

# Rent's Due

I lived in a small English duplex. It had a common atrium, which lead into my apartment, and upstairs to my landlady's. The rent wasn't awful, neither was she, and yet through failing job after failing job, I found myself receiving the third '*Rent Overdue*' letter in as many months. This one, however, warned of consequences, whereas the others had only counted down to such an eventuality.

The borough in which I lived wasn't particularly prosperous, as such, there weren't a lot of jobs to go around, nor did public transport have regular routes to anywhere, really. Without a car, or at least someone you know with a car, you were functionally trapped in its pothole-ridden roads and dingy bars.

Still, a roof was better than no roof, and Ms. Lambert kept it in fairly good condition. I saw her rarely, which was nice – there was no pressure, no concern of my every move being spied on. She was in her mid-thirties, and despite the area in which she lived, she was very eloquent, and upperclass. She dressed properly, in long, corseted dresses, wore gloves that reached to her elbows, and did her tightly-curled, black hair in a ponytail. Her face was like that of a hawk – firm, serious, narrow, and observant. She had the slightest tinge of a Scottish accent, but otherwise, she was overwhelmingly posh. Aside from being a bit of an outlier, I noticed she had a tendency to go out a lot at night, or have select people visit her.

I often half-joked with myself that she might've been a vampire, having friends for dinner.

Being about 15 years older than I was, and from, evidently, a totally different upbringing, we had very little to talk about beyond the condition of the flat and the status of my rent. And unlike her, I was a fairly undignified man with a steady job deficiency. Home-cut brown hair that looked half decent on a good day, a similar short beard, and cheap clothes I'd restitched so many times I'd begun to suspect I'd replaced every thread.

With no income, and very possibly no house soon, I tucked my tail one evening, waddled up the stairs and knocked with every intent of begging for an extension. Standing at the door, I could smell the faint waft of candle smoke. I could hear her inside, and after knocking a second time, she called back 'I'll be a moment!'

She greeted me in an outfit I did not expect. It wasn't that it didn't suit her – quite the opposite, it was like a second skin. It was just that it had become abundantly clear, at that moment, that she wasn't a vampire, but a dominatrix. The corset was consistent with her usual outfit, but the tight leather skirt, masquerade mask, and coiled whip wrapped around her arm were not.

“If I were you, I'd hope you had a good reason for knocking at this hour.” was the first thing she sneered at me, and whilst outwardly hostile, there was a glimmer of invitation. She was clearly amused at my sudden understanding of her career choices.

“I can come back later if it helps.” I muttered out.

“Nonsense.” she opened the door wider. I saw an oak table, upon which were a half-dozen dripping candles, one recently doused, a handful of crops, whips, and sex toys that I couldn't identify. “It's about the rent, am I correct?”

“Yes Ms. Lambert.”

“I assume you've once again been unable to pay? That'll make it three months in a row. Grounds to evict you.”

“I know. I wanted to ask for an extension.”

“Surprise surprise.” she smirked. “The answer's no.”

“Please, I have nowhere else to—”

“Up-up. Quieten down. I did not say that there weren't more... *creative* ways for you to satisfy the debt.”

“C-creative ways?” my eyes narrowed, my heart thudded, and my cock stirred. ‘*You've been watching too many pornos.*’ I told myself. ‘*She's not going to domina—*’

“I have various, shall we call them, ‘chores’ that need tending to.” she interrupted my thoughts, “And as I'm sure you've deduced – skills that require keen practice. Given that you owe a quarter-year of rent, and are not wholly... unattractive, once cleaned up a little, mind you, I believe we can come to an arrangement. Starting now.”

Ms. Lambert surprised me by pulling me into her apartment by the scruff of my collar. I was almost thrown to the floor.

“Over there, shirt off.” she instructed, dragging her whip across an open palm. “Hold onto the two posts there. Hands above your head. Back to me.”

My heart was racing. I caught myself simply complying. She was so authoritative, so commanding. I knew exactly what I was about to endure – pain – yet I didn’t hesitate for a moment. I gripped the parallel wooden beams, and naturally placed my feet beside them too. Ms. Lambert stood behind me, no doubt unfurling the whip.

“Try not to scream too loud. The walls are thinner than the floor, my dear.” she spoke softly, casually, then...

*Crack!*

The whip snapped just below my right shoulder. I grunted, gritting my teeth. It hurt, but not nearly as much as I expected. I suspected she was going soft on me, at least at first.

“Can you take orders well?”

“What?” *Crack!* Another strike, right down the middle of my spine.

“I asked; can you take orders well?”

“Yes!” *Crack!*

“Can you be relied upon?”

“Yes!” *Crack!* I felt a welt swelling on the meat of my shoulder.

“Do you understand that when I ask something of you, I do not expect to have to repeat myself?”

“Yes!” *Crack!*

“And is your tongue well practiced?”

“What?!” *Crack! Crack! Crack!* A trilogy of whips battered me, harder and sharper than those before. My legs almost gave out.

“What did I say about repeating myself?!”

“Yes! Sorry! I– I’m not terrible at eating pussy!” *Crack!*

“You’ll use more proper language in my presence. Understood? And until your debt is satisfied, you’ll address me as Mistress, and serve me at a moment's notice.”

My terminally single, and lonely brain immediately keyed in. ‘*Free rent and sex?*’

“Yes Mistress!”

“Good. Now on your knees, let’s see if you’re as well-practiced at ‘eating pussy’ as you claim.”

Mistress Lambert sat on the edge of a leather-padded, and very ornate wooden bench. She hitched her skirt, and slid down her fishnets. I was gobsmacked. Even on a good night, few women were so eager to undress for me. Her pussy was mostly bare, though she kept a neatly shaved stubble. The hairs curled tightly, like those on her head.

“Pip-pip, hurry it up. I’m due to leave in a quarter-hour, and I like to relieve myself before a client – helps clear the head, you see – but unfortunately I forgot to charge my favorite toy.” she beckoned me closer. “As an aside, that’ll be one of your duties going forward – to ensure all my toys are charged and clean.”

Before I could reply, she again gripped me by the collar, and brought me between her thighs. The radiate heat warmed my face, and the smell of her apparent arousal filled my lungs. She quickly put me to work, dancing the coiled whip over my aching back as I began to kiss, lick and nibble.

“Higher, dear. Have you no idea of where to put that tongue of yours?”

“Phorry Miphress.” I replied, tongue out.

I worked my way higher, searching for the right buttons to press. When she gasped softly, I stayed put, and focused on that spot with a series of tight swirls and licks. I felt her reposition; her thighs firmed up, she leaned back, against the wall, and her tight grip on my hair softened to a gentle, encouraging pat. I grew hard, quickly, and perhaps stupidly, thought she might get my rocks off, after I finished eating her out.

Soft, tender mutterings escaped her full, plump lips. Her chest ebbed and flowed like the tides of the sea. Words of encouragement were whispered. *Good boy* and *keep going* and *harder*. I wasn't sure how to feel – I'd never thought about submission, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying it.

"You'll be doing this daily," she quietly explained between raspy breaths, "sometimes twice, or thrice."

"Mmhm." I tasted her sweet, tangy essence – I let it coat my tongue, paint my face, cover my lips. I felt a desire to drown in it.

As she neared climax, her head rolled in blissful circles, her legs locked over my still pained back, and the whip fell to the side. She tightened her thighs, and I became entombed in them, and the hem of her leather skirt.

"Do not stop!" she commanded. "You *will* make me cum!" That was all the encouragement I needed. I worked faster, harder, firmer than before, and noticed her body ripple in response. A loud, musical moan passed her lips, followed by another, and a third, each an octave lower as her climax seared through her, and slowed to a calm euphoria.

She whispered next, "Clean me," and so I did. I drank what I could of her orgasm, before I was brushed away, erect and wanting. She shook off her climax, rolled her shoulders, and made for the door.

"What about me?" I asked.

"What about you?"

"Well I made you cum."

"Yes," she smirked, "you did. That should be reward enough, unless you'd rather me evict you?"

I shook my head. "No, no that's fine."

"Good. Now I expect my apartment clean before I return. Then you can bring me to climax again, and maybe, just maybe, I'll consider letting you jack off in the corner."