

PREVIEWS

Toys in the Attic

Cruel Ryoko

The Maya Twins

Legally Bound

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TOYS

Toys in the Attic
Toys in the Cellar



Complete in one
volume for the first time!

Part 1.

The rambling two-story house was on Elm Street and had many childhood memories for Diana. Her grandmother had always lived in it even after Diana's grandfather had died and Diana had spent many happy afternoons and days playing in the house or in the yard.

When the house was left to Diana in her grandmother's will, she had no hesitation in persuading, Tim, her new husband that they should move in.

'This is a great house,' Tim said as he brought the last of the boxes in. Diana had cleaned the house and waited for the removal truck while Tim cleaned up the last things in their old house. Finally, they were both there and surrounded by all their own belongings.

Married for just one month, Tim and Diana were still coming to terms with their new lives and everything that entailed living with another person. Unlike most couples, they hadn't had the opportunity to live together before marriage as Tim lived in another city. Just prior to the marriage, he obtained a job in a local firm and transferred down to Diana's home town.

They worked frantically, although, Diana did most of it as Tim always got sidetracked and they collapsed exhausted that night and by the next day, the house was beginning to take on a semblance of order.

'Hey, what's up there?' Tim asked as he brought a box up to the second floor, pointing at the small door in the wall at the top of the stairs.

'There? Oh yes, that's right,' Diana said, putting clothes away into the closet. 'That's the attic. I used to play in there when I was a little girl.'

'It's locked,' Tim said, trying to open the door.

'Is it? The key might be on the key ring with the house keys.'

'Where are the keys?'

'Downstairs, in the kitchen.'

Diana was still folding when Tim called up the stairs. 'I can't find them, where are they?'

Diana rolled her eyes and sighed. 'On the bench, next to the toaster,' she called patiently.

'Where?'

'Next to the toaster!'

Silence and then Tim called, 'got them.'

'Thank god,' Diana murmured, closing the closet door.

She heard Tim rush up the stairs and begin trying keys in the attic door. 'It's open,' he called and Diana walked out in time to see Tim stooping and walking through the door. 'Wow,' he called and Diana followed him.

The attic was a long narrow room with a dormer window at one end, an old sofa under the window and boxes stacked against the other wall. 'This used to be my playroom on rainy days,' Diana said softly, walking around. 'It used to be whatever I wanted it to be, a castle, a fairy forest, anything.'

'I wonder what's in the boxes,' Tim said. After a moment, looking through them, he announced, 'Looks like books and photographs, other stuff like that.'

'I'll look through them later,' Diana said, walking back to the bedroom. She had just finished making the bed when Tim called, 'look at this! I don't believe it!'

I don't believe I'm doing all the work! Diana thought sighing, as she dropped the pillows onto the bed and walked out into the hall.

Diana found Tim hunched over a box which, when she got closer, was crammed with leather straps and buckles. 'What is it?' she asked, squatting down with him.

'It looks like bondage gear,' he said and Diana noticed excitement in his voice. 'Your grandmother was some kinky chick.'

'How do you know it's hers?'

'Has to be, doesn't it?' Tim pulled out four small straps with buckles and metal rings. 'These look like wrist and ankle cuffs.'

'You seem to know a lot about this stuff,' Diana said and Tim shrugged guiltily.

'I've seen it on the Internet. Grandma must have liked being tied up!' he leered.

Diana picked one of the cuffs up and studied it carefully. 'Grandma was smaller than me,' she said at last, 'look.' Diana slipped her hand in the cuff, buckled it and demonstrated how easily her hand slipped out. 'Not very effective for someone of my size.'

Tim nodded. 'What about your grandfather?'

'He's been dead for thirty years. Give me your hand.'

Tim held his left hand up and Diana buckled the cuff around it his wrist. 'See, fits your perfectly. This stuff is for a guy.'

'Or a big woman.'

'Possibly. Give me your other hand.'

'What for?'

'I want to see how it works. Why, are you frightened?'

'Frightened?' Tim grinned. 'Frightened of you, baby?' He gave her his right hand and Diana led him to the sofa as she buckled the cuff around his wrist.

'I think these rings click together. Put your hands behind your back.' Tim did so and Diana joined the metal rings, imprisoning Tim's hands behind his back. 'Zere, you are my prisoner, dumkopf!' she said in an exaggerated German accent.

'Very funny, now undo them.'

'Wait, I want to see how the ankle thingy's work.' Moments later, Tim's ankles were cuffed together and she pushed him down on the sofa. He stared up at his petite wife as she smiled down at him.

'Ok, a jokes a joke,' he said.

'I thought you had a sense of humour,' Diana teased, perching on the edge of the sofa and casually undoing the buttons of Tim's blue shirt.

'What are you doing?'

'Undoing your shirt,' she said with a smile. 'I might tickle you.'

'You wouldn't dare!'

'I seem to remember you thought it was hilarious to tickle me on our honeymoon when we were in the swimming pool at Florida?'

'That was different...'

'How so?'

'You weren't tied up...'

'...but you're much bigger and stronger and I couldn't get away. My wrists were bruised but you still thought it was funny.'

'Diana!' Tim snapped, 'get me out of these now!'

Diana smiled and walked back to the box, rummaged around in it and then produced another strap. 'I wonder what this is,' she said almost to herself and dangled it in front of Tim. 'Do you have any idea what it is, from your extensive Internet research?'

'It looks like a gag,' Tim said sullenly.

'It does too and I want to see how it works. Open wide.'

'I will not!'

'I'll tickle you until you do,' Diana said mildly, her fingers stroking Tim's bare chest.

'Diana...' he whined but she just shook her head.

'Open up,' she said firmly. Tim stared into her dark eyes and sulkily opened his mouth. The ball slid it and Diana buckled it firmly behind his head. 'Now say something.' Tim gurgled and spluttered in the gag and Diana smiled. 'Perfect. Peace and quiet at last,' she said, grinning and stretching both arms high above her head in exaggerated triumph. Tim's eyes bulged and he gurgled some more in the gag.

Diana looked down at his jeans and smiled. 'Well, well, what do we have here?' she said softly, perching on the sofa, running her fingers over the hard shape in his jeans. 'I think someone's enjoying this,' she sang, 'I think so,' and Tim blushed, gurgling again.

Diana unzipped his jeans, stood up and pulled Tim's jeans and boxers down to his knees, his hard cock bobbing in the air. Sitting on the sofa again, Diana slipped her hand around his hard cock and slowly stroked it. 'Baby likes this, don't you?' He reluctantly nodded, gurgling in his gag and Diana smiled and suddenly released his cock.

Standing up, she laughed at the sight of her almost naked husband, gagged with his hands bound behind his back and his rigid cock waving in the air. 'Don't go way,' she said teasingly, 'I have some washing to do.'

Tim gurgled at her departing back but Diana ignored him and left him alone in the attic. Ten minutes passed and Tim strained to identify the noises that came from below. The old plumbing shuddered as the washing machine began its cycle and Tim heard Diana's footsteps on the stairs.

Standing in the door, she grinned at him. 'Still hard, you really do like this, don't you?' Diana sat next to him and gently stroked and teased his cock again, all the while smirking at him as he tried to talk to her through the gag.

She left him alone again and it was twenty minutes this time before Tim heard Diana coming up the stairs and talking to someone! He was devastated! She wouldn't let someone see him like this, would she?

Diana was talking to Tim's mother on the cordless telephone and she sat on the edge of the sofa, stroking his cock slowly, teasing him while chatting. 'Yes, Mom, the house is wonderful. We're discovering lots.'

Tim groaned as her fingers brought him close and his body tensed but, maddeningly she stopped, wagging her finger at him while she spoke to his mother. 'Tim is very focussed right now, he's working very hard,' Diana said with a wink and put her hand around his cock as she spoke.

This time, Diana's hand did not move, just held his cock in a loose grip. She finished the conversation, put the telephone on the floor next to the sofa and looked seriously at Tim, her hand around his cock. 'Nod if you want to come.' Tim nodded furiously and Diana smiled. 'I'm just going to hold it, you have to do the work and pretend my hand is my pussy.'

Tim's eyes widened and then started thrusting into her hand while Diana grinned at him. 'I love how your stomach muscles tense when you do that.' Suddenly she pulled her hand away and giggled when he kept thrusting in mid air. His face was red, he knew how ridiculous he looked but he had to come.

Diana vanished into the bedroom and returned rubbing her hands together. 'My hand is all creamy now for you, lover,' she smirked and gripped his cock again. Tim didn't have to be told twice and began thrusting again while Diana grinned. 'Go baby,' she urged and he came with a shudder, his cum spurting onto his stomach until he collapsed back on the sofa with a sigh.

Diana removed the gag and Tim flexed his mouth while she undid his ankles and then his wrists. 'What got into you?' he demanded. 'That was...'

'Enjoyable?' Diana said with a raised eyebrow. 'You seem to enjoy it a lot,' she giggled pointing at the puddles on his stomach and Tim's face burned.

She handed him a paper towel. 'Better clean up and then you can get the dryer working. In case you can't find it, it's that big white square thing on the laundry floor.'

Tim mopped himself up and wondered what had just happened in Grandma's attic.



CRUEL RYOKO



CARMENICA DIAZ



The Great

AKIRA

FABLED EASTERN HYPNOTIST
WILL AMAZE, ENTERTAIN & ASTOUND YOU!



Part 01: Sweet Ryoko

William Parnell slammed the telephone back into its cradle and glowered at it. *How dare that fucking moron, he seethed, threaten him? Lawyers, the scum of the fucking planet!*

He picked the phone back up and dialled, fingers angrily tapping on the desk top while he waited for it to be answered.

'Hello?'

'Listen, you dumb cunt,' he snapped as his ex-wife answered, 'don't think you're getting anywhere with that stupid lawyer of yours! I'll tie you up in court for fucking forever!'

He slammed the phone back down and took a deep breath. Suddenly, he laughed, turned back to his computer screen and was happily examining the reservation listings when there was a tentative knock on the door and Fiona, one of the hotel staff opened it. 'What is it?' he snapped, not even bothering to look at her.

'A woman has come about the job,' Fiona said quickly, eager to get out of the office.

'What job?'

'The maid's job we advertised,' Fiona explained patiently. He was fully aware, she knew, he just didn't want to spend money on another person if he could bully everyone into working extra shifts to cover the vacant position.

'We don't need...'

'We do,' Fiona said firmly, surprising herself a little as all the staff knew what a ferocious temper Mr Parnell had. 'Doris is going on vacation soon and we won't be able to cope. Mr Parnell, we really need some one to help. She's outside and seems nice.'

'Nice, I don't give a fuck how nice she is!

Fiona winced. 'I mean, I think she'll be easy to get along with. Please talk to her, Mr Parnell.'

'Ok, ok ,' he grumbled, 'I'll talk to her.' He turned around and looked out at the reception area through the open door. 'Fuck,' he said, 'she's a slant eye!'

Fiona flushed and glanced out to see if the young woman heard but she didn't appear to as she was seated near the stairs, staring impassively into space. 'Please, Mr Parnell, she may hear you.'

'I don't give a fuck if she hears me or not,' Parnell snapped. 'This is my hotel and I can say what I like!

'Yes, of course, Mr Parnell,' Fiona soothed.

'How fucking old is she?' Parnell demanded, looking out into the reception area again.

Fiona looked at the application form Ryoko had completed. 'She's twenty five...'

'She doesn't look it, she looks younger but they all do, don't they.' *I remember that whore...* Parnell shook his head slightly to erase the memory.

Fiona silently rolled her eyes, waiting and finally, Parnell got to his feet. William Parnell was a big man and prided himself on keeping fit, working out with weights three times a week and believed he was big enough and strong enough to handle anyone, *I don't take shit*, he said to himself often, *from anyone! I can handle anybody!*

It was no surprise that he was a bully to everyone and that he had a constant turnover of staff, even though the hotel was the biggest employer in the small village which had recently undergone a tourist resurgence. As a result, the hotel was constantly full with tourists and travelling salespeople.

Ryoko sat waiting patiently, showing nothing on her face although she had heard the man clearly refer to her as *slant eyes*.

She would put up with anything to get this job, now she had found him after all this time.

She had been involved in a travelling magic show, a small circus really without animals but had seen a photograph of Parnell in a newspaper advertisement for the hotel.

It was a shock, when she had almost given up hope to see his face after all this time. Leaving the magic troupe in a hurry, the train had taken her to the village and she wondered what her next step should be. Ryoko had been planning her next move when she saw the advertisement for the position of maid pinned on the community noticeboard in the village.

Walking back to the railway station, Ryoko had changed her clothes in the ladies toilets and redid her face so she appeared demure and sweet. It was something she could do quickly and was well practised.

And so William Parnell saw a sweet Japanese woman when he lumbered out, one who jumped respectfully to her feet and bowed to him, her eyes lowered.

That appealed directly to Parnell's ego and he smiled, looking around to see if Fiona had noticed. *I might hire a few slant eyes*, he thought, *if they all do that, adds a bit of class.*

'I'm Mr Parnell,' he said, towering over Ryoko. 'The boss,' he added meaningfully.

Ryoko bowed again, telling herself to be calm and nodded. 'I am pleased to meet you, sir.' Her voice was soft and she exaggerated her accent just a little. 'I am Ryoko Yuzuki.'

'Yuzuki, isn't that a motorbike?' He laughed at his own joke and Ryoko smiled but said nothing. 'The job is to clean the rooms and I don't bargain about money. You've seen the job description?'

Ryoko bowed again. 'Yes, thank you, sir. The kind lady showed it to me. I am happy with it, sir.'

Parnell liked the way she called him *sir* and nodded. 'There is a maid's room upstairs and you'll have to work long hours,' he warned.

'Of course sir, whatever is required.'

He smiled down at her. *Such a cute little thing and so sweet,* he thought, *and so respectful. She's nothing like the other clods I've got working here.* 'Ok, when can you start?'

'I can start now, sir, if you wish.'

'Great. Fiona,' he bellowed and Fiona almost ran from the office. 'Show her the ropes and get her started.'

'Thank you sir,' Ryoko said, bowing again. Parnell nodded and walked back into his office with a swagger and a grin.

Ryoko watched him go through narrow eyes and then smiled at Fiona. 'The ropes?'

Fiona laughed and led Ryoko upstairs. 'This is your room,' she said opening the door, 'it's not much but you've got a view.'

Ryoko put her suitcase on the bed. 'It's good. Do I have to wear a uniform?'

Fiona laughed. 'Could you see Parnell paying for uniforms? Not likely.'

Ryoko smiled. 'I can wear what I like?'

'Yes but be warned, Parnell is a sleaze.'

'Sleaze?' Ryoko played dumb and Fiona smiled.

'He's a groper and a bit of a sex fiend. I'm sure you've got them in Japan?'

'Ah yes, we have all manner of sex fiends in Japan,' Ryoko said enigmatically.

'I'm sure you do,' Fiona laughed. 'Let me show you what to do and where the cleaning stuff is.'

'Have you shown her everything?' Parnell quizzed Fiona later in the day.

'Yes Mr Parnell, she's a smart one.' *Too smart for that job,* she thought to herself, *and she wrapped you around her finger.*

'She'll be ok tomorrow when the customers go, she'll know what to do?'

We call them guests, Fiona wanted to point out but just shrugged. 'I think so.'

'You notice she called me *sir?*' he said meaningfully to Fiona who almost rolled her eyes, knowing he wanted her to call him that.

In your dreams, she thought viciously. 'Must be an Asian thing,' she said and quickly left the office.

Fiona was drawn upstairs, curious about the new maid, knocked softly on Ryoko's door and she immediately heard Ryoko call, 'yes?'

'It's just me,' Fiona said, popping her head in and saw Ryoko putting clothes into the drawers. 'Settled in?'

'Almost, thank you Fiona,' Ryoko said and Fiona picked up a piece of paper from the dresser top.

'What's this, a magic show?' It was a flyer advertising the show and Ryoko silently cursed herself for leaving it out.

'Yes, I was fortunate enough to work for a small while with them.'

'Roberto the Magician, The Montrose,' Fiona read with a smile, 'what were the Montrose?'

'Acrobats, I think the word is?'

'Yes that's the word,' Fiona nodded and continued to read, 'the Great Akira, what was he?'

'Hypnotist,' Ryoko said carefully. 'I am finished.'

'Ok,' Fiona placed the flyer back down, 'I can show you the hotel grounds and where the staff eat?'

'Thank you,' Ryoko was tempted to bow but thought Fiona was too smart to fall for that and just smiled.

'What did you do in the magic show?'

'I was just the person who cleaned,' she lied.

Fiona showed Ryoko the grounds including the tennis court and swimming pool. 'Staff can swim in the morning or around lunch before the guests have settled in but the girls usually give it a miss.'

'The girls do not swim?' Ryoko frowned as if she was trying to understand.

'Not often. See that small house there with the hedge?' Ryoko nodded as Fiona pointed. 'That's where Parnell the pervert lives and the pervert comes out the moment we're in the water and fairly leers at us so we give it a miss.'

'Ah, I see, the sex fiend,' Ryoko said and giggled prettily with a small hand covering her mouth.

'Yes, the sex fiend,' Fiona said, laughing with her.

'He is the, what do you call it, the manager?' Ryoko asked as they strolled past the kitchen gardens.

'He's the owner.'

Ryoko stopped. 'He owns all of this?' she asked slowly.

'He won some money, walked out on his wife and kids and bought this reasonably cheap. Then the tourists suddenly began to come here and it's now a gold mine,' she said a little bitterly.

Ryoko looked around and nodded. 'It is beautiful and it is his?'

'Yes, believe it or not.'

They walked on in silence until Ryoko asked, 'and why do the tourists now come?'

'The mineral baths in the next village were renovated and they discovered some prehistoric artefacts near here. It's really an excuse for people to drive here and relax for a weekend. Travelling

sales people pull off the motorway and stay here as well so Parnell does very well, the lucky bugger!

'Where did he win the money?'

Fiona shrugged. 'It's all a mystery and he won't say. Hungry?'

'I am, thank you.'

Fiona introduced Ryoko to Doris the cook and Peter and George who looked after the gardens and acted as porters. The other casual staff had gone home. 'How did you get on with Bill?' Doris asked Ryoko?'

'I am sorry, Bill?'

'Parnell. His friends call him Bill, although we would never dare to,' Doris said with a grin and everyone nodded.

'He is fine, I think,' Ryoko said carefully.

'Yeah, well watch him, he is,' Doris said with a glance, 'he has a thing for girls like you.'

Ryoko acted surprised. 'Like me? What do you mean?'

'Asian girls, he spent some time in Japan, I hear.'

'He did? I did not know that,' Ryoko lied and smiled.

'Ryoko used to work in a magic show,' Fiona volunteered.

'Really?' Doris asked interested.

'All sorts of people, hypnotists, acrobats and things like that,' Fiona went on.

'That hypnotism stuff is bunkum,' Peter said sipping his tea, 'it's all rigged, isn't it?'

'Oh no,' Ryoko said, 'it is not rigged, it is real.'

'I saw the poster,' Fiona prattled on, 'what was his name, the hypnotist?'

'Akira,' Ryoko said softly.

'Was he your boyfriend?' Fiona asked suddenly.

'Yes but we broke up,' Ryoko improvised.

'Was he any good?' George asked and everyone laughed. 'I meant as a hypnotist!'

'Akira was the best in Japan and had studied for five years with the secret masters.'

'Why did he come here?' Peter asked.

'Akira was searching for someone...'

'Another girl, eh?' Doris said shrewdly. 'And then dumped you, what a prick!'

'Men,' Fiona said emphatically and Peter and George shifted uncomfortably and then poured another cup of tea.

The Maya Twins

An urban fairytale by

Carmenica Diaz





'It is said that cats are amoral. Well, compared to my lovely nieces, cats are the most moral creatures on this planet! My nieces are beautiful and appear sweet but they decidedly have a morality all of their own, it's just that no one knows what it is!'



Prologue: Once Upon A Time...

The door to Jonathan's flat was ajar and Sharon tapped on it lightly. 'Hello?'

The door opened and *that* woman stood there, smiling widely. 'Hello Sharon, come in.'

Sharon was about to make a cutting remark, what she wasn't sure, when she saw Jonathan kneeling naked on the floor, a chain connected to some animal collar around his neck.

'Jonathan!'

Sharon turned to Jonathan's wife and she blinked in shock when she saw there was two of them!

'This is my sister, Savannah. Savannah, meet Sharon.'

'Please to meet you I'm sure,' Savannah said.

'But...' gasped Sharon.

'Yes, darling,' Savannah said with sarcastic overtones, 'we're twins. How *brilliant* of you to notice.'

'Now pay attention, Sharon,' Hannah said, steadying Sharon with a light hand to her elbow and steering her to stand in front of Jonathan. 'tell her, darling,' she said to Jonathan.

'Sharon,' Jonathan mumbled, face burning, 'please watch me wank.'

Sharon's hand flew to her mouth and she saw that Jonathan's red cock was hard and protruding from his groin. 'I don't...' Sharon gasped.

'He just wants to masturbate for you,' Hannah confided and then rolled her eyes. 'Men!'

'It's his kinky little dream, apparently,' Savannah said. 'Just watch, it shan't take long.'

'Jonathan...' Sharon exclaimed, eyes bulging.

'Please,' Jonathan mumbled. He just *had* to come and even though this was the most shameful thing he had ever done in his life, he was prepared to go through it just to get relief!

'You want me to watch...'

'Yes!' Jonathan said urgently, his hand hovering near his rigid cock. The twins had told him that if he wasn't wanking within ten minutes after Sharon had walked through the door, they would simply put the Dickson Device back on. He knew they were serious when they had mentioned using ice cubes to shrink his cock to get it back in.



*Once upon a time, in a city by the
river Thames, there were two
sisters...*



01: How should we go about it?

The patrons at Café Nero had seen them all – film stars, actors, criminals, entrepreneurs, musicians, call-girls and politicians, they merged into each other after a while – and the patrons ignored them all with a practiced blasé attitude and a studied coolness.

However, when the Maya twins slipped through the tastefully etched double glass doors, the diners and the waiting staff gaped and everyone would have heard a thousand proverbial pins fall to the stylishly polished floor.

It wasn't just that Hannah and Savannah Maya were identical but they were also stunningly beautiful.

As Rupert Gascoigne wrote in *GQ* magazine, *'...they are the perfect matched pair with absolutely no imperfections with a noble and sensual beauty that immediately draws the eye. I am not a religious man but the existence of the Maya twins indicates there is a supreme being – to create one of those girls would have been wondrous, to create two is surely a miracle!'*

To be fair, Rupert Gascoigne appeared to be rather obsessed by the Maya twins as accounts of a rather

famous party in Mayfair testified. It wasn't only famous because the hostess dropped her knickers to show an admiring male dinner guest her latest Brazilian wax but also because a rather drunk Gascoigne argued with a famous media scientist.

The second dusty bottle of Port had been brought up from the cellar when Gascoigne had exploded. 'Yes, I understand how they are genetically identical, George. Your five minutes a day on the BBC doesn't make you a candidate for the Nobel Prize, you know! I know they were formed from one fertilized egg which then for reasons unknown, split into two cells, became implanted and there you have it, identical twins! But George, for the life of me, please explain why they are so devastatingly beautiful!'

At that point, Gascoigne's rather disgruntled wife stepped in, called a mini-cab and whisked Rupert away. Their divorce became news within three months, Rupert took the pledge and *GQ* sent him to Los Angeles to report on Californian fashion, a term Gascoigne thought was an oxymoron.

The Maya Twins. Tall, willowy thin with large breasts and thick blonde hair, they could have been models if they had been disposed to actually work. Some women had cattily said, *wait, time will catch up with them* but those women had obviously not seen the parents of the Maya twins.

Geraldine Maya was still a beauty in her late forties and completely overshadowed women much younger while their father, Pierre was ruggedly handsome, still had a complete head of blonde hair and both girls had received his startling deep blue eyes rather than their mother's pale blue ones.

Yes, the Maya twins came from exquisite breeding stock and every male watched them hungrily when they passed by. Pierre and Geraldine were slyly referred to as the *King and Queen of London society* and if that was the case, Hannah and Savannah were the princesses.

Of course, reverberating within the very soul of every male watcher was that common secret fantasy of making love to two women. Many men wondered if they could survive the extreme delight of making love to the Maya twins.

Many female watchers silently dwelt on just how unfair the universe was, that they were riddled with their own imperfections while two perfect women walked the earth.

The double whammy, so to speak, was that the Maya twins were not only blessed with identical matchless beauty but also with high intelligence, sly wit and a morality all of their own.

Legally Bound



Carmenica Diaz



Prologue

On Saturday morning before leaving for shopping, Virginia informed Henry that the fulfilment of the second addendum would occur that evening.

Immediately, Henry was happy. To be able to achieve orgasm after such a long time of intense sexual frustration was a relief, no matter what it had cost him in terms of the extended contract period and the ten strokes of the cane.

'You should be wanking by seven tonight,' Virginia said with a thin smile. 'Something to look forward to. How long as it been?' She knew very well how long but enjoyed teasing him.

'Eight weeks, Mistress,' Henry said softly.

'Really?' Virginia pretended to be surprised and raised an eyebrow. 'Time *does* fly, doesn't it?'

Henry thought about nothing else all day as he completed his chores, tasks that he now performed diligently and perfectly.

His mind kept returning to one thought! That night, he would finally have the Dickson Device removed and be able to come, to feel his own cock!

He tried to remember when Virginia had simply been his wife and not his demanding and sometimes cruel Mistress. *If only*, he thought, *I had stayed with her and not left her for Grace. If only I hadn't began gambling. If only...*

If only...

He had once been a free man, free to do what he wanted when he wanted it and free to have sex or masturbate when he desired.

Now, he was nothing more than a servant, legally bound to Virginia for at least thirty six weeks.



Virginia chose to wear a soft pink woollen skirt and jacket with beige stockings. No leather clad dominatrix rubbish for her, she wanted to be soft and feminine, to reinforce her new found feminine power over Henry as she caned and humiliated him.

Entering the living room as the clock on the mantelpiece chimed six softly, she called for Henry to bring a gin and tonic.

Sipping the drink, Virginia smiled, lost in thought and after a few moments, imperiously summoned Henry.

His eyes popped when he saw her skirt had risen and he had a clear view of her stocking tops. Virginia's eyes followed his. 'Are you looking at my stocking tops, Henry?'

Henry licked his lips. 'Yes, Mistress,' he murmured.

'Kneel there so you can get a closer look,' Virginia said softly and Henry, eyes fastened to the band of dark nylon and the white garter straps, slowly sank to his knees. Her fingernail touched the garter strap. 'Do you like my stocking tops?' she whispered.



'Yes Mistress,' Henry said, his voice shaking with desire and his spurned cock twisting and turning in its steel prison.

'Would you like to kiss them?'

Henry's heart was pounding and his fingers trembled. *To touch her flesh, to feel the smoothness of her leg!*

'Yes,' he moaned, 'yes...please Mistress.'

'Perhaps, in the future if your good behaviour continues,' she said, carefully adjusting her hem and Henry sadly watched the stocking tops vanish. At the same time, he felt proud that she considered his current behaviour to be good.

'Now,' Virginia said sipping her drink and smiling down at the kneeling Henry, 'it's time to fulfil the contractual obligations as stated in the addendum we both signed yesterday.'

Virginia put the glass down and stood up, looking down on the still kneeling Henry. 'Let's recap. In return for allowing you masturbatory privilege, you will call me Mistress instead of Madam – something you're doing already. It's much nicer than Madam, isn't it?'

'Yes Mistress,' Henry whispered staring at her shoes.

'It's sexier somehow, isn't it? And you'll receive ten strokes of the cane, delivered by myself to make up for the humiliations you put me through when you embarked on your womanising and gambling spree. It's well deserved, isn't it?'

'I suppose so, Mistress,' Henry said doubtfully.

'I believe I am very reasonable. Only ten strokes after all the things you did – the affair with Grace, selling my car – terrible things.'

'Yes Mistress,' Henry hurriedly agreed, hoping Virginia wasn't becoming angry.

'After the caning, I'll remove the Dickson Device and you'll be able to play with yourself. Are you ready?'

'Yes Mistress.'