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*This story – from inspiration to final text – is offered with thanks to my muse and my Lady, Miss Porcelaina Valeriana. It is dedicated to her and her wickedness and beauty.*

*Please send any comments/suggestions to me at [froman.author@gmail.com](mailto:froman.author@gmail.com). They are appreciated and warmly received.*

*Window Shopping*

*By Abe Froman*

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## Chapter One

There had been something about the depth of her eyes – a secret kept there – that had me fascinated from the moment I saw her in Starbucks. Her bright red lips looked amazing on the white porcelain mug for sure, and her body was perfectly curved under layers of leather and lace, but I was lost in her eyes.

My Saturday plans hadn't really extended beyond my morning coffee and the paper, so there were no conflicts I had to worry about when I followed her out onto the street. The wonderful movement of her beautiful ass entranced me as she moved, wrapped up in a tight miniskirt. She was also wearing stockings with actual seams down the backs of her curvy legs. They were perfectly aligned. I realized that I was getting quite stiff, with my cock straining against my black jeans.

I wanted to see more of her eyes. I needed to.

She didn't seem to be in any hurry either. She would frequently pause and look into shop window displays. I tried not to make it too obvious that I was following her, but I also wanted to see if I could get even a reflection of her eyes in shop front glass.

By the third store, I was getting more daring, or maybe just more desperate. I actually stopped nearly beside her, and searched the reflection for her eyes.

I nearly fainted when she turned and spoke to me.

“Do you like these?” she asked, and those lips, those perfect lips, curved into a smile.

I nearly panicked, since I hadn't bothered to even notice what store we were in front of. But there were her

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eyes, looking right into mine. I blurted out, “Yes, yes, I do.”

“Really, that is very interesting. Will you come in with me?” She didn’t wait for an answer before she walked in. I had a moment to look in the window for real.

I dropped my head and shook in despair. It was a fucking lingerie shop. Oh sure, jackass, you love La Perla, you come here all the time.

A wise man, one in control of himself, or at least of his cock, would have just cut and run at that point. Write it off as a humiliating story to tell the boys over beer and be done with it. This man, however, had to see her eyes at least one more time, and I had grabbed to door to follow her in before it had even fully closed.

I felt strange, out of place, like all men do in lingerie shops when it’s not just before Christmas or Valentines Day. I just tried to stay close to this strange beauty, like I was with her, to explain away my presence to all those who were questioning it with their eyes.

She would occasionally point out little scraps of lace and silk to me, on tables, displays or even the display posters around the store, asking me if I liked them. I would always say yes, but I saw nothing but her eyes. She would pick up items now and again and carry them with her, buy my eyes never left her face.

I didn’t even flinch when she asked for my credit card at the cash desk. Any price was worth this heaven. To this day, I don’t recall what the total was.

She led me out, and she didn’t need to say another word, or ask me if I would follow her. Was it so obvious that I would do anything for those eyes?

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She seemed to live in a large studio, above a store on a nearby street. It was busy, but not as trendy as where we had come from. The glimpses I caught of those around us seem to indicate a darker color of clothing.

I followed her up the stairs, and it was wonderful to see that few inches more of her stockings that this new angle allowed, before the seams disappeared into the wonderful darkness of her skirt.

Her studio was spotless, clean and sleek. Every piece of furniture seemed modern and expensive. She had impeccable taste.

She guided me to the centre of the living area, where a coffee table might have been if there had been one. She faced me, and locked those eyes onto mine.

“What is your name, my dear?”

“It is Edward.”

“Lovely. Strip, Edward.”

I silently obeyed and in moments I was completely naked. I had managed to do it all without losing sight of her eyes, but for that split second I had to pull my t-shirt over my head. My jeans, shoes, socks and shirt were in a discarded pile beside me. I was a bit embarrassed, not just by being so exposed, but also because my cock was standing out ram-straight, leaving little question about my arousal.

“Very nice, Edward. I’m so glad you liked those pieces at La Perla. You have expensive tastes, even if they do tend a bit to the slutty look.”

She hadn’t asked a question, so I didn’t dare speak. I think I might have blushed a little redder.

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“But, seeing you now, like this, I think your choices were dead on. So let’s get you dressed.”

I heard her words, with the pounding of my heart as background. Questions filled my mind. What had she bought? Did she actually buy women’s lingerie for me? Did she want me to wear it? What was happening?

These thoughts were my mind’s company during the trance-like state I must have been in for quite a while, since I only distantly felt her hands lifting one leg, then the other, or moving my arms where she might need them.

When she stood back, finished, she had pulled white stockings with pink trim up my legs and attached the little belts up to the matching pink lace garter belt. A pair of white lace panties with a pink ribbon trim had been put on over that, and somehow managed to stretch over my erection. The matching white brassiere looked particularly silly, I thought, and it didn’t help much when she pushed embarrassingly realistic fake breasts into them. The tightest piece was a scalloped waist-cincher in white satin and pink trim, which she had laced me so tightly into that I was having a bit of trouble breathing.

She circled me, and I felt the rise of panic in those moments I couldn’t see her eyes. I suppose she determined a few more touches were needed, since it was after that inspection that she added white lace gloves and a matching lace choker. She then rubbed a wonderful lotion over me, reaching all my exposed skin. I looked down for a second, following the touch of her hands, and I noticed that my skin sparkled now – I glittered.

She had no trouble pulling the wig with its long blond curls onto my head over my short hair. After that was make-up – I had to plump my lips for the lipstick, and the mascara made me blink a lot at first. It was also

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hard to balance in the high-heeled shoes she had buckled onto my feet.

“Your skin in a little pale for white lingerie. Come.”

I stumbled at first, but I got the hang of it quickly, trying to very consciously walk on my heels then toes. Going down the back stairs was the hardest.

She let me into a small room that had thick curtains on all the walls – they even pulled closed over the door we came in through.

“Don’t mind the restraints, they are just to keep you from moving too much during the tanning process.”

I noticed the darkened sun-lamps then, all around me, but not yet on. I had to spread my legs a bit to reach the locations of the cuffs chained to the rings in the floor, as she closed them around my ankles. The ones for my hands, dangling over me, meant I had to lift my arms high and wide. I was spread out like an X, and I was sure I would get a complete tan this way. But what about the lingerie?

“Since I can’t be with you in here, I thought you might like this.”

She pulled down a small television screen and turned it on. I was a recording of her face – not just a still image, as her eyes would blink now and again and her smile would change. I realized she had to leave and in these circumstances I guessed this was the next best thing. Her eyes were so entrancing. I was starting into that screen when she left, closing the curtain over the door.

“Okay, my Edward, the lights will be coming on now. They are quite strong, so you should have some

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pretty tan-lines in no time.” Her voice was crystal clear out of the speakers that seemed to surround me.

The lights blazed on all at once. I had to close my eyes, as it was blindingly bright. It was hot as well, and I began to glisten with sweat as well as with the applied glitter.

A few minutes into the tanning, I was able to slowly blink my eyes open. I ached to get back to her eyes in the screen, her face smiling down on me. I needed it.

I was so relieved to see her face again, even recorded, that it took some time to realize that the curtain on the wall in front of me was now open. Another agonizing moment elapsed before I realized that the glass behind that curtain was the storefront window of the shop below her studio. There were silhouettes I could barely make out passing by, pausing, staring, and clearly enjoying the show she had made of me.

I’m sure I couldn’t be missed, bathed in bright light, stretched out in white and pink lace. How could this have happened? I was completely unable to move, and every minute burned the outline of these humiliating clothes onto my skin.

My eyes were red, and I had to constantly blink away my tears. After all, I still had to see her eyes.

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## Chapter Two

I was dangling there blinking, feeling the burn in my eyes, the tears stinging. The light was so bright but I just had to see her eyes. Her smile, her lips, her skin; they were all perfect – but her eyes, they were a treasure I had to have. I completely understood those men who years ago sold all they had to sift for gold in frozen rivers in the middle of nowhere. There was simply no other choice.

I held my eyes closed for a full five seconds, all I could stand, and opened them once more in order to gaze for an extended time. This time, instead of finding her glorious gaze washing over me along with the glow of the sun lamps, I saw only normalcy – bland, normal, everyday women and men, crossing and passing each other on the sidewalk.

I wasn't standing anymore; I wasn't bound and I wasn't with her. I was, in fact, seated in a rather comfortable chair, gazing out the window of my corner Starbucks. My coffee was on the low table, inches from my left hand, with steam escaping from the opening in the dome lid. My newspaper, opened to the weekend lifestyle section, was spread before me.

I was hit, nearly overwhelmed with two sensations at once. First was disbelief – could it all have been a dream? I was just where I had started and nothing seemed to have changed around me. Paranoid glances over my shoulders didn't reveal anyone looking at me in any strange way, or at all. My face and my skin seemed warm, but I couldn't discern if it was the affect of the lamps, or embarrassment after waking from an erotic dream in a public place. I certainly had the hard-on that went along with those dreams.

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Secondly, and nearly overwhelming, was a sense of deep loss and depression. Her eyes had been taken from me. I didn't matter if they were never real – they were gone.

I stumbled home in a haze, not really seeing or hearing anything, but just trying to hold on to the memory of the sight of her. It felt like it was dissolving in my mind, out of my grasp like sand falling through my fingertips.

Home at last, I tore off my clothes and stood before the mirror in my brightly lit bathroom. Visible as clear as the sun were tan lines on my skin. The outline of a bra on my chest and back – even the lines of the garter belts were clear. Where it hadn't been covered, my skin was dark and richly tanned. It had been real! She was out there, somewhere, to be found again. I could see those eyes once more.

She had left me a keepsake as well. The pink panties, so embarrassingly pretty with their lace trim, were still stretched over me, outlining my rigid cock. There too, confirmed when I slid them off, were clear and crisp tan lines. I stepped into the shower, realizing that I was still covered in sparkling glitter. I had been too dazed to notice if that had caused any stares on my way home.

I spent all of Sunday in the Starbucks, getting so wired on coffee that by the end of the day that it took hours to finally get to sleep. I was in no condition to go to work, so I called in sick on Monday. I was back in the shop all day. Despite those many hours and many dollars spent, she didn't reappear.

When I dared leave, I scoured the neighbourhood, trying to find that studio, that storefront. I wondered each time a pair of eyes met mine, if I was recognizable. Were they saying to themselves, “there goes

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the freak I saw in panties and fake tits, stretched out in a store window”?

But I never found recognition, and I never found that window.

Months later, with my tan lines all but gone, all I had left was that pair of panties tucked away in the back corner of my dresser drawer to convince me that I wasn't insane – those pretty panties and the enduring feeling of emptiness. My social life atrophied due to my own disinterest and my work became a grind. It was nothing but a different location to be in while I ached for something more.

It was a Tuesday and I was going through the motions in my office, making myself prepare for an afternoon meeting of some importance. I'd let myself be set up on a blind date the previous weekend, so I also pushed myself to reply to her emails. She had been lovely, poured into a dress with intention, and it had been an enjoyable evening – probably the first time in a long time I'd been able to go more than a few minutes without seeing those eyes each time I closed mine. I was wondering to myself as I caught myself smiling if this was actually “moving on.”

And then, at 11:30 in the morning, in the doorway of my 10th floor office, without so much as a warning from my assistant, there She stood.

“Hello, my Edward,” she smiled and her eyes glistened. Here eyes. I felt my breathing slow down and I felt the need to be in those eyes. My eyes never left hers, but somehow I saw the way her dark hair glistened red with highlights as it framed her porcelain face. I became aware of the leather corset forming and holding her hourglass body beneath a fitted jacket and knee-length body-hugging skirt.

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“I found your card when I was looking through your wallet while you were tanning, so I thought I’d just stop by. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Of course not, ...” I hesitated, realizing I didn’t know her name.

“You may call me ‘Miss’ for now, my Edward,” she smiled, and I sighed, loving the way every that small change of expression modified the shape of her eyes.

She stepped in and closed the door behind her and stood before it, standing about eight feet from me.

“Please put these on, my Edward,” she said as she tossed a fluff of lace onto my desk. Lifting it in my hands, I found that it was a white satin thong trimmed in pink ruffled lace.

I had a hard time believing she was asking this, or that she would think I would go along with it. The first time I had met her, I had been entranced by her beauty, I guess, and I certainly didn’t know that going along with the wishes of a beautiful woman would leave me trussed up in women’s lingerie and on display for the whole world to see.

My mind was racing, trying to form some rational thought in the midst of it all. I knew there was work, spread out on the desk, where her gift had just been. There was that lovely girl, though I couldn’t recall her name at the moment. There was the door, unlocked behind her.

Despite all of it, I couldn’t think of anything but her eyes. I couldn’t escape them, and didn’t really want to. I stood, unbuckled my belt and opened my suit pants, letting them fall to the floor. I stepped out of my boxers, and placed them in her outstretched hand. The panties, so tiny as I pulled them on, barely covered me, especially in

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my physical condition that moment. Making them fit over my erection only pulled the t-back tighter between my ass cheeks.

“Very pretty,” she graced me. As her teeth became visible in her wide smile I was oblivious of the floor to ceiling window behind him since I had been transported to heaven. “We can provide the finishing touches after lunch. Come along.”

She turned, opened the door, and left. I followed her, without a word, as the will to do anything different simply wasn't present within me. I could feel the ruffles of lace tight in my ass, as real as I felt the burning gaze of my young assistant not only on me and my clearly visible bulge, but also on her, my Miss, with the look of hatred women reserve for each other.

We paused in the lobby, waiting for the elevator, and she tossed my boxers in the small trashcan between the doors. They lay there, visible, right on top, and I ached to push them down at least, out of sight, but I couldn't move and then, moments later, we were in the elevator, alone.

Her scent was delicious, and with the two of us in that small enclosure, I felt as if I was bathing in it. I was sure it was the kind of ambrosia that would keep you young forever.

She moved with intention out on the street and I had to move quickly to keep close. I followed her into an expensive, exclusive salon that was near the office, but that I had never noticed before. The receptionist, perky in a white body-fitting smock smiled and welcomed us.

“Yes,” Miss spoke, answering some question I had missed, “He does have an appointment.”

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She gave the girl my full name and in moments we were being led through the glass door into the inner sanctum.

Our destination was an immaculate room not unlike a dentist's office, but with the look and finishes out of the pages of Architectural Digest. The pristine surroundings made it all the more shocking when Miss spoke to the tiny brunette girl who had been waiting for us, announcing, "My Edward here would like his legs, cock and balls waxed."

I was stunned, and I silently flushed a deep red in the corner.

"I see," the girl said, her voice high and trembling, "but we don't normally have men as clients for that."

"Don't worry, dear, he won't be any trouble. Will you, my Edward?"

"Of course not, Miss," were all the words I could form my lips into.

"And besides," Miss added, "He's a very generous tipper."

"Alright then." She seemed resigned to it, or at least eager for the money, "Go ahead and remove your pants and underwear."

"Actually, he wears panties, not underwear." Miss giggled out loud as she made the correction.

I wanted, in that moment, to run from that room as fast as I could, but I could not make my self leave her so quickly after being found again at last. My face was freshly red as I took off my suit jacket, then stripped off my pants once more, peeling off the panties while noticing the look of growing disbelief in the girl's eyes. I knew I'd be a story over martinis this weekend.

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The experience took over an hour and was agonizing. The wax was warm to hot as she spread it over me and as she tugged each stripe off I had to stifle gasps of pain. On my balls especially the procedure was medieval torture. But through it all, I was lost in Miss's eyes, as she watched with approval and glee.

Finally finished, the girl looked at me with a mixture of pity and amusement while she massaged a soothing cream into my flesh.

I stood, hairless from the waist down, and looked to Miss for her permission to re-dress. She smiled wide, looking over me with approval, and her eyes glowed. It was enough to spur on yet another erection, which was understandably humiliating, as we were not alone in the room. She handed me back the tiny thong. Once it was on, she picked up my socks and tossed them in the trash bin, handing me instead a pair of sheer pink stockings. She assisted me with the intricacies of the garter belt and getting them properly attached. Only then could I replace my trousers, shirt, tie and jacket. Miss nodded with approval as I unfolded \$200 from my billfold and placed it in the hands that had tormented me.

“Edward, my dear, we're running a bit late, so why don't you call your little assistant and tell her you've run a little long at the spa and that you'll be about one more hour.”

She offered no further explanation to me, so I gave none during the call. I could mentally picture Denise's face when the word “spa” was spoken, and when reminded of my afternoon meeting, I replied curtly that I had not forgotten it, though I wondered if I would be allowed back in time to attend. A flash of Miss's eyes as we left reminded me that I couldn't make myself care.

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I followed Miss once more, feeling the soft fabric on my legs, and the panties touching me so much more intimately now. It seemed almost too much to take, but I know I could refuse her nothing – I could never look into those eyes and speak a word of denial. I had already felt what it was like to be without them and had no desire to repeat it.

In the small tattoo parlour we entered, I was again asked questions that I didn't get to answer. The owner, a very large man covered from neck to wrists in various tattoos of his own, merely shrugged when Miss answered for me, and led the two of us into a small room – nowhere near as posh as the spa but antiseptic in a kind of stainless steel industrial way.

He asked what I wanted, and where. Miss spoke up clearly, with a hint of growing joy in her voice, “It goes on his ass. He won't need to take off his panties to do it, since he's wearing a thong today.”

“Fair enough,” he grunted. “Bend over the table and drop ‘em,” he instructed me.

So I found myself with my pants around my ankles, panties and stockings exposed to the both of them.

“What's the tattoo?” he asked again.

Just in the corner of my vision, she handed him a crisp pink card.

“Gotcha,” he replied, with the tone I judged as being reflective of someone who had long ago seen just about everything.

Without further comment he set to work, and the tiny needle began its painful dance over my buttocks. Without the ability to look at her eyes, the procedure

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seemed to take an eternity, though I discovered when he let me know I could stand up and pull up my pants that it had been only 40 minutes.

I glanced around, wondering what could be next. Panic hit me, as it became clear she was gone.

“Where... where did she go? Is she waiting outside?” I stammered.

“Nope. Gone. You’re on your own sweetheart.” He shrugged, took his money and left.

I had to rush out myself – even with the return of the crushing sensation of her absence I was distantly aware of my impending meeting. I wanted to search the city, walk up every street calling out for her, but I had felt that torment before, and I couldn’t lose her and my job in one day.

I made it back in time, barely, with a sheen of sweat on my forehead. I didn’t help that I hadn’t paid any attention to where we were, being lost in the fine music of her body’s movement each time I had been behind her.

I made it through the meeting, the presentation and the questions on a mental autopilot that my previous preparations allowed. Despite wanting to get out of there as quickly as I could, I was held up by unending discussions, comments and even small talk with two or three of the firm’s partners.

Finally, after feeling each sensation so acutely during my commute home, I was alone. I discarded my suit, leaving a trail from my door to the washroom. Standing there, stripped down to a thong and stockings, I found the phone and cancelled my weekend date, claiming work deadlines.

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In reality, I simply didn't know how to explain the words "SISSY SLUT" in ornate script across my ass.

## Chapter Three

I simply didn't know, during those days, what I should have been expecting. After the first time we'd "met" Miss had simply disappeared. I hadn't seen her on the street, nor had I even been able to find the storefront where I'd been displayed as some kind of fetish trophy. But she had come back, and she had had me prepared, I thought. Readied for something.

Replaying those scant two hours or so over and over in my head, it all felt so much more humiliating, degrading than it had in the moment. I knew I had felt the opposite of my current overwhelming ache of emptiness during each moment – her eyes had filled me, body and soul, with a sense of joy, fulfillment and destiny. Sure, I knew at the moment that spa employee looked back at me that I was not acting like a normal man but I still would have done anything she asked.

Actually, the "anything" part scared me for a while. Would I really have done anything? I didn't dare think of what "anything" might have been, or might yet be – though even that fear didn't for a moment dampen my wish that I could see her again immediately; that I could lose myself once more in those eyes.

I said "those days" but in honesty I went through life in a daze for at least six months. The memory of her eyes glowed in my mind each time I closed mine – sometimes I think they flashed into my subconscious with each blink.

I didn't bother to reschedule the date with Rebecca, my previously promising blind date. It wasn't because I still couldn't explain my new tattoo; it was because I didn't have a free thought to spare on anything or anyone but Miss.

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Even recalling her previous disappearance, I fought to stay optimistic, thinking that she would come back for me. It might only be a day or two before I would again see her eyes twinkling in my doorway, before my own gaze would alight on her perfect silhouette, before I would hear the music of her exotic voice echoing in my ears.

It is embarrassing to admit, but I went so far as to keep myself ready for her. I started wearing women's panties instead of my normal boxers, having ordered quite a few and varied pairs in styles and colours similar to those she'd left me with.

I kept myself shaved as well. I tried it on my own at first, with razors or Nair (a painful mistake), before I resigned myself to the humiliation of returning to the spa. I became a regular client of Lucy's, the petit brunette who had first serviced me. She got a great laugh out of my tattoo upon my return to her, though she grew more like a sister to me over time. She seemed to appreciate my consistently generous tips and I think she sensed my deepening sadness as yet another session would come and go with no contact from Miss.

Rebecca stopped calling after a month or so and even my closest friends got tired of my malaise. Acquaintances at work would ask now and again if I was okay but that petered out as well, no doubt since my monosyllabic responses gave them nothing to work with. Perhaps they were afraid one day I would actually tell them.

I had been so sure she would return at first, but that certainty faded as the weeks went by. Hadn't I been good? Obedient? She had come back before so why not now? Was she testing me?

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I didn't give up hope all at once, but rather as a very slow awakening – something akin to deep-sea divers floating slowly back toward the glistening light of the surface ever careful not to ascent too quickly, lest they succumb to the bends. Sometimes, by then, it would take me nearly five or six seconds to conjure up the detailed memory of her eyes.

My visits to Lucy became more infrequent, finally stopping altogether. I sent her another \$200 in a sealed envelope addressed to her at work when I came to the realization I wasn't going back – realizing only then that I had never learned her last name, despite the fact that she shared some of my deepest secrets.

My collection of panties went into the back of my drawer, replaced once more with boxers. I didn't quite have the heart yet to throw them out but I knew that day would come. Three dial-and-hang-up phone calls later, I even managed to make an appointment to have my tattoo removed.

By now, my own mental reaction to what I'd been doing, how I'd been acting, and what I'd found myself contemplating doing for Miss had changed from excited, fearful anticipation to disbelief – almost to a kind of disgust at myself for allowing my wants, my desires, even the fabric of my life to fall under the sway of a woman I didn't know, no matter how lovely. It was like I was slowly remembering my own actions the morning after a night of drunken debauchery, feeling disgusted with myself. There were times that only the tattoo, now days away from removal, kept me from believing it had been a bad dream.

Somehow, though much begging and pleading, claiming a mental dark period due to a death in the family, I even managed to get Rebecca to see me again. I had to start over with a lunch date, moving up to drinks,

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then finally agreeing to a dinner out on a Friday night. I had splurged on her each time, choosing the finest establishment I could get us into.

The dinner date with Rebecca was wonderful from start to finish. The first time I heard myself laugh with her the sound from my own lips seemed so foreign, almost forgotten, that it took me a moment to recognize it. Rebecca's laughter was special too. It was it a joyous sound to hear and it lit up her face, as well as causing some wonderful tremors in the generous amount of cleavage her body-hugging dress exposed to view.

Dinner turned into drinks, and drinks turned into an invitation up to my place for a nightcap. The offer was accepted and led to a flirtatious cab ride with the adolescent high of making out in the back seat. I had to keep myself under some control, since my incriminating tattoo wasn't due to be removed until the next week, but I was definitely in the cocktail-fuelled mood for a little under-the-bra groping.

I tipped the smirking cabbie generously and led her, arm in arm, up to my condo. I showed her the view, got her settled in the living room and showed her the stereo, suggesting some mood before heading into the kitchen to open a bottle of wine.

I made my way to the kitchen to pour the wine, smiling as I heard that Rebecca had chosen a moody R&B album that was both soft and slow. As I turned into the room, my smile turned into shock.

Miss was there.

Black leather boots with spike heels stretched up to her knees, and the tight leather skirt she wore hugged her hips. Her matching corset top was laced tightly for full effect. Her lips glowed red, as though a light source powered them. She looked so out of place on the tile

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floor, half leaning against the countertop – out of this world, even.

And her eyes. In that fleeting moment, the months melted away. Gone was my depression, frustration, along with the resolve I'd built up. When I had gotten back with Rebecca, earning her trust once more, I'd made myself a promise to turn away from those eyes, should they ever return, but it was hopeless – I didn't even remember the desire to fight. All I wanted was to see them forever.

Her gloved finger on my lips silenced my attempt at speech. She had opened a bottle and poured two glasses of wine already, using a set of glasses I'd received as a gift years ago – they were a simple, classic shape, but each was a different coloured glass.

She leaned into me and whispered into to my ear. The touch of her breath was like honey. “Enjoy your drink with Rebecca, my Edward, and I'll be here waiting. Be careful to drink the right wine – yours is the pink one.”

She turned me towards the living room and I moved out in a daze. It just couldn't be real. I needed to go back and see; surely the kitchen would be empty if I returned – besides, if she was there for real, how could I not simply stand or kneel before her, gazing into those eyes?

There had been firmness in her eyes, even as her tone teased me. I had been given a command, and I dared not disobey. I dared not disappoint her – would she disappear again?

I forced a smile as I saw Rebecca half-reclined on the couch, waiting and smiling. Her dress, and her body in it, was truly dangerous but my thoughts had been

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redirected completely onto the beauty and power that was currently residing in my kitchen.

She giggled a moment when I handed her the blue glass, keeping the pink one for myself. I felt the heat rush to my face – I felt as exposed to her as if she could read the tattoo that marked me – yes, under the power of Miss’s eyes, I was just a sissy slut.

I was fighting to concentrate on the beautiful woman in front of me as we talked and laughed. I couldn’t stand to look at her face – her eyes seemed so empty and lifeless in comparison – so my eyes drifted over her body, from the cleavage that had fascinated me only moments before down to her smooth legs even more exposed as her dress rode up as she moved on the sofa.

She interpreted my looks as growing interest and leaned forwards even more, like she wanted to tease me with her assets. A giggle escaped her lips then a broad, almost confused smile spread across her lips. She managed to get the nearly empty wine glass to the coffee table before she slumped over sideways, though just like her, it slowly tipped and fell onto its side. Her eyes were wide and in their glassy wetness I saw the reflection of Miss approaching behind us.

I turned to her, almost standing for a second, but then sliding off the couch to kneel before her instead. I think I felt just a flash of anger – all the feelings over the last months bubbling: those miserable times of hope, depression, rage at how my life had been nearly destroyed – but then it all vanished, gone in one slow blink of her luxurious lashes as my knees hit the carpet.

I wondered for a moment if Rebecca was lucky enough to register the beauty, the power of those eyes –

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to gather up the pure joy and peace they offered – but then all my thoughts were of Miss.

She looked down on me, exposing no emotions, and in my trousers, tan shirt, loosened tie and summer sports coat, I felt completely bare before her. Finally, she spoke.

“I’ve been watching you, my Edward. Keeping an eye on you, and what you’ve been up to.”

Even with these words of implied reprimand I could hardly feel the fear I should have, since watching her eyes move, slide over me and come to light with her words was sending warmth all through me. I felt like I had come instantly from winter to summer, without ever really knowing I had been cold.

“But we will discuss all of that later,” she smiled, as though she had simply moved on to a more pleasant thought. “Go to the bathroom, take these and return with only them on. Oh, and my Edward, I think that based upon my conversations with Lucy that you had better touch up your legs while you’re in there.” She dropped a couple of items of clothing before me; I gathered them up quickly and raced to the washroom.

I decided to jump into the shower quickly, to best shave my legs, and while the water warmed, I examined the clothing she had chosen for me. It was a bra and panties, both were shockingly pink, but rather than fine silk or lace, they were made of thick, stretchy latex.

I had no time to think as I was quickly into a delicate job that I wanted to be thorough with. Even in my eagerness to return to Miss’s view, I was in no mood to rush a razor around my privates. In minutes I stepped out of the steamy shower, once again as hairless below the waist as I could be without assistance.

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Looking at myself in the mirror as I pulled the panties up my legs, tucking my cock and balls into their skin-tight embrace, I felt another pang. This woman had humiliated me, not once but twice, in ever increasing though admittedly inventive ways. Did I want to go through this again? But when I covered my eyes to think all I could see were her eyes and I knew they were just outside the door. I stretched the pink bra on and rushed back to the glory of her gaze.

She smiled as I approached and all doubt melted away. I could have devoted the rest of my life to just describing the way the corners of her eyes moved, the way her lashes fluttered, and to providing proof of the existence of twinkling. The corner of my eye and a smaller corner of my mind noted Rebecca stretched out on the sofa.

Before her, on the floor, were a pair of shoes that in their own way, perfectly matched the latex panties and bra I was wearing: bright pink and with ludicrously high heels. I didn't need instruction to know I should step into them, so I did.

It was a challenge to balance atop them, and even more so when Miss knelt down to strap me into them, as the valley of her cleavage, rising with her breath, made me dizzy. I recovered before she rose, perhaps slightly jolted by noticing that the straps of the shoes were secured around my ankles with gleaming steel padlocks.

Now, even as she stood again before me, my new height dared me to use that vantage to observe her décolletage, but the draw of her face – her lips, her smile, her perfect porcelain skin, her eyes – was unmatchable.

She moved behind me, and her fingers drew the straps of my brassiere down my shoulders, just enough for her to stuff the cups full with breast-shaped latex sacs

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of gooey fluid, thicker than water by the way they moved and almost warm against my chest. The bra was re-adjusted, and now I stood before her with immense bouncing breasts.

Next was a matching pink leather collar, scalloped to suit my neck and a minimum of three inches wide, that she placed and laced tightly around my neck. I could feel it snugly and it certainly kept me from lowering my head, had I been tempted to break her staring link to my soul.

She smeared more than applied the matching pink lipstick onto my lips.

“Go to your bedroom, my sissy slut Edward. You’ll see that I’ve made the bed ready for you – crawl up and kneel on it.”

My mind raced, and my body could not move fast enough atop the torturous heels, especially with the altered centre of gravity that my new tits gave me – tits that certainly did not stay still while I moved. The bedroom? Really? Might she actually consummate this relationship that had mad my mind and soul hers from that first glance?

She had indeed made the bed ready for me. My own bedding had been replaced with Disney princess sheets in pink, baby blue and white, trimmed in lace, with images depicting castles and images of Cinderella and similar characters. The other change I immediately noted was the replacement of my headboard with a massive mirrored one. I clambered up onto the bed, kneeling up on all fours, facing the mirror. Shame at my situation grew with each moment until her reflection appeared in the mirror as well.

I could feel the tight panties, having a kind of high boy-short cut to them, ride up and surely give Miss an intimate view of my tattoo. She approached me and, as

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though my thoughts were open to her, ran her fingernails over the ink, the letters, the virtual brand marking me as her sissy slut.

“These words are so true, my Edward, even more than you know yet.” Her words drifted over me, with more mystery than menace. “Do you know what tomorrow is, my Edward?”

Through it all, the highs and the long, deep lows, I had never quite fully believed or understood her effect on me, her power. At that moment, my disbelief and amazement knew a new level. I didn’t even have to think, as the answer came to me immediately, like I had been waiting for the question.

“Tomorrow it will be one year ago that you found me, Miss.”

“Yes, it will be. So tonight, I’m going to take you again, in a new way. I loved it when you dressed for me, when you posed for me, tanned for me. I loved it when you were shaved for me, marked for me. Today I will love you anew. I will take one more thing from you, and you will give me something that I think you’ve saved all your life for right now.”

I watched her in the mirror, moving behind me. She slid out of her skirt, revealing black ruffled panties framed by the garters that held her stockings so perfectly. She was slow, methodical and careful as she buckled the harness around her waist, between her legs, positioning the gleaming metal ring that joined the various straps.

I knew it was coming, long before her thin fingers fit the pink rubber dildo to the ring, before she tugged the panties down to my knees. Rather than apply lubrication to me, she actually swirled the toy in a mixing bowl of mine she had filled with a shocking amount of KY.

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And so it was; I knelt there on princess sheets, restrained only by her eyes in the mirror, watching her move and myself kneel as she thrust into me and took the only virginity I had left. If there was mercy, it was only in the first slow thrust. After that, there is no other way to describe it but to say but that I was fucked. My immense gel-filled tits swayed with the motion that grew faster and faster, deeper and more enthusiastic as each moment passed.

She took me hard and I think she came before she stopped, or rather paused. She took only the time needed to free the dildo from the harness, step back to photograph it jutting out of my ass, pull it out of me with a humiliating plop, toss it aside and select another, larger toy to use on and in me.

I know that I moaned, gasped, screamed and begged that night. I don't think I cried until the third one: an immense red rubber monster that was covered with raised nubs. With each one, the ritual was repeated: Miss would use me to the point of her own pleasure, release the toy from her harness, photograph each one jutting obscenely out of my used ass, with the shot no doubt capturing my tattoo, my panties pulled down to my knees on my silly, sissy sheets. Fuck, photograph, repeat.

The last one I remember caused me to shudder as soon as I saw it. I was jet black and it gleamed. It was moulded to realistically replicate a man's cock and balls, complete with cockhead and veins – that is, should a cock be found that was over 14 inches long. I screamed as she took me with it, but my eyes never left her reflection. Her eyes were in fact the last things I saw as I passed out from a mixture of exhaustion and pain, just as dawn started to brighten the room.

When I woke, I could tell by the brightness in the room that at least a few hours had passed. Physical

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sensations moved slowly to my dazed mind. I realized that I was lying fully stretched out on my stomach. Attempts to move were met with tight resistance. I looked up to see that my wrists were fastened via leather cuffs and rope to the corners of my bed and I could only assume the same was holding my ankles. Also contributing to my inability to move was the full weight of her body on me. I felt her breasts, bare, against my back and I could tell from the speed of her breathing that she was still asleep.

I could also tell that my ass was still full – though there was no way it was with the last dildo. The fullness was large enough to be uncomfortable and unmistakable, but not excruciating. As she stirred, I felt the dildo move inside me as well, so I knew that it was also still attached to her harness.

I found the strength to lift my head off of my new pink princess pillows to find the mirror. My lipstick was even more smeared that it had been at application and my collar still surrounded my neck stiffly.

And there, stretched out on me, with her strap-on dildo still impaling me, with her weight squashing my immense fake tits to the bed, was Rebecca – still unconscious.

It was another hour before she finally slept off whatever Miss had dosed her wine with. An hour for me to be bound beneath her, to feel her shifting body torment my ass with the dildo. An hour, when trying to think of any way to explain something like this, can be a very long time.

She came around slowly and groggily, and she discovered her own position with a shock on her face that put mine to shame.

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I don't know what she could have thought then, but she was gasping, apologizing, fighting to remember how it had happened, while having no rational reason to believe she hadn't wanted every bit of it. After all, how could I have done any of this? I didn't get a chance to get more than "it's okay" in myself, almost thankfully, since my mental torment over the previous hour had yielded me nothing.

I noticed that Miss had found time to remove Rebecca's panties and bra from the apartment – she could certainly not find them in the frantic four minutes she gave herself to dress, free me and run out; I never found them even long afterwards. Even more artfully, I noted that Miss had even shortened the hem of her dress, and increase the scoop of her neckline.

She looked like a hooker who had overslept, and I had to laugh as I noticed that while she had gotten the dildo out of the harness (and out of me) while trying not to touch it, the straps of the harness itself were clearly visible under her snug dress.

I then had time to try and deal with my own situation. I wanted to shower desperately since I felt sticky with sweat, not to mention the stickiness of used KY all over my sore ass, but my feet were still locked into those high heels. In the end, I decided they looked plastic enough to handle it, and stripped myself of all that I could, everything but the shoes and the collar, and spend most of an hour in the refreshing steamy shower.

I promised myself that I wouldn't think about the future until I got out and had at least two mugs of coffee, but it was impossible to dodge all the questions my mind threw at me. What to say to Rebecca? What about Miss? Was I alone again, this time for a year? How was I going to get these fucking shoes off?

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I shut the water off and dried myself, shaking my head at how the heels looked on my hairless legs. I pulled a robe around myself (noting that my own white terry robe had been replaced with a sheer pink sheer number that barely reached my ass) and went into the kitchen for that coffee. I was still not very good at walking on the five-inch stilettos.

Steaming mug in hand, I had strength enough to survey my bedroom once more.

Surprises never seemed to stop for me now. Miss was waiting there, dressed in black leather boots, seamed stockings, a tightly stretched black vinyl skirt and wearing a laced corset over top of a sheer white blouse. She was smiling and filling a cardboard box marked “Goodwill” with all of the contents of my underwear drawer.

“Finally,” she said, smiling wide, her eyes nearly knocking me off my shoes. “Didn’t you wonder if that tramp would never wake up?”

I couldn’t really form any words.

“We have work to do, my Edward. We are making some changes today, and we have to decide to do with little Becky when she comes back for more.”

All I knew was her eyes.

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## Chapter Four

I stood frozen in the doorway, balancing atop six-inch pink plastic hooker heels, dressed in nothing but a sheer shortie robe with pink chiffon trim. Her presence, her voice, her beauty, and her eyes: they were the last things I had expected to find in my newly sissified bedroom.

She handed me a scrap of fabric, which turned out to be a pair of panties to match my robe; they consisted of little more than a scrap of sheer mesh with a poof of chiffon and some string that might be generously called a thong. I wordlessly slid them on, stretching them over my growing erection.

She told me to hold out my hands and when I complied she buckled black leather cuffs around my wrists, which she secured together behind my back with a heavy lock. She knelt down and locked similar cuffs onto my ankles; those she connected with a heavy 12-inch chain, hobbling me. Compared to the lightness and softness of my lingerie, they stood out hard and rough and strong.

She moved closer and painted my lips with a bright pink, bubblegum flavoured lip-gloss. I pouted and blotted like a good girl, without having to be asked. I couldn't think at all. I just wasn't prepared for this.

She had always disappeared on me. She'd always been gone once she'd made use of me. I had hated it, loathed it, and been cast into deep depression by it, but I suppose I also expected it. Now, like my body atop the heels, my mind was kept off balance.

Finally, she spoke. "Go out on the balcony for a while, my Edward, I have some work to do."

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My mind raced and I felt my eyes widen in horror, but the increased light only brought more of her face, her beauty, her power to me, and I could do nothing else but what she asked of me. I shuffled out of the bedroom, the chain rattling between my feet. With my tiny steps taking me through the living room and then outside onto the balcony, I felt the warmth of her eyes replaced with a burning humiliation reddening my face and neck.

My building is downtown so other buildings, mostly apartments and other condos, surrounded it. Standing out there, worse than naked, I didn't dare look around. If I didn't see anyone watching me then maybe no one was – and I certainly couldn't bear to look back into the eyes of anyone who had discovered my predicament.

With my hands trapped behind me I couldn't even attempt to cover myself and despite the cool breeze outside, the memory of seeing Miss kept my cock stiff, stretching at the wisp of fabric covering me. Occasionally I would also catch glimpses of her, through the windows, going through my home, tossing things from my closet and drawers into large cardboard boxes.

After a virtual eternity, Miss slid the door open and permitted me inside and led me into the bedroom. The closet door was open to show it nearly bare. I saw that most of my dresser drawers were empty as well. There were four large cardboard boxes taped shut near the door.

I wanted to look around, to try to get some sense of what was happening, what her plans were, but even then all I could do, all I truly desired, was to look into her eyes. The happiness in them seemed to have grown more complete and I felt that they warmed my heart, like I was seated near a campfire on a chilly fall night.

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Miss moved near me and unlocked my wrists as she said, “Move those boxes to the door, won’t you please, my Edward?”

I carried them, one at a time, into the foyer and noticed the challenges of balancing myself atop the heels, especially when the chain still limited me to twelve-inch steps. Luckily, the boxes were light, containing mostly clothing.

After stacking the last box near the door, I eagerly approached her where she sat regally in my living room. The anticipation had been worse since I knew the whole time that she was near – knowing those eyes were within moments of me and yet not visible was like dying of thirst and not being able get the faucet working. I lost myself again in her gaze as she smiled up at me.

“Kneel, my Edward, enjoy the drink I’ve prepared you.”

I slid down to the floor, kneeling before the coffee table opposite her. I took up the large glass and sipped steadily at the delicious drink, thick and cold and sweet like a milkshake. My eyes never left hers and I didn’t stop until the glass was drained. When I set it down empty on the table before me, she spoke once more.

“Now my Edward, I know you’ve gone through some doubts and I don’t blame you. I don’t even blame you for making plans with Rebecca. I know that even a sissy slut like you has needs for companionship and pleasure. I’ve learned a few things about her too, actually, and she seems quite lovely, if a bit innocent and inexperienced.” I couldn’t quite determine the tone of the soft smile that lit up her face that instant.

Her words had hung in the air only an instant when the phone rang, piercing the silence. I just wanted it

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to stop so that nothing might interrupt the music of the sound of Miss's voice.

Miss picked up the nearby handset without hesitation and glanced down at the call-display information. She let out a musical giggle and spoke, "Speak of the devil. You may speak to her, but you needn't tell her that anyone is with you."

With that, she pushed the speakerphone button and I muttered a nervous, "Hello."

Rebecca's voice, normally vibrant and warm, seemed nervous and awkward. "Ummm, hi Ed. It's me, Rebecca, and, um, I guess I wanted to talk about last night."

I was off balance as well, not at all knowing how to approach this. "Yes, I'd like that. I mean, you left so fast, and I think you were upset. I sort of wanted to try and explain, I mean, if I could."

"Ummm, yess, I think surprised, and I didn't mean to... I mean, I think I was shocked... I don't even remember... I mean we were having wine, laughing... then I felt a bit strange, and I don't mean to sound crazy, but I think I saw this amazing pair of eyes... well, then, I just woke up on top of you... and with... that thing... you know... in you... I've never done anything like that before..."

I looked over at Miss, and she just encouraged me to go on. She absolutely loved the affect that the night had generated.

"I know it is strange, Rebecca, but I think I can try to explain it all," I said, not believing a word of what I said.

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Miss was using her fingers in a beckoning motion and the words came out of my mouth before I thought about them, “Why don’t you come back over, Beck, and we can talk it all over, okay?”

“Sure,” she answered after a pause, “When should I come?”

“How about right now? I’ll make coffee and we can talk.”

“Okay.” I was simply amazed that she had just agreed. “I guess I’ll be there in about 45 minutes, okay?”

“Okay. I’ll see you soon.”

I looked up to Miss to have her gaze erase my doubts, nervousness and pure fear of accepting guests right now.

Miss hung up the phone and smiled warmth from her eyes into mine once more. “Excellent!”

My fears faded and were pushed back into dark corners of my mind, but they were not quite eradicated.

“Come, my Edward, we’ve got a lot of preparations to make!”

I stood and waited for instructions while gazing lovingly into her eyes fully. I knew by now that they could make me forget any problem, any doubt. At least I hoped so.

“Go, put on some coffee and set out the pastries you’ll find in the white box in the fridge. While you are making things in the kitchen ready, I have some things to do in here.”

I made my way into the kitchen, still clad in only the panties and trapped by my hobbling chain, and got to

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work. I was sad to leave her sight, but I could hear her working, moving about in the condo, and the thrill of having her near was still powerful. It seemed to keep me from having to question too deeply just what I was doing, or what might be waiting for Rebecca.

After so long, she was still with me. I busied myself in the kitchen, making everything perfect, grinding fresh coffee, setting out the sweets on a clean tray, cleaning up everything behind me. I brought them out to the living room.

Miss was stepping down off the sturdy coffee table gracefully. “Good. Now it is time to get you ready,” she said with a smile, and I smiled back, as I was hoping to be more normally clothed to face Rebecca. Miss had other plans. She unlocked my ankle cuffs and my shoes and told me to strip.

With so little to remove, I was completely naked before her in moments. Under the warmth of her eyes, even being stark naked but for lip gloss in my living room in the middle of the day on a Saturday didn’t seem at all strange.

Miss popped a homemade DVD into my AV player, and powered it up. “I want your full attention on the TV while I get you ready, my Edward, so you won’t be distracted.”

As the image came to life, I saw that it was her and I smiled and stared. She was larger than life, smiling, looking right into the camera’s lens, right into me. She seemed to be in some lovely park warmed by dappled sunshine, wearing a clingy red dress that managed to be classic and obscene all at once. The sounds of her voice and laughter amidst the outdoor noises filled the room thanks to the surround sound speakers. The large screen I

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had splurged on allowed her beauty to fill my eyes and mind.

I was dimly aware of the real Miss moving around me, dressing me, preparing me, but with the lovely moving images before me, I could almost completely separate myself into the world of the video, especially since I knew that was where she wanted my focus.

When she was finished, she stepped in front of the screen, placing her real eyes between mine and hers in the video as she shut the TV down. I blinked back to the real world and become aware of myself once more. I wasn't dressed in any way I would have planned to meet Rebecca. I wanted to speak, to protest, to beg, but as my lips opened Miss filled my mouth with a bright red rubber dildo gag.

She forced it between my teeth, deep enough so that I nearly gagged, and buckled it tight behind my neck. To my further horror, it was double-ended, with a large rubber cock wagging and jutting out about eight inches from where it sealed my mouth. She rolled a full-length mirror before me, so I could plainly see myself.

I was back in heels, five inches tall at least, of bright red patent leather, locked around my ankles. The red stood out against black fishnet stockings on my legs, drawn up in perfect symmetry to the black garter belt around my waist. Red lace bikini panties stretched over my cock and across the garter belts. A waist cincher was laced around me, tight enough to reshape my body, giving me an hourglass profile and accentuating my hips. Of course, I also wore a matching bra, which strained to hold up what had to be at least DD breasts. They had the form of real breasts, but they seemed to be full of a thick liquid, as they swayed and flowed freely with any minor movement I made.

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“Now,” she said, observing me from head to toe, “I think I’m almost out of time for this.” She pulled out a strange gleaming contraption, consisting of a series of gleaming metal rings linked along a leather spine. She tugged down the front of my panties and tucked the waistband beneath my balls.

She fed me into the thing, making sure they each circled my shaft. Once she had guided it all the way up to the base of my cock, she tucked my balls through the first ring, which was slightly larger. I was horrified by all of what was happening, but I was also obviously getting aroused; I was already stiff enough that it had been a tight fit to get me fully into the device.

She pulled my panties back up over me, but with my shaft pointing straight up and trapped against my body, my purple cockhead peaked out from above the thin waistband of the thong, and I felt the tightness pull the lingerie even further between my ass cheeks.

I looked into her eyes, searching for that feeling of comfort, warmth, reassurance to balance the pounding feeling of impending doom and humiliation. I found some of it, but with it came a further sense of her own glee at my torment.

Black leather cuffs with metal rings circling them were already buckled around my wrists and she used a large steel padlock to lock them together before me. She knotted a long length of white rope to the cuffs, the other end of which I noticed had already been threaded through an imposing metal ring she’d found time to install in the ceiling right above me.

Up until then, even with the comfort of her stunning eyes and beauty, I was afraid of the humiliation of my situation. Of the manner in which it seemed clear that she wanted to display me. Right then, my fear grew

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to a new level, as she held before me a large, gleaming steel hook that seemed about a foot tall. It was shaped something like a U-shaped fish hook, with a eye at one end, but at least the other end wasn't sharp – just softly rounded.

She moved behind me and I had to watch the mirror to see a sudden new fear realized. She coated the hook in thick lube and then carefully and slowly began guiding and inserting it up into my ass. It was nowhere near the size of the many objects I'd been fucked with the night before, but it was so cold, so hard, so unyielding. I could feel the end push up into me until the shaft of it pressed up against me, sliding up between my ass cheeks, finally reaching the small of my back when it could go no further.

Miss, still behind me, began to tug on the dangling rope, lifting my arms, which had been resting before me up over my head. She didn't stop until the rope was taut and my arms were stretched straight over my head. Even atop my ridiculous heels I had to get up further onto my toes. This did nothing to make my massive new tits seem any smaller; rather they were pushed high and together creating a generous valley of artificial cleavage.

The pain, the discomfort and the pure humiliation as she tugged the rope tighter still and began to secure it to the hook in my ass were a new low for me. The weight of my own arms was shaking and moving the hook, pulling it up even higher into me. Miss finally seemed satisfied as I moaned and whimpered and drooled around my gag, and she knotted it tight.

She wasn't finished with me yet, approaching with a three-foot-long metal bar with small rings at each end, which she proceeded to lock to my ankles via the padlock at my high heels. As my legs were forced wider my body

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sank by another inch or two and my ass and wrists bore even more of my weight. I struggled to relieve the pressure by lifting myself onto my tiptoes but I could only hold that posture for a few moments at a time. Making things worse, my cock was still growing more and more stiff. As it strained at the limits put upon it by the surrounding steel rings, it really began to hurt. I was clueless as to why my cock was betraying me, or what about this I was finding particularly arousing, but I could do nothing but moan.

Her preparations apparently complete, she stood right in front of me; so close that the lewd dildo jutting from my gagged mouth nearly touched her. She spoke softly while she comforted me with her stare, “I think it would be best, my Edward, if I did the talking when Rebecca comes over. You’ve been a bit unsure lately, and I know a lot of this is a surprise to you still. You’ve been through a lot, even in the last twenty-four hours – and I’m afraid the next two or three will be a bit of an ordeal as well.”

She paused as she reached down to stroke the painful bulge in my panties. “You see, I’ve been perfecting my very own blend of Viagra and Cialis in delicious shake form. Did you like the taste? The mixture manages to maximize both the size and duration of the erection. It does mean, however, that you’ll be finding out personally why they call this little toy,” she gripped and squeezed my aching cock, “the ‘gates of hell.’”

“Now, I hope you don’t mind, but I’m sure Rebecca will be here any moment, and I think it would be best if she and I had a little privacy.” My eyes went wide – was she going to move me yet? Instead, she placed small flesh-coloured plastic devices into my ears. They were like hearing aids, but instead of amplifying sounds around me, they were buzzing with a white noise that blocked out any other sound. Thankfully, as Miss turned the TV back on,

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they played the soothing sounds of her laughing and strolling through the idyllic park for me again, and my eyes could once more dance in hers.

I could observe her yet through stolen glances or out of the corner of my eye as she took away the mirror and fiddled with the trays of pastries on the coffee table before me, along with a pair of mugs and the steaming pot of coffee.

Even when I could not see her, I was still aware of her near me, but it was in a strange mix of dream and nightmare. I was partly in my own home, and partly out in paradise with Miss. I was partly in the bliss of her eyes, yet increasing in the real agony brought on by my cock trying vainly to burst out of its metal prison. I also had to alternate between the non-stop balance of alternating the burning pain between my legs and ass.

I didn't hear the door, but I watched Miss go to answer it. Rebecca looked casually lovely in a pair of faded jeans and a fitted sweater. Her simple beauty was a stunning contrast to the Miss's powerful and raw sexuality. There was also a strange difference about her, a wideness and openness to the expression on her face. Even as she moved deeper into the condo, she navigated the hallway without ever looking away from Miss's face. I could see Miss's lips moving but only a quiet happy acceptance on Becky's face.

Rebecca's gaze did break when she caught sight of me. Her head jerked to face me and her jaw dropped open. Miss placed a hand on her shoulder and kept speaking to her. Rebecca seemed to calm a bit but her eyes were doing a jerking dance between Miss's face and the bizarre sight of me trussed up and stretched and spread, displayed in lingerie, massive tits and all. A burning shame and a heated blush were adding to my

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torment, and they kept me from the full solace of Miss's recorded gaze still repeating on the screen before me.

I was caught between two worlds still, my gaze constantly returning to the image of my lovely lady on the TV, with accompanying sound still blocking out even a hint of the conversation taking place so close to me. Miss and Rebecca were sitting facing each other, each in one of my comfortable easy chairs: Miss was on my right and Rebecca on my left. They seemed oblivious to the constant pain of my throbbing cock right between them, though Rebecca did finally notice the other aspect of my predicament, notably the steel hook in my ass, pulling my arms high above my head. I'm sure the profile of the dildo gag was also very noticeable from where she sat, but it merited only an occasional glance.

I was drooling helplessly now, my arms and legs were sore and stiffening, and I could feel every pounding heartbeat in my tortured cock. I could look down, but I couldn't see much past the rubber phallus jutting from my mouth and my massive tits. I was sure the exposed head of my cock was deep purple and it felt ready to burst.

They sat and talked for at least an hour, though it was hard to gauge the passage of time. At some point, I could see a change happening, and Rebecca was looking at me more, as well as looking at Miss with a bigger and wider smile. The conversation was becoming one-sided again, and I could see Miss's lips moving, followed by Rebecca's nodding agreement, over and over. She kept her deep stare locked onto Miss's eyes, like they were her lifeline.

The two had been a calm tableau for so long that I was startled and entranced when Rebecca moved. She stood slowly and pulled her sweater up over her head, dropping it at my feet. There wasn't a single self-

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conscious glance at me, or at the wide-open curtains. The thin white tank top beneath it was next, simple dropped to the floor. Then, without hesitation, she unbuttoned her jeans and wriggled out of them, leaving her standing there, before Miss and before me in only a pair of mismatched underwear – a black cotton thong and a red satin bra. She was lovely and curvaceous, and I felt a refreshed pang of pain in my imprisoned cock. Rebecca's eyes never left Miss's.

There was a moment's pause, as Miss stood and circled her, and then with another motion of Miss's lips, Rebecca reached back and unclasped her bra, sliding it down her shoulders. Her full breasts barely sagged at all as they were freed. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her thong and slid it down, over her hips and down off her legs, stepping out of it gracefully, eager to look back up at Miss as soon as she could.

I was in awe, and even my own discomfort was pushed from the forefront of my mind while I watched, not only seeing her body fully for the first time, but also seeing the mirror of my own entrancement, even as I was held in its grip.

Rebecca was standing still, completely naked, and she had stepped her feet a bit more than shoulder length apart. Her fingers were interlaced behind her neck with her elbows out to her sides. Miss fitted a wide leather belt around her waist and buckled it tight. She then made a special show next of displaying a narrower leather belt to Rebecca. In the middle of it, secured with large metal studs, was a pair of dildos, both flared out; one was slightly larger than the other.

Both dildos glistened with lubricant, which was a generous touch, since Miss was not at all slow in pushing them up into Rebecca's pussy and ass. The end of the strap in front and back were buckled up firmly to the

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wide belt, and Miss gave numerous tugs to make sure they were as tight and deep as possible. Miss then covered her hips and legs with a shiny red latex pencil skirt. It clung to her curves like a second skin, pulling tight as Miss secured the zipper from the waist down to its lowest extent, about three inches below her knees. The zipper actually locked closed with a tiny padlock.

Next was a matching top, again in red latex, that zippered up in back. It took some work to get her into it and Miss had to use her hands to properly position Rebecca's breasts so that the low scooping neckline in front gave a generous view, barely covering her obviously stiff nipples. Miss then helped her into a pair of heels, red with a gleaming metal spike heel at least six inches tall.

Rebecca, following another command I couldn't hear, moved to stand at one end of the living room, facing out the window, her fingers still interlaced.

I was startled as Miss then turned her attention back to me. For so long I had been just a tormented afterthought, so it was unsettling to be involved again. She unbuckled my dildo gag and pulled it out of my mouth. A wash of drool spilled down my chin.

I wondered if she would free me, but that question was quickly answered in the negative. She moved behind me and hooked a kind of bungee cord to the ring at the top of my anal hook. The other end, once stretched up my back and over my head, was hooked to a pair of nose hooks that she promptly hooked up into my nostrils, forcing my head painfully back, leaving me staring at the ceiling.

I could see very little now, but I did get a perfect view of her hooking a full IV bag to my wrist cuffs. My mouth was re-filled with a ball gag with the special feature of a small hole drilled through the rubber ball, through

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which she fed the end tube of the IV. She opened the flow valve, and she stepped down from the table, thus disappearing from my view.

I heard her wonderful voice, not directly, but via the tiny speakers in my ear buds. “We have to go out for a couple hours now, my Edward. We’ve got some shopping to do. Rebecca has kindly agreed to help me pick out a new wardrobe for you, and no doubt a couple pieces for her too. You’ve got some space in your closet after all. See you soon, my Edward, and enjoy your second shake.”

Tears were flowing from my eyes when the sweet taste hit my tongue. I had to drink it or drown in it. In minutes the pain in my cock that had eased without me even noticing was back in full force. As an added touch, the serene sounds of Miss’s voice were gone too, replaced with the sounds of my own squealing, moaning and groaning, no doubt recorded during my fucking the previous night.

My cock was in agony, my legs and arms were stiff and sore, my shoulders felt like they would give out any moment, and my ass felt like the hook would soon tear out of it. All of those pains combined didn’t match the torment I felt because I couldn’t see her eyes.

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## Chapter Five

My cock was raging, feeling like it wanted to explode but never quite able to. I could feel a pulse of pain come with the throbbing against the hellish steel cage that came with each heartbeat. I wished I could be free of my erection but at the same time I wanted to – needed to – cum after being that hard for so long.

My legs were in agony, spread and straining for so long in this position, atop the stiletto heels. I was feeling the weight of the immense fake breasts wear upon me as well. My shoulders ached – but it was easy choice to have them take more of my weight than the other choice: the evil anal hook. My neck was sore, thanks to my head being pulled back via the insidious nasal hook. Even amidst all this, it was still my cock that was the focus of my physical agony.

I couldn't tell how much time passed, likely untold hours, as I drifted in and out of cohesive consciousness. As far as I could tell, the dripping flow of the “shake” never stopped. I had to swallow mouthfuls of it down, over and over.

Though a corner of my vision, I saw that Miss and Rebecca had returned. I wondered if it was a hallucination at first, but a second strained look convinced me that what I was seeing was real. Between the two of them they carried so many bags and boxes that it took at least three trips to carry into the bedroom. I waited for them to return, to come for me, anything.

All I could hear were the maddening sounds of the recorded moans and groans, and with the position of my head I had some very large blind spots. I tried to sense them, tried to feel the motion of the air around my mostly exposed body – I was feeling, after all, that a

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healthy breeze over my cockhead would be all I needed to achieve release. I was fooling myself, as I still ended up jerking in a shock of surprise when I felt a hand on me, saw them reaching up to stop the flow of the IV bottle, felt the unbelievable release of having the nose hook pulled down and removed. Being able, finally, to lower my head again made me fully aware of just how stiff and sore my neck was. The quiet calm of having the earphones removed was sweet relief to my addled mind.

I hated myself, at that moment, for just how happy I was to be able to see her face again, to lose my worries and doubts and discomforts in her eyes, to so quickly forget the agony I had been left in for her amusement. It was the briefest glance, as Miss continued to move around me. Behind me once more, she pulled heavily down on the rope, stretching my arms even more, pulling me up on the limit of my toes. It seemed so cruel, until I realised she was gather slack to be able to slide the hook down out of my ass.

She drew it out and removed it from the rope, and finally I was able to lower my arms. It was awkward, with them cuffed together, as they tended to naturally land over my cock; any contact only made the pain more acute. Having to open my arms to fit over the fake breasts helped, but having my arms squeeze them together was obscenely embarrassing. I looked down, over my body and predicament. The panties were stretched taut and there was a wet stain of precum marking the outline of my cockhead.

My mind swayed back and forth uneasily between agony and ecstasy. The ache and pain of the last few hours bubbled up inside me, but every time her eyes swayed over me, it all receded instantly, replaced with calm and happiness, thankfulness to be here with her, and an insane willingness to do it all over, to do even more, if it meant I could drown in her gaze.

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I idly wondered what might have become of Rebecca, but only as a mild curiosity. This time I was not made to wait long, as Miss chose that moment to beckon her out of the bedroom.

It was freshly humiliating for me to be seen as I was, but when I saw the mortified wideness of Rebecca's eyes, I felt a flash of anger and jealousy. I knew she was wearing a lot less than she might have been used to, but how could she feel anything but lucky compared to what she had seen me endure? It was gone in a moment, followed by guilt, as I knew that without me in her life, Rebecca would not be going through any of this. Lust was there too, along with the balanced pain, as my cock tried to react. My emotions seemed to be spinning out of my control.

She was stunning, head to toe, clicking out all in white, starting from the floor with leather high-heeled boots. Her legs were wrapped in gleaming latex stockings and since she had not been allowed or given any panties, the latex garter belt framed her pink pussy, now shaved completely bare. On top she had been dressed in a white latex bustier that was so low cut and tight that it squeezed her already generous breasts high and together, making them appear even larger. They swelled out and her flesh looked taut, like inflated balloons.

She wore a latex hood that was smoothed all the way down over her neck. There was a small opening, high on the back, which allowed her long brown hair to escape as a single ponytail. Her face was reduced to a circular opening at the front exposed her eyes and nose, but covered her mouth. The contours of her lips under the second skin seemed to suggest that she was well gagged beneath it.

Despite her obvious emotional discomfort, she never hesitated to obey Miss's commands or instructions,

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and she followed the lead of her eyes as though drawn behind them by a leash. She did laps around my living room, around me. Miss had her move and pose in a variety of positions and poses, as though testing her mobility, or trying to see if there might be a way to get those breasts to finally burst free. Perhaps she was purely using Rebecca to torment me, as her final task in the living room was to step up to me, so close that her breasts pressed against the fake pair in my bra, and slide her body down, until she was rubbing her encased head against my straining cock through the panties, like a kitten eager to greet its owner.

Seeing her there, looking down at the valley of tight cleavage, feeling her stroke against me was agonizing. Her body was working on my lusts and growing needs, but my every reaction felt like a knee in my groin. It was with mixed feelings, then, that I felt Miss releasing me ankles from the spreader bar and leading me away from her. Rebecca was left kneeling in the middle of the living room as I could do nothing but follow Miss into my bedroom.

My closet, still empty, was wide open and I was led to the gaping doorway. There were now metal rings at the top and bottom of the doorframe on each side and they were the points to which my body was stretched anew, facing into the room. Her face had been so close to mine, her eyes smiling at me, and it was only after the locks had clicked shut that I realized how willingly I had held my hands and legs out to be restrained.

I was gagged once more with the lewd double-ended dildo gag. Familiarity made it no less humiliating to have the rubber cock jutting and swaying from my lips. It seemed she required one more agony, as she came at me with what looked like a wooden broomstick with a large floppy dildo fixed to one end. She cut away my panties, tossing them aside, and guided the toy up into my ass,

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causing me to groan audibly around the gag, and brought the pole vertical as she did so, until it was jammed tight between my spread body and the floor, making me squirm up onto my toes as much as possible once again.

I got a moment to look down and see my straining cock. It looked red and angry, attempting to swell around, almost engulf the series of gleaming steel rings. My cockhead, out beyond the last ring, was purple and swollen and glistening. I was afraid to know what touching it might feel like.

She then wrapped a wide, stiff leather collar around my neck. It was contoured, so as she tightened and buckled it onto me, I felt it hold my head still and immobile. I felt a leather leash affixed to a small steel ring at the front dangle down between my false breasts. There was little I could do but to stare straight ahead, over the bed.

With me trussed up, Miss turned to attention and gaze back to Rebecca. The very moment she left the bedroom to fetch her, I felt her absence, and my own unbelievable position, hit me like a baseball bat. It was too late, as even if I wanted to resist, I could no longer move more than a few inches in any direction. It did allow a few moments to think, however. I'd felt this enough, both the highs and the lows, for it to be clear how she affected me was far beyond than could be explained by her beauty. Added to that now, seen in such vivid detail, was that Rebecca also had to be experiencing the same thing. I knew her enough to be confident that she harboured no sexual arousal to the opposite sex. I started to wonder what it all might mean, but clarity of thought was gone once they returned.

Rebecca was led right past me and up onto the bed. She crawled up until she was on all fours, kneeling and waiting. Miss buckled thick leather cuffs, of matching

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white, onto her wrists and ankles. Rather than stretch her out spreadeagle, she pulled her wrists down to her ankles, locking the cuffs at each side together with heavy padlocks. Her face was pressed down into the pretty sheets and her ass was lifted high, offered up to Miss's desires.

I felt a sympathetic déjà vu as I saw Miss buckling the harness onto her hips, placing the overstuffed bag of toys at the ready, and drawing out the first dildo to slop with lube and fit into place. The muffled groan that escaped from behind Rebecca's hood confirmed for me that a gag was hidden there. Miss drove up into her pussy in a single long thrust, only to draw herself nearly out, before ramming home again. If Rebecca was given the mercy of Miss's gaze, it was not to be via the mirror, but from stolen glances backwards.

Seeing this act repeated from the equally helpless perspective of a voyeur made me squirm not only with what I saw, but also with anticipation of what I knew was to come. I learned quickly to stop squirming, as it only antagonized the toy in my own ass. I soon realized that Rebecca would have it worse than I had, as Miss made it immensely clear that she would not stop pounding into Rebecca's sex until she was forced to orgasm. Added to that, after the inevitable pause to photograph the protruding toy, Miss did not move immediately to the next, larger one, but fucked her ass with each one as well.

And so, for hours, there I was stretched out to watch. Each time I heard Rebecca's ragged moans at her use, and then even more tormented ones as she was brought to the crest of an unwanted orgasm. The brief glances of her body while empty of toys, showed me her lips and clit swollen, no doubt sensitized to the point of agony. The rhythm was unbreakable: Fuck, photo, fuck, photo, larger, toy, and repeat.

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From my position, I was at least spared the pain and ache of it, the shame of feeling myself taken over and over. Soon enough I felt my own kind of shame; I became aware of my own renewed ache from the gates of hell and realized that I was aroused by what was happening. The smell in the room was now thick with sex and sweat, and the Miss's gleeful moans were harmonizing with Rebecca's aching groans and orgasming gurgles.

I recognized the large red rubber phallus, with all its raised bumps. They appeared to work on Rebecca just as they had on me, creating a kind of fresh new hell of sensation. Just as with the others, she took it twice. I wondered if the orgasms were a release for her at all, or just a different torment.

Miss seemed to pause afterwards, as the dildo hung out of Rebecca's ass after the latest photo. She was looking over the remaining toys, fingering them lightly, but not yet choosing any particular one of them. After a still moment, she turned back to me, giving me direct attention for the first time since she had finalized my restraint. The wave of pleasure, completeness and completeness that I had come to recognize from her eyes washed over me as she looked me up and down, but there was also a kind of purposeful wickedness in her smile that sent a shiver through me.

She approached, letting her fingernails slide down between my false breasts, over my stomach, and to the base of my tortured shaft.

“Yes, you know, I think it would be a shame to waste this,” she whispered.

She was efficient and quick as she freed my ankles and wrists from the doorframe. She let me stand free on the heels, but my ankles were joined together with a chain

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of maybe a foot in length. The dildo, still stuffed deep inside me, pulled the wooden handle dragging behind me as I was led to the foot of the bed.

Miss was right behind me, pressing me forward, until my shins were against the bed, and I was inches from Rebecca's body, glistening with sweat and the oozing mixture of lubricant and her own juices. Her ass was nearly as red as the dildo that still filled it.

Miss was so close, pushing against me, and her voice was a rough scratch in my ears. "Fuck her. I know you wanted to. I know you still want to. I know you were watching me fuck her and wanting it too. Fuck her hard. Now."

I did want it. I wanted to feel her wet around me. I wanted release, anything, for my cock. I wanted to do what Miss wanted. My heart was hammering away inside me.

With my shaft jutting straight out from my body, I didn't really need my hands to line myself up with her, and I buried myself between her swollen folds, sliding up inside her. It was at once bliss and agony.

I wanted to drive hard, thrust deep, but the sweet velvety heat of her only made my cock react hungrily, trying all the more to swell past the limits of its cage. Each motion inside her was a fresh slap of pain, and as I felt my knees buckling I slowed to a near stop.

Miss would have none of it, taking hold of the dildo's long handle, and driving me forwards. Her thrusts rammed me forward, full and deep inside Rebecca, so much so that my body forced the dildo fully back up inside her ass as well. As she drew the handle back, I followed, looking down at my reddened cock, slick and angry, drawing out of her like an obscenely ribbed sex toy.

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Miss's voice started to chant, to match the pistoning thrusts. "Take her, take her, fuck her, for me..." Over and over. Never stopping, forcing me through my own pain. Every move I made was a balance between two agonies, my cock and my ass, with the dildo gag flopping lewdly from my gagged mouth as a comic side-note.

The pain, the chanting, the intensity of it all was numbing my mind, blurring time and experience. I noticed gleaming wetness on Rebecca's ass, and I realized they were my tears. In time, I felt a change too, a new tightness around my cock. It took me a few strokes to realize it was not my reactions or something that Miss was doing, but that it was Rebecca. Her pussy was spasming, tightening around me, gripping me. I noticed a change in the tone of her stifled verbal reactions, and I knew she was cumming again.

I was in a newly intensified torment. I wanted so badly to cum with her. I wanted release. I needed to feel my body given the reward I had surely earned after all these hours of erection. I wanted to feel thick cum spurting out of me, up inside her. I wanted to scream with shared orgasm. Instead, my only screams were of frustration and pain. The sensation of being engulfed inside Rebecca, the sweets sounds of her cresting, the heat of it all, the knowledge I was sandwiched between her and Miss – none of them were enough to overcome the painful trap. The infuriating device would just not let me cum. As Rebecca's pleasure slowly receded, I could bear it no longer, and as Miss freed my ass of the dildo, I sank down to my knees, overcome and sobbing.

Neither Rebecca nor I were given any relief. Miss's reaction to my collapse only teased me further. "A wonderful idea, my Edward!" she squealed, and her hands pushed my head forwards, burying the rigid cock of my gag just as deep into Rebecca as I had been moments ago.

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Miss moved beside the bed now, guiding me with her eyes as much as with my leash, pulling me forwards again and again. This was an altogether different experience. I was freed of my own torment, and my senses were overwhelmed. The scent of Rebecca overtook me from so close, the sound of the wet sloshing of the dildo up into, the taste of her juices as they oozed onto my face and lips and gag. Most of all, it was Miss's eyes, so close and intense and guiding me as much as each tug of the leash. I seemed to sink right into her mind and sense of pleasure.

Time was moving differently, so I had no idea if it had been slower or faster, but I was aware once more of the change in Rebecca's noises, the increase of nectar, and her body shaking as she was driven to another unwanted orgasm. I was sure that if her restraint had allowed it, she would have just crumpled down onto the bed. I knelt there, so close and waiting. After a few minutes, her breathing calmed and quieted.

“Shall we allow her a bit of rest, my Edward?” Miss whispered to me.

I nodded in response, once again embarrassed by the flopping dildo I wore for a mouth, now slick and wet with Rebecca's juices.

“Yes,” she said to herself as much as to me, “Let's do that. Besides, we can't really do anything with your little cage until you calm down a bit.” She took hold of the leash and led me, on all fours, out of the bedroom, down the hall, and into the guest bedroom.

As she pushed the door open for us, I noticed that it too had been redecorated in pinks, silks and lace. The bed frame was wrought iron, painted bright white, standing out against the pink, with flowery details and graceful curves. She guided me up onto the mattress, and

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laid me down on my back. Miss drew my knees up to my chest, until they nearly reached my huge tit mounds. She looped and bound a long rope just beneath each knee and then trapped my legs double with leather belts that buckled my thighs and calves together. The dangling ropes from my knees were pulled up, high and wide, towards my head and bound to the headboard. They were pulled so taut that my ass was nearly lifted off of the bed.

To keep me from sliding up the bed, intentionally or not, she affixed ropes from my remaining wrists cuffs down to the footboard, stretching my arms tight down along my sides. In this position my cock stood, still in its drug and erotically induced erection, coated and slick from Rebecca's pussy, pointing directly at its rubber partner at my gagged face. The engorged flesh of my shaft was angrily swollen around each ring, looking every bit as tortured as it felt.

I watched in morbid curiosity, also trying to catch the slightest glimpse of her eyes as she worked. She was placing one more object on the bed, but I could barely see it, having to look down past my ridiculous cleavage. It was another dildo, mounted on a thin steel rod that extended from a metal box, about a foot square. Miss had secured the box to the middle of the footboard. She was slow and careful with her preparations, making me fear them all the more. I let go a moaning gurgle into the gag as she caused the dildo, slick and wet with lube, up into my spread ass. I could feel the fresh soreness all over again.

Lying there, for a moment I thought I felt as low and humiliated and in pain as I could possibly feel. Miss leaned over me, a small control in her hands. Her eyes revealed her smile, which pushed all the ache away from me. Then she pushed the button. The box began to hum and the dildo began to move, pistoning at the end of the steel rod, almost drawing out of me before it drove back

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in. It was steady, firm, merciless and devoid of emotion. It was just a machine, fucking my ass, over and over, at an infuriatingly slow pace.

Miss leaned over and actually gave me a soft kiss on the forehead. “Well, I’ve more work to do, my Edward, so I will let you rest. Once you’ve softened a touch, we’ll see if we can’t get those gates of hell of you.” I dropped my head back in defeat. Her fingernails tailed teasingly down my body once more. When she reached my crotch, she twisted and moved her fingers, cupping my full and swollen balls. It felt electric, almost pleasurable, until she gripped them and squeezed them tight. My scream was a raspy gurgle and the pain seemed to make my body shake. When I could open my eyes again, she was gone and I was alone behind the closed bedroom door.

She was gone, and over the monotonous hum of the fucking machine, I couldn’t hear what might have been happening outside the bedroom.

Again, some semblance of rational thought seemed to be allowed me, after a time. I didn’t want it, though. I didn’t want to be confronted by what I was doing, what I was allowing to be done to me, or what might further await wonderful Rebecca in the other room. I screwed closed my eyelids, trying to bring back the vision of Miss’s eyes. After a long while, in the darkening room, as I was repeatedly and mechanically violated, I fell away into a kind of sleep.

I awoke to the sensations of Rebecca, dressed now in a thigh-length mini-dress of body-hugging transparent latex, freeing my cock from the gates of hell. She was gagged tight with a red rubber ballgag. The soft quality of light made me assume it was now morning. Though her dress, I could see she was again wearing the leather belt at her waist and between her legs. I had no

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doubt it was holding the pair of rigid rubber toys inside her.

I saw a moment of recognition in her eyes, through her distant gaze. Forgetting my own torment, I felt so terrible for having drawn her into this. She was an innocent and had always been so wonderful to me. She had been a beacon in my darkness hours. She could have never expected that her kindness would be repaid like this.

Now, she seemed as trapped as I was. She moved with a kind of fearful mechanized jerkiness. I didn't know if it was the daze of needing Miss's gaze, fear of future torment, or both. She touched me as little as possible, as though repulsed by my condition or not willing to add to it. I know she was following Miss's orders, no matter how bizarre and unfamiliar this world was to her. I knew exactly the draw of Miss's eyes that would be urging her past all unwillingness.

She did not free me from the bed, but she did remove the dildo gag, though only long enough to replace it with a large ring gag that was a struggle to get past my teeth. Most happily, she removed the fucking machine, drawing its now-immobile dildo from my stretched and tormented ass.

Just as Rebecca was setting the awkward device aside, Miss appeared, her smile expressing her pleasure at the preparations, and at Rebecca's apparently perfect obedience.

I wanted to resist her. Seeing Rebecca like this, transformed into a mindless puppet who could not be farther from her natural sweetness struck me so much harder than my own humiliating transformations. I tried to close my eyes, attempted to force myself to look away. Miss merely waited, and I could not say if it was curiosity

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or desire that drew my eyes back to hers. When I finally did, my torment and discomfort faded immediately in the calm reassurance of her gaze. Thoughts of anger and resistance and apology floated away into forgetfulness.

“It’s time for your reward, my Edward. You’ve been such a pretty decoration for Rebecca and me that I thought it only fair that she thank you. You see it’s time for another gift for you. It will be another first, I trust.”

The gag saved me from having to come up with any response. Miss took a place at the end of the bed, looking over me, her eyes burning into mine, her face framed by the V formed of my bound spread legs.

“Rebecca,” she explained, “is going to be the priestess for this lovely sacrament.”

Without another word, Rebecca clambered up onto the end of the bed, in front of Miss, kneeling on all fours. Her face rose up between my thighs. I wanted to judge her expression but I could barely make myself look away from Miss. I did notice that her breasts were pressed tightly together by the dress. Had the fabric been anything but the clinging latex, they would have surely tumbled out. Her nipples were visibly hard; the peaked buds would have been seen even if the material had not been transparent. Her face, still lovely even now, was distorted by the size of the ball gag and the tight pull of its straps indenting her cheeks.

It was with her hands that she next drew my attention. They were suddenly tight around my shaft, pumping me faster and faster without warning. I don’t believe I was drugged, but after the teasing of the night before, with the vision of Rebecca before me, and the glowing beauty of Miss’s eyes to top it all off, I was rock hard in an instant.

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Rebecca was working me over with a hungry intensity. She was squeezing and pumping him, faster and tighter with each passing moment. Miss was right there behind her, leaning over her, whispering her encouragement as she smiled into my eyes and soul.

It was only with the first tensing of my muscles, a kind of electric pulse of sensation at my purple cockhead, that I became fully aware of implications of the geometry of my restraint. I was hard, throbbing, and ready to explode in seconds with all the delayed release of my merciless torment. My cock, however, just happened to be pointed directly at my own mouth, which happened to be held wide open by the ring gag. There would be no reprieve via Rebecca, as both her hands were tight around me, and her mouth was gagged tight and full.

My conscious mind, the mind of my old self, was rebelling, revolted by the seeming inevitability of what was coming, but my body was too far gone to be stopped. After those drugs, the non-stop caged ache of being in the gates of hell, even having to wear it to fuck Rebecca for the first and perhaps only time, deprived of release over and over, my balls felt heavy and full as they slapped against my body, and would not be denied.

I couldn't even really prepare myself, looking up at the faces of Rebecca and Miss. Rebecca with her drooling, stretched lips and jiggling breasts providing such a different message that the silent protest behind her wide yes. Even far more than that, Miss's eyes were a world to be lost in, an oasis to find every possible joy within.

My explosion was sudden, ragged, raw and overwhelming. The first thick shot of cum was guided perfectly right into my gaping mouth by Rebecca's aim, hitting just a bit of my upper lip before splashing down onto my tongue. My spasming cock kept spurting, over

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and over, lobbing globs of jism at me. Rebecca was now milking me as much as she was pumping me. At least five heavy loads were guided into my open mouth until the last, in its weakness, left only thin wet line over my chin and neck. I could taste myself sharp, musky and salty. I fought the reflex to gag. There seemed to be so much, coating my lips and floating in my mouth, yet I resisted swallowing.

Miss's voice floated over me once more, with a warm smile in her eyes. "Take it. Drink it. Know forever that you have done this for me." And so I did.

In moments they were gone and I was left there, bound and alone with my thoughts filling my mind just as my taste filled my mouth. Eventually I drifted back to an uneasy sleep tormented with dreams.

I woke with a start, the sky now blue and bright in the window. I found myself stripped completely and freed of all restraints. I pressed my ear to the door, but couldn't hear any voices or noises outside the room. I tried the handle but found that it had been locked from the outside.

Resigned to waiting, I went back to crawl into the bed. I tried to comprehend the building malaise I was feeling. I knew that eating my own cum was a new low but in taking it all in, it really wasn't that much past many of the other events of my new life. And after all, I had seen the smile in Miss's eyes when I erupted. I knew to my horror I would still do anything for that experience.

I did feel bad for Rebecca. I could tell she didn't want this, any more than I had when it started. She was such a pure spirit and the kinds of things she had seen, done and had thrust upon her were miles outside her realm of experience. I wondered if she would recover, what she would think of me, or Miss's role in all of it.

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Would she too wear a mark on her that would deny her the dismissal of all of this as a nightmare? As much as all of this did weigh on me, I knew that it didn't explain how I felt, how empty and alone my heart was.

I hated myself as the truth hit me. The very moment the thought entered my mind I knew it was inescapable. It was Miss; I wished I could see her eyes.

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## Chapter Six

As bizarre as it seems, my life settled into a kind of normal over the following weeks and months. Miss redid the decorations of the master bedroom once more, to suit her own tastes and wishes, as it became her domain, even though she did not spend every night there.

The guest room, remaining as a princess room, was now mine. My new wardrobe, consisting of the kinds of outfits I had been dressed in so far for Miss's amusement, as well as various humiliating uniforms and various implements of torment, teasing and restraint, was moved into my new closet. Any of my old clothes that remained were kept under lock and key in Miss's room.

To go to work I was required to come to her for the gift of clothing. I wore only panties for underwear, and she often chose to send me out into the world wearing stockings as well. Toys meant to play upon my body and mind were also a frequent inclusion. Some days I would be bent over and stuffed with one from the very start, feeling it aching inside me all day long as I pretended to be a normal man.

Another day, I might find a gag or dildo or plug sent along with me in my briefcase, along with a detailed note from Miss instructing me just when, where and how I was to subject myself to it.

Miss set up video messaging on my computer at home, so that she could also contact me with the full force of her power at any time she chose during the day. I had begun to accept and understand her control of my will, of my mind. That is what it was; I had no doubt.

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Her eyes gave me a gift, happiness, pure bliss that I had become addicted to. I would do anything to keep feeling it.

In a kind of strange irony, the more I accepted it, the more I was able to keep it in balance. I was no longer plunged into depression when I didn't see her for hours during the day, or even if she didn't spend the night with me, because I knew that she would be back. I knew I was hers; for better or for worse, it was irrelevant.

Just as she had marked my body with the tan, shaved legs and balls, and with the tattoo, she continued to put her sign upon me. The small silver rings piercing my nipples were new enough to still make me constantly aware of them. They teased enough to keep them erect, and they bounced when I walked. Typical of the many ways in which Miss had changed my life, it acted as a kind of constant awareness that I was hers, and that there were no limits to how she might show it.

The details of my new life were kept as a contained secret. I was again a regular customer of Lucy's, so she saw the physical changes and the hidden wardrobe. She had seen the bases of buried plugs on more than one occasion. She had even calmly and professionally made the best of it when Miss sent me there while locked within a steel chastity harness.

There was also Rebecca, of course, somewhere out there, who knew, but I had not seen her since she had used her hands to force upon me my first (but not last) taste of my own cum. Miss did not speak about her, and I did not dare ask. If she was free, out there, recovering her old life, trying to forget those things had ever happened, I wished her well.

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My acceptance of this did not imply any kind of numbness. I felt it all acutely and powerfully. Miss knew just how to work upon my mind, escalating her plans slowly and inventively, always keep me off balance. I never seemed to lose myself completely into a new world, and never quite became used to it.

I still felt embarrassment, fresh and hot, every time I exposed my panty-wearing sissy ass to Lucy. I was constantly nervous about panty lines that might show through my pants. I had to think, every time I crossed my legs at work, to remember whether or not I would be exposing stockings or nylons at my ankles. I had given up using urinals at all, not wanting to give a flash of coloured lace to anyone beside me.

Miss also had the perfect unknowing accomplice in Denise, my assistant. She was always there, just outside my door, never aware of what I might be wearing or filled with, seconds away from accidental discovery. She came to know Miss as my girlfriend, and was not surprised by occasional unannounced pop-in visits. Miss would delight in having me close the door to my office, but leave it unlocked, while she had me put on some toy, or open my shirt to write something humiliating on my chest in lipstick or marker.

She would have me go so far as to remove my pants completely, tucking them in a desk drawer, sitting behind my desk in some particularly colourful pair of panties with matching stockings, and then have me call Denise in to get some contract from the file, research some inane question, or simply to chat about her weekend. Often, Miss would have me leave the IM window open, so she could watch along, as I tried to act normally while I squirmed in my chair, my face getting redder and redder.

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None of this ever got any easier. I never felt any less like a fool or sissy dressed in those ways. The toys never stopped aching. The periods, be they hours or days or weeks, when I was not allowed to cum never got any less frustrating or painful. The only thing that happened, I suppose, is that I knew they were worth it.

The gift of her gaze never stopped being an incredible rush. I came to think of her smiles as her expression of care for me, even perhaps a kind of love. I felt what I came to think of as love for her too. There were challenges she put before me, and games she loved to play with me, but I didn't know what else to call the overflowing emotion I felt towards her when I saw those eyes. She was capable of making happier, more at peace and more complete that I had even known was possible. I didn't dare know what it was if it wasn't love.

Whatever all of this was, it was mine. It was my life. There were highs and lows, to be sure. Whatever the lows, however, I could still feel Miss's desire and pleasure in them. I knew that the pain or humiliation meant reward.

The only flaw, the only nagging thought I could not get out of my mind, was guilt. I still thought of how Rebecca must have felt when she was taken on my bed, over and over, enduring not only the merciless toys but her own body used against her, driving her to orgasm after orgasm. I could feel the humiliation she must have endured, looking down at her own lovely body contorted into a lewd sideshow in that clear latex dress, having even the toys filling her exposed for her audience to see.

I wondered what she had been subjected to, or forced to do with the illusion of free will, during her

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shopping trip with Miss. I wondered how she might have been dressed when Miss had sent her home. There were so many questions I had, but I couldn't ask them. She became the symbol of my old life, something to miss, perhaps or to reminisce upon; someone to wish well as they continued without you.

As much as I wanted to know some of these answers, I was happy that I didn't. I was relieved that she was no longer a part of Miss's games with me. In my mind's eye I imagined her free, and got some solace in thinking that the visions of Miss, of both of us, would be fading from her mind just as they had once done for me. I wondered if it would be quicker for her. Would she truly feel the same love and joy in Miss's eyes that I did?

Miss never questioned me about her either, though her role in my development would occasionally come up in her speech. There were photos of those experiences as well I came to know. I had only to see myself in that pose, the hook looking even crueler from the back, and I could remember exactly how Rebecca and Miss had looked around me. Miss's eyes would always search mine as she made me relive these memories.

I thought, as Miss never pressed the matter, that she too had put Rebecca in the past. I imagined that Miss thought of her as little more than any of the other toys she had used on my body and mind.

With so much more free time for Miss to work with, I grew to have more agonizing anticipation of weekends. There was often more elaborate preparations of my body, or a choice of garments that would take longer and longer to fit or squeeze myself into, or for that matter, into me.

There was one Saturday when Miss took advantage of that time to prepare me for a further

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opening of the small circle of my secret. My clothing had been intricate and carefully chosen. A corset laced impossibly tight upon me was put on early so that I could become accustomed to it, only to have it laced even tighter when I did. My orifices were sealed with gags and plugs and my cock was kept hard via her special shake and trapped mercilessly. Bondage of rope and leather and steel kept me completely immobile in the centre of my own living room. I was displayed for her friends as a kind of feature artwork during a cocktail party. I had been blindfolded as well so I had seen none of them, but I had been subjected to their groping hands, teasing tickles at prodding torment.

And so, coming home one Friday, my mind was mixed with feelings of anticipation, fear, and curiosity. Running through my past uses and the possibilities that they had begun to stimulate in my increasingly depraved imagination, I still could not have anticipated what I found.

Nothing.

The apartment was unchanged, and while I thought I caught something of her scent, I could tell it was empty of her eyes.

On the coffee table, was the smallest pink envelope. I rushed to open in.

*My Edward,*

*You've been such a good boy, such a good sissy. I want to have you as my own, forever. All that remains is just one more thing, a kind of test or choice. After this, I know we can be linked completely. You will see me again when the task is complete.*

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My heart sank as I read through the instructions. I knew with even more certainty that she was gone – though I did walk in a daze through the quiet and empty apartment. I read the entire letter again, sinking into the couch. I loved her completely. Her eyes had seared my heart and soul forever, and she owned my mind like no one could. Still, I didn't really know if I could do this.

The next day, I called Rebecca at home. She hung up as soon as she recognized my voice. I tried again in the afternoon, and there was no answer. It seemed just as well, and I left a long message, saying how I wanted to apologize for all that had happened, how I was sorry she had ever been involved in this part of my life, how I cared for her and wished her well, and how, if she would let me, I would just like to see her for coffee somewhere and say goodbye. I made sure to let her know I was proposing somewhere public, safe and normal.

It took a couple more days before she would even answer the phone for me, and it was the next weekend before she consented to coffee. It was to be Saturday morning, early, at a busy downtown Starbucks. I agreed readily and thankfully.

I arrived early, and I saw her enter, still with a wary look in her eyes. She was just as beautiful as always, though I sensed that her guard was up, robbing her complexion of some of its natural ease. Her smile was thin, polite.

Once past the initial awkwardness, and when I somehow managed to convince her I was not trying to trap her, or even get back together with her, we fell into a kind of rhythm that recalled the promise of our ill-fated relationship. We talked for hours, mainly with me leading the conversation, trying to explain that I was so sorry she was ever involved. I told her she had been a gift to know, appearing just when I needed someone to be kind to me,

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and it was cruel the way that my life had snagged and damaged her.

In time I could see her softening, accepting my apologies. She began to tell me that it was taking time, but that she was letting go of her anger. She was mostly sorry that what seemed like a promising relationship didn't work out, and while she didn't really fully understand my new relationship, she was ready to wish me well. She seemed to understand that the choices made that day regarding her had not been mine.

I told her that I would be leaving soon, that I had to leave this city behind as I was letting go of my old life. I took a deep breath, going on, telling her that as she remained the biggest link to that life, it had been so important for me to tell her these things, and that I wanted to get a gift for her. She seemed flattered, more by her place in my life than the gift – she was just so good – but she finally agreed to let me take her shopping.

We meandered through the streets, some busy, some quiet and deserted; we were mostly talking and reminiscing about our brief time together and our favourite parts of the city. I almost wanted to reach down and hold her hand.

We appeared to lose track completely of where we were when the sparkling display of glittering lights on beautiful jewellery stopped her in her tracks. I saw the look in her eyes, took her arm, and led her inside. The store was empty of staff or other customers but there was more than enough to look at to keep us busy. When we saw the necklace, it was as if it had its own spotlight trained upon it. I knew she would love it, even as a soft gasp escaped her lips.

It didn't take too much convincing to get her to try it on. I held it up in my fingers and she turned her

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back to me. As she lifted her hair with her hands, the tiny wisps remaining only made her neck more alluring. I draped the chain around her neck, watching the pendant lie heavy and perfect between her breasts. I could feel my own warm breath escape over her neck as I removed the soaked handkerchief from the plastic bag in my pocket to press and hold firmly over her mouth and nose. There were moments of confused struggling, but soon enough she sank down to her knees on the floor.

When she started to rouse from her slumber, I studied her slow reactions to the confusing realizations about her position, her situation. Her body looked so incredible, and I wondered if anyone else than me will see or know the disconnect between the simple beauty of her soul and the way I had posed her.

Her toes were pointed and her feet encased in black leather calf-length ballet boots. The large fishnet pattern of the stockings that rose out of them made a delicious contour map out of her legs; the tops of the stockings were artfully stretched in perfect symmetry by garter belts. Her pussy, freshly and completely shaved, was just barely visibly behind the sheer white fabric of her panties. Invisible inside her was the plastic egg vibrator, already humming constantly, that had caused her to moisten with arousal even before she had awakened.

The wide vibrating plug in her ass, in contrast, was set to provide brief but intense pulses of vibration every twenty minutes. Her belly was at once soft and taut, and her breasts were offered up in a matching white quarter-cup push-up bra. Her nipples, standing out stiff and fully exposed, were circled tightly, held erect, by tiny looping golden chains from which were suspended lovely, if heavy, orbs of jewelled gold. Her lips were painted red and stood out starkly against a pure white ball gag. Her makeup was immaculate, and her hair had been done up with the formed perfection of a bridesmaid.

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Her body was upright and spread, like a living St. Andrews Cross. Her ankles were trapped in white leather cuffs and locked with short chains to the eye rings embedded in the floor. The spacing of those rings held her legs wide. Her hands, cuffed as well in matching wrist cuffs, were drawn over her head, spread just as wide. Every exposed inch of flesh gleamed and shone, as I had massaged her with glittering baby oil.

The terror, followed so quickly by flashing anger and disbelief in her eyes let me know for sure that she was finally awake.

I stood just inches from her, whispering into her ear.

“Rebecca, I truly am sorry. You really were the best part of my old life. You were pure and kind to me, but I have to make this choice. I have to leave that life behind, completely, and I can’t allow myself to know you might be here waiting for me. I have to leave you here instead. In time, there will be someone to take you away. I hope they will take you just as I have been taken, that they will be able to give you the kind of overwhelming joy I feel, but I don’t really know if that will happen.”

“I could try to tell you, even tell myself that I am being forced to do this, but I am the one making this choice, I am the one completing this challenge because I know, no matter what is behind it, that Miss that holds my future. My life is hers. I’m sorry I have to choose, but I do. I have.”

And so I left her. I flipped the switch to turn on the bright lights and I drew open the wide curtains. I slid out of the small space, closing the curtain and door behind me. The jewellery was packed up and gone; she was now the only display. As I stepped away from the store I allowed myself just one glance back at her, shining

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bright under the tanning lamps that drew only more attention to her displayed body. She looked every bit like the prize I'm sure some man would make of her.

I'm heading home now. Into her eyes.

THE END

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