

J. D. Laydon



Contracted
to
Mistress Taz

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Contracted to Mistress Taz
A Mistress Taz novel: Book II

by

J.D. Laydon

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Chapter One

The Contract

“Looks like we have an agreement?” It was said as a question.

I looked across at Mistress Taz. We sat in the same booth in the same bistro, we had been in the day before.

She exuded sex appeal. Her auburn hair was tumbling over her shoulders. Her eyes were twinkling and right now they were gentle, but they could be so sensually ferocious at times.

She wasn't slim, but truly sensual women, rarely were.

Everything was different in the twenty-four-hour period, since I was last in this Bistro. For a start, I was in chinos, which I had rescued in the morning with my bag, from the luggage store at Euston station, where I had left it prior to my weekend visit, to her house and specifically it's basement dungeon.

Yesterday, I was dressed as a ... well a 'hooker' I guess. I had, had at least one offer, even if it was from a lesbian. Mistress Taz had been in provocative attire too and Max, was with us and looked incredibly hot, whilst dressed as a hooker himself.

He certainly wouldn't have been taken as a man, by any of the bystanders. I wasn't so sure about myself. It had been a very challenging 'first' experience for me.

Today, Mistress was dressed down. At least a little. I reviewed the phraseology in my head, remembering that everything is relative.

Her three-inch stilettos, were still gently stroking my calf, and her stockinged legs were pressed gently against my thigh and lower leg, as she curled her lower half in to me in the booth table.

Her small laptop was out in front of us and we looked like we were working on some document or other such computer-based project, to the casual observer.

What they didn't know was that on the screen was a typed domination-submission sex-contract. She had pulled the one up, that she had used between herself and Max. However, it needed substantial modification.

Max was her full-time sissy sub. He worked for her and was submissive seven days per week. After the weekend of debauchery and sometimes unbearable pain, I had impressed her enough to be allowed, one night per week as her dom, in a switch evening and night (though I had hoped for two). Five days per week, I was going to be her complete plaything and be subject to more sadistic painful experiences, that drove much of her passion.

Amazingly, we also had written into the contract a day (Sunday afternoon, through until Monday morning), when we would be neutral. Just as we were at that moment in the bistro on what felt like a normal Sunday afternoon.

"How is Max going to cope, with the changes to the balance of the dungeon?" My simple question, if over-heard, would clarify that the conversation was far from normal.

"I am not sure it matters too much. Sophia has asked if she can keep him for a fortnight, whilst her regular sub recovers from surgery. She has a huge appetite and it seems Max performed faultlessly last night."

"You mean he kept a hard on all night?" I asked slightly amazed, as he had needed a lot of encouragement to get hard enough to be of sexual use to Mistress Taz, when I was controlling the both of them.

"Well, I can't answer about the detail, but she was certainly very happy this morning and desperate to know the outcome of our meeting today, to see if you are staying?" She turned to me, her auburn-coloured hair framing her face as curls found their way to caress her cheek. Her dark brown eyes were quizzical. They had fire in them for sure, but no one else in the room, would believe, that she was a brutal mistress, for whom dominance was the life-line to her sexuality. As she flicked her hair, I was

showered in her scent. Rich and powerful, I guessed at Chanel, but it wasn't something I was expert in.

"You know full well I am staying. I also understand that you need the contract as a protection against any negativity, if I failed to meet your standards. But I have my own privacy to protect also here."

She turned away and slightly shifted her seat as if I had upset her a little.

"Yes and no. I think you know it is a little more than that." She turned back and this time put her hand on my thigh. "We need rules. I need rules at least. Especially as I am doing something I have not done for a long time and given myself to you, for a day per week. Just like I did on Saturday."

She paused and searched my eyes. I kept them passive, despite the crushing desire I had for her and let her finish. "I will rebel at first, however exquisite the impact of your control and I will try and break the rules or bend them to my advantage. If we go on with this, though then my bad behaviour should be used against me and I know you will do that." I let her give me a full explanation. I wanted to understand and learn, her needs and fears.

"It's why I hired a professional last week, but I don't think, he would or could ever take me to my edge. As a financial Master, he wants his clients to come back again and again." She paused lost in thought, whilst referring to Zen, who was present when I met her. He was a professional dom, but I am not sure had provided what she really craved.

"So, pleasure wins over pain and humiliation, from his perspective. On the contrary, you used Max, so cleverly to humiliate me on Saturday and I can still feel the lines you left on my skin. I am so horny right now, just thinking about it again."

I knew she had lost her way, but waited to see if she was coming back to the point, she was trying to make. One I was sure I was missing.

“So, you need to know that one bit of this contract is very important to me.” She paused a moment. “The termination of it.”

I was definitely taken by surprise. It was not what I had expected.

“By that, I mean, I am actually scared, you will be too much for even me. I need the escape clause, just in case that happens.”

“That isn’t what I was expecting you to say! What did you say to Max, the day you signed your joint contract with him?” I was genuinely interested to know, how I could be any different having only known her for three days.

“I would have just warned him about how much pain and suffering he would experience. Even if he was going to have his own desires fulfilled, beyond his wildest expectations. I’ve been good to both those promises!” She was smiling again now, lost in the thought of the hours and days, she had Max in her dungeon, wringing the last little resilience and strength he had left.

“Another thing, Max has never had me out for lunch like this.” I looked at the coffee cups, that were still with us. The wine glasses half full from the second bottle of Chablis. The Sunday roast and remnants of crème Brule, had long been removed. It was getting past 5pm I reckoned and we had been there for over two hours already.

We had woken up mid-morning. The sheets tangled around us. Freda, must have woken us, as she came in with toast and tea for her mistress. I knew this as there was only one cup on the tray, once I had cleared my vision.

“Oh my!” Was all Freda had said, looking damn fine herself in her Maids outfit, with one of her sturdy thighs on show through the split in the black satin skirt. I knew Freda, would sometimes get tangled with Mistress in the mornings, from something she had said yesterday.

Instead, this morning she just retreated and returned with an extra cup.

“Not today, Freda, but yes soon!” Mistress Taz had said. When I looked at Mistress quizzically, she simply replied. “Freda wanted to join in with us!”

“Oh. You are sure of that?” I had replied, not certain whether I was missing out on another great experience.

“Yes, I can read her body language very easily. I prefer taking her when she is resistant anyway, as you might expect. However, we can’t have any more adventures, until we have sorted the contract. Otherwise, you could claim coercion!” She was teasing me, with her eyes as she finished the sentence.

I didn’t tell her I had been awake for an hour, just watching her head on my shoulder and the way her hair fell around my own neck and shoulders. Her perfume then was mixed, with the unmistakable musk of sex. The pain in my back and buttocks was reminding me of the beatings I had taken over the weekend. I was sure there would be some traces of blood on the sheets, where the intensity of the assault had resulted in abrasions, severe enough to bleed and weep a little.

I must have gone back off to sleep at some stage, as it was a shock when Freda had walked in.

Once properly awake Mistress had been mostly business. It was then that I confessed I had stashed my baggage from the conference at the station, prior to coming to her house. In response she had sent me packing early to go and rescue it, as she wanted me in ‘smart casual’ for our late Sunday dinner meeting, to discuss the contract.

Coming back to find her in ‘normal clothes’, was a shock as I had only seen her in dominatrix-wear and the stripper’s outfit, we had gone for dinner in, when I was in charge.

She looked incredibly stunning though in the stone-coloured suede skirt and burnt orange, rolled neck, cashmere jumper. Her legs had a shiny lustre and I imagined they were at least hold-ups, but could be stockings. I had not attempted to squeeze or stroke her thigh, to find out,

but now the contract was agreed and out of the way, I decided it might be time to test the waters and see if she would allow me to do so.

Our contract hadn't gone into the detail of what was acceptable and unacceptable behaviour on our 'neutral' day.

I leant across and placed my hand on her knee, feeling the silky softness of the hosiery.

I wondered if I discerned a moment of tension and resistance as I touched her. If I had, it was quickly dispelled as she turned her legs back into me and started rubbing my calf more sinuously with her foot, from which she had dropped the shoe.

"I might even enjoy an evening of cuddling up on a settee with you. What a strange experience that will be. Now you must forgive me, if I get my phone out and message a few people. Sophia, will be desperate to know that you have agreed a contract and therefore she can tell Max, he is staying with her for a fortnight at least." She turned and looked at me and it was clear she was weighing something up in her head.

"Then I am inviting Mistress Tatyanna to meet you. She is a Hungarian domme and in a different way, is even more brutal than I am. I am going to invite her for supper back here, but you will be in your feminised role, for that meeting.

"Are you teasing me, Mistress Taz?"

"Perhaps a little! I didn't want to see the mushy smile too much. Anyway 'Taz' on Sundays, I think, don't you?" We hadn't got into the use of names within the contract. That detail, would be to sort out pragmatically as we went along. She had clarified how I would refer to her, which was good from my perspective.

'Taz' was now typing away on her phone and still chatting.

"We have to remember, that you have been 'bought' for a night too. That's covered in our contract, in the section on

'access' under 'approved users'. Obviously, my Saturday night circle are all approved users of you. As is Tayanna, Freda and Scarlett."

"Who is Scarlett?" I asked idly, as it was a name, that she hadn't mentioned.

Taz remained distracted looking at her phone and I watched the changing lighting flash in her eyes. They spoke of sparkly humour, which I could imagine residing there.

"Oh yes, she will test you in a different way. She doesn't flog well, but she loves orgasm control and sensory deprivation and breath control." It was all so matter of fact and her head was off again, still thinking of detail within the contract. "You have only identified to me, smoking, needles and electro-stimulation as your hard borders and that is fine by me."

"Scarlett will come one day this week and test your orgasm control and start training you in it, better than I can. I will go out that night, as it doesn't do much for me and I want to see some of my friends without you. Obviously not Thursday."

"Mistress Scarlett to you of course!" She added after sending off another message.

I sipped my wine idly and let my hand wander higher up her leg. She uncrossed her legs and left them ever so slightly parted. I had slid my hand up over her skirt in the moments before this change of position. In response to the offer, I slipped back to her knees, so I could then slide my hand on the inside of her covered thigh.

"Am I allowed to do something to spice up our visit here for tomorrow. Tatyanna is joining us at six thirty, she has just messaged back?" She didn't look openly at the man, she was referring to, but she flicked her head in a general direction. "A naughty thought just came in to my head, because that man over there just looked up my skirt, when I opened my legs for you." Her voice was a conspiratorial whisper.

A cold shiver went down my spine as I suspected Taz's naughty thoughts were indeed naughty and might lead into real mischief.

I had agreed to the contract, though we had not signed anything as she had said, that the contract would be printed and signed at home, when we got back.

I knew I had to say yes, there was really no choice. Saying 'no' now would come across very dull and uninspiring. I feared embarrassment and I was sure Taz, would find this out and use it against me at times. However, I realised now, was not the time to be conservative.

As a result, I nodded in agreement.

"Take your hand away, quickly and pretend to be cross with me! Then go to the toilet. Throw down your napkin as you leave!" I had some instructions and guessed a part of what was going through her mischievous mind.

I did exactly as I had been instructed, before adding a line of my own, to spice the game up a little bit.

"Why do you always bring this up when we are having a lovely dinner." My voice was loud enough for the nearby tables to hear.

"You wanted a threesome when that little floozy, Freda was available and up for it!" Again, the voice was a little too loud for the nature of the conversation. I suspect I rather flounced, rather than stormed off to the toilets, as I was over hamming up my role.

As I walked past the single gentleman, I had a closer look. He was tall and had broad shoulders and looked like he frequented the gym, though he was at least forty years old. He was indeed sat directly opposite to Taz. He would undoubtedly have had a good eyeline, especially as our booth was raised up by a step.

He had a paperback in his hand and after glancing at me momentarily, he returned his eyeline back to our table straight above the book, where I guessed Mistress Taz was

giving him even more of a visual show, than he could have wished for, in his wildest dreams last night.

As I reach the door to the toilets, I turned and had enough of a line of sight to see, that mistress Taz had crossed her legs, but I couldn't see how much thigh she might have managed to expose to our new game-player.

I did actually need to urinate and so was a minute or two, before returning.

By the time I returned, the man was standing next to our table and the head waiter was there too. It was clear there was some conflagration going on.

Taz was sat very demurely now, looking like a very innocent maiden.

As I got within ear-shot, the waiter was clearly trying to pour oil on troubled waters, but was trying to moderate his voice and keep the audience to a minimum.

"Sir, the lady does not want your attention, she has just made that clear. Now I must ask you to leave, or I will call the police."

"Darling, what is wrong? Has this man been bothering you?" I put on an Oxford accent, but raised myself to my full height. I nearly matched Taz's victim's height.

"You need to keep your slut of a wife in check pal." Our victim was clearly sweating and I suspect he could burn on the shorter fuse of someone taking anabolic steroids in the gym.

"I don't know what your problem is sir, but I would be grateful if you would leave us alone."

"You said you wanted a threesome!" He said as if this gave him a right to demand it here and now.

"What?" I put an incredulous voice. "That was for our weekly scrabble evening!" I went for ludicrous. I looked at the waiter who had a balding forehead and a pencil moustache. He was hopping from foot to foot.

"Were you listening to our conversation all evening. Are you a dirty 'peeping Tom' or something?" Mistress Taz had

continued with the innocent couple mirage.

“Samira. Call the police please!” The waiter had, had enough, he wasn’t going to get this event to settle without at least, the threat of back-up.

“I’ve had enough of this nonsense I’m leaving.” Victim appeared to have realised his plight was helpless. Taz had sucked him in and spat him out.

He was out the door in less than ten seconds, throwing some cash on the table before he left, seeing sense enough not to be in further trouble for non-payment of his bill.

“Don’t come back sir. You are banned!” The head waiter called, rather unnecessarily over his shoulder.

He then became effusive and apologetic to Taz, recognising her as a regular guest.

“Can I offer you another drink on the house of course?” He finished.

“No thank you. Though that is so kind of you. We have another glass of wine left in the bottle.”

“If there is anything I can do please do let me know.”

Before we left, Taz had made the booking for the next day, saying to the waiter he had been so kind and she wanted to bring two of her female friends together and wondered if she could pre-book, the same booth for tomorrow evening at 630pm.

She was hanging on my arm and telling the waiter how ‘Mac’ misses her so much when she is out.

I had finally worked out what she was up to. She wanted the waiter to remember not only her, but also me. Tomorrow in submissive mode, I was going to come back again, standing six foot four inches in the heels, she would make me wear, whilst pretending to be a woman. Taz wanted to see if we could get this past her new friend, the head waiter.

“I am in myself tomorrow and I will make sure *personally*, that we save this table for you.”

He thanked us profusely as we went to call a cab.

“What did you do to that poor chap?” I asked, looking around to ensure he wasn’t waiting for us outside.

As I asked, she slipped something into my pocket, that she had in the top of her bag. It felt heavy and solid.

“I just removed this as soon as you had disappeared inside the toilet door!” She looked up. Butter wouldn’t melt was the look she went for. I knew very differently of course. I felt in my pocket and was not surprised the item was filled with batteries and shaped like a cock. It was warm and wet to my touch.

“He just assumed, when I licked it, like a lollipop, that I wanted him to join us.... for scrabble of course Darling.”

I presume your protestation of innocence brought the waiter running to the aid of the damsel in distress.

“Of course, all Italian waiters will side with the lady. Now we have the challenge of trying to ensure he doesn’t recognise you, when we have made him fully aware of what you look like today, as well as me. He will remember me for sure anyway, whatever I am wearing, but until that little charade, I bet he never blinked in your direction.”

I was sure she was right. I wasn’t sure he even glanced at me for more than a second, despite the fuss. He had kept his eyes on the beautiful trouble causer.

Chapter Two

Meeting Mistress Tatyanna

I looked at myself in the mirror. Mistress Taz, had just an hour to get me prepared facially, as I had been on a work-related zoom meeting until 5pm. I had the shirt on, that I had worn to arrive in. Freda had washed and ironed it very efficiently, whilst we were out on Sunday afternoon, along with all my dirty clothes including my underwear. She had placed them in a pile in the bedroom of the dungeon, which I presumed was where I would base my existence.

For the last zoom meeting under my shirt, I was fully dressed for my night out, including my false breasts, sensual lingerie and this time crotchless tights as tonight's skirt was mid-thigh length. Mistress Taz even wanted me to sit in the four-inch ankle boots during the whole afternoon of email catch up, phone calls and the one on-line meeting.

"You need to be confident and comfortable, wearing these clothes inside, before you go out."

I repeatedly checked my image in the self-video window, having found enough wall space in the dungeon bedroom, with a blank back drop, even if the colour scheme was odd. I still used a background filter to change the bulk of the background image.

I knew I needed not to knock the laptop though and give away what was below the top half of me and more specifically what was below the shirt.

The clothing had been done at lunch, which I also had in the dungeon, with Mistress and Freda in attendance.

Freda was going to be more of a problem than Mistress during work hours. Late morning whilst I was on a non-video conference, she had come down and gone between my legs, sucking my cock until I came noiselessly in her mouth, trying to concentrate on the contract deal my financial expert was negotiating, with our new clients.

After she had dealt with me, she flung herself on my dungeon bed, opened her thighs and finger fucked herself