

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is standing in a room with a checkered floor. She is wearing a black, form-fitting, short-sleeved dress with a high collar and a lace-up detail down the front. She is also wearing black high-heeled shoes. In the background, there is a large, ornate mirror on the left and a dark, carved wooden piece of furniture, possibly a piano or a cabinet, on the right. The lighting is warm and dramatic, highlighting the woman and the textures of the room.

LOVING FEMALE AUTHORITY

Loving Female Authority

My wife, Sarah is a CFO in a mid-size company. She often works long hours and I'm left alone in the evenings, and I watch television, work on our old house, and hang out being somewhat lonely.

In November Sarah's dad died after having been a little sick. We were shocked and her mom decided to move in with us. I began hanging out with the mom. She was still quite attractive and more than average sexy. She was not as slim as Sarah, but she wasn't fat either. I would call her luscious. She has dirty- blond hair cut shoulder length and I liked the way it moved around, it attracted attention to her face. She had a very nice smile but her face changed to look serious by turning her lips straight or even downward when she asked for something. I know because I saw that look a lot.

Slowly she began asking me to do things. We both tired of eating out and it became my job to fix dinner and wash the dishes. I don't know how that came about but a theory is that it was my house and I knew where everything was, I was the logical one, and at first she stayed with me and helped, then less and less.

That led to her claiming the remote. Since I had kitchen duty, she got into the family room first and picked up the remote.

Then TV watching became 100% less entertaining to me. We watched lots of shows that are, I guess, made for women. Mostly boring. At first I was too polite to object.

Then it began when we relaxed "Some coffee would be nice," she asked after I sat down. Then she would ask: "Bring my slippers please." Then she would ask: "Please put them on for me." This was a little erotic but then: "Don't leave my shoes there, put them away." She also began 'relaxing' beyond what would be 'proper': taking off stockings, adjusting her brassiere cups even unhooking her bra.

Perhaps I looked, but how could I not. But all the while, I now realize I was being lured in and she was pulling the line taut.

She asked me to run her a bath. I protested that she could run her own bath, and immediately regretted my phrasing of it. In hindsight I now realize how Machiavellian she was. Earlier she let me watch a rerun of 'Law and Order' instead of another home remodelling show so I would be interested in the TV and be reluctant to leave.

Kathleen went immediately to Sarah complaining how 'unpleasant' and uncooperative I had become. Sarah, nearly in tears asked me why I couldn't be

nice to her mother. Of course, I promised I would be very nice and suddenly out of the blue the words came from her mouth, "Please try to be obedient".

I nearly exploded "Obedient? What are you talking about, this is our house and she's a guest!", but I held my tongue.

The evenings were now tense. Who knows what she would ask me to do, I tried to work later than I normally would. She seemed to sense that I voluntarily was working overtime because she questioned me pointedly and I have trouble lying even under these circumstances.

In December, just two weeks from Christmas our company closed down. I wasn't in financial trouble because my wife earned a very good salary and we had been saving for years, and invested our savings. Kathleen was also very wealthy from her late husband's pension and insurance proceeds and the sale of their house. But I needed a job fast or I would spend all day with Kathleen.

It was decided, by Kathleen, but she manipulated it so that it seemed like Sarah and I decided that I would not seriously look for work until the first of the new year. We would enjoy the Christmas to New Year vacation. Then the next day, it turned

out my wife's company was getting a new computer system and she would have to work during the anticipated Christmas break. Sarah gaily said: "Kathleen and you will get to know each other very well during the break".

The very next morning Kathleen came into my bedroom and announced that there would be no sleeping in. "There is much work to be done," she said.

She had dismissed the cleaning service because she said: "Since you aren't working it was silly to pay someone to do what you can easily do."

This was so ridiculous, first I was out of work temporarily, second I didn't do house cleaning, and third this was my vacation. But I'm naked under the sheets and she is standing above me giving orders. If I kept quiet maybe she would leave.

But she didn't.

She pulled off the sheets, grabbed my arm and almost pulled me out of the bed. I tried to grab for some clothes but she interfered:

"Here, wear these, no point in wearing dress clothes to do housework", she said handing me blue jeans and a t-shirt that she must have searched

my wardrobe for, because I didn't recognize them.

I was embarrassed being naked in front of this woman, she was totally dressed even wearing stockings and high heels. I couldn't argue while being naked. Then there was this other weird thing of becoming aroused, I guess by being naked in front of this woman. I didn't want her to see the evidence of my arousal.

She hurried me into the jeans and almost dragged me out of the bedroom without any underwear, my keys or wallet.

"Let's get going, no time to waste," she went on.

Downstairs she had me get out the vacuum, but I had to go to the toilet and I said so, she said,

"Since this is your first day I will allow it, be quick."

I was so outraged but I really had to go so I said: "Why thank you, that's very kind," hoping she didn't hear my sarcasm.

I vacuumed for what seemed like hours. I needed a rest. I walked into the family room and said: "I'm taking a rest."

Kathleen said nothing but got up and went into the hall. A few minutes later she came back and said: "You did a fair job in most of the places but we will go over the rest."

I had difficulty keeping quiet. This was my house and she was inspecting my work!

After resting for only a few minutes, Kathleen said:

"Go into my bedroom, make the bed, clean the counters and vacuum, I will be in to inspect your work." I start getting up slowly when she starts yelling, "Come on lets go, I want action now." And she grabbed my arm and pulled me up as if I were a child.

I was so outraged, I didn't know what to say, so I just went along. Her room was a mess, clothes were scattered around the floor, her underwear, her shoes, the dress she wore yesterday. I started by picking up the dress and folding it over the chair, then I picked up her panties, and I don't

know what caused me to do it but I picked it up and sniffed it and of course she walked in at that moment. I froze like a deer in headlights.

"What are you doing you disgusting dog?" she screamed at me. She took long steps across the space and slapped me. I stumbled. She pushed me down and took the dropped panties and rubbed it in my face all the while yelling at me;

"You are a complete pervert, how could my daughter marry such an animal?"

"I'm sure she will divorce you"

"Nobody would want to live with such disgust"

She was breathing hard and kneeling on my chest. On one level I was getting aroused having her sitting on me. I was getting a view of her large breasts, at one point I saw up her skirt to her panties. She was wearing stockings with garters which were twisting her panties, I had the disturbing thought that the bitch was attacking me while I'm studying her underwear.

She took a breath and slapped me again screaming:

"Pervert."

I said: "Aren't you overreacting?" And this drove her into another tirade of slaps and name calling. I decided to be quiet. Hoping she would cool off and we could talk about the situation.

Kathleen got up and blatantly began adjusting herself from the exercise. She pulled up her skirt and adjusted her stockings.

She wriggled her brassiere from side to side. Then she says:

"Get finished in here, you better do a good job and then we will talk."

"Yeah you'll talk" I thought. I was getting more and more aroused. What was going on here I wondered.

I worked hard, I picked up all the clothes and hung her dress, put stuff in the hamper, cleaned the counters, arranged her shoes in the closet, made her bed and vacuumed.

I went into the family room and collapsed on the sofa.

Kathleen screamed: "Get up! When you come into a room I'm in, you don't sit or flop down on the sofa!"

I jumped up.

That wasn't good enough for her. She yelled:
"Stand straighter, look straight ahead. There
that's better. We'll have to practice this."

I asked myself, "how did I get into this? What
should I do now?"

After what seemed to be a long time she told me I
could sit.

She started: "So you like my panties..."

I interrupted: "It was just a moment.."

She yelled: "Don't interrupt me again.."

She said: "So I saw that you liked my panties, and
took the liberty to indulge your disgusting lust
when you thought no one was watching. I have
contempt for such people but in your case I might
find a use for such as you."

Kathleen said: "It is no longer a question of your
role here as the husband. You will be a domestic
live-in. Like a maid. You will be very closely
supervised."

"Do I have any say in this? What will Sarah say?" I

asked.

Kathleen said: "I've talked to Sarah and she was going to divorce you but I convinced her we could make use of a sex pervert."

I was dumbfounded; I thought we had a good marriage. I couldn't believe Sarah was going to divorce me. "You're lying," I yelled at Kathleen.

In an instant, she was attacking me, slapping and punching. I tried to grab her and pin her arms and we fell to the floor. She ended up on top and started slapping me yelling:

"You never talk to me that way, you scum." The slaps were coming harder then suddenly she jumped off and ran into the kitchen.

She came and jumped on me still lying on the floor, and started shoving a cake of soap into my mouth. At first I was caught by surprise and the soap was between my teeth and I tried to get it out, I finally succeeded but bits had broken off and were in my teeth and throat. This tasted terrible and made me feel nauseous. I got up to get some water.

I had no fight left in me, I just wanted to get the taste out of my mouth. Kathleen followed me: "Not

so fast Jim, I want to know if you now regret being so rude to me?"

I couldn't say anything because my throat and mouth were burning and it was all too much, it was making me feel nauseous...

She continued: "This is a punishment for little children, but maybe it will help you remember who you're talking to. I will wash your mouth out whenever you speak to me disrespectfully. Do you understand?"

I didn't answer because my mouth had an awful taste and my throat hurt.

She pushed me into the counter and screamed: "When I ask you a question you answer me." Then she slapped me twice.

I was feeling sick and I couldn't answer and I didn't even know what she was asking.

I began crying. Then she grabbed me and half carried and dragged me into the family room and shoved me onto the floor.

I laid there and sniffled. She sat on the sofa across from me. I could see her shapely legs and her legs were spread just wide enough so I was

getting aroused again.

She began to talk in a nice conciliatory tone: "I'm sorry that soap didn't agree with you. But I want you to become a good servant. My methods are very strict and at times painful. But it will get the results we need. Your life here won't be too bad. You will have lots of housework to do, Sarah and I will make personal demands, but you can handle all of that in half your time. We will travel together, you'll have two women on your arms, and you'll get good food, not a bad life."

I listened to her amazed at the change in tone. Suddenly I heard that maybe Sarah wasn't leaving:

"You mean Sarah won't divorce me?" I asked.

In the same pleasant tone she replied: "Sarah could not put up with your attitude any longer and was, or I should say is, planning a divorce. I told her I would change your attitude and life here would be different. She said she would wait and see. What I have in mind for you is that you will be totally dependent on us and in exchange we will be able to use you how we wish. All you have to do is agree to this arrangement."

I said: "I'll do anything to not lose Sarah."

Kathleen said: "That's very sweet, but let me be clear, you have already lost her. It may be possible to persuade her to keep you. Do you understand that you may not possess her or me. But we may possess you. This is a great privilege for you. I hope you can live up to it."

I said: "Tell me what I have to do."

Kathleen smiled, "It's very simple, do exactly what Sarah or I tell you to do. It's a great honour and keep that attitude 24/7. I will have many tasks and rules for you which you will learn or suffer as you have this morning. Are you ready to get started?"

"Yes," I said.

"Let's get started with 'Yes madam', and when you address me it's 'Miss Kathleen', understand?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," I corrected.

"Let's check my room and the vacuuming I asked you to do," she said.

"Yes madam", I said.

She smiled and helped me up. She walked around her room, examining the counters and looked in her closet and seemed to be pleased.

I was very affected by this desire to please her.

"I'm going crazy," I thought. "I don't want any more soap or slaps," I further thought. But if avoiding punishment was the goal I could just leave. But I stayed.

She said: "I'm pleased with what you did here, it shows exactly the initiative I require. If you do everything with enthusiasm and creativity, I won't have to be hard on you. But remember I am very strict and very attentive to detail, and I don't mind making you suffer to get what I want."

She said: "To get off on the right foot, I'm going to give you several experiences that will impress upon you the environment we will have. Pull your pants down."

I hesitated for an instant and when I saw another slap coming I hastily pulled down my trousers. She then sat down on a chair and patted her lap. I hesitated and I could see she was getting impatient and then I crawled over her lap.

She had picked up one of her shoes and started whacking away. I couldn't help struggling and screaming but she carried on. I felt I must be bleeding and broken but finally she stopped and rubbed my butt with her hand. It felt like it was all there.

"That was an introductory lesson, one of the rules is that whenever you get a spanking, you will then stand in the corner to think about why you got spanked. I want you to think about how you talked to me, and what further punishment would be appropriate. When your corner time is up we will discuss it," she conversationally said.

I was completely at a loss for words. I was putty in this woman's hands. I had become incredibly sexually aroused and felt such lust for her.

"Whatever she wants to do to me is okay," I thought. I had travelled to another world, lying across her warm lap begging her to stop spanking me, she totally owned me. "Have I fallen in love with her?"

"Now get up and stand in that corner there across from my bed. Don't pull up your pants, it is a humiliation for you and maybe a titillation for me. Whenever I put you in the corner, there is no talking and no moving. Resolve yourself that you are there to think about your behaviour which got

you there and commit to improving it."

Here I was, an executive merely five days ago, and now my mother-in-law had me standing in the corner in her bedroom with my pants around my ankles. I could hear her moving around behind me. I tried not to move, I guess I was going to try to "improve my behaviour."

I couldn't determine how long I stood there, she left the room, then came back, I thought she would let me out, then she left again, this happened several times. "What kind of further punishment should I ask for?" I wondered. These and other thoughts kept going through my mind. My legs and back were getting sore but I didn't move. She had said not to!

Kathleen came very close behind me. She placed her hand on my behind and asked me, "Does it still hurt?"

I said: "Not much, thank you Madam."

She kissed me on the neck and said: "I'm so proud of how you have changed your attitude. You will make Sarah and me very happy. Okay no more talking, you have another half hour to go and remember no moving."

I didn't think I could stand another half hour but to please this woman I would stand there for the rest of my life. Then I heard: "You may turn around now."

I saw her sitting in the chair where I got spanked, her skirt was hiked up and she looked so desirable. I could see her panties, and her breasts where straight out. She looked so powerful.

She said: "Come here and kneel in front of me."

I had the opportunity to look up her skirt but I didn't out of respect and just looked at her knees. She grasped my hair and placed my head between her knees and squeezed. I had never been in such an erotic situation before, I had trouble breathing. It was somewhat dark but I was caught in this incredible place, maybe I can even smell her. We stayed in that position for what seemed like a long time.

"What punishment shall I mete out to someone who behaved as you did?" she asked me.

I couldn't speak nor think for that matter because I was so aroused.

She asked again and her tone was getting harder and impatient.

I tried composing myself, "Madame I will do anything you ask, I'll stand in the corner all night, you can beat me until I bleed, I'll do chores from morning to night. Anything you wish."

"I am very pleased with your new attitude," she said, while she stroked my cheek, where earlier she had slapped me.

"Are you good with tools?" she asked me.

I said "yes ma'am, I can fix cars and bikes, do electrical wiring and carpentry."

"I don't have anything so complicated in mind," she said.

She opened a drawer and took out a ring bolt with a long screw attached.

"I want you to attach it to the wall so it won't pull out," she said.

"Where would you like it Miss Kathleen?" I asked.

"Can you tell where there is a stud?" she asked.

"There is an outlet here on the wall, and usually they are attached to a stud on one side, Miss Kathleen," I said.

"Stand in the corner here," she said. She made a small pencil mark on the wall above my shoulder. "I want it at this height fastened strongly, understand?"

"Yes ma'am," I said.

She left. I got my stud finder and some tools and screwed it into the wall, I had to use a screwdriver in the ring to wind the last inch into the wall. It wasn't going to come loose no matter what it was for, "I should have asked what it was for," thought.

That Night.

About 6:00pm on that first evening Kathleen said, "Prepare supper for Sarah and myself, and prepare something for yourself."

I was confused but took her words, literally. I'm not much of a cook but I boiled water and warmed bottled spaghetti sauce and prepared a spinach salad. I put white wine in the refrigerator. I set the table for three and waited for Sarah to come home.

I was reading the newspaper in the kitchen when she arrived. I rushed up to her and gave her a big hug and kiss which she seemed to return. I

thought maybe Kathleen wasn't right about her planning to leave me.

I took her jacket, which she was holding and hung it up. I asked if she was ready for dinner. She said she was hungry, and I called Kathleen.

Kathleen walked into the dining room and asked, "Why did you set three plates? I told you to fix dinner for Sarah and me."

"You said to fix dinner for myself also?" I asked, I was confused and afraid.

"Remove the extra plate and silverware and glass. Now!" she ordered.

I was wondering what Sarah was thinking about all this and I tried to hurry and do it somehow inconspicuously.

Of course Kathleen would have none of that, "What do you say when I tell you to do something?" she demanded.

"Yes ma'am," I said, now my humiliation in front of Sarah was complete. I tried to catch her eye but she was looking elsewhere.

"Serve us dinner," Kathleen ordered.

"Yes ma'am," I muttered.

Kathleen jumped up and slapped me twice. My face started burning only partly from the slaps but I was overwhelmed with humiliation in front of my wife. I wished I could be somewhere else.

"Now get the dinner," she commanded.

"Yes ma'am," I tried to say loudly but my voice was catching in my throat.

I brought in the bowl of spaghetti, and the sauce and the salad, and Sarah and Kathleen looked at me and they waited. "Did they want something else?" I wondered. Then it came to me: "Would you like me to serve you?" I asked.

"Of course, why are you here, is there some wine?" Kathleen asked.

"Yes ma'am, I'll get it," I said still breaking up a little, I was still blushing. I brought the chilled wine in and knew better than to just put it on the table, "May I pour?" I asked.

"May you pour what?" Kathleen demanded.

I was about to answer, "this wine" then I realized and said: "May I pour, Miss Kathleen?"

Kathleen said: "Would you like to offer Miss Sarah some wine also?"

I suppressed sighing and said: "May I pour Miss Kathleen and Miss Sarah?"

Kathleen said: "Very nice, yes, please pour some wine for us."

I did and almost ran into the kitchen.

Immediately Kathleen came after me and said; "A good waiter doesn't leave his diners without asking if they want anything else."

"I'm sorry madam," I say.

Then she takes my arm and drags me back into the dining room.

She lets go of my arm and sits down, picks up her glass and smiles at me.

"Is there anything else, madams?" I manage to say.

"Kathleen says: "Nothing right now but why don't you just stand by in case we want something?"

"I was going to start cleaning the pots," I said.

"No, dearie, we want you to wait on us, stand tall, and stand still. When we are finished, you can clean up," Kathleen said.

I felt stupid just standing there. After a few minutes they started talking and ignored me.

Kathleen said: "He agreed to what we discussed."

Sarah said: "I didn't think he would."

"He said he did it for you," Kathleen said.

Sarah looked at me and said: "He is such a dear. How did you know Mom that he would agree?"

Kathleen said: "I've seen the way he opened doors for you, gathered your clothes, helped you put on your coat, waited on you and then he seemed willing to do it for me, I think he will be happy in his new role."

Sarah said: "How can he be happy doing housework instead of being a big boss?"

Kathleen said: "Maybe happy isn't the right word, is a moth happy to fly into a flame? He has no choice."

Sarah said: "It's the sex."

Kathleen said to Sarah: "Ye-es."

Kathleen said to me: "Pour more wine Jim."

Without thinking: "Yes ma'am" And I poured the wine. They were drinking it pretty fast especially for Sarah. In the old days Sarah and I split a bottle with Sarah getting a glass and I drank the rest and then the rest of Sarah's glass which was still half full. I was hoping they would leave some for me.

Sarah said: "I couldn't go on with the sexual demands; they were making me feel inadequate."

Kathleen said: "This is the right way; we all get what we need."

I was amazed, at what Sarah said, I never took advantage of her, I'm not some kind of rapist. I love her, what's wrong with wanting your wife. I didn't think they wanted me to join the conversation.

Sarah said to me: "I love you Jim, but I want the sex only when I want it, I don't want pressure to have it, like if you buy me an expensive dinner, I feel I have to perform for you. That creates a lot of stress on me."

I said: "But Sarah, I never wanted to force you, which would be the last thing in the world, I thought you liked me to crave you."

Sarah said: "That's the problem Jim, you never knew when I wanted it and when I didn't, maybe it was my fault, but it just couldn't go on."

I said: "So what are we going to do?"

Kathleen said: "When Sarah wants sex she will tell you. When you want sex you will just continue wanting. And I will warn you right now, begging or nagging is not allowed."

I said: "I'm so taken by surprise, but isn't there some other arrangement than I become your waiter?"

Kathleen said: "You don't yet understand, it's not a waiter we want, it's a total slave who will adore us and do whatever we want whenever we want it."

I was incredulous. "Slave!?" I said.

Kathleen said: "You've been spanked, stood in the corner, and ended up lusting for me, what do you think that was all about?"

Kathleen continued: "We are offering you a wonderful gift that you know you want. You get to live 100% with us. Every minute of your day will be spent pleasing us. We will of course take every opportunity to find fault and punish you in the most infantile and bizarre manners that we know you crave."

Kathleen changed her tone: "I want you to clear the table, clean up the kitchen and dishes, then report to us in the den. Don't be slow. I haven't heard any 'Miss' or 'Ma'am' from you. This time it's just a warning. Now move it!"

"Yes ma'am," I said almost as a reflex. Sarah was looking straight at me.

"May I take your plate miss Sarah?" was all I could get out. I was full of thoughts; at least the kitchen will allow me to think.

"You can take my plate too, slave boy!" said Kathleen.

I took the dishes, scraped the food into the disposal and put the dishes in the dishwasher and cleaned the counters, the table and the floor, all of it easy if not mindless.

Was it true that I wanted to be their slave? What a concept, I had managed 21 professional programmers and engineers. What will this be like? I thought maybe I would be managing two women and myself. I had been paying bills, and managing the finances, would I still do that? Sarah didn't say we would not have sex any more, only that she would be the one to ask for it. Will there be sex with Kathleen; what will Sarah say? There's some wine left in the bottle. They didn't say I couldn't have it.

After I finished I went into the den and found a seat.

I just knew I would hear from Kathleen and she didn't disappoint: "When we're sitting in a room like this you don't just walk in! You show recognition that we're here in a modest way like a little bow."

"How about a curtsy?" Sarah said.

"Can you curtsy? Show us," Kathleen said.

I got up and tried to curtsy, I felt really stupid. The wine made it easier.

"You should curtsy to both of us. So if we're sitting here you curtsy to me then to Sarah,"

Kathleen said.

I curtsied twice. I saw that there was a gleam in Sarah's eyes.

Kathleen asked: "Is there more wine?"

"No ma'am," I answered.

"I thought there was some left," Kathleen said.

"I drank it ma'am," I said.

"Sarah, I don't think we gave him permission to drink wine. What shall we do about this?" Kathleen said.

"Get stripped off now, Jim, totally naked, do it now!" Sarah said.

I quickly took off the few clothes I had on, including my watch.

Sarah's eyes had a glint that I was familiar with; "On your knees here!" she said pointing to the floor in front of her.

"Now take off my shoes and stockings," she ordered.

I quickly took off her shoes, then pulled down her panty hose with her cooperation and took a little risk and removed her panties, as soon as I did that she grabbed my hair and pulled me into her and I did what came naturally. Lick her.

I could tell she was coming then when she finally came, she pulled on my hair harder and I got back to work. I could tell she was coming again, and she did but she was still pulling on my hair, "This couldn't be my wife," I thought.

After the fourth climax I was released and she fell backwards on the sofa making satisfied noises. I was a little out of breath, and would have been happy to relax, but I noticed that Kathleen was staring at me.

I was uncertain what to do. I tried, "How can I serve you ma'am?"

Kathleen said: "You may take my clothes off, do it gently!"

I took off her high heels, I hadn't noticed until then that they were stilettos as before, and then I discovered she was also wearing stockings again. I had to remove her panties first and I wondered what she would do if I sniffed them now. I was encouraged to do this because she lifted herself

so I could proceed. I was beginning to fumble with her garters when she grabbed my hair and I was drawn into this strange pussy.

Just five or six hours ago I was a pervert and slapped for sniffing her panties, now my face was buried in it. How strange, I thought. She was slower than Sarah but after a while I could feel the signs, but this time I just kept on, after the second time she pushed my head away.

I waited maybe only a few seconds, when Kathleen said: "Don't put any clothes on and go stand in the corner where you installed the hook."

I felt like I received a kick. I started getting up, Kathleen said: "We have to settle our accounts over the unauthorized wine."

I knew protesting anything was useless.

Kathleen said, "You should also curtsy when leaving our presence, don't forget."

Picture this, I am totally nude, these two women are somewhat spent from sex, that I provided. I'm a little surly.

Kathleen says in a not nice tone: "If I observe reluctance or anger, I will add it to my list; you

better go before you're in real trouble."

"Yes ma'am," I said and did two curtseys.

Why do I have to stand here? I was thinking, when she walked in and said:

"You have to stand here because you are still presumptuous. You take wine without asking, you act arrogantly because we responded to your animal acts, you are not behaving the way I want."

I could tell she was sitting in the chair, and continued: "You will come to understand that we expect total subservience in everything.. Do I make sense?"

I decided I better answer: "Yes madam."

"Why were you so slow to answer? Were you thinking about the question?"

"No ma'am, I thought I wasn't allowed to talk when I stood in the corner, then I realized you were expecting an answer."

"I'm glad you understand that I have rules that

need to be interpreted. Well I have some equipment here that you will appreciate," she said.

Then I felt a collar being placed on my neck. The front of the collar had a snap dangling from it which she snapped onto the ring I had screwed into the wall. Then she pulled my hands behind me and I felt handcuffs going on.

"Now I can leave you here to think about our relationship," she said. "After you determine that you are well tethered I want you to not move or make any noise." She turned off the light and closed the door.

I did as she said, and verified that I could not get loose, so simple and so tight. Then I stood still for what seemed a very long time.

Then I heard her come into the room, the light went on, and I could hear her moving around and undress, I think I could tell she was dropping her clothes on the floor. I heard her pulling the covers off the bed. I wondered if I was going to stand here all night. I wondered if she was looking at me or reading a magazine or had fallen asleep, then the television went on. This wasn't fair, I thought. I made dinner, I cleaned up, I performed sexually, and then I get punished? O yeah, I had a little wine.

The TV went silent, Kathleen said: "I guess you think this isn't fair."

It seemed she could read my mind.

"Understand that it's not about fair, it is about: you are our slave and we are your Goddesses. Always think that way," she said.

"My goal is to make sure you understand that intellectually and emotionally," she said.

"I have to be very strict for the process to work, and it suits me. I also have a bitch streak that you will get to know," she said.

"If I had fallen asleep all night it would have been better than letting you off without any punishment," she said.

"You may become afraid of me. Fear is a form of respect. This is what you need, what you want and I promise you will get. "And don't think that Sarah will protect you. She has come to agree with my program. She thinks I saved her marriage," she said.

"I wouldn't mind letting you stand there all night, remember you told me you would, or was that sexual lust talking, but you have to get up to see

Sarah off in the morning," she said.

I was happy to hear that, to get out of standing here, to see Sarah, good news.

But then nothing happened. Then I could hear soft snoring. I wanted to yell to wake her but I didn't dare. I was afraid already. How long have I already been standing here, what time is it? I was miserable.

I guess I began to doze when I felt the snap being removed from the screw eye. She used the dangling snap and chain as a leash and dragged me into the bathroom and forced me onto my knees and dragged me between her legs and she peed.

"Lick me," she said.

Okay, this was new for me, I tried not to hesitate, the sexiness of it all began inflaming me and I dove in and licked and licked until she shuddered and pushed my head away.

She took me to her bed, covered me and got in. "The handcuffs stay on until morning," she said and we went to sleep.

I woke earlier than Kathleen, my arms hurt, the handcuffs chafed my wrists, and I was incredibly

horny. I gently rubbed myself against the bed then stopped. What would Kathleen do if she woke and caught me humping the bed?

I couldn't even adjust the sheets because my hands were handcuffed behind my back. What if Kathleen oversleeps? Do I have an obligation to wake her in time to be up for Sarah? What can I do for Sarah anyway?

Kathleen woke up, checked the time, remembered I was there, looks at my erect member and grabs it, "You haven't been indulging yourself have you?" she asked.

"No ma'am, good morning Miss Kathleen," I said, trying to change the subject.

She gets out of bed, totally naked. I was getting so horny with all this intimacy and I wasn't getting any sex. Kathleen had come three times, Sarah four times, and me zero. Definitely unfair.

Still naked, Kathleen finds some clothing in a drawer and it looks like a pair of long pants. She unlocks my handcuffs and I want to rub my wrists.

But Kathleen interrupts that: "put this on!" she ordered.

It's sort of a girdle and it might be sized for her, but it's difficult to get it onto me, I manage, but it's really tight.

Kathleen says: "You will always wear that so I don't have to worry about you getting into unauthorized behaviours. You should thank me for this because if I caught you playing with your cock, I would beat you senseless."

Then there is a pause, and I know I have to answer: "Thank you Miss Kathleen."

She thoughtfully looks at me and says we'll have to go shopping.

Then she dismisses me with: "Report to Miss Sarah."

We had been married six years at that point, and had been talking of children and here I now was "Reporting to Miss Sarah" in some undersized girdle so I can't masturbate without detection!

I walked in and Sarah was in bed sleeping. I quietly went out, I went downstairs, made some coffee and sugared it the way Sarah likes and went upstairs, she was still sleeping.

I put the coffee on the night stand and bent to

kiss her, when she awoke and looked at me.

She said: "Did you curtsy when you came in?"

"You were sleeping," I said.

"That's no excuse; remember to report that to Mom," she said.

"Why do I have to do that Sarah?" I said. And I knew I had screwed up. "I'm sorry Miss Sarah, it's my first morning and I got confused," I said.

She said: "That may be so but Mom says we have to be very strict or it won't work."

"What won't work?" I said.

"Loving Female Authority," Sarah said.

"What's that?" I said.

"Mom read that about 5 to 10 percent of men secretly want to be dominated by a woman, but they have difficulty admitting it, and society doesn't exactly recognize it. She decided you were one of those and thought she and I could make all of us happy if we adopted the practice," Sarah said.

"Did anyone think of asking me?" I said.

"I thought Mom was going to discuss it with you," Sarah said.

"Mom thinks you took to it very well and are enthusiastic," Sarah said.

"I just don't want to get slapped and beat up," I said.

"Then it's working," Sarah said.

"No, I mean that I would like to be asked, I would like time to think about it, to discuss the terms, not just be kidnapped," I said.

"Well, do you want to do it or not?" Sarah asked.

"Kathleen said that if I didn't, I would lose you," I said.

"I talked to Mom about that and she said we could change things and it might be fun and you might enjoy it," Sarah said.

"I hadn't realized you were unhappy," I said.

"I was feeling that we didn't have a relationship any more," Sarah said.

"But you're always working," I said.

"You weren't appreciating what I was doing," Sarah said.

"I told Kathleen I would do anything so that I don't lose you," I said.

"Mom took that as a yes, I imagine," Sarah said.

Sarah smiled and continued: "So what you have to do now is be useful to me or get into more trouble, so let's hurry up. Get me dressed. What can you do for me?"

"I have no idea, Sarah," I said.

Increasing her smile, Sarah said: "You will report to mom, Miss Kathleen to you, that you failed to address me correctly at least five or six times and didn't curtsy, now get to work or there will be more to report."

"I'm sorry Miss Sarah, what can I do for you?" I said.

"This morning you can watch me get ready, starting tomorrow I expect you to help me. I want you to study what I do and figure out how you can do it for me. You can take notes. You will realize

how inept you are, but we will train you, or maybe send you to a class," Sarah said.

I just said, "Yes ma'am."

It was a delight to watch her get dressed, I felt like a peeping tom, I wanted to jump her bones so badly, which she would have seen except for the girdle which held me in. She grew sexier as she put on more clothes. When she sat at the mirror in panties and bra, and I just stood there lusting for her, I wondered if she could hear me panting. I was writing down each step to keep my mind off the sex, and wondered how I could focus on anything but her sexiness if I touched her. When she was done I felt exhausted.

I made breakfast and served Sarah, standing while she ate. When she finished her coffee she said, "I'm very lucky to have such a good cook for a slave."

I was very pleased that I could make Sarah happy with a grapefruit, orange juice and coffee. But I also thought that I'm not much of a cook.

"Thank you, Miss Sarah," I said. "May I give you a hug?" I asked.

She just gave me a hug and a hard kiss. She

reached around and grabbed my ass. I could see in her eyes that she was horny. But I didn't know what to do about it. I kissed her on her throat and back to her lips which were very soft and then her neck.

She took my hand and led me into the family room, sat on the sofa and pushed me down on carpet and pulled up her skirt and said: "Hurry up."

I pulled down her pantyhose and panties and dove into her pussy.

I seemed to be good at this because she started climaxing in minutes and I felt her hand holding my head against her to let me know not to stop. The second time took longer.

She said, "Now put me back together."

I did. And I asked, "Should I put this on the list, Miss Sarah?"

She laughed.

Meanwhile I could feel that my girdle was getting moist from all this stimulation by Sarah. I wondered what the consequences of that would be.

I finished helping her on with her undergarments and then helping her with her skirt and blouse and helping into her jacket.

"You're a very fine lady's butler," she said.

And she went out the door.
