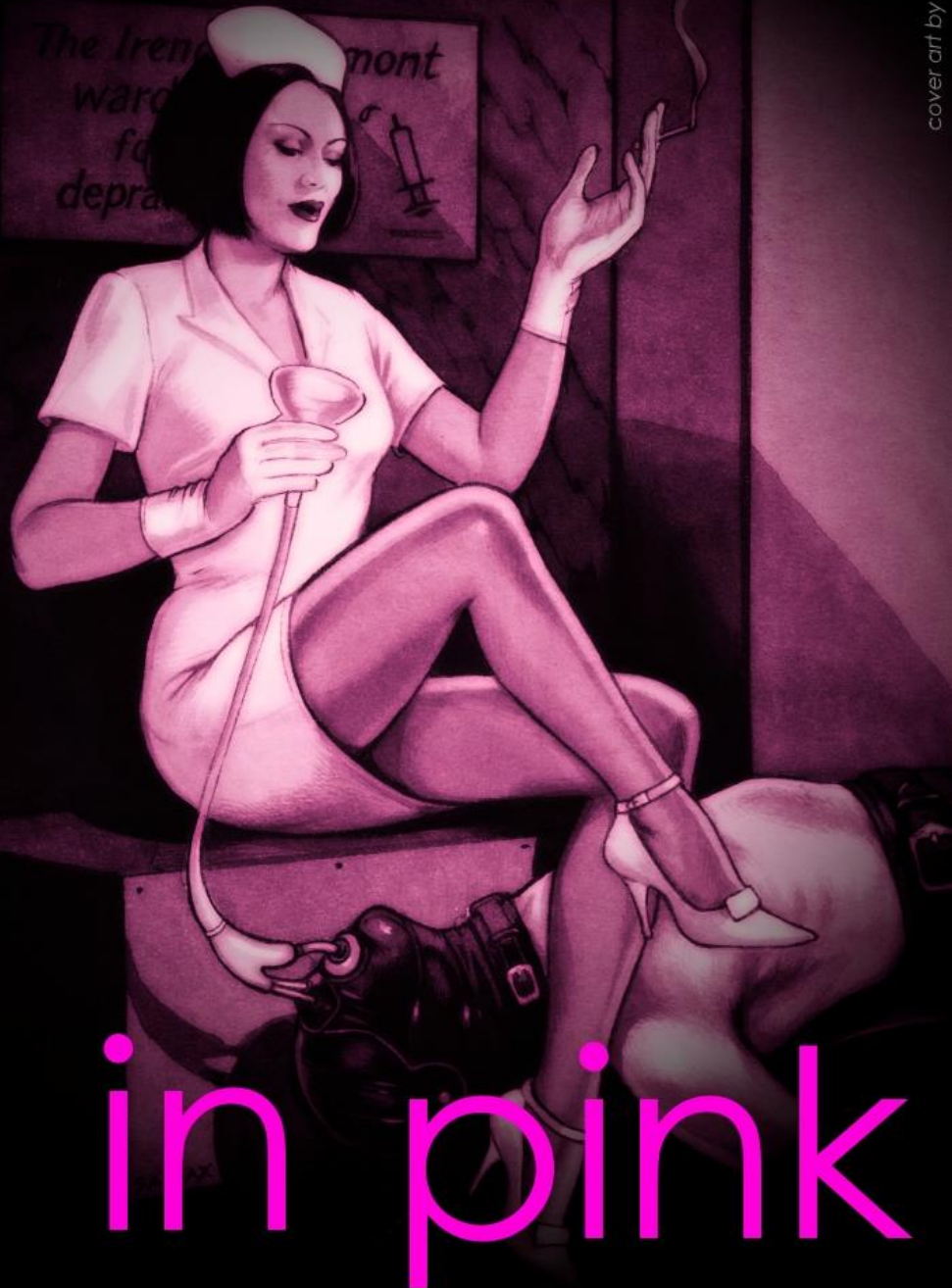


adult female domination fiction

miss irene clearmont

part one of the 'domains' series

cover art by sardax



in pink

where female domination meets upscale vacation

In Pink

by

Miss Irene Clearmont

The first novel in the 'Domains' series...

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the talented Sardax, whose heady pictorial world of female-domination I attempt to recreate with my prose, and whose evocative design adorns the cover. Inspiration indeed!

I don't think I will ever get tired of wearing pink.

Emma Bunton

I have as much pink as you can have. I love to see others in pink. It's good for every shade of skin and hair.

Evelyn Lauder

Pink is a place in the head as well as a colour. A frame of mind as much as a come-on. A colour that all men should revel in and suffer.

Gillian McPherson

Thanks...

Irene.

Introduction

Set in just a few years hence, the 'Domain' series of novels portrays the world as it *could* be in the near future. Each novel focuses on one of the female-domination-domains of a place where women rule, where amusements are immoral and degenerate. Where a conspiracy that will change the world lurks just under the surface. Where men are relegated to mere gratifying playthings for the gratification of the wealthy women who can afford the indulgence.

So... just sit back and relish the pleasures...

Irene

In Pink

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"Chocolate!"

"You *fucking* what?"

"*Chocolate*, and I mean it!"

Alexa stopped and looked at what she held in her hands and then down at the man that she kneeled over. She hesitated and slipped her hands into the rubber hood, her fingers appearing at the large hole where the eyes and lips would show, the laces dangling to his chest. For a moment, both Alexa and Charles thought that she was going to break the rules... put it on him despite the safe-word that he had just uttered.

But, she resisted...

"Fucking hell, bitch! I was really just starting!" she said.

"Not tonight, not the hood and dildo!" said Charles Amersmith the Third. "I just want to fuck!"

Her hands dropped and a look of intense frustration twisted her lips. Charles was such a frustrating mother-fucker! She longed to pull on the mask, buckle on the long vibrator over his lips to shut him up and ride his face, but now it would not happen.

"I love it... sometimes," he said trying to mollify the woman who towered over him and he pulled his arms at the cuffs that had him spread-eagled on the bench. "But, not tonight..."

Her hands dropped, and the latex mask slithered to the bench. Alexa reached for the keys and undid the cuffs and he rubbed his wrists.

"You don't have to release me, babes," said Charles.

"Yes, I do, Charles," said Alexa with an angry twist of the key. "I have to release *you*..."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to get undressed, have a drink and then slip into bed and frig myself all night, that's fucking why!"

"Come on," he said plaintively. "Don't get all angry at me just because I don't want the hard stuff tonight..."

"You never want it," she said. "You always play safe and I need the action."

Charles sat up and unlocked his ankles before trying to put an arm around Alexa, but she shook him off and moved to stand from the bench. Looking down at the naked man who had so nearly been used for her pleasure. With disdain and sheer annoyance showing on her face. He slid over the soft leather top of the bench and moved his legs to rest his feet on the ground.

"I'm sorry, really I am, but it seems that every time the scenes get heavier and heavier, darling. It used to be just a little game, now all of this!"

His arm moved to indicate the playroom that Alexa had as an annex to her bedroom. The bench with its fetters, a soft top on a cage, the Saint Andrew's Cross on the wall and the glass cabinets with their assortment of sex-toys and clothes that were her over-strict idea of sex.

Alexa huffed and tossed the hood into a corner in a fit of pique and then took a single step that rang on the tiled floor with a sharp noise as metal spiked heel hit ceramic.

"I just want to play," she said. "That's *all*..."

Charles tried again to sooth the dominatrix that he had upset. The girlfriend who was pushing his limits at every turn. His eyes went to the hood and he shrugged.

"I love it, Alexa, really I do... just not tonight!"

She looked at him and then the bench that he sat on and tried to make light of her frustration.

"I'll lock you in the cage for the night, naughty boy!" she muttered.

He shrugged.

"If that's what you want..."

His comment took the last erotic strands of the web in her mind and blew them clean away. Twice this week he had used the safe word, ruined a scene that was heading towards nirvana.

"You told me that you were really into BDSM," she said accusingly. "All the hard stuff, you said..."

"I am! Just sometimes I get claustrophobia and it is no fun..."

"You didn't mind dressing up as my maid, did you? Why is this such a problem?"

Charles smiled, clearly she was calming down and responding to reasoned argument.

"That's quite different, Alex. I love being your little sissy, serving and pampering you. It's just that being cuffed and gagged is too much for me!

Alexa pulled a face and started to strip the uniform that had taken hours to put on. Her fingers fumbled with the corset and loosened it and it dropped the length of her long legs to fall to the floor.

"I had so much to do to you," she murmured as she stepped from the fallen corset. She shook her hips and a thought came to her.

"You are just upset because you lost your job, Charles... This is your way of taking it all out on me!"

"Why would that have anything to do with it?" he asked.

"Because it would make you my bitch," she answered. "Who has the gold, has the power, that's why... Because I'm pulling six figures a year and now you are fucking homeless!"

"I'll find another job," he said confidently. "You know I will! New York needs tax consultants like me... Anyway, it's just a blip, then I'll be earning again like before and things will go on..."

Alexa put a hand on his shoulder and gripped it tight.

"So, when the credit cards call for their money at the end of the month and the car payments have a headlong crash with the rent, where are you going to live?"

Charles shrugged.

"I'll find somewhere, I only need a month to get up and running. Anyway, I was sort of planning to move in with you for a few weeks while I sort it out!"

So much for the plan of persuading his lawyer-girlfriend to allow him to roost in her nest, he thought. As always, she had got there first and spoiled the idea.

"I see..." she said in a slow voice. "You were going to ask me tonight?"

He nodded.

She opened her legs and stood before him. Feet planted wide, stockinged legs straight, the naked slit of her sex still weeping from the anticipated fuck, Charles felt almost overwhelmed by her charisma. No wonder that he always came

back, even though Alexa always pressed at the confines of his boundaries. The woman was sex-on-legs, dominant, well paid job, and a fuck like no other with no holds barred. He watched her brush her long hair from her face, waiting for him to elaborate.

"I already have three interviews," he mumbled. "All with good firms..."

"So, how are you going to pay me any rent, while this goes on?"

That was the trouble with Alex. She saw a hole in the defence brief and plunged in the knife with a twist.

"I can't pay, Alex, I'll owe you!"

"When do you have to be out?"

"Tomorrow!"

Alexa changed the subject, but it was clear that the conversation would loop back around to the point that she intended to make. Alexa was nothing if not good at arguing and Charles usually lost, hands down.

"When we met at that party a year ago," she started, "you told me that you would do anything for me. That we were perfectly matched in interests, so I took you on..."

It was not quite as Charles remembered it, but he was in no position to argue and they both knew it. The fetish ball in Boston had been that moment that Alexa was referring to. Curiosity killed the cat and she was a tiger! Pretending that he was *seriously* into all the domination stuff and hooking up with the ferocious woman in boots and corset who stood alone at the bar like a hawk surveying which mouse to get her claws into.

A year ago, she had not pressed at his boundaries so hard, in that time she had found her feet... Even gone so far as to equip her own little dungeon to play in.

She continued, "Now, all you do is whine that I go too far whenever I try something new. Now you think that you can move in with me, just like that, really, Charles, I just have one thing to say!"

"And, that is?" he said cautiously.

"Chocolate!"

He looked puzzled and she smiled.

"Yep, for the first time, I'm using the safe-word that you keep on saying! Safe-words are not *only* for the games we play," she said. "I can use it to stop you moving in, babes! My way of saying fuck off, I suppose!"

Charles felt the ground open beneath his feet. The crazy bitch was actually throwing him onto the street! His mind sought a way of getting her to change her mind, but there seemed no argument that would serve. Tomorrow he would be living in his car, by the end of the month he would be in an alley when they repossessed the Mercedes. How the fuck could he find a job when he could not afford to stay in New York?"

"There must be something that I can do..."

Alexa smiled.

"Let me think, Charles! Ooh, now I have it, you could go back to small town where you came from and live with your parents and help them on the farm! And all because you said that one little word!"

"Is that why?" he asked. "Just because I used the safe-word? You would fuck my life, just because I said the word 'chocolate'?"

Alexa discovered that she was enjoying the quarrel. Suddenly it had all turned around and she held the reins in her hands. A feeling both piquant and exultant. She tried to keep a victorious tone out of her voice as she tried to decide if she was going to really throw Charles out or perhaps just keep it all going now that she was in the saddle.

Nothing quite like blackmail to push her advantage!

"Part of it," said Alexa. "It's been a year now, Charles and we just haven't moved forward as I would like! Perhaps it is time for both of us to change and play elsewhere? It would be good for both of us!"

She made as if she was considering some deep emotional statement and then came out with the well-used phrase that was buzzing in her head.

"We both need space, we can still be friends... perhaps with benefits!"

She laughed bitterly and then started to tidy up the dungeon that was her playground. For a minute Charles watched her move and felt a deep desire to stand and overwhelm her. Take the bitch and shake her, but he knew that any move like that would end in her screaming at him to get out and the last chance of staying in New York would be gone. The interviews that he had lied about were a fantasy, the chances of finding a job with a consultancy would be gone and he would indeed have to head back to Springfield where his parents lived in that ramshackle barn of a house.

Alexa pulled the hood onto its stand, arranged a row of dildos in their glass cabinet to make room for the one that she had planned to use and then moved to run her fingers along the rack of pretty dresses on the far wall. Charles looked at that perfect naked ass, the trickle of dew that wetted her stocking tops and the studded collar at her neck.

What could he say to change her mind?

"So, what do I have to do?" he asked.

Charles already knew the answer, what the lawyer-bitch would say in reply.

"A month," said Alexa. "I'll give you a month to shape up and sort yourself out!"

She turned to face him and smiled. Not a pleasant smile that portended well for him, but a sly smile that was driven by the lust and power that filled her. This was her moment and he was going to pay for needing her help.

"A month?"

"Yes my dear Charles! A month to find a job and prove to me that you are worth the effort on my part."

"And?"

"And, while you are living here you will wear this and be my bitch of course! That's the cost, so that you won't forget that you owe me..."

Alexa turned back to the rack and ran her finger over the hangers delicately as if to taunt him. She stopped her hand and unhooked a pretty frilled dress and held it up.

Charles had worn the dress before and shivered. It had always been worn for an hour or so as part of a scene that had him as her maid that ended when she had had her fill of his face between her thighs. The reward being a blow-job that always sent him over the edge. The idea of wearing it full-time was almost repellent, but was there any choice?

The triumph on her face was plain for him to see and she swayed her hips as she stepped to him and passed over the dress. Hands on hips it seemed as if she was now waiting for him to put it on.

"For the whole month?"

"Except when you leave the apartment," she chuckled. "Even I wouldn't do *that* to you!"

"Jeez, Alexa, for Christ's sake. I just need the sofa for a month while I arrange some interviews!"

"You said that you already had three lined up," she accused.

"I do," he lied, "but, isn't this going just a little too far?"

"You decide, Charles, I'm off to get a shower and get ready for bed. If you are still here when I am ready, then it will be wearing that! Man-up and make a decision for once in your life! Either live here on my terms or get out! You flit from one job to the next and think that you can top from the bottom like a little sissy, now you can find out what I want out of this relationship for real! There's is another condition as well..."

"Something else," he whined.

"Loads more that you will discover, Charles, loads more..."

Now the sense of ascendancy was almost at the point of climax, almost at the point of sending her over the edge. She could feel a warm trickle between her thighs and a flush in her breasts that filled her to the brim.

Glorious, this feeling of utter dominance.

Now she was actually glad that her pathetic subbie had brought the whole thing to a head. He was always toning down the scenes that she created, from now on Charles would be in her grip. For a while at least, before the weeks' vacation that she had planned kicked in. There was no way she could leave him alone in her apartment, so it had to be Miss Gillian...

Oh, God, of course, that was so perfect for him, she thought.

"Yes, Charles, there is another condition that you have to promise..."

"Which is?"

"In few weeks I am off for a week to that resort and I don't want you alone here, so I'll arrange to put you up with Gillian..."

"But, she's not even in New York," he argued. "Way up Long Island!"

"If you don't want to go, then say so now and you can walk!"

"Are you really pimping me out to that old bitch," he said hotly. "I can't fucking believe this. A week with her will be terrible!"

"It will do you good," said Alexa with a wicked smile. "Anyway, how many girlfriends actually arrange a sex holiday for their men, eh?"

Charles shook his head in disbelief. Gillian had been with Alexa when they had met in Boston, he had met her just twice since and it was clear that she was perhaps even *more* extreme than Alexa. A week with her would be like a lifetime!

"You really mean this, don't you?" he answered.

"I will make sure that she looks after you properly and it will be fun for you and you might learn a thing or three while you are with her!"

"And a safe-word," he said as he tried to manoeuvre out of the trap.

"Of course," said Alexa, breezing over the idea. "She prefers little feminised sissies to serve her, she never really uses corporal punishment except when they do not obey. You will both love the experience, then we'll see if you want to move out, and maybe we can resume as if nothing happened! Gillian will put you straight for me..."

The thought of being at the beck and call of Alexa's friend was sort of exciting, but it was also terrifying. Gillian was some sort of teacher, that he knew, but she was also fearsome in some way that he could not fathom. Restrained, a woman of few words, always polite and yet, underneath he had always had the feeling that she was a woman that was better avoided. A part of the depraved secret life of Alexa that was a stone better left unturned.

"I have to?" he asked as he clutched the frills of the dress.

"You *have* to, darling. It's what I want... now then, I'm off for my shower and you can think about it. By the way, that beard had better be gone by the time that I return. If you want to stay here, that is!"

Charles' hand moved to his chin where a five-day stubble rasped his palm.

"You'll have me shaving my legs as well, next," he tried to joke.

"Good point, Charles; use the en-suite and do that as well! Either that or be gone by the time that I return. A little make-up would not go amiss either!"

"Is that your final word?"

Alexa did not need to answer, she just turned on her heels and swept from the small room, pausing briefly at the door to make a final comment.

"There's no way that you are sleeping on the sofa," she stated. "*This* will be your room for the next month... remind you of your status!"

With that, Alexa slammed the door behind her and Charles was left holding the fluffy pink dress with a feeling like a pit in his stomach. It had all seemed so easy a few hours ago. Persuading her to allow him to move in, his continual presence in her everyday life slowly tearing her from her obsessions. Now it seemed that everything was turned on its head.

Alexa climaxed twice in the shower as the steam filled the room and the water ran over her smooth skin. Her hands, slippery with the shampoo, her feet braced and her back to the tiles as she gasped and trembled with the force of her victory over the man who claimed to be her subbie.

All in all, it could not have gone better, she decided.

It was time to reel him in, make him choose between her and leaving. All she had to do now was dispose of the safe-word, but that could wait until Gillian had got her hands on him! She would sort him out and break him. Alexa would explain what she wanted to come back to and she would have a week to wear him down.

Perhaps it would take more visits to that place of hers?

Alexa did not care! She could easily afford Gillian's fees forever if she thought that it was necessary. What she had to hope for now was that he would go for it! Be at such a low ebb that he had no choice. Now that he had no job, no way out of what she had planned for him. She just had to make sure that she did not press too hard!

Not easy, but she would restrain herself! The chastity regime would come later, she decided, when he was ready for it. For the next month, it would be softly-softly, then that vacation that she longed for, lusted for.

After that, who knew?

Anything could happen, she decided.

The thought of Charles finding out what Gillian had in store sent her into another moaning climax. He would be so glad to escape that he would do anything that she wanted...

At last, Alexa towelled herself and then leaned at the mirror to put on lipstick and a little blusher. A sharp word of command and the light changed to highlight herself in the mirror and the lipstick glided onto her lips like velvet. Her long hair was wet, and she tied it back into a single ponytail and slipped her

damp feet into her stilettos. Naked and ready to deal with him, if he dared stay...

She held her breath, there was no a sound other than the click of her heels in the apartment. Was he waiting there, or had he realised the trap that was opening beneath his feet? Had he realised that she was serious, that a phase in their relationship had come to a close? That the next chapter was one in which safe-words and *his* needs would be ignored?

Alexa opened the heavy door with a command and she masked a sigh of relief. A deep satisfied sigh which she camouflaged and converted into a satisfied exhale, the beginning of converting her useless boyfriend into an obedient little sissy as she had planned.

He stood, beardless and with hanging head, the dress barely covering his thighs, the smooth legs and arms a testament to his obedience. For a moment she wondered if he had shaved off all of that wiry pubic hair and the rough covering on his chest before she decided that he had almost certainly *only* gone as far as her words had taken him.

"Very nice, Charles, I see that you have decided to stay..."

"It's just a month," he said. "Make the most of it!"

"And the week with Miss Gillian," she insisted.

"I'll have a job by then, Alexa. "Then I can move out... after Gillian that is!"

"Of course you will," she answered and moved around him with slow steps. "After Gillian."

In her heels she was taller than him and she decided that some nice sharp kitten-heels would be perfect and keep him lower than her. For the moment at least!

"The first rule, Charles, so listen carefully."

He looked up at her and her hand dropped to tease his rigid cock under the lace to show him what the rewards were for obedience. In essence, now that she had had her victory, he needed to discover that being hers would be a pleasurable experience.

Her first real sissy, how exhilarating!

"The first rule is that you can use the safe-word if you wish!"

His eyes opened a little and she saw his self-confidence rise to smother his humiliation.

"I can?"

"Of course you can, darling. This is all consensual, that's the whole idea and always has been. Use it as you like, but I want you to realise what the consequences are. There will *always* be consequences!"

He waited and she drew out the moment as if announcing the winner of a prize. Keeping the tension tight, revealing the consequences at last in a level tone that proved her sincerity.

"The consequence will be..." she said, drawing it out even further. "I will expect you to leave my life, my apartment, my care. Do you understand?"

"Jeez, Alexa, just like that?"

"Just like that," she said and her hand burrowed under the lace.

It gripped his cock and her thumb played on the head of his erection playfully before reaching under and holding his balls in her palm and squeezing slightly. Now her voice had almost become a whisper.

"Does my pretty little slut want it now?"

"Mmm," he moaned.

"When I say... not until."

Her hand moved to stroke the jerking cock and gave a few smart strokes as she moved her naked body close to him. He could smell the perfume, his lips parted as she played and smiled.

"Love the lipstick, dear," she breathed. "It makes the kisses so much more intimate."

Her lips touched his and he felt her tongue invade his mouth. He could taste the cherries on her lips, smell the sweetness of her lips. The hand between his thighs played and tormented, that tight feeling deep inside coming to the fore until he was at bursting point.

"Wait for it, Charles! Wait!" she ordered.

Now the touch was almost fleeting, a nail coursing from tip to root, and then the friction of a palm that slowly gripped and pressed down, pulling him tight,

causing Charles to thrust a little as he kissed his lips and savoured the perfume of his lipstick.

"Fuck!" he moaned, and the change came over him.

The slick drop of precum that was her signal.

How long could she wait to be sure?

"It's time to show me," she said.

Permission given at last!

Alexa was so full of herself that she allowed instinct to overcome her urge to pull her hand from him that moment. It needed just a second more, just a flickering touch, a draw of her nails, a last kiss on the lips to bring him into her world.

There it was, that almost imperceptible thrust, the slight clench in his balls and the muscles of his thighs, the rasp of air between his lips. Alexa opened her hand, lifted the lace to stop it rasping against him and thrust her tongue in deep in a final show of dominance and then she felt the hot come on her hand and wrist. The splashes of uncontrollable gushing as the cock jerked and gave up its load.

"I could do this all night," laughed Alexa with a coy grin to show him that she had enjoyed the moment and was satisfied with him. "But, I have to be in court at eight, so that will have to be it. For now!"

Charles tried to kiss her again, but Alexa stepped away and her eyes were drawn to the wet patch on his dress, the splatter of come on the tiles and the flush that spread from his face to his neck. At some point he would learn that these moments of reward would be tainted by having to lick his come from her shoes and the floor, but, now was not the time!

"You sleep here and I expect you to have breakfast ready by half seven," she said.

He looked down doubtfully at the narrow bench behind him, begging the question.

"If you like, you can put the top in the cage and sleep there, if that's more comfortable."

"God, but you're an absolute bitch, Alexa!"

"You have known that all along, Charles. There's one thing that you will have all night to think about."

"Which is?"

Alexa laughed and put a finger under the smooth chin and lifted his gaze to hers.

"It's you that put yourself here, Charles. Not me, it was you!"

Chapter 1 Booking

Her car arrived, swooping from the busy traffic on Third Avenue, stopping briefly to allow her to register on her phone and slip inside, before once more rolling into movement with a whir. It was habit, Alexa checked the requested destination again on her phone before slipping it into her bag and sitting back in the soft leather.

Silent movement, just the slightest register of the road, the other traffic moving in a soundless pavane around her, she did what she always did watched the streets and busy sidewalks, observing the people who hurried on their daily round. Unaccustomed anxiety that manifested itself as butterflies in her stomach as she crossed the Queensboro to Astoria bridge and then on to Jackson Heights.

Ten years ago, there would have been a talkative cabby trying to make conversation with his attractive ride, now there were just the muted tones of the advertising screen that made suggestions based on the profile that it had garnered from her phone. Alexa shut out the voice and concentrated on the meeting that was to come. An illegal venture into the unknown, the reason that she slipped from the car fifteen minutes' walk from her final destination.

Thirty-Fourth Avenue, a tree lined suburban street. Just a scattering of businesses embedded in the shabby housing blocks. With her phone switched off it took another five minutes to be sure of the address. No numbers, no name plates, nothing to indicate that the dull red-brick block of offices was her destination. The sense of anxiety increased when the door buzzed and she found herself in a small atrium with a single rather delapidated elevator and she almost wondered if she even had the right place, but it was just as Miss Kai had described and she tried to calm her emotion of fretful imminence.

The numbers of the floors scrolled by and then the display went dark and the elevator juddered to a stop, seemingly between floors. Alexa waited and hit the 'door open' button, but there was no response. The silence in the small metal box was almost unbearable before there was a small jolt and the elevator began to climb again. The doors opened to reveal a long narrow corridor that stretched before her and a single door that was the entrance into a world that she longed for.

As Alexa approached the door, it opened, and she could see into the small office beyond. The striking-looking woman standing holding the door, beckoned her into the office with a slight smile on her face. Alexa felt the tension in her reach a maximum that almost made it difficult to breathe.

"This way, Miss," said the woman as she stepped aside.

Alexa stepped into another world.

From the bare and shabby entrance into modern luxury, a place where Alexa felt herself instantly at home. Plush leather striated walnut panelling and a yielding black carpet underfoot that must have cost hundreds a square foot. The woman closed the door and Alexa heard the soft click as it locked.

"Welcome to the CM Domains, Miss Alexa," said the tall woman as she ushered her client to sit in one of the high-backed armchairs. "My name is Miss Maeve. I'm sure that you have so many questions, but it is our custom to start informally with a little introduction and get to know each other..."

"Thank you..."

Alexa managed to relax in the chair and watched as Miss Maeve moved gracefully to seat herself opposite on the sofa. The woman had an elegance that was almost overt, every movement fluid and almost sexual. She sat a little crosswise and crossed her ankles before placing a palm on her knee and stretching her perfectly manicured fingers.

"A vacation..." said Alexa to start the conversation.

"CM believes that our clients want more than just that," said Miss Maeve. "Our clients are companions on an exciting adventure that knows no boundaries. One in which we take pride on making seamless. To that end, we need to know you intimately, your passions, obsessions and fascinations. What it is that you truly desire. You have completed the initial screening required, but it is not the shopping list of requirements that makes a trip to the CM Domains the ultimate in gratification, it is all the small minutiae that make it flawless."

"My friend told me to be quite open..."

"Ah, the ineffable golden Miss Kai," said Miss Maeve with a smile. "Three visits already accomplished and eager for more! She knows how it works and is always eager to recommend us."

Alexa could almost palpably feel the charisma of the woman seated opposite. She could have been a model for perfume, elegant and yet remote, beautiful and untouchable in her perfection. Rejuvenated and smooth, an indeterminate age. Plainly dressed in black silk blouse and tight leather skirt. Somehow, she projected an image of flawlessness without perceptible effort. Even the words that she used, the tone that she used made her a superior being as all others stood in her shade.

She smiled.

"I understand that you have been friends since Harvard?"

Alexa nodded.

"Almost more than a friend," said Alexa. "Twenty years now..."

"That was the law degree mentioned in your curriculum?"

Alexa nodded.

"I note that you never married..."

"It was just never on the cards, I suppose," said Alexa. "Business and pleasure never allowed me the indulgence."

"So what are you seeking?" asked Miss Maeve. "Hedonism, debauchery and excess, or merely a chance to be in a place where everything is right there at your fingertips? For you to taste..."

Alexa started to chuckle. This was such a subtle interrogation, moving around the edge of the matter delicately allowing breathing room for hidden meaning with ease.

"All of those, I suppose! That and curiosity, adventure and gratification," said Alexa.

Miss Maeve nodded gravely and tapped her fingertips in a ripple on her knee. Not a measure of impatience, just a small acknowledgement that Alexa was not interested in crude detail but demanded the fantasy to be sugar-coated.

"Naturally, that is all on offer, Miss Alexa. But, we need to discuss some of the detail in order for us to place you correctly and ensure that you are satisfied with the service. So, please indulge me a little..."

Miss Maeve paused a moment as if bringing Alexa's demands to mind.

"I understand that there is a choice of setting," said Alexa.

"Exactly, Miss Alexa! Exactly. Unfortunately, you have to make choices and cannot visit the whole domain in just a single week! I am here to help you choose which domain would be suitable for your pleasure, so I think that we should discuss what you requested to ensure that we can match your needs as closely as possible."

"I'm sure that you can manage that better than myself," said Alexa. "I completed the questionnaire in detail..."

"That's true, but even at this late stage, a discussion of domains is important. The usual way to do this is to skim through to help me get a bearing on the reasons why you chose like you did and then you can make an informed choice."

Alexa started to feel a little impatient. Why was this any different from any vacation? The place and hotel booked, the exact suite and the food on the menu was of little interest. Which sunshade on the beach... who cared?

"So," said Miss Maeve with a smile. "Let's make a start! Your stated preferences are male orientated, is that right?"

This was more like it, thought Alexa and she nodded.

"But, it is a preference and not a 'must'," she said to confirm. "Male and female partners are suitable as long as..."

"They are feminised to the nth degree," interrupted Miss Maeve with a small smile. "What is not clear to me is whether you would prefer a childlike innocence, all frills and lace or something a little more slut-like with aggressive sexuality to match."

She felt no anxiety now, just a warmth that filled her with a need that was overpowering as she imagined what was being asked. Which was it to be? A shame that she had to choose!

"Helplessness turns me on," said Alexa with a sly smile, "so I would say lace and frills is my thing. Smooth little gurls, if anything... But, an eager male-slut would be interesting..."

"That's good, Miss Alexa. "Now I need to know the degree of control that you usually impose. Corporal punishment? Perhaps total unrelieved chastity? Do you prefer compulsion or enthusiastic?"

Alexa smiled at the way that the question was framed. In her mind's eye she pictured the feminised maid that she was already creating. What was the point of simply matching this adventure to the ordinary everyday life that she lived? None whatsoever! Something new, something depraved was the whole point of this. New experiences and new fields to explore.

"As you know, I already sort of own a sissy maid, well, my boyfriend..." said Alexa. "What I want is something else, a trip into unfamiliar territory... Something deeper, more sexual, deeper... a fantasy..."

Miss Maeve nodded. Her hand slid over her breasts and she touched the decorative collar at her slim neck.

"I quite agree, to make the best of the experience you need to explore your limits! There is no better chance for this than with us... we find that those who allow themselves this freedom are ultimately able to uncover things in themselves that they never imagined..."

"So, where does that leave me?" asked Alexa. "I mean, what choices are there for me?"

"We have four entire domains for our guests to explore and revel in," said Miss Maeve. "Each one a distinct experience that caters to different interests. Two of these are general in concept. The Pink Domain caters for those who like to be surrounded by femininity. Those that inhabit this domain take many guises. Frilly maids, avid sluts, restrained and fettered bitches and latex whores. All ready to satisfy the urge to humiliate and control, all available at any moment to fulfil the whim of the guest. Then, are other domains. Catering for a need to punish and control. For instance, Crimson Domain is designed to allow those with a refined instinct for punishment to indulge in a fetish environment. From a simple hand chastisement to the most intense experience, the area set aside is probably the most enjoyed as well as being the most diverse. It is the place where the entertainments are the most piquant..."

Miss Maeve's hands stroked the filigree collar and then dropped to her lap.

"I suppose that the first sounds more like me," said Alexa.

"I think so too," said Miss Maeve with a smile. "But we have two other areas that are designed for those with narrower interests. The Roan Domain is vast in scope, catering for those that wish to indulge themselves fully in a satisfying hobby that normally requires vast resources to realise. Owning a ranch is something that few of us can even dream of, let alone make real for our enjoyment. Stallions, fillies, ponies and all varieties of servile creatures, all of them waiting for those who enjoy this form of play. Some are trained, some need breaking, others are simply for the amusement of our guests. Personally, my special area of interest..."

Her face showed true emotion for the first time and she tilted her head and pouted.

"There is nothing quite like that feeling," she breathed.

"Not quite my scene," said Alexa, "but perhaps it would be interesting to try it sometime."

Miss Maeve leaned forward a little and Alexa found herself able to see the valley between her rounded breasts. A little black lace, smooth ivory skin under black silk.

"We all have our interests and all are catered for..." said Miss Maeve. "The fourth domain is private... Intense even. Silver Domain is a place where anything can happen. Where amusements are arranged personally for each guest's tastes. Unfortunately, it requires a subscription to participate in what it

has to offer, as well as a number of visits before an invitation is forthcoming... Only by invitation..."

"I see," said Alexa, but she could not imagine what would be different between this last realm and the ones that had been mentioned earlier.

Miss Maeve smiled and shrugged.

"As you know, the cost of this service, to any of our domains is expensive in comparison to any *normal* vacation, no matter where one would choose to go."

Alexa leaned forward as Miss Maeve's voice dropped to a whisper as if she was imparting a confidence.

"Crimson Domain is for the chosen who can afford to play with no limits at all," she said in a whisper. "This means that there are few extra costs... A place where pain and pleasure intermingle." She smiled as if she had revealed a special secret that should have been concealed.

This was the first that Alexa had heard of 'extra costs' and she raised an eyebrow.

"I don't understand, Miss Maeve," she said. "I thought that the price per day was all inclusive?"

"It is, for most, but I think that you will understand that we must insist on damage being paid for, should it occur..."

It seemed reasonable and Alexa relaxed.

"So, tell me a little about yourself first," said Miss Maeve, changing the subject and the tone of her voice. "It will help when we decide together what happens in two weeks when you arrive..."

Alexa shrugged and allowed her natural curiosity to subside, but she could feel an excitement that was almost ecstatic. She was on her way to the vacation of a lifetime and all that remained were to fill in the details.

They chatted for half an hour or so. Alexa mentioning her servile boyfriend, Charles and the summer house in Idaho, her friendship with Miss Kai and a little about her work in the legal practice that depended on her skills in criminal cases. Miss Maeve, on the other hand, gave little away, except to mention that she lived on Long Island, far from the maddening crowds of New York. Alexa mentioned Miss Gillian, but it seemed as if their paths had not crossed.

At last the conversation came full circle and Miss Maeve seemed ready to ask her for a choice.

"The Roan area has some attractions, though I have to say that Crimson domain is probably my last choice," said Alexa. "I think that, since this is the first time, I will choose Pink Domain and just enjoy the week in comfort. There is always next time... I need a break and it will be perfect! I am sure that there are loads of ideas that I will be able to introduce Charles to..."

"That would have been my suggestion," said Miss Maeve. "After this interview, it is fairly clear the direction that we need to go in to satisfy your needs. I think that you will really enjoy yourself in our hands..."

"It's just a couple of weeks before I go," said Alexa. "Is there anything else that I should know? I mean for the trip?"

"When you are contacted to arrange the transport, you will receive a full set of our terms and conditions," said Miss Maeve. "There are obvious limits and restrictions that you must abide by. For instance, no phone, no recording devices, no contact for a week with the outside world. We shall supply all of your needs when you arrive, so there is no need to pack more than clothes to travel in. Even if you have a favourite whip or crop, you will not be permitted to take it into any of the domains. After that, well, you will see..."

"I'll take note..."

"I have just one last point that I cannot make too strongly," said Miss Maeve.

Her voice changed to a severe tone.

"This is *most* important," she began. "There are few rules, after all, we expect all of our guests to fully use all the facilities to their fullest extent. Those who serve are there entirely for your enjoyment and use and the management appreciate that fact. However, even the slightest breaking of the rules can have unexpected consequences that you may regret..."

Alexa's lips opened a little and she felt a small twinge of apprehension returning.

"Which is?"

"We trawl the world for those who serve in our domains for your personal pleasure," said Miss Maeve gravely. "Those who abuse our hospitality can find that they are required to serve similarly. There have been some most unfortunate cases, reporters and such like who think to embarrass us. This is a *most* crucial point, Miss Alexa! I do not mean to frighten or alarm you, but when you are with us, you are in our hands... Trust goes in *both* directions."

Alexa's hand covered her mouth.

"It will be quite clear, my dear, so don't worry. Just enjoy what you are paying for and you will become an honoured guest!"

Her hand drifted once more to her collar and Alexa realised that, at the nape of the neck a small light glowed softly green.

'What did it mean?' she wondered as she was shown once more into the corridor beyond the luxurious office.

By the time that Alexa was once more in the autonomous car that picked her up, she discovered that her anxiety had completely evaporated. She found that every little movement on the soft seat of the car teased and tempted and knew that Charlie was in for a night of pleasure that would see the slut crying as he came for the very last time.

Somehow, meeting Miss Maeve was a turning point in her life and she could feel the imminence and significance. In a couple of weeks, Charles would be spending a week with in Gillian's school and one of the prerequisites was chastity.

Best to have him in a restraint and ready for the training while she luxuriated in the Pink Domain!

Chapter 2 Phoenix

The feeling was back again, those butterflies in the stomach that betrayed that Alexa was on her way at last. New York to Phoenix in just four hours by Hyperloop. Sitting in the hurtling pod with eleven others she relaxed and watched a couple of films, all the while shivering in anticipation and trying to relax.

Miss Maeve!

Alexa reviewed the interview in her head again and again, picturing that hidden office, the almost fireside-chat and wondered who else was on their way... Alone on an adventure, it seemed so romantic, but she half wished that she had been able to get away in a month's time when Kai was making her regular visit. It would have been good to go with a friend.

'Damn trial,' she thought.

It couldn't be avoided, defender for Harry Gresham in a fraud trial in which merely the discovery had taken six months. Once the process really started, she would be trapped in the courtroom for months... Unless he pleaded guilty, overall an unlikely possibility. So, it had to be now, the only week she could snatch from her busy agenda.

Delivered at last to Sky Harbour in Phoenix, Alexa made her way through the complex security screening where she was scanned, checked and searched before at last gaining the superior lounge for the SST's, the needle-sharp supersonic transports. Sipping a coffee with one eye on the embarkation screens, Alexa noted that her flight was already listed, and she sauntered through the second layer of security where she was body-scanned again, giving up her phone and a few other small items before finally entering the lounge marked 'Welcome to CM Domains'.

The tall woman who supervised the reception desk slid phone, sunglasses and Alexa's make-up into a sealed bag and tucked it out of sight.

"You can pick them up when you return to the States," she said primly. "As you will already know, it is important that the status of our guests can easily be determined. This is your motif, let's just make sure that it is on properly..."

Alexa saw a silver filigree collar in her hands, similar the one that Miss Maeve had worn, and took it from the receptionist's hand. Miss Maeve's had been gold, but the design was identical.

"I have to wear this?"

The woman smiled, a practiced and reassuring beam and nodded.

"I *really* think that you would prefer to be a guest than one of the servitors," she said. "It is very important that it is worn for the whole time that you are in our care! Now then, let me help you..."

The collar clipped into place and was rotated to place a small bulge displaying a green point of light to the rear. Alexa felt her fingers and then there was a click as the collar snapped closed.

"You will get used to it, dear," she said as her hand moved to her own collar. "CM Domains ensure your safety and pleasure, this ensures that you are never far from our service. Simply do this..."

Her hands moved her collar around her slim neck and displayed a recessed button which she made as if to press.

"...then a supervisor will arrive in moments... The function is almost never used, but it is there to reassure you that you are safe in our hands."

Alexa had collared a few men in the last few years, so the feeling was strange!

Her thoughts turned to Charles and the hasty parting as Gillian and her sexy tutors had bundled the forlorn sissy into the van outside. Alexa had thought for a moment that he would actually run off down the street in his kitten heels and frilly skirt, but in the end, he had stepped into the back of the van and been locked into the transport cage that waited for him.

"I can't take it off?" said Alexa as she came back from her thoughts at the desk.

"You can, but you should not, do not; it would create such exquisite problems," said the receptionist. "The flight is in just two hours, feel free to relax and enjoy our hospitality."

Alexa's fingertips played on the lacy metal of the collar and adjusted it a little.

"Thanks, this is the first time..."

"I'm sure that it won't be the last, Ma'am!"

She had arrived!

Not there yet, but now Alexa really felt at last that she was on her way to an adventure that stalked her imagination for the last three months. The butterflies faded, replaced by a ferment that was perhaps more stimulation than anxiety. The unaccustomed feel of the collar heightened the emotion and Alexa moved to the bar, took a seat and ordered a drink.

From now on, every service, every luxury, was paid for and considering the price, she was determined to indulge herself. Alexa looked around the almost silent lounge and decided that she had never travelled in such luxury. Moroccan tiles, thick carpets, ebony carved screens, marble and silk hangings making the lounge seem almost like an Ottoman seraglio.

Now, Alexa could be sure that every person that she saw was either one of the clients or one of the service personnel. Two or three small groups of women at the bar, a few scattered singles who watched those who arrived with interest, they did not all match her expectations. Somehow, she had expected all of the women who visited the domains would be like her! Early thirties, professional women who needed a little rest and relaxation to indulge their wants. Instead, the mixture was so eclectic. A small group of older women in tight corsets and severe dress sat just behind the reception engaged in intense conversation. Three girls, barely in their teens with tight short dresses and white stilettos were getting drunk at the other end of the bar while an enormously big woman in her fifties sat with her subdued teenage companion in silence.

Not a man in sight!

Alexa had not even considered taking Charles on this trip. Anyway, the idea of spending another few hundred thousand on bringing her dolt of a boyfriend was never even in question. The maid was spending her week in one of Miss Gillian's cages learning new tricks to please his mistress.

The best place for him!

It would do the bitch good! What a shock he would get...

Classes and lessons, all supervised by Miss Gillian's academy. Punishments and rewards that would reform him to her needs. No safe-words, no alternatives, no choice but to learn to serve! He would be re-created as a plaything for her pleasure and amusement. What a shock he would get when he realised that Gillian was *not* like Alexa, when he realised that she had enrolled him in an institution from which there was no escape!

The costs were fairly high, the results almost guaranteed.

Alexa sipped at her drink and noticed that embarkation was set for just thirty minutes time. How the time passed so quickly... A slow stream of later arrivals had their collars fitted as they entered and then took places in the lounge. Alexa watched with interest, speculating as to which domain they were headed. The small group of chattering and laughing women followed by two women, the older of which was in a wheelchair. Many of these clients wore collars that were gold rather than the shiny silver one that Alexa wore, and she guessed that perhaps they were headed to the special domain that Miss Maeve had mentioned and about which she had been so guarded. Silver

Domain... Others, couples and singletons passed through, some with the same silver collar that she bore until Alexa guessed that there were just over fifty women in the room. Those that bore gold seemed as if they felt themselves superior to the other guests, aloof and knowledgeable.

The announcement came, and the passengers were queued for embarkation.

Alexa could see the slim windowless cylinder of the SSL glimpsed through the windows and a new excitement filled her. This was the first time that she had flown faster than sound. The high angled wings, the slim stiletto body that narrowed to a spike, almost the length of the plane itself.

The queue moved.

Before Alexa, that vast woman who carried so much perfume that there was almost a miasma of roses trailed behind her vast bulk. Her lover stood mute by her side and Alexa guessed that she was a submissive servant on a trip with her mistress. Alexa shivered, the mistress' chosen prey would suffer endlessly under those heavy thighs.

She could see the steady green light of the woman's collar. Every now and again it blinked and for a moment turned red with a slight flicker before resuming its green glow.

Alexa found herself nodding politely to the woman who seemed to take it as a chance to exchange a few words. She looked at Alexa's collar and raised an eyebrow.

"First time?" she asked.

Alexa nodded and felt herself almost overwhelmed by the massive figure of femininity.

"Crimson or Pink?"

"Er, Pink," answered Alexa. "Just a week..."

Now that she was close, Alexa noted the beads of sweat that hung on the woman's brow. The anxiety in her frail little female companion.

"Crimson for me," said the large woman with a leer. "Hubby's conjugal visit!"

"Oh," answered Alexa. "I thought that all of the slaves..."

The woman interrupted and took on a superior air.

"For those that can *afford* it," she began, "there are *always* places for those that will benefit from constant supervision..."

It had not occurred to Alexa that the Domains might be a place to place an errant husband or boyfriend could be sent to for his education, and her thoughts turned briefly to Charles.

"So, what happens when you are not visiting?" asked Alexa.

The woman smiled, and her hand dropped between her fat thighs and teased a little. A few more beads of sweat appeared on her forehead.

"He has such a phobia about bigger women," she drawled. "An actual terror I suppose, so I allow him to be used as long as the guest is suitable. He's almost glad to see my ass lower on his face for attention, the little shit. This is the last visit though... Time for a change!"

The huge woman patted her companion and offered her fingers to be kissed. Lips pursed and she patted at the sweat with a silk handkerchief and Alexa felt that she had to reply.

"Your last visit?"

"Silly girl," she smiled. Not my last visit to the Domains, just the last that he gets the pleasure of my company. Oh yes, unfortunately it is time for us to part ways... I enrolled him in an experimental program..."

Alexa imagined the huge woman mounting her former husband, extracting her pleasure from him and she shuddered, but she managed to hide her reaction and smile.

"There is a place already reserved for him in Silver. Then he will find out what true devotion is..." laughed the huge woman, and she turned as an announcement was made and boarding began.

The interior of the plane was narrow and low as befitted its tapered shape. Where there would normally have been rows of seats, perhaps over a hundred in all, there were luxurious seats scattered almost casually in the windowless body of the SSL. With no assigned seat numbers, Alexa carefully chose a seat where she could see one of the screens that substituted for windows and looked around as the threesome of teenagers moved to surround her on nearby seats.

Animated and eager, they preened themselves and fidgeted. Chattered and laughed, exploring the features of the seats, stretching their slim legs to display their stilettos and smoothed their already tight dresses. Alexa resigned herself

to their obvious excitement, after all, she felt the same, but had no one to share it with.

When the plane started to manoeuvre on the apron, it was a moment before Alexa even realised that they were underway. The screens switched on giving a view from the flight deck and then with a roar, the plane launched. Pumped to almost supersonic speed on the ground by picking up the magnetic sling, Alexa was forced hard back in her seat as they accelerated. The engines' tone moved to a low full-throated rumble. For a moment, a view of the horizon, then gazing up at clouds, the SSL soared, and the thunder of the engines faded as it left the sound far behind.

The three girls, silent for the few minutes that it took to reach far above the curvature of the earth, resumed their chatter and Alexa amused herself by listening in to the conversation. It quickly became apparent that this trip was an eighteenth birthday present for the one in day-glow pink. Phoebe dominated the group with her incessant excited chatter, while the other two laughed and joked along with her. Alexa wondered which domain they were heading for and it did not take long for it to become apparent. They chattered about the feminised slaves that their mother's owned, each one trying to outdo the others in fits of loud laughter that irritated Alexa.

In the end, she managed to shut out the sound of juvenile chatter with the headphones and turned her attention to the introductory film that showed on a small screen that she positioned before her eyes. After a welcoming message, the short piece laid out the rules and terms of the visit, while giving only tantalising glimpses of what was in store. In some way, the system knew which guest was watching and moved to a menu that seemed carefully curated to match Alexa's interests.

She chose the 'Arrival' movie next and watched as it ran through the procedure. Seemingly, every stitch of clothing would be taken, and the guests would choose from the vast selection on offer. Alexa idly searched the menu of items and found what she was looking for and then moved the equally huge selection of canes, whips and other paraphernalia that could be selected. The next item on the menu was 'Your Control' and she watched it with increasing interest.

The sissy on the screen seemed merely an animated dolly. Difficult to decide if the slut was a real or computer-generated image. Alexa decided that he was real and felt a flutter of stimulation in her stomach. Starting naked and turning slowly before Alexa's eyes, one by one the figure acquired the technological and other items that ensured complete control. Alexa felt her excitement rising as the movie explained the implants and hidden items that were added before the first shackle even appeared. A collar that monitored and acted as the channel that controlled all other devices or an implant that substituted for it. The terms and acronyms were difficult to remember, so Alexa just allowed

the whole explanation to waft over her. Then at last shackles were placed conveniently and a selection of clothing that could be chosen by guests for added control.

By the end of the movie, Alexa was almost breathless with lust.

This was so much more than she had expected. CM Domains ensured complete submission, utter subservience at the level chosen by their guests. The electronics and devices subtly concealed, the control at a level that was truly granular. It ended with by displaying a screen that at last revelled the meaning of the company's name.

CM Domains.

Chastity Microsystems Domains!

Alexa knew of them, she even had a couple of toys with their mark on, some of her favourites. She had always regarded them as overpriced, but now realised the reason for the high cost of this jaunt. Clearly, they offered more than she had ever guessed. The image faded and Alexa looked at the next film item.

'Sissy Domain. A Virtual Introduction.'

For a moment, she hesitated and then decided *not* to explore. It would be much more interesting to make the whole experience new and fresh, so she moved instead to the selection of entertainment movies.

Flicking through the menu, she chose one of her long-time favourites, 'The Perfect Maid', and sat back to enjoy the fun. As the movie rolled on the screen and Alexa made choices for the actors at various points, she steered the hapless man through his training and service. This time she chose harsher plots from the options, enjoying an ending that she had not seen before as the sissified maid attained perfection under the harsh tutelage of her strict mistress and aunt with a final explosive caning and fucking that left Alexa breathless.

This was what she wanted, what she needed and, what she deserved.

Elatedly imagining herself as the aunt whose caning taught the maid how to beg to be taken by her enormous strap-on, Alexa shuffled in her seat. Almost distressed that she needed to climax, but was under the eyes of those chattering teenagers who sat within view of her seat. The feeling of frustration reached a height as the aunt moved to do her slave's pleading wishes and took the sissy-nephew slowly while the whip-like rod in her gloved hand punished the maid ruthlessly. It was at that point, when a first dribble of precum issued like slime from his sissy-clit that Alexa's seat began a private massage that sent her into breathless raptures.

Warmth, vibration, movement under her, an almost electric massage that lent an urgency to the dénouement of the film. Alexa struggled not to gasp out loud and the climax took her to an ecstatic high just as the maid thanked her aunt for the lesson in humiliation and service to her.

Mmm, she thought. Charlie would soon be *that* maid...

Another choice, even though Alexa had thought the film had reached its finale. She chose, and the film took her to a new height that she had never experienced. It seemed that the nephew-maid had one final service to learn in the final episode of the series! Alexa could not resist the embrace of the massaging seat that ensured that her attention was on those final moments as the feminised uncle arrived and the aunt permitted him to use the sissy's lips to relieve year of chastity in an explosive finale.

Mind-blowingly intimate, the sissy was taken and used, while the women who possessed him ensured that the experience ended with an elegant caning that Alexa chose from a menu of three possible punishments. Nephew wept as the aunt's sissy hubby husband took his pleasure and was, at the last possible moment, denied and secured before the credits rolled.

Alexa breathed a sigh as the chair massaged her gently, allowing her to descend from the heights with an easy glow of post orgasmic giddiness. The five-hour flight had passed in delightful luxury and the destination was almost in sight.

Chapter 3 Arrival

Alexa had almost not spoken a word on the whole trip.

Now that she was in the induction hall of CM Domains, there was a breathless hush from the guests as they anticipated their debauched fantasies being made real for their amusement. Alexa savoured the atmosphere with relish and waited almost until the last before she took the entrance where two delightful feminised dollies waited to introduce her to their world.

Stripped and showered by the sissies, she noted the perfection of the welcome. Both of them matched her requirements, slinky sluts in tight pastel latex, large breasted, collared and so accommodating. Neither spoke a word but seemed to know exactly how to communicate the induction with a delightful subservience that was so natural.

As she stood in the shower, steam rising, hot water a cascading waterfall, as they carefully cleansed her of the voyage to leave her primped and perfect. They led her to where the clothes that she had selected on the plane were ready, and then dressed her with utter care, all the while making little suggestive and coy movements that matched their personas as submissive brats.

Alexa wondered if the vacation had already begun as she was taken by the one in pastel green and longed to have the slut show her the quality of her training. With the intense experience on the SSL, she was already hot for a little more play, but held herself back, delivering a small slap when naughty fingers dared to go just a little high on her thigh as the tight latex was rolled over her talced skin.

The short, wicked cane that she had chosen matched both balance and flexibility of her favourite one in New York and she tested it briefly on the exposed thighs of the pink sissy with a wicked and sudden strike.

Not even a yelp of shock!

So well-trained and eager to be used!

Both of the bitches had been silenced to allow their users no distraction when punishment was administered. Alexa could not resist and took the sissy's bunches in her hand to force her face upward and delivered another slap as if to test the slut's obedience before pointing at her stilettoed feet and enjoying the way in which the matched pair pathetically crawled and kissed her feet while their little sissy-clits hung and stiffened in need of attention. So smooth, so pink and primped, their manhoods reduced to what was almost an elegant afterthought.

Another lesson in perfection, thought Alexa. There were so many things that Charles would experience when she returned! There was so much to learn, so many ideas to test in preparation for the rest of his life.

Alexa slapped the caned thighs casually to signal that the service was over, causing the sissy to rise to her knees and look up with such sweet entreaty that Alexa had to burst into laughter. She sharply slapped that pretty face, slipping a finger between lips, enjoying the moment of sheer dominance over the slut who suckled at it almost encouraging the mistress to abuse her further.

Dressed to oppress!

A rising sense of domination in her mind, Alexa turned from the deprived sissies that wept as she left. Total chastity was obviously their lot, the rows of small piercings that restricted their desire, never allowing any sly relief. The jewelled plugs they displayed in their rumps locked into place, these little feminised bitches could only dream of what their betters were granted as a right.

Alexa chuckled and stepped forward.

Through the door, into the place that she had chosen.

Into the Pink Domain that beckoned its latest mistress with open arms...

Chapter 4 Introductions

This is the way that it should be, thought Alexa as she surveyed the view from her balcony.

Behind her, a small villa that could have graced a cliff on an Italian coastline. Before her a view that was expansive and drew the eye to the distant mountains to the west. A village, scattered villas, each with their own walled gardens and then other buildings whose role was more difficult to determine. One with a brighter pink tiled roof was the most notable.

Beyond the village, what seemed to be a vast park. All of it the domain that she had chosen, populated with tiny figures that seemed almost like dolls in the distance. Almost perfectly still and peaceful, a feminine place that was charmingly quaint, but hid underlying intimate pleasures.

Villa number six was hers, not expansive, but self-contained. Isolated from its neighbours by rambling walls climbed by roses, wisteria and honeysuckle. The blossom's perfume hung like a heavy feminine scent, adding a sensual weight to the view and Alexa found herself wondering which of the villas below housed those whom she had seen on her journey.

She leaned over the edge of the railing and looked down. A rough cliff of twenty feet and the terracotta tiles below. This was, without a doubt, the most exclusive resort that she had ever visited.

As she watched, a young woman left the villa below, strolling casually as she led a pretty slut behind her. It was almost a shock, seeing that what was always kept veiled in New York was casual, unremarkable normality here. Alexa saw the sissy on the leash taking her tiny steps, noted the flouncy little dress and the huge exposed breasts. The woman who led her slave strolled to the gate in the villa's walls and it swung wide as she approached. She paused for a moment and then happened to look up at Alexa and made a small acknowledgement. Alexa recognised her from the flight, perhaps fifty years with a shock of white hair that formed a mist over her shoulders.

Then the mistress was off again on her little stroll and Alexa chuckled to herself at the way that the tethered sissy in heels struggled to keep the pace that her mistress set as they passed another unaccompanied dolly that kneeled in the dust as they passed.

Alexa turned from the view and strolled back into her villa. Rustic and tastefully decorated, there were few signs that the villa was also a prison for the three selected maids that were at her beck and call. A few tasteful drawings, a few restraining rings set at points in the room, the flickering of several lights that signalled green and the fingerprint sensors that allowed access to heavy doors. Each guest had been assigned a familiarization-supervisor for their first hours

and Alexa's stood patiently while she took in the villa that would be hers for a week.

"Perfect," was all that Alexa could say to Miss Verity, "I love it..."

"I am glad that you are satisfied," said Miss Verity with a small smile. "Bookings were rather heavy for this time of year and you have been upgraded to this second-degree villa that is normally taken by couples..."

Alexa acknowledged the gift graciously and it seemed to her that Miss Verity, her familiarization-supervisor, wanted to explain the ins and outs of the domain.

"I think that a little celebratory drink is in order," said Miss Verity. "There is quite a lot to take in. It will be a day before you get the hang of it... Then it will seem the most natural place in the world."

Alexa laid the short cane on the arm of the sofa that she chose to sit down on and Miss Verity held up her hand to show that a bracelet hung there.

"This is the key to the villa," she said, displaying the bracelet with three small indentations. "Allow me to show you..."

Her fingers of the other hand played on the bracelet a moment and then she moved so sit opposite Alexa. Almost as soon as she was seated, a door opened, and three feminine figures entered through the open door.

"These are the sluts assigned to your tender care," smiled Miss Verity. "Tonya, Andrea and Marcella. All three have been chosen to match your preferences exactly and are fully at your disposal."

Alexa almost started at the names and decided that it had to be a coincidence. That the names matched others that she knew so perfectly...

The three bitches lined up for inspection in a row, hanging their heads and holding their hands behind them. Alexa felt a wave of excitement as she inspected them. Each had been dressed in short elastic dresses that barely covered the tops of their thighs. Bare shapely legs and white stilettos locked to ankles, breasts swelling under the fabric, make-up heavy and slutty with blonde hair in bunches that were tied with matching ribbons. The final touch were the collars that clasped each neck.

She looked from one to the other and decided that Andrea was the most appealing, that Marcella looked mischievous and Tonya was almost blushing with embarrassment.

"Perhaps you are wondering *what* we have given you to play with?" asked Miss Verity with a chuckle. "Would you like to find out now or perhaps you

would like to explore for yourself later? I can also tell you what they were before if you are curious..."

"Now, please," said Alexa breathlessly. "I would just love to know!"

"Girls!" ordered Miss Verity.

All three of the bitches raised the hems of their shirts a few inches to reveal themselves. Bare thighs, smooth skin only punctuated by a delicate brand and then they were exposed.

Blushing and coy, just as they should be!

Marcella. A delicate cleft that barely broke the mound between her thighs. Her clitoris peeped between the soft lips, glistening with excitement. Alexa noted that she was trembling a little as she stood for inspection. Miss Verity noted that Marcella was the centre of attention and chuckled.

"She is just out of training," she said. "Marcella has been with us three months now. From the Las Vegas area, I think... anyway, I understand that she was formerly in law enforcement and came here as she was investigating things that were better left unexplored. I think that you will find that she can be a bit of a handful, but she should be a fun ride! A bit of a challenge, that we are sure that you are up for... make sure that you are strict with *this* bitch."

Miss Verity looked to Tonya and nodded.

"Tonya, raunchy and always ready to fuck!"

Massively endowed, Tonya's cock was stiffening, and Alexa almost started to laugh. The hanging balls were collared with steel and she wondered how she could have imagined that this slut was female.

"Accomplished and eager, I think that you will find that Tonya will give you a *great* deal of pleasure," said Miss Verity in an amused tone. "She's been with us a while now and is fully adapted to her role. In her former life she was a bit of a playboy, *here* she is just eager to please!"

Tonya curtsied and blushed, Miss Verity raised an eyebrow.

"She can be a bit of a handful," said Miss Verity. "Make sure that she is kept restrained properly..."

"Impressive," said Alexa as she watched that huge cock swell and point in her direction. "I'm sure that I will enjoy having her around!"

"Last but not least is Andrea," said Verity as she turned her attention to the petite maid who displayed her tiny limp cock that dangled between her plump thighs. "Andrea was *such* a naughty little girl and this is the result!"

Miss Verity's hand reached out and lifted the tiny cocklet to show the smooth skin behind. There was no response, just a thin whine from her pouting lips as the fingers closed and pushed to reveal the pink tip where a clear droplet hung and almost dripped.

"Naturally all our sluts are trained to silence, but Andrea lost her voice when this was done," continued Miss Verity. "Any refusal to meet a guest's requirements are always dealt with in the *strictest* manner. One more setback and she will find herself being considered for the Silver Domain."

Alexa raised an eyebrow and Andrea blushed from neck to breasts in the most delightful way.

"I shall keep that in mind," said Alexa. "And before?"

Miss Verity shrugged.

"Some sort of executive for an oil company, I think," she said, "or was it a bank? I'm not sure... their past lives are gone forever, all they have is a duty to satisfy their chosen guest. Anyway, I think that the next thing is to explain how the key works and then we can have a little drink and you can ask any questions that you have."

Miss Verity slipped the shiny ring from her wrist and passed it to Alexa. It was heavy and solid, and Alexa looked at it doubtfully. Elegant and shiny, there were the three dimples that she had noted before, each marked with a tiny coloured dot that seemed to refer to the colours that the three standing slaves wore as their theme.

"One touch calls them," said Miss Verity as she pointed to the bracelet. "Two rapid touches or holding the finger corrects them and three touches runs the pleasure program on their devices. Would you like a demonstration?"

Alexa slipped the bracelet on her left wrist and turned it with the three dots uppermost. She touched one of the dimples and, as she did so, Andrea curtsied.

"Just a slight tweak indicates that their attention is required by their assigned guest," said the familiarization-supervisor. "One for each of them..."

Alexa nodded and moved her finger to the next position. The tip hovered over the blue dot and Marcella moved a little in anticipation.

"Just two light touches or hold it down longer..." reminded Miss Verity.

Marcella yelped and twitched. Her mouth opened in delightful surprise and her arms dropped to allow the hem of her dress cover her smooth sex.

"An immediate second use always immobilises the slut," said Miss Verity.

The result of the next two touches almost made Alexa jump in shock. Marcella crumpled to the floor at the feet of the other two maids and she made a small plaintive sound as she lay prone. Alexa could see tears gather in her eyes as she lay looking up at the woman who controlled her, a beseeching helpless look that caused Alexa to smile wickedly and make as if to repeat the touches.

"It lasts a few minutes or so, Miss Alexa," said Miss Verity. "Also, I should warn you that if you are in contact with her, you will notice the effect a little. We recommend that it is not used in intimate settings, unless of course you find it stimulating for yourself!"

She started to laugh at her little joke as Alexa moved her finger to hover over the button that controlled Tonya. There was definitely a faint smile on Tonya's lips and her breathing seemed deeper. She knew what was about to happen and smiled slyly.

Three rapid touches.

Alexa had thought that the impressive cock had already been stiff, but it seemed that she had been mistaken. It swelled and lengthened, the shiny purple head displayed, the tip pouting as the first sign of climax was in evidence. Dew drops of pre-cum slicked and dripped and then, almost seconds after the first signs, Tonya made a small gasp and come fountained from her cock in a rapid fountain that splashed onto the surface of the table between Alexa and the three servants. The emission was not abundant, but with force, splashing on the glass, the hard cock jerking as it ejected a further dribble of slime.

Alexa laughed at the display and then her fingertip played on the first dimple on the bracelet. The signal was clear and Andrea kneeled gracefully and lapped at the pool of come on the glass.

"I don't think that you need much help from me," said Miss Verity with a laugh. "The bracelet is simple to use and is also the pass to move around the domain."

"It's so easy," said Alexa as she watched Andrea finish her small task and then move to resume her place.

"Good, a little drink and then I shall leave you to play."

There was a moment's pause and then Alexa realised that she was the one to direct the slaves. She touched the third position briefly and Tonya moved to prepare the drinks.

By the time that Alexa was sipping her Tequila, Marcella had resumed her position and Miss Verity and Alexa were in conversation.

"This domain is a restful place where you can indulge yourself," said Miss Verity. "There are little adventures to pique the imagination. These will turn up when least expected and you can join in if you wish. Mostly our guests are here to relax in the knowledge that every whim will be fulfilled rather than a more strenuous adventure like Crimson or Roan. Anyway, every evening at seven and after, those guests who wish some company can gather in the Rose Palazzo, meet and enjoy a little social contact. A perfect place to network, meet others with the same passions and enjoy whatever you fancy."

"Do I *just* have these three for the week then?" asked Alexa.

"Of course not! There are others always on offer in the Rose Palazzo. You can find something that interests you and add them to your servants. Of course, you have to trade in the one that is least suitable when the Mistress in charge will reassign your key. There are not limitless feminised sluts to play with!"

Miss Verity laughed and leaned to pat Alexa's knee.

"Three is quite enough to keep on the leash, dear. We have tried to match your requirements, but even we are not perfect, so the auctions are a way of allowing variety."

"Auctions?"

"If an available bitch is desired by more than one of the guests, there will be a little auction that decides the outcome," laughed Miss Verity. "Naturally, it adds to the cost of the visit, but there has to be a way to decide who gets what they want!"

Alexa nodded and looked at the three who were hers for the week. It seemed to her that they would be enough, but perhaps there would be better...

"Naturally, you do not have to do more than just enjoy the week. It is up to you, stay here in your villa, enjoy the pampering of the sluts that serve and keep yourself to yourself. Spend the week in bed if you like! Head out and find a little drama or just get to know the other women that are our guests, as you like. This is a great place to network and find others with the same interests. That's what it's all about, really quite uncomplicated."

Her face became more serious.

"I have a last caution to impart," she said. "The sissies here are all the property of CM Domains. Sale can be agreed, but the cost is high due to the effort and investment made in each one. We need to recover all costs of any damage. If you impair any of them to the point that they can no longer be of use, then you will find that you have bought them!"

"I'll try to be careful..."

"I have not finished," said the familiarization-supervisor, showing a little irritation at being interrupted in her rehearsed speech. "Non-payment of the full cost of the property results in the guest staying for the duration. This is not a threat, but a caution to take to heart! We replace like with like and the result would be unwelcome, for both guest and CM Domains."

Alexa felt a chill on her back and sat back to hide her discomfiture.

Miss Verity smiled.

"Understand, this is a speech that all of our guests receive on arrival. It is rare, especially in this domain, that there are problems. The limits for the guests must be set, the fantasy is as complete as we can make it. All you have to do is enjoy the visit and you will accumulate credits for later visits."

"So, what would that sort of damage be? I mean..."

"A good caning is always welcome," said Miss Verity in answer. "Punishment can be severe, that is expected. What I am talking about is anything that leaves a slave in some way unable to function after a reasonable recovery time. It costs a great deal to create our slaves, we are a profit-making organisation... I think that you understand how it works?"

"I hope so," said Alexa in agreement.

"Good, then all I can say is 'enjoy'! Have fun, mingle and call for me if there is anything that you wish to know. I am always here for you and glad to help should you need it. This is the first time, it takes a day or two to get one's bearings..."

Miss Verity stood and inspected the three maids all in a row with a critical eye.

"Make sure that you satisfy," she said in a harsh tone. "I don't want to hear that you were not willing to play with Miss Alexa, whatever she decides is her fancy..."

Her hand moved under Marcella's chin and lifted her face up to look into her eyes.

"And *you* are on a *final* warning," she said and delivered a sharp slap to the tremulous face.

Alexa stood just as Miss Verity added a last few chilling words to the trembling slut.

"If I had had *my* way, you would have been boxed, don't give me cause to assign you to the service areas!"

Then the familiarization-supervisor turned to Alexa and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"Enjoy a new reality, how it *should* be," she said with a smile. "Relax and enjoy the ambience. Go out and meet the other guests, explore and revel in the fact that you are a Queen in *our* head-space. That's what it's all about, having pleasure!"

"I certainly will..."

Chapter 5 Maids

Miss Verity was gone and Alexa felt a moment of indecision.

What to do first?

In two hours it would be seven and she could perhaps pop down to take a look at the Rose Palazzo. It had to be the sprawling pink tiled villa at the edge of the village that she had inspected from her balcony. Two hours seemed like a long time and she decided to make a tour of her villa to see what possibilities suggested themselves.

She touched the bracelet and Marcella curtsied.

"With me, bitch," she ordered and started her tour.

The bedroom was vast, a low-ceilinged space with an equally vast four poster bed in the centre. With Marcella following meekly, Alexa opened the various cupboards and wardrobes to find clothing, shoes and toys in abundance. They followed her taste in tight latex and she started to realise how the questions that she had responded to before the trip had been fulfilled.

The bathroom was equally impressive.

A granite lined wet-room with shower and a freestanding bath that suggested interesting ideas in her mind. The almost elegant rings set at intervals suggesting even more possibilities. Without a doubt, she would spend some time being pampered in this room!

A kitchen, modern and full of everything to prepare any meal she wanted. This was the province of her maids and she appreciated the neatly hung fetters that could be used to keep a sissy at the stove while a meal was prepared if she so desired.

Last came a door that opened only when she pressed her finger to a sensor. This was the maid's room. Stark and white, tiled and fitted with three cages and cots that they would inhabit whilst waiting to be used by their owner. In the centre of the room a whipping block and bolted to the wall facing the cages, a throne-like leather chair that could be used for punishment or service as required by the guest.

Alexa lifted the padded centre of the seat and imagined possible uses...

Idly she opened one of the wardrobes to find costumes and an impressive selection of punishment canes, whips, crops and willow wands for her use. Looking up, there were fastening points and hooks each threatening intense

punishment. If these were to be used fully, then perhaps the warning from Miss Verity was not as worrying as she had first imagined.

Marcella moved with just the slightest click of her heels and reminded Alexa that this might be a moment to assert a little discipline.

"Strip," said Alexa with a grin. "Time to show you how the land lies..."

In seconds, Marcella was naked. Alexa inspected her and had to admit that she liked what she saw. A well-balanced figure, tight ass, heavy breasts and shapely legs. Naked, she almost looked like a teenage girl as she trembled and moved her hands behind her back in submission.

"Mmm, let's dress you up a little," said Alexa. "Something nice and tight..."

She rooted through the cupboards and wardrobes, throwing items on the floor that did not seem appropriate while others were tossed onto a cot for possible use. Alexa knew the look that she was going for and made a final choice while Marcella stood trembling by the whipping block.

Alexa looked around the room and randomly pressed on the bracelet.

Marcella curtsied, Alexa laughed at her mistake and pressed again.

It was Tonya that slipped into the room and Alexa pointed at the strewn clothing and shoes with a finger.

"Neat and tidy, slut," she said while she turned back to Marcella and then looked up at the chain hanging from above.

Cuffs on, a little tug at the chain and Marcella was on tiptoes, hands over her head, waiting to be dressed. Alexa picked a thin cane from the selection in the wardrobe and tapped the goose-bumped skin of the female slut lightly. She turned to find all in order and Tonya standing to attention awaiting orders.

"Put this lot on the slut," said Alexa. "Then report to me in the lounge..."

Without even bothering to check on Tonya, Alexa stalked from the room to attend to the third of her maids. Two of them were clearly more the type of slut that she preferred. Andrea was much more a sissified maid that was perhaps exactly to her tastes, but so submissive, Tonya sheer temptation! A little tease and torment would be interesting...

Perhaps Marcella was the one to trade in?

In the lounge, Andrea stood exactly as she had when Alexa had left the room. Perched on her white heels, the dress smooth on her slim hips, the large breasts almost overbalancing her.

Alexa walked over to Andrea and raised her face to look into her eyes.

"Time for a little fun," she said and then her hand dropped to those breasts and teased the erect nipples. "I like what I see!"

Her fingers pinched hard and there was little reaction. Alexa was almost disappointed and took both nipples and pinched as her lips closed with Andrea's. She pressed her tongue between the bee-stung lips and enjoyed her complete control over what had once been a forceful man and was now a mere feminised plaything for her amusement.

"Mmm, maybe a keeper after all," she murmured and then slid the tight elasticated dress up Andrea's thighs.

One hand explored.

Alexa had never had a spayed slut in her possession before and the feeling was remarkable. Just that little cocklet, sensitive to her pinching nails, but soft as a ripe fruit. Smooth skin behind and the delicate cleft of a small tight ass. She played with her prey for a minute, feeling the tension in her helpless playmate. Despite Andrea's absent balls and the inability to respond with any kind of erection, it was clear that she could be teased nicely and that there were real possibilities with the bitch.

She cupped a hand under the little cock and held Andrea's eyes in her gaze before tapping lightly three times on the bracelet.

It was almost too easy, in moments there was a wetness in Alexa's palm as the slut was milked by whatever means lay buried in her body. Alexa almost pulled her hand away as a tingle was felt in her hand. It was an anti-climax, just a few slight milky drops of come which were offered up to be lapped with a flicker of the pink tongue. Alexa noticed the piercing on the tongue for the first time and inspected the row of studs that would be delightful for intimate service.

She had to admit, everything was *just* so perfect...

A slight creak and Tonya entered the room to take up a position just by the door. Her cock was rigid, curving up to her belly in a wicked hard pillar and Alexa almost surrendered to the impulse.

She looked back at Andrea and then flicked her fingers.

"Tequila, lime and salt, three cubes..." she ordered.

It was time to test their abilities.

Tonya slipped from the room and Alexa sat on the nearest armchair and sighed. A fresh breeze, redolent with the lilac outside wafted from the balcony. A feminised bitch was hers to use and an impressively equipped sissy-slave was ready at her command.

Alexa's hand moved to her waist and slowly unzipped the tight latex that was her chosen second skin. The zipper coursed down, revealing welling flesh and then a flooded cunt that wanted nothing more than a little touch and tease to bring its owner the gratification that she so deserved. This was the world should be, perfect and perfumed.

A sigh and a touch at the bracelet and Andrea was kneeling between her open thighs. Waiting for the order to please, little cocklet hanging harmless between smooth flesh, eyes following Alexa's and lips slightly parted in expectation.

Alexa took the thin wand of her cane in her hand and added a small kiss of the cane to the shoulders as Tonya returned to pass the tumbler to the mistress's hand.

She sipped.

The blast of lime, the white tequila, the tang of salt and then the slight nod that signalled that the pleasure was to commence.

That first touch, a lick, a nibble, lips sealed over her as a row of studs was moved over a swollen clitoris. A tit-bit, perfumed for the sissy to savour. Mistress's pleasure dripping from her as a groan issued from open lips. Alexa could see that Tonya was aroused by the show, but though she panted with lust, she stood with her long cock moving with each beat of the heart.

Another sip at the glass, that sour with salt aftertaste.

Another hiss of the cane to encourage, to inspire devotion.

A tender massage at her clitoris, a lapping that slid through her.

"Fuck the bitch!" said Alexa, her breath rasping.

Her eyes were almost fogged by a mist of lust as she watched Tonya walk with slow steps, hips rolling. Perfect in those heels. The cock thrusting from under her dress, the heels ticking on the floor, a look of sly elation on her pretty face. Her hands lifted her breasts as she stooped, her eyes met Alexa's to wait for permission to commence.

So close, so close, Alexa was in raptures, her fingers fumbled and dropped the cane and took the blonde bunches and guided Andrea lower to slow the inevitable climax.

A small nod, nothing more than a tip of the head.

Tonya licked her lips, tilted her hips, covering the grovelling Andrea and then pressed home with a hard thrust that Alexa felt passed to her as a tongue pressed to her ass. She gasped and felt herself losing control of the fuck. As though swimming up a wave, swamped by the foam, she surfaced and slipped under in the mounting orgasm. Her arm moved, it caught her glass and sent it smashing to the floor and managed a last command before the wave broke and the orgasm swelled to a crescendo.

A finger held high, wagging, clearly conveying the meaning.

Tonya stopped her strokes with a jolt, not daring to move while the last of Alexa's climax faded and the studded tongue soothed her delicate clitoris with light sensual touches. As Alexa surfaced, as the pleasure dwindled, she held Andrea to control the soothing tease.

"Come, only when I permit it," said Alexa to Tonya. "Only when I command... ever."

Tonya released her pent breath slowly with a sigh and looked down to the crawling helpless bitch between her mistress's thighs. A slight blush, perhaps. Neck and shoulders, heaving breasts, frozen stooping over the grovelling maid and Alexa laughed, knowing what would come next.

A slight touch, a small brush of the finger twice. Tonya cried out, almost a yelp and Alexa's finger hovered as if to recap the punishment. For a moment, only Andrea was moving, unseeing, she worked on while the slave that had tried to cheat her mistress was immobilised with the fear.

One, two, the finger touched, and the wayward bitch learned her lesson. Collapsed as if stricken, twitched and mewled while her mistress allowed herself the luxury of another delicious climax.

Chapter 6 Night-time

Alexa lay on her bed, enjoying the moments in warm comfort under silk and linen. A cool breeze washed the room, window-netting ensured that the mosquitos remained outside. She sighed and stretched luxuriously. Imagined herself as a cat, no, a tiger. Secure, strong, intense and dominating.

Andrea secure in her cage, Tonya cramped behind the bars that would teach her that *this* guest, at least, would not permit her to play sly games. All was still, all was ready for the play that Alexa so loved before sleep.

Marcella, bound so tight in Alexa's bed. Fettered and bent double, wrists to her ankles, a circle of vulnerability to make the passing of the night a sweet slumber. The spiked heels meeting the mittened fingers. Curved back on herself and then bound with knots and loops.

The stretch was over and Alexa searched in her bed for the constricted form that would be the focus of her attentions. Her hand met chains and locks and slid to discover where naked breasts surged from the restricted slit. Teased nipples and then slid down over corset lacing to the naked triangle that waited for it.

Slipped a finger through, furrowing the slit.

Lubricated by the gagged slave's anticipation of indulgence.

A little play before sleep, amusement, teasing and tormenting. She would be played like a fearful mouse, teased and taunted, her helplessness played with, while little punishments were administered. Pussycat and tiger, Alexa rolled to face her prey, pressed her lips against the forehead that sweated fear and began to administer the ordeal that she so loved to direct.

Between pain and pleasure, helplessness and suffering.

Nails, teeth, little sharp slaps, touches and teases. Nipples and breasts, cunt and clitoris. Ass and tender thighs and face. The touches became nips, the strokes slaps. The massages became pinches, the kisses bites. Alexa loved the delicious little game. An almost malicious assault on the slave's senses that would end in a climax that had to surface through the all of the suffering.

It had been so long since she had played like this with a woman.

Far too long, she decided.

She moved close, pressed her body against the rough form of the bound slave in her tight costume and played with her. Tasted the fear and terror, the humiliation and shame. Lapped the sweat from her brow and tasted her tears

of humiliation. Building slowly, rising to a crescendo that proved Alex's superiority and dominance.

That Marcella could not even respond or cry out made the torment all the more enjoyable. A heady feeling of sadistic bliss as Alexa opened her legs a little and pressed herself closer. Rubbed against the slick latex and friggd herself to a delicious climax.

One, two, three...

Each climax a little superior to the last, each one a stage to the final explosion.

Now Marcella was responding, sobbing silently, weeping in distress as mistress squeezed every drop of emotion from her. She twitched and struggled while clever hands and sharp manicure scratched and tormented.

Fingers closed the tube on the gag and suddenly fingers thrust deep.

Fucked the slave, took the slut, forced her to respond as she struggled and could not escape. Reamed her ruthlessly, deep and heartlessly. Built up the savage climax like an avalanche with each slap, each plunge into her, each breath that she could not draw.

Marcella came in a welter of tender anguish.

Thrust at the hands that caused her suffering.

Marcella's head filled with stars, and she gushed wetness over the slim hand that fucked her. Slick, slippery and wide open. Pierced and taken, suddenly she was permitted a breath and she gasped, the air whistling through the tube.

Lips were at nipples, the naked Alexa coiling around her in the dark from all sides. Sharp teeth bit, suckling hard, pulling and stretching her. The assault did not end, bringing the bound slut to a second climax that caused her to shudder and quiver. Marcella could feel thighs clamp on her legs and finally her mistress orgasmed with a cry of gratification that filled the room.

"Bitch," said a voice in the dark. "How *dare* you come without my permission?"

Punishment that brought pleasure, punishment for that pleasure!

In post-climactic shock, head spinning and suffering from the savage teasing, Marcella tried to beg, tried to whimper, but no sound came but the breath from the tube as the rapid punishment shocks came from the darkness. Alexa cried out in matching shock! Entwined in contact, she caught the seepage of the punishment that she inflicted on her helpless victim, Alexa squealed and then laughed in hysterical laughter.

Traumatized by the sobbing cries of her bound slave.

Marcella's senses reeled and she fainted.

And relaxed like a rag-doll in Alexa's arms.

Alexa fondled the bracelet in the dark and chuckled in delight at what she had done to the helpless bitch and the others... To ensure that Marcella would be properly rewarded with that punishment, she had triggered all three of her bitches. And then caught it her as well! Marginally....

In the two filled cages and in her own bed, all three were punished at her whim.

Mistress giggled.

Because they were mere objects and deserved what they had due!

Alexa unwound from the limp form of her prey and stretched again on the bed, wondering what it would be like to be a defenceless slave in the dark. Constricted and bound, waiting for hands and lips to rove as they would... Violated and abused... They must so love it, it was what they were for, the culmination of their pathetic lives! The attention and love of their superiors was all that they desired, Alexa decided as she cuddled her companion and ran her hands over the latex and bare skin.

They were so lucky for the care that was lavished on them.

So grateful that they were allowed to gratify their betters.

Glad to be owned by their superiors and bring pleasure.

The breeze wafted through the room bringing cool but humid air, mosquitos danced in the dark, foiled by the netting at the open windows and Alexa slipped into a satisfied slumber. The sweet scent of the night blossoms, the waft of the breeze.

This was all she had dreamed of and tomorrow would bring so much more...

Chapter 7 Exploring

A mug of coffee, served by Andrea. Sweet little Andrea who slid the tray onto her mistress's lap, curtsied and then moved around the room preparing for the day. Lifting the netting to the sides and pottering around the room straightening shoes to park them neatly and gathering clothes for the laundry.

Alexa balanced the tray on the bound woman that occupied the other side of her bed and sipped her coffee. One hand played with a sore nipple idly while she tried to decide how she would fill her hours. For a moment she was interested of the names that they had been given.

How strange that all of them were so similar and so very familiar?

Of course, the Andrea, Marcella and Tonya's that she knew outside the domains were all *quite* different, but somehow she sensed parallels and groped for an explanation for coincidence. For instance, the Andrea that she knew was actually her PA, the somewhat effeminate Andrew who ran around in circles for her at all hours. Tonya, that impressively equipped slut who was at present in her cage was of course Anthony... the senior partner that made off-colour comments and suggestive hints, priding himself on the fact that he had a fresh girlfriend every week. Then there was Marcella, who lay on the huge bed, her thighs wide apart, her breasts thrusting through her latex costume. She would be the Marcella who ruled the secretarial section with an iron hand.

More than a coincidence or just a depth of fantasy?

Her fingers played with the exposed cunt and opened the swollen lips to reveal the blackness within. With a smile, Alexa drew her fingers together and gently pushed into the beckoning hole, feeling the trained grip of the walls of that pussy as she idly slipped free. Her nails nipped the exposed clitoris and she giggled as Marcella's hips moved in startled reaction.

Alexa's thoughts ruminated on the names and she decided that it was *no* accident. It would seem that CM Domains had done a great deal of homework for this trip. Adjusting the fantasy to reality, matching the experience to her personally with seamless perfection.

Her fingers nipped a little more and then slid down to play with the Marionette's swollen breasts. Impressive mounds of taut flesh that swelled from the tight costume. Vast nipples that responded to each tormenting touch as she played. Her hand drifted south again, how could she resist the pull of that almost artificial pussy?

Like cherry lips, swollen and pouting, soft and inviting. Clearly more than a little work had been done to enhance her appeal to the guests. Heightening the femininity of the slut and making constant attention inevitable. Idly she played

and slipped a finger through the dripping pussy and then slipped inside to feel the tightness deep within. Perhaps she should test one of the toys?

See how that pussy swelled when it was filled with rubber cock?

How those perfect lips stretched to accommodate an intruder?

That could come later, decided Alexa as a waft of warm scented air filled the room.

"I think that I shall go for a little stroll," said Alexa to Andrea. "I will take one of you along..."

Andrea nodded and indicated the clothes that she had been preparing whilst her mistress had been deep in thought. Alexa looked at the costume and decided that the maid had laid out what had appealed to the maid and not what was required.

"No! Something a little less fetish!"

The sissy curtsied and blushed before choosing a quite different outfit for her owner's first foray into the domain. Alexa nodded and then slipped from the bed to sit on the edge.

"Now slut! Get Tonya ready for my shower and be quick about it!"

Everything was so deliciously perfect! Three maids all in a row and a whole female-dominant world to explore. Alexa was impatient to sightsee but decided that she *had* to make a good first impression on her peers. A shower, makeup and dressing all took an hour that was well spent, Alexa decided as she made a small turn before the mirror.

The very picture of a strict governess looked back at her and smiled. Perhaps the bun was a little severe, the blouse a little too tight, but then it accentuated her figure with the high waisted skirt and she decided that she looked a million dollars.

Now, the ultimate accessory; the sissy that would accompany her on her tour.

Alexa decided that Tonya would be perfect and had her dolled up in a pretty tight dress by Marcella and Andrea. She watched the rapid transformation with satisfaction. There were no grounds to fault their training. Rolling on the tight latex dress, the stockings with no crease on their smooth pink surface and the makeup perfectly matched to the dress.

After the night spent bound, Marcella was the one that struggled to be both over-elegant and sensual and Alexa was obliged to add a little correction with

the cane, but on the whole the result was most satisfactory, and Alexa left the villa behind with the leashed Tonya in her wake.

The door to the private walled garden at the front of the villa led on to a broad wandering pathway lined with other villas. Alexa looked right and left to decide which way to go and then followed the path that obviously led downward. Behind her, the mincing gait of Tonya, marked by the clicks of her heels. Alexa held the leash lightly and promenaded down the winding slope towards the lower parts of the village.

Alexa and her pet passed villa after villa. All of them walled, the rooves and palms the only sign to be seen. Each had a door to the pathway, each had the small numbered green disk pinned to it that signalled that it was occupied by some superior female. A few scattered sissies moved about their tasks, curtsying each time she passed haughtily. It seemed that all the service personnel had been matched to the domain. Only once did she stop to inspect one of the dollies with a casual command to 'present', upon which the terrified girl curtsied again and lifted the hem of her flouncy dress to show the heavily restrained cocklet that hung between her thighs.

Alexa chuckled to herself and weighed the steel cage that enclosed the slut and licked her lips. It was all so very complete, this world of feminised manhood. Every little detail cared for, every element in tune with the pink theme!

It was not until Alexa was perhaps half way down that she saw another guest. A middle-aged woman with a primped sissy in tow who greeted Alexa with a thin smile and stopped to allow Alexa to catch up.

"A perfect morning," said the older woman as Alexa approached with Tonya in tow. "Going to the little diversion?"

The words were spoken in a strong Italian accent.

Alexa shrugged and gave a little tug on the leash in her hand.

"First day, just going for an explore."

The woman extended a hand and Alexa clasped it briefly, the extraordinarily long nails closing on her wrist like claws. This was clearly a woman who never ever had to do anything for herself.

"Alexa," said Alexa as she introduced herself.

"Lucia," was the reply. "Walk with me..."

Alexa grinned, here was a woman who expected everyone around her to comply. There would be a lot like her in this Domain, she thought. How strange! A dream made real. Two women, each with a man on a leash, each unconcerned as they led their sissies like pets. Both supremely confident in the rightness of the state of affairs, both at home in a reality where they could finally be themselves. This was why she had come here, decided Alex. This was where she belonged!

"Just two days left," sighed Lucia. "Then back to the grind..."

The sigh was theatrical and rather emotional.

"Is this the first time? I mean, have you have been here before?" asked Alexa.

Lucia shrugged.

"Oh, loads of times, darling," she answered. "More than ten... But, the first time in the Pink Domain. Normally, I'm a Crimson..."

The accent was so strong that Alexa had trouble understanding the woman who walked by her side. She cast a sideways glance at her companion and tried to imagine her with a whip in her manicured hand. The Crimson domain was dedicated to those who enjoyed strict punishment and in Alexa's imagination it was frequented by tall leather clad dominatrices, not at all the image that her companion projected. Short, even in her high heeled sandals, an almost stout figure made even more extreme by the black satin dress that she wore almost to the ground. Alexa noted the gold collar at Lucia's throat, half hidden by the high lace collar, the sign of a senior guest.

"It's your first time," smiled Lucia. "I can tell!"

Alexa admitted it with a small nod and they walked in silence for a few paces before Lucia spoke again.

"It is *nice* here," she said in a haughty tone. "Just a little too dull for my tastes, but I thought that I'd try this Domain to make a change... *chi lascia la via vecchia per la nuova, una cosa vale l'altra!*"

Not quite understanding the Italian, Alexa decided to change the subject.

"What is this diversion that you are going to?"

"Today, I believe that it is an induction-day," she said. "A chance to see how new slaves are trained and learn a little, I suppose. I just go to meet the other visiting guests, there's not much to learn for me really... A little meet and greet."

"Well then, I'll come along," said Alexa. "I want to get to see as much as possible while I'm here, as well as meet some of the other guests..."

Lucia nodded.

"I know some of them," she said. "I'll introduce you..."

Now that the two women had reached the level ground at the base of the slope, there was a little more to be seen. In the centre of lawns and nodding palms, the Rose Palazzo, several other low buildings and other women that were moving with their pets in tow. Each woman seemed to have her own style. One or two carried long canes, and a few had whips at their waists, but most simply had a slave mincing behind them as they stood chatting in the morning sunshine. For the first time, Alexa fully realised the scope and size of the Domain. Perhaps fifty dominant women, each with one or more subservient sissies at their beck and call. As she looked up at the slope that she had descended she realised that this was probably just a small selection of the guests who were staying in the Pink domain. The villas stretched up the slope, one after another, hundreds in all and she found herself staggered by the scale of the place.

"Elisabeth," said Lucia.

Alexa was torn from her meditations and turned to find that Lucia was introducing her to a tall woman dressed in red who smiled at Alexa's confusion and made a small depreciating gesture.

"We've all done it," she said. "Stood here and looked up to realise just how many women long for this... These are only those that can afford it!"

"It is amazing," said Alexa. "Sorry, I'm Alexa..."

An elegant hand extended to take hers and Elisabeth leaned to kiss Alexa on the cheek.

"New York?" she asked. "The twang gives you away, my dear."

Alexa nodded, the woman also wore a gold filigree collar like Lucia's and she felt a little intimidated by her height and presence.

"Just arrived yesterday evening..."

"I come here once a year," said Elisabeth in a friendly tone. Her accent was a clear British English that gave a superior air. "Sort of a mixture of business and pleasure actually. It's such a bother getting here from Europe..."

"Scotland, I guess," said Alexa as she noted the accent. "Or perhaps Ireland?"

"From cold grey Scotland," said Lucia. "Elisabeth is one of the investors..."

"Hush now, Lucia," laughed Elisabeth. "Don't give it all away..."

"So, all this is yours?" asked Alexa cautiously.

"In a manner of speaking dear, just a *tiny* part, actually..."

Lucia seemed to be having problems understanding the exchange and muttered something under her breath in Italian before she said, "Oh, there's a friend of mine..." and left Elisabeth and Alexa to head for another small group of women.

"A wicked, wicked woman," laughed Elisabeth.

"We all are," said Alexa joining in. "In different ways... Wicked, I mean!"

"Ah, but there are degrees," said Elisabeth. "I can't remember how many trained slaves I have sold to her, she consumes them almost as quickly as they are sent..."

Alexa's eyes followed the short Italian woman as she joined the other group. She obviously had a pre-eminence amongst the group that she joined as one of the women ensured that the frilly sunshade that her sissy held high threw Lucia into shadow.

"I never thought that I'd see Mistress Lucia in the Pink Domain," said Elisabeth. "Crimson and Silver are much more her thing, where the amusements are *quite* at a higher level..."

Alexa wondered if she dared ask her elegant companion about the different Domains but decided that it would somehow be an imposition. It would be good to befriend Elisabeth, she decided.

"So, what happens next?" she asked.

Elisabeth shrugged.

"A few small entertainments are laid on, games to play and dramas to join. A soiree to meet our peers between as well. Mostly, the guests keep to themselves or mingle only with friends."

"Can I ask something?" said Alexa. "Sort of about this place..."

"Ask away," smiled Elisabeth indulgently.

"Er, this is Tonya," she said as she gave a small tug on the leash. "Do the slaves change their names for every guest?"

Elisabeth started to laugh and put a finger under Tonya's chin.

"You are on-to us!" she said with more chuckles. "We try to make all of our guests feel totally at home here in the Domains. The names are chosen to add a little thrill, to match each guests outside contacts. Names are so important, don't you think? All part of the fantasy."

"Clever," said Alexa. "Match them all to the guests..."

"Exactly," answered Elisabeth. "All the pets are chipped and on the system as you will soon see. The names are just labelling to create the right atmosphere for the guests. Tonya has just a number, she changes her name every week... don't you Tonya?"

The sissy nodded slightly, and Elisabeth slapped her face sharply.

"Each one is selected by the system to match the preferences you gave as well as the detail of the research. For instance, Tonya here is an S3, that means that she has been trained as a pleasure-slut for those women who prefer bitches who can satisfy the need for a shameless brat who can misbehave. Most important, an S3 is complete and functional. Punish her continuously like this..."

Another slap and the hand dropped to squeeze Tonya's huge erection through the latex with a casual caress that ended in tight grip.

"It will bring out the best in her."

"I was told that I could trade them in, some sort of auction?"

"In the early years we found that occasionally the matches were not perfect," said Elisabeth. "We are getting better, but even so we allow the guests to trade them in for something more to their taste. That ritual is allowed to continue. Every evening in the Rose Palazzo. It's a good chance to meet up with others and find those with the same tastes. On the other hand, this is a place to find new amusements as well..."

In the corner of her eye, Alexa could see that Lucia had her pet on all-fours and was now seated on the sissy with a sunshade held high by another feminised sissy.

"She's bored here," said Elisabeth with a laugh. "It's all just a little too genteel for an out-and-out sadist like Lucia. I often find that the Latino women are really

so much more depraved. I think that, only the thought that damage has to be paid for at far over market rates keeps her in check!"

"So where do they all come from?" asked Alexa.

"The guests or the slaves?"

"Er, the guests, I suppose."

"Most here are Americans, north and south," said Elisabeth. "Oh and Britain as well, where I come from, if you are talking about Pink. The taste in feminisation seems to be strong there. Other places, other guests. As for the pets and sissies, they are from all over the world. Carefully selected and trained..."

As she spoke, Elisabeth's hand played with Tonya, stroking the bulging skirt of the dress and causing her to respond by pressing her hips forward.

"As an S3, Tonya is high maintenance, Alexa," said Elisabeth. "Keep the bitch on the edge if you want to make the most of her..."

The comment caused Alexa to look at Elisabeth's pet who stood rigid while her mistress played with Tonya. Clearly, Elisabeth preferred something much closer to her own Andrea. All in frilly sky blue, ankles chained to within a foot of each other, hands in mittens and a pretty light blue pinafore that almost gave her the air of an innocent child. The blonde hair in plaits completed the outfit and the blue ball between her lips added the final touch.

"An S1," said Elisabeth. "I never bother with names, it gives the slave a swollen ego. This one is one of my favourites..."

"S1?"

Elisabeth shrugged.

"The 'S' is for feminisation, 'sissy' I suppose!" she explained. "The number shows the type. S1 is spayed, S2 is docked, S3 is fully male... Of course, there are other divisions, but these are the main ones in the Pink..."

"May I?" asked Alexa as she reached for the pinafore.

Elisabeth smiled and shrugged.

"Knock yourself out."

Alexa lifted the pinafore to see the bare thighs of the immobile sissy and then a little more to see just a smooth velvet triangle of skin where once a proud

manhood had stood. She dropped the hem of the dress and felt an exotic emotion. A tingle that was sheer bliss.

"It seems almost a shame to prune it *all* away," said Alexa. "No offense!"

"None taken, dear. It's quite simple, this concentrates its mind on making a mistress' pleasure the only goal," said Elisabeth. "Tastes differ... I sometimes take an S3 just for a change! Nothing like a good long fuck to while the night away!"

The chatter around the two women dropped and Alexa turned to see the reason. Three women in short tartan mini-dresses and tight blouses were leading a group of four naked young men. The women gave way as the little group and one or two of the women laughed and slapped a bare behind as it passed them.

"This should be interesting," said Elisabeth. "It looks like as if these are fresh to the experience... I never tire of this, it should be a good show."

As they passed, Alexa noted that they were securely shackled and all four of the dazed young men sported huge erections as they stumbled on bare feet through the laughing women.

"Where do they all come from?" she asked.

Elisabeth shrugged.

"I haven't seen the manifests recently,' she said. "Come on, no more questions! Let's go and join the fun."

Elisabeth and Alexa locked the leashes of their pets to the rail by the door of the low building and followed the slow-moving crowd into the shade. The whole group moved in a chattering ramble into an auditorium where several hundred seats were arranged in a vast semi-circle around a low stage. Elisabeth took Alexa's hand and led her into an entrance way and they made their way through a dimly lit corridor to emerge near the front of the seating in a small area that was obviously reserved for important guests.

Chapter 8 Induction

Lucia was already seated on an armchair and she nodded as Elisabeth and Alexa took two of the other seats.

"Introduction address," said Lucia in her heavy Italian accent.

"Looks like that," said Elisabeth as she stretched her legs and crossed her ankles. "I didn't bother to check the sign outside."

"What happens next?" asked Alexa.

Elisabeth put a finger to her lips and it seemed almost as if all of the other fifty women who were now seated around the auditorium took notice as the chatter and laughter died down and the demonstration began. Alexa turned to the stage and felt excitement as the supervisors arranged the spectacle for the benefit of their guests.

"Ladies," said one of the supervisors as the hall became totally hushed. "Welcome to today's little entertainment. As you can see, we have four delightful young new sissies to amuse you. All four have been confirmed as probable S2's and they are here today for the first experience of the Pink Domain. Today we will be introducing them to their future roles for your personal pleasure. A little orientation and of course they will all be chipped and enrolled as possessed and acquired by CM Domains."

Lucia shuffled in her seat a little, distracting Alexa from the four sorry specimens that were being strung between the posts that were spaced on the stage. Alexa tried to keep Lucia from noticing her glances by watching from the corner of her eyes.

"This means, we shall be branding, chipping and fitting the new intake in the dress that will become their uniform as novices," said the young woman with a small flourish of her hands. "As always, we invite the audience to take part and participate in the first moments of ownership that they experience."

Lucia settled herself deep in her armchair, her gaze fixed to the performance that was taking place. When she turned her gaze to the stage, she saw the overseers adding the final touches to the restraints on each of the frightened young men. Each was stretched between the posts to either side, manacles ensuring that they stood on the tips of their toes with legs wide and arms pulled upward to each side. Alexa's attention was fully taken by the young woman who was in charge. Dressed like the other two in a short tartan skirt and blouse, her pigtails bobbing as she supervised the other two, she was the only one that held a long cane that she used to direct her charges. Alexa realised that the other two supervisors were actually slave-sissies, as their skirt-hems fluttered and revealed the restraints that enclosed them.

"Allow me to introduce myself, I am Miss Stacey and these two little sissies are my trusties!" There was a little laughter from the seated audience. "Would any guests like to examine them?" asked the woman of the silent audience.

Alexa thought that Lucia was about to move, but she just settled in her armchair as five of the audience made their way to the stage. Miss Stacey spoke to each as they mounted the low stage and Alexa could not hear the words spoken to them.

"She's telling them not to arouse them to climax," whispered Elisabeth. "Do you fancy a closer look?"

Alexa shook her head and concentrated on watching the spectacle.

Each of the naked men shackled on the stage could scarcely move an inch, the chains were pulled so tight. Two of them were sobbing, the other two stood rigid, their erections bobbing between their thighs. The five women who had mounted the stage occasionally obstructed the view, but all five seemed intent on enjoying the sniffles and terror of the promising sissies. While they squeezed and molested the helpless men, the supervisor continued her speech.

"The first part of their training is that they understand that they are now property of CM Domains and all the guests who pay for their service," she said bending the slim cane between her hands. "As S2's their role will be to amuse with suitable vulnerability and obedience to any female demand. Naturally, they have the normal three months of training before them before they are ready for their roles in the guests' villas. However, we like to start with a little display of humiliation to prepare them for the rigorous control that began when they were purchased or taken."

One of the women on the stage was laughing as she alternately stroked and slapped one of the stiff cocks while another explored his ass and whispered taunts in his ear. It seemed that the two women, both in matching pink latex suits, were a couple as they concentrated on a single victim and caused him to cry out in terrified distress.

"Thank you, ladies," said the young supervisor. "I am going to ask for volunteers to chip these sluts and then we shall move onto branding them with our mark."

One of the women stayed on the stage, the other four took their seats whilst the supervisor chose guests for the next part of the show. She first looked over at the small private area where Alexa and her two companions were sitting and then chose three women for the next stage when there was no response.

Alexa concentrated on the faces of the victims who were unwilling participants in the show. Tears streamed down their faces as one of the sissy-

supervisors held up what seemed to be a large hand-gun. The supervisor with the cane held up her hand and Alexa could just make out a tiny black pill-shaped object in her hand.

"Each receives one of these," she said as she passed the chip to the sissy with the gun. "Apart from the number that is assigned to them, it allows us to locate them as well as proving ownership... We don't want them going astray!"

There was a ripple of appreciative laughter and then the gun was loaded and placed in the hands of the first of the guests on the stage. Obviously heavy, it weighed her hand down as she was shown how to operate it. At last she seemed to understand how it worked and with guidance she placed it just under the rib of the first hanging victim and waited for the signal.

Alexa found that her lips were parted and her mouth was dry. Butterflies in her stomach and a tension that was only relieved when there was a small 'pop' from the stage that seemed loud in the total silence of the audience.

"We chip each slave two inches deep to prevent the removal of the sensor," said the supervisor as the gun was passed to the next woman. "This is, of course, a speciality of CM Domains, custom made for our use only. It reads all the vital signs and sends them to the central system as well as locating and labelling them for our use. The next please..."

The second chained young man cried out and twitched in his chains. Only a stern blow from the long cane brought him to immobility. Once again, the gun was used and the supervisor added a little more detail for the guests who watched intently.

"No internal damage is inflicted to damage the value of our property," said the supervisor. "Naturally, we choose a spot that will not be affected by later modifications as well as being almost impossible to remove. The network is now reading them... One second please while the link is made..."

The back of the stage suddenly displayed the readings taken from one of the young men. A graph showed various vital signs and numbers changed at the left to display actual values.

"For example, if we want to test the installation..." said the supervisor.

She moved behind the row of slaves and laid a single hard stroke of the cane on a quivering ass. Suddenly the numbers on the screen changed, the graph shot up in a swoop and she looked at the screen in satisfaction. There was a little scattered applause from the audience and she made a slight bow.

"As you can see, already we have it linked to the network, these figures here showing our exact location..." The tip of her cane pointed at two long numbers on the screen. "Next please..."

The gun popped again, and the lecture was continued.

"Naturally, as you can imagine, this is a passive device," said Miss Stacey. "Depending on the role chosen, there will be other additions, but these have to be added surgically. These others control actively and are Chastity Microsystems' famous PCD chips. In other words, Proactive Control Devices that can be controlled from your keys or over the network remotely. The ones inserted here are the RCD's, the Reactive Control Devices. I hope that I am not boring you all?"

She chuckled and flicked the cane at a quivering thigh casually.

There was a murmur from the audience of female guests and a scattering of clapping to show their interest.

"Next please..."

The last strung up young man received his RCD and the lecture finished with a few final comments.

"We can proudly say that all of our slaves here benefit hugely from this procedure," she announced. "It ensures that stress levels as well as the level of sexual pleasure are always at the exact level that ensures obedience. As you all well know, it is so difficult normally to train without being in complete control of the physical side of the punishments and rewards. With the complete understanding of pain and pleasure that the RCD's give us, we have managed to shorten training times, decide suitability for role and ensure that CM Domains leads the world in creating a truly pleasurable experience for all of our guests and outside clients!"

The little speech was greeted with general applause and Alexa decided that she would inspect all three of her companions in the villa to see if there was any mark left from the procedure as they had obviously been fitted with PCDs as well as RCDs.

The four women left the stage with smiles and the four new pieces of property of CM Domains wept as they waited for the next part of their induction process.

As soon as the stage was clear of guests, the preparations began for the next part of the show. A small trolley on casters with what appeared to be a short crop embedded in the upper surface. It was wheeled to before the first victim while the supervisor adjusted some hidden control panel on the top. This took

a minute or two and the auditorium filled with hushed chatter that only stilled as she seemed satisfied and turned once more to her audience.

"Of course, you will have noticed," she said, "that the serial number starts with S3 on the screen. This is because at the moment they are still complete..."

Her hand reached out and slapped the hanging balls of the nearest slave and the numbers on the screen changed and the line that seemed to mark heart-rate headed upwards.

"Now we move to the next phase," she announced. "Even though CM Domains is almost futuristically modern, we still believe that each piece of our property should be marked in the good old-fashioned way."

Her cane tapped the metal trolley and she smiled.

"Our mark is this..."

The screen at the back of the stage changed to show a simple line drawing of a high-heeled stiletto. Next to the drawing was a close-up photo of the same design on the skin of a slave.

"Tattoos can be easily removed, so we prefer to follow time-honoured tradition by branding our mark on our property. Twenty years ago, we needed to add a bar code as well, but this has been replaced by the implanted PCD. So... can I have a volunteer for the first of our little intake?"

In the corner of her eye, Alexa saw one of Lucia's hands lift and she fluttered her long nails in a lazy ripple.

"Mistress Lucia will do the honours first," announced the supervisor. "I think that we are lucky to have such an experienced and proficient wielder of the branding iron amongst us to show how it is done..."

A little clapping.

Alexa watched the heavy woman stalk to the stage. Something in her manner suggested that she was more than merely aroused by being watched by an audience as she came to stand in-front of the first suspended young man and spoke to him softly.

"She really is so wicked," said Elisabeth under her breath. "I just love the intensity and passion..."

What seemed to be a crop was actually a metal rod. The end glowed and Alexa could not make out the motif at the end that was almost yellow-white with heat. The supervisor tapped the hip of the hanging young man with the

tip of her cane and the other two sissies moved to either side to support the terrified figure.

"If you please..."

For a moment, Alexa thought that the white-hot tip was going as high as his face, but suddenly it lowered and was pressed for an instant on his hip exactly where the cane had touched. Just a second it pressed home and then was pulled back and handed to the supervisor who inspected the steaming mark intently.

"Mistress Lucia, truly an expert. Ladies a hand for a truly superior mistress!" she said. "A perfect mark. Now who is next?"

The next woman was ushered to the stage as Lucia sat down with a sigh. Her face was flushed and she was breathing fast and Alexa watched her from the corner of her eye.

One by one, each slave was branded by a different member of the audience, but Alexa was not watching the show, she was intrigued by the woman that sat to her left. Lucia sat tense, with legs crossed and a hand in her lap. At each touch of the brand, she shivered and Alexa watched her climax as the final touch on skin of glowing metal.

Their pain, her pleasure.

With far less explanation from the stage, the four figures were branded, one after another, and a small break was announced before the second stage of the entertainment was to begin.

Chapter 9 Experimental

The guests filed from the auditorium, chattering. Some heading to where their attendant sissies were roped, others to a pleasant bar which presented a view of distant mountains and the nearby edge of the forest that bordered the domain-village.

A little unsure as to the protocol, Alexa simply followed Elisabeth to the bar. It seemed that she was both well-known and popular, greetings and kisses from all sides from the other women and Alexa found herself basking in the reflected limelight as the graceful woman's companion. This caused another small realisation for Alexa. That the sponsor of each guest seemed important to the status of the guests. When she mentioned that Miss Kai Mai-Mai Cheoung was her sponsor, the reaction was one of respect and it seemed to Alexa that she had a raised status for that reason alone.

To Alexa, it seemed that there were almost as many maids as there were guests to be served in the pleasant shade of the outside pergola at the bar. Graceful servitors in revealing uniforms who scurried hither and thither on their high heels, providing seamless service with curtsies and smiles as the gathering of women molested and fondled as the mood took them. Still the outsider, Alexa trailed behind Elisabeth and listened to the conversations without interjecting her own opinions. There seemed such a mixture of women, from older to some just in their teens.

She was almost overwhelmed by the atmosphere! Which of the maids were female and which male? She could not tell; the sheen of perfection was so pervasive. Elegance and staged sophistication that gave her the shivers. This was how life should be, this was what she deserved, this service and ease, the elevated conversation and restrained refinement of the gathering swept her in its arms and left her on a high that was almost like a perfect dream.

For the first time she saw some of the guests who had accompanied her on the SSL. Giggling over their outrageous cocktails, with their heels lifted to the back of two of the maids who kneeled under the table, they were laughing loudly and enjoying every moment. Alexa watched them and considered an approach, but then the words of the woman that Elisabeth was chatting to, caught her ear and she decided to stay and listen in.

Alexa caught a few words as Elisabeth chatted with a seriously attractive Latino companion...

"The building work has started, it will be a year before it is complete," said the Latino woman who then noticed that Alexa was listening in. "Elisabeth, you have not introduced me to your delightful companion," she said.

Elisabeth turned and smiled.

"Miss Alexa, can I introduce Mistress Consuela, one of the founding members of the domains..."

Perhaps in her middle forties, with a waterfall of blue-black hair that reached down past her waist and a generous figure that was enhanced by the tight skirt and bolero jacket, Consuela extended a hand. Alexa was unsure if she was supposed to kiss it or shake it and hedged her bets by doing both.

"Charmed," she said. "This is my first time here... it's amazing..."

It seemed that Consuela took the praise as a personal compliment and she smiled before asking who Alexa's sponsor was. When Alexa replied, she nodded and turned to Elisabeth.

"Miss Kai, is she Crimson?"

"Exactly," replied Elisabeth. "One of the senior guests... More Silver now!"

"So, what can we do to improve the experience?" asked Mistress Consuela of Alexa seriously.

"So far, and this is my first day; I could not ask for more!"

"Good to hear, my dear! If you have any ideas, pass them on. We are improving the Domains day by day and are always on the lookout for new experiences and pleasures to add."

"If I think of anything," said Alexa. "I'll speak up!"

"Miss Consuela is in charge of the latest addition to this pleasure park," said Elisabeth and she placed a finger to her lips to indicate that she would not be revealing the theme. "Already we have Pink, Crimson, Roan and Silver. The next additions will add another dimension."

Alexa was aware that she had broken into a private conversation.

"If you would rather discuss in private," she said and made as if to turn away.

"My dear Miss Alexa, this is a social occasion, I am always eager to meet our guests. Now; you said that this is your first time here. Did you mean this Domain or the first time altogether?"

"Altogether," said Alexa.

"Well then, you have a treat in store, my darling! My interests lie more in Roan, you understand..."

Alexa looked puzzled and Mistress Consuela elaborated.

"As you will know, we attempt to offer a broad range of interests here," she said. Each is named by colour, Pink, where you are now. Crimson for those that have a stricter view of female superiority and Roan where Stallions, Fillies and Ponies await the kiss of the rider's whip. Mmm, I just love it there, Mistress Isabella is a special friend... Silver is where the seniors play by invitation. I tend to pass more of my spare time in Roan than the other Domains, a relaxing hobby when I have a moment."

"Sounds interesting," said Alexa politely.

Elisabeth laughed.

"My dear Miss Alexa, don't be so on edge. No one judges, here of all places. The Domains are conceived as a place where women can at last enjoy their superiority unfettered by the morals and scruples of the outside world! Girls just want to have fun!"

Alexa burst into laughter at the sally and the three women each took a flute of champagne from the tray of a passing maid.

"It takes getting used to..." said Alexa. "All of this..."

She indicated the various women and the scurrying maids who served them.

"It's how it should be, darling," said Miss Consuela with an indulgent smile. "One day it will all be like this..."

Elisabeth frowned and changed the subject.

"So tell me, what are you in the outside world, Miss Alexa? Let me guess, property investor or perhaps in banking?"

"A lawyer, actually," replied Alexa. "Mostly criminal law, but contracts are a part of it."

"New York?" guessed Miss Consuela.

Alexa nodded.

"You see, Miss Alexa," said Elisabeth. "Even though the Domains are conceived as a pleasure park, it makes a great place where women with dominant tendencies can network and make contacts. Professional women are in demand, criminal lawyers can find that there is a lot of business to be gleaned here. There are so many situations where our guests find themselves

in difficulty due to their secret needs and the sympathetic ear of a fellow female-dominant can make a big difference."

She thought of Charles and shrugged. If it ever came to court...

"Then of course, there are all the opportunities that open up when a guest discovers the possibilities," said Miss Consuela. "For instance, have you heard of the Gymkhanas that we hold several times a year?"

"No," said Alexa. "Here?"

"Once a year here, now," said Miss Consuela. "But there are several others in the United States and in fact, all over the world. If you are interested, then just pass it on..."

As Miss Consuela spoke her arm moved to block the progress of a petite maid with a tray. The sissy waited while she picked up a few tit-bits from the tray and Miss Consuela smiled in the anxiety in her eyes.

"This little filly," she said. "So sugar-sweet and helpless. This is what I love about the Domains!"

The maid stood and waited while Miss Consuela explained.

"When we see men in the outside world, they are such aggressive creatures! But, they are just slaves to their lust and sex. What we do is channel that for our own pleasure, show them that obedience can bring the ultimate purpose to their pathetic lives!"

She licked a finger and then patted the maid on the cheek.

"Once upon a time, this cute little thing had ideas of its own, hopes and ambitions, needs and emotions," she continued. "*Almost* like a real person! Now, everything thought in her little empty head is directed to making our every moment an indulgence. Every thought, every movement, every response and every part of its limited intelligence is straining to please. What higher ambition could *any* man have?"

Alexa watched the statuesque Latino woman expound her philosophy and nodded. The hand that had taken the hors d'oeuvre moved to lift the lacy hem of the maid's dress to display the restrained cock between its waxed thighs as if to prove her point.

"Pathetic!" said Miss Consuela and Alexa found herself pigeonholing the maid as an S3.

Miss Elisabeth was smiling indulgently as she watched the little exposition and Miss Consuela allowed the hem to drop before touching the vast breasts that moved like soft fruit under a tight blouse with the maid's every breath.

"All they need is a little encouragement to become the perfect slave," said Miss Consuela. "They all surrender to that sexual impulse and then we have them..."

Now the fingers were popping the buttons on the blouse to reveal the enormous breasts. From top to bottom, each button opened with a tick of her nails, the maid was exposed to reveal her impressive bosom. Little rings pierced each stiff nipple and the maid shuddered as the nails played with the piercings and grazed lightly over the stiffening areolae.

"Let's see," said Miss Consuela. "It's always nice to know what we have here..."

She lifted her other wrist and played with her watch.

"Like many of the seniors, I have the privilege of control over all of them," said Miss Consuela. "Now then, let's see what this one is..."

Alexa could see the face of the watch come alive and display figures and icons as Miss Consuela smiled and danced her fingertips over the display.

"S3, of course. We saw that already," she muttered. "Ah, here we go. S3-10-15-XB. That means that she is one of the most recent experiments. The X signifies an experimental treatment. The B is the amusing designation of what amounts to regression treatment... Our CM programmers have the most childish sense of humour!"

Miss Elisabeth started to laugh and Consuela looked a little embarrassed.

"Tell Miss Alexa all about it," she teased.

"B is for 'Bimbo'," said Consuela, almost mortified by the explanation. "The programmers cannot help having their little witticisms. Not that they are far wrong..."

Alexa could not stop herself smiling at Miss Consuela's discomfiture, but decided that it would be good to reassure her.

"Sounds OK to me," she said. "But, what does it mean in practice?"

The sissy stood staring at Miss Consuela and a single tear welled and then tracked down over the pink circles on her cheeks.

"I think that S3-10-15-XB should explain," said Miss Consuela. "Let's see if she understands..."

"You have permission to speak," said Elisabeth, glancing at the numbers on Miss Consuela's watch to be sure that the maid had not been silenced. "Tell us what your name was before you came here?"

The maid looked at Elisabeth and another tear broke from her eyes. Clearly there was terrible stress showing on her face and it was a moment before her squeaky voice replied.

"I can't remember, Mistress," she wailed. "please, really I can't..."

"That's the way that it should be, dear," said Miss Consuela in a soothing and almost motherly tone. "Now then, S3-10-15-XB, what did you do before you came here?"

The sissy started to sob and her fingers moved into a fist as though she was attempting to grasp memories of her past to answer the question.

"Please Miss, please," she wailed. "I just want to serve you! I love you..."

"Very good," said Elisabeth in a sympathetic tone. "We all know that you try your best to please. That's a good little bitch!"

Miss Consuela smiled and her fingers drifted over the soft skin of the sissy's breasts and teased the rings in her nipples.

"She is both responsive and eager to please," said Elisabeth. "It used to be necessary to use drugs constantly to achieve this level of submission, but the work that we are doing with nervous response and control by implants has finally caught up and S3-10-15-XB is really quite helpless and susceptible... Drugs are unreliable, need to be curated to each subject exactly and administered constantly. The small module implanted in S3-10-15-XB does all of that and simply needs to be programmed to give the correct responses..."

Elisabeth turned to the exposed maid and put a finger under her chin as she spoke.

"So, S3-10-15-XB, what is it you do to please? Take your time..."

Now it seemed that the sissy was on firmer ground and she stopped sobbing because she could answer the question. She looked from one woman to the next as if trying to determine what they would prefer as an answer.

"I love being touched, Miss," she said, and her bee-stung lips pouted. She thrust herself a little forward at the hand that teased. "Best of all is when a honoured guest is satisfied by me..."

The maid blushed and tried to look away and Alexa noticed that her large nipples were gathering as she contemplated the thought of satisfying one of her owners.

Miss Consuela held up a finger, obviously signifying silence and the maid's lips closed.

"The experiment was basically a success," said Miss Consuela with a small smile. "There is still work to be done to enhance the sex-drive of these XB's, to make them endlessly eager to satisfy, but on the whole, a realisation of the direction that we are moving. We will get there and progress is being made."

Elisabeth raised an eyebrow and lifted the hem of the skirt. Now it was plain that the humiliation of the sissy had resulted in her little cock swelling to fill the steel tube of the chastity device, the head of it swelling and smooth with a small drop of pre-cum dangling on the tip.

"Humiliation is the trigger," she commented to Alexa. "Not all of the women who are our guests want this level of helplessness, but we cater for the rest to give them what they can only dream of."

"Is it still fully functional?" asked Alexa.

"There's just one way to answer that," chuckled Miss Consuela and she touched an icon on the face of her watch. "Now then, let's see..."

The maid's eyes seemed to open wider, her long lashes fluttering as she tried to remain in place. The touches that Miss Consuela was making on the little display were having their effect and Alexa felt a surge of excitement as the bimbo moved on her ballet heels to keep her balance.

Another droplet of clear dew from the exposed cocklet and Miss Consuela moved a step closer. The pre-cum stretched to a web of stickiness and finally broke to drip to the uppers of her shoe.

Then it came...

A seeping ooze of pale viscid flow. The swollen cock pumped slowly, one pulse at a time. An extended exudation of come that strung down before splattering the foot that waited between the panting bimbo's parted feet.

"Oh my God," breathed Alexa as she watched the endless flow that seemed to dribble from the shuddering maid. "I saw this yesterday, but it is so arousing to see this level of control!"

"Finished, I think," chuckled Miss Consuela. "Of course, many of our S3's and S2's have this as a feature, but there is something amusing about seeing it happen at command and how grateful she is to being milked!"

She tapped the display and the maid shuddered and started to sob. She almost collapsed, but managed to stay on her feet before Elisabeth turned to Alexa.

"No pleasure without pain, my dear. Pure reward makes for a poor attitude. Now, perhaps if you would do the honours?"

For a moment Alexa did not understand what Elisabeth was asking, then she followed the slim finger that pointed to the come splattered shoe.

"Clean up," said Alexa.

The maid smiled as if she were being given a special award and she lowered to attend to Miss Consuela's foot. She looked up at Alexa as if asking for a final permission, and when she saw the almost imperceptible nod from the young woman standing over her, the maid's little tongue flickered out and she delicately lapped to clean the shoe. Her breasts hung, almost touching the floor at their feet as she delicately savoured with lips and flickering tongue.

"As you can see, we put our technology to good use," said Miss Consuela in a conversational tone. "Chastity Microsystems used to be a mere supplier of restraint and control systems. Now, it is moving to become seamlessly integrated with every pleasure-slave that is transformed, to create any level of obedience required."

The bimbo-maid had finished her small task and waited on all fours. Her heavy breasts curved her back in a pleasing arc, the nipples just an inch from the floor, the rounded ass almost revealed by her position. Miss Consuela looked down and then twitched her foot. A shy look upwards and then the lips moved to kiss the presented foot, much to Miss Consuela's satisfaction.

The guests were starting to head for the auditorium. Clearly there had been a signal that the engrossed threesome had missed. Elisabeth shrugged her shoulders and put an arm around her friend.

"I really have to go," she said to Miss Consuela. "Meet me in an hour in Domain Central and we can get that planning meeting done and dusted..."

"Make it two," said Miss Consuela. "I want a little time with S3-10-15-XB here!"

"OK, two," said Elisabeth.

She turned to Alexa.

"I cannot stay, so enjoy the rest of the show and I'm sure that we'll meet up again. A pleasure to get to know you, Miss Alexa and don't forget, make contacts here, there are plenty of women who will need your services on the outside! Business and pleasure in perfect harmony!"

Elisabeth walked Alexa to the door to the auditorium, leaving Miss Consuela with the bimbo still at her feet. They kissed briefly and then Alexa strolled to the small area that she had been in before.

Lucia was already there, looking a little bored. Legs stretched and crossed, a slightly sour expression on her face.

Alexa nodded in greeting and sat down in the armchair that she had occupied before. Her mind was seething with questions, but it was clear that the Domains were far more impressive than she had ever dreamed.

As she watched the latest intake waiting nervously, stretched, fettered between the posts, the arrival of the brat supervisor and her two assistants, she settled down in her armchair to see what could possibly happen next.

A shame that Elisabeth was not with her...

Alexa had made a friend.

Chapter 10 Property

"Ladies," announced the supervisor. "We now come to the final two parts of this small exposition..."

She waited until the murmuring had died down, resting the wicked thin wand of her cane on the floor by her white stilettos, making it curve into an arc as if demonstrating its flexibility.

Alexa found herself rivetted to the outlandish scene. The four helpless and naked young men, the sweat that trickled to pool between their feet. The two helpers standing in the shadows, patiently waiting for their Mistress to indicate her need. The supervisor herself... Patent white stilettos, white socks that barely reached the knee and the outrageously short tartan mini-skirt and silk blouse. With her blonde pigtails and lightly made-up face, she made the perfect malicious school-prefect. Innocence and wickedness, teasing and in complete control.

"In the first part, we shall be discussing the matching of role and costumes, in the second we invite you to discuss the possible modifications that would enhance all four of this new intake. So, relax and sit back to enjoy the show as I will demonstrate the various possibilities here in the Pink Domain and the addition of the final touches that will make them completely desirable for use."

Her hand lifted, and she tapped the tip of her cane on the stage.

"This little group of slaves has already had a long trip from Canada, all formerly working for a microchip design company that was bought out a month ago," she announced. "We never ever waste resources..."

There was a scattering of ironic chuckles from the audience as they settled down to enjoy the exposition.

The two helpers moved forward to the edge of the stage with mincing steps. Both feminised and dressed like their Mistress except that they did not wear a gold-filigreed collar like her. Both of them curtsied prettily and then waited as a hook descended from the darkness above on a thin chain.

"Since this is their first time dressing for use, restraint is called for," said the supervisor. "One of the stages in their training is to accept that there is no privacy for slaves here in the Domains. Everything is watched and recorded, submission and non-existence of privacy are not only expected, they are demanded."

As she spoke, one of the young men was released from the two posts that held him stretched between them. He almost collapsed as the two helpers produced a steel collar and locked it into place. Then, with reluctant steps he

was brought to the front, whilst the audience, that now numbered about twenty, watched with smiles on their lips. Sweat pearled on his skin and the raw place where the brand had been administered obviously caused him discomfort and brought hesitancy to his steps. It was so exquisite for Alexa to see the terror and helplessness, the uninvited erection, the sweat dripping from that firm flesh, the ease with which he was handled.

Positioned under the hook, the collar was attached, and the chain tightened. He blinked his tears away and cried out, to be answered by a single sweep of the supervisor's cane on the back of his thighs.

"I shall demonstrate how to create femininity from this rather poor specimen," said the supervisor as she stalked around the sobbing man, drawing the long cane across his skin as if assessing where to strike. "We have four categories of slut here in the Pink Domain," she continued. "Frills and femininity, pretty dolly, passionate slut and finally service maid."

Alexa's eyes wandered, and she watched Lucia for a moment. The older woman sat in her chair, watching with something like a sneer on her face as the action on the stage developed. Obviously, the woman was in the wrong Domain, thought Alexa and wondered what had caused her to stay here for a week or two.

"It is at this stage that we normally decide the role and character of each slave," said the supervisor with a small giggle. "Physical attributes are important of course, but since these will be modified, I normally try to choose a role that is clearly stressful for the candidate! For this exercise, I shall ask you to make suggestions... Don't forget that we are creating one of each, so suitability is the aim..."

The audience muttered and there were a few calls. The director of the amusement listened to the calls and smiled.

"My choice too, I think. Tall and well-toned, I think that what we are looking at here would make a nice little brat-princess, always eager to get physical as well as looking nice on the end of a guest's leash. Suggestive and eager to please as a vulgar slut."

The supervisor took a last look at her victim and a finger coursed from his lips to his groin, making his erection leap upward and almost touch his belly.

"Perhaps an S3, if it is well behaved," she said. "We'll demonstrate that later."

She turned to the two helpers and clicked her fingers.

"Girls, we can start!"

One of the tartan skirted helpers slipped into the shadows and reappeared with a box to stand by her mistress with a devoted look.

"Stockings first..."

As the helper opened the box and passed something to her companion, the supervisor turned back to her audience.

"The aim is to create something that any red-blooded woman would want to play with and be pleased to have on her arm as an ornament. Stockings are perfect. They allow easy access and a touch of femininity that is almost irresistible. Since we are creating a sexual feminised toy, hold-ups are the best solution. The impression of clothed and vulnerable nakedness is the aim... I have chosen red because it will complement the dress."

She paused and then added, "Turning men's desires against them is such an important part of making them owned! We turn them into what it is that they used to desire and want..."

A transformation was taking place and the women in the audience sighed as the two sissies in their school uniform carefully pulled on the stockings and lined up the seams.

"Perfect girls, now we can discuss the effect!" she turned back to her audience. "It is important that any items can be removed by a guest and that what is left still suggests femininity. We train all the sissies to dress themselves to prepare for the guests. No one wants a plaything that has uneven seams in her stockings, her bra adrift and badly fitting shoes! Next are the shoes. I have chosen punishment heels for this one that ensure proper posture. This will be enhanced in training with the use of corsets and collars, but for the moment we will leave them to the side."

A pair of bright red shoes appeared from the open box in the hands of one of the helping sissies and they were quickly fitted and locked into place. Now the half-dressed figure of the young man was perched on red patent stilettos and the chain to the collar was tightened to make up the six inches of height.

"As you can see, the effect is startling..."

The cane tapped the throbbing erection of the young man lightly and the supervisor smiled with satisfaction. He sobbed and moaned and she gave a sudden and swift blow to his behind to quiet him.

"Next we choose the final piece of the puzzle," she said. "Simplicity is the aim, a costume that indicates availability and feminine sensual availability. For this I have chosen a staple, tight latex that shapes and reveals, making the wearer almost naked even when covered. Girls please..."

The dress was a mass of rippling rubber, bright red, shapeless and soft. As it enveloped the slut, it took the shape of his body. Following every surface, every muscle, every curve. The zipper at the rear was drawn down, turning the loose swells of movement into a sheath that covered from neck to the stocking tops.

"Lastly I will add a little shape to it," said the supervisor. "You will have to imagine the modifications that I shall recommend for her, but at least you will get the idea of the look that we are after to tempt abuse. One moment..."

For a moment the disconsolate figure was hidden and then the helping sissies stepped back to reveal a swelling bust under the tight dress. Now it was clear that two small round openings circled each nipple to ease the access that would be required.

"Now, I am going to detail the work that still needs to be done!"

The two sissies moved back and the woman with the cane moved to demonstrate. Using the point of her cane as she spoke, she tapped here and there to indicate where the modifications would come.

The first tap of her cane was on the stretched latex surface between thighs that was distended by the erection beneath.

"Normally, this type is an S3 or occasionally an S2," she said. "Since we encourage endless sexual stimulation for all of our sissy-sluts, a restraint will not normally have to be worn at all times."

As she described the planned work, the supervisor's helpers worked on make-up. It was so fast and practiced that by the time that the description was ended, the pretty decorated face had been completed.

"Constant tease-and-reward, is the key," she said as the tip of the cane moved to the hips and waist. "Next of course, diet, exercise will give us a few soft curves and remove the excess muscle. We rarely use any drugs here, the effects are always temporary and we always bear in mind that we are creating something that has to last for a few years."

The victim of the make-over started to whine in fear and one of the sissies slapped her face sharply before the eyelashes were added.

"A narrow waist is also required and then we will be adding suitable breasts. Taking into account height, weight and body-shape as well as role, the minimum for this slut will be considerable. It depends on the medical assessment of course, but FF would be suitable. Once again, with this type of sissy, we need to maintain the sexual drive, so no hormones will be used. Hairless is a requirement, so extensive laser treatment and waxing will ensure smooth soft skin. Unfortunately, that is a little problem not solved yet."

The supervisor stepped to the side to reveal the finished article and bent the cane in her hands.

One of the women at the far right of the stage asked a question.

"What is the expected life of a slave like this?"

"Good question. Our aim is, ten years of frequent use, perhaps more."

Alexa looked at the tall whore now standing on the stage and wondered what happened after that ten years were done. The answer to her unspoken question followed almost immediately.

"There are other Domains where we find uses for less than perfect slaves," said the supervisor. "Then we also sell them in auction at regular intervals."

There was a murmuring from the audience and then Alexa spoke the question that had occurred to her.

"How about other trivial modifications?" she asked. "Tattoos, piercings and so on?"

"In the Pink Domain we rarely do much work like that. Branding is enough... though occasionally tattooed make-up is required. Our guests seem to prefer without, but in the Crimson Domain, for instance, there is a great deal of that kind of work."

Another question from the audience. This time from the front just to the left of Alexa.

"How do you choose which Domain they go to?"

The supervisor smiled and shrugged.

"Most is based on need. We have the quotas and then sort according to suitability. For instance, for the Pink Domain we require docility, femininity and submissive sissies. For the other Domains there are many more restraints available as well as stricter doctrine. These four are here because we needed to replace four who were required by Silver for a special entertainment...."

"And all male?"

She laughed at the question and shook her head.

"It is true that there is a far greater demand for males, but some of you will have already seen our female sissies and enjoyed their service. Here in CM Domains,

we cater for the dominant female, *most* require male submission... but tastes differ!"

There were a few more questions and then the exhibition moved to the next in line. This time a service maid was created from the naked young man who sobbed all the way through the performance, despite close attention of the cane in the supervisor's hand.

In black and white, with knee-high boots and a frilly pinafore, the much shorter victim was pulled into a tight corset under the taffeta dress that caused it to weep and moan until the use of a gag was required. At last the maid was used to explain the modifications that would take place. When it became clear to the sissy that a gelding was probably the most likely outcome, she collapsed to the floor and had to be fettered between her posts again before the next was prepared.

Alexa felt a growing excitement.

For these young men, this was a nightmare place. Their futures were discussed in savage detail, the alterations and training laid before them and they finally realised there was no return from the inferno in which they found themselves. Treated as property, they reacted by becoming yet more helpless and feeble as the cane was applied and obedience enforced.

There was a warmth between her thighs as she realised that there was so much to learn that could be taken back and applied to her own little maid-slut. Of course, he was an almost-willing victim of her need for pleasure, but when she got back the reins would be pulled tight and he would learn that she expected a great deal more...

The next on the stage was the shortest of all three. Almost puny and easily moved into the limelight, the supervisor had decided to create something quite special for the amusement of her audience. She explained that there was little call for dollies in the Pink Domain, but that several were always created and kept in reserve for particular guests. This was a fetish-scene that Alexa had heard of, but never even considered and she soon found herself entranced by the result.

Every inch was covered in a second matte skin of latex with a complex suit that transformed the young man into a marionette with a pastel pink parody. It was explained that all dollies were geldings in restraint with complete chastity as the aim.

"We make certain that no other restraint is ever needed by a mixture of diet and ensuring that the result is plump and weak. Full breasts and some remote control devices are fitted to make this the ultimate experience for our guests," said the supervisor as she indicated with the cane. "Utter helplessness is the

object and obedience is ensured by the fact that a dolly cannot resist any woman's desire to play... Some of you might already have heard of the latest XB experiments? I am pleased to say that the program is at last yielding results."

Over the skin went what amounted to a rag-doll uniform. Woollen and loose, short dress and soft mittens, and then finally ballet boots in pink in which the heels were so long that they could not be walked on.

"From the first day, our dollies learn to crawl as they are supposed to and answer only the simplest commands. They are always silenced and are trained to beg to be used at every opportunity..."

On hands and knees, the sad figure moved a few steps and then curled up and sobbed.

"We encourage this behaviour and have several villas especially created with crèches and play rooms for their use," said the supervisor. "Usually they do not last long at all, which means that even though we generally only have four in stock, we are continually creating replacements."

The last of the young men was almost hysterical in terror by the time that his turn arrived. It required considerable effort to place him and, in the end, cuffs were applied and a gag to stop the endless cries and insults that he screamed.

When there was difficulty in dressing the slave because of his resistance, the supervisor quelled the ingrate with a few simple words.

"Full castration is always used on those that persist with a lack of respect for their betters," she announced. "This is reserved for those who do not show proper respect."

The struggling stopped, and the demonstration continued as candy pink stripe stockings and pretty stilettos were added go with the frilly dress. It was only after explaining the other modifications that the supervisor revealed that this little frilly-sissy would be classified as a gelding. At that point, the feminised young man almost slipped and fell, a movement that was corrected with three strokes of the cane.

A few more questions from the audience and the new intake were led from the stage. The supervisor finished with a final comment.

"I hope that this show has enlightened you all as to our methods. At present we have an intake of around ten new slaves for CM Domains a week. Of these, on average, half end up in the Pink Domain because it is considered to be a suitable starting place for most of the other Domains," she said. "In three months, it could be that you find one of the new intake in your villa. I am sure

that, if that happens, you will remember how the rest of their lives started in our hands!"

There was applause and curtains closed around the stage while the supervisor stepped down from the stage and approached the small private area of seating where Alexa was seated. Alexa stood, and the supervisor extended a hand in greeting.

"Miss Alexa," she said. "I'm Miss Greta and Miss Elisabeth asked me to accompany you to a special banquet tonight, if that is, you are interested?"

Alexa felt butterflies in her stomach.

"A banquet?"

"Normally only the seniors are invited, but it seems that Miss Elisabeth has taken a shine to you."

"Of course," said Alexa. "I am honoured..."

"Then I shall meet you at your villa at eight. I suggest that you dress for the occasion..."

"I will be waiting..."

"Good, Miss Alexa. See you in a few hours."

Chapter 11 Carriage

Tonya was where Alexa had left her.

Primping her frills as mistress arrived to reclaim her.

Standing primly in the shade cast by the overhanging roof of the auditorium with several others. Each leashed to their ring, waiting for mistress to arrive. Alexa took the leash and stood for a moment, the whole afternoon was free and she could not decide what to look at next. She looked up at the villas above and then jerked the lead to wander around the edge of the various buildings that nestled at the bottom of the hill. There were a few other women also promenading and Alexa walked past the Rose Palazzo and then around towards what seemed to be parkland at the edge of the village.

Standing at the impressive gate was a large carriage with four imposing black stallions between the traces. They stood fidgeting as she inspected them and admired the muscular physiques. Halters and buckles, reins draped from between their muscular thighs, she felt a twinge of delight to see that they were as impressively endowed as she had imagined they would be. Without stirring, their eyes followed her movements sweat tricking down their smooth flanks as she scrutinised their nakedness and the tall black ostrich feathers that waved in the slight breeze from their headpieces.

Alexa suppressed the instinct to reach out and touch. Who knew this impressive team belonged to who might take exception to any teasing of their possessions. That there was a whole subculture of ponyplay at the edges of her world, this she already knew. That it could reach this level was almost startling. Each of the stallions stood in short boots that ended to flare into hooves, heels raised, making their calves and thighs bunch to delightful curves. Above that, just the traces and fetters that ensured that hands were high behind backs at their collars and that delightful array of nodding feathers that added impressive height and stature.

She wondered what it would be like to ride in such style and smiled to herself as she moved to inspect the carriage. It seated four, each in plush soft leather with the driver's seat marked by the rod of the long whip that was seated in a brass socket, the reins casually hung over a hook waiting for the driver's gloved hand.

"They took fourth in the New Mexico show last year..."

Alexa jumped in shock at the sound of the woman's voice behind her. She turned to find a young woman standing smiling and felt an emotion of contrition that she had been so tempted to touch the four stallions and tease them.

"Hi," said the young woman with a chuckle. "I really shouldn't have made you jump like that, but it was just too tempting... I'm Sally."

"New Mexico show?" asked Alexa.

"Yep, and they were runners-up in the team dressage as well," answered Sally.

Alexa introduced herself and tried to guess the age of the young woman who was obviously the driver of the carriage. Knee-high boots, jodhpurs and a tight jacket that showed her generous figure to good effect. To Alexa she seemed rather young to be in command of the four massive male stallions. The collar marked her as a guest, but she seemed rather young to be able to afford to vacation in the Domains.

Eighteen? Nineteen, at a stretch perhaps twenty...

"I take it that you have never been to Roan, darling?"

Alexa shook her head and the girl laughed. She knew that the Domain was themed to pony-play, but the reality of what that could signify was certainly fascinating.

"I would never have guessed..." said Alexa.

"What? How impressive and exciting having four stallions under the whip like this is?" said Sally. "It's better than it looks, Alexa, the ultimate thrill, being in command!"

One of the stallions pawed the ground and Sally reached to pat its flank.

"I volunteered to drive some of the seniors over here for some sort of meeting," said Sally with a grin. "Get a few miles under my belt on a proper run. It's good to get to a proper gallop and make them really work, gets them in the mood to cover the mares, all horny and ready to go!"

Alexa tried to conjure up the scene in her mind, but her imagination failed her.

"They are impressive..." she said, hoping that Sally would invite her for a ride, but the young girl just smiled and led her to the front and made as if to reach down and stroke one of the long cocks that hung between sweating thighs.

The response made her giggle as it swelled and stiffened to point forward.

"So eager!" said Sally. "But it'll have to wait until this evening! If it behaves, of course," she added with a giggle.

"So, where is the Roan Domain?" asked Alexa, fascinated to see that all of the stallions were responding to the young girl's teasing. "It can't be far..."

"Oh, just ten miles from here," said Sally. "Just through the park and round..." She waved her hand vaguely in the air.

"After seeing this, I wouldn't mind paying a visit..." hinted Alexa, but Sally shook her head.

"Sorry, no can do! Strictly against the rules, Alexa!"

"Oh, that's a shame..."

Sally shrugged.

"I suppose that it's all something to do with the prices, I suppose," she said. "Roan Domain is one of the most expensive..."

Alexa tried not to look disappointed. Sally had not sneered, but she almost felt affronted that this young woman regarded her as being unable to afford the Roan Domain prices.

"Aha, here they are..."

Sally looked towards the Rose Palazzo and when Alexa turned she saw two women approaching. One a powerful older grey-haired woman in tight skirt and blouse, the other a middle-aged woman who was dressed in a loose summer dress. Both were collarless and exuded a charisma of command.

"Time to get back to central," said the older woman to Alexa and extended a hand. "Sorry, to break the moment, darling, but we are in a bit of a hurry..."

"Miss Alexa," said Alexa by way of an introduction.

The older woman nodded in reply and mounted the carriage, while the other one spoke to Sally. Her hair was grey, but her soft skin smooth, so typical of those wealthy people who could afford to fight the effects of aging. She could have been anywhere between fifty years and eighty and Alexa could not decide how old she actually was.

"Central at the gallop, I think!"

Sally nodded to Alexa.

"I have to be off! Taxi for the seniors today," she said pleasantly. "I'm sure that we'll meet again, especially if you visit Roan, I'm there all the time, love it!"

Alexa stood back and watched as Sally and the other woman mounted the carriage and with a word and the touch of the whip on the stallions' shoulders the carriage turned and passed through the gates to disappear between the trees. As soon as it was turned, Sally cried 'Gee' in a high voice, the whip cracked, and they broke into a fast gallop.

Even after they had disappeared between the trees, the sound of hooves and wheels remained, and Alexa shrugged and tugged at Tonya's leash to head back to her villa.

As she made her way past the auditorium and back up the gentle slope, her mind echoed the sounds of the stallions high-stepping and the crack of Sally's whip. There was something so thrilling about the ease with which that young girl had four powerful men under her whip. Perhaps next time she would spend a week in Roan?

Chapter 12 Afternoon

By the time that Alexa was entering the cool shade of the villa, she felt ready to play a little. It would be amusing, she decided, to stage a little performance before getting dressed, ready for the excitement of the banquet.

The villa was spotless, her two remaining sissies had obviously worked hard to clean and prepare and she settled down on a sun-bed overlooking the glorious view on the narrow terrace with Andrea holding the parasol as she sipped a delicious cocktail. Far below, there was scarcely a murmur in the afternoon sun. The rustle of leaves in the breeze, a little, occasionally the sound of a female voice and from her neighbour an occasional soft clap that she decided was some deserving slut being punished with a cane.

She sat and enjoyed the peaceful scene while her sissy-maids stood to attention in the hot sunshine. For a while, she drifted into a pleasant half-slumber, a half waking dream of luxurious thoughts as an hour or two slipped by. In her mind she tried to decide what to wear to the banquet. Her thoughts modelled her attire before she decided that simple was best and then drifted into her imagination.

When she awoke from her reverie, the sun had moved from overhead, but otherwise all was as it had been. The parasol shading her, the sissies to attention, the warm breeze. The only thing that had changed was that the sounds of punishment from next door had fallen silent.

She stretched her legs and pointed.

It was Andrea that knelt and kissed her toes delicately, an almost-enquiry begging permission to slide the stilettos from her feet and massage a little. Alexa nodded lazily and felt her hands working and the touch of tongue and lips.

This was why she had come to this place, decided Alexa with a sigh. Perfect pleasure at her command, slaves to fulfil her every wish. Her eyes moved to Marcella and the maid blushed and looked down. In a former life she had been some sort of policeman. A woman with a pistol at her hip, a uniform and power over others. Now she waited for her mistress' command like the good little bitch that she was and the thought gave Alexa a thrill.

She could do whatever she wanted! Miss Alexa's word was law for those who slaved for her pleasure. The lips moved, and a tongue parted her toes to tickle and massage, arousing Alexa. She sipped at the now-warm cocktail and wiggled her feet.

"Another," she said to Andrea as she indicated her drink where the ice had now become one with the drink.

Andrea passed the parasol to Marcella and slipped into the shadows, while Tonya waited for Alexa and then continued the massage.

"Very good, slave," said Alexa to the sissy massaging her feet. "I think that a little reward is due..."

For a moment, Tonya's eyes raised and then she concentrated once more on her task. Hand kneading gently, tongue and lips with small touches and Alexa felt herself once more becoming drowsy.

The drink arrived, a contrivance of slivers of fresh pineapple and sour cherries perched on the crushed ice and Alexa sipped as her eyes took in Marcella. No doubt about it, she thought. The bitch had not been purged of her rebellious thoughts, she still thought of herself as something other than a slave to Alexa's desires!

Had she been placed in the villa as some sort of a test?

Alexa decided that that was far too subtle! Obviously, Marcella managed to conform. It was just that she was unable to conceal her thoughts to a woman whose whole life was dedicated to reading the unconscious signs of defendants and witnesses.

Perhaps it was time to take her down a notch and prove to them both that Alexa could be a dominant mistress?

She wiggled her feet and Tonya realised that the reward of being allowed to massage her feet was at an end. The sissy held up a single shoe and then slipped it onto the mistress's foot. Then the other, hands ensuring that the heels were properly seated before Tonya hung her head to wait for orders from Alexa.

"Well done, sissy," said Alexa, carefully not using the name. "Time for your reward..."

Tonya looked up hopefully and Alexa stretched on the sun-bed before moving a hand.

"Present," she said to Marcella.

Was there a moment of hesitation?

A piquant drop of reluctance?

A double tap at the bracelet caused the maid to yelp and fall to hands and knees. Was that a hint of rebellion in her eyes?

"When I say 'present'," said Alexa in a stern tone. "I want you on hands and knees with that fat fuckable-ass high in the air for proper use..."

Marcella was gasping in shock, but one hand reached to her rear and she pulled back the hem of her dress to expose the smooth mounds of her behind. Alexa patted it gently and ran her fingertips the length of the valley to idly play with her swollen pussy.

"Better!" laughed Alexa at the sight of all of that smooth soft skin.

She looked up at Tonya and patted a buttock. Almost a slap, but not quite.

"Is this what you want?" she asked coyly.

The nod from Tonya was almost imperceptible. The bump that appeared pressing the tight latex between her thighs was not. Alexa smiled and looked up to Andrea. The sissy's hand wavered as she held the parasol and Alexa slowly pulled her knees up and out. She could feel the warm breeze on her sensitive skin and sighed, pointing between her legs.

Carefully, Andrea folded the parasol and moved to crawl between mistress's thighs.

"Not there, bitch, lower," breathed Alexa.

The contact of the lips moved down, soft hands parted the crack of her ass and Alexa settled to play with herself as the first touch on her delicate ass-hole set her quivering.

Alexa revelled in the gentle teasing and moved her hand in small circles before turning her head to Marcella. She slapped the ass and the slut shuffled to present towards Tonya to ensure that her mistress could witness her humiliation.

"Fuck the bitch," breathed Alexa softly. "Nice and slow... make it last..."

There was almost an enquiring look from Tonya as she rolled up the hem of her dress to reveal the powerful erection that sprang from her groin. Long, thick and slightly curved, the purple tip stretched smooth with stimulation. Tonya moved on her knees and guided herself.

"Take her ass," commanded Alexa.

The insistent tongue that lapped between the cheeks of Alexa's ass, the power of the domination and her own fingers lightly dancing at her clitoris pushed the mistress into her first heady climax. A welling from within, an intoxicating blissful moment and then she watched her sissies doing her bidding.

Tonya had the ghost of a smile on her lips, Marcella dipped her body to permit easy access and then the cock pressed home. Slowly. Parted her, entered the slut, inch by inch, one light thrust after another. The view that Alexa had was so clear and close, sheer pornography in the flesh. She could see every vein throbbing, the balls swinging, the tight ass clenching the intruder as the skin of Tonya's belly touched the tight ass-cheeks and then retreated. Alexa watched fascinated... the almost reluctant way that Marcella's ass gave up its violator, the heavy breathing that Tonya tried to suppress, the sweat that trickles down smooth skin.

A climax!

A waft of lilac, the sweet fragrance of the cocktail and its perfumed aniseed reek. The scent of sweat and fear, the incense of her supremacy. All of it creating a moment of bliss while the slaves grovelled at her feet.

Another slow penetration.

Tonya pushed home once more. A blush spread on her neck and breasts, her lips pouted in concentration and control of the impulse to fuck. Marcella, running with sweat, making a sigh that could almost have been gratitude.

Alexa held up her hand, the cock buried deep in Marcella and then her fingers lifted to the bracelet. All eyes followed the movement, even Andrea could see what was about to happen.

Mistress was about to reward or punish with a lazy touch.

Which would it be?

Collectively they held their breath and then Alexa lightly danced her fingers on the dimples in the bracelet. A flutter of the fingers, an insouciant stroke.

Tapped twice.

Tonya cried out. Plunged the cock hard into Marcella, shuddered and almost fell while Marcella writhed and exploded in a climax that caused her to scream thinly as the contact made itself felt.

"Again?" asked Alexa.

The sudden shock had stopped the pleasurable attentions to her ass and Alexa made a single touch to wake up her toy before threatening another pulse of punishment. Tonya had regained balance, pressed hard into the hole that she had been sanctioned to fuck, Marcella's thighs quivered with the aftermath.

It was Tonya that answered, "Please Mistress, again..."

Alexa smiled and tapped twice again.

Now it was Marcella that collapsed. Like a boneless rag-doll her locked elbows gave and she fell forward, pulling from the spouting cock that had been buried deep in her.

Alexa giggled and made as if to press again.

The threat was too much for Tonya. The pulses of come from her prick slowed and Alexa laughed in glee. This was perfect power, she realised. This was what she had come here for, the heady knowledge that she could play as she willed. Make the sluts suffer or orgasm with the slightest of effort. Have a servile face parting the cheeks of her ass while she climaxed, have them perform, humiliate and demean each other, just as they deserved.

The orgasm was not slow in overwhelming her senses.

Chapter 13 Banquet

Alone, no sissy by her side, just Mistress Alexa with the intoxicating dream of domination still circling her thoughts. All three had been caged and bound, ready for her eventual return from the banquet. Endlessly tormented with the ingenious system that had been built into their cages.

As she wandered in the bedroom and chose her outfit, she almost burst into a fit of the giggles. All three, their faces in anticipation to experience their torment threefold, penetrated and restrained, the control panel set to tease and torment but never give release.

The black boots.

Ankle high with laces from toe to ankle.

Bare legs, slut that she was! Marcella had waxed her smooth.

Tight leather skirt to her knees, side-laced with a bright pink ribbon. A touch of colour to match the tightly braided plait in her hair. Then the slick black latex that was cut almost to the waist, revealing the mounds of her breasts to good advantage.

Alexa posed for the mirror and adjusted a little.

Perfect. The image of a domina on the prowl.

She chose a crop that ended with a wicked braided whip and posed again. No doubt about it, she was ready for anything that the banquet could bring. This was the moment when she would impress them, cause all the seniors to elevate her to their ranks because of the force of her sexuality! In Alexa's head, the daydream was shattered by the knock at the door and she stalked in her heels to answer the call.

Miss Greta looked almost surprised to see Alexa and peered into the villa.

"Ready to go?" she asked.

Alexa laughed.

"I caged all three!"

"Of course," agreed Miss Greta with a smile. "Well, it will be a long night for them, the princesses have to go to the ball and it will be an all-nighter for the ugly sisters!"

With her pigtails, white socks and the cute little tartan skirt, Miss Greta looked almost young enough to go back to school. Only the long crop in her hand betrayed her authority. The two women walked slowly down through the Pink Domain village while they chatted.

"So, tell me a little about the banquet," said Alexa.

"Nothing to tell, really," laughed Miss Greta. "Once a week, sometimes more often when we are busy, selected guests are invited to enjoy a social evening and a little entertainment as well as a superb meal and vintage wines."

Alexa wondered why she had been invited. After all, she thought, she had barely been in the Domains a day and had no strong contacts with the other women who were vacationing in there.

There had to be a reason!

She giggled as she remembered taunting her three slaves as she had incarcerated them. Penetrated and chained immobile, they would be on the edge the whole time that she was enjoying the company. The system monitoring for signs of approaching climax and denying it before once more pushing them almost to bliss. Alexa wondered about Andrea, that little gelding S2 slut who would be so much more difficult for the program to get to a state of near orgasm.

"Fifteen invited, I think that they will all turn up," said Miss Greta as they reached the flat ground at the bottom of the slope. "Two sissies per guest is the rule, and I heard that there will be an exhibition of obedience to keep us amused..."

The doors to the Rose Palazzo were open, two pretty maids standing to attention with trays, offering champagne. Miss Greta and Alexa each took a flute and entered the cool shadows. Like some palace for a wealthy magnate, embellished in cool, pink marble, Miss Greta led her companion inside where a large hall was almost filled by a vast table.

Several women stood sipping their champagne while maids scurried hither and thither to serve them drinks on the trays that were fixed at their waists. Bare-breasted and all attractively coy, the maids curtsied and moved on their ballet-heels without a glass ever being in danger of falling from their trays.

"You need to get to know a few others," said Miss Greta. "I'll take you round and let's see who is present..."

Two elderly women, stiff in long black latex ballgowns were the first. Miss Greta introduced them to Alexa and mentioned that they owned a ranch in Texas that was famous for the Fillies that were trained there.

"In the last years, they have taken nearly all of the prizes," said Greta.

"Not so good this year, so far," said one of the elderly women. "But, we have a few surprises in store for Phoenix Gymkhana!"

As Miss Greta led Alexa on, she explained in a whisper.

"Actually, they are more famous for the little piggies that they train, but it's not polite to mention it. I think that the fillies are more a side-line..."

Alexa looked back at the two women for a moment and almost shuddered.

The next on the list were three young girls. Dressed like street whores, torn fishnets, skirts that almost hid nothing and their breasts spilling over too-small lacy bras, they were onto their third glass of vintage champagne already. Then, Alexa recognised them, they were the noisy troupe of young girls on the SSL when she had arrived.

Miss Greta introduced them as the 'Williams Brats' and all three burst into laughter and started to giggle.

"They are the terror of the clubs in New York," smiled Miss Greta.

The three giggling girls curtsied as if maids, setting off another gale of laughter from all three.

"You should see the naughty photos on my Facebook page," laughed one as all three took another glass from a passing maid and then turned back to each other's company. "That little cock with a bow on it..."

"Then Charles Haughtworthy Jr. in her nice little dress, having a wank over another pathetic sissy," laughed another.

As Miss Greta led Alexa from the group she whispered again.

"Blackmail and ruin are their little hobby. Daddy left them all his money and they use it to play with and destroy careers and men as they have endless fun!"

Alexa shook her head and arrived at the next guest whom Miss Greta had decided to introduce.

"This is Mistress Veronica, one of the movers and shakers in the Domains," said Miss Greta.

At perhaps fifty years, Miss Veronica was tall, with a slight figure. A business suit in leather and wearing leather gloves, she had a thin haughty look and towered over Alexa and Miss Greta in her spiked heels.

"Charmed I'm sure," said Miss Veronica and extended a hand.

Alexa took the hand to discover that the woman had a brief hard grip.

"A New York criminal attorney, I understand?" said Miss Veronica.

Alexa nodded and added a few words about herself.

"Didn't you defend the Prilette brothers and get them off?" asked Miss Veronica. "A most impressive piece of legal wrangling, if I can say so. Your demolition of the physical evidence, most impressive..."

"A good moment," smiled Alexa.

"Perhaps we could meet when you are in New York," said Miss Veronica. "We have a small case that you might be interested in defending. If you fancy the work of course!"

The tall woman smiled and Alexa shrugged.

"Sounds good. Just drop me a line and we can discuss it..."

"Excellent, dear. I won't keep you because I can see that Greta is eager to introduce you to more of the guests."

As Miss Greta led Alexa away, she explained a little.

"Mistress Veronica organised the supply of the men for the whole of the Domains. Very senior... very!"

Alexa nodded and found herself being led to the far end of the table where a middle-aged woman was already seated. The woman was in a wheelchair and looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Can I introduce Ms Worthy," said Miss Greta. "One of the most frequent seniors of all, here in the Pink Domain. I have taken the liberty of seating you next to her for the evening, I think that the experience will *most* interesting!"

"Please to meet you..."

Alexa introduced herself and moved to sit by Ms Worthy's side. It was not just the wheelchair! Ms Worthy was dressed in a summer dress, no hint of any fetish or superior clothing. Alexa was tempted to peek down under the table to see if she even wore stilettos.

"I just love this place," said Ms Worthy. "It makes me feel so alive..."

Before Alexa could reply, Miss Greta made her excuses.

"I'll be back later, I think that I leave you in good hands!"

Now Alexa could reply.

"Me too, I have a sissy-slut at home, but this is so perfect... It's my first time," she gushed.

"Well, I'm so glad that you're enjoying yourself," said Ms Worthy.

For a moment a smile passed over her features and her tongue licked her lips. Then a slight rose flush on her cheeks.

"Excuse me, dear," said Ms Worthy and she settled in her chair. "That's better, now tell me a little about yourself?"

Alexa found that Ms Worthy was a pleasant conversationalist. Nothing about their common interests, all about Alexa while the other woman added a little detail about her own life and then moved to tell her story.

It seemed that she had married very young, a wealthy stockbroker who led her to a life of luxury. Ten years later, the shine had worn off and the husband found a younger woman to satisfy his needs. The way that the tale was told, was almost as if Ms Worthy had looked in at her own life from the outside! She told her story with a shrug as if it were of no interest to any but herself.

"Then he arranged the accident," she explained as she looked down at the wheelchair with a snigger. "Another car, from the side..."

Alexa wondered what was so amusing and waited for more.

"Of course, here I am, so *that* didn't work," said Ms Worthy with a small shrug. "So, what else could I do? I got my own back..."

Miss Alexa raised an eyebrow and waited. Clearly the punchline was about to be uttered and she wondered how he had died.

Ms Worthy smiled.

"Do you think that I would kill him?" she laughed. "Silly, why would I risk all that?"

"So, tell me what your revenge was," asked Alexa. "Something special..."

"Well, I have to admit that I thought about it as the divorce was moving along," said Ms Worthy. "I needed something that would keep him by my side, give

me control of his pathetic life and be an ironic testament to what he had done to me..."

"I can't even begin to imagine," said Alexa.

Ms Worthy laughed and patted Alexa's knee.

"Sometimes the perfect solution takes time," she laughed. "And imagination, and I have that in spades! I woke up one morning and realised the perfect revenge. Would you like to see?"

Alexa imagined Ms Worthy pulling some photo out to show her and held her breath. Instead there was a whirring and the wheelchair rolled back from the table. The first thing that Alexa saw was that Ms Worthy was wearing the highest heels that she had seen. Platforms that soared, heels that curved like daggers.

Then a hand fluttered its fingers on the woman's lap and she slowly lifted her airy summer dress to reveal her stocking tops. She parted her thighs and a smile was on her lips. She shuffled back a little and then it was that Alexa almost cried out.

A black mask, a face smoothed in latex, lips and tongue, a zipper open at the mouth, two closed to close the eyes. Ms Worthy slipped back over the face of her former husband and sighed.

"I like to keep him with me all the time," she said in a plain tone. "In fact, I may be the only woman who is allowed to bring a slave into the Domains and leave with him. A special concession to prevent accidents, of course..."

Her lips moved into a broad smile and she started to giggle.

"He still has his uses and I have to admit that I am too used to his service to do without my perfect hubby!"

Alexa suppressed a shudder. She did not want to know how a man could fit under the seat of that wheelchair and the nightmare reason was pushed from her mind.

"I am sure that he's happy to serve..." she laughed.

"Of course he is, my dear. All the time, just for me, he does everything I need. Could a marriage be any better than that?"

Alexa shook her head.

"One moment dear," said Ms Worthy and she rolled back her knees under the table and a look of relief came over her face.

"My husband denied me ever being a normal woman again," she said. "Everything that other women take for granted, he stole from me. Dressing, sex, eating and drinking without worrying where the toilets are, the trembling feeling in my thighs when I climax, the pleasure of a walk in the park or even to drive my sixties Mustang. All these he stole and now has to pay back..."

She paused and sighed.

"I like to give him a little champagne now and again, he deserves it!"

"Ironic," said Alexa and forced a laugh.

"That's true, but it's fitting as well and that is more important! The Domains is the only place that I can be me. Where the pretty sissies cater for my every whim, where my disablement is almost able to be ignored. The only place where real pleasure is served up on a platter like it is for everyone else."

Ms Worthy shuffled and her lips opened.

"I had him chipped, then he knows what I want," she laughed. "Anyway, a cane is so primitive when I can just do this..."

Her hand stretched out and she displayed two bracelets. One black, the other the same as the one that Alexa wore. She touched at the single dimple in the black bracelet and made a small cry that was almost distress.

"Every punishment for hubby is a pleasure for me," she said when the climax faded. "And, that's the way it should be!"

Chapter 14 Poolside

Alexa slept on the sunbed on the patio.

Tipsy from the wines, exhausted by the slut that had knelt between her thighs during the meal, replete with a menu that was five-star in excellence. She had staggered up the hill with her shoes in her hands and ended in the outdoors where the warm night breeze and the full moon bathed her in the flavours of the Domains.

When she awoke, it was to the small bright bird that chattered on the railings. A furious tweeting and squawking that brought her awake just as the sun was moving into the heights.

Before it would burn, after the clear sunrise.

Alexa thought of the woman that had entertained her the whole night. As Ms Worthy had drunk more and more and finally ended the binge with several brandies, she had regaled her companion for the evening with jokes and comments, revealing moments and stories and Alexa had found herself finally warming to her charm.

Ignoring the occasional effects of the fettered slave husband beneath the disabled woman's ass was easy, it just meant the occasional polite pause while Ms Worthy enjoyed his services. It became just part of the woman's attitude and character. Warm and full of laughter, strong and in control.

The evening had been a success and the small show that was basically the caning to the beat of a Latin dance combo, had been amusing, if a little gauche.

Alexa moved into the villa and took a shower before she remembered the three slaves that awaited release. She luxuriated under the hot water for half an hour and slowly pleased herself as she decided that today would be a day of rest.

No going out, no socialising.

Only Alexa and her sluts...

Today would be pampering and pleasure. Relaxation and leisure that would prepare her to sally back into the fray tomorrow, or perhaps the day after. After the shower, she headed for the cages and released her pets.

"Half an hour and then I want all three on the terrace," she said. "An inspection..."

It gave her time to settle down in the sun and add to her tan. This was a place where there would be no tan lines, naked and exposed, a perfect all-over colour was possible.

Alexa slipped into a drowsy satisfied sleep in the hot sun...

When she awoke it was already late noon. Three parasols bobbed over her prone nakedness, the three maids all in a row, keeping the sun from their mistress as best they could while she dozed in a dreamless sleep. She turned over and looked at all three with a feeling of satisfaction. What sweet little toys to play with whenever she wanted. How they cared for her every whim. Shy little Andrea, not daring to look into her mistress's eyes, Tonya with a sly smile and the ever-present bump at her thighs and Marcella...

When she had first arrived, just a couple of days ago, Marcella had been the one that Alexa had been determined to trade for another in the Pink Palazzo, now Alexa had discovered that there was something piquant about the bitch. Her aversion, her reluctance was a come-on, an enjoyable emotion at using her in ways that caused anguish. Even now she stood and there were blinked-back tears in her eyes as her owner for the week enjoyed humbling her.

"A little oil," whispered Alexa, leaving it open which of the three should follow the order.

She turned on the sun-bed and propped herself on her elbows and felt the touch of hands on her shoulders. Slick oil, intelligent fingers that kneaded her back without too much pressure. Circling motions that soothed and pleased. She opened her legs a little and sighed as the fingers worked over her thighs. Always careful not to touch what needed *explicit* approval. The ticklish backs of her knees, the curves of the muscle of her calves, down to ankles and feet.

Alexa almost dozed under the touch of the skilful fingers that swept from feet to shoulders and neck and then down again. Massaging in the sun-oil with circling movements, sending her into a reverie that caused a twinge of passion between her thighs. She cast a glance upward to see that it was Andrea's hands that touched and soothed her and waved the other two away.

"Run along to your tasks, girls," she stated. "Prepare a light meal for me and make sure that the wine is chilled..."

Marcella and Tonya retreated and the sun was at last allowed to bathe her in its full heat while the hands that added a few more drops of warm oil worked to sooth and please.

Balmy heat-hazed rooves spreading below, each with a low pitch. Red terracotta and pink tiles, rustic beauty down to the palazzos that lay at the bottom of the knoll on which the village had been built. Beyond that, the

spreading forest where she had met Sally and further, shimmered by the heat flat plains that led the eye to the distant mountains at the edge of vision. A slight breeze, heavy with humidity, a rustling of palms and the heady aromas of lilac and roses. A slight chirruping of the small bright birds that hopped freely seeking their insect prey.

Alexa found herself slipping to sleep and fought the urge to allow herself to enjoy the delicate touches and circling soft hands that lulled her into a doze. A perfect vacation, more than she could have ever wished for. Away from the hurly-burly of the courts, the rigid society that now lay almost forgotten. The place where, when her week was over, Alexa would re-join. The pleasant memories of the Domains would be merely a memory, a longed-for peace and fulfilment that she so deserved.

A place to return to...

The thoughts of her everyday work caused her to slip into another train of thought. She pictured Miss Veronica, tall and severe. Her greying hair, the business clothes that exuded her self-confidence. The heels and the endless legs and she speculated on what she would be like outside this place.

Would she still have that deadly charisma?

Alexa sighed.

A newbie, in the Domains for the first time, tasting heaven and almost overwhelmed by the world in which she found herself. A world of sophisticated kink, a realm where she was at the centre of everything as she deserved to be. Subtle ranking separated the women who gratified themselves here in paradise. Guests, seniors and those who had created this Eden in a forgotten corner of Brazil.

Alexa, the initiate, already relaxing in a villa at the top of the knoll. Greeted and elevated, it had to have a reason. Unknown motives and indefinite invitations. A guest that had captured the attentions of those in power. What did they want from her in the hum-drum outside world? Her thoughts wandered and she pictured a meeting with Miss Veronica and the others that she had seen here, and decided that it was her place in the courts that must be the attraction. After all, she was no different from the hundreds of women that paid thousands a day to reside in the domains.

It was *what* she was and not *who* she was that attracted that attention.

The woman that had cut a trail through the higher criminal courts, mostly with conspicuous success. There would be so much business from them, how could there not be? With the hidden underworld of sexual slavery and abuse occasionally revealed and needing patching. Miss Veronica, the stealer of

souls, the deliverer of controlled wretches that were turned into helpless property for those that could afford the luxury. From her activities alone, there must be a wealth of legal complications.

Alexa sighed and opened her legs a little to allow the sun to bathe her skin.

The attending sissy misunderstood the movement and her hands slipped between Alexa's thighs to tease a little. Alexa realised that an unspoken need was being gratified and opened a little wider. She felt the fingers pouring more oil and then they slid down the valley of her ass and a single finger slid between the lips of her pussy.

With her thoughts no longer reflecting on all of those whys and wherefores, she moaned, encouraging more attention. A second hand soothed the insides of her thighs, while the clever of the first teased and massaged. Alexa relaxed and spread her arms, her face now resting on the silk of the pillow. Both hands goaded her with consummate skill, massaging and circling to swoop and touch before retreating again.

A rhythm building cycles of pleasure that could only be satisfied with more of the same. As if the perfect lover was tempting her to orgasm with loving touches and petting. Alexa suppressed her desire for submission from the sissy that was slowly bringing her to climax. Allowed the gentle touches to bring forth her desire and not some act of obedience that was her normal wish.

A single word and there would be lips teasing her ass, a tongue lapping at her cunt, the helpless slave made to prove devotion and obedience. Instead a slow climax that filled her with a hunger to be satisfied, to be taken ever further.

One of the small yellow birds perched on the sunbed before her eyes as she climaxed the first time. It looked quizzically into her eyes and pouting lips uncertainly before fluttering away as she moaned and the first orgasm took her. Andrea was relentless in her attention to detail. Retreating for a moment and then asserting herself as she became more confident in her skills.

Andrea's hands swept over the smooth skin and then centred to tease the taut sensitive opening that was buried between her ass. Dripping a little more oil and then pressing into the prone mistress while her other hand found the inflamed clitoris that peeped out for attention.

A strange feeling!

Never before penetrated like this, Alexa groaned as the invading finger worked its magic. She slipped into a fugue of gratification, resting on a cloud of bliss while she was slowly brought to another subtle climax. One that stormed the dizzy heights while she was violated with a tender touch.

Inside and out.

All over as the sissy slave lavished small kisses on her thighs and ass while fingers and hands found the unguarded spots in her defences. Slow twisting, slow penetration, touches and kisses.

Each touch became a surrender.

Not to the stimulating sissy that caused the sensuality to take form, but to the pleasure that welled from within. The mounting third orgasm, the eleventh wave on the beach that washed her mind free of cares and concerns. The wetness of her lust mingled with the scented oil. The fingers cleverly staging each moment until at last, at the very end, the fingers pulled free and Andrea planted a loving kiss on the cheek of her owner's ass as she gasped and climaxed with a tremble.

The sound of her own breathing loud in her ears.

A slight click from Andrea's heels.

A softly murmured question.

"Do you love me?"

There was no answer.

How could there be? The slave was mute with only the slightest moans even possible. Alexa looked up to see the maid standing by her side, carefully positioned to cast no shadow on Alexa's exposed skin. As the mistress regarded her slave, she saw a shiny tear in those blinking eyes. The moment passed as did Alexa's post-orgasmic haze.

She dismissed Andrea to her cage and turned to look at the panorama below.

A brief, private moment of weakness, she decided.

How could she feel grateful to such a pathetic menial? *Of course* they loved her, of course they wanted to serve to their limits, they were nothing but possessions, the lower orders that lived to slave for her pleasure! Did a sofa question who sat on it? They were nothing, mere chattels to be used and abused for her amusement. The passing weakness was washed by almost-humiliation at being manipulated and she decided that Andrea would feel the full force of her servitude tonight.

That would be the theme for tonight's drama!

Alexa, skin shiny with sweat and the oil pearling on her body, dozed a little with delicious thoughts of the evening circling her mind. She lay relaxed, soothed by the sights, sounds and scents until at last a footfall announced the arrival of one of her small cadre of feminised slaves. Marcella stood quietly at a distance, and waited on her mistress's attention. Her arrival had been registered, of that she could be sure, now it was her duty to pause until the naked woman on the sun-bed decided that she was ready.

"A bite to eat?" asked Alexa.

Marcella nodded slightly and curtsied while Alexa slowly rose from the bed. Now, standing, she could feel a cooler breeze that heralded the late afternoon. It washed her skin and she fluttered her hair with her fingers.

"First a shower," said the mistress. "You will be in attendance..."

Marcella followed Alexa as she padded through the villa. Tonya stood to attention with a wine flute and plate already prepared. Alexa cast her a glance and passed through to the wet room. She stood in the centre whilst Marcella attended to the details. Temperature had to be perfect, towels had to be ready...

"Naked," said Alexa.

There was perhaps a hint of hesitation and then Marcella stripped. A single movement to expose herself. Bend her knees to unhook the heels from her feet, roll the tight slick dress from her body and unlace the corset that nipped her waist to a narrow wasp-waist.

Naked, the slut was undoubtedly perfection. A still-tight waist, swelling hips and a full rounded ass that begged to be spanked. The neat plump triangle between her thighs, the swollen lips of her pussy. Topping it all, making her the perfect plaything, the vast breasts that thrust from her chest, enhanced by the erect stance that was second nature.

Alexa stepped into the shower area where the almost misty cloud of water enshrouded her. Marcella followed and began massaging the curdled sun tan oil from her mistress. Her hands started at the shoulders and untangled hair gently. Her breasts pressed against Alexa as she worked to clean and Alexa felt a thrill.

There could be nothing to compare with this feeling! All of the tender care and loving with no need to return the affection. A perfect relationship, a one-way street that had no end.

Alexa turned to allow her female slave to attend to her and enjoyed the touches and the flow of the water over her skin. When she emerged from the

spray, she felt refreshed and just a little peckish. Ready for the evening of pleasure that waited for her. Because Marcella had not been instructed to dress, she followed Alexa into the lounge of the villa naked as Tonya moved to serve the meal that she had prepared.

Tonya poured the wine as his mistress took a place on the wide couch, while Marcella stood presenting herself for Alexa's eyes to enjoy as she ate and sipped her wine. Alexa so enjoyed that she was totally naked and almost chuckled at the reaction from Tonya. The heavy cock swollen and trapped by her tight skirt, the need plain to see.

Tonight, there would be no release, thought Alexa as she tormented the slut. Instead, Andrea would be punished for allowing herself to influence the course of pleasure an hour ago. Punishment hood and severe uniform, she would learn that when mistress was displeased, even with herself...

...there were severe consequences.

The *real* holiday had truly begun.

Chapter 15 Encounter

For several days, Miss Alexa kept to herself.

The occasional stroll down to the edge of the forest. A vague longing to see Sally and her magnificent stallions again was part of it, the other motivation was the recognition that she now seemed to have. The other women nodded to her, engaged in chit-chat as their pets kneeled while the conversation passed over their heads.

There were unwritten rules to this society of the dominant sex, and Alexa soaked them in approvingly as she realised that the Domains were not some continuous sexual frenzy of unrestrained public carnal abuse. Instead, by seemingly common consent, there were places and times, mostly private when that insatiable hunger came to the fore. For the rest of the time, in public, sissies were displayed and occasionally humiliated for the amusement of the women that had them on their leashes. Uniforms and shoes were admired, the conversations were of restraints and the style of regime that each woman felt suited her particular flair. Hints of the other domains were bartered and Alexa occasionally felt at a disadvantage, but she just proclaimed her style and happily admitted that she was tasting the Pink Domain for the first time.

There had to be a first time for every woman who visited...

Every evening there was some sort of event in the various palazzos that formed the confine of the village that made up the Pink Domain. Alexa attended some and soon found that it was the social aspects of these dramas that was the real draw. Mingling and exchanging their contacts, the mistress' built up their contacts and soon Alexa realised that the web of these women was indeed cast wide.

Most seemed to be Americans, but there were others from around the world that enjoyed the facilities of CM Domains. Alexa mingled freely, enjoyed the little amusements of inductions and lectures, but most of all, the company of her peers.

It took until that sixth day before Alexa at last met a woman that she recognised from the outside world. On arrival, she had almost been nervous that she would come across some woman who she knew, now she felt far more comfortable and approached with a smile and received a small hug and a kiss from a woman that she had always seen from across the courtrooms where she pleaded her client's cases.

Judge Jessica Harriman, a distant power on the bench, a judge whose presence caused anxiety when the defence laid their plans. Strict, competent and always shooting down the fanciful schemes that were expounded from

the defence counsel. Just three years ago, she had arrived from back west to make her mark.

"Ah, Miss Alexa," said the woman with a small smile.

Old habits ingrained in Alexa caused her to stutter a little.

"Judge... I mean Miss Jessica," said Alexa and then chuckled. "Old habits die hard..."

"That's just as it should be, dear! I am not surprised to see you here, though if I had chosen a Domain for you, I suppose that it would have been Roan."

"Perhaps next time," said Alexa. "It tempts me."

"It is my *usual* haunt," said Miss Jessica. "Nothing quite like it and so many of my friends and acquaintances head that way."

"But, this time Pink?" asked Alex.

"Rest and relaxation," smiled Miss Jessica. "You know how it is, stress and strain all the time, I need to take a break and indulge myself occasionally, and what better place than this? I just love the laid-back calm of the place."

The two women were joined by a third.

"Can I introduce Maria?" said the judge with a grin. "She accompanies me on all of my trips, sort of my PA, I suppose."

Dressed in a summer frock and kitten heels, Maria seemed almost out of place with the sharply dressed Miss Jessica. Alexa received the obligatory peck on the cheek.

"There are just *not* enough female lawyers in New York, especially in criminal law," said Miss Jessica. "Something that needs work, I suppose. I have always been impressed by the way that you present your cases..."

Alexa shrugged, the last few days had been spent in an atmosphere so divorced from her work, getting back into the mood was a wrench. Miss Jessica looked at the kneeling Andrea on the end of Alexa's leash and sighed.

"She's cute," said the judge and patted the pet's head gently, "an S2?"

"My favourite," said Alexa. "Such a quiet little thing..."

Miss Jessica laughed.

"It's snipping them that does it, dear. Pacifies their masculinity and makes them focus on what is *really* important."

It was a common subject of discussion and Alexa relaxed.

"Usually I like a bit of rebellion," she answered. "But, this is a chance to relax and just enjoy, so it suits me well..."

"And then back to the rustle of papers and legal wrangles!"

"All work and no play makes Alexa a dull little girl! We really must meet up when you get back. Which is?"

"Just two more days left in Eden," laughed Alexa.

"Excellent, then there's time..."

Alexa raised an eyebrow in question.

"I'm in villa three," said the judge with a twinkle in her eye. "Why don't you pop round tonight and we can have a bottle or two and get to know each other better? I know that it's a bit naughty of me to socialise with the lawyers in my courts, but then here we are just friends who share a little secret..."

So different from the hard woman who sat behind her bench and dispensed decisions with a snap of the gavel, thought Alexa. Jessica Harriman, the unapproachable bitch had a human side! All of the councillors feared ending up in her court and now, here was Alexa bantering with her in the street!

"Time?"

"Oh, let's say seven, dear. Bring it with you," she patted Andrea on the head again and smiled wickedly. "The more the merrier!"

"At seven, villa three. Isn't that right at the top?"

"That's one of the benefits of being in such a powerful position in the outside world," laughed the judge. "Very occasionally work and pleasure can be mixed to the advantage of all..."

Was that a hint?

An offer?

A testing of the waters?

Alexa found that she had butterflies in her stomach and wondered to whose advantage a courtroom decision could be. It all came back to the idea that she was being wooed by the seniors of the Domains and now the thought occurred to Alexa that this meeting was no accident. Perhaps it would be interesting to probe a little?

"An interesting coincidence," said Alexa to see what the reaction would be.

"There are no coincidences, only crimes," laughed the judge. "In the courts that is something that one learns very quickly..."

"I'll bear that in mind," said Alexa slowly.

"Relax," said Miss Jessica with a grin that slowly spread. "You would never be placed at risk, just help a little, that's all..."

Alexa tried to relax, but the anxiety in her must have showed.

"Together we will make a perfect team," said the judge. "Tonight, I will explain over a glass or two. Don't worry about it, it will be fun..."

Alexa shrugged.

It seemed that the 'chance' meeting was at an end and possibly that she had a choice to make. One thing was certain, Judge Jessica Harriman had a reputation for her rulings that was unimpeachable. That reputation would never be placed at risk. Already she was in several committees that investigated possible legal changes for the Senate and Congress and, it was rumoured, connections that went to the top.

"I'd better get back then," said Alexa, looking up the slope to where the tiles of her villa were just discernible, "get myself in the mood for a glass or three..."

"Oh, it'll be more than that," laughed Miss Jessica.

Chapter 16 Proposal

It was only when she returned to the villa that Alexa realised that she had not enquired what dress was suitable for the occasion. She had the sissies running hither and thither selecting and then declining dresses and shoes for an hour before she calmed down and decided that an hour or two in the afternoon sun would be just the tonic to relax.

Under the shade of a parasol she luxuriated and admired her tan. All over perfect, not the hint of a bikini strap or one of those horrid triangles where ivory skin met the mellow tan. If there was anything that she would take back from the Domains, it was the most perfect sun-tanned body that had taken four days to develop!

There was another reason that she so enjoyed lying naked in the sun.

The suppressed reactions of her sissies!

She could almost feel the envy emanating from Marcella and the constant painful erections of Tonya were a delight. A perfect tease. Even Andrea suffered at seeing her smooth body, being permitted to oil and massage, tease and please, all the while in the knowledge of what she had lost!

Alexa spread her thighs a little to allow herself to be slathered in the sun oil and enjoyed her self-control at not permitting any petting from the pathetic docked S2. She could almost feel the trembling of the hands that dared not touch what was displayed and sighed in contentment as the sun shade was folded and the sweating sissies were forced to watch their mistress relax while they roasted in the afternoon sun.

The sun lowered and at last, Alexa had to take a shower and reconsider the problem of what to wear. The question was... formal, kinky or casual? She looked at the clothes that Andrea and Marcella brought for her inspection and rejected them all. If she was to impress Miss Jessica, then it would have to be something a little different and exciting.

It was Andrea that made the suggestion.

She dared to take Alexa's hand and lead her to the tiny room where she and the other two slaves lived. In a magnanimous mood, Alexa allowed the little sissy to tug her urgently and almost giggled at the thought of the pet leading the owner.

What on earth was she up to?

In the bare cell, the three cages open and waiting, the punishment bench and all the paraphernalia of obedience neatly prepared, Andrea led her mistress

to the tall cupboards where the slaves' uniforms were stored. When the doors opened to reveal endless drawers and hanging rails, Alexa giggled and ran her hand over the clothes with a feather touch. In some ways, the choice was not so different from her own, but the chains, straps, belts and locks made an interesting difference.

Andrea looked up at Alexa who raised her hand, almost to touch the filigree collar that the mistress wore. The hand retreated. There was no way that she could be mistaken for a slave or sissy, not with the mark of a guest on her throat.

"Clever little girl," said Alexa, realising that the sissy had answered her fears.

Andrea looked coyly at her feet, carefully avoiding staring at the naked mistress who stood before her.

"Which ones are Tonya's?" asked Alexa.

Her build was similar to Alexa's whereas Marcella and Andrea's clothes would be a poor fit. Andrea pointed to the left of the cupboard and Alexa started to rummage. To make sure that she looked at nothing twice, Alexa took each piece out, inspected it and then either tossed it to the bed to try or into a heap on the floor if it was immediately not suitable.

There was just a single maid uniform and few frilly items. Tonya was intended as a slut rather than a frillified sissy. This meant that there was a large selection of sexy revealing items, incredibly high heels and latex pieces. Alexa decided that the latex was a good idea. Tonya had huge breasts and latex would still stretch over her less ample chest as it was stretched and not fitted. Dresses and tops that had openings for nipples were instantly discarded, as were those that needed the restraints to be closed in order to wear the garment. This still left a considerable pile of things on the bed to choose from in a heady mixture of bright pinks and reds and black.

Finally, the shoes to wear...

Once again, the choice was ample. Naturally, she could wear a pair from her wardrobe, but when she slipped on a pair of plain red heels, it turned out that they were a good fit. A few pairs of shoes, she had never seen the like of before. With studs in the inside under the heels, they were clearly designed to force the wearer to crawl or suffer... Not a good idea! Alexa had just made up her mind that she would pick from her own shoes when Andrea handed her a stunning pair of stilettos that caused Alexa's heart to almost stop in amazement.

Almost so tall that the wearer would be on tip toes, arched soles that would curve the top of the foot and then a broad collar at the ankle. The heels were parallel to the soles and almost as slender as skewers, and the entire effect was

so indecent that she held them in her hands and slid her fingers along the length of the heels and felt the thrill of their dominance.

"These are soooo good," she muttered under her breath as Andrea helped her step into them and she decided that she would ask if she could take them when she returned to New York. "So *fucking* suggestive..."

Alexa slipped them off and turned them in her hand. It was then that she saw the two small electrodes buried in the insides and realised that this pair of shoes were all just part of Chastity Microsystem's control network. A small, single, touch at her bracelet confirmed this as she felt a tingle in her fingertips as the call to attention was delivered with a slight soft jolt.

Nothing to worry about, she thought. After all, she had the controller in her own hand, so she would just have to be careful!

Now that the shoes were chosen, Alexa started to dress. She picked through the clothes again and settled on a simple matte-black sheath of tight latex that started at a line that just about supported her breasts down to a hem barely above the ankles. Completely plain, no visible seams and just a single zipper that ran down the side to open the dress to a flat featureless limp sheet. She thrilled as Andrea slowly closed her into the dress, carefully straightening it over her stockings that were the only other piece of clothing worn.

The zipper ran from top to bottom, closing her in, forcing the latex to stretch to Alexa's figure all the way as Andrea smoothed and pulled her mistress into it.

Then came the shoes.

Almost impossible to lift her feet, Alexa chuckled as the maid crawled at her feet and slipped her into the shoes. The effect was stunning. A curvaceous figure pulled into a sheath of matte latex that flattered every part of her figure. The support for her breasts was good, revealing the sides, covering just from the nipples downwards as it cupped her and warmed to flex at her body heat.

Last of all, makeup.

Simple bright cherry lips and a touch of mascara balanced by liner that was drawn up to points. Hair back and with a plain black ribbon and the effect was complete. Tall, straight, voluptuous and black! The perfect look as long as she was not expected to walk far! Each step was just a few inches and pulled the skirt of the dress in waves that rippled over her legs and thighs. The shoes were so tall that Alexa had trouble balancing for the first steps before she found a movement that suited their heels.

Crawling on the floor, Andrea held two small padlocks in her hands and looked up enquiringly. With a nod of permission she added them to the ankle straps of the shoes and passed the tiny keys to the mistress that towered over her.

The look was complete.

Calling Tonya and Marcella to attend with an instinctive touch of her bracelet caused her to feel the calling signal through the shoes. It made her feet tingle and Andrea realised that being careful would be tricky.

What would happen if she touched Tonya's button twice?

Or three times!

Alexa smiled as the two maids arrived and she gave her orders.

"I want your room perfect and then I want you both in your cages, for when I return later," she commanded. "Marcella will be on the machine, Tonya. Make sure that the bitch is tightly fettered. That's all!"

Was that a tear from Marcella?

Alexa raised an eyebrow at this hint of rebellion and then turned to Andrea.

"You are coming with me," she said. "I want the short leash and my short crop..."

Andrea hurried at her mistress' bidding and Alexa followed with short steps. She turned for a moment at the door and glared at the two figures who stood with hanging heads.

"Set it to level eight," said Alexa to Tonya. "Be ready and in the cages by nine..."

Tonya curtsied and Alexa turned back to find Alexa standing ready. In one hand the short chain leash, in the other the wicked slim two-foot wand that would hand from a wrist-loop at Alexa's wrist.

"Let's go, girl," said Alexa as she touched the door-guard on the cage room with her bracelet.

The light in the door jamb turned red and now the two in their room would be punished should they try to leave. Alexa had barely looked at the programmable interface in her bedroom that could set complex controls in place.

Much simpler to use the bracelet and keep an eye on her slaves.

For the first time, Alexa turned upwards.

Alexa was in villa six, Miss Jessica in villa three, further up the hill. What would have been a stroll of five minutes, became a tip-toe walk of fifteen in the shoes that lifted her so high. Andrea, all primped in pretty pink, held the parasol over her to shade the sun as Alexa strolled past the other villas.

When she arrived at the door in the pink stucco wall, Alexa tried her bracelet, but it had no effect on the door. Instead, a press on the button and the door opened with click and a buzz and she found herself in the gardens that surrounded Miss Jessica's villa.

The grass was wet with dew from the sprinklers, a far larger area than Alexa had at the front of her own villa. The whole was larger and even more luxurious than Alexa's. She could see around the side of the house to the glorious view and also the pool that was inside the grounds of the villa.

Alexa took a couple of steps and then her hostess arrived from the pool area. Dressed in casual jeans and just four-inch heels with a T shirt, she smiled and then looked Alexa up and down.

"You look so delicious, darling. I could eat you right now!" laughed the Judge. "I should have said that there was no need, but then I would have missed this exquisite sight..."

Alexa felt herself blush a little and took a few small steps to allow Miss Jennifer to hug her. For a moment she felt hands grip her ass and pull and the sweet taste of the Judge on her lips, the touch of the tip of a tongue and then she was released.

"You see, darling, how easy it is to turn me on!"

Alexa blushed and followed her hostess around the side of the house to the pool. The marble-paved pool area occupied a position overlooking Alexa's villa, the view perhaps even more splendid.

"Just us darling, together for the evening..."

Alexa wondered if this was an invitation, a subtle pass...

"I got all nervous and overdid it," said Alexa looking down at the sheath of her dress. "I've been here nearly a week and I still don't understand the social niceties!"

"There are none," replied Miss Jessica. "Just go with the flow. For me, I now wish that I had primped and preened a little. You look perfectly stunning and I find myself a little envious of your figure! Anyway, I was sort of trying to second guess

you! Wrongly, but never mind. I have prepared a little to eat and then a few good bottles of wine. On the other hand, you look good enough to eat."

She paused while Alexa sat carefully on one of the armchairs set to look over the panorama of the Pink Domain and then took a position facing her.

"Normally, my taste runs to submissive men," said the Judge, "but, when I look at you, I find myself not so sure!"

Definite and clear! Alexa smiled and nodded.

"A feeling that I quite understand," she said carefully, and she positioned herself carefully. The dress was so tight that she could not even cross her ankles!

Miss Jessica touched her own silver bracelet and in a few moments two cute little pets had arrived to serve the snacks and light meal that had been promised. Alexa's eyes followed the graceful movements of the two little maids and then looked enquiringly at the judge.

"Both docked," said Miss Jessica with a laugh. "I like my slaves nice and docile and always have the same three whenever I come here." She paused a moment and then laughed. "No pun intended... or perhaps it was!"

"And the third?" asked Alexa.

"Oh, she's just for the bathroom," said Miss Jessica with an easy smile. "It's one of the things that I so like about this place. Ask and you get, it doesn't matter what pleases, we always get what teases..."

She chuckled at the little rhyme as one of the pretty pink maids placed a glass in her hand.

"Mind if I smoke?" asked Miss Jessica.

"Of course not," replied Alexa as she received her own glass and a small tray was filled with tiny hors d'oeuvre.

Miss Jessica slid a long cigarillo through her fingers and mounted it in a holder before one of the attending sissies produced a lighter.

"A little kink of mine," she said as she breathed the blue-grey smoke and allowed it to trickle from her lips.

The smoke wafted a little and Alexa could smell the pleasant aroma drifting by as she sipped at her wine. She looked down to her own villa and then lifted her eyes to the horizon.

Miss Jessica beckoned one of the maids to her, who knelt by her side, hands behind her back, and turned her face to look up at the sky, opening her bee-stung lips wide. The hostess looked down and tapped her cigarillo over the upturned mouth and continued the conversation.

"I think that we are both women who know what we want and are pretty direct," she said. "Of course this is all no accident... So let's be definite about that at the start!"

Alexa nodded and delicately ate a pastry. It fascinated her to watch Judge Harriman in her own element. Of course, in the courts she was at home as well, but somehow here, in the soft warm Brazilian breeze, a slave at her side, Miss Jennifer was truly in her element. A small drift of a wrist, the long thin cigarillo tricking a fume of smoke, the long manicured nails tapping and then the ash fluttered down between open lips.

"As I said," a bit of a kink of mine," said Miss Jessica with a smile.

She looked at the half-burned cigarillo smouldering between her fingertips and a sly smile came over her face.

"It's the only reason that, once a year, I go to the Crimson Domain," she muttered. "Nothing quite like it..."

"Roan, Pink *and* Crimson?" asked Alexa.

"Mostly Roan, I have this passion for whips," said Miss Jessica easily. "In the last few years, I suppose that I have become just a little more of a sadistic bitch! Or perhaps I should just say, a little more demanding!"

The conversation turned to generalities and Alexa discovered a little about her hostess. Miss Jessica had served in Arizona as a lawyer and then moved into the justice system for a while as a prosecutor. Becoming senior with the chance of a Supreme Court appointment, Judge Harriman had moved to New York where the action was.

"Washington DC or New York," she explained. "It is criminal law that interests me. Tort, commercial and contracts are just such a bore. Now I am on the commission stages of a House Investigative Committee for crime prevention. The details are a bore, but it looks like a move forward..."

"Crime prevention?"

"Let's just say, it looks like the legal framework that I suggested is going through... Don't ask, the committee meets 'in-camera' and when it comes with its recommendations there will be a real political battle."

"So, why am I here?" asked Alexa.

"Ah, good," said the Judge. "Down to business, I suspected as much..."

She dropped her cigarillo stub into the open mouth and waved both of the maids and Andrea away with a ripple of her fingers.

"It's easy to forget that some of them *may* remember what they hear, dear," said Miss Jennifer with a small smile. "Of course, who are they going to tell? But, one can never be too careful!"

Alexa shrugged and looked at the eaves of the villa.

"We are being filmed," she commented.

"Only while a chipped slave is in the area," laughed Miss Jessica.

"No one told me that..."

Alexa started to laugh.

"Of course it's like that, never mind, I'm sure that what happens in the Domains always stays in the Domains. Like Vegas, but even more so..."

"Eight years ago, when the Domains were just being created, I was asked to become senior, perhaps even a partner," started the judge. "Naturally, I declined! I considered the concept far too risky and open to abuse. What I didn't know was that the company behind the systems and the women that implemented all of this were more than serious, they had it all under control."

Alexa listened to the history lesson with interest.

"So, eight years ago, they opened Crimson, Pink was the next. Originally, the riding paradise was the *only* idea, but it took far more planning than Crimson and Pink and so, was opened after them. Now, every few years, the place adds a new theme and the Domains become ever more powerful... Politically, that is."

"So they need helpers on the outside to protect all of this?"

"Oh no, my dear! They are long past the risky phase *here*. No what they want is to protect their guests. Ensure that regular use of the Domains guarantees that owning slaves on the outside is safer. Already it is working..."

"In what way?"

Miss Jessica sighed and pulled another cigarillo out of the box and then realised that she had no ashtray. With a small sound of irritation, she slid it back into its box.

"In that there is a support group who work for the Domains on the outside. They gain special benefits when they vacation here and most of them become Seniors pretty quickly..."

"The Silver Domain?"

"And the White Domain that is being planned at the moment."

"White?"

"Oh yes, some clever investor realised that having a clinic here would save money when slaves need severe modification. About five years ago, that clinic was in operation, now it is to become the next Domain. Guests will be able to live out their little pleasures as 'Doctors and Nurses' day after day and of course the clinic will be a fully operational facility as well..."

The idea caused Alexa to shiver in pleasure. Somehow, it appealed to her deep down and the idea of being an evil nurse was just so exciting!

"So, you are here to recruit me?"

"Exactly, darling! Occasionally there will be cases that come to you. You will accept them and present them in my court. I will decide the defence for special clients and together we shall make New York as safe as California for superior women."

"California?"

"Three judges and over ten law-firms on the books. New York needs to be built up and we are just the ones to make it happen!" Miss Jessica leaned forward and an intensity lit her eyes.

Alexa raised an eyebrow.

"Think about it, darling! This is your chance to be part of something far larger than you can imagine. It will take years!" Miss Jessica paused for a moment. "Already, I have said more than I should have..." she added with a frown, "but, there is so much to do and we are the ones to do it..."

"And the risks?"

"There are risks, of course there are, dear; but the payoff is vast..."

"I'm in," said Alexa impulsively.

Miss Jessica sighed with satisfaction.

"That makes eight of us in New York," she said. "Soon we shall establish a firm to bring all of us together."

"You are offering a full partnership?"

"My dear Miss Alexa, I am offering so much more..."

A full senior partnership in a new law-firm! Alexa felt almost giddy with excitement at the thought. In just a week in the Domains, she had advanced her career so much further than she could ever have imagined.

Miss Jessica beckoned with her finger and the maid once more took up her post at her side. She lit another cigarillo and blew a plume of smoke in the warm air. With the slave once more in hearing-range it seemed that the private part of the interview was over, even though a million questions filled her head.

"Such a shame that the vacation is almost at an end," said Alexa with a small sigh. "I love it here..."

She beckoned Andrea to fill her glass again and slipped a hand under her skirt to feel the tiny little cocklet and tease a little. Everything was so perfect in this place she decided as she felt a slick drop oil her fingers.

"Then we should celebrate together," said Miss Jessica. "One more glass of wine and then perhaps..."

"Is she making a pass?" wondered Alexa as she watched a dense roll of smoke exit lips to be sucked back through those smiling ruby lips. There was something between them, a tension that needed to be relieved, a final seal on the verbal pact that had been undertaken. A decisive commitment that would finalise the arrangement.

"I like the sound of that," said Alexa.

The Judge leaned forward and there was a smirk on her striking features. A serious edge as she fixed her eyes on Alexa's. She tapped her cigarillo delicately on the lips of the maid twice and then dropped the remainder into the wet mouth.

"That's what I was hoping you would say," said the Judge. "Women like us should not play alone..."

Miss Jessica stood and offered an outstretched hand to her companion and Alexa took it to feel herself pulled to her feet. The dress that she wore clutched her calves together, stretched over her thighs as Miss Jessica pulled her close and surrounded her with strong arms.

A long kiss as the sun reached the horizon, a romantic moment that filled Alexa with desire. Lips touched, and the two women pressed together, hands explored and when they parted Alexa knew that she had found what she had always craved.

A female partner who would never question her wicked cravings! Never be jealous, never demand absolute fidelity...

The hands dropped from Alexa's latex smoothed hips and one took her hand to lead her into the villa. A crooked finger beckoned the two feminised maids who crawled after them like the pets that they were.

"Allow me to seduce you," said Miss Jessica as she turned to face.

Alexa gasped as she felt fingers pull at the zipper on the side of her tight dress. Felt it slide upwards, loosening as Miss Jessica placed her feet between her own and slid her hand upward with a slow rasp as the zipper opened. It stopped at her hips, and fingers crept through the opening to slide over naked skin.

"I love what you chose for me, bitch," breathed the judge as her hands explored the smooth latex.

Breathlessness, it came with short gasps at the first touch and Alexa melted in Miss Jessica's arms. She found her own hand on the firm belly, sneaking through the blouse and slipping under the waistband of the tight jeans. Fingers questing, between skin and denim, sliding down to the soft parting of a wet pussy. Entering at the moment that she felt her own lips being parted.

It was that first exploration of a partner, the tentative touches and contacts that were so intimate as they discovered true lust.

A gasp from both and a chuckle from Miss Jessica as she snapped the fingers of her other hand and closed her lips to Alexa's. The kiss was long and hard, tongues touching and invading. The sound of a zipper being opened and Alexa's hand was suddenly free to touch and play. The shuffle of shoes on the hard floor, hands from below easing clothing from the two women. The fleeting kisses on their feet and then hands and lips making their way upward.

Alexa sighed and lifted her hands to rest on the narrow waist and Miss Jessica did likewise. As she was enveloped by her lover, a questing tongue slid the length of her thigh and for a brief moment she wondered if it was Andrea that

was pressed between their thighs, parting the lips of her cunt, teasing and making her gasp.

"Oh my God," murmured Alexa as their lips parted for a moment.

The reply was a smile and then another touch from below, hands followed by pursed lips. Hands that gently parted her cleft of Alexa's ass, lips that moved and a tongue that lapped to find the bud of her opening.

"This is what men are for..." breathed Miss Jessica. "Pleasure and enjoyment, absolute obedience... To create bliss for their owners..."

Alexa could feel the waves of pure gratification spreading a warmth on her skin. A flush of heat that caused her to shiver in anticipation. She moved her feet, opened and locked her knees.

That first subtle climax was already overwhelming her.

Chapter 17 Return

Noise and confusion.

People rushing to catch the pods, involuted in their own small world of deadlines and inconveniences. Others standing to wait by the departure boards that would show them which entrance to enter. Never had New York seemed so crass and chaotic to Alexa as she grasped her small case and moved towards the exit of Grand Central.

Back to the grind, the comforting peace and pleasure of the Domains so far away, not even a rumour to the crowds that stumbled in disorderly movement. She made her way up the broad stairs and into the street, almost unable to comprehend her own progress.

Alexa's hand moved to her throat where the filigree collar had been. Smooth skin greeted her fingertips and she sighed in longing. The bracelet that gave her the power to punish or reward, the collar that marked her as one of the privileged few, returned for the next guest to use. She wondered what names her sissies now bore for the guest that was surely arriving now at villa number six and chuckled at the thought.

Her phone seemed almost unfamiliar in her hand as she saw the endless calls that had been missed, the mails that filled the screen and the urgent call of the messages that now needed attention. In moments she was cocooned in the car that was the final leg of the journey, swept through the streets filled with scurrying humanity.

For a minute she watched the passing streets and buildings before she started to flick through her messages. Glancing at each one momentarily, as it flicked under her fingers. Calls to meetings, invitations and comments from the office. Demands and needs... A message from Miss Gillian that her own little pet was already delivered after her week of intense training.

Alexa felt a sense of dissatisfaction; how could the willing bitch be compared to the three slaves that she had just left behind? A pathetic depraved masochist that served within the unspoken limits that they had agreed between them?

An irritation that needed to be attended to... she deserved far more!

The phone chirped, and an unknown number registered.

Her heart missed a beat as she saw that it was a first contact.

'Please note that the contracts of partnership are ready for approval and signing - JH.'

Anxiety?

Exhilaration at the contact?

Alexa slid the phone into the pocket of her jeans just as the car arrived outside her apartment block. She stepped from it and entered the foyer of the building where the security man handed her a pile of post, a small packet and said,

"How was the vacation?"

"Perfect," she said and headed for the elevators.

How could she explain to him the glory that she had experienced?

Impossible!

An awakening, the dominance that welled from within her? He should be grovelling and begging her to punish him...

The door to the apartment opened and closed, Alexa left the case and strolled through the apartment that was nothing compared to the villa where she had spent the last week. Everything as it always was, a distant familiarity. All that remained was to release her sissy to attend to the dust that a week of disuse had left on every surface.

She made her way to the low steel door that was revealed by sliding a cupboard aside. Inside, the small cage that stood in the centre was occupied by her willing slave. The weak feminised man that served her, satisfying his own warped needs as he slaved for her pleasure.

Wrapped in shiny black, hooded and tightly shackled, just as he had been left by the woman that had delivered him after his week under Miss Gillian's stern gloved hand. Alexa moved around the cage and then squatted to unbolt the gate. She looked again at the figure constricted in the cage and her hand went out to touch the large breasts that hung naked below his torso.

She touched the warm soft flesh and squeezed in puzzlement.

What had been done to her little maid? Had she been sent the wrong one by mistake? Her fingers moved, and a muffled groan came from under the hood. Alexa stood and looked down for a moment before unclipping the shackles and urging the sissy to emerge on all fours.

She hesitated, perplexed and reached down to once more see if the hanging breasts were real. Questing fingers squeezed and probed, making the soft pierced nipples stand rigid. Where latex met the naked flesh, tight bindings that

ensured that the outsized udders dangled almost to the floor. She shrugged and slapped the raised behind causing the slave to whimper.

There was only one way to be sure...

Three buckles, tight laces and clips that stretched the hood tight. Alexa undid them with shaking hands until she could pull the mask from the slave with a small tug that revealed the face beneath.

Charles' lips moved silently and then a groan issued forth. Charles or Charlene? A sad whine as breath sounded from the lips that had been silenced. A tiny, neat healing scar at the neck, more evidence of Miss Gillian's unplanned modifications. Alexa could feel the pulse of her heart thumping in her head. Her fingers quested under the torso to find what she expected to find.

A tiny blemish where the chip had been shot home!

Feverishly, she stripped the sobbing sissy of the tight latex suit. Zippers and laces that held it smooth, she peeled them back in haste, tearing at the rubber as she worked to leave her pet naked but for the boots that covered the feet and the bands that circled the base of each breast. Like a child unwrapping a Christmas present in haste, she examined the naked slut as she went, finally peeling back the second skin from waist to ankles in one swift tug.

She gasped!

A limp bruised cock hung between his thighs, a small smooth area behind them where his balls should have been! Only a neat row of pink stitches showed where her sissy boyfriend had been cut. She ran her fingers between the smooth thighs and the little bimbo whimpered, sobbed at her intimate touch. Finding the place where something else had been added, just like the slaves in the Domains...

The brand of a stiletto shoe in three light strokes on the thigh, the mark of a slave in the Domains. Her fingers touched the small spot on that smooth groin where the implant had been placed. A PCD to match the RCD chip that she had already found! If sissy had been chipped, then there just *had* to be a control bracelet!

Alexa hurried from the cell to the post that she had placed on the table by the front door. Almost fumbling, she tore the packaging from the small packet that lay on the top to reveal the familiar sight of a solid silver control bracelet. She held it for a moment in her hands and then slipped it onto her wrist.

A small note fluttered to the floor from the packaging and she picked it up and read:

With the compliments of Chastity Microsystems

Please note that the use of this control matrix will be activated on our network when your property has fully healed from its modification. Should there be any technical assistance required please refer our technicians to the information below:

Type	S1-26-69-XB
Serial Number	46019826-23
Ext. Mac Number	00:1C:B3:09:85:15
Programmed Name	Charlene
Implants	RCD (System Protocol V.5) PCD (Type 6) Virtual Chastity Control

Hand written at the bottom of the slip of paper that Alexa turned in her hands was a personal note from Miss Gillian in her strong, plain hand.

Courtesy of Mistress Jessica Harriman who decided on the modifications as a gift for your amusement! Love and kisses, Gillian xxx

Alexa re-read the whole paper again and a smile came to her lips. Her eyes lingered on the 'XB' in the 'Type' listed and she felt a giggle coming on. Now she understood the vacant look in Charlene's eyes! In just a single week, while Alexa had been lounging in the sun and enjoying every moment, Charlene had been reborn as her personal bimbo-pet.

With slow steps, Alexa headed back to where her pathetic sissy was still weeping by the cage. The steady click of her heels revealed the elation in her step as she came to stand over the pathetic property that looked up with a happy smile at the arrival of her new owner.

Alexa patted Charlene on the head and slipped a finger between the full lips that tempted a violation. Bee-stung, a permanent pout that invited invasion. She was gratified as the pet suckled, feeling the suction of the lips and the studs that now adorned the agile tongue. Charlene rolled up her eyes and fluttering her lashes now that she final knew who her owner was, and the confusion was over at last.

She was so grateful to be owned by this elegant woman.

"Time to show me what you can do to please me," she said happily. "It's time for you to learn how to properly satisfy me!"

Charlene crawled at the stilettoed feet and her eyes beseeched Alexa to command her. Pleading to serve, entreating her owner to use her, abuse her.

Her hollow mind fixed on the dominant woman that stood so tall and she flicked her tongue on her pink lips in a sly enticement to punish her.

As she had been taught...

First Ending

The second part of this series of novels is entitled: 'In Crimson'.

Find out more at:

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