

The Queen Of Spades.



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THE QUEEN OF SPADES.



Hearts entrap you, Diamonds ensnare you, Clubs enfold you.. But... Spades enslave you.

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AN ADULT HORROR STORY WITH SERIOUSLY ADULT CONTENT...

Four Of A Kind.

Aisha reached for her glass but it was empty, just a couple of alcohol tears on the side of the glass showed that it had been full a few minutes before. Her poker hand was just as empty of hope. A nine and ace, not enough to risk, too uninspiring a flop to play the bluff.

With a sigh she tossed the two cards to Chantel and declared her fold. This was going to be an unsatisfactory night if all the cards were so hopeless. She looked around for Henry for more to drink but he was not in the room.

"Call Henry please," she said to Chantel. "I need another whisky."

"He's just making a snack for us now, he'll be back in a few moments," replied her friend with a slight smirk.

Aisha's other two friends were engrossed in the game. Now that both Aisha and Chantel had thrown their hands in the other two were upping their bets as the cards in the flop gathered.

'We are the four queen bitches,' thought Aisha to herself as she glanced at her friends.. *'All of us successful, all four fully in control of our lives, all four rich enough to retire tomorrow.'*

Elisabeth. Currently holding two tens with another in the flop. What was there to say about this woman that was a compliment? Owner of a large lingerie firm that was making inroads into the European market, especially with a new range of rather more daring and fetishistic designs. Income, several million a year and growing. At fifty five she was still an attractive woman, slim and tall with a great sense of dress. But she had her dark secrets. Oh yes. One lesbian affair after another, all of them hushed up and the rumours were, that she was, let us be delicate here, rather violent with her partners.

Chantel. Now acting as dealer. Made her money by marrying a little rich boy, the heir to the Dearham fortune. Of New Orleans French extraction, domineering and direct she had gone through more surgery procedures than even she could count, but the result is stunning, a figure that made men fall at her feet and most women jealous as hell. She held her rich but rather naive husband in the palm of her hand whilst the affairs followed each other in quick succession. Affairs with men, of course, with women, well certainly. Aisha had never really liked her at all but was careful never to use her college nickname

'Velo'. The French Orleans bike that anyone could ride. No, she definitely had a mean streak that was to be avoided at any cost.

Veronica. Veronica had the other ten and a four that matched another in the flop. Now Veronica was a mystery wrapped in an enigma. Her business cards were just a Queen of Spades and her name. Rich as Midas but who knew where the money came from? She certainly never talked about it. Veronica was cultured and quiet but when she played poker she displayed a cool ruthlessness that could have been the envy of Aisha, Chantel and Elisabeth. Dressed in such severe but elegant style. Typically, in wine-red this evening, but black was more her colour. Plain, expensive and Chanel. Always diamonds, never rubies, always platinum never gold. Her husband, little spoken of, often speculated about, was never to be seen. A delicious hunk of a chauffeur stood by her Bentley all night without moving, rain or shine. But a husband? Just another concealed part of her life.

Lastly, the fourth of the 'Queen Bitches' was Aisha herself. Lacking all the trappings of privilege, private education, old money and connected family. She had become the epitome of the self made woman. She had never found her colour a bar to her progress, it was just another card for her to play as she made her money in the real estate business. All of her enemies and friends underestimated her. She ate the competition for breakfast but the money she made from them never satisfied her. Everyone had met her ruthless streak at some point and never seen the interior vulnerability, that was never, ever, allowed to see the light of day.

'What a bunch of evil bitches we are,' thought Aisha to herself as she looked at her friends. *'The only thing that we now have in common is money and the drive to climb over the bodies of everyone else in the pursuit of money. I really think that we even dislike each other.'*

Henry entered the room with a tray and placed it carefully on the side table. Chantel looked approvingly at the collection of snacks for a moment before sending her husband to Aisha with a little movement of the hand.

"A whisky, make it a double Ballantines," said Aisha as she indicated her glass with a manicured finger.

Henry disappeared with the empty and returned just a minute later with a fresh glass to place at Aisha's elbow. Ice was the unspoken addition. For a man with fifty million in the bank he sure made a submissive servant.

The pot on the table was now at about fifty thousand as the fourth card joined the open three on the table. Elisabeth looked searchingly at Veronica and pulled a face but there was no reaction from Veronica, just a look that said, *'I never bluff, so why don't you pay to see my cards.'*

"Always the same," said Elisabeth. "I just lose it when I play alone against Veronica."

With a smile she tossed her cards in, careless that they fell face up. "I fold."

The hint of a smile touched the lips of Veronica as she too tossed her cards in, deliberately face up to reveal a full house against the three tens that Elisabeth had folded.

"Do you ever bluff?" asked Aisha.

"Never. Not in cards, not in life and not in business," came the reply from Veronica as she leaned over to daintily take a cigarette from the pack that lay beside Chantel's cash chips.

"I based my whole career on bluff and misunderstanding," laughed Aisha.

"They all think that the little black girl from up-state New York is ripe for the pickin', but they all end up a paying when I get uppity."

"In my business, trust is one of the most important factors; it usually is when money and illegality mix."

It was the first time that the other three had even had a hint of Veronica's business. All four had met attending business school in Yale and had then gone their separate ways but they had remained firmly in contact rather than friends.

Perhaps each recognised that the others deserved respect rather than friendship because they were that rarity in business. Women who not only competed in a man's world, but thrived in it.

Now that all four of them lived in New York, they met up at least once a month to play poker and relax.

It was Elisabeth that asked the question that had never been asked. "So what business mixes illegality with money and needs trust as the oil on the water?"

Veronica smiled. "I can see that you are all eager to delve into my life," she said. "But it comes with a serious price that has to be paid. If you are really

curious then I suppose that i could let on of you ladies into my life a little. So let's pay a little game!"

"Meaning?" asked Chantel.

"We play a little round of poker and the loser gets to go with me and experience my business first hand."

"And if you lose?" asked Aisha.

"Then I'll just tell you and answer your questions," came the reply.

"But it's illegal?" asked Elisabeth.

"Absolutely, and has been for a hundred and fifty years."

There was a silence around the table as three of the woman considered the ramifications of the stakes. Veronica just sat, relaxed and smiling, as she watched the other three with slight amusement.

"Well I'm in," said Aisha as she took the cards and started to shuffle. "I am more than curious and I just really want to meet that chauffeur of Veronica's!"

"So am I," said Elisabeth. "In fact I like the stakes, money is becoming a bit of a bore nowadays. I'll go for it, that just leaves Chantel."

"How can I refuse?" said Chantel. "There is one question then, what game do we play?"

"Dealer's choice," replied Veronica as she looked over at Aisha.

"Indian poker is the only game that makes any sense," said Aisha. "One unseen card each and let the betting begin. Table stakes with Veronica's offer as part of the ante."

"Before we play, a word of caution," said Veronica. "If you play and lose you come with me *now*. If you play and do not lose we all meet again to play poker and find out what curiosity did to the cat. I have to go on business anyway so it will be a couple of months at the very least before I can join our poker circle again anyway."

"Veronica always manages to pile mystery upon mystery," said Elisabeth.

"That is what makes her so bloody attractive. Aisha is the Amazon queen and Chantel is so delicious I could fuck her now."

"Are you making a pass at me?" laughed Chantel.

"Are you offended?" replied Elisabeth. "Because you shouldn't be. I mean it, you are good enough to eat! I can eat so well..."

It was clear that Elisabeth was lusting after Chantel. In fact when Aisha thought about it she realised that the signs had been there for ages.

"Let's get to the bottom of Veronica's secret and then we can deal with your unnatural lusts," said Aisha without stating whose lusts she was talking about..

The comment earned her a hard look from Elisabeth that edged the border of hatred whilst Chantel just smiled in a superior way.

"Ladies, ladies," said Veronica in a cool voice. "I am beginning to think that our little poker circle is becoming fractious. Let's cool down and play, vent our feelings on the cards."

With that she indicated to Aisha to offer her the cut and she delicately lifted a few cards off the top of the deck.

All four threw in an ante of five hundred and were dealt their card face down. each held her card for the others to see but hidden from herself. Elisabeth started the betting with five hundred.

There would be three rounds of betting and the one who dropped out first would be the loser so they all had to stay in the game until the showdown. The only information being the other's cards. Each of the poker bitches would not be allowed to see *their own* card.

Aisha looked at the other's cards and wondered what she was showing. She really did not want to play. Anyway somehow the game had become unpleasant, the players spiteful and the stakes too high. Though she was slightly curious about Veronica she was not curious enough to want to risk the money in a game that was certain to cost thousands.

Maybe it was all the drinks, but the atmosphere was frosty and dangerous. Normally it was all about tension and competition, now it was about losing face and respect.

She saw Veronica holding a nine; Elisabeth held a three and Chantel a six. With the three as the lowest card she felt sure that she would not lose. After all,

she calculated there was a seven percent chance of her having a two, and the aces were high. On the other hand the highest was a nine. She *might* just win.

With a sly look at Veronica she wondered why the *loser* was the one who got to see Veronica's secrets. Surely the loser would be the one *not* to find out and the winner would find out the mysterious story behind Veronica's money?

"I like Indian poker," she said as she pushed a thousand dollars worth of chips into the pot and waited to see reactions from the others. It was typical of her to make a comment as she played, part of the style, one of the tells. Chantel and Veronica matched her bet and Elisabeth upped the bet to two thousand.

'*This is getting silly,*' thought Aisha to herself. The game already had one of the biggest pots of the evening and it all hinged on the fall of just one card.

'*Not that a few thousand will change my life,*' thought Aisha but Aisha just could not bear to lose. She decided to go all in. After all the entire night's stakes were clearly going to end up in the centre of the table so she might as well try to force someone out of the game.

With a smile Aisha pushed all ten thousand of her chips into the pot. '*Let's get it over with and cut out all those tedious betting rounds!*' she thought.

"Ouch!" said Chantel as she pushed her ten thousand into the growing pile of chips. "But if you think that you can force *me* out with high stakes you can forget it..."

"I think that we are all all-in now," said Elisabeth as the pot reached fifty thousand and almost all the cash chips had joined the mountain in the middle of the table.

"As I thought, non of the four queens playing poker will throw in a hand," said Veronica. "Show time?"

With a small flourish she laid her nine down and laughed in relief. "Well it looks like one of you is coming with me to my workplace this evening and from where I am sitting the nine looks pretty good."

Elisabeth and Chantel threw down their cards and sighed with relief when they saw what they held. Both had known that Aisha had the lowest possible card and that therefore they could not actually *lose* unless they dropped out. But at

least they did not have to cut the pack as joint loser to decide the final outcome.

"I just haven't got time to go with you anyway," said Chantel, "But I'm almost sorry that I lost. Actually I have to admit that I have an intimate operation lined up for tomorrow at the clinic."

"Getting tightened up again?" said Aisha impulsively.

As soon as she said the words she regretted it. They had just slipped out as her thoughts turned to words. But what was said could not be unsaid, no point in regrets.

"You will rue having said that!" said Chantel. "You lose the game with your pathetic two and you will wish that you had not opened your big flatulent mouth this evening."

Aisha turned her card and looked at the two of clubs. "I guess that I get to go with Veronica. Be sure that when we next meet I shall have discovered all, and Veronica's mysteries will have been revealed. By then we will all have calmed down and we can resolve our differences like adults."

"I will be expecting a fulsome apology," said Chantel. "My cunt has never been slack even though it has swallowed better people than you!"

"OK then," said Veronica as she laid a hand on Chantel's shoulder to calm her down. "I will call on you all up when I get back from Berlin and Milan, probably in a month or two. By then we will all be ready to play again and the words said tonight will not seem so important."

Chantel snorted. "Aisha will eat her words, fucking bitch. How dare she insult me?"

Not much more was said. There was nothing more to say!

Veronica did not speak to Aisha and her expression was blank, almost close-lipped but she said her goodbyes to the others and led Aisha to her limousine by the hand.

No More Bets.

The chauffeur opened the rear door of the limousine and waved Aisha into the dark leather cell. Aisha took a seat and Veronica sat opposite, her long legs spread full length across the other seat.

As the car started to roll Veronica offered a glass of champagne to Aisha who accepted but was surprised when Veronica refrained from drinking.

"You have really *so* upset Chantel, Aisha," said Veronica.

"She has never liked me," came the reply. "Since our days in Yale she has been spitting like a rattlesnake for revenge. I suppose with good cause."

"I do not think that it was a good idea to provoke her though."

"She's just an old bitch with no teeth," laughed Aisha. "Just because she married wealth she thinks that she's the queen bee. Really she is all hot air, fat ass and silicone tits."

"Well," said Veronica, "as long as you know what you're doing I suppose that's all right then."

Veronica relaxed into the soft leather, this was going to be an interesting journey.

"We have to drive for a couple of hours to get to the farm," said Veronica as she refilled Aisha's glass. "So relax and ask away. Me, I prefer to remain sober."

"You are a farmer, wine or something special like that? Are we going to a vineyard?"

"No, do you want to play a guessing game or shall I tell you? Twenty questions was always a favourite of mine."

"If you put it like that then I suppose a game is a little childish. So tell me," said Aisha as she sipped the champagne.

"Simple, I am a slaver," said Veronica with a straight face. "It might be more accurate to say that I part-own a partnership in a company that deals in slaves. The business side is very complicated really."

Veronica paused for a moment when she saw the blank look on Aisha's face before she filled in some of the details, "Actually normally I do not *enslave*. I act as the middle man with one of my partners, who acts as working manager, and do all the training and selling by auction, but every now and again I *do* put the fetters on the victims myself."

Aisha just stared. She was not sure if Veronica was just joking or in some sideways, obscure way actually meant what she was saying.

"I don't get it," she said with a whisper. "You are serious?"

"Absolutely!"

There was a brief pause in the conversation as Aisha tried to assimilate this strange information. The car rolled smoothly over the Long Island roads on its way towards the Hamptons, the chauffeur separated from his passengers by a screen of glass.

"You sell people? You mean that you run an employment agency?"

"No," replied Veronica. "I buy people from certain sources, sometimes just people who owe and pay up with their bodies. Sometimes they are kidnapped to order."

"Kidnapped?" breathed Aisha.

Suddenly she felt the interior of the car close in. A feeling of claustrophobia assailed her as she struggled to come to terms with Veronica's immoral way of earning a living.

Veronica continued in a matter of fact way. "Like you order a car, Aisha. You decide make, model, colour, engine and optional extras. I get an order for a particular type of body, hair colour, skin colour, age and upbringing. I find a suitable person and train them to become the property of their new owner."

"Train them?"

"Yes, of course! Who wants a slave that is untrained? Aisha you are so naive!"

"So what do these slaves do when they are passed on to their new owners?"

"That just depends on the owner. Most are sexual pets, at least to start with. They cater for, shall we say, the more unusual fetishes and desires of their owners," said Veronica as she offered to refill Aisha's glass. "Sometimes they

amuse their new owners with their pain and fear, sometimes they perform in hard labour or sexual games and sometimes they are simply destroyed for their owner's amusement. Occasionally they are even well treated as pets but that is more of a rarity nowadays."

"Veronica! That is so evil. I am sometimes worried that my real estate business is a moral business when we buy cheap and sell expensive, but you are selling people," gasped Aisha. "Are you taking me to your slave pens?"

"Of course I am," smiled Veronica broadly. "About a month ago I got a special order that was rather difficult to fulfil. In fact I am now in a position to start training and I need you along to help. In fact I cannot manage without you."

Veronica leaned over her friend and took the glass from her weak hand. Aisha was fully conscious but lay limply deep in the soft embrace of the leather seats.

As Veronica leaned and undid her shoes Aisha tried to move, tried to kick out but her legs felt like lead and her body just relaxed into the warm seat of its own accord.

"You won't need these any more, at the moment, Aisha," said Veronica as she slipped both pumps from the limp feet.

For a moment she held them up and looked at them critically. "They are much too practical. Your new owner specified very high heels, which I take to be at least six or seven inches without platforms of course. Personally I hate platforms, so crude and clumpy. Just narrow spikes and a well turned ankle."

It was all that Aisha could manage to hold her head up and manage not to dribble. Her face managed a grimace as she tried to speak but only a little moan came from her lips.

"Your owner is a person of impeccable taste, you will be glad to know," said Veronica as she started to undress Aisha by cutting off her clothes with a cut-throat razor. "A great deal of work has been paid for and the training is quite specific, you should be ready in just six months. Of course you may not agree now with your owner's taste in sex but, in time you will adapt and become a perfect little slut for her."

"Aha," said Veronica as she cut the small bra from her victim. "That is just as I thought. You will need extensive work here." She twiddled the small nipples in her fingers until they stood erect. "I judge 'huge' to be not under a double J cup

and the nipples must also be worked on. That's a lot of silicone. It looks so ridiculous when great bulging breasts have just tiny little buds like these."

Veronica's nails played over Aisha's nipples for a brief moment.

Aisha felt the cool air in the car on her skin as Veronica inspected her body with the eye of a salesman. She took it all in but she could not respond. She felt a hand inspect between her legs and then a finger moved to her ass.

"As near to perfect as it gets," said Veronica as her strong hands entered her former friend and tested the muscle of her cunt with a firm massage. "Firm and ready to be fucked in all your holes."

"Lovely," so tight and tucked," whispered Veronica. "Not too much to do down here at all. Never been fucked here, I think!" she said as she pushed a strong finger into Aisha's ass and probed the grip of the opening.

A tingling, pins and needles, feeling coursed through Aisha's muscles as the power of movement gradually returned. But in this painful phase of recovery from the treacherous champagne the shackles were snapped to her wrists and ankles and then locked to rings tucked in the folds of leather in the seats.

"A friend, actually a partner as well, has a car fitted with a winch on the fetters so that she can stretch and fuck her victims," said Veronica as she slipped back into the seat now that Aisha was firmly fixed naked and helpless. "I never thought that a car had enough room for my particular type of games, so we will wait until we arrive before beginning your tuition."

"You fucking bitch. Is it the money?"

Aisha had regained her voice and spat the words at Veronica in a hate filled verbal assault that had no discernible effect on her former friend. She continued the verbal attack for several minutes before Veronica interrupted her with a move of the hand.

"No, not really, no it is certainly not the money. All of your business interests will be absorbed into my partner's commercial empire. As for the cost of my work, well that is charged at the normal rate. Quarter of a million dollars will not change my life one jot."

"I should warn you though, that if you are naked and restrained it is generally not a good idea to insult me like that. For the sake of our friendship I will

forgive you this time but you have used up all your credit," continued Veronica in a deadpan voice.

Veronica smiled pleasantly as she placed a finger on Aisha's lips, "I can allow a little anger, after all you have to get it out now before you become a little fuck puppet for your new owner. But try at least to be original or I shall fit a gag."

Veronica held up a mask like affair that made Aisha stop in her tracks. Veronica just raised her delicate eyebrows and smiled. "We shall be there in just about an hour so try to use your last independent time constructively."

Aisha watched Veronica lower the mask to her lap and wondered how to escape. '*Was this all a vast joke?*' she wondered. Then she thought of the way that the car had been fitted with chains and restraints.

It was all just too much to be just a prank. It was for real!

"Who is buying me?" she asked. "Someone that I know?"

Veronica laughed delightedly. "I cannot answer that sort of question. If you think about it you will understand why."

"Then fuck you, you fucking bitch. Fuck you..."

Veronica shook her head with disappointment and leaned forward. For a moment she held the mask up to fit it but Aisha turned her head violently to the side.

"I'll *never* be a slave. Never. Never!"

The hood closed over her head and even the most violent attempt to dodge was foiled as Aisha felt the leather tighten and clasp her tightly. Then the laces were tightened. In the darkness Aisha heard her own laboured breathing through the holes over her nostrils before a ball was forced between her lips to make every word a muffled groan and every sentence a gabble of moans.

The sound of air being pumped through a valve, and the ball expanded to fill Aisha and force her jaw against the clasping leather of the faceless mask.

Veronica sighed theatrically like a teacher disappointed in her pupil's behaviour. Now came the lecture, inevitable really, but nevertheless critical to start the process of mentally subduing the new little sex slave.

"You are already a slave. Now! A commodity ready for sale. A cunt to be prepped. But we need to add real value first, before the final transaction. You will submit. Someone has paid a huge sum for you and they expect good quality from us and from you. Failure to reach the required standard will result in you being auctioned and that would be a shame because of all the work that you and I will have done. Also for you because we tend to sell disobedient slaves to places that use them rather, ahem, roughly."

Veronica reached out a hand and stroked Aisha's breasts. They were pert, actually petite. Well formed and firm to the touch. Aisha worked out, that was clear. Her body was fit and toned. Now that would need adjusting to make her more feminine and alluring, but she would carry it well, as long as the mental part of the training went well.

"It does not matter what you think now. You will think as we train you how to think. Your head will be full of *our* thoughts, and they are the servile thoughts of pleasing your new owner and not yourself. You will find great joy and satisfaction from serving the whims of your betters. Punishment is inevitable but you decide the degree, the level, to which we have to take it to break you to our will."

The car slowed and passed over a number of speed restricting bumps. Then it halted to pass a barrier. Finally there was a drive over gravel.

Aisha did not lose hope at that moment but she lost something else. Something that so many people have but do not value properly. She lost the power to change her future. The freedom to have a meaningful say even when her body was going to be altered.

The fuck doll had arrived at the beginning of the puppet show. Soon she would be grateful for every opportunity to please. The training would search out that inner malleable part of her character and use it to subdue her will.

The Reveal.

When Chantel was passed the visiting card by her husband she almost felt her heart leap. It had been seven months since she had seen Veronica and Aisha leave in Veronica's limo.

There had been no poker played at her apartment for all that time and Chantel missed the routine and the companionship of equals but the dislike that she felt for Aisha had swelled to hateful proportions.

On the visit card, the front design of a Queen of Spades and the simple word 'Veronica' printed underneath said less than Veronica herself usually did. On the rear was scribbled a telephone number that Chantel rang with some curiosity.

A man's voice answered the phone. "You have reached the office of Veronica Sedgegrove."

Chantel introduced herself and was passed the message.

"Miss Sedgegrove will be visiting you at nine O'clock at the usual poker venue. She wished to know if you would be able to attend the game?"

"Of course," replied Chantel as she wondered if the three hours before the game was enough to prepare herself. Hair, nails, make-up and what to wear? It would take hours.

"I have been asked to tell you that Aisha and Elisabeth have also already agreed to come, so there is no need for you to make any other arrangements."

Elisabeth arrived first. She hugged her friend and lost no time in catching up with the last few months of news. Chantel led her friend to the poker room where she stepped to the table and posed with arms outstretched.

"What do you think?" she asked her friend.

Elisabeth looked over Chantel and allowed a look of surprise. "Chantel, you little devil. You have enlarged again and I'll swear that your waist is thin enough to snap in my two hands. You know, what I said last time was heartfelt."

"Are you making another pass at me?"

"Of course. I love your hourglass figure and big breasts are just perfect. Best of all that fanny of yours is so round. I must admit that I am ravished by your figure."

"But is it too much?" asked Chantel as she fished for the complete compliment.

"Never. You look perfect," said Elisabeth and then she noticed. "Well I'll be... You are wearing one of *my* company's sexy corsets. That is a real compliment to me, I am so pleased. Are you sure that I can't have you?" Elisabeth inspected the narrow waist and high held breasts and had to admit that the design could have been a personal fitting for Chantel.

"Maybe, one day you can fuck me darling! But for now I have a new lover."

"Well," said Elisabeth. "I won't ask again, so when you make up your mind just you come running to me. I hate being turned down, do not do this to me."

At that moment the doorbell rang, not allowing Chantel to reply to her friend's implicit threat. Chantel went to answer the door.

"We are alone tonight, I gave my hubby the night off and the servants finished at six so I actually have to answer the door," said Chantel as she headed for the entrance hall.

Veronica, Aisha and Chantel entered the room to be greeted by Elisabeth. Aisha wore a long black coat that draped to the floor and Veronica was dressed casually in jeans and pullover.

"Let me take that," said Elisabeth to Aisha as she reached for the coat.

Aisha looked at Veronica who gave a small nod of assent.

The coat slipped off Aisha into Elisabeth's hands to reveal that Aisha was naked under the coat except for red stilettos and a shiny steel collar from which hung a chain.

Chantel clapped her hands in delight as she watched the small tableau.

"Perfect," she muttered. "Absolutely perfect."

She stepped to reach out and touch the slave that she had spent so much money on over the last few months. This was the first time that she got to see what she had paid for.

This was the sweet moment of revenge.

Her fingertips ran over the hanging breasts and their large dark nipples before she took in the thin waist and wide hips of her former friend. So much work had been done.

Gone was the slender but taut Aisha. Her ass was round and full, curving round to a naked sex that sat plumply between her bulging thighs. Aisha's breasts hung like overripe fruit and the huge nipples that tipped them with dark promise that begged special attention.

"Veronica," whispered Chantel. "She is perfect, so feminine and fuckable. I just can't wait to use her."

Elisabeth dropped Aisha's coat to the floor and walked around the still standing slave to inspect the work at close hand. One hand cupped a cheek of the rounded ass and then drifted to her bare sex as she walked around Chantel's new acquisition. A crease concealed the gateway covering lips and clitoris with smooth skin that folded inward so very neatly, making Aisha look almost like a sexless doll.

Aisha stood meekly as Chantel took up the chain and pulled her into the centre of the room where the light was brightest.

"Worth every cent," said Chantel. "This is the woman that gave me the nickname that haunted me through my life. Now she belongs to me and we shall see who is ridden the most. She is going to be the bike and I will be in the saddle!"

Veronica had stepped back to watch the unveiling. Chantel had told Elisabeth, that was clear, because Elisabeth was looking at Aisha with a smile that told Veronica that she was complicit from the start.

It was always the best of moments when a person first received a new slave. There was usually delight at the prospect of owning a person. Being able to command without restriction. Even better if the new slave was an enemy or the motive was revenge!

Veronica also saw it as telling, what was the first thing that the slave was ordered to do?

Sexual, degrading, punishing or just loving?

That first moment usually defined the entire relationship in miniature. What was Chantel's first use?

She had guessed that it would be degrading. Veronica was not often wrong and this time was no exception.

"Kiss my feet, bitch," said Chantel. It was clear that she was used to giving orders but this one was one that she had never used before.

Aisha bowed her head and slowly kneeled. She lay flat on the carpet and stretched out her legs and arms before beginning to brush her lips on the smooth leather of her new owner's shoes.

For a minute Chantel drank in the scene. Aisha spread-eagled on the floor and the gentle brush of lips on her feet.

"Can I punish her?" asked Chantel. "Now?"

Veronica laughed lightly and said, "Chantel, you paid for the bitch to be trained and adjusted to your tastes. She is yours to do with as you like! If you need any other work done on her, just tell me what needs to be done and we will fulfil your requirements."

Chantel looked down and smiled.

"Can I borrow her?" asked Elisabeth as she bent down between the busy slaves open thighs. "I would not damage her, too much."

"OK. But first I want a week of play," said Chantel as she watched Elisabeth slip her hand between the ebony thighs from behind and begin to explore the delicate flesh.

"Ladies," said Veronica. "It is clear that we are not going to play any poker tonight! I think that Aisha will make a perfect toy for you. Janet's establishment boasts a full complement of facilities, medical, punishment and training. I own a large part of the facility with my friend Irene so you will never have to wait for any desired alteration to this sex slut."

"I shall return in a couple of days to see how you are getting on but for now I'll leave you to enjoy your new property," she added.

Elisabeth and Chantel both heard the door close but they were too busy inspecting their former friend to pay much attention.

"I never thought that it would actually happen," said Elisabeth to Chantel. "Not really, you know, not like this. The idea of a sexy slut who lives to serve my body is such a turn on. I love her plump ass, her massive breasts and her tight waist, she is so fuckable and perfect. She is almost as sexy as you!"

Elisabeth smiled as she moved a finger through Aisha's moist sex. "A few weeks ago I ordered my own slave but it will be a little while before I can take delivery."

Elisabeth had left and Chantel was enjoying her new possession.

It was so dreamy having that slow massage with tongue and fingers. Just attention exclusively on *her* pleasure and delight. She lay back on her bed as her former friend attended to all her sexual needs. First her breasts. Aisha complimented their size and firm form before gently teasing them with lips and teeth.

Then came the massage with scented oil. Pampered and moaning Aisha worked at her owner's body with delicate movement and little tempting tweaks of teeth, lips and fingertips.

Then came her feet and thighs. Aisha massaged the scented oil into the soft flesh and kissed her mistress' feet while she nibbled on her toes. Finally the whole focus was on pussy and ass.

That tongue, long and penetrating. Those slim fingers, probing and manipulating. Lips brushed her attentive flesh to bring Chantel to orgasm after orgasm.

Finally she felt Aisha's lips close on the bud of her ass. They parted to allow ingress, intimate penetration with a firm long tongue that quested inside and massaged her sphincter, seeking nerve clusters and responsive areas. At the same time Aisha used her fingers to massage and penetrate her former friend.

Those skilled fingers found a spot deep inside that Chantel had never felt before. A gathering of sensitivity that pushed her over the edge into a trembling of legs and thighs. The final touch that peeled back the hood on her clitoris and then lightly touched her, left Chantel gasping for air.

Aisha had been trained well. She cooed and complimented Chantel continuously as she worked her magic and best of all was that she had no demands. There was no need to offer pleasure back to her. Aisha was just a tool for pleasure not a lover or a partner. Her skills had been bought and paid for and her needs were satisfied by service.

When Chantel was sated and could take no more. When her trembling had died down and all that was left was a rosy glow she felt Aisha cuddle into her body like a lover to comfort her and help that post orgasmic haze to melt into satisfied sleep.

Chantel lay and enjoyed the feeling of total love and commitment that her bed-slut gave her unconditionally. The owner of the sex-pet stroked her passive victim on the thigh with idle fingers before slapping her sharply on the rear to eject her from the comfort of her owner's bed.

"That was a barely adequate performance Aisha," she said in a disagreeable tone. "We have spent three hours in bed and you have shown me that you are just here for your own satisfaction."

"I am sorry, Chantel," wailed Aisha. "Please tell me what to do to make you happy. You know that I will do anything to please you, anything!"

"I shall decide a suitable punishment for you in the morning. Until then you can sleep on the bathroom floor and spend your night thinking about improving technique, satisfaction and service for the future. I expect a list of ten things that you will improve on and two new pleasures for me to experience in the morning!"

Chantel then chained Aisha to the cast iron leg of the old fashioned bath and went back to bed. As she slipped off into the hazy realms of her fantasy she imagined all the things that she would do to the slave woman who, so many years ago, had humiliated her with that nickname and tittered at her behind her raised hands.

Aisha had made the mistake of insulting her in front of Elisabeth and Veronica. How she would pay in service, pain and degradation. Now, at last, Aisha was going to reap what she had sown.

Chantel nodded off between the silk sheets and contemplated her bright future. She glowed in the compliment that Elisabeth had so generously given. She knew that Elisabeth was a dominant lesbian and cruel with her partners but that was what made her lingerie designs so attractive, that edge of savagery, they had made her a market leader in fetish clothes.

A compliment from Elisabeth was honest and the real thing. '*Perhaps,*' she thought to herself as she finally drifted off to sleep, '*she should indulge herself with Elisabeth at sometime in the future?*'

There would be chances in the future.

The Payoff.

Chantel woke with a taste in her mouth and a feeling in her head like she had partied all night and crashed, drunk on the sofa. Slowly she opened her eyes, allowing them to adjust to the blinding light.

She lay on a double bed. But not hers! Naked on the sheets in a white room in which the metal bed was the only feature. For a moment she shook her head as if to shake the dream from her aching head but all that did was to rattle the chain that ran from her steel collar to the fitting on the frame of the bed.

Looking around she saw the high window that led up a deep barred shaft into the daylight. The riveted door with its spy hole and the bare white walls whose monotony was only broken by the angular lines of the edges of the tiles.

Lifting her head he could see that her limbs were loosely chained to the bed with chains that would have held an angry tiger passive.

Chantel lay back. She could feel the blood coursing her veins in the rhythm of her pounding heart. Fear. A cold sweat sprang from her flesh as she realised that she could only be in one place that she knew of. Veronica and Janet's training facility.

It seemed like hours. Hours of waiting and fear.

Chantel knew what lay before her. Who better? Had she not ordered the fate of Aisha like a woman selecting from a shopping list? Had she not pored over the possibilities of surgical work that could be done on her victim? How she had procured the work with the cold enjoyment of a revenge seeking bitch?

What would be done? How much would her owner spend? The quarter of a million that she had spent on Aisha had been mostly the training. The surgical adjustments had cost just fifty thousand. But Chantel had seen the list of possibilities, some of which were too terrible for her to contemplate.

A shudder shook her, flinging drops of cold sweat off her shuddering breasts as she saw the list in her mind's eye. Breasts, hips, ass, cunt and face. these were often just the starting points for the expert surgeon that had worked on Aisha.

Tattoos that laced the whole body with obscenities and piercings that were so much more than adornment, they were means of control and pain. Limbs, feet and hands could be altered or even removed.

This was the sinister, immoral world that she had become a part of. Now it looked as though she was to become an intimate piece of the jigsaw puzzle.

Chantel had slithered down a slippery slope without contemplating that the universe that she was joining was not in the least bit under her control, but liable to control her.

The door was unlocked. With deafening rattle of keys and chains the steel door opened to allow the key-holder to pass. Chantel could not help looking to see who it was that was entering her prison cell.

Veronica, of course Veronica. Who else could be at centre stage in this drama? As always she wore simple clothes, in black. The only discordant element was the short savage riding crop that hung from her velvet gloved hand like a bringer of doom.

Only in her private circle of hell did she carry the evil lead weighted crop, as a symbol of the relationship that she had with the cast-down inhabitants of her inferno of pain and abject servitude.

Behind Veronica was Elisabeth. The lesbian that had been lusting after her body, the would-be lover that she had denied. Elisabeth. Dressed in a soft leather corset of her own design.

Lingerie and lust. Stockings and steel. Heels and hate.

In her hand she bore an item from her vast catalogue of fetish weapons. Huge, obscene and threatening. The dildo was twice the size of the largest imaginable man's cock. In ebony like rubber, black and shiny as though dressed with a condom, it told Chantel who it was, was her new owner.

Who would it be that determined her subjugated future?

Elisabeth.

The woman that had asked her nicely to fuck was now going to take that fuck by force. She was to become the property of the woman that she had rejected.

But there was a third person behind the two glorious angels of pain. Henry, her wimp of a husband. In his usual quiet way he came to the forefront and looked down at his stricken wife.

"Veronica and Elisabeth have persuaded me that you would be better off, and so would I, with someone who loves you, even if she shows that love by wanting to hurt you more than you can possibly imagine. So I am giving you to Elisabeth as a present! At last I shall be rid of your endless cosmetic operations, spending money like water on clothes and lovers and treating me like a resource to be plundered, not a husband," he said in his quiet voice.

"I am paying for *all* the training and the special work. In the long term it will save me *so* much money. Personally I have no desire to own you but I must admit a frisson of pleasure that you will not only be out of my life but serving as a helpless slave rather than bossing me around as a mistress. It is ironic really, you have always loved being under the knife, how can you *not* be totally euphoric to experience the ultimate cosmetic work that has been planned for you?"

Chantel was stunned by Henry's speech. Since shortly before the marriage she had written him off as a wimp and a weakling. Rich beyond imagining but still ineffectual and a doormat.

Now it seemed that Veronica and Elisabeth had their claws in him, they had straightened his spine. All hope of being missed, of remote rescue and of sudden deliverance faded as he left the room to rejoin the normal stream of social life that lay far outside the walls of this prison.

Elisabeth came to stand beside the bed, allowing Chantel to look up the flouncy lace skirt of her corset and see for the first time her hungry cunt. It lurked in the shadows above the fine lace of stocking tops and the polished white of those smooth thighs. Dripping and slick with anticipation of pleasure to come and power over Chantel, it almost radiated sexual need.

It demanded attention. That hungry cunt was the brain behind Chantel's capture and it's first action was to allow the sex slave to sample its molten excitement.

Elisabeth pushed the huge dildo into the lips of her own avid sex. She moved it around the gaping lips to gather the moist dew of her excitement. Finally satisfied that she would be allowing Chantel to taste her passion she moved the slick rubber violator to her victim's face.

"Taste me," she murmured as she pressed the perfumed prick against Chantel's lips.

A slap in the face made Chantel open wide to allow the evil penetration. Elisabeth did not stop as the bulbous tip passed her former friend's lips. She pressed the dildo home to the back of the throat with the push of her fingertips.

With her mouth filled and the rubber form pressing her into the bed she felt her chains tighten savagely as Veronica pulled them tight to leave her stretched out and fully accessible on the bed.

The chains sawed through the ratchets and pulleys with a metallic rasping that filled the echoing room with sound. Chantel felt as though her joints would snap as the chains almost lifted her almost completely from the bed allowing cool air to move under her sweating body.

Elisabeth sat on the bed by Chantel's violated face and slapped her face once again. She smiled as she enjoyed the power that she had over the desired suitor that had rejected her without care of the consequences. This was so much better than the meek acceptance of her advances. This supremacy was what she really required.

From both sides she slapped the face on which the tears pulled rivulets of make-up to cascade onto the soft pillow. This time Elisabeth allowed her nails to scratch her former friend's face as she spoke in a flat voice. But there was still a hint of restrained excitement and delight as she spoke.

"You might be interested to know that Aisha has been sold to a connoisseur of the dark arts of training whores to make him money from men and women who appreciate suffering," she said.

"On the other hand you are incredibly lucky to be enjoyed by my own good self. So very lucky! I too consider myself a connoisseur of the female form, and yours is so very, very female. You will *not* be trained, I do not like 'willing'. I prefer *involuntary* and non consensual sex from my partners. So why are you here then if you do not need months of training to prepare you to serve as my sex dolly?"

Elisabeth looked down at her weeping victim. The large silicon breasts heaved and trembled with emotion and fright. Tears streaked Chantel's face and ran across the red weal of the scratches whilst she struggled with the vast intruder that forced her to gape, mute, in fear.

"Since you have guessed, but cannot speak until I use this to fuck you," Elisabeth pointed at the dildo with a forefinger, "then you do not really need *me* to tell you what work needs nearly two hundred thousand dollars to complete. You chose for Aisha from the same menu of degradations. But you chose only the starter. I am going to have the five course banquet that is going to leave you as helpless as a child's soft toy."

"I would not change your breasts, cunt and ass for the world. They are all your own work, they define you and make you what you are. I am going to make some adjustments so that they are *all* you are. Just tits, holes and padding for my pleasure. All the extraneous parts of your body will be smoothed off, reamed, cut, and polished to leave you as a sexual core. A collection of helpless attractions with no distractions."

Chantel managed to cry out despite the full mouth. It came as a small cry, a whimper of distress, a sob that shook her body as her worst fears became reality. She felt the prick of the needle in her arm and realised that she was going to slide into unconsciousness without even being able to beg Elisabeth not to have her limbs cropped by the surgeon's knife.

To beg not to become a helpless sex toy. Unable to do anything but serve as a plaything for Elisabeth. A suffering bed cushion to be tormented. A set of three holes. A soft, large breasted cunt crying as she was used and punished because she had refused to sleep with her malevolent friend.

Elisabeth moved her face closer to that of her victim and smiled. Chantel could not see the hand that was ploughing her owner's dripping cunt but she could see the rapture in the eyes that gripped hers in a hypnotic stare and she could smell the perfume that wafted from her possessor.

"When you have healed we will begin the process of tattoo and piercing. I have not settled on a design yet, but rest assured it will be so artistic, you will become a work of sexual art, a private showing in the theatre of my bed."

She would lie all day, paralysed by her inability to move. She would be part of the bed. A decorated pillow for sex. A soft malleable pain slut, always ready for mistreatment, always on the brink of pain, always able to travel over that brink for her barbaric mistress.

Then would come the evening. The approach of her lesbian owner that heralded hours of service, punishment and torment.

A dominatrix with no chains or cuffs. They would not be required because Chantel would present cunt and ass without any restraint. The owner would coo over the helpless object of her desire, smother her body in kisses and loving strokes of the hands. Oil her flesh and sooth her victim. Pamper and prepare her toy before the real journey began.

The journey that would take Chantel into the shadows of degradation and humiliation. The owner would push her tongue into that open mouth and enjoy the power of her strength, her freedom to punish, please or simply exploit. The power that brooked no refusal, no denial and no boundaries.

Then would come the play. Not the loving feeling of intimacy and contact. Not the sharing and giving. No, Elisabeth would be taking, extracting and consuming. Her bed slut would be arranged on the soft pillows to service her needy mistress. Tongue and nipples would tickle Elisabeth's body, bringing her to one shuddering orgasm after the next until sated with that banal contact sex, she would move to the next realm.

That kingdom of suffering. The psychological and physical torture of the object that lay in her power. The hands that had stroked her former friend would slap and punish those breasts and the round ass. They would ream and twist their way into cavities, oral, anal and vaginal. Elisabeth would orgasm again. This time not from physical stimulation but from the pleasure of misuse and degradation.

Night after night, until the compacted body of the slave would flinch involuntarily from the abuse. Until every imaginable desire had been quenched by making every evil fantasy real in all its awful actuality. After all where is the reason for restraint? Where are the limits set? Chantel was just a thing. Just property to be used, abused and finally discarded. There would be no limits.

It would take months for Elisabeth to get tired of snuggling up to those vast silicone breasts and narrow waist. The loving would turn to sex. The sex to abuse. The abuse to persecution, and the persecution to frustration at the eventual lack of reaction.

Crops whips and other straps would chastise Chantel from cunt to face. Then the breaching of her body and the filling of her holes. All the while professions of love and tender moments would alternate with pain and persecution, heightening the contrast, giving hope of respite from endless abuse.

But that all lay in the future. The certain future of the still-complete slut.

The reality of the here and now was the drug in the syringe in the hand of Veronica, ordered by Elisabeth, paid for by her husband. Reality was an injected medication that washed like waves at Chantel's consciousness like the tide on a sandcastle.

Eroding reality and levelling all emotion and feeling.

As she slipped under the influence of the drug she could see Elisabeth's smile, hear her superior laugh of glee. She saw her former friend bring herself to orgasm at the thought of Chantel's future suffering.

Chantel knew that eventually she would be discarded and sold on. Eventually!

Elisabeth had no attention span worth speaking of and would sell or give her disabled lover to a fate even worse than her sordid revenge. She would throw her toys out of the pram and acquire new partners and sensations.

Slavery is addictive when you are the mistress or master.

"Do not think that you will not thank me every day, hour and minute of our intimate future," said Elisabeth in a voice of restrained excitement.

"If you protest just once, beg for mercy just once or say anything other than heartfelt thanks, words of love or praise for me I shall make you suffer in silence, permanently."

"I have decided that you will be willing and you will express the joy at being my lover every moment that you are with me, pleasing me, making me happy with your everlasting love!"

Chantel's second last sensation as her consciousness fled, was that she felt the dildo being pulled free of her mouth and being pressed against the opening between her thighs. The face, so close to hers contorted with the rictus of renewed orgasm as the vast dildo was forced into the carefully sculptured cunt with steady but irresistible force.

Chantel mumbled and tried to thank Elisabeth for her love. The love that was going to tear her apart.

Then she saw a marker pen move at the edge of her vision. Gently it touched her shoulder marking where the blade work would begin. Describing the exact

point in dotted lines where the arms would be severed, where joints would be unstrung and flesh rendered under the knife. With that delicious kiss of ink, Chantel faded to black.

THE VERY END.

Author's Note

This story was written around June to September of 2011. It is certainly one of the stronger pieces that I have written. At the same time I was writing a novel length (about 45,000 words) piece that is provisionally called 'Man Made'. The novel will probably make its way onto FemdomCave.com. It is the story of a maid taking over her newly divorced employer with the story being written as chapters that are monthly views on the relationship as it proceeds to its final conclusion of a cuckold marriage and the man becoming the maid.

I write all sorts of stories. All of them have the theme that strong women get what they want, sometimes by guile, sometimes by force. Do not expect all the stories to follow the same theme; they follow the ley-lines in my head.

If you liked this story, (and I hope that you did!) or if you feel a need to read more, you could do worse than contact me at:

MissIreneClearmont@Yahoo.Com

Feedback, positive, constructive, critical or breathless is appreciated. I certainly do not write for the money, there is little enough of that! I usually answer quite quickly but occasionally I am too busy so it may be a little while before you get a reply. On the other hand do not expect a reply to vulgar propositions, you'll have to write your own!

You can find more of my work scattered about the web but officially try the following places, some free and others not...

www.FemdomCave.com

www.BDSMLibrary.com

www.SMTales.com

...and a search of Google, or some other instrument of locating sought-after resources, may reveal even more of me...

*But, do not forget that **this** writing is **my** work. It is hard work and not easy to write. This short story took me a couple of months to write, edit, rework and type. I would like to think that I am a bit of a perfectionist but you are to be the judge of that... As such it is copyright and should not be used without my permission. I know that this is boring but the **more** copies that are made without my permission the less inclined I am to write more. It takes the fun out of the work.*

E-Mail me if you want me to write something just for you (it will cost...) or if you want to post my work on your site. I am generally inclined to agree as long as the correspondence is respectful and intelligent.

I wish you well in the world of your own fantasies,



Irene 