

THE THERAPIST

CHAPTER 1

'Seven years, eight months and ten days.' Deni thought as she straightened her stockings and attached them to her suspender belt. Then pointed her toes and slid them into her shiny black six inch stilettos. She slipped her grey pencil skirt up over her thick thighs and wriggled it past her curvaceous ass, and cupped each breast one at a time to settle them comfortably into the corset before putting her arms through the holes of her crisp white shirt. She fastened the bottom four buttons then tucked it into her skirt, finally zipping it up to present herself as a professional. She did her hair into a tight bun and applied just enough makeup to accentuate her features, then picked up the clear glass spectacles and perched them on the bridge of her pert nose.

As she made her way past the other three women in the dressing room, Serena smiled, "It's your last night tonight, do you have plans to celebrate later?"

"No sweets, I have a big day tomorrow. I'm fully booked, so I'll be going home and heading straight to bed just as a good little girl like me should." She said with a wink.

Deni opened the door, and stepped through, squaring her shoulders and closed it behind her. She proceeded down the hall to the third door on the right. She tapped her knuckles three times, then paused with her hand on the knob. In her mind she counted. 'One, one thousand, two, one thousand, three, one thousand.' Then she let herself into the seductively darkened room.

She entered to find her last client for the night kneeling with his head bowed. She approached him slowly, building his anticipation. The art of satisfaction was not explicitly about sex, it was about giving a person something that nobody else could or would, even though most of her clients had wives or husbands. It was about reaching that hidden place inside their minds, that place where they hide their fantasies and fetishes. The ones that society have labelled taboo, making it into something dirty or depraved. The owner of the forbidden secrets, afraid of being judged a freak, and unable to carry the burden any longer, would seek out someone like Deni to provide a temporary fix. People will pay significant values to acquire what they desire most, regardless of whether it's a diamond bracelet, a new Jaguar or...

Deni stepped behind the gentleman, she bent her knees and starting at the base of his spine she ran the back of her nail all the way up to his nape. Her hand sank into his dark wavy hair, and

curled her fingertips to scrunch a handful, then tilted his head backwards. "Did you touch yourself this week Judge? Did you think of me when you came in your hand?" He whimpered and tried to nod his head, but she'd tightened her grip. He began to pant, "Yes Mistress." She circled him, then crossed the room to a chair that sat against the far wall. She tilted it onto its back legs and dragged it across the room to position it a couple of feet in front of the Judge. Then went to the cabinet in the corner and pulled out the second drawer. There she found a riding crop and a pair of black latex gloves. She paused before closing the drawer, "Eyes forward," she commanded knowing that curiosity would have broken his hold over his set. She slid the drawer shut then returned to the chair where she took the riding crop between her teeth leaving both hands free to put the black gloves on. As she snapped them into place she watched the Judge's cock twitch. "Do you solemnly swear to obey your Mistress, in all she requests or denies?"

The Judge quickly responded, "I do so swear."

With a slap of the crop to his thigh, Deni said, "I hereby call this room to order; the arguments for the first case before us today will proceed." Deni lifted her skirt stretching it over her curves. She watched as the Judge hardened even further, his hands fisting at his sides as he licked his lips.

Deni sat her ass on the edge of the chair, then with the flexibility of a dancer she lifted her right foot, and waited. The muscles in the Judge's face ticked with his eagerness to please. He pressed his lips to the shiny toe. Deni then positioned it on his chest so that the heel spike applied a hint of pain. Just enough to divert his attention away from his throbbing cock. She then repeated the ritual to match on the other side of his chest. With both spikes biting the Judge's skin, Deni spread her knees wide to allow him the perfect view of her lace covered money maker. "As this is my last night at this establishment, and you are my last client; I have prepared a little something different for you."

A sudden look of confusion and despair crossed the Judge's face. Unable to contain himself his eyes flew from the Mistress' alluring snatch up to her face meeting her gaze, forgetting for a moment his submissive demeanour. He began to shake his head profusely, "No," the look on his face showed sure signs of him suffering a mental breakdown of sorts. "I'll do anything," he promised like an addict that had just been told he would have to go cold turkey.

"Judge, do you love your wife?" The Mistress inquired.

"Yes Mistress," he glanced down at the floor in shame.

"Then tonight I want you to imagine that I am her. Enough now, time is ticking. We shall have time to talk after."

"Yes Mistress." He said with a quizzical look in his eye.

Deni struck his upper arm just with enough force to sting. "Untie my ribbons." As his hand lifted from his side and he reached forward to pinch the end of the bow between his fingertips, he inhaled deeply. The spiked heel digging into his chest as he freed one side of The Mistress' underwear. He barely bit back a moan as he swallowed hard. With his left hand returned to his side, he lifted his right to mimic the actions. With Deni leaning back against the chair, she braced the weight of her body with her hands to raise her ass an inch clear of the seat. "You may keep them," she'd told each of her clients the same thing that night. She smirked with satisfaction when the judge pressed his chest into the heels to reach the strip of lace he balled it up inside his fist to avoid anyone taking it from him.

With her latex glove she slid her fingers along her perfectly waxed seam. It wasn't the man in front of her that made her wet, he wasn't that charming. It was the power of control that seduced her body and made it grow moist. She opened her lower lips and circled her clit. Knowing the Judge had always wanted to see his prim and proper wife be as brazen in the bedroom. The Judge began to tremble, his muscles quivering as he imagined his wife before him in a demonstration of authority like his Mistress was displaying. Deni swatted him with the crop three times to remind him to stay in control and hold his set. In that instant Deni knew that when she came, the Judge would be willing to pay the asking price. That alone made her juices flow. Focused on her client's reactions: the starved look in his eyes, the uncontrollable shimmer of muscles that ticked as he held himself in check. She slid two slippery fingers inside her tight cave. Then after sliding them in and out a couple of times she returned to her swollen nub. She watched him lick his lips as her juices squirted on the inside of her thighs. She aimed lower with the crop and swung her hand, snapping it against his thigh when he began to raise his hand toward his shaft. She could see the head had turned a dark purple with his need to spend and the crown glistened with pre-cum as his cock cried for attention. She watched it as it visibly pulsed before her, "Please Mistress," he begged.

"Not yet, you will not cum till I am satisfied." She drew figure eights around her gem down to her jewellery box and back to her ruby. She gained speed and accuracy as she coaxed her body to surrender to her impending climax. "You may slide your thumb inside me." She permitted him to touch her for the first time. He had begged numerous times but she had always forbidden it, now

in their last session together, she allowed it, knowing it would give him the ultimate rush when he felt her muscles snatch at his penetration.

He schooled his shock quickly behind his awe, as he did what his Mistress instructed. He buried his thumb as deep inside her walls as he could reach. He slowly began to withdraw it, she slapped him again with crop. "I did not say anything about taking it out or fucking me with it. You will stay still."

"Yes Mistress," he responded as a bead of sweat ran down his temple.

As Mistress Deni toyed with herself her fingers occasionally brushed against the back of his hand, eliciting a sharp intake of breath from the Judge. Finally as her cunt contracted around his fake member, she cried out as her orgasm tingled through her body. When she finally regained her composure the Judge was still holding himself in position. "I release you," she said waving the crop in the air. She would never comprehend how women could possibly fake that type of reaction. The tentacles of orgasmic pleasure were the most addictive of natural highs. The judge slipped his thumb free of her still clutching snatch. Deni lifted her foot from the right side of his chest and presented it for his lips. He repeated the ritual in reverse watching as the Mistress planted her black shiny high as hell heels in front of him together on the floor. Her ankles touching she stood and lowered her skirt. The judge was almost in tears from holding back his release as she balanced on one foot and ran the toe of her raised shoe along the length of his long suffering manhood. That was all it took. As she repositioned her weight evenly on both feet, ankles together she watched his body surrender to his release. Pumping his seed all over the toes of her stilettos. With a howl of orgasmic relief his body collapsed like a hot air balloon that had run out of fuel. Deflated and exhausted he pushed himself back up. "I'm sorry Mistress, I'll clean it up. Please don't leave me. I can't lose you, it's taken too long to find you."

In a manner of avoidance Deni tapped the toe of her shoe and pointed to the antibacterial wipes on the cabinet. He bowed, "As you wish Mistress." He stood and collected the wipes as instructed. Pulling a few free he went about wiping up his spent mess. He then kneeled again waiting to be dismissed.

Deni removed a business card from a silver case she'd slid into the coin pocket inside her pencil skirt. Holding it between her index finger and her second she ran the card down his cheek. "Open your mouth." She commanded. When he did so she slid the card between his teeth. And using the crop she tapped under his chin twice to indicate she was about to release it into his possession. "Court is now in session, if you wish to ask for a continuance then I suggest you call my secretary to acquire all the appropriate documentation and to set a date for trial. Court

dismissed." She turned and sat the crop on the chair, and threw the latex gloves in the bin next to the door, before leaving the room.

As she closed the door behind her, she leaned back against it and took a deep breath. She was done.