

The Tale of The Lady in Red

V.S. Profferi

The Tale of The Lady in Red

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The story told here is utterly fictitious and any resemblance between the characters herein or the events depicted and any true incident depicted by the Fairy tale is completely coincidental and unintentional.

Dedicated to Rebecca

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O Lady in Red,
With beautiful soft lines,
And milky white flesh,
What powers you have to petrify me in a
flash.

With a look of your eye,
And movement behind your dress,
What wonders you cast,
O Lady in Red.

I saw you do it in a dream I had,
The magic you worked cracking that whip
on the lad,
Imprisoning him in your music box as a pet,
O rapture, bring your desires for that Lady in
Red.

Make him your slave,
O Lady in Red --
Shackle his soul,
Inflict the pain in his back;
What can you not do with a black whip in
that delicate red dress?

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It was just another day in Palo Alto, California. Rudolph, better known as Rudd, was riding his bike along the palm- and eucalyptus-lined asphalt path that branched off the end of University Avenue along one of the many deserted lawns at Stanford University. The sky was crisp with sparse clouds buffeted about by a light gusting breeze. It was winter, and it had rained at dawn. Rudolph went around the puddles to keep his shoes and pant legs free of debris. He was a neat sort of fellow in his third year as a graduate student pursuing his doctorate in chemical engineering. Rudd was a quiet and studious kind of man in his mid twenties with rusty brown hair that lay strangely flat atop his scalp with a fringe that stuck out like the brim of a small hat.

Rudd preferred not to talk much and kept to himself. He waved his acknowledgement to colleagues he passed when they said hello. Though Rudd called all of these individuals his friends, he did not care either to spend much time with them or to become acquainted with them in any intimate way. There were two or three young women in the undergraduate program that Rudd took out to parties and movies occasionally. However, for Rudd, the going

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out was only an excuse to later get the co-eds drunk on his personal concoction, and then to “clear the plumbing,” as Rudolph customarily referred to having sex.

There had never been anything magical in Rudolph’s life that he had ever noticed or perceived to be more than utterly mundane. His entire life had been precisely planned and executed with very negligible deviation. Rudd had come to the conclusion early in his life to believe only in what he could see and what could be proved, whether physically or theoretically with data. The question of God seldom entered his mind and was always discarded rapidly as utterly unfounded. When pressed on the matter, Rudd simply stated, “man has been unable to prove the existence of God, and it can’t be bothered to prove itself, so who cares if it exists or not.” He usually denied he was an atheist claiming the position of agnostic as he simply did not know either way.

However, along with many of his compatriots, Rudd would attend the nondenominational service held at the Stanford Cathedral at midnight on Christmas night to sing along and socialize before the week-long party leading up to New Year’s, during which Rudolph was seldom sober. It was still some months before the holidays and the new fall quarter was just beginning. Rudd had

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already purchased his books at the store facing the quad, and three of them were with him this morning, in the bicycle bag that hung on the left side of the rear wheel.

He was on the way to a new advanced course being taught by a visiting professor from the Netherlands. Rudolph's academic advisor had strongly recommended the course stating that Dr. Flotten was considered a guru in bio-chemical engineering admired around the world.

The class was far too early for Rudolph as it started at 7:15 AM. Being the well-disciplined and judicious man that he was though, he had made the heroic effort to rise from his cosy and seductive plastic air mattress in the living room of the fraternity house. In the company of a slightly burnt pot of coffee in the battered coffee maker, he had eaten four micro waved Pop-Tart pastries with a stained mug full of black unsweetened coffee. While eating absentmindedly, he had watched an episode of Barney, the friendly dinosaur, and then left on his bicycle.

Rudolph Williams habitually wore black denim trousers, a white button down shirt with short sleeves, a wife beater under shirt, boxer shorts, and leather sandals without socks. He had twelve sets of matching identical outfits to keep from doing laundry more than twice a month if possible. On weekends he wore his boxer

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shorts, of which he had five additional black ones, with one of four tie-dyed t-shirts with a peace sign on the front. He kept his one black suit in a plastic bag in the closet, and had one pair of dress shoes he hardly ever wore.

Most people thought Rudd was an ok sort of guy, but they knew as little about him as they knew about themselves. Whenever Rudolph had time to himself, he hoped there was a baseball game to watch on the telly. As he peddled vigorously with his bicycle in its highest gear, it was baseball he was thinking about as he approached the large building, coloured peach like all the others, to which he was headed. Rudd dismounted, shoved the front wheel into a slot in the bicycle rack, locked the frame with a U-Lock, and took up the bag from its perch. Upon entering the large white-walled classroom shadowed in the gloom with the lights off, Rudd found an elderly chubby woman sitting impishly on the head table.

She was round all over with sagging skin on her face, forearms, and neck rather than having any pronounced wrinkling. She looked friendly with a soft and inviting smile and twinkling eyes like some sort of Gnome or Dwarf woman. Accentuating the appearance of a perhaps a fat old Smurf was the long and straight heavy wool skirt, the silk blouse with lace fringes, and the dark silk scarf, matching her skirt, that

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was tied on her head giving the appearance of her wearing a peaked cap. The professor, Dr. Jeanne-Louise du Ponte Flotten waited for the young male student to walk up to her. She put out her hand to Rudolph and he automatically took it speaking like the mindless American academic automaton he was determined to become. "Pleased to meet you Professor Flotten, I'm Rudd. How are you?"

Being the well-disciplined and conforming bloke he was, Rudolph was expecting the scripted reply that he had been accustomed to all his life. The exchange should have followed like this; "Fine, how are you?" "Fine." "Class will begin in a few minutes, find a seat." Rudolph was rather taken aback when the woman chuckled with pleasure and followed a gurgling sound with a question. "Are you rude then two, or are you wicked only when there are three?" Rudd stared at her disconcertedly in his confusion. Rudd had not seen any pun in her application of his name and began to feel put down. The image the advisor had left him with was one of a genius so extraordinary that no common man could approach her without the awareness of her immense superiority. This image of the professor was what Rudd now had in mind, rather than listening to what she had actually said, and feeling her identity and personality as they were expressed in her appearance and gestures.

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As Rudd stood before her musing sourly, Jeanne slipped onto her feet and took Rudd by his chin. Raising his face up to look into hers, Rudd was suddenly aware that Dr. Flotten was not at all a short woman as she towered over his 5'9" by nearly five inches more in height. She was a large, tall woman, with a very curvaceous figure at her age with long pale blond hair that was held behind her ears by the scarf. Her eyes were a greyish blue green like a winter sea, set into a very round face, with a cold and calculated fierceness that startled Rudd. For a moment she held him in a loose embrace, and then she drew him to her expansive soft breast. Following a brief embrace she bent down and offered her cheeks for him to kiss. Involuntarily Rudolph returned the comfortable embrace and kissed Jeanne's left cheek twice and the right once.

Being in Jeanne's arms was so comfortable and reassuring that after the kisses Rudd put his head back on Jeanne's generous left teat with a mixture of childlike affection and adult wantonness. Rudolph did not notice his own gesture, but Jeanne was both observant of it and pleased. She stroked his hair for a moment and then put a firm hand on the small of Rudd's back. In this position she told him that he would be an excellent pupil. In addition Jeanne added that they

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were waiting for only two other graduate students, both girls. Giving Rudolph a light squeeze on his bottom Jeanne asked him to sit down at the front row of seats before her.

A few moments after Rudolph sat down two young women in matching slacks and t-shirts came in resembling a couple of employees that might work at a fast food restaurant. They were both post graduate fellows in the organic chemistry department working on a molecular development project headed by one of Rudd's former professors. The two women had come from different East Coast Ivy League schools and had shown no interest in partying with Rudolph the previous year. Both women exchanged kisses with Jeanne and took their seats beside Rudd, but one or two desks away on the front row.

The two women taking the class seemed to be conducting some private negotiation while the professor taught. Jeanne ignored the hushed prattle from the women who were clearly trying to provoke her ire. Just before the end of the lecture, one of them stood up and left to withdraw from the class, leaving her less belligerent colleague to ponder her fate. As the class came to a close, Jeanne invited her two pupils to meet her at the on campus house that had been provided to her for a few drinks and a light dinner for

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them to get acquainted. After exchanging looks of surprise and reluctance, Rudd and Margaret agreed to the unusually sociable offer from this foreign instructress that was labelled in their minds as an Alien. The sociability and the accompanying unguardedly open invitation was also alien to both the students. However, in their minds they had agreed to chance it since the main point of taking the class with the Alien was to have some exposure to non American ways besides the obvious expertise Jeanne was offering.

They departed as usual from their classes somewhat relieved and somewhat anxious about the following periods. The subject matter had been very complex, but the presentation had been extremely informal and easily digestible. They had been surprised to be informed that there would be no assignments to burden them. There would however be an enormous quantity of reading expected, over which they were supposed to be able to discuss openly with little or no memorization expected. The only examination would be the final. One third of that test would be in essay form, one third would be a practical test in the organic chemistry laboratory as a demonstration of their creativity in applying what they had assimilated during the discussions. The most weighted section of the final would be an oral examination that would last over two hours taken individually. The format of the finals

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was unusual and was daunting to them both to say the least.

As Rudd and Margaret parted ways at the door, they were both uncertain of their ability to pass muster with this overseas don. The dinner had been scheduled for eight in the evening; much later than either of them commonly ate their supper. The day passed for them as usual without any further irregularities to remind them of the unusual experience had too early that morning. Both Rudolph and Margaret had completely forgotten the discomforts felt at Jeanne's lecture. They both also nearly forgot to leave in time, but they were punctually reminded by the personal digital assistants built into the cellular phones that they each were attached to by virtual umbilical cords.

Only a few minutes before eight Rudolph was standing outside in his clean clothes looking uncomfortable as he waited for one minute to eight before knocking. As he observed the seconds passing on his digital watch, Margaret arrived wearing an uncharacteristically pretty short green skirt and matching blouse and pumps with her dark stocking. Margaret was in a surprisingly playful mood and brushed some leaves off of Rudd's sleeve before stepping forward to knock. They waited only a moment, but the wait together on the front step to the suburban looking house felt as if it lasted an hour. Rudd

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kept his eyes on his watch, but he could not help but notice the shapely legs protruding from beneath Margaret's skirt in front of him. He did however focus his thoughts on the game he had been watching earlier between the Oakland A's and the Atlanta Braves.

With a quiet creak that made them both feel an inexplicable chill, the front door swung inward for them to enter. As if by some instinct, Rudd and Margaret drew near to one another as they entered in single file almost touching one another. As the wood door shut behind them, the professor's lulling voice came after them, "straight on through to the dining room, dinner is served." They walked past a wide opening with a step down into a comfortable carpeted family room with corduroy settees arranged about an enormous flat screen television. They walked a few feet more and the next entry was into a small and cosy dining room with an open side that let out onto the patio.

The small circular glass table had a few candles set in a ring illuminating the place settings. Though the candles gave little light, the numerous garden lights flooded the quiet carpeted dining room with a warm, soft green blue light that contrasted strangely with the pale beige carpet. Margaret and Rudolph sat beside each other at the table observing the various plates that had been set at the

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centre. The layout made them think of formal dinners such as those on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Neither one had much experience with formal dinners. They sat silently gazing at the plates and silverware uneasily not wishing to be the first to make a wrong move. There was silence for a minute and then they both looked up as Dr. Flotten stood in the entrance with four bottles of wine in her hands laughing heartily.

When they looked up at her, Dr. Jeanne-Louise seemed very different once again. She looked younger, almost as if she were only in her early fifties. She seemed slimmer and taller with an alluring figure that had Margaret ogling Jeanne's large breasts and broad hips. Jeanne was wearing a tight fitting sleeveless red dress with a slit on either side. The red dress was still swaying from her walk from the wine cellar in the garage and the slits swung open as Jeanne giggled with mirth. Margaret saw that the slit rose almost to her waist showing off Jeanne's well-rounded thighs and the joint of her garter belt to the white stockings. When Jeanne finally came near and bent over putting the wine bottles beside Margaret, Margaret and Rudolph both were offered a clear view of the mammoth cleavage beneath the red fabric and the milky white teats that created it. Margaret being the closest, she also perceived that Jeanne had

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no bra to compress and contain these super human udders.

Margaret excused her hostess's indiscretion presuming incorrectly that women from Holland did not wear bras. Eventually, as the dinner commenced, Margaret discarded that notion and concluded instead that maybe Jeanne could not find a brassiere to adequately fit those massive jugs. Eventually though, Margaret realized that she had been thinking about Jeanne's breasts all dinner long and discarded her second incorrect conclusion. Perhaps, it finally crossed her mind, the professor was braless to display her suggestive mammary organs to subliminally tempt a sexual ménage. Margaret could not contain her arousal any longer and spilt her wine glass clumsily onto Rudd's lap.

Immediately, and swearing her apologies, Margaret knelt beside Rudd without having given him a chance to stand. Vigorously she rubbed his trouser leg with her napkin in a vain attempt to soak up the wine from his trousers. Margaret's efforts were as clumsy as her so called accident with the wine. In moments the stain had spread to his groin, and Rudd had an obvious and contained boner in his trousers that Margaret could feel with every pass of her napkin over it. Jeanne was now standing beside Rudolph observing Margaret rubbing the covered

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erection whist hoping that her obvious interest in sex was sufficiently concealed. Jeanne let her go on for a few minutes as Rudd began to relax from both drinking the wine and the sensual stimulus that Margaret was forcefully inflicting on his genitals.

Jeanne then added her hand to Rudd's groin and felt both the spreading dampness and the swollen rigidity. When Jeanne groped Rudd, he moaned warmly into Margaret's ear. Margaret whispered in response another apology and then turned her head kissing Rudd lustily. At this point Jeanne recommended that Rudd take off his trousers and briefs for her to put them to wash before they stained. With Margaret's eager agreement and encouragement, Rudd was soon seated on a lounge chair on the patio naked from his waist down. Jeanne left with the soiled clothing to put it to soak. A few minutes later, she returned to find Margaret bent over Rudd with his member emerging rhythmically from between her enclosing lips.

Sitting on the arm of the lounge chair, Jeanne calmly unbuttoned Rudd's shirt letting it fall open. She rolled up the under shirt and waited for Rudd to sit up with another moan of delight when she whisked away both shirts in a swift and deft movement that had come with experience. Standing up she threw the

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shirts into the dining room and then came to inspect Margaret. When Jeanne touched her rear beneath the skirt, she found that her briefs were sodden with a mixture of secretions from her arousal and the very first stages of Margaret's menstrual excretions. Crouching beside Margaret, Jeanne took the damp and slightly stained brief and drew it down to the feet without disrupting the vigorous rate of fellatio Margaret and Rudd were enjoying.

Finally, when all the clothing was in the wash, Jeanne returned already having raised the skirt of her dress to her waist. The skirt was secured under the bra belt of fabric that had accentuated Jeanne's mature waist in contrast with the broad hips beneath. It would have surprised both Margaret and Rudd to find that Jeanne had no briefs on under her dress, but they were entwined in mutual and unaware carnal lusts. Taking advantage of her enormous height, Jeanne stepped over Rudd's head on the lounge seat and thrust her succulent and full lipped vaginal opening into Rudd's partly open mouth. Following a suggestive hand signal to Margaret, the young woman mimicked Jeanne's posture and stepped over Rudd's hips impaling herself on Rudd's completely unremarkable and average penis with its slight curve to the right concealed usually in thick brown hair, but now buried inside his fellow pupil.

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Being the sort of man who very seldom experienced any physical contact, it was not long before Rudd let out his insemination. Margaret flushed and then shook with a joyful orgasm as she felt the fertile liquid pulsing in brief hot floods into the neck of her womb. Following this unconscious exhibition of Margaret's desire to be a mother, she stood up and lay on the next lounge chair beside Rudd and asked him to please, "do it again, again, again. Knowing perfectly well what was transpiring, Jeanne let Rudd take his position atop the usually studious, clever, and conceited brunette. Whilst Rudd was very rude with Margaret, inseminating her repeatedly, Jeanne made coffee and prepared a dish of cookies after putting the dishes to wash.

It was barely an hour later, while Rudd was sleeping in the lounge chair that Margaret got dressed with an expression of extreme satisfaction on her face. This time Margaret was not guarded and made no effort to hide her contentment. Feeling elated, Margaret sat with Jeanne at the patio table from which they had desert with coffee while watching the sleeping man. They talked quietly about Rudd's rarely expressed qualities and attributes without ever passing the word pregnancy past their lips. Some time later, Margaret left the house with in spring in her step and totally unaware that she was actually happy not

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because of the sex, but because she was certain intuitively that she would now have a child.

It was no more than three months later that Margaret had her pregnancy confirmed and simultaneously had no memory of how she might have come into that state. She withdrew from the fellowship at Stanford and returned home to Roxbury, Connecticut to become a single mother. With the support of her parents, she stayed at home for a year and then took employment as a chemist and Quality Assurance Supervisor at a manufacturing plant in New Haven. Though she never could recall who the father might have been, she was happy to be a mother as that was the only thing in her life of academic excellence and titular achievement that had any true meaning to her.

Rudd slept nearly half the night on the lawn chair on Jeanne's patio. It was nearly three in the morning when Jeanne woke him finally while she knobbled his once more erect penis. It thereafter became a routine for Rudd to kiss his professor lasciviously at the start of class each day. In the evening he visited Jeanne each day to indulge her with oral sex and prodigious quantities of fingering, fisting, and mutual masturbation. Rudolph gave little thought to what he was doing, or why, but he repeated his attendance each day

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as Jeanne always ended the night's session with the words, "See you tomorrow."

With the quarter coming to an end and the examinations looming, Jeanne began to press Rudd to come for a fellowship at her institution in Groningen, in the north of Holland. Rudd obediently completed the paperwork and prepared himself for the exams by indulging Jeanne's insistent requests that he ream her and also finger her rear in addition to the usual shenanigans. She assured Rudd that he would have nothing to worry about on the exams if he simply obeyed her implicitly without reservation.

On the night before the examination, Jeanne had received a sealed envelope addressed to Rudolph Williams. In it Rudd found a letter of invitation from the institute in Groningen with his tickets to fly the following night out of SFO. Rudd felt there was something so calculated about this arrangement with the fellowship and Margaret's withdrawal that he could not shake a nagging sense of being controlled by some supernatural power. Such things were not real though, or at least that is what Rudd thought. As a result, he discredited his own sense of caution and obeyed his mistress's instructions. He thanked her for the expedited invitation, accepted the terms of

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the contract without reading them, and agreed to stay with her that night.

Following several hours of the usual foreplay during which he reamed her thrice whilst she gave fellatio vigorously, Jeanne finally ordered him to mount his mistress mare and ride her until sunrise. By the time the first light of the sun rose past the California horizon, Rudolph was completely enchanted by Jeanne-Louise. Whenever he spoke to her he addressed Jeanne as Milady Love. When the sun rose Jeanne demanded that Rudd implant himself in her rear passage and bugger her until noon. Without thought or question, Rudd obeyed and was assured by Jeanne that he would have both the highest marks and receive his final Doctorate from her institution in Groningen. At noon, the door bell rang, and Rudd was sent to open the door, naked with something resembling a dog collar around his neck.

A middle aged man came in wearing a very expensive looking suit with a small plastic bag in his hand. He was introduced by Jeanne, who was wearing yet another provocative red dress with tall heels, as Dr. Nether from Lawrence Livermore Laboratories, in the San Francisco Bay Area. He explained that he would be the second witness and another examiner at Rudd's final that after noon. Rudd was completely enchanted and was not aware of his own nakedness in the company of

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this stranger. In truth, the reference to his examinations no longer meant anything to Rudd. His entire being and *raison d'être* were to serve, satisfy, and please his mistress and any guests of Dr.

Jeanne-Louise du Ponte Flotten. He stood entranced beside Jeanne who was sitting at the kitchen table while Dr. Nether emptied his bag.

The short, chubby, hairy and bearded man with glasses looked very much like a gnome to Rudd who could not help liking his friendly round face. From the bag he took another red dress that was almost a negligee, four steel bracelets covered in leather with a flange of D rings around the edges, two short riding crops, one in leather and another in heavy canvas. There were also a set of two irregularly sized rings joined by a short stainless steel chain, and a varnished wood phallus with a handle making it look like a phallic sword of a kind. Jeanne undressed in the kitchen in front of them both without any self-consciousness. Dr. Nether complemented her on her enormous and beautiful breasts and her expansive behind. She exposed his member, sending his trousers to the ground, and stroked him affectionately for a moment promising him her posterior after the first phase of the examination was complete. Releasing his engorged rod, Jeanne then put on her new red dress that left most of her breasts and buttocks

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exposed while covering some of her figure temptingly.

Dr. Flotten told Rudd to undress his examiner, and he did. In only a few minutes Dr. Nether was standing in the kitchen naked with his prick in Rudd's mouth as he knelt before him. Periodically Dr. Nether would strike Rudd firmly on the shoulders, back or butt with the leather riding crop while the canvas one was soaking in the sink. Eventually, the examiner came into Rudd's throat, making him gag and choke as semen dribbled out of the sides of his mouth. His back was marked with swelling welts and red with the stinging pain. But Rudd did not think about his physical sensations. He simply wanted to pass, to be accepted, liked, and to please his superiors, as he had always striven to do before.

Jeanne bid Rudd to stand in front of her. She studied his very stiff erection and kissed its heated, circumcised, pink fleshed penile head, and then took up the two rings on a chain. The rings opened with a tiny key and had a slip lock tightening arrangement much like tiny handcuffs. The larger ring was tightened around the testicles lifting them slightly and pushing them away from the thighs. With the chain being very short placed along the top of the prick, the penis was pulled up somewhat when the smaller ring was tightened securely around its base.

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While Jeanne secured the four bracelets to Rudd's wrists and ankles, Dr. Nether took a hair ribbon from the table and tied it to Rudd's collar by its steel ring. Finally, Jeanne declared that Rudd was ready for his test and gave Dr. Nether licence before she left to fetch a box of small steel rings that were opened and locked shut with the same small key.

When she returned from her room, Rudd was bent over the table with only his toes touching the ground whilst his examiner thrust brutally into the young man's prostrated, spread, posterior. Rudd would periodically groan, moan, or screech in his pain and discomfort. For every breach of the silence by Rudd, Dr. Nether would beat him seven fierce blows with the wet canvas crop across the back. By the time Dr. Nether was sufficiently aroused to release his germ into Rudd's bowels, the raised welts had blistered, bled profusely, and begun to coagulate with thick dark crusts.

With Dr. Nether satisfied, the group moved to the upstairs master bedroom where Rudd was made to lie on a thick white towel on the carpeted floor. With his tool forced into a state of near permanent semi-erection by the rings, Jeanne slipped her ready and sappy hairy cunt over his helpless servile dick. Leaning over Rudd, Jeanne used one of the little steel rings to tether Rudd's arms together while they

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were held over his head with the elbows bent and the hands secured uncomfortably behind his head. Leaning her hands and full body weight onto Rudd's restrained arms, Jeanne finally told Dr. Nether that she was ready.

With the practiced movements of years of experience, Dr. Nether situated himself at Jeanne's back end, she pushed out as if to defecate which forced the anus to open, and he slipped inside her expansive pale behind. Enthusiastically Dr. Nether pounded Jeanne's wide and bouncy arse. Jeanne relished the double penetration and simply allowed the examiner's impetus to provoke the movement and friction of her womb and its bulbous clitoris against the body of Rudolph to add complexity to the experience. As the sun began to set, the doctor pulled out of Jeanne allowing her to impale her anus on Rudd's pole before she sat up. With Jeanne now bouncing merrily on her new pet's poker, she grasped Dr. Nether by the hips and drew him to her. He plunged fervently into her open jaws and felt the enclosing bliss of plunging in and out of her willing throat.

In only minutes Jeanne was being filled with jets of sticky spunk at both ends. Dr. Nether filled her stomach with an enormous load that quenched her hunger. Simultaneously, Rudd sent a thin spurt into her half full rectum.

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Immediately following, Rudd released his bladder without meaning to or having any control of it, filling Jeanne's innards with his urine. Dr. Flotten finally sighed with delight as he urinated which provoked an intense orgasm in her that caused her anus to clamp painfully on Rudd's embedded cock. As soon as Rudd had emptied his bladder, Jeanne stood up, pulled Rudd up by an arm, and dragged him with her to the toilet. There she relived her innards of the injected fluids while she maintained Rudd's erection by sucking his prick vigorously and simultaneously massaging his prostate.

To Dr. Nether's great satisfaction, it was finally time for his encore before Jeanne and Rudd had to pack and leave for their flight. With Rudd restored to an acceptable length and girth by Jeanne's artistry, Dr. Nether lay upon his back on the bed with his legs curled in his arms. Jeanne led Rudd to the bed where he pulled Dr. Nether toward him and pushed his metal ringed, swollen love pipe into the open and waiting bum hole. For the following hour, Rudd thumped the doctor's behind while Jeanne mounted him in a head to tail conformation. With Dr. Nether's rigid phallus being caressed passionately in her strong and full lipped mouth, Jeanne pushed her bulging clitoris and hairy pussy lips into his mouth. Several times Jeanne shook with little mild orgasms, and likewise, Dr. Nether huffed

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and groaned into her furry mound gushing dampness over his face. The doctor had two dry orgasms that made his rectum fasten on Rudd's pushing rod. Eventually Rudd came again and the Doctor was pleased to put on his suit once more and set off for his obscure laboratory.

Jeanne finally unclasped the bound wrists and told Rudd to get dressed after they shared a brief shower. She left the cock rings and the bracelets in place on Rudd, only making a mild effort to conceal the dog collar by tying the ribbon around his neck in a way that resembled a cravat. Dr. Jeanne-Louise Flotten put her new dress away into the suitcase and put on a more conservative red dress with a collar and long sleeves. Taking her suitcase, she took Rudd to his fraternity house with an empty suitcase into which Rudd packed most of his clothes and a few belongings such as his baseball card collection and his compact baseball video game toy. Jeanne then dropped off the leased car at the car dealership and was taken with Rudd to the San Francisco International Airport by the dealership's courtesy shuttle van.

It had been nearly 24 hours since they had boarded their initial flight when Jeanne and Rudd disembarked from the Royal Dutch Railway car in downtown Groningen. They had transferred flights in New York City's J.F. Kennedy Airport,

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arrived in Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport and boarded the narrow train car. The trip had only taken a couple of hours with the frequent stops, but Jeanne had purchased a private cabin for them. For most of the trip Jeanne had insisted that Rudd kneel before her and demonstrate his adoration and devotion to her by giving cunnilingus and sucking her clitoris for nearly two hours. When Rudd's prick was finally red hot, throbbing with arousal, and dripping pre-cum on the train's carpeted floor, she ordered Rudd to stand on the seat over her and eject his fecund potion into her hungry oral cavity.

With Rudd's protuberance put away once more, Jeanne finally moved them to one of the lounge cars for a cup of tea and some *ombijtkook*, a ginger fruit cake, before the impending arrival. At the station they were greeted by a pretty blond woman in a pleated tartan mini dress and short boots with silk stockings who introduced herself to Rudd as Misha. Misha told Jeanne, whom she addressed as *Eigenaar*, meaning owner, that "Het Hooft," the master of the college and her husband, had sent her to collect them and pet her new pet. Naturally, Rudd did not follow any of the exchange between Jeanne and Misha, but he did detect that she loved, feared, and was in awe of Jeanne and her powers. Rudd did not know he had already encountered these powers. He was however, very quickly distracted by

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Misha's allure and open sexuality as she snuggled up beside him on the back seat of the large private Maybach sedan.

The driver shut the door behind Rudd and rolled up the window separating the front seats from the double benched passenger compartment. Once they were concealed behind the dark door and window, Jeanne broke the silent interior with a terse command directed at Misha. "Misha, - be rude with Rudd for me. He needs to be broken in well. Begin - Now." Immediately Misha set about undressing Rudd, deftly tearing his clothes at the seams with practiced hands. In moments, Rudd was left wearing only the bracelets around his wrists, ankles, and neck. His sandals were removed and added to a small locker under the bench seat on which Jeanne was seated. Misha locked the box and spun the code dial before sitting beside Rudd.

Rudd had been taken by surprise and offered no resistance to the pretty girl who had bared him easily. Once more seated beside Rudolph, Misha raised her skirt and lowered the top of her little dress exposing her youthful udders and her stocking covered legs with a garter and no briefs. With her delicate soft hand cupping Rudd's scrota, Misha pressed her bared torso against his and leaned in an affectionate way whilst she took hold of the collar ring behind Rudd's head with two

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fingers. As in a magic trick, Misha had Rudd tethered by a leash that was attached to the back of the seat, concealed in a fold of the leather seat back. As soon as this was done, Misha applied a surprisingly firm grip to Rudd's testicles which made him wince with pain and struggle to move away. It was only then that Rudd realized he was restrained. In his distracted struggle, Rudd did not notice that while his wrists were close together at the back of his head, feeling the leash, Misha had pressed the metal rings together locking his wrists to each other.

Rudolph Williams struggled more vigorously the more the two women laughed. He continued for nearly a half hour, by which time the sedan had been parked inside a spacious concrete garage beneath a raised three story house on the degree of a canal with an open field on the other side on which black and white cows were grazing unhurriedly. As Rudd continued to struggle, the wide steel garage door closed and the view of the cows vanished as he was plunged into darkness. Some time later, once Rudd had grown tired of contesting the bindings, Misha returned with a three pronged bull whip with small brass beads at the end of each of the three flat leather straps of which the whip was woven. Its length was somewhat short at only 20 inches. However, its bite was fierce as Rudd

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discovered immediately once Misha had opened the car door. Following three lashes, Misha ordered Rudd to be still lest she be forced to fetch her owner, who would be much more merciless than she.

Already bleeding from four of the marks where the brass had broken his skin on his chest and flank, Rudd mumbled his submission. Misha took a long leather leash from a belt on her hip, and attached it to his collar before releasing Rudd from that of the car seat. As Misha led Rudd out of the car she informed him that Eigenaar, Jeanne, would expect him to be far better behaved in future. He was not to resist her wishes at any time and he should learn his lessons during training quickly. Any transgression of his training would be punished with both beatings and a reduction in his rations. On the other hand, if Rudd behaved himself and performed as admirably as expected of him, his rations would not be limited and the whipping would be short-lived and efficiently conducted instead. She finally turned to look at Rudd before opening the door to the garage for him.

They made eye contact and Rudd noticed a pleased expression mingled with expectancy on her face. He asked coyly, "You mean I get whipped no matter what anyway?" Misha's expression softened a

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little as she told him that he would learn to look forward to the whipping as they would whip each other before the audience. She told him that it would make them closer and better lovers over time. The beatings were simply to maintain the marks on their bodies that made the skin continually more sensitive to the lightest touches and caresses. It would be only during his training that he would be beaten until he bled every third day to remind him that he was now an owned pet. Of course though, any rebellion on his part or hers, and they would be severely maltreated to put them back in their possessed place.

It was only in a casual way that Misha revealed some of her past to Rudd. "Being the pet of Het Hooft is a much better life than that of secretary to the vice president at 3M while trying to complete an online MBA at Brown University." Rudd hardly noticed this revelation, and walked through the open door, tripping on the step. Rudd fell onto his face grazing both his shins and provoking a nosebleed. Misha began to laugh in a jolly sort of way as she added that Het Hooft would be pleased to see the new pet bleeding so soon.

Rudd got himself back up on his feet and continued walking more carefully as he approached the narrow stairs in the landing. Misha followed him and stroked

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his firm smooth buttocks suggestively as she followed him with the leash in her other hand. At the top of the stairs they passed into a small cloak room with coats, boots, shoes and hats neatly organized on hooks, hangars, and slatted shelves. There was a small bench beside opposite the closet, and Misha asked Rudd to have a seat and rest for a moment.

Taking the leash, Misha stood on the bench beside Rudd and slipped the loop at the end over a hook on the ceiling. She then knelt before Rudd and gorged herself on his slender prick for nearly two hours. By the end of the period, Rudd's testicles and the base of his semi-erection ached, and he had spewed into Misha's eager mouth twice.

Licking the semen from her lips, Misha said she would have started in the car earlier, but that his resistance had prevented her enjoyment. Feeling foolish at his non cooperation earlier, Rudd admitted that he had liked the fellatio despite the resulting aches. Misha clarified that she had only been passing the time as the masters were out. She also added that she looked forward to him returning the favour that night as they would often be sharing a bed at night. Part of the training would be a regime of frequent fellatio and masturbation to increase his phallic endurance and lengthen the time it took Rudd to

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discharge. This would very much please Jeanne and her friends whom would use Rudd for their pleasure.

Taking the leash off the wall hook, Misha led Rudd away through the entry hall and past the entry to the living room and dining room to the kitchen at the back of the house. A young Indonesian man was leaning over a frying pan in his white chef suit while behind him were three dishes piled with food. One contained a sliced roast leg of mutton, another was heaped with refried potatoes, a third contained sautéed cabbage, carrots, and sweet peas made in butter and sprinkled with nutmeg. Misha introduce Rudd to Erik as Het **pet** van Eigenaar. She spoke a few phrases to Erik in Dutch, of which the only words he caught were, *alein engles*.

The chef finally looked over at Rudd and told him to make himself comfortable at the table as he would serve them dinner in a few minutes. Misha pulled out a chair for Rudd and took her keys and unclasped the interlocked bracelets. As they waited, Misha served them both a glass of mulled wine and placed two plates with cutlery for them. As she began to sip her drink, she told Rudd that they always ate half an hour before dinner was served in order to be available to their owners while they ate their meals with the chef and any guests. Shortly Erik added a sauce dish with fluid dark brown gravy he called “jus”, and then

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served their plates. Rudd remarked on the small portions and was told by the chef that a fat pet was a lazy pet.

Erik then took the dishes away to the dining room and left Misha and Rudd to eat alone in the warm kitchen looking out over a brick paved patio with a few chairs, a coffee table and a small plastic shed. Through the partly open door to the shed, Rudd could see several black bicycles that all seemed to be identical. While finishing his last piece of potato, Rudd also witnessed a portion of the fence beside the shed open, and a very tall and heavily built man in a brownish grey suit enter pushing another identical bicycle by the handle bars. He closed the gate, waved at them, and slid the machine easily into the shed before closing its door.

Het Hooft came up the stairs and into the cosy kitchen through the back door and bent down to stroke Misha's head and allow her to kiss his cheek. When he stood up and looked at Rudd with an inquisitive scowl, Misha told him in English that he was called Rude, Eigenaar's new pet after Looke's accident on the train while they had been travelling to Gibraltar in the summer. Without having moved from his place beside Misha, Het Hooft reached out a long arm and ruffled Rudd's hair affectionately before boxing his ear. "Welcome to your new home rude boy." He spoke in a deep voice

that resonated in the long and narrow kitchen.

From the nearby entrance to the dining and sitting rooms, the chef called out a greeting to Het Hooft and came back to the kitchen talking a blue streak about something, but Rudd could not follow any of the exchange that followed in Dutch. Though Misha had been in the process of unzipping Het Hooft to pleasure her owner, he had stopped her and left the room with the chef. Misha told Rudd to clear the table and start cleaning the dishes while she changed out of her clothes. Soon Misha returned to the kitchen naked with only her bracelets, collar, and mules. She wiped the table and counters clean and helped Rudd dry the dishes and put the pans and utensils away in their proper places.

As soon as they were done, Misha led Rudd on his leash to the dining room where Het Hooft, Jeanne, and the chef were eating dinner on the long granite and oak table with luxuriously upholstered oak chairs. Rather than the plain white dishes and aluminium forks with which they had eaten, Rudd observed the fine china crockery in the red and white English tradition, with patterned, decorated silverware in an assortment of desert spoons, serrated knives, and separate desert, salad, and entrée forks. The nearly translucent china butter dish was set

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beside the silver gravy boat with a matching silver butter knife resting on its edge. The wine glasses were smaller than those used in America, and there was a matching snifter and sherry glass with the coloured foot stand characteristic of certain European hand blown glassware. Rudd was impressed to say the least.

Misha took him to Jeanne and gave her his leash before taking her place beside Het Hooft. Rudd observed that Misha bowed beside him for him to kiss her before she sat on the solid ash plank flooring leaning on Het Hooft's leg. Rudd mimicked her, bowing for Jeanne to kiss him and then sitting by her foot. As the meal ended, the chef asked Misha to take Rudd to the kitchen and fetch the desert of crème brûlée being kept warm in the oven.

A few minutes later, Rudd and Misha returned bearing the three little dishes with a top of crisp browned sugar over the sweet cinnamon flavoured custard on a small silver tray. Rudd had the tray and Misha bore two crystal decanters one containing Cognac for Het Hooft, and the other with a smooth Portuguese Sherry. Misha served each diner their desert and then poured them the drink of their choice into the appropriate glass. Jeanne broke off her conversation to explicitly point out to Rudd that each drink must be poured into the correctly shaped vessel to give the

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drinker the most complex taste and olfactory experience possible.

As the after dinner conversation resumed, Rudd retook his place sitting by Jeanne's chair. A few minutes later, Jeanne tapped his head with her hand wherefore she had been petting the back of his head. Rudd looked up, and Jeanne held out a small silver spoon half full of the baked custard for him to taste it. He eagerly had his titbit of desert and licked his lips appreciatively following. Jeanne smiled at him, stroked his cheek, and asked Rudd to caress her clitoris with his lips beneath her dress while the dinner finished. Rudd did as he was asked and knelt beneath the table with his head beneath his mistresses' skirt, cramped into a small shape beneath the table.

Taking Rudd by the ring on his collar following the end of the dinner, Jeanne had Rudd crawl beside her. With her husband following them, Jeanne led Rudd up the stairs to the attic room two flights of spiral stairs higher than the main floor. Jeanne had Rudd remain kneeling on the rough hard wood floor with its ancient planks that had scuffed his knees and left splinters in them. With aching knees and palms, Rudd was tethered. One locking ring attached to a steel plate in the floor was fastened to his neck while another that hung from a plate in the ceiling was added beside the first. He was

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then instructed on how to attach his wrist bracelets to those on his ankles which forced Rudd into a tripod with his face resting on the hard wood and his rear elevated in an open position over the floor to keep his balance.

Jeanne stroked his hanging gonads while watching for the enlargement of his erection. For the time that it took Misha to wash the dishes and clean the kitchen, Rudd was molested in this neglectful manner. Eventually Misha joined her owner in the attic room showing clear signs of having been used by the cook before being allowed to leave that section of the house. As soon as Misha made her appearance, she was asked to take the short bull whip she had used earlier in the car and to whip Rudd while the couple fornicated. Dutifully, Misha took up the brass tipped implement and began beating Rudd.

Almost as if the owner Jeanne and her pet Rudd were already synchronized, with every gasp or scream of pain from Rudd, Jeanne groaned with pleasure and moaned with delight as her enormous husband drove his organ into her hirsute gash. As long as the giant man pounded the giant woman into a frenzy of ecstasy the little young woman whipped the average young man. Once Het Hoofst had discharged into Jeanne's belly, she raised her legs for his implement to be immersed

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in her expansive aft with its large, dark rimmed, hair fringed anus. Just as her owner changed the placing of his poker, Misha changed the bull whip for a fencing foil. With it Misha began smacking Rudd forcefully wherever she found the brass beads had left oozing welts and open wounds. Mercilessly she continued beating Rudd on his shoulders, flanks, rump, and the backs of his legs.

Finally Jeanne was satisfied and her spouse withdrew from her behind. Misha was asked to come and caress his swollen and stimulated man hose while Jeanne lay beneath her pet's open legs sucking his hard prick as he continued to seep blood from his lesions and groan with his pain now mixed with pleasure. Simply to give herself an excuse, Jeanne slipped a deft finger into Rudd's anus and provoked an instant ejaculation as soon as she touched his gland. Smacking her lips with satisfaction at the delectable savour of semen, Jeanne announced to all that Rudd had misbehaved by cumming before his time. She then declared that his punishment would be in three parts. While her husband enjoyed Misha, she would embugger Rudd with a strap on whilst simultaneously piercing his back systematically with 33 small hooks from which he would be suspended over his bed that night.

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Following his first punishment, Rudd would be punished further by whipping Misha until she fell unconscious as it was obvious that Rudd had become instantly infatuated with her loveliness as soon as he had met her. As he would be expected to whip Misha regularly but did not wish to hurt this dear little bird he would be broken not by brutality, but by practicing merciless brutality. With a grimace of conquest mingled with satisfaction and absolute power, Jeanne added huskily, "Now you will learn your place as you learn the pleasure of making what you love most dearly suffer with merciless pain."

Rudd was wide eyed with fear, anxiety, and horror. His complexion was pale and there was a light sheen of sweat all over his body despite the house being quite cool at only 14°C. Despite having been passive aggressive habitually in the United States, as all his peers were, and despite having been habitually cruel to strangers who were in social positions bellow him as in the case of clerks at shops and waitresses at diners, Rudd had never been conscious of his cruelty and was revolted by having his soul awareness disrupted and forced into wakeful consciousness of his sadistic nature.

Beneath his outer appearance of disgust at the chance to be brutal and cruel, like most of his national compatriots,

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Rudolph Williams was secretly eager to get on with chastising his tempting, sexy, and delicate peer. Rudd was not aware of his own tendencies until he felt the great flood of pleasure and satisfaction that came once he heard Misha squealing and pleading for his mercy for a respite from his savage violence with the handful of birch rods. As Jeanne and Het Hooft watched their pupil's natural sadism bursting what had been a fragile dam of social image rather than one of etiquette and gentlemanliness, Rudd reached for a more severe tool.

With the lovely and pert pale posterior of Misha ruddy and still quivering, Rudd forced himself into her hind passage simultaneously forcing her breast with his weight into a spring trap. When Misha screamed with her udders caught in the metal jaws, Rudd struck her head and neck with the water soaked riding crop. After sufficient abuse, Misha finally fell silent. With a small metal clip that Rudd found among the objects of torture on the table between the two masturbating owners, Rudd located Misha's swollen and abraded clitoris and applied the little clamp to it. The tinny metal teeth sunk into her sensitive erogenous flesh causing Misha's body to flush a bright red as her clitoris began to bleed before she passed out.

Rudd was rewarded for his obedience and natural pleasure at torture

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by being invited to mount Jeanne to fill her belly, rectum, and maw with his fertile seed. Once Jeanne was put to bed smiling and seeping thick foamy white ejaculate from every orifice, Het Hooft took him to the pet room. Misha had been laid in bed to recover from her swoon with the clitoral clip still in place to give her excruciating pain if she were to awake in the night. The enormous man had Rudd lie atop the female pet on the bed they would share. With the embedded hooks exposed, Het Hooft took the chords from the frame attached to the ceiling and attached the 33 hooks to 33 of the 58 available cords with carabineers before hoisting him up until he was far enough away to only touch Misha with his belly and head of his penis. The pain was intense and unlike anything Rudd had ever experienced. His vision became blurry and in time, it seemed that his entire skin surface had grown numb. Het Hooft set him swinging gently with a push and walked out, leaving them to experience an exhausting night of unconscious sleep interrupted by brief periods of excruciating physical pain mixed with sensual erotic stimulus from the brushing contact.

Five hours after dawn, a stern middle aged blond maid with light blue eyes and full length traditional Boer dress came in to spoon feed them their breakfast of sliced bread soaked in milk with a little honey. Before feeding them she removed

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the metal clip from Misha's clitoris and let Rudd down to sit on the bed beside Misha before removing his hooks. Carefully the sombre light lashed woman fed them both from the large bowl in her lap, filling each of their mouths with a large spoonful in turn. Feeding the two took nearly an hour.

She spoke not at all during any of the time she fed them. Her high Soprano voice with its warm undertone soothed Rudd as Elizabete finally uttered a gentle command to them both. "Liefjie Misha, you know what you must do while I prepare the new pet's little dork for me to have a late morning feast. The Owners are out at church and the cook is recovering from the pummelling I gave his dark cock after cleaning the house this morning."

Misha waited dutifully at the side of the bed while Elizabete knelt in front of Rudd and put his organ in her mouth. Raising his legs she placed them over her shoulders and waited for Misha to clip the chains from ceiling to his ankles. Elizabete now bit down onto the head of Rudd's prick and commenced frigging him into her mouth with her teeth. Misha then lay down beneath Elizabete and wiggled her head in beneath her portly bottom to pleasure Elizabete with cunnilingus until her appetite for male semen had been satisfied and the subsequent gush of cunt syrup gushed into her waiting jaws. Not more than a sixth of an hour later Elizabete was kneeling on the bed kissing

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Misha and sucking her own ejaculate out of Misha's mouth while Rudd obediently shoved his whimpering rod bound by a constricting strap at its base deep into Elizabete's gaping and regularly used arse.

As a retired whore, Elizabete had found a well paying and equivalently bodily engaging employment as the housemaid to Heir en Vrowe Flotten. Her employers had offered her excellent pay, free room and board, regular sessions of oral sex and sodomy, and a steady stream of new men and women who would either happily pay her for her services or who would submit to her carnal demands without argument. If her life were to have been judged by her appearance though, she would have been easily mistaken for a loyal wife and mother of five with a respectable later career as either a elementary school teacher or a seamstress. However, the reality of Elizabete's life was far more fun and satisfying to her than either upstanding option.

When the owners came home from the church service and the subsequent hobnobbing with other locally respected individuals, Elizabete was discovered sitting on Rudd's lap, impaled on his prong while licking Misha's rectal orifice as Misha lay with her vaginal lips pressed into Rudd's lips. Without wishing to disrupt the entanglement, Het Hooft simply exposed his ready organ and ran it through

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her exposed and open rectal sphincter. With a great sigh of pleasure and relief at being double penetrated, Elizabete relaxed into a bed shaking orgasm that cinched her anus gratifyingly which provoked Het Hooft to spill forth in her bowels.

Jeanne had donned the strap on of varnished Cocobola wood and immediately replaced her husband aft of Elizabete's bouncy, rounded bottom when he pulled out. Het Hooft replaced his tool in Jeanne's expansive rear and propelled the little group to ever greater heights of delight. When the orgy was over, Misha exited the house with Het Hooft to go to his office at the University. There she would caress his sodomizing implement while he worked on his administrative reviews and letters. Elizabete went to the sitting room with Jeanne to discuss her trip to Stanford University and the San Francisco Bay Area while they took turns having Rudd sodomizing them. They enjoyed some tea with biscuits and cookies and also listened to the national and international news on the radio during these capers with the injured and fatigued Rudd.

Rudd's life quickly fell into this pattern repeating itself over the many following years with minor variations. Sometimes Dr. Jeanne Flotten would bring Rudd to work where she trained him to do what she did. Gradually Rudd learned the position of professor and that of researcher

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whilst attached to her apron strings. Following a handful of years during which Rudd became proficient in Dutch as well as French, he received his Doctorate certificate. The graduation ceremony that was held at a private home in Keeten on the island of Schrimonikooe rapidly transformed into an orgy with several visiting members of the Humanist Pet Society of which Jeanne was a member and Rudd was a subject. Most of the attending members had brought their pets as well with the exception of the Tunisian Lady whose pet was ill at the time of her trip north. Naturally all the male pets, including Rudd, were expected to oblige Lady Hafida's voluptuous body and scandalous appetite following her slightest suggestions.

It was at this graduation shebang that Rudd had his first vision into the magical world that coexisted with the reality of life that he had taken to be only a rigid and unforgiving continuation of the existence he had known in California. Lady Hafida of Tunis had suddenly appeared to his eyes as a Dwarf woman. She was portly, seductive, well proportioned, and stood only 30 inches tall with long brown wavy hair that fell to her ankles. Her voluminous wavy locks concealed her luscious full posterior without hiding its alluring shape. Following this view of a different reality for his current partner in sodomy, Rudd

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looked over to seek a reassuring glance from his owner and discovered that she was a giant who had a similar figure to Hafida, but proportioned to a frame that stood nearly nine feet tall.

Realizing that Jeanne was a giant, Rudolph reviewed his memory reassessing the visions he had in the past of his owner and her husband. Reality seemed to have subtly shifted for Rudd and he was suddenly aware that Het Hooft was also a giant who stood 10 ½ feet tall. The Indonesian cook was in fact an ordinary man who had been employed precisely because he could see Fairyland. Elizabete was not a woman either, but a gnome woman. Misha was a human Rumania woman who had been caught like Rudd because they had not believed in Fairyland or magic and had been randomly dismissive and cruel with nature and fairies without having any consciousness of their actions. The fact that Misha could have been a witch had not saved her as she had chosen to indulge her soul and retain awareness without consciousness.

A few years passed as Rudd continued serving Jeanne during which he discussed his findings about Fairyland and its creatures with Misha. On the thirteenth anniversary of Rudd being made Jeanne's pet, Jeanne and Het Hooft took them to a Society get-together at an estate in Gibraltar. While Jeanne was bent over a

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sofa between a woman government administrator from Buenos Aires and a Norse Entrepreneur Merman from Iceland, she died while Rudd was sodomizing her. Immediately the other owners broke into congratulatory cheers and began to address Rudd as Dr. Rudolph Williams. Every other pet at the festivity was then given to caress Rudolph and pleasure him for a period. Rudd was confused and distraught at the sudden loss of his mistress and subsequent revelry.

Het Hooft took Jeanne's body over his shoulder and bid the society farewell as it was time for his departure as well. He gave Misha his owner ring and gave Rudd Jeanne's owner ring and walked away never to be seen again. Misha waited until they were travelling back home to Groningen on the train to explain what had taken place to Rudolph. Before leaving the celebration each of the owners came to Rudd and Misha and offered them a few words of advice. Misha was counselled on her role as the new director of the Chemical institute in Groningen and Rudd on his as the next head of research. They were taken to the train station by the hired driver in the ornate horse drawn carriage and embarked with only their luggage. The driver assured them that Elizabete and the cook already knew of the change and that all personal belongings of the two giants would have vanished from their house and offices as they were all totems.

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While enjoying a delicious meal of shrimp and lobster with white wine and white chocolate truffles with liqueur and coffee in their private cabin, Misha began her explanation. “These delicate leaded glass, silver, and gold rings encrusted with tiny gems are a little Fairyland totem link that we can wear. They adjust magically to fit the index finger of any wearer who inherits membership to the Humanist Pet Society. Because we have learned sufficient magic in these past years and have accepted the reality of magic in what we see around us our former owners have taken leave. It is only their perishable bodies that die you know. There is no need to look so sad when a creature of Fairyland dies for they have no souls and their spirits live on to have other bodies in other times. Jeanne and Het Hooft are not really dead; they are simply Fairies now without a body for some time. I promise you will see them again in another form.”

Misha ate some more leaving Rudd to absorb the explanation for the festivity when Jeanne had died. Misha was drinking from a little fluted glass with a chocolate truffle in her other hand when Rudd exclaimed a query. Misha continued letting the rich chocolate melt in her mouth and garble her speech. “When you die I do not think any will cheer for you unless they hated you. You are a man and like me you have a soul that can doubt the

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existence of God, magic, and Fairies. We were trained without being told about Fairyland so that we would have a chance to let our spirits overcome the comfortable illusions created by our indulgent souls. It is our spirits that should guide our souls and our spirits that help us see, understand, and know reality with its Fairies and magic. Without magic and Fairies as part of our reality life makes no sense and there is no sense to the structural things we do like laundry and going to work.”

Rudd was silent for some time as he looked into Misha’s beautiful and reassuring eyes. He saw again the lovely woman that had entranced him that first day in the back of the car when he had arrived in Groningen by train with his new mistress. Feeling more confident and certain of himself at last, Rudd smiled warmly at Misha and put his coffee cup down. Taking her hand in his with an uncharacteristic light touch, Rudd asked Misha to marry him. For a moment there was a tear in her eye, and then Misha burst out laughing.

“You silly American git”, she spoke affectionately to Rudd still holding his hand. “We are already married, we got hitched the very first time you hooked this bitch with a stitch of your hooked reed. We have a common law marriage the natural way, marriage just grows out of

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love, infatuation, custom of sharing a bed, regular coitus, and dedication to each other. Fairies have relationships but never really marry even if there is a human structural documentation of the union with legal witnesses. Marriage does not need such structural rigidity either lest it leads only to distrust, dissatisfaction, and divorce. If you want we can have a marriage party at the cathedral with a huge reception party at a downtown restaurant. Maybe a reception at the Poffitje House would be nice. I will wear a sexy dress with a bit train and no underwear; maybe in yellow or rose, what do you think.”

Rudolph was silent but was grinning with delight. For the remainder of the trip home across Spain, France, Belgium, and Holland they discussed the wedding plans and the trip that would have to be made by Rudd to visit Jeanne’s former associates, peers, and collaborators in the research. The trip was a formal introductory ritual for members of the Society. It was traditionally conducted one month following the death or disappearance of an owner with a prominent social position.

A month later the wedding party plans were complete and all the spaces, food, clothing and services had been booked and paid for with the enormous Fairyland wealth they had inherited from their Giant owners. Misha stayed home at

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work with her new pet, a young man of about 19 years who had been working as a mail delivery man for a small local parcel delivery company in North Holland and Friesland. With Ig, short for Ignacius, ready and willing to please and satisfy Misha at her beck and call, Rudolph left on his international tour. Four weeks later he was visiting the National University of South Africa before returning home. While having lunch at the café he met Celeste, a French-Kenyan light brown woman of surprising height and fine, long limbs and hair.

During his short stay in Johannesburg he took Celeste out to lunch and dinner each of the three days, and he shared his hotel room with the virtuosi undergraduate chemistry major on three of the four nights. Celeste accepted his invitation to come and learn chemistry with him in the Netherlands immediately. Rudd took an extra half day in Johannesburg to obtain the nominal visa for Celeste and buy her one way ticket to fly with him to Amsterdam. That evening Rudd made love to her in the airport's First Class Lounge men's bathroom before boarding their flight. Dr. Rudolph Williams came home the following day with his new pet Celeste to receive her training in the company of her future spouse, Ig.

∞END∞

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