with him, so she was quite happy with the idea that she might be doing more.

“In my office, Miss Terry. Please.”

On the other hand, Allison was a little nervous, uncertain as to why Fairbrother would want to speak to her. She hadn’t done any work on any of his cases for quite a while and something about his manner made her feel that he wasn’t entirely comfortable with the conversation that they were about to have.

“It’s about this contract,” Fairbrother began. To Allison’s dismay he dropped a copy of the document she had created for Cerys onto the desk between them.

Allison realised that she must have left it on the photocopier the previous evening. She'd been in a hurry and nervous about being discovered. Then she had heard Lionel talking in the corridor outside and she had scooped up everything and dashed out. Obviously she hadn't picked up all the copies. She blushed deeply and stammered. “I can explain. It was just…”

“Please, Miss Terry, no explanation is needed. I completely understand what has been going on here.”

Allison held her breath waiting for the list of offences under which she could be summarily dismissed: misuse of company assets, breaches of the IT usage code, behaviour likely to bring the firm into disrepute. She was pretty certain that she wouldn’t be at her desk the following day.

“You have no need to be embarrassed and I know you have every right to be upset with me for interfering with what is obviously a personal document.” As Fairbrother went on Allison’s feelings turned from fear to bemusement. “It’s just that I have longed to find a woman who could expect what you do of a man. I just wondered… I mean … if you don’t think it too impudent …. Well...is there any possibility that I might be admitted to your – what do you call it? - stable of slaves?”

Thinking back on it later, Allison was surprised that she didn't just burst out laughing, but she didn't. Always quick to see an opportunity, Allison realised at once what Fairbrother’s outburst meant. If he could assume so easily that the contract was a real document, written for one of Allison’s own slaves, then it just showed how easily his fetish interests could lead him to a conclusion that fitted in with his desires.
Allison found it curiously exciting, recognising for the first time that perhaps Cerys had been right when she had said that there was maybe a kink in everyone.

She could see that Fairbrother’s words presented herself with some fascinating opportunities. She knew the risk that Fairbrother was taking – there had been plenty of instances of staff cautioned for "inappropriate behaviour" in the past. His fetish was obviously a powerful driving force to take this risk and Allison found that arousing.

Equally, Allison knew that the best chance she had of not being sacked for helping Cerys was to have one of the firm’s senior partners at her beck and call. Somewhere in those few seconds, she set herself on a new path. She took her time before responding, giving Lionel an appraising look. He sat quietly behind his desk, biting his lip and staring down at the contract in front of him.

He’s scared witless, Allison thought as she looked at the way he was chewing his lip. He's scared I'll say yes and even more scared that I'll say no. "Why should I even think about it?" she said, coolly, trying hard to conceal her own feelings that combined excitement and fear in equal measure. There was something else she was thinking about though. Working for law firm for two years had taught her one thing about her present predicament. Right now Fairbrother had evidence of her misdemeanour, whereas he could deny anything that he had said. "I know," she said. "I'll set you a little test." Fairbrother’s eyes widened in what Allison saw as a combination of anticipation and fear. Got you, Allison thought. "Get down on your knees under the desk now and write me a little letter begging me to take you on. Then I might, just might, consider it."

"Yes. Yes. Of course." Fairbrother’s eagerness helped to dispel Allison’s fears of being exposed. It was surprising how quickly he managed to grab a note pad and pen from the desk and slide down onto the floor. Allison could hear the scratch of his pen as, crouched under the desk, he began scribbling.

He was still at it moments later when there was a knock at Fairbrother’s office door. As it opened a terrified, quiet, squeak came from under the desk and the sounds of writing stopped. Allison looked up to see one of the other legal secretaries. "Oh, sorry," she said, "I was looking for Mr Fairbrother."

"He was at his desk a moment ago but he had to do something on the floor below," said Allison in a statement at once both truthful and misleading.

"I'll come back," The other girl said. "Can you say I need to talk to him about the Elmbridge papers?"


As the door closed there was an audible gasp from beneath the desk as Fairbrother felt able to breathe again. The scratching sound of pen on paper resumed. Allison tried hard to suppress a giggle as Fairbrother’s voice came from under the desk a few minutes later. "I've finished, Mistress," he said. "May I please get up?"

Allison was warming to her part and had learned plenty from her researches for Cerys's agreement. "No," she said coolly. "Put the paper on the desk. You can get up after I have gone."

Fairbrother’s quiet "Ah" told Ali she had struck just the right note. Fairbrother's hand appeared over the edge of the desk clutching a sheet of paper. He dropped it onto the top of the desk and Ali retrieved it and grabbed back the other contract copy as well. A quick glance at Fairbrother’s note was enough to tell
her that she had something to counter anything he might say about the agreement she had been writing for Cerys. "I'll let you know," she said folding the paper as she walked towards the office door.

Allison got back to her desk and slipped the paper into her handbag for later study. She had only just sat down when Fairbrother emerged from his office looking red faced and flustered. He headed off towards the executive wash rooms. Allison grinned, pleased with how she had handled the situation without panicking and more than a little surprised at the flush of excitement that she had experienced.
On Friday, Allison spent most of the day avoiding Lionel, thinking that he would interpret her evasion as disdainful disinterest for at least a while. That, she hoped – in between trying to clear her desk of the various tasks she needed to finish before the weekend - would give her a chance to think about his proposal. The disturbing thing, Allison thought, was that she hadn’t dismissed the idea out of hand and even now was still wondering what she should do about it.

Friday night at least brought the prospect of some relief.

Then there was Lionel’s letter. She had intended to read it, thinking mainly that it might give her some extra ideas for the contract for Cerys. Somehow, though, the letter had got forgotten as she trawled through web site after web site picking up on first this detail and then that. The more she explored the web pages of dominatrices and the many forums where submissive men expressed and explored their interest, the more she wondered what it would be like to actually put into practice some of the things she was seeing.

And after all, Lionel wasn’t such a bad looking man and it could be a bit more fun than some of the relationships she’d found herself in. At least with this one she would be calling the shots, she thought.

So with the prospect of two days free to think about Lionel and to finalise things for Cerys, Allison decided that a drink with her friend would be a good start. So, when Cerys called and suggested that they meet up, Allison was only too happy to head over to her flat.

Cerys greeted Allison with a friendly hug. "Did you manage to do something?" she asked eagerly as the two went through to the lounge and sat themselves down on the couch.

Allison nodded and pulled copy of the contract from her case. "Well, I had a go. I don't know if it is really what you wanted."

Cerys fell on it, flicking through the pages eagerly, ignoring her friend for the moment. She stopped herself. "Sorry, Alli, do you want a drink? I'm being really selfish here."

"That's OK. I understand. To be honest, I've found myself sucked in by all this – I must confess it's all been a bit fascinating and I haven't even got a man on tap. I'd love a glass of wine. It's been a bit of a week."

Cerys fetched a bottle and a couple of glasses. "Here we are." She passed a glass across to Allison. "Has it been fascinating enough to want to meet Gordon?" A raised eyebrow suggested that something more than a conventional introduction was in her mind.

Allison looked warily across her glass. "You're not suggesting an 'Allison this is my kinky slave-friend, Gordon' type of meeting are you?"

Cerys grinned cheekily, leading Allison to think that was exactly what she had planned. "It depends,” Cerys said.” If you've found it as fascinating as you say, I'd love to show him off to you and it will give him
a real kick to be brought in here in front of some unknown woman. If not, that’s cool too. I don’t want to
bounce you into anything you’re uncomfortable with."

"I'm not sure, Cerrie," Allison responded. "It’s one thing to feel a bit horny over a kinky fantasy but real
life is a bit different. And anyway, I’m hardly dressed for the part." She laughed at how ridiculous an
excuse that sounded. Then she thought of the way she had felt when Lionel had got under his desk as she
had ordered. She relented. "Oh, all right then. Just to give you a chance to show off."

Cerys smiled. "I promise not to do anything too extreme," she said with a giggle, making Allison more
nervous than ever as she wondered just what Cerys might think was might fall into that category. "He's
here now."

"Er, OK," Allison responded uncertainly, a little overwhelmed by the sudden turn of events.

Cerys reached out to where a small brass bell stood on a table beside the couch, picked it up and shook
it. A staccato 'ting' rang out. Moments later the door to the room slowly opened.

Alison wasn’t sure what she was expecting but she only just stopped herself from laughing out loud as
Gordon appeared.  She clenched her lips together suppressing an inadvertent guffaw. She caught sight of
herself in a mirror and realised that her efforts not to laugh had left her with a sneering look that was,
she thought almost losing her control again, only appropriate

Gordon was in his mid-twenties. He was slim with short, fair hair and rather disconcertingly blue eyes.  He
was also completely naked. Well, he was naked apart from three things as far as Allison could see. There
was a large red rubber ball wedged into his mouth and trapped in place with a buckled strap held shut by
a padlock. Around his neck was a thick leather collar, also padlocked shut. Finally there was some sort of
cage device, with a third padlock, imprisoning his genitals. Allison glanced back at Cerys. Now she
understood the significance of the three small keys hanging on a chain around her friend's neck.

Gordon stood wide-eyed, evidently surprised by the presence of another woman. "Don't gawp, slave"
Cerys chided, drawing Gordon's attention immediately." Get on the floor. Here." She pointed
immediately in front of the couch where she was sitting. Gordon obediently got to his knees and
crouched down, lowering his head so that he was not looking up at either Cerys or Allison.

Cerys raised her legs and rested them in the small of Gordon's back, using him as a footstool.

Allison looked on, astonished by how docile Gordon was, kneeling motionless with the weight of his
Mistress's legs on his back. She wasn’t sure what to say, deciding in the end that her best option was to
carry on as though this was the most normal thing in the world, as though she regularly found herself in
the presence of naked, kneeling, captive slaves. "He is very obedient, isn't he? I mean you'd never
imagine that a man would put up with something like this." As she said it, she suddenly thought that you
wouldn't have imagined Lionel crouched under his desk either.

"It's surprising how obedient he can be with his cock in that cage. He knows it only gets unlocked if he's
been very good indeed, don't you?" Cerys gave Gordon a gentle kick. He lifted his head, looked at Allison
with baleful eyes and nodded. "And when he's signed his contract, he'll really know who's in charge."
Allison saw Gordon's eyes wide at Cerys's remark. He gave a sort of startled squeak muffled by the red rubber ball that filled his mouth. Allison realised at once that it was news to Gordon that Cerys had asked her to draw up the contract.

Later Allison would say that this was the moment that decided her that there might be something in the world of BDSM to attract her. Gordon's startled look as he realised that what had begun as him persuading his girlfriend to indulge his fetish interests was now something over which he had less and less control was instantly arousing. It drew an instant response from her. "You didn't know about that did you, slave?"

Gordon, still uncertain, looked around at Cerys. "Answer," she snapped. "You are to obey my guests as you do me, slave."

Gordon turned his head back towards Allison and shook it slowly.

"I thought not. Well, no matter. You will discover the details soon enough when she gets you to sign it. I think you should read it very carefully. She asked me to make sure that it respected your limits. I think I managed to cover them."

Gordon squeaked again, obviously disturbed by the idea that Allison might have missed something. Allison saw Cerys snatch her hands up to her mouth to stifle a laugh at Gordon's distress. Allison, enjoying herself now, decided to push him a little further. "But then I tend to think of red lines not so much as limits - more as guides," she said, "and I'm sure Mistress Cerys will agree with me."

Gordon gave another squeak, much to Allison's amusement.

"That's enough now," Cerys announced to the crouching Gordon. "You can get back in your cupboard. Kiss Mistress Allison's feet and mine and then leave us." Cerys looked across at Allison to be sure that she hadn't scared her friend too much. Allison's look as she smiled down as the crouching Gordon pressed his gagged lips against her foot, told Cerys that far from being upset, she was enjoying the situation every bit as much as Cerys was.

Gordon took his leave, shuffling off in a way that made Allison suspect his cock was pressing uncomfortably stiffly against the cage that contained it. As the door closed behind him, the two girls collapsed with laughter. It must have been easily heard by Gordon, but as Cerys said, when Allison tried to apologise, "He loves it. The disdain and the humiliation is as big a part of his turn ons as anything else. Now let's have another drink."
8. Distraction

Lionel Fairbrother threw the book he was reading to one side. He couldn't concentrate. A pile of papers – documents that he needed to review for a case at work - sat on the couch beside him, accusingly, waiting for his attention. Lionel pinched the bridge of his nose between two fingers and stared across at his hi-fi. He blinked. The music had stopped but he wasn't even sure how long ago. A half drunk cup of coffee stood on a low table in front of the couch. Lionel could see it was cold just by looking at it.

This was worse than the days before a visit to Clerkenwell, he thought, and those were distracting enough. A couple of days ago, he couldn't have imagined the situation he now found himself in. Yes, he'd noticed Allison. After all she was just the sort of woman he found attractive; self-assured, confident, neatly, if somewhat conservatively dressed. Thinking about it, he could recall three or four of the outfits she regularly wore to the office; conventional suits, sometimes trousers, sober colours but occasionally a bright blouse or top. He had paid more attention to her shoes, though. That, he confessed, was a weakness of his. He knew just which pair she had worn every day for the last week and, of course, the pair she had been wearing on Wednesday. That had been a pair of white and tan court shoes with low heels, the tan leather stitched in contrasting white, the toes slightly rounded. He remembered them well. His job required him to have a good memory but he sometimes surprised himself with the level of detail he could recall about things like this. Still, after all, they had been the only thing he could see from under the desk and they had been the focus of his subsequent fantasies.

All right, maybe he'd fantasised about her a little before that. He'd seen her around the office and he's cast her in a role in his personal fantasies, just as he had many of the other women that worked there. Now, of course, things had moved on to a different level.

Before seeing the document, he would never have imagined that she really was a dominatrix, only that she fitted his own, particular, take on how one should look. The idea that she had slaves, held under such a contract would have seemed absurd if he hadn't seen the draft agreement with his own eyes. That had been a revelation, one that he had hardly been able to believe. She had obviously put her experience in the firm to good use – the wording had been authentic, the scope, terms and conditions as well laid out as anything that their legal team would produce normally. The language that she had used was exactly what would be expected in any such document but the requirements placed on the signatory were onerous. The duties were spelled out carefully. The consequences of failure to comply with the agreement were also clearly described. Lionel could imagine himself being forced (well, perhaps not forced really) to submit to such an agreement.

Lionel felt himself led to an inescapable conclusion. Although it seemed extraordinary, for all his fantasising, one of the women he shared an office with was exactly the kind of woman that he desired.

It was an extraordinary piece of fortune, Lionel thought. His own experiences with dominant women had all been through paid encounters with professional dominatrices, like the one in Clerkenwell. They didn't need a contract – well at least not one beyond the one implicit in the exchange of cash for services. It had been much easier that way.

Lionel had once attempted to persuade a girlfriend to dominate him. She'd been a bit like Allison, he supposed, maybe a little slimmer, rather more bookish – she'd worn glasses, steel rimmed, and had something of the look of a teacher about her. Perhaps that was what had attracted Lionel to her? His
suggestions hadn't led anywhere though. The whole thing had ended in an embarrassed failure when it became clear that she had not the slightest idea what he was talking about. He had abandoned the idea (and, soon after, their relationship), disappointed and discouraged. What on earth would she have made of Allison's contract, he wondered?

Where did Allison live, anyway? Somewhere in North London, he seemed to recall. Maybe in one of those long terraces of Victorian and Edwardian houses. He fantasised about how she might have adapted a cellar as her slave training domain. How many slaves did she have, he wondered? Perhaps it was just a boyfriend she was playing s&m games with... but it hadn't looked like that. And she hadn't behaved like that, had she? The matter-of-fact way she had ordered him to get under his own desk suggested she was practised in the art of domination. The cool manner in which she had handled the terrifying arrival of the other girl told of her own confidence in her ability to carry off her role.

He knew he was taking a risk, though. How could he make this work with the two of them in the office? Assuming she agreed to his suggestion. And what if she didn't? How was he going to cope with that?

For a moment he wished that he hadn't found the document. That would have been much easier. In fact if he didn't have the 'interests' he had, that would have been easier too, he thought.

He'd given up asking himself why he was like he was; why he had his submissive response; why he found himself so attracted to the trappings and demeanour of the dominant woman; why he relished the sensations of being held helpless and silenced. He knew (or at least, he felt he knew) that it wasn't any of the popularly assumed reasons. It wasn't that he craved the freedom of relinquished responsibility from his responsible job – he'd never found his job irksome or the importance of the work a burden. It wasn't, as far as he knew, the result of some fixation developed in his youth – it had never presented itself as an interest at all until he was in his thirties – although he supposed that it could hark back to some unremembered experience. Perhaps it was an aesthetic thing. The looks, the sounds, the sensations. They were what he most responded to. In the end though, the why wasn't that important. It was just something he enjoyed; like other people enjoyed playing football or hiking.

Except, of course, you could admit to those sorts of interests without people thinking you were strange. And an encounter with a fellow football enthusiast in the office was unlikely to lead to a situation where you really couldn't think about work at all.
9. Consultation

After leaving Cerys and the helpless Gordon, Allison headed home. Although it was early she felt tired; emotionally drained, she supposed, as a result of the strange experiences of that evening. She went to bed.

The weather was sultry. A bout of late autumn sunshine following on from a week's rain meant the city felt damp. In Allison's bedroom, with windows closed it was stuffy but she knew that leaving them open would mean a chilly early morning.

Allison lay, unable to settle, pulling her duvet over herself and pushing it off again at regular intervals as she tried to get to sleep.

She was resigning herself to spending an uncomfortable night. It wasn't as uncomfortable as Gordon would be having, she imagined, but the thought of how Cerys and he might be spending their time was more than enough to prevent her from sleeping.

Lying in bed, it was as much as she could do to keep her fingers out of her knickers, guessing what Cerys would be getting up to with Gordon. With the ball gag locked in place and his cock in a padlocked cage, it was pretty obvious that he'd have to do anything she wanted.

Thinking back, Allison remembered the look of distaste one of her boyfriends had given her when she'd suggested that he might like to return the favour after she'd given him what she had thought was a pretty good blow job. "Nah," he'd said, "not my thing." She'd been angry at the time but had said nothing. Thinking back, Allison told herself, it would have been your thing if you had your cock in a cage and your hands were locked behind your back. Then it would be very much your thing.

From that thought it wasn't much of a leap for Allison to suddenly realise that, if she wanted it, she would have no trouble getting Lionel Fairbrother to oblige her. Would that be such a terrible thing? She suddenly noticed the mess in her bedroom; the scattered clothes; the coffee cups that she suspected harboured interesting fungal cultures; the pile of paper from where she had printed out things for her researches. The place was a tip, she really hadn't had much of a chance to tidy up while she'd been working on the contract for Cerys. Of course, she thought, if Lionel was into the same sort of things as Gordon was she'd have someone to clean up her flat too.

As she rolled over in bed she caught sight of her handbag sitting on the table. Sticking out of the front pocket was the corner of a folded paper. It was the note that Lionel had written. Allison realised that in her haste to sort things out for Cerys she hadn't even opened it. She reached out for the note, pulled it to her and unfolded it.

"I shall not," the note began, "presume to call you 'Mistress'. I hope that 'Miss Terry' is sufficiently formal and respectful." Fairbrother's hand was steady – curious given the circumstances in which the note had been written. His script was neat, his grammar and spelling exact. There was only one point about half way through when he had evidently stopped in the middle of a word. Allison smiled to herself, realising that it must have been at this point that their curious meeting had been interrupted. Allison wondered what he must have felt at that point, crouched under his desk and at risk of being discovered. The note...
went on, “I have long wished to find someone that I could serve as well as I believe I can. I have had some limited experience with a professional lady who has been helping me to develop the skills I know I need. I am sure that she would provide me with a reference as to my seriousness. Nothing could bring me more pleasure than to be able to serve you, crouched at your feet as I am now or in whatever way you would choose. Your obedient servant,” Allison giggled at the literal meaning of words that would once have been merely a convention, "Lionel Fairbrother."

Maybe she would like to have an “obedient servant” she thought. Maybe she should follow up on Lionel’s suggestion. Laying back, staring at the ceiling, she slowly came to the conclusion that some sort of relationship with Lionel might be fun. How on earth it could be managed was another matter, though, she supposed, she could always ask Cerys for some practical advice.

Allison looked again at the letter. She homed in on one phrase. “I am sure that she would provide me with a reference...” That, thought Allison, provided a way forward. If she asked Lionel for the reference or contact she could indicate some level of interest without committing herself and it might even give her – she told herself - some more ideas for Cerrie’s contract.

Monday morning found Allison arriving at the office feeling brighter than usual. She'd spent most of Sunday thinking about how she would manage her encounter with Lionel about his “professional lady”. In the end she'd decided to handle it just like any other office discussion. After all there was no reason why she shouldn't talk to Lionel. Her only concession to the meeting was to spend a little more time than usual on her make-up, and to choose a pair of heels to wear that were maybe a little higher than she would normally consider appropriate for the office. She realised she had got the right look as she walked up the front steps to the office building and a man going the other way tripped on the steps looking at her.

She finished her take-in coffee and cleared the first emails of the morning before setting off to see Lionel. The click of her heels as she strode along the corridor added to her confidence. She tapped on his office door.

Lionel’s firm, “Come in” was followed by an uncertain “Ah” as she opened it. Allison raised an eyebrow as she saw him staring at her feet.

“Good morning Mr Fairbrother.” Allison was holding a thick file. Lionel was looking at it with apprehension. What on earth does he think is in it, wondered Allison, before deciding that Lionel was just letting his nervousness show. She didn't wait for him to respond. “Regarding that note, you sent me,” she said in clipped tones. “You mentioned something about a reference. If you let me have the details, I could follow up on it.” She paused. “If you like.”

Lionel looked startled and for a moment Allison wondered if he was going to back down from his proposal. Then she realised it was just that he had never really expected her to respond to it. “Oh, yes, of course. I – err – well -” Lionel scribbled something on a sheet of paper and handed it to Allison. “If you could telephone this number. If you leave it until later today, I'll see that your call is expected. “

“Thank you, Mr Fairbrother. I can easily do that.”
“And then? I mean, if... well assuming....”

“Let’s think about that later. No point in rushing our fences, is there?” In truth Allison hadn't decided herself what to do next but Fairbrother’s reaction – he said nothing but sat there biting his lip - told her that her approach to keeping him on the back foot was leaving her with the initiative.

“Thank you, Mr Fairbrother,” Allison called back as she left the office. She was pretty certain that Lionel had been disturbed by the encounter and, sightly to her surprise, she quite enjoyed the fact.

The next part of her plan was disturbing for Allison though. What on earth do you say to your office colleague's dominatrix?
Allison had spent quite a while thinking about the call that she was about to make. In the end she decided there was no alternative but to plunge in and see what happened.

“Could I speak to Ms Calloway, please.”

“Just a moment. Who shall I say is calling?”

“My name is Allison Terry. Ms Calloway should be expecting my call.”

“Of course. Please hold.”

The voice at the other end of the telephone was softly spoken. Allison couldn't help wondering if it came from one of Ms Calloway's clients, pressed into service as her receptionist.

Ms Calloway's voice on the other hand was brisk. “June Calloway, how can I help?”

Allison tried to imagine the person on the other end of the line. June didn't sound like she was lounging on a couch in corset and boots while toying with a riding crop; she sounded more like one of the senior partners at her own firm.

“Good afternoon. I think you were expecting my call. A client of yours... ” Allison was reluctant to mention Lionel's name, realising that he might well have used an alias. “He suggested you might be able to advise me on....”

“It's not quite as simple as that,” June Calloway interrupted. “I am sure you will understand that if you are to take over certain aspects of his, shall we say, supervision then I will wish to be satisfied that this will be to his benefit. Our relationship may be a commercial one but I still worry about my clients, as I am sure you understand.”

Allison was far from sure that she did understand but had no chance to respond before June Calloway continued.

“I suggest that we meet. How are you for the South Bank? Do you know the restaurant at Tate Modern? How about 6 o'clock?”

Allison had expected a phone conversation more than an invitation to a dinner meeting but found herself bowled along by June's breezy manner. “Err, yes. That's fine. Should we book?” Allison tried to regain control of the conversation. “I think it gets quite busy.”

“Don't worry I'll see to that. I'll see you there. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm with another client.” With that June Calloway rang off leaving Allison wondering if she had indeed been dressed as Allison had, at first, assumed.
Some hours later, Allison made her way over the Thames, across the Millennium Bridge, towards the bulk of the old Bankside Power Station looming in front of her. The late afternoon sun was slanting across its brick facade. She edged her way through the crowds emerging from the Turbine Hall and found the lift to the building’s sixth floor. A waiter greeted her at the door of the restaurant.

“I’m joining a Ms. Calloway.” Allison looked at her watch. It was ten to six. “I’m a little early.”

“This way, please,” the waiter responded and Allison followed him into the room and was shown into the dining room. The room was crowded but the waiter steered a course towards a small table beside the window looking out over the river. A smartly dressed woman in her mid-fourties was already sitting at the table. “Your guest, Ms Calloway,” the waiter announced with a deferential tone that Allison couldn’t be sure was simply a matter of his professional manner.

Most of Allison’s preconceptions about what a typical dominatrix - if indeed there was such a thing - was like had been already dispelled by her research. June Calloway completed the process. She would not have looked out of place at a meeting in Allison’s office. Dressed in a dark brown suit with a yellow blouse beneath her jacket, she had dark chestnut hair cut in a neat bob. She was in her mid-forties, Allison supposed. June Calloway stood up. “How nice to meet you. Please,” she gestured to the seat opposite.

The two sat down. “Well, then,” June began briskly, “Lionel does seem very anxious that I should give him a good report. It seems to me that might not be in my professional interest but we can put that to one side. I just wanted to be sure that his expectations would not be disappointed.” As June spoke Allison could see that she was watching Allison’s reactions. Suddenly June stopped. “Oh, good heavens! You haven’t the slightest idea what you are letting yourself in for have you?”

For a moment, Allison thought of contradicting June but then decided there was nothing to be gained. “No,” she said, “not the slightest. The whole thing came about as the result of a confusion. I’ve never done anything like Lionel expects. Well, not yet. Whatever it is that he expects. Look I haven’t promised him anything. I’ve only said I would consider taking him on as one of my ‘slaves’.” Allison looked over her shoulder worried that someone might have overheard her but the other tables were all far too absorbed in their own conversations.

“And do you have many?”

“None.”

“Well, at least you’re honest. That’s an important quality.” June turned to the menu. “Shall we order? Do you fancy wine? Now, you must explain to me just what is going on.”

June’s open, eager and friendly manner came as a surprise to Allison and she found herself soon drawn into conversation. With meals and drinks ordered, Allison recounted the story of Cerys, Gordon and the contract and how Lionel had come to the conclusion that he might become one of her slaves. June laughed as Allison told of Lionel crouching beneath his desk. “Yes, he’s a bit of a rug rat,” she laughed, “never happier than when he’s on his knees.”

Allison was enjoying her meeting with June far more than she had imagined. As food came the two women chatted amiably although Allison was aware that it was she that was doing the bulk of the talking and that, save for her describing him as a rug rat, June had said almost nothing about Lionel or his interests.
“So how would you recommend that I approach this?” Allison decided to try to steer the conversation back.

“I thought you were just looking for a reference. Isn't this pasta excellent? How is your salad?”

“Yes, fine,” Allison was determined not to be diverted. “Yes, I am but you obviously know Lionel and his interests…”

June put down her fork, staring at her plate apparently surprised that it was seemingly suddenly empty. She paused, looked out at the view across the river and then back again as she seemed to gather her thoughts. “All right,” she said. “First of all, if you do want to explore your dominant side then I'm sure you will find Lionel an excellent partner in the process. But, please, do not play at this. The dominant-submissive relationship is as complicated as any other, maybe more so. People can be hurt - and I don't just mean by paddles and crops. I would not like that to happen to Lionel. I don't think you would do that deliberately,” June looked Allison square in the eyes, “but sometimes things get broken accidentally and no amount of saying 'sorry' puts them back together again.”

A waiter appeared to clear the plates. Desert menus followed and the conversation returned for a while to food choices.

Eventually Allison felt able to respond. “I'm not sure how to reassure you,” she said. “I'm such a beginner at this.”

“Of course. Just tell me that you will call me if you feel that you need help. View it as an after-sale service for my client. In the meantime perhaps it would help if you came along to one of Lionel's sessions. It would, I think, help you before you decide whether to accept his offer. He need not know that you are present.”

It was a bizarre proposal, Allison thought, but then it was a bizarre situation and there was nothing to be lost from doing as June Calloway suggested. “Yes,” she said, “I think that would help.”

“I'm sure that you're right. Well then, how are you fixed tomorrow evening? He has been most anxious to see me since you two first encountered each other and I've only just been able to fit him in. Can you get over to Clerkenwell by about 7:00?” June passed over a card with her address on it. Allison took it gingerly, uncertain about coping with the how quickly the situation was developing.

After a few moments she accepted. “Yes,” she said, “I'll see you then.”
11. Clerkenwell

After her meeting with June on the South Bank, Allison spent the next day on tenterhooks getting progressively more anxious as the day wore on. She noticed as Lionel left his office at about five. He seemed to be in the same state of nervous anticipation that she was.

Allison had suffered the same “What do you wear...?” conundrum as she had in the office earlier in the week. She's was beginning to think the default dominatrix outfit of black leather, corset and boots at least had the benefit of not requiring too much decision making. Finally she decided that if she was the dominant then the answer to “What do you wear...?” had to be “anything I damned well please” and had changed out of her office clothes and opted for a sweater, jeans and ankle boots, thinking that if it was going to be a demanding evening then at least she would be dressed comfortably.

June's Clerkenwell address was in an old house not far from St John's Square squeezed in on either side by modern offices. Allison buzzed the door intercom and after a short exchange with June the door opened and she found herself in a narrow hall way with a set of steps leading up to another door. It opened as Allison began to climb the stairs. “You came,” June beamed. “Excellent. Come on up.”

The flat appeared to be no more like a dungeon than Allison's own did but June certainly looked as Allison imagined a professional dominatrix would. She wore a black leather bustier and tight leather skirt with long, black, leather gloves that reached up over her elbows. Dagger heels, sheer black tights and a choker made up of six rows of pearls completed June's outfit. Hair lacquered to immobility and carefully applied make-up were the final touches. “I feel a bit under dressed,” Allison said.

“Don't worry, Lionel likes all this but it's much more about how I treat him than what I look like, apart from these, of course.” She pointed to the pointed toes of her spike heeled shoes. “Here, you might like to wear this...” June passed Allison a blank white mask that would cover the whole of her face.

“But he'll know it's me surely.”

“Yes, possibly, although to be frank his attention will be on other things. In any case, this way he won't have any idea of what you are thinking. That will be disturbing for him and I always think that helps a scene along – and, if you are uncomfortable with anything you see, it won't show. You will be able to come to your decision about whether and how to proceed without having given anything away to Lionel first. If you would rather he didn't know that you are here you can listen in to us from through there or I can let you have a wig, perhaps that might help.” She held up a long blonde wig, quite different from Allison's own short, dark hair.

“No, it's all right. I've already said I'm considering things so there's no reason why I shouldn't be here. And, yes, you're right about the mask. That makes sense,” Allison said fitting the rigid mask over her face. It was a strange sensation and when she caught sight of herself in a mirror on the wall, an even stranger look. “Could I try the wig? Not for anonymity, you understand. I just think that it might look even more intimidating.”

“Well, I can't fault your assessment and I can only approve,” June said with a smile as Allison added the wig to her head. Somehow the long blonde tresses framing the blank featureless mask with no sign of personality except the flicker of Allison's eyes as she looked around her made her look almost sinister. “That's very good indeed.”
“Do you think so? I do feel it’s rather effective.”

“Now, there’s a couple of other things. Please, don’t say or do anything unless I ask you to. And, you need to remember Lionel’s safe word – you do know about safe words, don’t you?” Allison nodded. “His is ‘castle’ and if he nods his head violently when he’s gagged - we take that as the same thing. OK?”

“Yes.”

“Good. He quite likes to be gagged but he’s not as much of a pain freak as some of my clients. He probably doesn’t need the gag at all but it excites him to be unable to express himself. His job involves a lot of talking I imagine. It must be some sort of escape for him not to have to express an opinion, not to be expected or even allowed to speak. There’s a selection of gags here that I will use. We’ll see which gets the best reaction.”

“You seem to take a lot of care.”

“Of course. I could be cynical and say I’m just protecting my income but it’s more than that. I meet them regularly. Some of them are nice guys. All of them are polite – or they don’t stay clients – some of them are friends. Why wouldn’t I worry about them?”

Before Allison could reply there was a buzz from the front door.

“That will be Lionel,” said June. “Are you ready? There’s still time to duck into the back room.”

“No. That’s OK I’m ready.” She looked at herself again in the mirror seeing the blank white mask devoid of features staring back. Well, as ready as I’m going to be, she thought.
Lionel Fairbrother was standing in the doorway of the room, looking uncertainly from June to Allison and back again. Allison, anonymous behind her mask and wig was sitting in an armchair watching him. June was standing beside her.

“I think you know what’s expected,” June said quietly. “Please don’t be concerned by my guest.”

“No, of course, no Mistress,” Lionel’s stuttered response betrayed the way in which his expectations of the evening session had already been disturbed. Allison watched him closely, fascinated by the way he was reacting to instructions that were, on the face of it, simply polite conversation. He reached into his jacket, took out an envelope and placed it on the small table that stood beside the door.

“Thank you,” said June, “and...”

“Oh, yes.” Lionel began to undress, placing his clothes neatly on a chair, watching June Calloway nervously as she flexed a riding crop between her hands. Allison watched him, seeing the way he fumbled with his shirt buttons in his eagerness to strip off. As she did so she could tell that he in his turn was well aware of her watching him, staring back into her blank masked face at several points.

“That will do,” June stopped him as he reached his underpants. “Use this.” She held out a red ball gag by its strap at arm’s length. Lionel took it and crammed the ball into his mouth as greedily as a hungry schoolboy with an apple. He reached up behind his head to fasten the strap. As he did so, June leant forward, tracing the tip of her riding crop across his naked chest. Lionel stopped for a moment, closing his eyes and seeming – to Allison - to savour the sensation. “Now these,” June interrupted him. A pair of steel cuffs were passed across. Lionel, took them and cuffed his own wrists behind his back. “Good. That is how you should be in the presence of your Mistress. Silent and restrained. Now on your knees.”

A grunt of agreement, coupled with a slow nod came from the helpless man in front of them as he obeyed June’s order, scrambling to his knees with enthusiasm.

Allison felt that the scene evolving before her was all very strange. She’d been uncertain about how she would feel about Lionel’s response to June and what her own reaction would be. Now, though, she felt disconnected from the events in the room, almost as though she was outside herself, looking down at the three of them, her motionless in the featureless mask, June quietly instructing and Lionel eagerly complying with every instruction and earning the occasional tap of direction from June’s riding crop. She began to feel that, for Lionel, she and June were barely present. Although he was obeying June’s every command it seemed that June was not the focus of his desire. Instead it was the experience of compliance, the sensation of obedience, that was driving him. The realisation fascinated her. She had taken the things she had read by men about female dominance – the desire to serve, the idea of worship of the female, at face value. Now she recognised that, for Lionel at least, this was a rationalisation. What was driving him was his fetishistic response to the situation. It was no different if he had been aroused by the colour red or the taste of cheese or the sound of violins.

And he was, Allison could not avoid noticing, aroused. His cock was evidently swollen within his underpants and, as far as Allison could judge, it was rather larger than she might have expected given Lionel’s aesthetic appearance. June noticed Allison looking at it and returned her glance with a nod that said, “yes it is, isn't it?”
Lionel, his hands cuffed behind his back, could of course, do nothing about his erection and June simply made things worse by commanding him to kneel still while she drew the tip of her riding crop up the inside of his thigh. Behind his mouth-distending gag Lionel gave a muffled “Urgh” and received in turn a slap on the leg and a snapped, “Silence!” from his Mistress.

For Lionel this was just the start of being ordered around. He spent a great part of the time on the floor at June’s feet, sometimes with one of her heels perched threateningly on the side of his head. June seemed to do very little. Occasionally she fetched him a blow with her crop but mostly she lounged back in an arm chair, issuing her orders. Lionel was happy just to obey.

Suddenly June decided that the session was to end. She beckoned Lionel forward and unfastened the cuffs that held his wrists. "Take off your gag."

A quiet whimper from Lionel indicated that he would much rather keep it in place.

"Do not defy me!" June commanded, cutting him on the thigh with a blow from the crop. Lionel unbuttoned the gag reluctantly and then, at June’s instruction crouched down to kiss first her and then Allison’s feet.

"Right. You can go now. Good night." June’s dismissal of her slave was peremptory. Lionel’s face showed his disappointment at the abrupt conclusion of the session but June was not going to be encouraged to continue. "Go, I said. You may be allowed to come back another time. That’s all for now."

Allison watched as Lionel pulled on his clothes. She was uncertain how she felt about what she had seen but was clear from Lionel’s still stiff cock that he had enjoyed himself.

Once Lionel had gone, Allison felt free to pull off her wig and mask, grateful to be free of their hot confinement. "Tea," June Calloway announced. "You'll need to wind down."

Allison nodded. She suddenly felt very tired; the last two hours had been an extraordinary experience, stranger somehow than her encounter with Cerys and Gordon. It had been made more intense by the effort of keeping still and quiet. And then there was the concentration with which she had been following June’s treatment of Lionel. She found it hard not to confess to herself that she was imagining what it would be like to do the same things to Lionel herself.

June reappeared with a tray of tea things. "How do you feel?"

"I’m not sure. Odd, I guess. And exhausted. I was worried that I might find it all – well – shocking but it wasn’t. And I suppose I felt it would all be play-acting but it was very real for him wasn’t it?"

"Oh yes. He's lost in it. From the moment he gets here, well really from before that, there's nothing else for him."

"And I was caught up in it too. Even as an observer."

"That's only to be expected. It is exciting. You may find you react differently if you take charge of him though. I am sure you realise that here I am merely fulfilling my clients' requirements – however else it may appear. That may be the path you wish to follow – for monetary gain or influence or whatever motive but you have a choice. Either you can do the same - I am sure Lionel will be happy to have another outlet for his enthusiasms - or, if you wish to, you can make your own path. If your interests are in dominance I suspect that merely pleasing Lionel won’t do it for you. You will want to bend him to you
own needs and they may or may not coincide with what he enjoys with me. There are many forms of dominance, many ways to submit. His submissive drives and your dominant interests – if you have them won't necessarily coincide.”

Allison listened thoughtfully. “I can see that and I suppose that I must have an interest in exploring the possibilities of dominance – otherwise I can't imagine that I would be here. Certainly it does seem that if I can harness Lionel's desires there could be a great deal of pleasure in it for both of us.”

“The 'if' and the 'could' are both useful words to keep in mind,” June responded. Then, smiling, she said, “You do sound as though you intend to proceed, though.”

“Yes, I do, don't I?” said Allison, almost surprising herself.
“There,” Allison said, putting the folder containing what she thought would be the final version of Gordon’s slave contract down on the table between her and Cerys. “I hope it’s what you were looking for.”

“I’m sure it will be,” Cerys responded. “Thank you so much. It’s really going to get Gordon excited. You saw how he reacted when we mentioned about it last week.”

Allison nodded. Gordon’s reaction had been one of the reasons why she’d even thought about Lionel’s proposal.

Cerys picked up the folder and began thumbing through it. “I really do like how you’ve done this. It sounds so, well, authentic.”

Allison was pleased. She had tried to do as Cerys had asked and had certainly managed to incorporate plenty of legal jargon from a services contract that she had found on one of the office servers. There had been quite a few sections exploring the nature of services that Gordon would provide and the nature of the sanctions Cerys might employ if he didn’t come up to the mark.

“I did leave all your red lines in, in spite of what I said to Gordon. But you’ll want to look at those anyway, I’m sure. It is nonsense of course, it couldn’t have any standing in law but it will sound as though it does.”

“And that’s the main point. Gordon is as much enslaved by his own desires as by anything I decide. Though I must admit to taking advantage of it. The flat has never looked so clean and tidy.”

“That must be a first!”

“And the sex is very good indeed.”

Allison thought back to the chrome plated cage that had been locked around Gordon’s genitals during their session earlier. “So, you do let his thing out of its cage sometimes?”

Cerys giggled. “Hardly ever! Believe me, the longer it’s kept locked up the more enthusiastic he gets with his tongue. He’s really getting quite proficient. No, I only let that out when he’s done a particularly good job on whatever tasks I’ve set him and then I make sure I supervise him jerking off so I know just what he’s been up to.”

“You watch him masturbate? Isn’t that terribly embarrassing?”

“Well it is for him,” Cerys laughed, “but that’s all part of the fun. He gets so undecided about it - he wants to get some relief but doesn’t want to have me watch, gets desperate to wank but hates having me tell him to stop and start. He’s always so grateful afterwards though. I keep telling him Cerys knows best.”

“So does he wear that thing all the time? I mean at work and everything?”

“Yes, pretty much. It’s fairly easy for him to keep clean, especially since I had him shave himself down there.”
Allison was surprised by the fact that she didn't really feel shocked at any of these revelations.

Somehow all of this behaviour that would have seemed so peculiar a month ago, now seemed almost normal. At least this seemed to fit in with something that she'd written, she thought. “Well, when I wrote in the contract, ‘The Mistress has absolute discretion over the slave's sexual behaviour and can determine how, with what frequency and with whom the slave can engage in sexual acts. The slave agrees not to undertake sexual stimulation without the specific permission of the Mistress and will advise the Mistress of any circumstances in which he becomes sexually aroused when not in the presence of the Mistress’ I hadn't realised you had already got it so well organised,” she said. “But you must let it out though, sometimes. When you want to ... well, you know...”

Cerys smiled again. “I'm not so bothered if I'm honest. Like I said, he's quite good with his tongue and I've got this really great device - one end fits in his mouth as gag but it's got a dildo mounted on the other. I've been using that – there's something very satisfying about getting off on that while he's wriggling around underneath me, helpless with his cock safely locked up and silent as well. And then, when he's not pleasing me, he looks so silly if he's going around on all fours – with this big rubber cock dangling from his face. I'm sorry, I know it shouldn't but it does give me a kick to humiliate him like that.”

“Where on earth do you find this stuff? I've never come across anything like that.”

“Gordon knows some, ah, specialist shops. Really extraordinary devices. Handcuffs, hoods, whips, gags, you name it.”

“I didn't write in anything specific in the contract about things like that - I just thought it was better to keep it general. I mean I saw some stuff on-line but nothing like that. I think at the moment it says something like, 'The Mistress can, at her absolute discretion, use such methods of restraint or confinement as she sees fit for the purposes of immobilising the slave for punishment, as a punishment in its own right, for humiliation or for the amusement of the Mistress'. If you go through the contract and there's particular things you want me to add in then that's fine.”

“That's OK – you're probably right to keep things simple. Gordon is so inventive. I doubt if we'd be able to second guess him! Anyway, I quite like the idea of it being my 'absolute discretion'. I want to be free to be able to act on my whims. The most important thing for the contract was to get the mood of it right and I really think you've done that terrifically.”

Free to act on her whims, Allison thought to herself. Actually there were quite a few clauses in the contract that fell into that category. Allison supposed that those parts had been partly her reaction to the way that Lionel had seemed to respond to uncertainty. Being at the mercy of the whim of the Mistress was obviously important for him and Allison had picked up on that in drafting the contract.

Allison was pleased that Cerys seemed so impressed with what she had done. “Well, thanks, I'm pleased you like it. It's certainly been an experience writing it.” Allison stopped for a moment, half intending to tell Cerys about Lionel but, in the end, not quite succeeding.

“But...?”

“But what?”
“It sounded as though there was going to be a 'but' at the end of that sentence. I haven't embarrassed you have I? I mean, I know this must seem very odd and I suppose I might have bullied you into writing it but I am really pleased and I wouldn't want to scandalise you.”

“Don’t worry. It’s been a revelation but I haven’t felt embarrassed.”

“Aren’t you tempted to try your own hand at it? You seemed to enjoy teasing Gordon the other evening.”

Allison felt the moment had passed for mentioning Lionel. After all she still hadn’t actually done anything about Lionel’s plea, beyond visiting June Calloway and that didn’t really feel like a subject she wanted to use as the starting point of a conversation. “Joining in with you and Gordon for a few minutes is one thing. Setting myself up with some male, scurrying around the flat on his knees while I keep an eye on him sounds like a lot of effort,” said Allison, thinking to herself that nothing she had said was actually untrue.

Her remarks did, however, have the effect of diverting Cerys. “Fair enough, I guess. Well, I’m going to read this thoroughly and then see what Gordon thinks of it. Given his kinky turn of mind, I might need to come back to you for a few additions.”

“Feel free.”

“That’s one thing Gordon won’t feel, once he’s signed this,” Cerys giggled. “From the way that you have written this, ‘free’ is the very last thing he is going to feel for a very long time.”
She could not, Allison decided, put it off any longer. She had decided that she would like things to progress. That meant one thing. A discussion with Lionel was needed. He, it seemed to Allison, had been very patient but now it was time to settle things between them.

She stood in the corridor outside his office gathering her thoughts. Portraits of earlier partners in the firm peered down from the walls. Serious looking men in serious suits seemed to gaze down at Allison as if taking a dim view of what was now going on in the company they had founded. She knocked on the door of Lionel's office, feeling anxious about the possible outcome of the encounter and excited by the sense of transgression she felt from knowing their shared secret in this most conservative of settings.

"Come!" Lionel's request took on a rather specific meaning for Allison in her aroused state. She gulped back her response and opened the door. She couldn't tell if Lionel's "Ahh" was an encouragement or not.

"I think we should talk." Allison waved Lionel's note at him. Lionel's eyes widened as he recognised the paper. He looks terrified, she thought. Was he scared, perhaps, that she was about to expose him? She had worked out exactly how she intended to handle the situation. She was determined to combine June's advice with her own sense of wanting to proceed slowly.

She spoke quietly but determinedly, not leaving Lionel any opportunity to interrupt her. "But I don't think this is the place to do it." She had no intention of repeating the incident from their first encounter when they had been interrupted with Lionel concealed under the desk. "We can meet for lunch," she paused for a moment, Lionel looked startled, "if you like."


"No, don't." Allison had no intention of getting sat down for a long lunch. She was keen to have somewhere that, if all went badly, they could go their separate ways without having to stare at each other over an unwanted desert course. "Be outside at two o'clock if that fits with your appointments." Lionel nodded, compliantly. "And then follow me."

Lionel looked puzzled for a moment and then seemed to shrug off any doubts he may have had. "All right," he said.

"Good," Allison answered, pleased with how she had handled things. She left him to what she imagined would be a morning's uncertainty. She was a little surprised at herself for finding the thought so amusing.

By two o'clock, Allison reasoned, lunch places would be a bit quieter, allowing the two of them some privacy. She didn't see Lionel as she came out of the office building and walked down the flight of steps but, by the time she reached the corner of the street a hundred yards later, she was aware of the sound of footsteps behind, keeping pace with her as she strode along.

Eventually she felt that she was far enough from the office; that she was unlikely to bump into anyone she knew. She turned into a sandwich bar, had a brief exchange with the server and made her choice of food and drink before she took her place on a stool at the far end of the counter that stretched along one wall.
A few moments later she heard a quiet voice say, “Could I join you?”

Allison looked around. Lionel, looking nervous, was standing beside her holding a tray with his own sandwich and a small bottle of water. “Yes, of course,” she said. “Sit.” she patted the seat of the stool alongside feeling like she was inviting a puppy to join her.

Lionel slid onto the stool. Speaking quietly and looking around him he said, “Thank you. You wanted to talk. Does that mean that you have come to a decision?”

“Perhaps.” Allison replied. Lionel looked puzzled. “I think so but it rather depends on you. You know that I was at your last meeting with June?”

“Ah, it was you. I wasn’t sure; the mask … and the wig….” Lionel was clearly remembering every detail of the session.

“Quite.”

“I liked your pixie boots.”

The complement threw Allison for a moment. It seemed so out of place for the circumstances of the meeting but then as June had said, he was a rug-rat; he would notice such things and no doubt it was easier to say than, ‘I loved the way you watched as June beat me with that crop’.

She decided to ignore it. “I need to make some things plain,” she said. “The contract you saw was not as it seemed. I was working on it for a friend. I have no experience whatever of this kind of thing. There is no ‘stable of slaves’ as you put it, I’m afraid.”

“I see,” said Lionel, crestfallen. “But you did approach Ms Calloway. You were there, after all.

“Yes, you’re right, I did and I was. “

“And the way you responded in the office when I first spoke…. Well, thank you for being honest with me. I am sorry if I embarrassed you and..” Lionel got up as if to leave.

“Wait a moment… I was not dismissing your proposal. I just want to make sure that you understand how things are.” Allison took a deep breath, scarcely able to believe that she was about to speak as she did. “I am prepared to accept your offer of service. However, you in your turn must accept that you will be my first experience of this, that I will be learning what it means to have such service. Eventually I may decide that I do not wish to continue with the arrangement. You have to recognise that as a possibility.”

Lionel looked startled. He had expected a simple yes or no to his offer but Allison had created a situation in which he might (or might not) succeed in creating the circumstances of his own enslavement. Allison said nothing, waited for Lionel’s response, and took a sip of coffee.

Lionel sat quietly and said nothing for a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, “Yes, Mistress – if that is how you would have me call you – yes, I am prepared to accept your conditions. Please accept me as your obedient servant.”
Allison almost giggled, remembering the times she had seen letters in the office with those same words but with a very different meaning. “Good,” she said, with a firmness rather greater than she felt, “that’s agreed then. You can attend me tomorrow night at 8 o’clock. I take it there’s no problem with that?”

“No. No. None at all,” Lionel stammered in response.

“Excellent. I’ll let you have the details.” With that, Allison got to her feet and walked out, feeling pleased with the way she handled things. As she strode back towards the office the sense of self satisfaction gave way to a combination of excitement at the prospect of dominating Lionel and trepidation at whether or not she could carry it off. Suddenly the following evening seemed very close indeed.
The apartment was looking presentable, Allison thought. It was five to eight. He was almost due. She looked at the bottles standing on the sideboard. For a moment she thought a drink would be a good idea. She dismissed the thought, though. The conversation with Lionel was going to need all her attention.

She’d decided that a rather formal, business-like look was probably the best for their initial meeting so she’d put on an outfit that she might well have worn to the office. The white shirt with its loose sleeves always felt comfortable and the straight black skirt reaching just to her knees was ideal too. Her one concession to the role she was playing was a pair of black boots with pointed toes and quite spiky heels.

The buzz from the door stopped her in her tracks. She looked at the clock. Eight o’clock exactly. Allison imagined that June Calloway probably encouraged promptness in her clients and Lionel was, it seemed, extending the same courtesy to her. She took deep breath and stepped into the hall to greet her visitor.

Their first exchange was uncomfortable, each saying "Good evening" simultaneously. Allison ushered him into the living room and sat down. Lionel, evidently uncertain of things, stayed standing. Allison, reasoning that it was good idea to keep him on the back foot, left him standing while she crossed her legs and looked out at him from the comfort of her armchair.

"Well," she said, "Let me just say again what I said yesterday. This may go somewhere or it may not. This is something I have decided to try but there is no commitment on my part to anything more than that. I take it you agree?" Lionel nodded, perhaps, Allison thought, rather too eagerly. She went on, "I suggest you start by telling me about your experiences with your mistresses to date. I assume that Ms. Calloway is not the first?"

Lionel blushed, a little uncertain of Allison's direct manner. "You're right. She wasn't ... isn't. There have been a few. More than five, less than ten, over the years."

Allison noted that Lionel was standing with his hands clasped behind his back. "All, can I say, professional relationships?"

"Yes," Lionel paused. "Of course, if you wish..." He made to reach inside his jacket, looking for his wallet.

Allison was taken aback, she had not imagined for a moment that Lionel would offer to pay her but of course, she reasoned, he might well have thought the contract was something that a professional domme might use. "No," she said, "I don't think that will be the basis for us. I am doing this because I am intrigued by it and I might easily decide that it no longer interests me."

"Of course." Lionel looked more than a little disappointed at the prospect.

"Besides, I think things will be a little less orchestrated with me, a little less scripted than you might expect in a professional situation. After all, as I said, I am doing it for my own amusement."

"Ah," Lionel's quiet intake of breath betrayed that he had not considered that Alison's approach might be more capricious than that of the professionals he had experienced. It wasn't clear to Allison whether he thought that a good thing or not. He probably doesn't know himself, Allison thought.
"So, tell me of your particular interests. Your fetishes, the things you enjoy. I take it your session with Ms Calloway was typical."

Lionel looked thoughtful and replied slowly, conscious that every answer was likely to condition how his new mistress would treat him. Allison watched him, fascinated by the way in which his desires seemed to have taken him over completely. "Yes," he said, "I like to be bound, to be forced to worship at a mistress's feet. Or simply to wait on and serve the mistress."

"Good. I like the idea of you being useful. Worship is all very well but there is always work to do around here. Can I ask your view of punishment?" There had been one point in the session where June had taken a riding crop to Lionel's buttocks. Allison had found it difficult to watch and she wasn't sure whether Lionel had enjoyed it or not.

Lionel bit his lip. To Allison he was obviously choosing his words carefully. "I know it may sometimes be needed, deserved perhaps as a consequence of failing to meet my Mistress's expectation, but it's not something I seek out."

Allison was relieved. She wasn't sure how she would cope with hurting someone, even of it was for their pleasure. It wasn't just a concern about causing pain. It was more that she could imagine that it was quite possible to do a lot more damage than intended if you didn't really know what you were doing.

"Mistress Calloway beats me sometimes, if I don't please her," he went on. "She has a riding crop and a flat paddle she uses sometimes. When I deserve it."

"And when you don't?"

"That is much harder, but ..."

"But?"

"But if that is what she wants, then I comply. And perhaps I want it too. At the time."

Allison smiled. Lionel at least seemed to see the contradictions in his behaviour. "I understand. Now, perhaps I can ask you about sex."

"Miss Calloway never permitted any sexual contact," Lionel blurted out, "she wouldn't..."

"That doesn't surprise me but has there been an occasion in the past perhaps? As part of, let's say, a non-professional relationship? Tell me. You can be quite open."

Lionel looked deeply uncomfortable, obviously finding Allison's questioning difficult. He blushed and shook his head. "No, not of any submissive-dominant nature. No. Well, I did have a Mistress that would order me to masturbate at the end of a session and another liked to squat on my face, which gave her pleasure but, otherwise, no."

Allison sat back in her chair, stretching her legs out in front of her. She noticed Lionel's furtive glance at her legs and raised a querulous eyebrow that caused him immediately to lower his gaze again. She was surprised how easily she had taken on the role that Lionel obviously expected of her. She had thought about how things might play out and it seemed that now was as good a time as any to move things forward. "You said that you liked the boots you saw me wearing at Mistress Calloway's. Perhaps these
meet with your approval too?” Lionel looked from Allison's face to her feet and back again before nodding. “In which case you can get your face down there and show me how well you can worship at my feet.”

Lionel knelt down beside her. He seemed almost relieved to be told to do something. He looked up at Allison. She extended her right foot. “Bow your head. Kiss it,” she ordered. Lionel bent down, eagerly pressing his lips to the leather of Allison's boots as he had at Clerkenwell. She lifted her other foot and rested the heel on the side of Lionel's head, drawing an “Ahh” of what she took to be appreciation, although it might have been trepidation.

Lionel's worship of Allison's booted feet was diligent, but Allison was soon bored. It was amusing to have him obey her and intriguing to see the way in which he was aroused by submitting to her - his attention became totally focussed on what was in front of his nose, his breathing quicker and clearly audible- but that was about it as far as Allison was concerned. Absent-mindedly she reached for a magazine on the table beside her and picked it up. As she opened it, she glanced down and saw Lionel's dog-like expression of devotion staring up at her. “You like the idea of being ignored down there, don’t you?” she said, registering a look from Lionel that gave away his agreement, and feeling pleased that she had been able to read him so well. “Well, don’t expect me to take any notice of you. Just carry on until I tell you to stop.” With that, she turned her attention to the magazine, finding an article that she had intended to read when she first bought it.

She sat there for an hour, intrigued by the article, before she remembered that Lionel was still in place. Somehow she found his quiet, undemanding, obedience had relaxed her. She looked at the clock. It was ten; far later than she had planned. It was, she decided, time to bring the evening to a conclusion. “Enough for tonight,” she announced, pulling her feet back. “Time to go.”

Lionel looked up with a doleful expression, clearly disappointed that things were ending and startled by Allison's abruptness. “As you wish, Mistress.” He said compliantly and then after hesitating for a moment. “May I call again or...”

“No,” said Allison, firmly. “When, if I want you here again, I will let you know.”

Allison followed him down the corridor to the front door of her apartment. He seemed to understand that he should say nothing more except that as Lionel opened the door, he turned. “Thank you, Mistress,” he said, quietly.

“Good night, slave,” Allison responded, drawing a smile from Lionel as he closed the door behind him.
16. **Shopping**

"So, what did you think of the contract?"

Allison and Cerys were sitting in the coffee shop where Cerys had first raised the idea of Allison drafting a contract for her and Gordon. Cerys pulled the document from her bag.

"It's exactly what I wanted. I'm so grateful. It's really good."

"What does Gordon think of it?"

Cerys laughed. "He felt a little uncertain, I think, when I first showed it to him. I guess the only thing worse than not having your fantasies fulfilled is having them fulfilled. I told him to take a few days to read it but he's been keener than ever in the meantime."

Allison took a sip of coffee, thinking that Lionel appeared much the same – he seemed to try hardest when he wasn't sure what Allison was thinking. "Well, I'm glad it's been a success so far."

"I'm going to see if he'll sign it tonight."

"Should be a dramatic event!"

"I'm hoping it will be. Do you want to be there?"

Allison didn't need to think about that one, she didn't want to be around if Gordon and Cerys had some disagreement about things. "You'll want to sort it out between you," she said. "Besides I've got a date of my own."

Cerys didn't pick up on Allison's remark but ploughed on with her own concerns. "I'm going to get a new outfit for tonight," she said. "Come and help me choose."

"I'm guessing this isn't at a regular high street fashion retailer."

"No. Not at all. Do you remember that shop I told you about? It's not far from here. Come on, you can take a couple of hours off. I'd really like your advice. Please."

Allison relented and a few minutes later she found herself, along with her friend in a small shop on Old Compton Street. From the outside there was little to indicate the true nature of the shop's business beyond the name carried discretely over the window, "Style with Restraint". The window display of smart, elegant clothes barely differed from what might have been seen in the windows many fashion shops in Knightsbridge. Inside though it was at once apparent that the shop aimed to cater for a rather specific clientele; the smell of latex was overwhelming.

They were met by a tall woman in spectacles. She welcomed Cerys like an old friend.

"Well hello again. What can I help you with today? Or is it something for your friend." She turned to Allison. "Hullo, I'm Karen."
“Hi, no, I'm just looking around with Cerys,” Allison responded, thinking that the exchange could have taken place in any of a hundred clothes shops that she knew, even if the garments involved were rather different.

“Well please feel free to browse and please ask if there's anything you want to know about any of our stock.” Karen turned towards where Cerys was shuffling through items of rubberwear hanging on a nearby rack.

"What do you think of this?" Cerys was holding a black rubber dress against herself as she stood beside a long mirror. "No, wait, I'll try it on." She turned and headed off to the back of the shop, diving into one of the changing rooms. Karen followed, anxious to help, leaving Allison on her own.

She looked around her. On one side of the shop a row of hangars carried a wide array of clothes in leather, rubber and PVC, a rack at the far end of the shop carried an array of shoes that all had one thing in common, exceptionally high heels, some with extravagantly high platform soles, some equipped with spikes so numerous or so long that even an enthusiastic foot fetishist like Lionel would find it hard to get near them. On the other a series of glass topped counters held displays of other fetish items. A couple of weeks ago, Allison would have had no idea of what most of them were but now she knew from her research, in theory at least, how they might be used and with what purpose.

One counter focussed on various implements of punishment, whips, paddles, and vicious looking clamps. The next had a range of restraints, with a counter-top display of three mannequin heads wearing different sorts of hood, including one fitted with a dildo gag just like the one that Cerys had described. Behind on the wall, long loops of brightly coloured braided rope hung to entice those keen on that style of bondage.

Staring around Allison felt rather inadequate. She thought back to the session with Lionel the night before which they had managed without anything like any of this. But, she guessed, like any more normal pastime, it was always possible to get more into the equipment than the game. She peered at the price tag on a few items and shook her head at the costs. On the other hand, she imagined, most of it looked hand crafted and extremely well made.

She looked around at some of the other items of clothing, wondering how long Cerys was going to be. One piece caught her eye; a leather corset displayed on a dummy just inside the door.

“It's a beautiful piece, isn't it?” A voice beside Allison startled her and she turned to see a slightly built girl in her mid-twenties with close cropped dyed blonde hair and a wide smile.

“Err, yes,” Allison responded uncertainly, not sure if the girl was one of the shop's staff or another customer. She was dressed in a purple sleeveless vest top, short black skirt and fishnet tights but that didn't help Allison one way or the other.

“My mistress has one just like it.”

“Ah,” was the best Allison could manage in response.

“You could try it on if you like. There's a mirror here. I think it would look good over that skirt and blouse.”
“It’s all right. I’m just waiting for someone. She’s in the changing room.”

“OK. You could still try it on if you want though. I think it would suit you. You have the bearing for something like that.”

She’s hitting on me, Allison thought. I’ve shopped enough in vanilla shops to know the difference between sales chat and flirting and this is flirting. The trouble was she quite liked both the corset and the flirting. “All right,” she said. “Why not?”

The girl smiled and said, “I’ll fetch one for you to try,” before she crouched down behind one of the counters. She surfaced holding a dark maroon box, placed it on the counter and opened it. Inside, wrapped in white tissue, the leather corset lay flat as though daring Allison to pick it up. “Here, shall I?” the girl said, opening it out. Allison loved the way that the chromed fastenings of the busk and on the eyelets of the lace holes shone out. The stitching around the corset’s stays showed a high standard of workmanship. The leather was beautifully soft. The girl loosened the back lacing and then unfastened the busk. Standing behind Allison she placed the corset around her waist, catching each of the busk fastenings in turn. “I won’t fasten it in too tightly,” she said as she drew the edges of the corset closer together by pulling on the tapes at the back. “There,” she said as she finished. “How is that? How does it feel?”

How indeed, Allison thought. The answer, which she wasn’t prepared to share with the girl, was that it actually felt quite sexy. She looked across at the mirror and while it didn’t really change her waist that much (at least given how slightly the girl had pulled it in), she could imagine Lionel’s response. And there was something about the rigidity of the corset that made her feel quite erect, quite able to look down on a cowering slave. Maybe she thought to herself, she needed to look the part at least to some extent. She caught sight of the girl waiting quietly to one side. She had clasped her hands behind her back, her head was slightly bowed as she stood in a pose at once submissive and expectant.

Cerys burst out from the changing room. “Here, what do you think? Isn’t it terrific?”

Allison couldn’t help but agree. The latex dress fitted Cerys beautifully, stretching tightly across her belly but cut in such a way as to emphasise her breasts. Allison could imagine the impact that it would have on Gordon when Cerys confronted him in it and told him to sign the contract. “Yes,” she said, “I think that will work really well.”

“I think you’re right,” said Cerys and then noticed that Allison too had been seduced by the shop’s wares. “Ah, I see you’ve met Naomi.”

Allison looked across at the girl. “This is Naomi?”

Karen nodded, “Yes. She’s very helpful but a complete slut, aren’t you dear?”

Naomi looked embarrassed but didn’t try to disagree. “Don’t trust her advice on anything. It’s only ever an excuse to get you into some outfit or other that she finds sexy,” Cerys chimed in. She pointed to Allison’s corset. “That, however, does look very good on you.”

“Thanks. Yes, I like it. I’m not sure when I’d wear it though. Not quite the thing for the office.” Though quite the thing for one of my office colleagues, Allison thought, although Cerys still didn’t know about Lionel.
“I’ll buy it for you. You can wear it next time you come over. It will give Gordon a treat.”

“I couldn’t let you do that. It’s very expensive. I mean just look at the price tag.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll use Gordon’s credit card. He expects to fund my amusement. This,” she swept her hands down the latex clinging tightly to her body, “is going on it. He won’t mind if I add that too. He’s very happy to invest in his hobby, as he calls it.”

“I’m not sure.”

“It really does suit you, Mistr...” Naomi began.

Cerys cut her off. “Would you like to model one of those ball gags for us? The large ones?”

Naomi fell silent.

“Look, we can call it payment for drafting the contract. It must have taken you hours.”

Allison thought for a minute. She really did like it but it was terribly expensive. On the other hand she could imagine that Lionel would approve too. “Oh, all right,” she said with a giggle. “I’ll let you indulge me. Although I’m not sure it’s a good idea to get Gordon too excited is it?”

“Shall I wrap it or will you wear it Madam,” Naomi asked with a cheeky grin.

"I’m still thinking about ball gags," Cerys admonished. Naomi responded with a blush as she took the corset, put it back in its box and found a discreetly labelled carrier bag for Allison while Cerys paid.

“Well, thanks," said Allison. "I guess we’ll have to make a date for me to come around and model it for Gordon."

"Soon," said Cerys.

Allison could see from the wistful look on Naomi’s face that she would like to be there too.
Pain For Pleasure

Allison had told Lionel he could visit her again. From her point of view, she still felt that there were things to explore and he had seemed as keen as ever when she had raised the idea. They had agreed a time but now Allison was worried.

Lionel was over two hours late for their appointment and she had heard nothing from him. She knew he had left the office before her and there wasn't - as far as she knew - any reason why he should have arrived at her flat yet.

She wondered if he had had cold feet about the meeting. Perhaps their first encounter hadn't been what he was expecting? He'd seemed enthusiastic enough when the two of them had been alone together, sharing the same elevator, earlier that day and she had said, “This evening, come at eight as before.” He had nodded in acquiescence, unable to say anything to her before she had got out one floor before his. She hadn't misunderstood his nod, she was sure of that.

She had changed out of her work clothes into a sweater and jeans – Lionel didn't seem to mind what she wore (unlike most of the submissives she read about on-line who seemed to have very specific tastes) and she had thought that she might as well be comfortable.

She paced the living room anxiously, worrying that he might have had an accident. She turned on the TV and flipped from channel to channel trying to find if there had been a breakdown on the Underground or a sudden transport strike and then did the same with her phone. She couldn't find any reason for his lateness and that made her even more worried.

Finally there was a ring on the bell. Allison opened the door to see a sheepish Lionel.

“Where on earth of you been? Do you know what the time is?” Although she was furious, Allison suddenly felt she was channelling the spirit of her father who used to scold her if she got in late from dates when she was living at home. Equally, she knew that some of her anger was the result of the number of times she'd been stood up or left waiting for dates down the years. This was going to be different, she told herself. “It's really not good enough.”

“I'm sorry Mistress, but you know how things can be in the office. I needed to....”

“I know exactly how things can be. And I know exactly when you left the office. You had plenty of time to get here. I didn't leave until a good half hour after you did. What were you doing?”

“I...” Lionel hesitated for a moment. The two of them were standing in the hallway of Allison's flat. Allison, arms folded and obviously angry, had been worried about where Lionel might possibly have got to and now stood confronting her slave. Lionel hung his head, apologetic. “I can see I've upset you. I apologise. It won't happen again.”

Relieved that Lionel had not fallen under a lorry, become trapped on the Underground or suffered a heart attack or any of the other myriad scenarios her imagination had conjured over the last two hours, Allison became calmer. As she did so, she realised that she didn't care why he was late. She was also determined to have Lionel understand the worry he had caused her. And since, she reasoned, a dominatrix could punish her slave if she so chose, the remedy was in her own hands.
“No,” she said with a determined tone, “you are right. It certainly won’t and I don’t want to hear any excuses. Go through into the living room. Strip to your pants and kneel facing the wall.” She turned on her heel and left Lionel, now in no doubt as to his Mistress’s state of mind, in the hall.

Lionel was surprised by Allison’s curttness. It was such a change from her normal sociable manner. He watched as she disappeared into the kitchen. From their discussions before he hadn’t expected that she would react like this but not wishing to anger her further, he did as he had been told.

The combination of relief at Lionel’s arrival and anger at his behaviour, coupled with anger for allowing herself to be so worried by his lateness, left Allison determined to punish Lionel. He could have called, she thought. He could have been on time.

Well, she finally said to herself, you may not like the idea of punishment, and I may not like the idea of inflicting pain but I’m afraid this has to be done.

On the work top in the kitchen was a wooden spatula. Allison was pretty sure it would inflict some painful blows without causing too much damage. She picked it up, took a deep breath and headed back towards the living room.

Lionel was, as instructed, kneeling close to the far wall. A twitch of his head betrayed the fact that he had heard her come in but even so, he remained in place. Allison sat down without speaking, leaving Lionel on his knees for a good five minutes or more while she gathered her thoughts about what she intended to do next.

For Lionel the wait was unbearable. The uncertainty of the situation was far more disturbing than many of the times he had been similarly undressed and kneeling.


As Lionel obeyed, Allison seized his wrists. He didn’t resist as she pulled them behind his back. She grabbed his tie from the pile of his clothes and knotted it around tightly his wrists. Allison sat back down and pulled Lionel face down across her lap. "There's no excuse and I don't want to know why. Next time you will call. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," Lionel gulped and a moment later the first blow from Allison's wooden spatula slapped down on his buttocks.

The impact made Lionel buck. A second blow followed and a third. Allison felt herself breathing harder as she grabbed the hair on the back of Lionel's head to stop him struggling across her lap, feeling his body hot against her lap. In spite of his earlier protestations about not enjoying punishment, he was clearly aroused by her treatment of him. His buttocks reddened with every stroke and Allison found herself clenching her thighs together as she could feel herself becoming more excited. By the tenth stroke, Lionel had stopped trying to wriggle and was whimpering with the pain. By the twentieth he was silent, only breathing hard to try to cope with his punishment and no doubt remembering that in fact, he didn’t enjoy this after all.

Allison was completely taken over by the feeling of control and satisfaction at having paid Lionel back for the worry he had caused her. She pushed him from her lap. He fell back on the floor. She planted a foot in his chest and pushed him away, then got up and stripped off her jeans.

Pulling the sobbing Lionel to his knees she sat back down and dragged his head between her legs. "Now, you're going to show me how sorry you are."
Startled by the turn of events, by the sudden nature of Allison's transition from ingénue dominatrix to cruel disciplinarian and by her first initiation of sexual contact, Lionel looked up, uncertain what to do. Allison wasn't to be denied by his hesitancy. Aroused, she grabbed his hair and pushed his face against her crotch, ordering him to lick and suck and thrusting her cunt up against him as her arousal and his action drove her towards orgasm.

Lionel, his wrists bound, his head clamped tightly between Allison's thighs, and with his face pressed against her knickers could do nothing as she gasped and moaned. As she finally reached her climax, she pressed down on the back of his head so that his mouth and nose were hard against her. He could barely breathe as she forced herself against him, time and again. Finally as she lay back, he was left gasping on the floor.

Her orgasm subsided. Her own moans quietened. Allison sat up. She looked across at Lionel and then at herself in the mirror. Shocked by what she had done, she fumbled with the tie that bound his wrists. As Lionel fell back, Allison saw his still erect member, dripping with pre-cum, as blood-flushed as his buttocks, and destined to remain unsatisfied.

“I'm sorry,” she blurted out. “I didn't mean... Oh, no, look, can you just go. Please. Just go.”

With that she left him on the floor of the living room and fled to the bedroom.

She lay on the bed, feeling numb, overcome by the sense of selfishness that she felt from having used Lionel as the tool of her sexual satisfaction and by the way she was throwing him out. But she couldn't bear to face him again.

There was a knock on the bedroom door.

“Mistress,” Lionel's voice was pleading. “Allison, I....”

“No. Please. Go. Just go.” Allison called. Nothing more was said. A few moments later Allison heard the door of her flat close as Lionel left.
18. Aftermath

“You’ve got to get off here, sir. Service terminates here.”

The words of the Underground guard snapped Lionel out of his confused state. “What? I’m sorry..” he began.

“High Barnet, mate. We don’t go no further.”

“No. No, of course.” He looked around. The carriage was empty. He got up slowly and a little stiffly, still very conscious of pummelling that his buttocks had received from Allison.

“Are you all right, mate?”

Lionel nodded. “Yes. Yes, of course.” He looked around as he went to leave the train. “I missed my stop.”

“Next one back is on the other platform,” the guard said, shaking his head. It happened all the time. Drunk, doped up or simply too dozy to notice; they all ended up at the end of the line eventually. This one looked relatively normal though. Apart from the rather pre-occupied expression on his face.

“Thanks.” Lionel stepped out of the carriage and headed towards the train that would take him back south again. It was worse than missing his stop, though. He’d actually gone off in the wrong direction all together. He’d have to go back to Camden Town and then change onto the Edgeware branch.

The southbound train was empty too. There were only a couple of people sat at the far end of the carriage. At this time of the evening they were probably heading into town for a meal or maybe a late cinema show.

Lionel sat down cautiously. The pain of the beating was the least of his worries. He still didn't know how he felt about what had happened at Allison's flat, apart from being sorry for having distressed her – and not just because of the immediate consequences. She had been justified in being upset, of course. He knew that. She had been entitled to punish him, hadn't she? He hadn't meant to worry her but he had been thoughtless and she had obviously been concerned.

If it hadn't been for that what would he have thought of the session? Her peremptory commands, the sense of her barely contained anger, the feeling that she was taking no notice of any objection he might have to the way she was treating him – all these played directly on Lionel's fantasies. Being bound and beaten? Well, to be taken captive by her had been arousing. The beating less so but being held across her lap as she brought the spatula down time after time had seemed somehow unavoidable, necessary even.

And what of what happened afterwards?

He wondered if his cheeks looked red. They felt red, almost bruised from where his head had been trapped between her thighs. He could still smell her. The scent of her cunt still hung in his nostrils from where she had pushed his face hard in to her groin. His tongue was sore, as though he had bitten it, from where she had pushed forward violently with her hips trapping his tongue against his teeth. His scalp hurt from where she had grabbed at his hair as she rocked backwards and forwards trying to come to orgasm.

It had been violent but he hadn't cared. He was a bit ashamed of that.

Her reaction had been sudden. Unexpected. He was used to Ms Calloway's measured, controlled manner. He could understand how Allison in her inexperience might have been overtaken by the situation and
shocked herself with her own unanticipated behaviour. Could he have done something to stop that happening or to calm her after the event? He didn't think so. Certainly afterwards she had wanted him gone and as quickly as he could go.

But was that about him, or about her?

He looked out of the carriage window. The train had stopped and the doors hissed open. Camden Town. He got out.

There were a few other people on the platform. Couples, individual men and women; a woman trying to cope with a toddler dragging her by one hand and a push chair in the other.

He had no idea of what to do next. He looked at the others on the platform, envying them their apparent sense of purpose. He wasn't even sure if he should get the next Edgware Road train or simply stand there on the platform, as if all ability to choose, to initiate, to act, had been taken from him by the circumstances of the evening.

There was one thing he was sure of though. Allison should not have to punish herself because of the situation he had put her in. It was, he knew, his own set of fantasies and his own assumptions that had created the situation. He also knew it was pretty unlikely that she would want to hear from him any time soon, so he couldn't see any immediate opportunity to apologise. As for work... That was going to be difficult too.

There was, however, someone that he thought might help. He looked at his phone. No signal. That was hardly surprising down here. It would have to wait until he got back. Then he would call.
19. Hangover

Allison felt terrible. Her headache was partly the consequence of the several large glasses of scotch she had downed after Lionel had left but mostly it was because of what had happened while he was in the flat and in particular how she felt about her own behaviour.

She’d called the office and told them that she wasn’t feeling well. That was true, but the trouble was she didn’t know, even when she felt better, how she was ever going to be able to look Lionel in the face, ever again.

It was as she was contemplating a glass of water and two headache pills that her mobile rang. She recognised the voice at once as June Calloway.

“Tthought you might want to talk.”

“Why would you think that?”

June ignore Allison’s abrupt response. “Lionel was worried about you but he thought you might not want him to call.”

“He’s right there.”

“He thought it didn’t go well, that he’d upset you.”

“No. No, it wasn’t that.”

“Well, sometimes it just doesn’t work out. You said you weren’t sure if it was for you. I was concerned about you, too. Just let me know if you want me to say anything to Lionel.”

Something about June’s tone made Allison want to confide in her. “No, it wasn’t that either. Quite the opposite. It wasn’t what I expected. I was so turned on. Not out of control exactly but nearly. I scared myself, I guess. And afterwards – well, I just felt awful.”

“It sound like you did exactly the right thing, then. Sometimes I think that tops need a safe word too.”

“I didn’t mean to upset Lionel, it really wasn’t his fault. It was just that I was rougher than I ever thought I could be. And, well, ...”

“And...”

“Well, I made use of him. Grabbed him and just, well, used his face. He must have been shocked.”

“Possibly. But I suspect that he was as excited by it as you were at the time. Probably more.”

“And now I don’t know what to do. I promised you I would treat Lionel fairly but if I feel like that over something so simple, well, I don’t know if I can carry on, or even if I should. And, I suppose, I surprised myself. I could never have thought that I would get pleasure out of something like that, of having him helpless and sobbing from being punished by me. Even if he did deserve it, should I have enjoyed it?”

“I'm not sure if it’s a question of ‘should’ or not,” June replied. “I don’t think it’s ever very helpful to look for the rights and wrongs of how we feel about this. Better to say that’s how things are and then deal with that. I can only speak for myself. I’m a professional. For me this is work but sometimes it’s a pleasure too. Sometimes it’s the joy of freeing up someone’s inner fears and desires – it’s good to see someone becoming everything they want to be. Sometimes too, I must confess, there are times when I quite enjoy
the fact that someone is suffering at my hands, because sometimes, believe me, they deserve it. That's when you have to be most careful of all, though.”

“Yes. I can see that.”

“And punishment scenes are sometimes the hardest to handle – certainly if you add a stiff measure of sex. And, of course, it's easy to lose sight of the fact that the sub is taking as much pleasure as you are, so it's no hardship for him if you enjoy yourself.”

Allison found June's sympathetic tone reassuring. She'd felt selfish for indulging herself and inadequate for failing to control things but she could see June was right. She took a deep breath and then said, “So, if I can overcome my concerns and bring myself to try again, what would you advise?”

“Well, firstly think it out, plan the evening. Don't think you can improvise. I work to what's almost a script sometimes. Of course that's often to do with the clients desires but it's also good to have a framework if you feel things slipping out of control.”

“That makes sense. I can see that.”

“And you could try something less dramatic. If your flat is anything like my place there's always some cleaning needed. Try bossing him around and getting him to do some domestic duties. Then ignore him, criticise the results – I guarantee they won't be wonderful as his mind will be somewhere else. Steer clear of sex for a bit until you’ve got the feel for being in charge. It's like driving a car, you don't start off with a powerful sports car, try something a bit more like a Mini.”

“Lionel's not so small,” Allison laughed, relieved by June's advice and feeling much happier. “But seriously, won't he find all that sort of thing rather, well, tame?”

“Not from what I know of him,” June replied. “Very few of our sessions involve any corporal punishment and, of course, there’s no sexual contact at all. I think some tasks around the house could be a way to get things back on track.”

“Well, it's probably worth a try. And if the worst come to the worst at least I'll get my flat cleaned.”
20. **Man About The House**

Allison looked up in response to the buzz from the front door of her flat. She had been worrying about the evening. She wanted to continue with her relationship with Lionel and she wanted to continue to explore her interests in dominance. She was also determined to stay in control of her own reactions. It was going to be a difficult balancing act, she knew, combining her amusement with Lionel's.

She had thought hard about the evening, remembering June Calloway's advice to plan things out. She decided in the end that she wanted Lionel to understand from the very start that she was still interested in a dominant role in their relationship. To demonstrate that – and to some extent giving way to the stereotype of the dominatrix - she had dressed in an outfit that underlined the fact. That, she thought, would provide Lionel simple and clear confirmation of her continued interest.

She’d chosen a tight, straight, black skirt and a black satin shirt, teamed with the corset that Cerys had bought for her. She had been back to the shop (much to Naomi’s evident pleasure) and bought a few things for the evening including a many tailed flogger (Naomi had been very keen to advise on the choice) and a pair of shoes with platform and heels so high that she found it a challenge to stand up in them, let alone to walk. A pair of gloves and a black choker at her throat completed the look.

She opened the door. It was, as she expected, Lionel. His sharp intake of breath as he took in Allison's appearance, convinced her that she had made the right choices. She pressed a gloved finger to his lips before he could speak and pointed to the door into the living room.

Complying with her instruction, Lionel stepped inside. Allison followed him down the corridor and into the living room. Lionel was standing where he had on their first meeting in the flat, watching Allison almost furtively as she came into the room and stepped carefully across to the armchair where she sat down. "Do not expect to discuss our last meeting. You'll see some things on the table. Put them on." Allison ordered, not waiting for Lionel to say anything.

Lionel hesitated for a moment before turning to the table where Allison had left two more of her purchases, a leather hood and one of the red ball gags that Cerys had threatened Naomi with. He did as Allison had instructed, obviously used to having used similar items before, pulling the leather hood over his head and zipping it shut behind his head before buckling the gag in place.

Allison smiled, pleased with his compliance. She still found it surprising how easy it was to put him under her spell, how eager he was to be complicit in his own humiliation. He certainly looked ridiculous with his face masked and his mouth stuffed with the red ball. Allison found herself reacting in a confused way, excited by her sense of achievement but somewhat repulsed by Lionel's lack of resistance and the absurdity of his appearance. She was however, determined to continue on the course she had set for the evening.

"Now, take off your trousers and underpants."

Lionel looked puzzled for a moment, blinking at her and seeming not so much concerned at being asked to undress as at being asked only to undress so far.

"Yes," Allison said, seeing his confusion and feeling she had made the right choice as a result – keeping him off balance seemed to leave him delightfully vulnerable. "I'd just like to keep an eye on your cock to
make sure you're not getting too excited." She smiled to herself as she saw her remarks had entirely the opposite effect. "Now come here and put your head at my feet."

Lionel did as he was told, crouching down so that his face was only inches from the thick platform soles of Allison's shoes. Allison lifted her left foot and placed the sole of her shoe on the side of Lionel's head. He gave a gag-muffled whimper (Allison thought it sounded like a mixture of delight and fear as the spike of her heel brought its pressure to bear) in response.

Allison was holding the flogger. She let the tails tangle so that they were within Lionel's sight. "Something to encourage you, slave," she said in a matter of fact tone. "Slaves should be made use of, so I have some tasks for you." She moved her foot.

Lionel gave a grunt and looked up.

"First, go to the kitchen. Fetch me a glass of wine and then go back in there and clean it up, I haven't had time since breakfast."

Lionel nodded compliantly, stood up, turned and went. Allison sat back in her chair. She felt relaxed. June Calloway had been right, this was an altogether better way to approach things.

Lionel returned holding a tray with a glass of white wine. Allison only just managed to prevent herself from giggling at how ridiculous Lionel looked without trousers or pants but still wearing jacket, waistcoat, shirt and tie as well as the leather hood and the bright red ball gag that distended his mouth. Beneath his shirt tail a cock that was swollen, if not fully erect, told Allison that she was keeping Lionel's interest. She took the wine and gestured with the flogger to indicate he should return to the kitchen.

Allison sat down once more and took a sip of wine. She picked up a magazine and stretched out her legs. The sounds from the kitchen indicated that Lionel was already at work. Allison felt relaxed and in control of herself and the situation. She enjoyed it. She let Lionel carry on with his tasks for a while and then went to check up on his progress.

As she appeared at the kitchen door, he started, almost dropping the plate he was about to put away in its place in Allison's cupboard. "Don't let me distract you," Allison said, playfully, noting that Lionel's cock was as stiff as before beneath his shirt tail. She watched as he carried on with his work. Lionel was thorough – Allison had guessed that he would be from his fastidious appearance – and the kitchen was soon both cleaner and tidier than Allison could remember it being for a long time.

Finally, Allison was satisfied with what he had done. "Enough," she said. "back to the living room. And kneel down."

When Allison got back to the living room, Lionel was kneeling as instructed. She was pleased with the way things were going. She stood behind him and unbuckled the strap of his gag. He grunted as she pulled the ball free from his mouth. He was working his jaw, stiff from being wedged open.


"Sorry, Mistress," Lionel responded and fell silent.

Allison looked at him. It was obvious that he was paying attention to her commands and needs but in other ways it was as if he was barely in the room. He seemed as though he was off on some other plane reaching through to offer his service but away in some imagined location. She had seen a similar response from friends of hers on drugs but Lionel's condition appeared to be entirely the result of his situation. His engorged cock hung heavily between his legs, brushing against his shirt if he moved. His
breathing was low and regular. His eyes were fixed on the floor. Allison had not the slightest idea of what he was thinking about and she became angered by his self-containment. As the slave, she felt, he should be concerned for her well-being and pleasure, not lost in some submissive reverie.

"More work, slave," Allison snapped. "Kneel here. Take off my shoes and massage my feet. And pay attention to that, not to your day-dreaming."

"Very good, Mistress," Lionel said getting to his knees and doing as she had asked.

Allison let the thongs of the flogger lay across Lionel's naked buttocks. He flinched in expectation of a beating but Allison had no intention of providing one, she was content to have him attend to her feet and to let him anticipate what such a beating might be like. She let him to continue with the task and returned to her reading.

After 30 minutes or so, she spoke. "Is this what you imagined?" she asked. "When you begged permission to enter my 'stable of slaves'?"

"More than I imagined, Mistress," Lionel replied with barely a hesitation. "This is more – well – real than anything else I have experienced."

"Real?"

"Yes. Can I explain?" Allison nodded and gestured for him to kneel up. He let go of Allison's feet and obeyed. "It seems to me that you are doing this to explore your desires and your abilities. For me it is a privilege to serve you while you do this, to be part of that process. I have had Mistresses that were happy to dominate me for money or wanted nothing more than to be cruel and to abuse." Allison thought for a moment that Lionel was about to say something about their previous meeting, but he went on. "That would satisfy my physical need, even a psychological desire, but not the emotional need. You seem intrigued, and inspired by the power that you find you possess. Your control is not only the result of the submission of the bottom but of your own determination. I've not had the chance to be part of something like that before. Thank you."

Lionel's words fascinated Allison. She hadn't yet worked out her own attitudes to where she had arrived at and she was pleased to hear Lionel's thoughts. She hadn't been confident of how the evening would turn out but now she felt she had, at least, got over the disaster of their last encounter. Even so, she wasn't keen to let Lionel have the last word. After all, he was the one on his knees with his cock hanging out.

"Interesting," she said. "But that's enough for the evening. You, I think, have to be at work tomorrow and so do I." Lionel's eyes flicked down towards his crotch. "No," Allison shook her head. "Not here. Put on your clothes then take off your hood and take yourself home."

Lionel at first seemed as though he would object but then nodded slowly. "Of course," he said, getting slowly to his feet and trying to hide his disappointment. Under Allison's gaze, he pulled on his underpants and trousers while she let the fronds of the flogger run through her fingers. Finally, he took off the hood. His face was beaded with sweat from being trapped inside the leather, his hair was plastered down against his scalp.

"Kiss me goodbye," Allison said.

Lionel looked towards her. She extended one leg towards him, presenting her foot to him. He dropped his face to her foot, planting his lip on her suede covered toe of her shoe.
"Thank you," Allison said, "now you can go."

She watched him leave without another word. She was reasonably certain that he would barely be able
to wait until he got home before he had his hands on his cock. She didn’t have to have his patience; she
slipped off her skirt and lay back in the chair, her hands burrowing into her knickers as she re-lived the
look of submission on Lionel’s face as he had bent to kiss her foot.

She was beginning to understand how her desires could be met by their relationship.
Understanding

The next day, Allison got into the office earlier than she expected. She was a bit bleary-eyed from a restless night but that was nothing that a good cup of coffee wouldn’t cure, she thought.

She was standing in the queue for the coffee machine. There were a couple of other girls in front of her chatting away about the last evening’s television and similar things. “How was your dinner party,” one said. “Ah,” the other responded, “did you hear that news item1 that said dinner parties would be less dull if guests were banned from small talk and had to discuss things like global warming and what to do about political disenchantment.” “Something like,” responded the other. “Well, one of the suggestions was ‘the art of the dominatrix’. Take my advice. Don’t go there.”

It was all Allison could do to stop herself from either joining in and recommending enthusiastic ally the BDSM lifestyle or running off and hiding. The two girls looked around and realised Allison was waiting. “Oh, sorry Alli. Here, it’s free now.”

“Thanks,” said Allison, wondering how she’d have responded if she’d been at the dinner party. She made her choice of drink and was waiting for the machine to complete the cycle that was supposed to convince you it was producing freshly brewed, coffee. She saw Lionel emerging from the lift. She stopped. It wasn’t quite the most embarrassing ‘morning after’ encounter that she had had. That would have to be a close call between the guy who had hopped out of her bed saying, “Well, I need to be off now, Alice,” (made worse by the fact that she hadn’t contradicted him) and the time she had woken up next to a man whose name she couldn’t for the life of her remember.

Uncertain of what you said in the morning to someone that had spent the evening on their knees in your flat, she contented herself by smiling and offering a cheery “Good morning,” just as she would have on any other day.

"Good morning, Miss Terry," Lionel ventured, without stopping on his way to his office.

His formal response seeming to Allison as suitable for a submissive as it would be for a conventional, polite reply and she was relieved that he hadn’t tried to start a discussion about the previous night. She felt strongly that it would be very unwise to bring this aspect of her private life into the office. After all, she thought, what would have been the outcome of Lionel discovering the draft of Gordon’s contract if Lionel’s interests hadn’t been as they were? And she still had nightmares about the moment when Lionel had been crouched under his desk and the two of them had been disturbed.

She made her way to her desk and tried to get started on her day’s work. It wasn’t easy, though. Lionel’s office was just along the corridor. Every time Allison heard the sound of his door she caught herself looking up, wondering about Lionel and how he was feeling about the night before and wondering how she was feeling about the same thing.

It was a little later that morning when Jason, one of the other partners, approached her. "Are you terribly busy Allison? If not I’d like you to come and take minutes for a meeting."

Allison was happy to agree to anything that would get her mind off of the previous evening and was soon sitting with her notebook in one of the conference rooms. Two of the other senior partners came in and then, to Allison's concern, Lionel.

1  http://www.wired.co.uk/article/banning-small-talk
Jason started the meeting with a brief nod to all around the table. "Harry, James, Lionel, I think you all know Miss Terry? I've asked her to minute this. We need to review where we are on the new business initiative." He carried on outlining the steps that the group had agreed on earlier and then asked for an update. For Allison, it wasn't very demanding work and she was able to keep up with the discussions. It was only when Jason asked Lionel if he'd been able to whip up any new business and if he'd got his latest client well tied down that Allison started to feel it hard to keep a straight face.

Lionel, to Allison's relief, was unfazed, peering over his glasses he ran through the various clients he was working with and his expectations for them.

Allison was relieved when Jason brought the meeting to a close but concerned when Lionel asked her to go through to his office. She closed the door behind her carefully.

"When can I see you again?" Lionel blurted out, answering Allison's unspoken question as to how had felt about the previous evening. "I mean, that is, if you will, err, or you want.. or..."

Allison found it easy to slip into the dominant persona that Lionel evidently desired she should take on. She spoke quietly but firmly. "I was not displeased with your service last night. It might be worthwhile for you to call again." The look of relief on Lionel's face encouraged Allison but she wanted to keep him off balance until she knew just what she was planning to do for a further session. "I will let you know when."

"I have some things I could bring. If you wanted."

"Things?"

"The collar, Mistress Calloway uses on me, the..."

"I see." Allison thought for a moment, thinking that agreeing to this would be surrendering the initiative somewhat. "No they won't be needed. I have all that we need," she said. "You just bring yourself." She paused for a moment and then smiled. "After all, a slave shouldn't have possessions, should they?"

Allison saw that her remark had hit home.

"Ah," was all that Lionel could manage in response as Allison took her leave.

It was after she had left Lionel that Allison thought to herself that she really couldn't go on relying on the contents of her kitchen drawers and the few things she had bought so far to provide the means of Lionel's punishment and restraint. Maybe she needed another visit to the shop in Old Compton Street or perhaps she should have a look at some of the on-line shops for this sort of stuff, she told herself.

That evening, Allison spent time searching on-line to see just what other equipment she might need for the continuing enslavement and training of Lionel. Quite apart from outfits for herself (she found herself easily diverted into looking at a whole range of interesting costumes) there was an extraordinary variety of items for restraining or punishing the slave. She wondered about whether a cock cage like the one that Cerys had Gordon wearing would be a good idea, before deciding that it might complicate things with any sessions that he might have planned with June. She asked herself how she felt about that. Was he still visiting June? Presumably. Should she allow that? Why was she even thinking that she might not?

It was a problem. Every time she thought about their relationship she ended up asking more questions about herself than she did about the two of them.
Whatever the possibilities or problems presented by a cock cage, might be though she could imagine the amusement to be had. Having Lionel helpless while using a vibrator on him so that he had no control over his erection would, she knew, be excruciatingly humiliating for him, not to mention painful she guessed.

She started thinking more about her own reactions to the situation. Why was it that the games they were playing made her feel so horny? And, what did she really want to get out of the relationship with Lionel? June's idea of help around the house was a good one, of course. Although she had started out thinking that getting Lionel to do domestic tasks was a bit of stereotypical task for a "slave" there was no doubt that it would be making life easier for herself. Having Lionel clear up in the kitchen, vacuum the floors and dust would mean she had more time to relax, even after allowing for the time she had to put in making sure he was doing it properly. She might even find time to read again.

Then there was work. Although it had worried her at first, she had discounted the idea that their relationship would change anything at work. In fact apart from their first encounter, their working paths normally had little need to cross and she had been at great pains to try to make sure that no-one in the office was aware of their relationship. She was pretty sure that if there had been any gossip, something of it would have found its way back to her. The assumption among the girls in the office had always been that Lionel was pretty much asexual – something he had never tried to discourage – so she wasn't really surprised that nothing had been noticed.

What had surprised her, though, was her own sexual response. There was no doubt that she had found what she and Lionel were involved in was both arousing and compulsive. The sensation of having Lionel's head buried in her crotch had been a real turn on. Even though her response had scared her at the time, she was impatient to have him do it again. She even thought of what it would be like to have his tongue working its way around her arse. She'd always found being touched there arousing. How would it be if Lionel was underneath her and compelled to pleasure her there? She could imagine ordering him to do it, even humiliating or hurting him if he needed persuading; punishing him if he failed to bring her the pleasure that she thought he should. For the first time she felt there was a point to her domination of him. It wasn't something she was doing for his amusement, it was for hers. That was a shock for Allison, she never thought of taking advantage of someone else's sexuality for her own advantage in such an indiscriminate way. She wondered how Lionel would respond when he found out.

She thought about when she should summon Lionel back to her presence (and realised that it had become “when” and not “whether”). On one hand, she was keen to continue with things, keen to see how their relationship could develop, keen to pursue her own pleasure. On the other, though, she worried whether Lionel might be disturbed by thinking that she was too eager. Their encounter earlier in the day seemed to suggest that such concerns were not needed, Allison thought. "I'm pretty sure he'd be here like a shot if I called him now," Allison said to herself, staring at her mobile.

In the end she decided on two things. Firstly Lionel was going to have plenty to do when he next visited and secondly, another conversation with June might be a good idea.
In the hall of her house in Clerkenwell, June Calloway was welcoming Allison.

“We can talk upstairs if you like,” said June. “I have some visitors but they won’t object.”

Allison was pretty certain that she knew what June meant by “visitors” but, following her experiences over the last few weeks, she didn’t feel the need to insist on having their conversation with June in the hall.

June led the way up from the hallway and into her lounge. A few of the tools of her trade – a pair of long leather gloves, a riding whip and a heavy leather spanking paddle lay on the coffee table. A man and a woman wearing only their underwear were helplessly bound and gagged on the floor. Tied so that each had their face in the other’s crotch, their struggles seemed more and expression of abandon to their situation than of any intention to escape. “Would you like a drink?” She nodded to wards her two captives. “Normally I’d get one of them to serve but that would mean untying an awful lot of knots if you don’t mind…”

Amused by June’s matter-of-fact approach to the problems of hospitality while keeping slaves, Allison smiled as she agreed. “I’d love one but don’t disturb your guests on account of me. I’m sure they earned their unfortunate situation. Some tea would be good if that’s possible.”

June stepped across the two slaves, narrowly missing treading on them with her spike heeled shoes, and headed off to the kitchen.

“How are you and Lionel getting on?” June Calloway called back to Allison as she organised the kettle, milk, cups, tea and sugar. “You seemed quite worried when we last spoke.”

Even after several encounters, Allison still found June’s matter of fact approach to her relationship with Lionel disconcerting. She hesitated. June returned to the room and smiled as she passed a cup of tea across to her guest. “I’m sorry, it is silly, I know,” June went on, “but I do worry about my clients.”

“Of course. Things are fine. Our last talk helped a lot. I’ve decided that perhaps there’s more of the kink in me than I was prepared to admit. Your advice on slowing things down helped too. I think that Lionel is happy with how things are going. He’s at the flat now, giving it a good clean.”

“Good luck with that! He wasn’t the most attentive of my slaves.”

Allison grinned. She knew that Lionel’s fastidious nature hadn’t extended to housework - at least at first. “You’re right but he seems to be learning, given the right prompts.” She guessed that June’s regime hadn’t included the bouts of forced cunnilingus that Allison found so enjoyable and seemed to get Lionel to such a state of obedience that he paid sufficient attention to things to get them done properly in order to earn his reward.

June smiled and nodded. “Now, what brings you here?”

“I wanted some advice.”
“Well I’ll help if I can.”

“What are your views on chastity?”

“For Lionel you mean?”

“Yes. It’s just that he is keen on having me cage his cock but frankly, I’m not sure I see the point. I’m not making use of it and I really don’t care what he does with it when he’s not with me. As long as his tongue is working and he can do the work around the flat, that’s fine by me.”

“Spoken like a true dominant,” June laughed. “No point in indulging the submissive if it’s not something that meets your needs! That’s where you have more freedom than a professional like me. I’m always tied to the slave’s desires to some extent but you can please yourself.”

“But is it a good idea? Would it make him more, well, malleable?”

“Yes, especially if it’s something he has fantasised about. Does he need to be more compliant, though? It sounded as though you pretty much had him where you wanted anyway. Maybe it’s one of those things where the promise or threat is more important than the use.”

“That’s the other thing. I mean, should I be punishing him more? I suppose I imagine it ought to be part of a femdom regime but, well, I know he’s not particularly keen on it – though that shouldn’t matter – and I don’t think I’ve really had much cause. I was frightened – I suppose – by my reaction the last time. Plus I’m worried about causing some sort of permanent damage.”

“You’d be surprised how resilient the human body is, believe me! Still you’re right to be cautious. Don’t feel you have to do more than you want to.”

“Uhhuh. I just wonder if I’m not being ambitious enough with him, not hard enough on him.”

“For you or him?”

“Fair point. I mean I have got used to the idea that I can get fun out of it. I wasn’t easy to give myself permission to do that but I do. Still, I do feel a responsibility to him too. And I wouldn’t want to take on one of your slaves and have him, well, deteriorate.”

June laughed. “It’s good that you want to keep up standards.” she said. “If you do feel you need to punish him, try hand spanking or use a paddle – It’s hard to do too much damage that way but believe me you can make the experience one he’ll want to minimise the frequency of, if you’re trying to get him to behave better.”

“OK. That makes sense. It’s just that I feel I have so much to learn.”

“It sounds to me like you are walking the tightrope just fine.”

“How do you mean?”

“It’s a balancing act. In real life it is, anyway. If your dominance ignored his desires I guarantee he wouldn’t stick with it. No matter how submissive he claims to be there will be a point at which he asks himself if he is getting what he wants out of the situation. For a professional that’s the point where they
stop booking sessions. It’s a financial issue of course but sometimes you feel disappointed not to have
made it work. For you it will be different though, depending on how much you have invested emotionally
in the relationship and whether you and he think it's going to the same place.”

“You make it sound like a vanilla relationship.”

“It is. Only more so. Why wouldn’t it be? With other men you’ve gone on dates, gone to dinner, plays,
movies. With Lionel you stay home and do other stuff. That's the only difference.”
23. Clubbing

"You are invited," the embossed, gold-edged card decreed in large black letters, "to a celebration of kink. The new Kink Collection of leatherwear, rubberwear, and restraints will be shown alongside party, play and dance at the Viaduct Club."

Allison turned the card over. It had the date and time and the words, "Dress Code: Tops – Leather / Rubber / Uniform / Fetish / Vintage. Bottoms – whatever the Top decrees." Allison smiled. That was only as it ought to be, of course.

Clipped to the front of the invitation was one of June Calloway's business cards with a handwritten note, "Hope you and Lionel can join me. Bring your friend with the contract and its subject too, if you wish. June."

Allison was in two minds about the invitation. On the one hand it sounded like it would be fun. She'd looked at some of the fetish club sites when working on the contract for Cerys and the events had certainly looked like folk were enjoying themselves. On the other hand she wasn't sure how she felt about being seen in public (well, sort of public) in the new role she had taken on.

Then of course there was the question of how Lionel would react and the small fact that she hadn't mentioned Lionel to Cerys.

A few days later Allison and Cerys met at Gordon's house.

"This is pretty impressive," Allison said.

"You made a big impression on Gordon," Cerys said. "He's been particularly attentive since you two last met. He was really keen that I invite you over. I shouldn't indulge him but this is pretty great and I wanted you to see it."

The house was on the edge of London. A 1930's style building, built by someone that had been wealthy in the inter-war years. White, with low railings stretching beside balconies that ran the length of the building, it looked as if an ocean liner dropped into the London suburbs.

The two girls were standing in Gordon's "playroom". It had originally been a gym and still had the parquet wood floor and wall bars that had been installed when the house was first built. There was even a traditional, leather covered vaulting horse in the middle of the room. At one end of the room was a range of wooden racks. Originally intended for Indian clubs, weights and other training equipment they now held an assortment of instruments of restraint, discipline and other forms of discomfort.

Gordon was kneeling, head bowed and wearing a leather hood, in the middle of the room.

Cerys was dressed in tight cream jodhpurs, a high necked blouse and check tweed waistcoat; an outfit that fitted in with her surroundings. "Let me just settle Gordon and we'll have cocktails."

"Mmm, sounds fine," said Allison, watching as Cerys turned her attention to her slave.

"Over the horse," Cerys ordered and Gordon, who had been kneeling silently, leapt to obey. It took only a few moments for Cerys to secure Gordon bent, face down, across the vaulting horse.
While Gordon was being strapped in place, Allison was aware of the way that he kept stealing furtive
glances at her, casting his eyes down quickly again in the hope that Cerys wouldn't notice. Amused by his
behaviour she gave him a disdainful look as if to say, "You wish!" and smiled at the way he hung his head
guiltily in response.

Cerys finished with Gordon by unfastening the belt of his trousers and pulling them down over his hips,
baring his buttocks. "I'll be back to see to that later," she said and then led Allison out of the room, down
a flight of stairs and into the lounge overlooking the garden at the back of the house. A mirror faced
cocktail bar held an array of drinks and glasses. Cerys expertly mixed two very dry Martinis, to Allison's
approval.

"Will he be alright there?" Allison asked.

"Better than alright. Leaving him for a while seems to get him really horny."

Allison understood that. Uncertainty and anticipation seemed to play a big part in Lionel's response too.

"So did what you did when you came over to the flat and met him. You obviously learned a thing or two
from writing that contract."

It was the ideal opportunity for Allison to confess. "Well, it wasn't just the research," she began, before
explaining about her first encounter with Lionel and the curious relationship that she had struck up with
June Calloway, Lionel's most recent professional dominatrix.

"How did you keep quiet about all that? You're awful! You should have told me sooner."

"Well, I didn't want to say anything until I'd worked out how I felt about it all. I mean I'd never thought
about anything like this until I started researching the contract. And we've had some ups and down. It
hasn't all been straight forward."

"And now you've decided you like it?"

"Well, maybe. I'm still not sure. I'm having fun with Lionel but there's a big difference between that and
the sort of lifestyle choice that Lionel and Gordon seem to have made. I'm really not sure where it's
going, if it's going anywhere."

"I know what you mean. Gordon can be a bit, well, single minded."

"Maybe it's a man thing. I had one that was like that about his football club."

"On the up side, I guess footie fans don't get fired up about cleaning house and waiting on you."

"No, but the boys might look nice in matching football strips."

Cerys laughed. Allison turned back to the subject of their conversation. "Anyway, the real reason I've
mentioned it is because I have an invitation. Well, strictly speaking, we have an invitation." Allison went
on to tell Cerys about June Calloway's offer.

Cerys was amused by the idea. "Well, why not?" was her reaction. "I won't tell Gordon, though. I'll let this
little outing be a surprise for him. What are you planning to wear?"

"I'm not sure. I thought I'd take a trip to Old Compton Street."

"That's a good plan. Do you want another Martini?"

"That sounds like a really bad idea, but yes."
“OK. Just give me minute while I check on Gordon though.”

Allison watched as Cerys headed back up the stairs. She could tell by the eager way she set off that Cerys was enjoying things with Gordon.

The trouble was, Allison still didn’t really understand why she was as interested in taking the part of a dominatrix as she did and seeing Cerys with Gordon hadn’t really helped. Actually, she thought, ‘taking the part of a dominatrix’ wasn’t really the right term. It wasn’t a question of ‘taking a part’; she was the dominant partner in her relationship with Lionel and while it may have started with his, albeit submissive, initiative now things were going along at her pace.

Why was she doing it she asked herself? There had been plenty of explanations in the material she had worked her way through for Cerys’ contract; release from a sense of oppression, desire for empowerment, some fetishistic response, a belief in the superiority of the female sex. All of these had figured but none of them seemed to be much of a reason to Allison.

The truth was, she thought, that it was fun. The drama and the theatricality was fun. The sense of transgression, of overturning the normal order, was fun. And the sex was fun as well. It was a change to be able to enjoy herself sexually without having to consider her partner in the normal way and the way in which Lionel responded to the sexual situation was fun too. She wondered what he was doing that evening. Allison supposed that he might be with June Calloway, although he hadn’t mentioned her for a few weeks. Not that she minded, but surely she should decide if and when he was allowed such visits, Allison thought. Suddenly she realised that she sounded just like the sort of dominatrix she had imagined at the start of her researches.
“I’ve finished in the kitchen, Mistress.” Lionel stood head bowed in the door to the living room.

It was becoming a regular event in Allison’s week. Each Wednesday, Lionel would appear and, accept her directions to clean up around the flat before being allowed some time worshipping at Allison’s feet.

Allison found the routine curiously reassuring but she worried that Lionel was getting to take it for granted and also that she wasn’t getting much out of it other than a clean kitchen, damp toes and the occasional frantic wank when she thought about it afterwards. Maybe it was time to take things a little further, she thought. After all, one of the things that had turned her on in the first place was Lionel’s reaction to the sexual uncertainty of the situations they had been in. And, of course she also had yet to let Lionel know that he had the prospect of a disturbing evening at the Viaduct Club.

“We’ll see.” Allison got to her feet. Lionel looked startled and worried, rekindling Allison’s sense of control over the situation. As she passed him in the doorway she grabbed him by the ear as a teacher might an errant schoolboy. “Come along,” she said crisply, pulling him along behind her, “let’s look at your work.”

Allison wasn’t confident of finding fault with anything Lionel had done. He’d proven to be both attentive and effective when it came to domestic tasks. In fact he was far more assiduous than Allison, who wasn’t the most house-proud of women. Even so she was determined that Lionel should feel that she was in charge and that what he did was subject to her approval and sanction.

On this occasion she need not have worried. Once she started looking, she soon found things to find fault with. “Why have you stacked the saucers with the plates rather than the cups? No, don’t interrupt me. Let’s see what else you’ve been cutting corners on…. Look at this, you haven’t cleaned behind the taps on the sink, and you’ve left the washing cloth dripping wet. It will be stinking if it’s left like that.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress, I didn’t ..…”

“No, I can see you didn’t.” Allison’s annoyance was not in any way synthetic. She was irritated by the way that Lionel was obviously not taking the tasks she had assigned him seriously. “This is all very comfortable for you isn’t it? You get to indulge yourself and I’m beginning to wonder what I get out of it. I think you’ve earned some more attention to your backside.”

Allison could see that Lionel looked worried, no doubt recalling his first beating at her hands and how it had ended. She was, though, determined to both stay in control and to have her way.

“Bend over that!” She pointed to one of the chairs that stood beside the table in the kitchen.

Lionel looked at her for a moment before turning and obediently doing as she had asked.

Allison took a deep breath. She picked up the same spatula that she had used before and the dishcloth from the sink. “Open your mouth!” As Lionel obeyed, Allison pushed the wet cloth into his mouth.

“Gaack!” Lionel responded as Allison crammed the cloth in.
“Shut up. You'll get the chance to yelp in a minute.”

He stood rigidly, bent over the back of the chair, his arse presented temptingly for Allison. She lifted his shirt tails, sensing his apprehension.

As Allison laid it on with the pliable, wooden, spatula, Lionel's struggles lessened. His seemed to be trying to synchronise his breathing with her blows. She countered by varying her pace, bringing the paddle down to stop gently on his buttocks or letting two blows fall in quick succession. Soon, Lionel's responses became confused, clenching his buttocks or gripping harder on the chair without any real reference to Allison's craft. She watched fascinated as the blade of the spatula landed each time, the flesh of his buttocks moving away from it like the ripples on a pond. “I'd love to be doing this in your office,” Allison hissed in his ear. “Perhaps with some of the other girls watching.”

She couldn't tell from his muffled groan if the idea excited or terrified him. Probably it was both.

She, for her turn, was surprised. She was enjoying hurting him, not caring whether he was enjoying it or not, enjoying the fact that she had decided to do this, that she had arranged things, that she had put him where he was. The more Lionel seemed to lose control of himself, the more excited she became, delighting in being the cause of his collapse.

Lionel seemed to buckle against the chair. More blows to his buttocks followed, the impacts making his arse redder and eventually producing the darker blue bruising that showed how much he was suffering.

Allison pulled the rag from his mouth. This time she felt no guilt, no embarrassment at her own excitement. She ran her hands over his bruised flesh. It felt hot to the touch. Lionel didn't move but Allison was keen to gain her own satisfaction. She grabbed his ear again. “Come with me.”

As she pulled him out of the kitchen, he almost knocked over the chair. Allison's bedroom was two doors further down the corridor that led from her front door and Allison could tell from Lionel's response that he knew he was being taken where he had not been before.

She pulled off her knickers and lay down on the bed, pulling Lionel with her so that his face was pushed square into her crotch. Hooking her legs over his shoulders she clamped her thighs together trapping his head and dug the heels of her shoes into his flanks. “Hands behind,” she ordered, “and now start using your mouth.”

Relieved by the fact that the beating had stopped and without waiting for further direction, Lionel set to work. Pressing his lips against her crotch, trying to burrow with his tongue around the edge of her panties. Allison responded pushing back against him as he worked harder at her.

Grunting with pleasure she pulled away from him and rolled over so that she was sitting across his face. “More!” she barked. “Harder!” She lifted off his face and pushed her panties down to bare her arse.

Lionel had barely a moment to draw breath before she sat back down on his face. “Tongue me,” she shouted pressing down hard against him. Lionel's tongue flicked around her arse bud as Allison edged closer to orgasm. Finally, with a series of bucking thrusts the Lionel feared would break his neck, she came.
Exhausted, she lay back on the bed. She looked back at where Lionel was kneeling, staring at her with a mixture of dog like devotion and awe. She beckoned to him and he moved towards her, hardly daring to imagine that she was about to invite him into her bed.

Allison reached down beside the bed and picked up her discarded panties. Slowly she pulled them over Lionel's head, carefully positioning the crotch over his nose. “There,” she said, “think of me and sleep.” She pointed to the floor beside the bed.

Lionel could scarcely believe it. “Here, Mistress?” he said, not having expected to be allowed to stay.

“Yes,” she said, “here. But you'd better not snore. Now face to the floor while I get into bed. I wouldn't want you to think that you'd earned any privileges.”

“No, Mistress, of course not,” Lionel replied as he flattened himself against he floor. As Allison undressed, she dropped her skirt, sweater, blouse and bra on top of Lionel's prone form.

Only when Allison switched off the light did he allow himself to move. There was only a glimmer of light from Allison's bed-side alarm and the faint glow of the street lights outside penetrating the curtains at her window but he could still make out the shape of the room around him. He had never imagined she would invite him to share her room. To be lying by the side of his Mistress's bed for the night was something he had imagined and fantasised about many times but now his cock was stiff with no prospect of relief (he knew he dare not do anything about it while Allison was so close). All he could do was to listen to the soft sounds of Allison breathing and the quiet rumble of tube trains some way away in the night while he curled up and tried to sleep.
The next morning when Allison awoke, rested after her night’s sleep, she felt no qualms about the night before. Somehow she felt quite comfortable with how things had turned out and saw no reason to break the spell that Lionel was obviously under.

She dismissed him with barely a word, waving him away before she had even left the bed, even refusing his offer to put away the clothes she had discarded the night before.

She had been amused when she woke to look down and see the sleeping Lionel, his hands clutching at one of her shoes, his face still shrouded by her panties. She’d told him to go, knowing he could get a shower and a shave in the executive wash room at the office. She followed him shortly afterwards.

Allison had plenty of time during the morning to think about things. Work was quiet. She felt surprisingly good about the night before, pleased with how she had handled things and pleased with the results. She was looking forward to meeting with Cerys at lunchtime but then found herself caught up in a panic to get some documents finished and despatched and then only realised the time a few minutes before she needed to leave for her lunch date.

Lionel watched Allison leaving the office, striding purposefully towards the lift. He didn't dare call out after her, of course, but he had wondered where she was off to with such determination. He speculated as to whether it might have something to do with a future meeting for the two of them. Allison had noticed Lionel’s flicker of interest as she had passed his office door. She had smiled as she realised she had evidently diverted his attention from whatever was on his desk.

She met up with Cerys on the corner of Old Compton Street and Wardour Street and the two of them headed off together.

Cerys opened the door to Style with Restraint and Allison followed her inside. The heady odour of rubber mixed with leather immediately focussed Allison's thoughts on their forthcoming outing.

Karen was sitting beside one of the counters looking at one of the shop’s catalogues. Her spectacles were perched on her forehead. She was pinching the bridge of her nose between two fingers, lost in concentration. With Cerys’ and Allison’s arrival she looked up and her expression of furrowed thought gave way to a smile. “Oh, hi,” she said, recognising the two of them. “How are you two?

“We are in need,” Cerys announced, with a flourishing wave that encompassed the whole shop, “of two stunning outfits, suitable for an evening of debauched perversity.”

Karen smiled, amused by Cerys’ theatrical announcement. “Well, I am sure I can help. Let’s start with an easy question. Leather or rubber?”

“Rubber, I think,” Cerys replied. “Somehow that gets my kink going more than leather.”

Allison nodded in agreement. “Yes, me too. I’ve never really worn rubber but I love the way it looks on others.”

“All right.” Karen looked at the two women gauging their sizes. “I’ll pick out a few items that I think you’ll like. She turned to the display rack and began collecting together a number of items. “You can use the changing rooms through there.” She pointed towards the back of the shop.
Allison and Cerys headed towards the changing rooms. Karen followed carrying a selection of garments. “Oh, and don’t mind Naomi....” Karen called as Allison reached the curtain.

Inside Allison saw Karen’s assistant, Naomi, looking as much the punk as when Allison had first seen her. She was sitting tied to a chair with enough rope to equip a small Everest expedition. Naomi’s cheeks were puffed out by a pump gag that had been strapped into her mouth. Around her neck hung a notice with the words “I Must Not Flirt” written backwards on it. Allison wondered why for a moment until she realised that Naomi was sitting opposite a large mirror in which she could read the admonition perfectly. The girl was moving - not struggling to escape exactly, more trying to gain some relief from the ropes that held her rigid against the chair. In the process she had managed to push her skirt high up her thighs.

Karen put down the bundle of clothes with a rustle of heavy rubber. She stepped across to Naomi and gave a couple of pumps to the bulb that hung by a tube from the girls mouth. Her cheeks distended further and she gave a quiet squeak as her eyes widened in discomfort. “Naomi has not been behaving at all well and Naomi must learn that looking after customers has its limits, mustn’t you dear?”

Naomi’s groan suggested that she was learning her lesson.

Without knowing what Naomi had done to earn her treatment, Allison felt her punishment seemed cruel. She could, though, understand why Karen might have found her behaviour annoying. She was sure that plenty of customers would have thought Naomi’s flirting intrusive and embarrassing. Even so, Allison soon forgot about the girl as she started to sort through the garments Karen had selected. The two girls were soon busy, climbing in and out of various items with the help of Karen and a quantity of talcum powder.

Allison and Cerys had plenty of opportunity to compare each other's choices. “Perhaps something a little bizarre,” Karen suggested, holding up a sinister looking face mask.

“That looks more suited to dealing with a biohazard than a fetish party,” Allison reacted to the hood with its perspex visor and peculiar mouth piece.”

“Yes,” smiled Karen enthusiastically. “You wouldn’t wish to breathe the same foetid air as a slave, would you? And the mask gives the voice a rather strange, distant sound too. Some Dommes find that helps encourage compliance in the submissive.”

Allison could understand that, given how Lionel responded, but she still didn't think the mask was for her. Browsing through some of the racks of clothing something caught her eye. From the rear, it looked like a plain, floor length, dress in a deep maroon colour, albeit one of rubber. It had a halter neck but the back was cut so low as to almost expose the top of the wearer's buttock cleavage. At the front it was just as dramatic. Across the breasts the garment had been covered with short metal studs, spikes that dared any man to try to touch. Similar spikes were arranged in a V across the wearer's crotch, an equal disincentive to unwanted genital contact. A zip at the back of the dress ran all the way to the hem of the skirt, suggesting if a slave was to have access it would only be from behind. Allison fell in love with it.

“Well, she said to herself, it's not what I thought I was going to buy but I'm going to have this. “That I like,” Cerys volunteered, seeing her friend in the purple dress. “Very much 'hands off!'”

“And, if you want to add, 'Don't even think about trying to kiss me' you could add this,” Karen held out a leather collar with a ferocious looking array of spikes.
Allison took it and held it against her neck. “Collars are funny aren’t they? They work for both Dommes and subs. I think this is great though. I just wonder if Lionel might think it’s a bit, well, full on. The whole look. I mean, it is lovely though, but....”

“There will be plenty of other subs dribbling with desire if it’s more than Lionel can take,” Karen said.

The remark stopped Allison in her tracks. She’d only ever thought about her role as a dominatrix in relation to Lionel. But, what if he weren’t there? What if he decided that he’d had enough of being her slave? Would she want another submissive to take his place?

She wasn’t at all sure she knew the answer to that question.

And what if Lionel saw other subs hitting on her. What would he think about that? What did she?

She didn’t know the answer to that question either.
Three days later and with over a week to go before the Kink Collection party, Allison was in her usual lunchtime coffee shop.

She turned away from the counter, clutching the sandwich and Americano she had chosen for lunch. She was hoping for a short time to relax after a hectic morning in the office.

Lionel hadn’t been around – he’d had to go out to a potential new client for a meeting – but that had at least allowed Allison to concentrate on her work. It was hard to know which of the two of them was more distracted by their situation but Allison knew that it wasn’t helping her with the things she needed to get done. The prospect of the forthcoming fetish event with June and Cerys wasn’t helping either..

As she squeezed herself into a seat behind one of the tables a slightly familiar voice said, “Hello,” and then after a pause, “It’s Allison Terry, isn’t it?”

It took Allison a few moments to place the slim, rather handsome man who was speaking until she finally realised that it was Gordon. Uncertain how to respond, she said, “Err, yes, hello, Gordon.”

She almost added, “I didn’t recognise you with your clothes on,” but, with the coffee shop crowded for lunchtime, she bit the remark back.

“Well, what a coincidence,” Gordon began, “can I join you?”

Was it? Allison wondered what Gordon was doing in town and just how he had turned up right here when he had.

Gordon sat down without waiting for Allison to reply. Not very submissive today, she thought. “How’s the coffee here?”

What’s this about, Allison thought? If you want to know about the coffee you could always check out Trip Advisor, and anyway with the money you’ve got this doesn’t look like the sort of lunchtime hangout you’d favour. “OK, I guess. Mainly it’s close to the office.”

“Yes, I suppose it is. Anyway, it was lucky bumping into you. I was going to give you a call. I wondered if you might like to get together some time.”

“Get together?”

“Yes. Well, given our shared interests. I thought perhaps there might be an opportunity to spend some time working on those. One evening perhaps.”

So not such a coincidence as all that, Allison thought, especially since Cerys was away at the moment. “Would that really be a good idea? I mean with how things are with Cerys?” Then, thinking about the arrangements Cerys had made for Gordon’s continued chastity, she added, “I thought you were pretty well locked into that relationship.”
Gordon looked bashful for a moment. “Let’s just say there’s more than one key to happiness in relationships,” he said with a grin that Allison assumed was meant to be winsome. “And I felt you had a, let’s say, very committed approach to your interests that could be worth exploring further and might - ah - unlock all sorts of possibilities.”

For you maybe, thought Allison. She had never found the wide-eyed puppy look attractive in a man and that included in men looking to include her in their fantasies. The reason things worked with Lionel was that he seemed to fully accept that her interests were her own, not something for him to mould. That suited Allison, given that she still hadn’t worked out her attitudes to it completely yet, and even outside considerations of sado-masochistic activities she didn’t feel the need for a man to set the agenda.

“Well, what do you think?” Gordon’s smiling voice interrupted her thoughts.

What Allison thought was, ‘Bloody cheek! My friend and you hook up and as a result I get pulled into something I’d never thought about pursuing. Then you’re happy to cheat with someone you’d never have met if it hadn’t been for a contract that I seemed to recall includes clauses insisting on your complete fidelity.’ What was she going to do? She didn’t want to cheat on Cerys. She didn’t like it that Gordon was prepared to. He was clearly happy to find other women if they would indulge him. Certainly, she didn’t want Gordon to get away with this flagrant breech of the agreement that she had spent so much time creating.

“Do I assume this is not something that,” she dropped her voice, “your mistress has approved or ordered?”

Gordon’s head bobbed from side to side. “Well, you know how it is,” he said with a conspiratorial smirk.

“Wednesday,” Allison said, a plan forming in her mind. “At your house.”

“No sooner?”

“No, I can’t,” although she actually meant that she wouldn’t. Cerys was to come back on Tuesday.

“OK, just as you say,” Gordon grinned again. “I’ll look forward to it. 7:00?”

“No,” said Allison, keen to maintain control over things even as unimportant as when they met. “8:00. Don’t make any plans for the rest of the night.”

Gordon’s eyes widened as Allison got to her feet. Something about his self-satisfied look infuriated her even more. She looked around the shop. Nobody else was taking any notice of them at all. She reached forward and gripped his tie with one hand, treating it like a dog’s leash and pulling his face close to hers. With the other hand she picked up her coffee cup and emptied the last of the dregs into his lap.

“Oops,” she said, as Gordon spluttered a protest. “See you Wednesday.”
27. Infidelity

“Well, you’d better get off to your playroom. I think you know what I am expecting, don’t you?”

Allison and Gordon were standing in the hallway of his house. Allison’s stern demeanour immediately struck the right chord with Gordon. “Yes, Mistress,” he volunteered. “That is, if you wish for me to call you that.” He looked at her furtively. Allison had chosen to wear the corset that Gordon’s card had paid for together with the blouse and skirt she had been wearing at the time she had been at Old Compton Street with Cerys. A pair of black patent leather high heels completed the outfit. As she stood flexing a riding crop between her hands, Gordon’s look of barely contained lust told her she had made the right choices.

“My wish is that you keep silent unless I tell you otherwise.” She found it easy to be stern with Gordon. In fact she was only just managing to suppress her anger at his behaviour.

Gordon nodded sheepishly in acknowledgement and left the hall. Allison was happy to have a moment’s breathing space. She looked around, admiring once again the building’s decor and spotless furnishings while she gathered her thoughts. After what seemed to her like a suitable time, plus a little to encourage Gordon’s nervousness, she followed him.

To her satisfaction, Gordon was, as she had anticipated, kneeling, naked in the middle of the playroom. An array of ropes had been hung invitingly from hooks on the wall nearby. Allison assumed that these would be his preferred implements of enslavement, although she, for her part, had her own views. He was, she noticed, completely naked. He had removed his cock cage which stood on a table in the room. As she entered the room and he had the opportunity to see her without her coat, his cock responded by standing impudently erect. She heard with satisfaction his quiet intake of breath. “So,” she said, “you have your own key?”

Gordon nodded. “I thought you might want to decide what to do about it. Perhaps, if I’m obedient enough?”

“I think I said I wanted you silent,” Allison responded, maintaining her stern demeanour and concerned not to let Gordon take the initiative. “You should learn to recognise rhetorical questions. They need no response from you. Find a gag and put it on.” She watched as he turned to obey, smiling with satisfaction as he selected a large ball gag that he could barely get his teeth around. He buckled the strap behind his head.

“One more notch, please,” Allison scolded and felt pleased with the grunt that came from Gordon as he pulled the gag’s strap tighter. She gestured to the vaulting horse that Cerys had bent Gordon over on their last encounter. “Over that. Bend down!”

Ignoring the ropes that Gordon had laid out so carefully, Allison turned to a cupboard that she had noticed contained a set of harness straps. Wrist cuffs linked by short chains to the legs of the horse quickly left Gordon helpless. Allison added a broad neck collar with a chain to a ring in the floor holding his head down and a pair of ankle cuffs. She clipped a leg spreader to the ankle cuffs leaving Gordon bent forward over the vaulting horse with his feet wide apart. An experimental wriggle convinced Gordon he couldn’t move much. He gave a grunt that Allison took to be both an expression of satisfaction and respect for the way in which he had been restrained. A quieter sigh of anticipation followed it.
With Gordon helpless, Allison strode around to stand by his head. The scent of leather from her corset filled his nostrils as she stood with her backside only an inch from his face. She reached with one gloved hand to play with the hairs on the back of his neck. Gordon arched his head back in response much as a cat might respond to a stroke but only to have his action checked by the chain that linked his collar to the floor. With her other hand Allison reached for her mobile phone which she had been carrying nestled in her cleavage. She made a call. Gordon gave a puzzled grunt.

“Cerys? …. Oh good.” Gordon squealed with concern, the sound muffled by his gag. “Yes. As we thought. Why don't you come down and join us?”

Gordon, whose concern had now given way to fear, tried feverishly to free himself but without success. He stopped his struggles with the arrival of Cerys. As she stepped into the room, his gagged grunting stopped as well and he turned his head towards her as far as his collar and neck chain would allow. Cerys looked as though she had just come from her office, wearing a dark trouser suit and a white blouse. She was carrying, Gordon noted with some concern, a document folder and a box with the logo of the Old Compton Street store emblazoned on it.

Allison pointed towards Gordon’s cock cage on the table. “Hello, Gordon,” she said. “I see you’re quite ready for me. And what’s this?” She picked up his cock cage from the table. “There seems to be a flaw in our arrangements for your continued chastity. What should we do about that?” She put down the box on the table beside his cock cage.

Gordon whimpered.

“Luckily we can rely on your contract, can’t we?” She unfolded the document she was carrying. “Here we are, section 4 paragraph 14, ‘The slave agrees to remain in chastity, saving himself entirely for his Mistress and engaging only in such sexual activity as she permits or directs.’ That seems to be the clause that applies. Now I think that we can consult the schedule of sanctions that can be applied in the event of breach of contract. Yes, here it is, ‘the Mistress can exact such punishment as she deems appropriate for the situation.’ So, you see I really have little choice but to punish you for this.”

Gordon watched warily as Cerys put down the contract and selected a paddle from the rack on the wall. He knew from the times she had used it before that the next few minutes were going to be painful at best but he wasn’t prepared for the ferocity of the beating that Cerys subjected him to. Even Allison, standing by and watching, winced at some of the blows. Eventually after around twenty strokes, and with Gordon sobbing into his gag and his arse bruised and throbbing, Cerys stopped.

“There’s one thing more, Gordon,” Cerys went on. A squeak from the helpless Gordon made it clear that ‘more’ wasn’t really what he was looking for at that moment. “If you fuck around in this relationship, I’m going to fuck around with you.”

Cerys opened the box on the table and Gordon’s eyes widened as she pulled out a sturdy looking strap-on. “I thought this would be an appropriate reminder of who gets to do the fucking in this relationship Gordon,” Cerys said as she fastened the straps around her waist and positioned the base of the thick, ridged, artificial cock against her groin. Standing by Gordon’s head, she pulled it up by the hair and pulled it up so the cock was against his face. “Now which end of your sorry, unfaithful, body should we use this on? Your lying mouth? Or your crap filled arse?”

Gordon’s renewed attempts to struggle and grunt indicated that he didn’t find either prospect appealing.
“You don’t mind if Allison watches, do you? I mean, trying to involve a friend of mine in your indiscretions. What were you thinking of? But then perhaps your brains are all in here somewhere.” She started to push the thick rubber strap-on into his arse. Gordon, unable to move from his position bent over the horse, could only whimper as Cerys pushed it further and further in. His arse was sore from the beating and the pain of the violating dildo, combined with the girls’ mocking laughter to add to his humiliation.

“You must be doing a good job, Cerys, he’s really sobbing now,” Allison said. She found it highly satisfying that he was being punished for the sort of treacherous behaviour she had suffered from boyfriends in the past. She watched as Cerys continued to fuck Gordon’s arse, surprising herself both with her sense of detachment from the proceedings while at the same time being aroused by Gordon’s submission. Only a few weeks ago, the idea of being involved in such a kinky scene would have seemed ridiculous but now she found she relished the fun it gave her. She was even thinking about how she might introduce Lionel to such delights. On the other hand, she said to herself, I don’t need to introduce him to it; if I want to I can just do it.

Cerys was obviously enjoying taking her revenge on the errant Gordon, laughing as she pushed the dildo home each time and leaning forward to reach around his chest to pinch at his tits. “I can’t see from back here, and frankly I don’t care. The stupid fucker is getting all he deserves. Pass me the other thing from the box, will you?”

“Sure,” said Allison.

“This,” Cerys continued, talking to Gordon again, “will make sure this doesn’t happen again.” Gordon felt a moment of relief as Cerys backed away from him and pulled the dildo clear of his backside. It didn’t last long. He felt her slide something rigid and cold over his cock and heard a click as something was fastened around the neck of his scrotum.

“Right,” said Cerys. “This is my chastity device, not one you’ve got hold of, and I’ve got ALL the keys to this one. You’ll find it a little more constricting than the previous one, I’m afraid but, you’ll have to learn to put up with that. Now you can stay there a bit longer while Allison and I have a drink.”

With that, Cerys unfastened the strap-on harness. She pushed the rubber cock back into Gordon’s arse, leaving the harness hanging down between his legs. “Keep that there,” she snapped. “I’ll be back to finish with you later.”

Cerys and Allison left the helpless and humiliated Gordon groaning, drool dripping from around his gag, and went in search of a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses. The two girls sat back on a couch. Cerys raised her glass with a toast. “Here’s to Gordon meeting his contractual obligations,” she said. “It’s good to be able to confront him for trying to cheat.”

“Well,” Allison replied, “I’m glad the contract turned out to be tight enough.”

“Not as tight as those straps though,” laughed Cerys.

“Or as tight as that dildo in his arse,” Allison joined in.
28. **Party Outing**

It was the evening of the Kink Collection party.

Cerys was bleary eyed and coughing. Her nose was streaming from a particularly unpleasant cold. “It’s no good,” she said, “I’m in no condition to go to this thing tonight.

“You sound awful,” Allison responded, sympathetically. She had come to meet up with her friend on the way to the Kink Collection event but Cerys was obviously not well. “I quite understand.”

“I think the only way I could do it would be wearing a gas mask with a block of menthol inhaler in the air filter.”

“Or with Gordon kneeling beside you with a box of tissues on hand...”

Cerys started to laugh but was cut off by a fit of coughing. “Ouch. No that’s the last thing I feel like worrying about at the moment. Look, I was supposed to be meeting him there. Would you mind taking him under your wing?”

“I think he might be a bit wary of me after our last meeting,” Allison said with a grin.

“That’s all right – cough – he’ll put up with it if I tell him to.”

“I mean, it’s all right, you and him? After what he did?”

“Yes. Let’s say he’s had a rethink of some of his attitudes.

“Well, in that case, yes, I’ll keep an eye on him.”

“Thanks. I do still worry about him misbehaving, even if I have got this,” Cerys fingered the key that hung on a chain around her neck. Allison knew it was the key to Gordon’s chastity cage. “I’ll text him.”

“How has he been since last week?”

Cerys laughed and coughed at the same time. “Attentive, apologetic, contrite.”

“And sore arsed?”

“And sore arsed. A regular programme of pegging and spanking does seem to be keeping his mind on what’s important in our relationship, but he is easily diverted.”

Allison smiled, “Well don’t worry I’ll make sure he behaves. June Calloway will be sorry not to meet you though.”

“Maybe we can fix something another time. I really couldn’t face it now though.” Another sneeze testified to Cerys’ sorry condition.

“I’ll let you rest,” Allison said leaving her friend and heading down to catch a taxi. A few minutes later she was stepping out of the cab in front of the Viaduct Club, surprised at how relaxed she felt.

The club was under a long series of railway arches that supported one of London’s many commuter lines. What, Allison wondered, would the trains full of office workers that passed overhead every morning and evening think if they knew what was going on beneath their trains? Then she realised that only a few weeks ago she would have been in the same position as them.
It was dark and raining. Reflections of orange street lights shone on the glistening cobbles of the street in front of the club. Allison caught sight of a reflection of herself in a glass door as she stepped towards the club. As her coat flew open the light picked out highlights on the rubber of her dress. The reflection in the glass looked like a cross between a still from a film-noir movie and a Helmut Newton fashion shot. She felt impossibly glamorous and delighted in it.

Inside, a security man at the door checked her invitation with less attention than her outfit. He directed her to the cloak room where a man in the uniform of a 1950’s hat check girl complete with pill box hat, short flared skirt and fishnet tights offered to take her coat. She exchanged it for a numbered tag.

Back in the lobby, the security guard spoke to her. "Miss, your guests are waiting for you through there,” he said pointing towards one of a number of doors leading off the lobby.

Allison paused for a moment. This would be the first time that Lionel and Gordon had met and, it occurred to Allison, neither had an idea of the existence of the other. That wasn't really a problem, she felt, but she hadn’t the faintest idea what she was going to do with them. She hoped she would think of something as the evening moved forward.

As she opened the door she was pleased to see that Lionel had followed her directions. She’s told him of the party at their last meeting. "I have the chance to show you off soon, so you'd better get your act in order," Allison had told him in the middle of a spanking for insufficient attention to her feet during the evening. Another whack on Lionel's arse cut off the questioning squeak from behind the gag she had buckled on him. "We're going to a party. I've been asked to bring a slave and it might as well be you."

Now he was standing, waiting, wearing a dinner suit, dress shirt, bow tie and a black leather hood with a broad neck collar. Gordon too was there. He had been sitting but got to his feet as Alison entered. His outfit mirrored the one that his Mistress had intended to wear - a tight fitting body suit in orange and black rubber. He too was hooded, the mouth of the hood closed by a zipper. The crotch of the suit fitted so tightly that it was clear that his chastity device was in place.

Gordon reached forward holding out an envelope. Allison took it in her gloved hand, noticing that Lionel looked towards her, startled. She could see his eyes widening through the holes in the hood that masked his face. He hadn't realised that Gordon was part of this too, Allison told herself. He must have thought he was waiting for someone else. Allison acknowledged the envelope with a nod and then waved Gordon to stand back. Lionel looked from Gordon to Allison and back again, obviously wondering what the relationship between the two was. Allison for her part was trying to think how she was going to manage the evening and was coming to the conclusion that the better she played the part of the implacable dominatrix, the easier it would be.

She ignored Lionel’s concerns and opened the envelope. It held a short note confirming what Cerys had already told her. Allison was keen to establish a firm control of the two of them from that point on. Having read the note she balled it up, and gestured for Gordon to step forward. As he did so, she reached for the zipper of his hood’s mouth slot and pushed the screwed up note inside. “Deal with that,” she said, closing the hood’s zip on it. Gordon stood startled – unsure if he was expected to chew and swallow the note – while Lionel looked surprised by Allison’s curt treatment of this other stranger.

Allison stood quietly staring at the two for a moment, considering her options before deciding that the easiest way to manage the two of them was to fasten a leash to each of their collars before leading them off into the party.
As she approached Lionel, though, she became aware that there was someone else in the room. Another figure was behind Lionel on their knees. It was Naomi.

To Allison’s amusement, she had obviously been prepared for the evening in a way that was designed to cope with her tendency to flirt. Her head was encased in a leather harness that held a thick bit gag across her mouth and blinkers to restrict her vision. Her arms were locked behind in a leather sleeve binder. She was naked apart from that and a label that hung from a ring through the pierced nipple of her left breast.

Allison reached forward to read the label. As she took it in her hand the ring pulled at Naomi’s nipple, bringing forth a distorted squeak of discomfort. “Allison,” the label read, “something for your amusement tonight. Leave her here if you don’t want her. Return her to the cloak room at the end of the evening. Compliments of Style with Restraint. Karen.”

That, thought Allison with a grin, is very cruel. She wasn’t sure how she was going to cope with one, let alone three, slaves for the evening but she couldn’t imagine ignoring the gift, especially given how the gift would feel about it, even if the gift had committed some offence that well deserved her current fate.

Suddenly she felt that whatever the evening brought she was quite capable of keeping her three charges in order and so, she was going to enjoy herself every bit as much as she could.

“All right,” she said looping the free end of Gordon’s leash around a ring at the end of Naomi’s arm binder, “You, girl, can bring this one. I shall lead the other one. Come with me.” She took Lionel’s lead, wondering for a moment if she sensed a smug satisfaction in him because he had been selected to be led by her.

Really, she thought, slaves will try to grab some sense of triumph from the slightest thing. Feeling confident, she headed off towards the door that led into the club’s main room.
29. Viaduct Club

I really don’t understand how I’m not freaked out by this, Allison said to herself as she made her way through the packed bar of the Viaduct Club. Only a few weeks earlier her understanding of the BDSM world had been limited, to say the least. Yet, now here she was with three slaves in tow, surrounded by fetish enthusiasts of every flavour, and enjoying every minute of it.

She found herself taking in appreciative looks from the others in the room. Her outfit was attracting attention from both other dominants - evidently impressed by her choice – and from submissives who all seemed to adopt a slack-jawed, cow-eyed expression as they noticed her. She suspected that some of it was the result of having the three slaves there. None of the other dominants seemed to have brought more than two.

“Hi!” A familiar voice called out from one corner of the bar. June Calloway, presenting a formidable figure in a tailored leather suit with a tight jacket and pencil skirt, was standing with a submissive kneeling at her side. “You made it! Wonderful! And with three slaves? You don’t believe in doing things by halves do you?”

Allison grinned, conscious that Naomi and Gordon had no idea who this woman was. Lionel however, gave a muffled squeak or recognition. June, needless to say, ignored him.

“That’s quite an outfit too. I love the spikes.”

“Thanks. It’s from ‘Style with Restraint’. They’ve been very helpful and generous as well.” Naomi scowled over her gag. “I thought the spike were a good idea too. I’m sure you come across some slaves that need to be discouraged from letting their hands wander.” She gave Gordon a smile that said “You know what I’m talking about, don’t you?” For a moment, Allison was about to introduce her three submissives but then stopped herself. Of course you wouldn’t she thought. Why would a dominant be in the least interested in who her slaves were? Their status as slaves marked them out as being of no interest to a dominant. After all that’s why they were hooded or masked, their identities were unimportant.

June made no attempt to introduce the man accompanying her, either. “Can I buy you a drink? Or are you keen to look around?”

“A glass of white wine would be good. To be honest, I don’t have much idea what there is here. I wasn’t at all sure what to expect.”

June turned to the bar tender and ordered Allison’s drink. “Well, Kink Collection have got a display area in the next room with their latest stuff. They are big on bondage equipment. Some lovely chromed steel restraints, even a range of cages: everything from a collapsible one that packs flat to a steel bar frame to allow you to build a cell across one end of a room. I like the more personal items though; humblers, mandolins, chastity devices, spreaders, stuff like that.”

“I’ll have to have a look. I’ve been thinking that I might like to get a little more adventurous with some of my slaves.”

Lionel gave a gagged squeak and his eyes widened. June smiled, remembering how Allison had confessed to being a complete beginner not so long ago. “Shall we go and look?”
The Kink Collection exhibit was impressive. Allison saw plenty of items that she could imagine putting to use, although some of it – especially some of the lockable restraints - seemed far too elaborate in her view. She did think that the idea of a humbler would work well for Lionel. After all he liked to be kept with his head down on the floor and one of the wooden devices, designed to fit under the curve of his buttocks while locking around the neck of his balls would force him to stay that way for as long as Allison decided he should. It was obvious from Lionel’s response when Allison picked up one of the demonstration units that he knew what she was thinking and that he wasn’t entirely certain that he liked the idea.

Naomi followed where ever Allison led, pulled along by the leash to her collar, with Gordon in turn pulled along in her wake.

In another part of the display Allison discovered a harness that was designed to hold the toe of a shoe in the slave’s mouth as a gag. That, she thought, was very definitely the sort of thing that Lionel would benefit from, a way to keep him quiet and attentive while he got on with his domestic duties. She could see that Lionel knew what she was thinking and took the time to make sure he saw she was examining it very carefully with the aim of putting it to use. “Wait, all of you,” she said, turning to Naomi, Gordon and Lionel. “Kneel there and wait until I am finished.”

While she was looking at the shoe gag, another dominatrix, a slender olive skinned girl with long black hair, standing beside her said, “Excuse me, I was just looking at your female slave’s label. That seems a great idea. Would you mind if I had a look?”

Naomi’s label had attracted interest a few times and Allison, thinking that it could do nothing but good for Naomi to be subjected to some attention that she hadn’t herself encouraged, replied, “Of course. Help yourself. It wasn’t my idea, though, I have to confess.”

The other woman reached forward and took hold of the label hanging from Naomi’s tit, lifting it up to read without giving a second thought to the girl it was attached to. Naomi’s nipple was already looking pink and sore from where the label had tugged on the ring. “Ah,” the woman said, “Style with Restraint. I’ve used them too. Is that where your outfit came from?”

Allison nodded. “Yes, I’m pleased with it. I think it looks good and it’s comfortable too. Plus my friends here seem to find it suitably intimidating.” Lionel glanced up for a moment. It was obvious that he agreed with Allison.

“And is this one some sort of loyalty scheme reward?” The woman let go of Naomi’s label.

“Not really. I think her owner just thought she needed a change of scenery.” Allison found it amusing, just how easy it was to slip into treating her slaves as objects rather than people. Naomi growled behind her gag.

A moment later June Calloway joined the other two women. “Salma, I see you’ve met my friend. This is the girl I was telling you about – with the contract.”

“And plenty of her own slaves too, I see. It’s almost a zoo.”

Allison looked embarrassed. She was very conscious of being a beginner and, after all, it had only been a matter of circumstances that she had turned up at the event with three slaves in tow.

“Don’t tease, Salma!” June chided.
Salma smiled. “I’m sorry,” she said, “I certainly mean no offence. You seem to be managing the three of them all right.”

“Well they have been well behaved up until now,” Allison responded with a laugh, “but I suppose it’s still early.”

June looked up at the clock that hung above the doorway into the club’s main room. “It’s almost time for the live displays on the stage through there. We’ve got front row seats.”

“Oh, yes, I should have said, Cerys couldn’t come. She’s got a terrible cold. She’s so sorry to be missing this.”

“That’s a shame. Do I assume that one of these two is hers?” June nodded at Naomi and Gordon. Allison nodded.

“Well, there are rings along the wall where we can tether them. They don’t get seats, of course.”

“Of course,” Allison was amused by how natural she found the scenario. June Calloway laughed. “I’m glad you could come. I’ve been so impressed with the way you have confronted this. Not many women would have made the journey you have, much less survived it as well as you seem to have.”

“Well, I suppose I should say, ‘Thank you’. You’ve helped an awful lot. It’s opened my eyes to a whole new set of turn-ons, and even though it was Cerys’s idea that started this, I wouldn’t have got this far without your help. And I’m glad I have.”

“Is Lionel glad too?”

Allison took a sip of her wine. She looked down at the gagged hooded figure kneeling beside her like a devoted dog. “I hope so. I think so.”

“I do too. Come on, let’s find somewhere to park these slaves and then we can go and see the show.”

In the end Allison decided to keep her three slaves with her. Cerys and Salma were sat to one side chatting happily and after a short wait the show started. Allison was stretched out on a couch on a small dais with a good view of the stage. There were a few interesting performances, everything from a live shibari demonstration to a talk on the use of electric stimulation machine which had culminated in a playlet in which a male doctor was enslaved by two nurses and forced to undergo a series of electric shock treatments by way of illustration. Naomi was kneeling close by Allison’s side so that as Allison’s hand hung languidly by her side the spiked back of her glove pressed against Naomi’s cheek. Allison looked down at her and watched as Naomi moved her face against the studs, much as a cat might butt its head against its owner. At the far end of the couch, Lionel in his preferred place knelt, his hands stretched out to provide support to Allison’s feet in their platform soled, spike-heeled, shoes. Gordon knelt beside her within reach too.

The group was approached by a tall girl in a one piece leather cat suit. She was brandishing a vicious looking whip but smiled beatifically at Allison. Behind her, two tough looking women in sleeveless, khaki vests, shorts and boots stood with arms folded. Their well defined biceps suggested an enthusiasm for exercise and an ability to act as tough as they looked.

“Could we use one of these for a demonstration?” the whip wielding girl asked politely. “If you wouldn’t mind.”
Lionel's head bobbed up. Even with the hood covering his face, Allison could tell he was terrified by the prospect. Even if she had been minded to ignore his fears, Allison wasn't at all sure how he would cope with the sort of experience that was clearly on offer. Naomi went to move her head but Allison pushed back against her cheek with her studded glove, she certainly didn't need further opportunities to indulge herself. Gordon however, would no doubt benefit from some arbitrary punishment. “This one,” Allison gestured at Gordon and the two muscular girls seized him, each grabbing an arm with a vice like grip.

“How worried are you about us marking him?”

Allison shrugged but wondered for a moment what Cerys would have her say. Gordon looked scared. "Nothing permanent, but apart from that...." she let her words trail off. “His safe word, if you want to bother with one,” Allison smirked at Gordon's look of alarm, “is 'treachery'. That would be apt, wouldn't it?”

She laughed as Gordon was pulled to his feet, struggling without avail. The two girls dragged him towards the heavy wooden frame that had been put up on the stage. It wasn't long before he was strapped in place.

With Gordon strapped helplessly to the frame the two girls unfastened the flap in his catsuit covering his buttocks, exposing them for the audience. The tall girl flexed her whip and began with a few slow flicks that snicked the tip of the whip at each cheek, first one then the other.

Gordon bucked as each stroke of the whip cut into him. With each blow, his assailant explained the technique she was using, showing how the swing of the arm or the flex of the wrist could be used to steer the whip and to vary the impact of the cruel leather tongue that repeatedly snapped across Gordon’s arse.

To his credit, Allison thought, Gordon appeared to take the punishment without flinching until as a finale a series of blows were laid across him in quick succession, first from the left and then from the right. At the end, while the girl with the whip acknowledged the applause of the crowd for her display of artistry, her two strong assistants unfastened the straps that held him secure. He slid to his knees, his buttocks criss-crossed by red wheals and covered with purple bruises. One of the girls took his leash and led him back to Allison, pushing him down on his knees beside her.

Allison reached for the zip that closed the mouth of Gordon’s rubber hood and slid it open. “What do you say?”

“Ah, thank you,” Gordon responded with only a slight pause.

“There’s a good boy,” Allison laughed, sliding the zipper shut again.

All too soon (Allison was surprised to feel that way) the show was over and slowly the audience dispersed. Another round of drinks in the bar followed with Allison, June and Salma chatting amiably while Gordon, Lionel, Naomi and the other slaves knelt patiently beside them. As the bar began to close, June and Salma took their leave.

Allison returned Naomi to the cloakroom as her label had instructed. The girl was obviously frustrated at having had no opportunity to do anything much during the evening. Allison had no intention of releasing her arm binder or removing her gag, although she had to confess to being a little intrigued by the idea of dominating Naomi in the same way that she did Lionel. Gordon was told he could leave, Allison certainly wasn’t going to give him the opportunity of revisiting his earlier suggestions to her. "Give your Mistress my best wishes for her speedy recovery," Allison said as she waved him away.
Allison turned to Lionel. “Now,” she said, “I’ve had a lovely evening and I know just what would finish it off nicely. You are coming back to the flat with me.”

It had been, Allison thought as she and Lionel got into a taxi, a fascinating evening. Apart from anything else it had helped her to make up her mind about some things. One of them was that Lionel’s duties on Wednesday nights and the occasional Friday or Saturday really weren’t enough. Another was that she thought she had just the way to move things forward.
Lionel Fairbrother had a headache.

He wasn’t sure exactly what had caused it.

It might have been the four hours of techno pumping away continuously at the Viaduct Club. He was not, it had to be said, the biggest fan of such music.

More likely, he had to confess, was that it might have been the result of his head being encased in that leather hood all evening. Equally, it might have been the fact that he had spent the entire event in a state of continuous uncertainty and considerable nervousness about what might happen next. Or it might have been that he’d spent an hour with his head locked firmly between Allison’s thighs being forced to pleasure her after they had got back to her flat. It had been four in the morning before she had decided that she had had enough and she had dismissed him with a peremptory, "You’d better get off home now, or you’ll be in no fit state to work tomorrow."

She had been right. He wasn’t.

A glass of water and two tablets sat on the office desk in front of him. He was trying to summon enough energy to take them.

A pile of papers was waiting for his attention but they were a long way down the list of things he was likely to feel able to deal with. He took one folder from the top of the pile and opened it in front of him, not reading it but feeling that at least it might look as though he was working.

It wasn’t just the physical effects of the evening, or even the emotional ones. It was, he began to feel, the cumulative effect of the past few weeks. Had he been wrong to propose to Allison that she might take him on as her slave? Was it better when he was at least in control of when he saw June Calloway? Was the relationship with Allison too unpredictable for him? What did that say about his submissive desires? That he couldn’t cope with loss of control, even when he was seeking loss of control?

That wasn’t, he thought, going anywhere. He downed the pills. At least that might have some effect on his headache, he hoped. Coffee was needed he told himself as he got up to find himself a cup in the kitchen at the end of the corridor.

When he got there, there were already two girls, two of the other secretaries in the pool with Allison, standing in the kitchen, making their own drinks. They looked up and smiled. Lionel gave an asocial nod.

The two were chatting animatedly, not concerned by Lionel. He, waiting, found himself distracted by the way the taller girl was standing with her hands on her hips, looking a little impatient, as her friend found the coffee and sugar and milk and filled their cups. One of the girls had stood by during Gordon’s whipping the night before in exactly the same stance. This girl was wearing plain black trousers and a yellow shirt. It was hardly the outfit of a dominatrix, but you never knew. Who would think that Allison was? Did this girl enjoy punishing her boyfriend? And what about her co-worker? Could they even have been at the event last night, their identified hidden by masks or hoods?
Lionel struggled trying to remember the shorter girl’s name from a meeting they had both been in. Natasha? Natalie? Nadia, that was it. She looked quiet, mousey haired, dressed in rather muted colours, a tweedy sort of skirt and a dull mauve sweater. But on her feet? Those shoes! Black patent and very high heels. How do you square that with the rest of the outfit?

"There you are, Mr Fairbrother."

Lionel’s thoughts were interrupted. "Sorry?"

"The coffee things - they’re free now. Do you want me to fix you one?" The girl in the yellow shirt cocked her head to one side, looking at him as much as to say, "Is there anyone awake in there?"

"No, no, that’s fine. I’ll do it. Thanks. That’s OK. No problem. Thanks."

"OK". The girl in yellow picked up her cup. The two girls exchanged what seemed to Lionel a sympathetic look.

"Sorry," he said. "Not too sharp today."

He turned to the coffee things and watched as the two of them left. He couldn't stop thinking of the taller girl, imagining himself strapped down to one of the office chairs while she eased her backside down onto his face. He’d be there helpless, struggling for breath while she was carrying on with her work, taking phone calls, answering emails, dealing with the flirty talk of a visitor, completely ignoring him. Or he’d be forced to wait on them, bringing them their coffee on a tray and then having to kneel and worship at Nadia’s feet.

Lionel shook himself. This wasn't helping him get over last night. And besides, his cock was rigid. He couldn’t stop thinking of the taller girl, imagining himself strapped down to one of the office chairs while she eased her backside down onto his face. He’d be there helpless, struggling for breath while she was carrying on with her work, taking phone calls, answering emails, dealing with the flirty talk of a visitor, completely ignoring him. Or he’d be forced to wait on them, bringing them their coffee on a tray and then having to kneel and worship at Nadia’s feet.

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The rest of the morning went little better. He moved some files around, trying to convince himself as much as anyone that he was working but if he had been honest with himself, he’d have said that he’d done very little.

After lunch (a chocolate bar and some more coffee were all he could face) at least his headache had started to improve, although his tongue still felt as though someone had covered it with carpet.

There was a knock on his office door. It felt like someone was rapping directly on his skull. Allison came in, smiling and with no sign that she had other than a restful night.

She left the door open. The two of them had agreed that they would do nothing to suggest anything was going on between them; Lionel because partners weren’t encouraged to have relationships with the staff and Allison because she certainly didn’t want to explain the nature of their relationship to her co-workers.
"Good afternoon, Mr Fairbrother," Allison's cheery greeting brought little more than a grunted response from Lionel partly as a result of his headache, partly from a sense of envy that she seemed so bright while he still felt dulled, and partly from an increasing suspicion that Allison was up to something.

It was hard to reconcile the image of the smiling, efficient, secretary carrying a collection of manilla folders with the woman who had kept him enslaved all the previous evening. The contrast between the neat, sober suit she had on now and the rubber dress with its studs and spikes that she had been wearing the night before could not have been greater. Even so, the sparkle in her eyes suggested that her mind was not entirely on work.

"These are some of the files you wanted," Allison said, although Lionel couldn’t remember asking for anything beyond what he had on his desk already. "The agreement in the top folder really needs looking at this afternoon, if you get the chance."

Lionel was puzzled. He didn’t normally have to check over agreements and besides, Allison wasn’t working on any of the cases he handled. “All right, leave it with me,” he said, in the same rather stern tone he used with everyone around the office. “Thank you.”

“That’s all right, I was happy to draft it.” Allison turned and left, closing the door behind her. Odd, thought Lionel, junior secretaries didn’t usually draft contracts. That was the work of the senior girls.

It was only as he opened the folder that he realised what was going on. “This Agreement,” the document said, in the same rather old-fashioned font that they always used for contracts, “covers the provision of sexual, domestic and other services by - there was a gap - hereinafter referred to as the “slave”, under the ownership of -another gap - the “Mistress”, under the following conditions.” A yellow sticker was fixed to the document with an arrow pointing to the first gap where the missing words should be. “I’ve just realised I haven’t bothered to find out your full name. Write it in here. A,” it said.

Lionel gave an involuntary squeak as he realised what the document was. He slapped the folder shut and coughed. This couldn’t be found in his office. He was at once horrified at the idea of being caught reading it and at the same time desperate to see what Allison had in mind. It looked to be the same sort of thing as the contract he had originally found. Was it identical? Why was she springing it on him now? Has something happened as a result of the party at the Viaduct Club? Had June Calloway said something to her? Did it mean she was looking for something more than the occasional meetings they had had up to this point? Just what did she plan with the contract?

He gritted his teeth and stuffed the folder into his briefcase. It would have to wait for that evening.

When he came to read it, later that evening, alone in his flat, he found that most of his questions remained unanswered. As the original contract had set out, this one required the submission of the slave to the will of the Mistress. It specified that he would be required to carry out the same duties that he was already used to and set down the sanctions that could be brought in the event of a failure to perform satisfactorily.

Even though he was used to reading contracts, he found it hard to get to grips with this. His skills in identifying the potential loopholes or clauses which might prove difficult to enforce seemed to have deserted him. His ability to identify aspects of a contract that were to the disadvantage of one or the other parties to the agreement had disappeared.
More to the point, what would happen if he didn’t want to sign it? Did that mean things would finish between him and Allison or could they carry on as they did now? And if he did, how would it affect things between them? Would she allow him to still see June? Would he want to? And what about the office? How could they expect to carry keeping their relationship secret if it moved to a more intense one?

All these questions were confusing him more than the contents of the contract itself. Perhaps that was how he missed some of the clauses that he might have paid greater attention to. In the end, he knew that he needed some advice, and he knew who to speak to.

He picked up the phone and dialled. In her house in Clerkenwell, June Calloway answered the call.

“I wondered if we could meet,” Lionel said. “Not for a session, for a talk.” I thought I might buy you a drink.”

“You’re not seriously proposing a vanilla date, are you Lionel?”

“No, of course not. No. It’s about Allison. It’s just that she... Well, I’m not sure what to do.”

“Lionel, I know we have spent a lot of time together with me telling you what to do but I’m not sure I’m the right person to talk to about this. If nothing else there is the conflict of commercial interest.”

“I know, but please. There’s no one else I can talk to.”

“All right,” June relented. “I can be free later. 10 o’clock?”

“Yes, that would be fine. Do you know The Feathers on Theobalds Road?”

The bar of The Feathers was busy but there were a few tables free. Lionel chose one in a corner, separated a little from the rest of the bar by a wood and glass panel. He had spent quite a while thinking about what he was going to say to June but he still hadn’t succeeded when she arrived. He got to his feet, banging his knee on the table and almost overturning his drink.

"Can I get you something," he stuttered.

"Just some sparkling water, please," June replied. She looked around the bar feeling, as usual, slightly out of place. It was, she supposed, partly down to the way she looked, but if leather trousers were good enough for the Prime Minister, why shouldn’t they be good enough for her?

Lionel was soon back from the bar with June’s drink, having ignored the barman’s wink and nod towards June as he'd been served. He took a sip of his beer and, deciding that the best way was at least to start began. “Allison has presented me with a contract. You know a contract of ...”

"I can imagine. She has obviously come to some conclusions about you and her."

"Well, I suppose so. I just wondered, what do you think it means?"

"I’ve no idea Lionel. I haven’t spoken to her about it or about you. I haven’t seen her apart from at the Viaduct last night and we haven’t spoken about you for quite a while."
June's last remark through Lionel off his track. Did that mean they had spoken about him? What had Allison said? Or asked? What had June said?

"So, Lionel, I really don't know. Tell me. Do you remember when you first came to me?"

"Yes, of course, you were wearing ...."

"No, that's not what I was going to say. Do you remember your first task?"

Lionel thought for a moment. "Err." He looked around but no-one was listening. They others in the bar were all involved in their own conversations.

June solved his problem. "We had a talk. I asked you to think about what you expected, what you would and wouldn't be prepared to do; what you hoped to get out of our sessions. Do you remember that?"

Lionel nodded. "Well, have you had a discussion like that with Allison?"

"Well, we do talk, sometimes, but no, not like that."

"I thought not. Well, if a two hour session every two weeks needs boundaries and guidelines then any deeper relationship at least deserves as much thought and discussion. Have you asked her what it means? Don't you think she's more likely to know than me?"

Lionel looked embarrassed. "I'm sorry. I'm not very good at this."

"No. Well, I recall you weren't very good at a lot of things when we started but I'm not going to use the same techniques to teach you the right way of going about this that I used to get you to polish my shoes properly. You are just going to have to discuss it with her, ask her what she wants and then work out if it fits in with what you want too. Look at it this way. At least if she's written a contract you get a pretty good idea of what she wants to get out of it, don't you."

Lionel looked glum. "I guess so. It's just hasn't seemed that difficult so far."

"I know. But isn't that something I said when we first met?"

Lionel thought for a moment and then remembered. "Yes. Wasn't it, 'Don't let anyone tell you that being submissive is easy or that submissives are weak.'?"

"Something like that," June said as she stood up to leave. "Good luck. Let me know how you get on."
31. Plans for a Party

It was a few days after the show at the Viaduct Club. Allison looked up from her coffee just as a taxi stopped outside the shop. It was quiet. The coffee shop was almost deserted. Cerys emerged from the taxi festooned with shopping bags, each of which carried the name of some designer brand or other. Amongst them, Allison noticed, were two carrying the logo of ‘Style with Restraint’.

Half falling through the door of the coffee shop she collapsed into an armchair. “Who’d have thought spending money could be so exhausting!” she exclaimed.

“So, Gordon is still around then,” Allison laughed, knowing that Cerrie’s job would never have funded a shopping spree like the one she had obviously been on.

“Around and more attentive than ever.”

“How’s the cold?”

“Gone, thank goodness. It’s hard to cultivate a dominant sneer if there’s a dew-drop on the end of your nose. Anyway, I wanted to say thanks for looking after Gordon at the show.”

“He wasn’t any bother. I was just sorry that you missed it, You’d have found lots of ideas.”

“That’s OK. Gordon was under strict instructions to tell me about anything interesting and I’ve had a few thoughts as a result. He gave me a very full report – well he did once I had him tied down and got the strap-on out. That does seem to encourage a compliant response, more so than the paddle, I think.”

A waitress came to enquire if they wanted to order. “Cappuccino?” Allison asked her friend. Cerys nodded. “And a flat white for me, thanks.” The waitress scribbled a note on her pad and left them.

Cerys watched her go before starting the conversation up again. “So how did Lionel react to being there? I’d have thought he’d find being at something like that quite difficult.”

“Yes, you’re right, he does get embarrassed by the idea that anyone knows about his turn-ons. Looking back it was amazing that he had the courage to declare himself to me in the first place. He managed all right in the end. He spent most of his time with his head down at my feet, I think that let him forget about the rest of the room full of people. I must confess though, the whole thing made me very horny. What with the attention I attracted from bringing three slaves, plus the whole sense of sensual pleasure and erotic fun, I ended up really keen for sex by the end of the evening. I took Lionel home and had him tongue my clitt for ages before I let him go. He looked really worn out in the office next morning.”

“I think Gordon would have wanted to help out too.”

“I’m sure he did but I wouldn’t have dreamt of it. He certainly seemed disappointed when I sent him off after the show at the club finished. I thought he had learned his lesson when you put that new chastity cage on him. Apparently not.”

Allison looked up as the waitress returned with their coffees.
“He might have thought I’d given you a key. After all, the contract does contain a clause allowing me to assign his services to which ever other Mistress I might choose. If I was the jealous type I might have though you included that specifically.” Cerys laughed. “On the other hand he may just have been optimistic. He sees you as some sort of uber-goddess for having drawn up the contract.

“So it seems to be working out then.”

“Oh yes. I’m sure it has been everything that Gordon hoped. It’s made a big difference. Sometimes if he’s been naughty I only need to take it out and sigh and he’s bent over a chair with his arse in the air before you can say anything. And,” she gestured to the pile of bags, “if he’s been misbehaving too badly he does get very generous.”

“Well,” Allison said with a laugh, “it’s made a big difference to me too. I’m surprised and pleased with how things have turned out. I really should say thank you.”

“Good,” said Cerys. “Because I wanted to say thank you too. So, I thought we could all have a party. You can bring Lionel. After all, I haven’t met him yet and from what you say, the idea of another Mistress should scare him rigid. We can invite June Calloway and one of her clients if she wants. Karen can bring Naomi. The boys can wait on us, we can enjoy ourselves and they can clear up afterwards.”

Allison barely gave Cerys’ proposal a moment’s thought. A month before she would have been horrified at the idea of such an event but the last few weeks had opened her eyes to what she was capable of, and what she might enjoy. It was likely to be fun and, more than that, Lionel was likely to enjoy it too, even if his first reaction was likely to be to offer fairly vigorous protests that she would have to overcome. But that might be fun, too.

And besides, she even found herself considering the idea of Naomi as her slave as well.

She agreed quickly. “That’s a great idea,” she said with a smile on her face. “Definitely something to look forward to. Do you know, working on this contract has been a very good thing. I’m so glad you asked me to help with it. I’ve drafted one for Lionel. After all, it does seem as though I have taken him on as he suggested, and it only seemed right to put things on a proper footing. I’m meeting him later tonight to see if he’s ready to sign it. I’ve decided he’s going to wear a cage like Gordon’s too. Maybe your party would be a good place for a caging ceremony?”

"So many possibilities for fun!" Cerys exclaimed. "I love the idea of a chastity ceremony. That sounds like it could be very humiliating for poor Lionel."

“Yes, he’d find it difficult but I think we should try. I need to see him though. There are a few things we have to get straight.”
32. Bound By Contract?

Allison and Lionel were together in Allison's flat. She was sitting on the couch. He stood in the middle of the room facing her. He looked, she thought, more than a little uncomfortable. That alone gave her pleasure in a way she found surprising. "So," she said, "have you had the chance to read it." She nodded towards the papers that sat on the table on the far side of the room. She wasn't certain what she expected or hoped the outcome of the conversation would be.

"Yes."

"And what did you think?" She sat back. She was wearing a short, black and white panelled, long sleeved, dress with opaque tights. She sometimes wore the dress to the office, though not as now, Lionel noticed, with tight black leather gloves. As she settled herself comfortably she noticed Lionel's eyes flick down to look over her legs. She smiled. Lionel had the good grace to look embarrassed.

"It's very," he hesitated for a moment, "thorough. Very complete."

"Very restrictive? Perhaps too restrictive?" She wasn't certain whether his reply implied a lack of enthusiasm or simply the caution that anyone in his position might be expected to express. Lionel was never, she knew, the most impetuous of men.

Lionel replied slowly, seeming to pull each word out of a deep bag where they had been carefully set for just this moment. "No, not at all. There is nothing there that I haven't dreamed of, fantasised about, imagined. I worry about my ability to live up to it though. I always advise clients not to sign contracts unless they are convinced they can meet them. This is more difficult than any of those contracts. It's difficult to know that I can keep my part."

"You don't doubt that I can keep my part?" Allison leaned forward, her elbows on her knees her hands clasped together so that her chin could rest upon them.

Lionel looked shocked. He hadn't considered this. "No," he said, "you have always seemed fully in control of your dominant self. From the time you reacted to my suggestion in the office, the first time I saw you at Mistress Calloway's, you had obviously learned your craft. Why wouldn't you be able to keep your part?"

"Do you remember what I told you at that first lunch meeting?"

"Yes, of course," Lionel nodded his head. "I remember it exactly. 'I am prepared to accept your offer of service. However," he paused, anxious to make sure that he had the words exactly right, "you in your turn must accept that you will be my first experience of this, that I will be learning what it means to have such service. Eventually I may decide that I do not wish to continue with the arrangement. You have to recognise that as a possibility.' I was terrified that you might not wish to continue, scared that you might not see in yourself what I saw in you; scared, even, that I might have imagined more than was, in truth, there."

Allison was scarcely surprised that he recalled her exact words. "Well you saw more in me than I saw in myself, that is certain. But, perhaps you are right about that."
"All I know is that I am very happy to continue to serve you as I have and that, if you are happy to have me at your service, I want for nothing more."

"You know I could use you more harshly than I have so far? I found much to interest me at the Viaduct Club. That I might want to use you more often? That I might discover other amusements? Other restrictions for you. Things that you have not asked of Ms Calloway or me?"

"I accept that as the price for my pleasure. Isn't that another demonstration of how you are able to live up to the terms of that agreement? Besides, you must have noticed that I find uncertainty arousing."

"You understand that the contract requires you to reserve yourself sexually and that measures could be taken to manage that?"

"Some form of enforced chastity? Is that what you intend? Yes, I understood that. It seems a hard thing to ask but I understand that you ask it and accept your right to do so."

Allison found his openness beguiling. Thinking about it, she realised that his honesty had made it easier for her to come to grips with her own desires and drives.

A radical thought struck her. "Well, perhaps we have no need of a contract after all. Perhaps all that is needed is for me to apply my capricious desires as and when I chose. That, at least, has the advantage of leaving open every possibility. I'm very certain that I haven't thought of everything I might do with you yet - although I am thinking about an event with my friend Cerys to make up for you not meeting her at the Viaduct Club."

"With you," she had said, Lionel noticed. Not "to you" but "with you". It looked as though their exploration of dominance and submission was going to be a joint venture. But what did she mean by "an event"? The Viaduct Club had been terrifying. It had been arousing too but even the mention of it now brought the dryness of fright to his throat. Before this evening he'd thought that being bound under contract to Allison was all he could wish for but maybe she was right. Maybe a looser arrangement might be even more fun for both of them.

"Perhaps the contract isn't needed," Lionel offered, "but there were things in there I thought were helpful; the schedule of punishment tariffs, the list of duties. You might find it useful to have something to measure me against and I would find value in knowing the costs of being found wanting."

"All right," Allison responded. "I suggest we forget the contract and just work with a simpler framework that I will provide. How about, I tell you what to do, you do it and if I don't like it you get the chance to learn just how unhappy I am?"

"That seems very fair," Lionel smiled.

Allison raised an eyebrow. "Would you expect any less of your Mistress?" she said with mock gravitas. "You can start, since you have taken every opportunity to leer at my legs, by kneeling down and paying some attention to my toes with your tongue. Pass me the contract first though."

"Yes, Mistress," Lionel obeyed; first giving Allison the papers and then bending his head to the black leather of her low-heeled Mary-Jane shoes.

"There's a good boy," Allison said in an affectionate tone. "Stay at that for a while so I can do this." There was the sound of tearing. Pieces of paper fluttered down beside his head as Allison ripped up the contract. She looked down at him, worried for a moment that he might think she was making fun of him. Lionel though was continuing with his diligent attention to her feet. "I think we just need you to do as you
are told. But I'm going to need you here more than once a week. I think I'll have to consider some form of accommodation for you. Having you curled up at the foot of my bed doesn't seem like a very good solution. AND I am very sure that I'm going to get your cock under control, I really think that is going to be part of things from now on."

Lionel looked up at her. "What ever you say Mistress," he said bowing his head as she raised an eyebrow in response to his impudence at staring at her. He was uncertain what would happen next. He loved the sensation.

The End

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