The Experiment

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hypnotised

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The Experiment
by Pippa ©

I had been out clubbing these last few weeks, trying to screw my name into the record books after the break-up of my marriage. I had been lucky on this last occasion and had met twin sisters. They were both extremely beautiful, 5'4" tall and exuded an air of permanent sexuality. Claire was the youngest by about six minutes, she was a real tearaway and, seemingly up for anything. Rachel however, although extremely pleasant, was much more demure, the professional type with her head securely on her shoulders.

I am a professional sound recording engineer with liberal opportunity to use the sound studios free of charge. My hobby however is hypnotism and for months now I'd been cooking up a very interesting idea that I really wanted to try out. Hypnotism, through 'Subliminal Message Transference'. The whole idea was that I could suggest things to a person deeply enough that they would obey my instructions implicitly, all at the use of a trigger word that I'd implant into their subconscious mind.

The twins seemed to be the perfect opportunity for me to try out my little 'experiment'. During some free time at the studio I began to hatch my little plot. Firstly I recorded my voice in a smooth baritone, gently laying the instruction that whomsoever was listening to the music on this tape would love it so much that the subject, would need to have a copy of their own. I continued to lie this deeply into their minds, changing the way that they were told but always imprinting the same message. Next I lay some very catchy trance music over the top of my voice so that only the music could be heard by the conscious mind. The message however would, I hoped bury itself deeply into their subconscious. I repeated the process using the same music but this time, the subliminal messaging was far more explicit. It instructed the listener to obey my voice whenever I used a trigger word. I made several copies of each and returned home, ready to try out my plan of action.

I'd already invited the twins over that evening for a home cooked meal and drinks. They knew that I'd

been mixing some music tapes and I'd told them that I'd appreciate their input and critique. They arrived promptly at eight and I played the first tape immediately as background music, knowing that the longer they listened, the more likely it would be that the subliminal messaging would take effect.

After dinner, I poured us all some drinks and played the tape again but louder, asking them both to listen carefully and make any comments afterwards.

The first tape worked wonderfully and both girls asked me if they could have copies to take with them. I agreed readily, handing them both the second tapes with the order to obey me subliminally working on them.

They left about midnight, promising to return for another evening of drinks and cards the following week. I knew that they'd be listening to the tapes throughout the week that followed and hoped intently that my trigger would work the next time that we all met.

The next weekend.

True to their word, the girls returned the following Saturday evening and we chatted inanely about all and nothing. The trigger word that I'd implanted was 'Poker' and sure enough, as soon as I suggested we play it, they both seemed to get a far away look in their eyes. They seemed to return to normal, yet each was eager to agree that we played. I wasn't sure if the trigger had worked so, I suggested that we make the game interesting and play strip poker rather than the ordinary type. Once again at the mention of the word poker, they both seemed to glaze over a bit and, once again they agreed readily. Still unsure of myself, I decided to try a little auto suggestion to see if they would obey my instructions. I made a vague comment about it being very warm in the flat and wouldn't they feel more comfortable if they stripped to their underwear?

Much to my glee and excitement, both girls stood up and stripped of their outer layer of clothing. I was certain now that my trigger had worked and decided to have a little fun.

We began by playing strip poker, as agreed, but no matter what cards I held, the girls always believed that I had won. Slowly but surely, I watched as they peeled off item after item of clothing until both were naked as the day they were born. Having reached this point in the game, I suggested that we continue to play but that if the girls lost again, they would have to accept a forfeit of my choice. Without hesitation, both girls agreed and giggled at the thought of what they might be gambling away. I decided to lose a few hands, just to make myself more comfortable and soon I was sitting in just a t-shirt and my boxer shorts.

Claire, being the most receptive and open minded of the two in everyday life, was the girl I chose to

lose first. She looked over at me questioningly and said, "So, what's it to be then?" My mind was agog with possibilities but, at this early stage, I decided not to push things along too quickly.

"Put my tape on, would you? Then you can do an erotic dance for us both to enjoy. Your first forfeit will last for five minutes." I said to her, sounding more confident than I felt. Immediately and without argument, Clair started playing the tape and the rhythmic dance beat of my compilation filled the air. As if she were a professional lap dancer, her lithe body began its sensual movements as she swayed and rocked her limbs in front of us. Graceful and yet erotic moves burgeoned from her torso, as she began to bump and grind her body. Her hands started to caress her skin, starting at her neck and moving slowly down over her pert breasts. Her nipples reacted suddenly, rapidly becoming erect and tensile. She continued her caress, lowering her hands until they were tickling her inner thighs. She bent in front of me as she did so, her pussy only inches from my face. I could see her lips beginning to glisten as her fingers brushed over them. A faint whiff of her juices reached my nose, tempting my olfactory senses teasingly. Without a word, she knelt right in front of me, bending backwards and arching her back, exposing her delicious mons to me. Her fingers eased her lips apart and… she stopped. "That's my five minutes. Let's play another hand." Throbbing deliciously, my member strained against the material of my boxers as we sat to play the next hand. I decided to turn my attention to Rachel this time and, sure enough, she lost the next round. "I suppose that means that it's my turn to forfeit." She commented coolly. "You'll have to give me a chance to top my sister's performance though." She said brazenly, as she stared right into my eyes.

"Okay Rachel, then your performance will be to masturbate for us. Right here on the lounge floor and again, for a full five minutes. The challenge though, will be to see if you can make yourself orgasm within that time."

Rachel didn't even bat an eyelid, as she lay herself on the floor in front of us. She began by caressing her entire body, sending frissons and shivers down her spine. They in turn made her jump in little jerks as she reached down to start working her pussy for us. Her digits worked expertly on her ever moistening mons. Gently at first, waking the sleeping monster that lay within. Gradually she began to insert her fingers, one at a time, pumping in time to the music. Quicker and more energetically as she progressed, until she was thumping four fingers in and out of herself, ferociously beckoning her orgasm to come. Just as her time was nearly up, she bucked violently, moaning and grunting with passion. Release came in the form of a scream as her pussy juices flowed freely over her hand. She gasped and drew in breath as if she were drowning. Gradually allowing herself to return to her calm and peaceful self. "How did I do?" was all she said, as she grinned up at me happily.

"Very well, my sweet." Was my reply. I turned to the two girls and said, "How about one more hand, but this time winner takes all. Whoever has the highest hand gets the other two as their sex slaves for the night?" I needn't have worried as the affirmative response I got was both immediate and sincere.

We played the hand out and, of course I beat them both. "Well then girls, I think we should start with the two of you putting on a little show for Me." Moving the furniture from the middle of the room, I continued, "I would like you both to make love to each other while I watch. Be sure to make each other cum and once you have, we'll take it from there."

No sooner had I uttered my last word but that Rachel leaned forward and planted a long, deep French kiss onto her twin sister Claire's inviting mouth. Claire responded passionately and grabbing Rachel by the hand, she led her to the middle of the room, laying her gently onto the shag pile carpet. Pressing her boobs into Rachel's flesh she proceeded to massage her body in that way whilst, all the while kissing and licking other areas that were afforded her. Rachel responded by manoeuvring her face between her sibling's thighs. She nipped, bit, licked and nibbled until her mouth found Claire's moist honey pot.

The instant that her nose plunged into this treasure trove, she redoubled her efforts as her tongue went into overdrive. Claire was caught by the ferocity of this attention and, in no time at all she was bucking like a bronco on her twin's face. She exploded as her orgasms fired through her body. Six, eight, twelve times her cunt exploded with sheer ecstasy. As she began to recover, she started her own onslaught on her sister's mound. No more delicate teasing, there was a score to be settled.

I watched in awe as Claire found each and every hot spot in Rachel's vagina. She pulled, she tongued, and she fingered her twin for all she was worth until, as she nipped on the throbbing clit that was there in her mouth, Rachel finally succumbed. Their goal achieved, the girls stopped their performance and hugged each other closely. As if one they both looked up into my eyes, simultaneously cracking a sexy, cheeky grin. Together they purred up at me. "Did you like the show?" My first experiment with the twins, Rachel and Claire, had been an out and out success. In fact, I was agog at how receptive they had been, once I had used the subliminal trigger word on them. Although outwardly, they were seemingly normal in every way and what's more, that they seemed completely in control of their own will and faculties; they were in fact, completely submissive to any suggestion that they heard me utter.

I had been careful to implant the command, instructing them to respond *only* to commands that were spoken in *my* voice. They were to be *my* personal playthings and not submissive to any old 'Tom, Dick or Harry'.

The outstanding success of my initial trial, in the privacy of my own home, had emboldened me considerably. The perverse nature of my personality was now, well and truly pricked.

The next stage, I decided, would be much more exciting for me; though my humble pair of servant girls might have found it considerably more humiliating. That is to say, they might, had they been

conscious of the acts they would perform at my command!

The really clever thing, I thought, about the way that I had induced the twins to be receptive to my trigger word, was that I had first made them crave listening to the tape recording, that contained my subliminal instructions. This meant that the longer I waited between meeting them, the stronger the imprint was, on their subconscious minds. The stronger the imprint of course, the more willing that they would become upon hearing me use the trigger word on them.

We arranged to meet in the West End of London. I had told them that I wanted to treat them and, that I would be buying them some clothes to wear. I also told them that this would be for a special 'party' that I would be taking them to.

The girls were thrilled at my generosity. Little did they know that this was to be my next little experiment for them both!

We met by the statue of Eros, near Leicester Square and, we walked into the heart of Soho which, being London's 'Red Light District' was full of seedy little sex shops. I chose to visit one that was filled with shifty looking men and, that was staffed by a similarly perverted looking man who sat at a counter by the door.

As soon as we walked in, the girls drew lewd stares and leers.

Since I had not yet used my trigger, the twins looked uneasy and nervous. They were used to me being the perfect Gentleman with them or, at least what they could recall of their meetings with me expressed that notion.

I drew them close and said, "Don't worry, Ladies. I'm just looking for some '*Poker*' cards, for the next game of strip '*Poker*' that we play."

I deliberately emphasised the word 'Poker', making absolutely sure that they heard me correctly. As had happened previously, they seemed to glaze over briefly at each mention of the trigger. As soon as they returned to their 'seemingly' normal selves though, the nervousness had disappeared and a look of excitement had replaced it.

"And we thought that you might be getting us our 'Party Clothes' from here." Chirped Claire, teasingly.

"Or at very least, our 'Party *Under*clothes'." Continued Rachel, as seductively as she could.

"Well… I suppose that we could see if there's anything that we *all* like the look of you in." I replied in a loud voice. Making sure that the other men in the store heard me clearly. "But there are no changing rooms in here so, you'll both have to try them on right here, in the open. I think that I'd like that, actually. You wouldn't mind, would you girls?"

They looked at each other briefly, weighing up the consequences of their words and then, they both cracked cheeky grins and said, "If that would please you, Philip. We're both game, as long as you're footing the bill!"

Most of the other men in the shop were throwing me surreptitious glances by now and, a few even winked or gave me the thumbs up.

We went to the sexy adult clothing corner of the shop and Rachel piped up, "Since these will be your gift to us, Phil… I think it only fair that you choose the outfits that we should try on."

"Yes, that would make it much more exciting!" commented Claire, in response.

"Very well then my young models." I replied cheerily, "You can start by trying on some underwear for me. We'll work on the top layers once I've chosen that, okay?"

I rifled through the sexiest, skimpiest lingerie that I could find; finally handing each of them similar garments. The only real difference was the colour. I gave Rachel a set in brilliant white and, for Claire, I chose Ferrari red.

"I think that you'd better start by stripping off what you're currently wearing, don't you?"

No sooner had my request been made, than the two of them started peeling off the clothes that they were wearing.

The other men in the shop had ceased to be in the slightest bit cautious with their glances and, they were now ogling blatantly at the denuding female forms before them. In fact, some of them were coming closer and, we seemed to be drawing a crowd of onlookers.

"You can look but, you can't touch Gentlemen." I told the growing crowd forcefully. "Anyone breaks that rule and, I'll take the girls elsewhere. Okay with everyone?"

There was a chorus of affirmation as the two beauties finally stood in front of us all, completely and utterly naked as the day they were born.

They gratefully accepted the outfits that I handed them and began to dress.

The outfits consisted of lacy half cup bras with matching g-string panties; a waist reducing whale-bone corset with its own suspenders, lace topped hold up stockings with rear seam and Cuban heel and sheer lacy French knickers to finish.

The girls received some wolf whistles as they each helped to tie the other into the corsets. This was a necessity as, the garment laced up from behind.

When the layer of underwear was successfully attiring them, I decided to look for an outer layer.

"I think that you should follow me around a while as, I'm going to need you to try some things on for me."

Obediently, the two sisters followed my steps, each remaining at opposing sides of my body. I randomly picked some clothes for them to try on, making them dress and then, undress in front of their audience.

Once I began to tire of this little game, I chose the outfits that I had decided I would be purchasing for them.

Rachel, I dressed in a sexy and very short French maids outfit. The black and white going very well with the skimpy white undergarments that she wore.

Claire, I decided would look superb in leather so, I chose the most sluttish combination that I could.

A micro-mini skirt that just allowed her stocking tops to be seen, a sheer sleeveless top that showed her waist-clincher and bra, a half-body leather jacket and, to set it all off, a studded collar with a ring on it so that, should I wish to, I could attach a leash to her!

The final items that I bought them were the shoes I had chosen.

6" stiletto heeled ankle boots that stretched their calf muscles, beautifully enhancing the shape of their legs.

I paid, asking the cashier to pack up the clothes that the girls had arrived in.

"You're going to wear your new outfits for the rest of the evening, girls. We're going clubbing and, I think that you look wonderful, just the way you are!"

The girls looked a little surprised so, I enforced my hold on them by saying, "Or we could always play poker with the guys in the shop!"

Again, the girls immediately relaxed and giggling, followed me out of the shop.
Top of Form 1
Bottom of Form 1
It was still too early for us to head directly to the clubs so, deciding to show off my lovely escorts, I decided that we'd go for drinks first.

We headed for the tube, our destination being the chic and frequently busy Covent Garden bars.

The Tube is London's busy underground Metro system and, I'd deliberately chosen this method of transport to get to our destination as, I wanted to expose my two 'Guinea-Pigs' to the largest crowds possible.

Dressed as they were, in their new and very sexy garb, they attracted many stares and not a few wolf whistles.

We climbed aboard the Piccadilly line tube train which was, as usual, packed solid with shoppers, commuters and, it was headed to Covent Garden Station.

As we descended onto the platform, I noticed several of the male passengers, coping a sly feel of the girls thighs, bums and even a few daring strokes of their breasts. The girls remained impervious to the attention though, remaining quite firmly in position, either side of me.

We rose to street level in the lift and, we were thrust rapidly into the early evening throng of tourists and locals, all of whom seemed intent on starting their evenings jollities early.

The girls and I were still turning a lot of heads and, I smiled to myself, enjoying the attention that we were getting. Proud to be in the company of such beauty.

Choosing to go to a pub/bar that would be busy, we pushed toward the centre of the covered part of Covent Garden Market.

It's beautiful architecture is quite imposing and, it's filled with a variety of small shops, each selling items ranging from expensive art to gimmicky, if unusual gifts and mementoes. In the vast alleyways and in the central courtyard, there are market stalls and street vendors. However, most interestingly of all, there are a variety of street entertainers playing to the milling crowds.

We went to the pub first of all, my plan being to have a couple of drinks and, to decide how to proceed from there. Claire was instructed to buy our drinks and, handing her some money, Rachel and I chose a prominent table, in the centre of the floor space.

I had asked Claire to buy me a pint of lager but, had told her to buy both Rachel and herself, the Zombie Cocktails that I'd noticed were sold here. Zombies are extremely potent alcoholic cocktails made from seven different varieties of rum, including Jamaican overproof rum and orange juice.

It couldn't hurt matters, I thought to myself, if the girls became a little tipsy!

We finished our drinks and, once again, drawing looks from the crowd, made our way back upstairs to the busy covered market.

Without it being planned, I had brought along a copy of my Dance-Mix tape and had it in my jacket pocket. It was the tape that hid the subliminal messages that reinforced total obeisance to my commands.

It was also a very catchy compilation, a mixture of the most up to date club 'dance' tracks, even if I do say so myself.

An idea was forcing itself into my mind and, the more I considered it, the more I began to like it!

We wandered around until I found a store that sold battery operated ghetto blasters. I went in and bought the loudest one that was available, charging it to my credit card. Now I could play my tape and, what's more I could play it good and loud!

Browsing the market stalls, I also found and bought a few 'novelty' items. They consisted of, two pairs of handcuffs, some ankle cuffs connected to a leg spreader bar, a ball gag and, a cat-o'-nine tails whip made of leather.

All that was required now to allow me to action my fiendish plan was, a length of mesh wire fencing or, a wrought iron gate of some description.

I found what I was looking for at the extreme edge of Covent Garden, at the edge that leads up into the exotic bar area. Fortunately for me, this is an area which, whilst little known to the average Londoner, is very broadminded and, it contains a large number of Lesbian and Transsexual bars and cafés.

The 'accessory' that I'd been seeking was, as I've previously mentioned, a mesh wire or, a gothic or medieval styled wrought iron gate of some description.

The reason this was so important to my little plan was that, I was in need of something to which I could fasten the handcuffs that I had purchased earlier, in the market.

I smiled broadly as we approached a large, black, iron gate that fronted a large, Edwardian house, on the very final street corner, that was still considered to be within Covent Garden's boundaries.

It was perfect!

Thick, black and made of eerily founded cast iron, it had a presence that would have suited a Hammer House of Horror film. Not wanting any trouble with the local 'law enforcement', I quickly gathered my wits about me and, thinking up an outrageous, yet plausible story, I approached the door and rang.

Quite the most unexpected sight greeted me as the door opened in response. What was, quite obviously a man, though quite a femininely shaped one, stood before me in the doorway, dressed entirely as a French Maid.

"Good afternoon, Sir. How may I be of service?" He asked politely.

I was a little taken aback but, recovering my composure, I asked if I might be permitted to speak with the chief resident of this fine abode.

Leaving the girls outside, I followed the maid to the 'Library'. Sitting there, in a large Chippendale leather armchair, was a most beautiful woman.

She was demurely dressed, a strictness pervaded the air around her, a presence, inescapable and virtually palpable. She dismissed her maid with a nod of her head, saying: "That will be all thank you, Davinia. I'll ring when I need you."

Without pause, the transgender servant turned and left the room, closing the door as 'she' left.

Introducing myself as respectfully as I could, I began to weave together, the strings of my rapidly formed 'story', the aim of which was, to obtain permission for my use of the house's front railings. The use of which would allow, my implementation of the plan, that I had cooked up for my two willing, subliminally controlled test subjects.

I explained that, I was a new, young, film producer, hoping to explore the public's reaction to unusual situations and exotic visual stimuli. I explained that I was hoping that, she would allow me to have my performers enact a few scenes, at the front of her house. Adding quickly, that they might possibly do so, using her cast iron frontage as a prop.

The lady seemed fascinated at the prospect but, asked that I might introduce them to her, before she made her final decision. I agreed at once, realising that here lay some potential.
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Returning to the front door, I opened it and instructed the twins to enter. Placing the ghetto-blaster and our other purchases just inside the hall, I led them through to the Library and, as requested by the Mistress of the house, proceeded to introduce them to her.

"Are they both… how shall I put it? Well… shall we say, 'well-trained'?" She asked, her eyes glinting as they roved over the girls' bodies.

"Girls, why don't you show Madame how much we'd appreciate her consent with our little escapade? Why don't you each kneel in front of her and kiss her lovely, shiny boots and then, continue kissing her legs, right up to her inner thighs?"

I looked over at the formidable woman and winked at her.

"I imagine that will be okay with you, Madame?"

She grinned at me, nodding her approval and stretched her boot-clad legs apart, widely, thus giving each of the sisters, ample room to obey my command.

At once, the girls took up their positions. Rachel took her position at 'Madame's' right foot and, Claire knelt by her left. They immediately began with soft, butterfly like kisses, working up from the point of each boot to the ankle. Once there, I commented openly that they should not forget the heels, before continuing their upward journey along the lady's leg. Again, they responded as one and licked and kissed the heels. Rachel even lifted the boot to her mouth, French kissing the heel and then, swallowing it into her mouth.

I watched eagerly as they gently lifted the woman's skirt, kissing and licking upwardly, along their designated path to her thighs.

As they neared their goal and, as their faces met by the Lady's inner thighs, they French kissed each other before continuing to tease her inner thighs. I heard the Lady moan as the two tongues found their mark. Again, I made a comment.

"I don't think that we can leave Madame in such a heightened state of arousal now, can we girls? Why don't you finish what you've started? Claire, remove Madame's panties and then, move your kisses to the lips of her mouth. Rachel, once her panties are off, you may continue with the lips you see before you. Don't stop until you feel and taste our gracious hostess' cum filling your sweet mouth!"

It was a pleasure and an erotic scene that I watched from then on. The twins worked beautifully, in unison, as they brought our Hostess to the height of pleasure, and beyond.

Our Dominatrix, was herself being dominated by the pleasure she was experiencing. She bucked and jerked as her climax took control.

She came forcefully, her juices covering Rachel's lips and chin. She would have screamed had it not been for Claire's mouth, which she had, clamped tightly over her own.

The girls task completed, they rose from the floor and looked over at me, expectantly.

"Well done, ladies. I think that our Hostess is most pleased by your performance."

The owner of the house was just recovering as I said this and, she straightened her clothing as she smiled broadly in my direction.

"You have my permission to use the house in your little production, Sir! What's more, you may use, not only the exterior but the interior as well. By the way, I am the Contessa Irena Motzzonne. It has been a pleasure to make your acquaintance!"

I took her hand and, raising it to my mouth, I kissed her very gently on her fingers.

"Contessa, the pleasure has been all mine, believe me. If there is anything else that I, or my girls can do for you, please do not hesitate to ask."

Her reply was more than I could have hoped for.

"You are most kind, Sir. I will ask that, once you have finished with your scene outdoors, you should

return and shoot at least one in my 'humble' abode. Would you agree to do that for me?"

It was impossible for me to suppress my grin as I agreed with her request.

I led the twins back outside to the front of the house. I set up the camcorder and pressed record.

Suggesting that Claire handcuff her sister to the wrought iron frontage had an immediate and pleasing effect. She manhandled Rachel into position, pushing her front up against the hard metal and, ordering her to place her arms above her head.

Rachel submitted without objection and soon found herself on tip-toe, wrists firmly attached to the grate of the fencing.

Claire, without further instruction, kicked her sister's legs akimbo and, kneeling down rapidly, she attached her ankles using the ankle cuffs and spreader bar. This had the effect of forcing Rachel to stand fully on her toes or, to hang her entire body weight from the cuffs that were secured to her wrists.

Once again, I 'suggested' the next move should be to use the 'gag' that I'd bought earlier, securing that Rachel couldn't make too much noise, thus attracting the unwelcome presence of the local police!

There was no hesitation to Claire's actions. She rapidly forced the rubber ball into her sister's mouth and fastened the buckle tightly, behind Rachel's head.

Claire seemed to be really enjoying her role as Rachel's Dominatrix, subliminal autosuggestion or not, there was a glint in her eyes and, a look of eagerness in her manner!

I congratulated myself silently, on having judged them correctly. The girl's personalities seemed to be perfect for the roles that I had cast them in.

Looking directly into Claire's eyes, I explained that the video we were to shoot was, an S&M/BDSM style background film for a heavy 'Dance' track that would soon be released. The intended audience would be heavy S&M dance clubs and swingers parties. Having seen that Claire was willing to broaden the suggestions that I'd made, without any further egging on, I told her that she could use any of the props that I had bought and, to use her imagination as to how best to dominate her sister, now her submissive slave/toy!

I returned to the camcorder and waited to see how far she would let herself go and, what delicious

tortures she might inflict on her sibling, now become her 'willing victim'.

I was not to be disappointed!

She began by setting her sister's boobs free, displaying the erect, excited nipples to the outdoor breeze; next she pushed up her captive's skirt, over the round of the bottom and tucked it into the waist, binding it such, as to leave the rear view of the g-string clad buns, open to the elements.

Claire spent a good 15 minutes, gently stroking the mounds of her arse cheeks, tickling and tantalising the creamy white skin with her fingers and palm.

As I watched through the camera's lens, occasionally zooming in for the close-ups, I could see the involuntary spasms as her butt-cheeks clenched and unclenched at each new touch.

Having carefully sensitised the whole area, to the point where Rachel couldn't help her clenching should a stiff breeze stroke her as it passed, Claire chose the bendy cane that I'd bought earlier in Soho, swishing it casually through the air, out of sight of her sister's eyes.

Without warning she thrashed a stroke over both of Rachel's cheeks, right in the middle, a thin weal quickly appearing as the cane swung back.

The gag muffled the scream that tried to break from Rachel's throat. It's a moment that I still enjoy watching on video, the jiggling the rode like a wave as her bum tried to cope with the sting of the cane as it bit into her skin. Truly beautiful. But I digress…

Twice more the cane bit into her, once just above, the other just below her original mark. Two more swiftly followed, cutting into each side of her inner thighs.

Angry welts soon burned red where the slice of the cane had made contact with Rachel's pearly white mounds.

Allowing her sister to experience the sensations she'd just wrought, Claire rummaged through the items that I'd bought along the way.

She chose the nipple clamps. They had a decorative silver chain that, once attached would swing freely between bouncy jugs they connected!

Claire approached the bound figure of her sibling and caressed her bosom, exciting the nipples and making them erect. As they stood proudly, adorning the wobbly tissue of her breasts, Claire attached

and tightened the clamps onto Rachel's exposed nipples, quickly fixing the chain in place.

Returning to the goody bag, she took out a strap-on dildo and fastened it over her own clothing. Unintentionally, when buying Claire her leather miniskirt, I had chosen one that zipped up at the front; this was perfect for the strap-on as, she could attach the harness over her tiny leather strap g-string, unzip the front of her skirt about half way and allow the latex cock to poke out in front of her!

A small group of onlookers had begun to gather around the Video Shoot and it seemed to be growing fairly quickly. I panned the camera around full circle, capturing for posterity both the fact that we'd shot this in a public street and, that we'd gathered quite a crowd in doing so.

Claire, now fully into her part as the 'Dominatrix', sauntered over joyfully to her submissive sibling Slavegirl. She bent her knees, almost kneeling by her twin's rump and, without warning, ripped off the cords that held the tiny g-string in place.

Rachel struggled frantically at her bonds but, to no avail. She remained firmly fixed in position, her arse now naked as the day she'd been born.

Claire now began to excite the flesh in and around her target area, making Rachel's quim tremble with anticipation. She was tickled, rubbed, stroked and spanked until, gradually she could contain herself no longer.

Now it seemed, she was ripe for the taking, and Claire had every intention of making quite a spectacle of doing so!

Very slowly, she began to rub the tip of the strap-on along the crease of her sister's eager lips. Gently, she nudged the tip of the 8" rod into the moist haven between her forcibly compliant partner.

Inch by heavenly inch, the latex filled her inners. As Claire began to hump it in and out of the deliciously sticky hole, she unbuckled the gag and removed it from her sister's mouth.

A deep, passionate moan escaped Rachel's lips as, her excitement continued to build. Harder and faster, Claire continued to fuck her sister's cunt until, in one huge shriek, Rachel's climax roared through her body.

The crowd were at a frenzy. People were shouting encouragement and, clapping with delight. The camcorder, faithfully recorded the entire scene, much to my delight.

Worrying about the possibility that such a crowd might attract the unwanted attention of the

authorities, I instructed that Rachel be freed and that we return to the safety of the house.

Claire willingly obliged and Rachel, still rubbing the welts on her bum, kissed my cheek and thanked me for my thoughtfulness.

Her action struck me as funny, true I had ordered her released but, 'twas I that had initiated the entire event to begin with. I chuckled happily as we tidied away our gear and moved towards the front door and… who knows what would follow.
The door opened even before I could knock, leading me to the conclusion that, the mistress of the house had been watching us all along. The 'maid' ushered us along the hallway and into a large room at the rear of the house.

Irena, the lovely Contessa and the owner of the large 'Town House' that we were now in, greeted us with a big smile, kissing me on each cheek and then, French kissing each of the sisters, a long hard kiss that left no doubt where her sexual preferences lay!

The room, as I've mentioned before, was very spacious but, curiously furnished. Irena obviously saw the inquisitiveness in my eyes as she explained where she had brought us.

"This is the 'games' room, I enjoy bringing my 'maids' here for a little recreation and, occasionally to eek out their correction when they've displeased me."

I nodded understandingly.

"The furniture is, in the main antique but, mostly from collectors who favour the attitude found in the writings of the Count De-Sade!"

I was beginning to comprehend some of the items that I was seeing and, the uses that they could be put to. A broad grin broke out over my face.

"Contessa," I remarked, "I would be most appreciative, as would the Ladies here, if you would be kind enough to demonstrate the techniques necessary, to make the most of your most unusual apparatus."

"It would be my sincerest pleasure, Sir." She replied. "If you would allow me a small penchant though, I would prefer the initial demonstration to have 'Davinia', my 'maid', as the 'volunteer'."

I nodded my assent to her request, wondering in which direction this was to lead. Irena pulled on a cord which, ringing some hidden bell, somewhere in the house, summoned her servant to her.

Only a few moments passed before 'Davinia' appeared through the door. I paused, to better examine the new addition to the ensemble that was to become a part of our experience.

Davinia was only really identifiable as being of the male gender by, the 'Adam's apple' that was clearly visible on his/her neck. Otherwise, the 'transformation' to the 'female' persona was quite remarkable.

Her hair was of shoulder length, tied back into a pony tail, held high on the crown of her head, giving the appearance of one of the 'dressed' ponies that one sees, at professional 'dressage' shows. It was thick and shiny and, it shone a bright auburn colour.

She was made up in a very feminine, mainly understated manner, as befit her position in the household.

The exceptions to this were in her eye and lip make-up.

Her lashes were built up, long, thick and beautifully finished, making her eyes stand out, drawing one's gaze. As you looked at her face, you couldn't help but to stare into her eyes.

Her lips were lined with, what looked like a kohl eyeliner, effectively fattening the bottom lip and, giving her mouth an almost permanent pout. Within this framework, the lips had been covered with two tones of thick, shiny lipstick; the outer rim in a dark burgundy and, the inner rim, nearest the opening of her mouth, in a bright, flashy, fiery red. Through the middle, vertically joining the top and bottom lips was, another kohl black line which made her mouth a very alluring and, positively kissable sight. The level of gloss that shone over her mouth, led me to believe that over this, a few coats of lip-gloss had completed the handiwork.

Lowering my now critical gaze, I took in the outfit that she had been kitted out in. The undergarments were of course, hidden from my view but, what was visible to me was, a short, black satin dress, tight in the waist and plain above it, with buttons running the length of her front. The 'skirt' of the dress, flared out a little broadening the hips and giving her figure an hourglass shape. Her hem stopped about mid thigh, occasionally flashing the tops of her 'hold-up' stockings. Over the top of this ensemble, she was wearing a lacy, brocaded apron, in the classic 'French maid' style.

Lower still and, her legs sported silk stockings with lacy, elasticised 'hold-up' tops. These were fitted nicely into 3" heeled strapped sandals, made of shiny, patent leather.

The overall effect was of a very sexy, feminine 'girly' who was obviously of 'servant' status.

The Contessa signalled her to enter and instructed that she should stay, making herself available to any of us, as and when necessary.

Davinia nodded her compliance and curtsying, she moved to the corner of the room, standing in wait, knowing that she was soon to be used in one of her Mistress' little plans.

"Shall I give you the tour? It would probably be advantageous if you were to have had each item described to you, before we go much further." The Contessa remarked, amiably.

She showed us around the room, giving a brief description as she pointed to each item that we arrived at. There were items as broad and varied as the shapes that they were made into. A few 'naughty' thoughts ran through my mind as I heard these explanations, a few times accompanied by vivid mental pictures of the girls, using them or, being used on them!

Concluding the 'tour', Irena called Davinia to her side.

"Davinia, I'd like to begin with a moderate demonstration of my inclinations so, if you would assume your position at the whipping stick. Oh, I suppose that you should begin by removing your outer garments. I think that you would look better in only your lingerie."

Without pause, Davinia removed her apron and dress, folding them carefully and, placing them on a small table by the door. She promptly and wordlessly moved over to the front of a wooden railing which, was composed of a rear framework that was attached to the wall of the room with an 'X' superimposed over the top of it, covering the frame from corner to corner.

A strong wooden pole, also very firmly attached to the wall, rose above the square frame to the ceiling. Still attached, this time to the ceiling itself, the pole ran forward where, about three feet into the room, it ended with a sturdy looking loop of iron, hanging from its end. At each corner of the wooden 'X' were metal clamps, open for the moment, but with central clamps that could lock with a padlock.

Before being affixed to the contraption, I eyed Davinia's unto now unseen body eagerly. Her undergarments were as sexy and enticing as the rest of her had been and, afforded a much better view of the fit, smooth body beneath it.

She was completely depilated, showing her smooth, hairless, skin through the expensive designer lingerie that was now on show. Her chest had been fitted with false, real looking, silicon breasts that filled the shiny satin of her red bra-cups, bringing her bust measurement to a shapely 38C.

The shaped nipples on the front of the silicon sacks, were clearly visible as they pushed through the cups and then the thin fabric of the lace that covered their top halves.

A waist-clincher corset had been firmly tied around her waist, sucking it in by several inches to, what looked to be about a 28" fitting.

Her hips flared out beneath all of this and, I judged to be roughly a 36 to 38" measurement. Covering her backside and her pubic region were, a pair of silken and, very expensive tanga panties.

Moments later, the Contessa was beside her and was clamping her, face to the wall, to the clamps on the wooden framework that faced her.

Wrists first, followed rapidly by her ankles, Davinia was made captive to the device. The fixtures were then notched further and further apart until, she was stretched as far as her limbs would allow, her toes and the very tip of the balls of her feet, barely able to make contact with the floor.

The strings at each side of her panties were untied, the thin fabric falling to the floor, at her feet.

As the panties fell away, her shaft, that had up until now been held in place by them, sprang free. The situation that she was being placed in had, quite obviously had the effect of stimulating her as, freed from the silky garb, his/her still stiffening member sprang into view, within seconds standing proudly in front of her.

Opening a cupboard on the wall, next to the 'whipping stick', she fingered the items within. Choosing carefully, she withdrew a thick leather paddle. It was about a half inch deep, the bottom end shaped into a handle, growing into a rectangle about a foot long and 3" in breadth. The top end, being the end opposite to the handle, had a slit sliced down the middle to approximately half its length. Its name, the Contessa explained, was the Scottish Tawse and, had been an implement of correction since the early 1700's.

Setting her feet apart, a measured distance from Davinia's prone figure, Irena swatted the air a few times, taking note of the article's weight. Arcing her arm widely, she swung it back and brought it down sharply on the jiggling mounds before her.

The leather bit into the maid's tender rump with a loud snap of the air and, brought with it a high pitched squeal as the skin beneath it began to burn fiercely. Five times more the heavy leather lozenge found its mark, each time increasing the heat of it's, now clenching, target. Each time, from Davinia's luscious mouth, a shriek or yelp was heard.

I was impressed though and, thought to myself more than once that, had our positions been reversed, I would probably have been crying like a baby by now. The maid's control was quite incredible and, her tolerance superb.

Returning the implement to its place of storage, Irena chose a different implement which, she handed to me.

It consisted of a long wooden handle, covered with thin leather strips to give the wielder surer grip and, was tipped with a further six of these strips, hanging loosely from its end. This particular device was known as a 'cat-o-nine tails' and, was a variety of whip that, though covering a wider area than an ordinary whip, was made in such a manner as to stroke the target area, rather than to cut more deeply into the flesh and skin.

"I expect that you would like to try your hand and, once you have done so, we might finish with Davinia by allowing the Ladies to try one or two of my other treasures."

"It would be my honour, Contessa." I replied with glee.

Approaching our captive, I took a few experimental swings with the 'cat'. As soon as I felt that I'd captured the measure of the thing, I took aim and launched a series of strokes onto the already glowing cheeks before me.

Though the stripe marks that I made were easily visible, Davinia uttered not a sound, reinforcing my astonishment at her pain threshold. I finished with a flurry and, handed the tool back to its owner. Returning it to its rightful place, Irena once again chose an item from her cupboard. Stepping over to where Claire stood, she handed it to her and nodded in the maid's direction, winking knowingly as she did so.

The chosen piece was a long birch twig, still fairly young and quite bushy with four thin branches tied together. Without a second's hesitation, Claire began to punish her victims rump, not finishing her strokes until the hide was glowing hotly.

Once more the implement was swapped for another which, Irena passed into Rachel's eager hands. On this occasion, a thin, whippy cane was the item of choice and, giving Davinia almost no time to recover from the prior assault, she brought the wood of the cane down onto the waiting backside that she'd been presented with. Six strokes she meted out, two diagonally, two crisscrossing the cheeks and the final two, as she'd received earlier, cutting into the inner thighs. These final two brought screams from our captive's throat.

Irena quickly rubbed some cream into the now hellish rump, cooling the angry welts that had appeared. Freeing Davinia's wrists and ankles, the Contessa dismissed her maid, instructing her to pick up her clothes on the way out.

"Now Sir, would you like us to see how the girls fare on some of the other furnishings that are available?"

I smiled, a broad, Cheshire cat grin.

"That would be most agreeable Ma'am. Where do you propose we begin?"