



FANTASY MALL

**Female Domination Tales:
Vol. 1**

Constance Pennington Smythe

Scanning, uploading and/or distribution of this book via the Internet, print, audio recordings or any other means without the permission of the Publisher is illegal and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, places, events and characters are fictitious. Similarities to actual events or persons, living or dead, are purely coincidental.

Fantasy Mall

Female Domination Tales: 1

Constance Pennington Smythe
Copyright © 2012
ISBN 978-1-935757-68-9

All rights reserved. Except for review purposes, the reproduction of this book in whole or part, electronically or mechanically, constitutes a copyright violation.

Published by
Romance Divine LLC
www.romancedivine.com

Disclaimer

This a work of fiction and fantasy, written for entertainment purposes *only*. It is NOT meant to be a how-to or expose of alternative lifestyles. Neither the author or publisher assume responsibility or liability if one attempts the practices or scenes found in this work.

Those that may be inclined to participate in alternative lifestyle activities are encouraged to seek out reputable instruction and information. The dictum of “Safe, Sane and Consensual” should always be followed.



*For My Lovely ‘Gurls’,
You Know Who You Are.*



Mistress Karin on AUDIO!

Read by Famed Dominatrix Miss Erica Kent.

NOW Available as an Audio Book.

Audio version: ISBN: 978-1-935757-64-1

What happens when a man gets his wish to be submissive, when a Woman embraces her Dominant self? For Karin Calloway and her hapless husband, known as her submissive maid Suzette, it becomes an erotic power exchange that gives them both what they desire. Will Suzette be a cuckolded sissy maid? What torments and humiliations will Karin, and friends Trudi the evil German dance instructor, lover Master Brent, and socialite Sheila Remington, visit on poor Suzette?

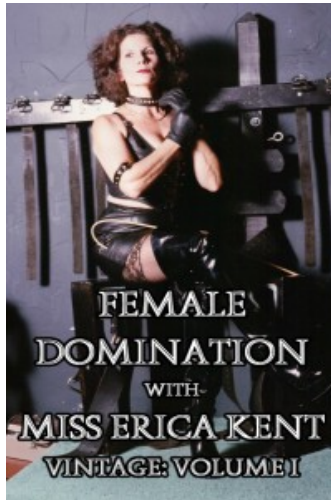


Chastity Cuckold Tales: Vol. 1 on AUDIO

Read by Famed Dominatrix Miss Erica Kent.
Audio version: ISBN: 978-1-935757-78-8

Female Domination and Fetish author Constance Pennington Smythe presents the first of her Chastity Cuckold Tales on audio, read by famed Dominatrix Miss Erica Kent. Volume I contains the first three Chastity Cuckold Tales. ***Cuckold Fluffer Box***: Alicia has a plan to make her cuckold husband, Collin, better serve her and her lover. All that is necessary is the proper training...in the proper environment. Collin learns the rudiments of focus and multitasking in the *Cuckold Fluffer Box*. ***The Conversation***: A cuckoldress has a discussion with her husband/cuckold as he prepares her for date night. Sometimes submissive men need a bit of re-focusing, to keep them attentive to the needs of Mistress, something easily done via *The Conversation*. ***My Daddy Does Your Wife***: Mistress-in-Training Diana is working her way through her Master's program...by studying the behavioral tendencies of cuckolds...and making movies of her "interviews". The star of her latest experiment is hapless cuckold Thomas. Also starring in the production is Thomas' wife Margaret and Chad, Alpha Male Bull...and Diana's father. It's a humiliating day for Thomas when he learns *My Daddy Does Your Wife*. Volume I is teasingly narrated by Miss Erica Kent, with genuine sound effects straight from her exclusive Dungeon. Watch for future volumes of Chastity Cuckold Tales.

From my dear friend: Miss Erica Kent.



E-Book: 978-1-935757-17-7 Audio Book: 978-1-935757-28-3

Famed Dominatrix Miss Erica Kent is delighted to invite you into Her world to enjoy erotic female domination in Her *Vintage Series* of e-books and audio books. ***Female Domination with Miss Erica Kent: Vintage Volume I*** contains three dialogues and an excerpt from the soon to be released, ***Vintage Volume II***. In *Mistress Savage and slave Tommy*, a new slave is introduced to the basics of proper slave etiquette and training. *Milking Mistresses* finds an unlucky slave about to be put in bondage and milked by a bevy of beautiful Mistresses. *Mistress Savage and slave Roxanne* forces this unlucky slave to be bound, spanked and forced to masturbate. And, in the teaser excerpt, *Jennifer's School Discipline*, disobedient schoolboy "Jennifer" endures a much deserved pink panty punishment and spanking.

The e-book version of ***Female Domination with Miss Erica Kent: Vintage Volume I*** also contains never released pictures of Miss Erica and some of Her slaves. The audio book version delivers these sensuous and teasing dialogues direct from the lips of Miss Erica, Herself.

The Female Domination Tales Collection

FANTASY MALL: 1

It's the "IN" place to shop, lunch, see and be seen...if you are a Dominant Female. Male creatures enjoy an entirely different view of life and the retail experience. Their roles as pets, pony boys, floor cleaners, mannequins and waitresses, not to mention the very public Punishment Pillory for wayward husbands and boyfriends, makes male creatures resonate with both dread...and excitement. Ladies, gather your girlfriends, daughters and nieces, it's time for a trip to that most wicked of shopping emporiums...Fantasy Mall.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-68-9

TORMENTS and HUMILIATIONS: 2

I am often jotting down ideas in notebooks, pieces of paper and on my computer. Sometimes they are complete scenes, other times simply ideas or notes. Some find their way, in whole or in part, into my longer published works. Others languish, awaiting their unveiling to the general public. I have decided to gather a selection of these and aggregate them into this collection. The topics range from titty and nipple torments, to boot feeding, high heel trampling, chastity, cuckolding, devious punishments and humiliations, and other assorted items that will, it is hoped, tease, titillate and torment the submissive male. Inside you will find short vignettes titled Nipple Agony, High Heel Ritual, Greeting the Black Masters, Lifetime of Chastity, Boot Feeding, Foot Worship, A Sissy's Day, Mistress Joanna's Sissy...and more. Enjoy...and perhaps suffer a bit for **MY** amusement. Mistress will be pleased. *Mistress Constance*

*FANTASY
MALL*

Female Domination Tales 1

*Constance
Pennington
Smythe*

One

“Are they clean?” Miranda Davenport peered over the top of her magazine, a bored look in her eyes.

He looked up, averting his eyes from her face and body. “It’s the soles Mistress, these heavy lug soles make it—”

She placed the sole of the colorful rain boot in his face and sent him sprawling backwards. “It was a simple question that merits a simple answer, slave. I didn’t ask for a fucking dissertation on shoe design! Are—they—clean?”

He scurried back into position and bowed his head, “No, Mistress.”

“Geez, get busy, I don’t have all day.” She went back to her fashion magazine, idly thumbing through the pages. “I’ll be adding to your punishment tonight, for this pathetic boot cleaning performance.”

He moaned, even as he probed his tongue deeper into the lug soles of her rain boots. His lips, tongue and jaws ached.

Her cell phone rang and her eyes lit up when she saw the caller ID. “Hey, lover, just thinking about you,” she purred. “Yes, last night *was* fantastic—I can’t wait to do it again—Oh, yea, I think our little slut enjoyed it as well.” She held out the cell phone, “Did you enjoy Leon’s visit last night?”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Her husband pulled his face from her boot and faced the cell phone, being careful not to make eye contact with the beautiful dominant looming over him on the sofa. He recited his carefully rehearsed lines, being careful *not* to make them sound rehearsed. His wife's admonition rang in his ears, 'Remember this and say it *exactly* the way I wrote, but make it sound sincere.' "Thank you, Master Leon, for letting me suck your cock last night. It was wonderful; I love the way it filled my mouth; I've never had one so big. I'm sorry about the gagging sounds, but please allow me to be your cock slut and I'll try harder."

Miranda covered her mouth, stifling a laugh, and brought the phone back to her ear. "She's such a precious little slut, isn't she?" She used the toe of her boot to nudge her husband back to his cleaning duties. "And it really did turn me on, to see my husband on his knees with a big, black cock in his mouth."

Kari cringed at the memory. Last night had been one of the most humiliating cuckold sessions yet. Miranda had brought Leon, *Master Leon*, Kari reminded himself, back to their house for sex. He'd greeted them at the door, dropping to his knees to greet them with reverent foot kisses. He'd been forced to beg Master Leon to use his powerful cock to satisfy Miranda. Mistress added to his humiliation by having him kneel behind Master Leon and lap at his balls as his superior black cock pumped in and out of her. Miranda's screams and moans only added to Kari's humiliations, as did her scornful laughter as she watched her cuck-husband lick the sated lovers clean.

Kari shook off last night's memories and focused on his task at hand, cleaning the boots of his Mistress/Wife, as he listened to her side of the conversation. He could well

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

imagine Master Leon's voice on the other end. Master Leon was the classic Black Bull: six-five, with a shaved head, powerful arms and chest, and an easy and authoritative manner. His black cock was a physical masterpiece, a tool of immense pleasure for Miranda and of pain and humiliation for Kari. Both Master and Mistress derived endless amusement watching Kari gag as he tried to deep-throat the massive black shaft.

"Yes, I'm looking forward to our next date," Miranda glanced down to watch her husband lavish his tongue over the thick sole of her boot. "Right now? Nothing much, reading...playing a new game—Something new I came up with called Feeding Time—Trust me, it *is* wicked—Oh, he bought me these new rain boots," she lifted her foot, twisting it side to side, admiring her footwear. "They're really kinda cute, a pink leopard thing—Yea, baby, *very* sexy—So, I thought I should try them out, make sure they protect my feet from all sorts of messy, gooey stuff—Nah, I'm using food," she laughed, "crap food—You know, cottage cheese, pickle relish, sardines—I *know*, it *does* sound disgusting doesn't it—You shoulda seen his face, baby, I put down a piece of plastic and dumped all the food in a pile—I know, gross huh?—And then I trampled it with my cute new boots, smashed it, mashed it...and then, I relax and subby here gets on his knees and licks them clean—Hell no, I wouldn't do it either. Oh! And I took a bottle of hot sauce and emptied half of it over the sides and tops of my boots; he gets to lick all that off, *if* he ever gets the bottom of my boots clean—What?"

She squealed, "Oh, baby, that's a great idea. Let me do it and get a picture and I'll call you back. Love you." She clicked the phone close, her eyes narrowed and her lips formed a thin cruel smile. "Back up," she ordered and

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

watched her husband shuffle away on his knees. She picked up her ashtray and held it over the disgusting pile of food items, unrecognizable as any distinct food object. “Leon’s contribution to your lunch, you will thank him next time he’s here.” She shook the ashtray contents into the gruel below. “Were you almost done cleaning the bottom of my new boots?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Not now,” she stepped into the food, twisting and stomping each boot into the mess, the slop now taking on a new, and unappetizing, gray hue. She relaxed back in her chair, her legs on the footstool, the evil boots poised before her slave. “Get a big glop of that crap on your tongue and look at me,” she held up her camera, “we need to send Leon a picture.”

Kari lowered his head and extended his tongue, collecting a large section of his *lunch*. When he raised his head Miranda was waiting, camera in hand. He held out his tongue, wanting to give her the *money shot*.

Miranda looked at the visage through her phone. “Can you get the tongue out more? Huh? And try to do something sexy with your mouth; this has to be a hot, slutty picture.” She made him go through three more poses, taking many shots. “Now, let’s do a quick video of you licking and swallowing.” She humiliated him through two videos.

Kari watched, his heart sinking and stomach churning, as she unscrewed the cap to the bottle of hot sauce and emptied the rest of the bottle over her boots.

“Get busy, you need to get these boots clean, I don’t want to have to sit here all day.” She punched in the info on her phone to send her lover, Leon, the pictures and video. “Hey, baby, what do you think?—I know, it’s gross, huh? But he’s really licking up and eating all that crap—No, my

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

feet are dry; guess the boots work. And his tongue,” she laughed, “that’s getting a workout too.”

He tried to force her humiliating conversation out of his mind, concentrating on driving his weary tongue between the lugs and into the channels of the soles of her boots, seeking out and lapping up each unappetizing bit of slop. His ears caught her next snippet of conversation.

“I’m taking him to Fantasy Mall this weekend—It’s his first time.” She laughed, “Sorry, baby, no *real men* allowed at the Mall; *that’s* what makes it so special.” She tapped her boot against her husband’s face, “Hear that my pet? You get to go to the Mall next weekend.”

He peeked around her boot, careful to avert his eyes, nodded eagerly and mumbled a ‘Thank You’ through a mouthful of slop. Fantasy Mall was a fetish legend to the Dominants and submissives in the tri-state area; a veritable world of torment and submission for males. A mixture of fear and excitement coursed through him and his cock stirred in excitement, the spikes in his chastity device quickly putting down any attempt at erection and making him wince in pain.

Miranda ignored him, her fingers scrolling and clicking on her smart phone as she brought up the menu of pictures for her current stud Leon. She flipped through several pictures, finally stopping on one of Leon’s mammoth black cock. Miranda glanced down as her sissy-husband Kari continued to lick the disgusting gruel from her boots, *Yes, my life is sooo much better now.*

Two

Kari slipped the black high heel onto Miranda's right foot. She flexed her ankle, the light catching the sheen of the expensive black stockings and the shiny anklet. A tiny gold key and lock, barely discernible unless one looked close, dangled from the gold anklet. But those 'in-the-know' readily saw that the anklet identified Miranda as a 'hot-wife', whose husband was no doubt at home, in chastity, and most likely slaving away at some menial chores.

"Tomorrow's your big day," she lifted her foot to his face and watched with satisfaction as his tongue licked at the sole. "Excited? I expect you to be the best little cuckold submissive slave ever."

"Oh yes, Mistress, very excited; I'll try not to disappoint you."

She stood, towering in her expensive stilettos over her husband who knelt before her, his forehead pressed to the floor. She never referred to him as "Karl" anymore, his 'male' name. He, it, she was now 'Kari', the house sissy-maid-cuckold-slut-whore. "Good plan. Punishments are swift and harsh at the Mall, and the humiliation and torment for males never stops." She turned sideways, the hem of her designer wrap dress fluttering just so, revealing her shapely legs and

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

thighs. In her four-inch heels Miranda was close to six-foot. Her shoulder-length red hair blazed against the green silk dress, which flowed over her curves. She ran her hands down her waist and over her hips, smiling at the vixen with the flashing green eyes in the mirror. *Leon likes my curves, my full hips and breasts. Forty is definitely NOT old, especially when one has a cuckold husband and a black stud boyfriend.*

She selected a pair of gold chandelier earrings, something flashy that would move and glitter as she worked her magic on the dance floor, enticing and teasing her black lover. Her eyes caught the reflection of her kneeling husband in the mirror as she slipped on the earrings. “Better go touch up your makeup and give the living room a final dusting before Leon gets here.” She turned and kicked his leg with the pointed toe of her stiletto, “Go on, crawl out of here and go be a good sissy-maid.”

“Yes, Mistress Miranda,” he whispered as he crawled from her bedroom. Her mocking laughter followed him as he crawled down the hallway to his smaller ‘maid’s room’ where he added more mascara, eye-liner and lip gloss. *Master Leon likes me to have fuck-me eyes.*

An hour later, Kari put down the feather duster, straightened his apron and minced to the door in his stilettos as the doorbell rang. “Good evening, Master Leon,” Kari said in his sweetest, most feminine voice as he bowed his head and curtsied. “Mistress Miranda is finishing and said she will be down shortly.”

“Will be for me,” Leon said, “a good evening.” His voice was deep and rich, one of the many qualities that thrilled Miranda. “I’m takin’ your wife out to dinner, and then back

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

here for some love makin'." He held out his coat to the sissy maid who took it and backed away with another, smaller, curtsy. "My laundry's in the car. Go get it, then bring me a drink."

"Yes, Sir, right away, Sir." Kari blushed as he uttered the words and backed away with yet another curtsy. No matter how often it occurred, it was humiliating for Kari to kowtow and submit to Miranda's lovers, always younger males. Kari's pride and dignity were continually trampled by the size seven stilettos of Miranda and the man-sized feet of her lovers. They made sure his shame and torment were never-ending.

Leon watched the sissified male teeter away, noting how competent Miranda's husband had become walking in heels. Since he'd started sleeping with Miranda he'd watched her transform her sissy-husband, leading the poor wretch down a path of servitude and feminization. The five-seven Kari had lost twenty pounds and all his body hair, save for his eyebrows, which were always perfectly plucked and arched, and the hair on his head. Miranda was making Kari grow out his hair, still undecided on whether or not she would color it shocking pink. Kari's weight loss was due to the restricted diet Miranda imposed, and hours of "girly" exercise every week: Pilates, Stripper-robics and Pole Dancercise. *And now her little slut is going to spend the evening washing and ironing my clothes, being a perfect little sissy-whore while I wine, dine and make love to his wife.* Leon shrugged and walked to the living room.

"Hey, baby," Miranda rose from the sofa and slinked across the floor to her black lover. She reached up and wrapped her arms around his neck as he enfolded her into his muscular frame.

Leon was surprisingly gentle and deft as he lifted her

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

dress and ran his large hand along her garter strap to her stocking top. "Nice...very nice."

"Little Kari picked that out for me to wear this evening, and helped me put them on. It's so sweet to watch her dress me for my dates."

Leon nuzzled her ear, feeling her shivering against him as he whispered, "That's what a good white sissy cuckold should do."

Miranda looked over Leon's broad shoulders to see Kari teeter in the front door on his stilettos, a large laundry bag in each hand. She smiled inwardly as Kari watched Leon's masculine hand caress her creamy white buttocks. Miranda ground her pussy against Leon's leg, chuckling as Kari looked away and minced off to the laundry room. *That's right, do my boyfriend's laundry, work and slave as my sissy maid while I enjoy my private fuck-fest tonight.*

She broke the embrace with her lover and smoothed out her dress and hair. Miranda picked up the bell from the end table and gave it a quick shake. Within seconds she heard the tippy-tap of sissy maid stilettos heralding the arrival of her cuckold husband. "We're leaving," she said as Leon wrapped a strong arm around her waist. Mind your chores, have the bedroom ready for our return."

Kari curtsied, "Yes, Mistress."

Leon snapped his fingers, "Kiss Miranda goodbye."

Kari dropped to his knees and crawled behind Miranda as Leon lifted the back of Miranda's dress.

"Always liked that," Leon said as he watched Kari kneel up and plant soft kisses on Miranda's bottom. "Does me good to see a pathetic white sissy husband on his knees kissing his wife's ass goodbye as I take her out. Helps white sissy cucks know their place. What *is* your place, slut?"

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“To obey and serve Mistress and her lovers,” Kari said as he bowed his head to the floor.

The next five hours found Kari washing and ironing Master Leon’s laundry. Clothes were carefully folded or ironed and hung on the proper hangers. There were also several pair of men’s shoes and boots for Kari to shine.

When the laundry was completed and ready for Master, Kari turned his attention to preparing the date-night-love-nest for Mistress Miranda and Master Leon. Mistress’s bed was made with clean, fresh linens. Candles were set out, along with fresh towels and properly cleaned and prepared sex toys. Chilled water and Champagne were made ready.

Miranda relaxed with her lover while her feminized-sissy-hubby toiled away. She and Leon enjoyed an elegant meal at one of the city’s better-reviewed restaurants, dancing at a local club and finally drinks at an after-hours spot with live jazz. She swayed in the cozy leather upholstered booth as the tenor sax blew a sensual *‘Round Midnight’*.

“Enjoying yourself?” Leon swirled the Cognac in his large hand, the amber liquid making soft waves in the bulbous glass.

Miranda eyed him over the top of her glass as she sipped her Kir Royale, “Always, lover. And the best this evening is yet to come...yes?” She snuggled closer to him in the booth as his hand moved under the table to slither beneath her dress.

His finger stroked her furry mound as he watched her

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

stiffen with pleasure. “Oh yea, baby, there’s lots more for you tonight.” He relaxed back into the booth as she snuggled closer. “So you’re taking Kari to Fantasy Mall. What’s that all about anyway?”

Miranda narrowed her eyes, “It’s about the most wicked shopping experience ever. *Very exclusive*. It’s shops and stores and cafes...and male slaves as waitresses, mannequins, floor cleaners, displays, pony carts...all sorts of wonderful wicked things. You have to be nominated by a senior member to attend, and then there’s a strict vetting process, an interview. Like I said, *exclusive*. But oh-so worth it, if what I’m led to believe is true.”

Her finger circled the rim on her Champagne flute in a seductive manner. “I am so looking forward to it.” She sighed, “My first visit, as a bone fide member.”

“And your sissy-cuck Kari?”

She chuckled. “The entire sissy-cuck community whispers legends of Fantasy Mall, based on the tales told by those who have been there. They’re all scared shitless of the place,” she laughed, “and can’t wait to get there.”

“Sounds like fun, so who nominated you?” Leon signaled the waiter for another round as he continued to stroke Miranda’s sex.

“Laura Simmons,” she glanced up at Leon, watching his reaction.

He nodded, “I know Laura.”

Her thighs clamped around Leon’s fingers, trapping them in the wet heat of her sex. She smiled and whispered, “You *fucked* her. And took her cuck-husband’s cherry.”

“I—”

“Lover,” she put her hand on his muscled pecs, “it’s okay,” she mewed. “We’re not exclusive; we both have needs

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

and fill them.” She lifted her head and seductively licked his neck. “That’s why we work so well together. And...having *you* as one of my black lovers was definitely points in my favor with the nominating committee.” Her finger crept between the buttons of his shirt to stroke the skin beneath, “You’re a bit of a legend yourself...with the ladies of the committee.”

He smiled, raised his glass in a mock toast and took a drink, “I do what I can.”

Kari knelt on the hard tile in the foyer...waiting. When he finally saw the car lights flicker in the driveway he stood and straightened his dress, apron and maid’s cap. He could hear the heavy footfalls of Master Leon on the walk, along with the clicking of Mistress Miranda’s stilettos. As the sounds neared the door he opened the door offering a small curtsy at the same time.

Miranda and Leon ignored him as he took their coats and watched them walk to the living room. “Drinks, slut,” Miranda commanded over her shoulder.

“Yes, Mistress,” Kari curtsied, even though there was no one to watch the movement. Such reflexes had been instilled in the trained, and now demure and obedient sissy-husband. He hung up the coats and minced away in his stilettos to fetch the drinks for his superiors.

Moments later he returned, taking his required small sissy-steps, swishing his bottom and bending at the waist, offering the silver tray that held a Jack and Coke for Mistress and a Scotch, neat, for Master.

“Every woman should have one,” Master Leon tipped

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

his glass at Kari, “a white sissy-maid; husband, boyfriend...whatever.”

“I quite agree,” Miranda added, “although I couldn’t have imagined that when we first married. But now...now I’d never go back to the way it was. Display,” she ordered.

Kari placed the silver tray on the coffee table and delicately lifted the hem of his black maid’s dress, exposing his chastity device.

“Yes,” Miranda intoned dryly, “that pitiful piece of sissy flesh is useless for pleasing a woman, isn’t it slut?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Kari curtsied, still holding up his dress.

“So get on your knees, cuckie,” Miranda ordered, “and worship something that *can* please me.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Kari sank gracefully to his knees as Master Leon’s lips spilt into a wide smile as he spread his legs.

“Get it hard and wet,” Miranda purred, “just the way I like it.”

Three

Miranda dressed in style for her first visit to Fantasy Mall. She chose a cream-colored sheath dress, black pumps, black leather gloves up to her elbows and a wide-brimmed black hat. She nodded approvingly as she turned and watched her reflection in the mirror. *Chic, stylish and certain to tempt and titillate every submissive male in attendance.* She turned her foot, admiring the pointed toe and dangerously thin five-inch stiletto heel. Miranda selected a small snake-print Brahmin bag for the day, and as she filled it she saw the reflection of her kneeling sissy-maid in the mirror.

Kari wore a simple dress as well for the day, a plain gray number that was scandalously short. The sissy-husband was allowed no other clothes or shoes, ‘all that submissive males need at Fantasy Mall is provided’, Miranda’s sponsor had told her.

“Time to leave,” Miranda said, “are you excited?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Kari shuffled forward on his hands and knees to plant loving kisses on the tips of Miranda’s stylish heels, taking care not to smudge the shine he’d put on them earlier that morning.

She snapped her fingers, “Let’s go then.” Miranda spun on her stiletto and stalked from the house, her slave-husband dutifully crawling behind.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Kari braced himself in the darkness of the trunk of Mistress Miranda's Mercedes as it bumped over a series of railroad tracks. He had no idea where they were or exactly how long they had been driving. The ride continued and finally the car slowed to a stop.

Light flooded in as Miranda lifted the trunk and watched Kari squint his eyes.

"We're here. Out!" Miranda watched Kari clamber from the trunk and fall to his hands and knees beside her. "Do *not* embarrass me today. Obey, every person and every command. Do as you're told, immediately *and eagerly*. I expect absolute obedience and enthusiasm."

"Yes, Mistress," Kari struggled to keep up with Miranda's purposeful strides. He kept his eyes lowered as Miranda's heels clicked on the smooth cement sidewalk that led to Fantasy Mall. The few glimpses he allowed himself showed nothing more than an immense non-descript warehouse located in a remote industrial area, although he did catch a glance of a parking lot filled with cars and vans that might look out of place in the typical industrial zone.

Miranda used a key card at a plain unmarked door; it opened and they walked inside. The hallway they walked down was markedly different from the exterior of the building, a pleasing off-white textured wallpaper graced the walls which hung with Impressionist prints in gilt frames. An elegant reception area was at the end of the hallway.

Kari walked up to a wooden desk, staffed by a matronly, gray-haired woman, who was stylishly dressed.

The receptionist smiled warmly, "Ms. Davenport,

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

welcome to Fantasy Mall. Please,” she waved to a chair, “have a seat and we’ll complete your credentials.” She snapped her fingers, “Coco, take Kari to be processed.”

An attendant sissy-maid minced forward on what had to be seven-inch, pink patent stilettos. The sissy was an explosion of pink satin and white lace, the short dress held out nearly horizontal by a cloud of white crinoline. The tops of his stockings were visible, as were the garter straps that journeyed upward and fastened to the unseen, and severely laced corset. Pink opera-length gloves graced the sissy’s arms and blonde curls cascaded down to his shoulders.

Kari was entranced by the feminized male and felt embarrassed to be wearing only a simple gray frock.

“Follow me, sweetums, on your knees,” Coco lisped in a very sissified voice.

Kari did, remembering Mistress Miranda’s admonition to obey instantly and eagerly. And anyway, Kari was mesmerized by Coco’s extreme heels and black, seamed stockings. He crawled eagerly behind, blindly following Coco through a door, his eyes never leaving those sexy shoes and legs.

Miranda watched her sissy husband crawl away and then turned her attention back to the receptionist, Miss Patricia Diamond, by the exquisite nameplate on the desk. Patricia was older, full-figured, but still attractive and very well turned out in a gray Chanel suit and black YSL heels.

“Some tea, coffee or water?” Patricia asked.

“Water. Sparkling?” Miranda answered.

“Of course,” Patricia snapped her fingers and another pink-clad sissy appeared. “Pellegrino,” Patricia commanded.

The sissy silently curtsied and backed away.

Miranda smiled, “I’m already impressed. I love the sissies.”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Patricia nodded appreciatively, “Coco, the one that took Kari away, is my own.”

“Your husband?”

“Yes,” Patricia offered a charming smile, “he works here with me, it gives us some *quality* time together.”

“How marvelous,” Miranda’s lips curled into a feral smile. “She was quite lovely, all that pink satin and lace.”

“You’ll find each group of submissive males at Fantasy Mall have their own costumes, behaviors and protocols.” Patricia turned toward the approaching sissy maid, “Ah, here is Fifi with our refreshments.”

Miranda watched as Fifi expertly served the two dominant females their sparkling water in exquisite crystal glasses.

“Now,” Patricia handed Miranda a leather folder embossed with a high heel and the letters ‘FM’, “we can spend a few minutes on your newcomers’ orientation while Kari is being processed.”

The environment for Kari couldn’t have been more different. Once led through the door the sumptuous décor of the reception area vanished. The hallway, instead of plush carpet, was bare cement and the walls also cement, painted a drab institutional green.

Coco’s extreme high heels echoed off the cold bare walls, yet Kari couldn’t stop watching the shoes, legs and bottom of the sissy swishing and leading him down the hall.

They stopped at a door, which Coco opened. “In you go,” Coco said, “do what you’re told...and enjoy yourself today.” Coco blew the kneeling Kari a kiss and then sashayed back down the hall.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Kari watched the retreating sissy until a harsh, “In here, slut!” caught his attention. He turned and crawled into the room, keeping his eyes on the floor.

“Kneel up!”

As Kari started to assume his standard ‘kneeling up’ position he felt hands roughly grab his gray dress and yank it off over his head. He caught a glimpse of shapely legs in black knee-high, stiletto-heeled boots, but kept his eyes averted. *Best not to make eye contact or challenge any of them. Mistress said to obey.*

“This one’s Kari,” the voice from above kicked Kari in the thigh with a pointed-toe boot.

“Stall seven,” someone answered.

“Let’s go, move, move,” the boot prodded Kari down the rough cement floor, passed small cement stalls with other naked males on their hands and knees. “In there, in there,” Kari was kicked into an empty stall.

A gloved hand grabbed a handful of Kari’s hair and roughly pulled his head up. Another black-leather-gloved hand held a stiff, pink leather posture collar before him. The collar was buckled around his neck and his head pushed back down. “No talking unless you’re asked for a response,” a voice from above ordered.

Kari nodded his head fearfully. *Who are these women and what—*

As if they read his mind a voice spoke, “No one is required to explain *anything* to a submissive white slut, but we do like to torment males, fill them with some dread, don’t we, Julie?”

“It’s shitloads more fun for me when they’re scared shitless,” came a different voice from behind Kari.

The cane strike on Kari’s bottom was the very worst

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

he'd ever experienced, the pain was intense and he screamed and lurched forward.

“Want more, slut?” asked the voice.

Kari shook his head ‘no’.

The cane landed again and he shrieked.

“My question demanded a response. Do—you—want—another?”

“N-no, Mistress, please, no, I'll do whatever you say.” The searing pain continued to burn on his ass.

“That's right, you will, or you'll be delivered back to Ms. Miranda with nothing but hamburger for that ass of yours. We'll whip the fucking flesh right off. Understand?”

Through his tear-filled eyes Kari saw the toe of a boot beneath his face and bent down to kiss it. “Yes, Mistress, I understand. I will obey.”

“That's right, obey...and your life will be hell at Fantasy Mall. Disobey...and it will be infinitely worse.” The cackle of girlish laughter filled the area.

Kari felt hot breath in his ear and smelled lavender, “We're interns. Our mothers are members of Fantasy Mall, and we will be too. We get to earn money processing male sluts like you for admittance into the Mall. Losers like you don't get the privilege of our names, to you we are ‘Mistress’. Today you're going in as Miranda's pet, but that, as you'll see, is only one way we process losers like you.”

Kari lurched as he felt the cool lube on his ass crack.

“All males must be cleaned, so we'll start with an enema, or two to make sure you are ready to enter a shrine of female superiority and absolute power.”

Kari groaned as nozzle penetrated him and the chilled water began filling his bowels.

The boot stepped on his outstretched hand grinding it cruelly into the rough concrete floor, “Quiet!”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

From a few stalls down Kari heard another lilting feminine voice. “Hell, this one is really full of crap, I’m gonna have to give it a third enema.”

The male cried out, “No, Mistress, please, I can’t take another—”

His entreaty was cut short as the sound of slashing cane strokes and the male’s screams filled the processing area.

The voice appeared once again in Kari’s ear, “Are you gonna give me trouble, or are you going to hold that until I tell you to release?”

“I will obey, Mistress.”

“Good answer, I just love little white sissy whores who do as they’re told.” She reached under Kari and pinched his nipple viciously. “Are you a whore? Do you suck black cocks for Ms. Miranda?”

“Y-yes, Mistress, I’m a pathetic sissy whore who sucks black cocks.”

She patted his head, “Ooo, I like the *pathetic* part.” Her boot kicked at his chastity device, “That thing *is* pathetic, no wonder Miranda went black.”

Kari was shaking, his bowels were clenching. *Oh, God, I can’t hold this in, please, please...*

They left him there; he didn’t know how long and he was in agony when they returned.

“Back on your haunches,” his warder ordered, “release, there is a hole in the floor.”

Kari felt the blessed relief, but it was short-lived. She grabbed his head and pushed him to his hands and knees again as another set of hands wiped his ass crack. Then he felt more lubricant being applied. “Nooo, please—”

The cane attacked him again, three quick times with a ferocity he didn’t think he could take.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“No talking! Geez look at his ass.”

Kari heard the clicking of high-heeled boots on the floor as one of the girls walked around to look at his ass.

“Damn, those are some ugly welts. Shit, Sylvia, you have the most vicious cane technique I’ve ever seen.”

“My Mom let’s me practice on my step-dad and step-brother. You should see them, they live in absolute fear of me, and I *always* find *something* to punish them for, the seams of their stockings are crooked, they’re not wearing enough mascara, their steps aren’t sissy enough in their heels. I just pick up my cane and they’re on their knees groveling, begging for mercy. Mom thinks it’s a riot; she threatens them, ‘I’m going to tell Sylvia what you did’.”

Kari saw the cane wave menacingly in front of his face. “And what do *you* want, slut?”

“Please, Mistress,” Kari sobbed, “please fill this pathetic sissy’s ass with another enema.” Even as he choked out the last few words he felt the nozzle invade him a second time.

He was physically weak and broken when they finally returned and allowed him to evacuate his swollen bowels. One of the girls grabbed a hose and nozzle and sprayed him down with ice cold water. They mocked him as he scurried about the concrete pen seeking escape from the frigid assault. He was eventually driven into a corner and they laughed as he cowered there trying vainly to cover himself.

Kari was wet and shivering from the cold when someone threw him a towel. “Dry yourself off slut, there’s still more to do to get you ready.”

Miranda sipped her water and her manicured fingernail

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

tapped at a picture in the binder, “Fascinating. However do you come up with these ideas?”

“Our board of Directors is most ingenious,” Patricia replied. “And we also host monthly member feedback groups. Our members often come up with some of our best ideas.”

“May I ask exactly how big your membership is?”

“The data is, of course, classified. We respect our members’ privacy. Each member is also required to maintain discretion,” Patricia nodded at the non-disclosure agreement that Miranda had signed at the start of their discussion. She smiled, “But now that you are a member you will discover many people you know who are also members. It’s quite likely you will run into some today. But to answer your question, the membership is in the thousands, literally worldwide, although we routinely draw most of our regular attendance from those in the tri-state area.”

“I can’t wait,” Miranda’s excitement was genuine.

“Your Kari is being processed as your pet, that’s the way males accompany their owners into the Mall,” Patricia explained. “You will see males in a variety of other modes and activities today. They are sent here by their owners for any number of reasons: punishments, work details, for us to tend them while they are away.”

“Really?” Miranda’s eyes widened. “So if my lover and I decided to go on a two week cruise...”

“Then we could make arrangements to keep your male slave suitably housed and productive.”

Kari was back on his hands and knees in the middle of his concrete pen. Unforgiving feminine hands were strapping wide pink, patent leather cuffs around the top of his thighs

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

and his ankles. Someone lifted his legs and fastened padded knee protectors on each knee.

“No talking inside the Mall. Pets don’t talk.”

Kari simply nodded his acknowledgement; it was a command, not a question that merited a response.

Someone grabbed his left ankle, bending his leg to fasten the ankle cuff to the thigh cuff. He heard the sound of a lock clicking shut. His right leg was similarly shackled. *That’s the reason for the knee pads; I’ll be crawling all day.*

“Hold up your right arm.”

Kari extended his right arm and someone pushed his hand into a pink, padded mitten that extended halfway up his forearm. Black laces were pulled tight as the long mitten was laced secure over his forearm. Kari noticed that the mitten was styled and designed as a dog’s paw. *I am a pet, a true slut puppy.* His left arm quickly followed.

“Every puppy-pet has a tail!”

Kari saw a hand appear in front of his face. The girl’s hand held a large pink butt plug. Attached to the plug was an equally large and hideous poodle tail; three large balls of pink fluff that would sweep up out of his bottom when the plug was inserted.

“I’m sure you’ve had that sissy-slut ass of yours filled, right?”

Kari nodded, “Yes, Mistress.”

She waved the large plug, larger than anything Kari had endured to-date, in front of his eyes. “Does slut-puppy-Kari want some lube? Hmmm? Beg, beg like a good slut puppy,” she teased.

At that point in time, despite his pitiful condition and circumstances, the thing that Kari wanted most was lube, *lots of lube* to accommodate the monster pink plug. “Please,

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Mistress, show mercy and lube my pitiful and pathetic sissy ass so I may have a tail that suits my slut-puppy status.”

The two girls who towered over him in their stiletto boots squealed their laughter.

“Shit, this one can really grovel.”

“I like the *pitiful pathetic* part. It’s so nice when they know who and what they are.”

“You really are a loser.”

“No wonder your wife made you a sissy and fucks black guys.”

“Wiggle that slut bottom; show us where you want the lube.”

Kari wiggled his ass, doing his best to degrade himself for the amusement of his tormentors.

“Okay, slut, not bad.”

Kari felt the lube on his ass crack. He’d been impaled before by any number of plugs, dildoes, strap-ons and real black cocks but this plug was large. He took a deep breath and tried to relax his sphincter.

“It *has* to be *big*,” one of the girls stroked his hair and cooed to him in a teasing tone. “It needs to stay in *a-l-l* day and we expect you to wag your tail a lot.”

He gasped as it began to split him open and the girl chuckled as he flinched.

“I know, they are *really big*, but think how nice it will feel back there as you crawl around all day. Poor baby,” the girl moved her hand down to stroke his nipple, “if you weren’t such a loser, such a little sissy, but... Here you are, on your knees. It’s all you can expect, and all you deserve, the rest of your pitiful life.”

The girl in back of him continued to push and wiggle the plug. He’d never had anything fill him like that; even

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Master Leon's huge black cock never tested his limits as did this fat and horrid intruder. "Aaagghh," he groaned and lurched as the plug settled in and filled him. The pain brought tears to his eyes, but passed after a few moments.

"Shit, he was pretty tight, actually," the girl behind Kari gave his ass a resounding slap. "Like the way that feels slut?"

"Y-yes, t-thank you, Mistress... for plugging my sissy ass."

"Yea, bet your Mistress's black lovers enjoy fucking that tight white sissy ass. You a black cock whore?"

"Yes, Mistress, this white sissy worships and honors the black cock."

"Ha-ha, *worships and honors*, shit, I love the way this one talks."

"Yea, Ms. Miranda has this one really well trained."

"Wag your tail puppy; show us how happy you are to have your little slut hole filled."

Kari shook his bottom, setting the three-puffed tail in motion and eliciting laughter from his tormentors. All during his time in the room he'd heard the moans and shrieks of other males being abused and humiliated. The wicked and cruel girls seemed to outnumber the men three to one, and the cruelty never stopped.

A pair of shapely nylon legs in wicked black patent pumps walked into view, black leather gloved hands pushing a metal cart. "Kneel up," this new voice commanded.

Kari tried his best, nearly falling over on his newly bound and shackled legs. The girl sat before him on a stool. She wore a black pencil skirt and a crisp white blouse, but Kari avoided actually looking at her or making eye contact, such an affront had earned him swift punishments in the past.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

He watched as the girl slowly peeled off her long leather gloves, an act he found wildly erotic.

Her hand reached forward to position his head where she wanted it. He found her lining his lips and then applying a lip gloss. Next she started on his eyes, making him close them, open them, look up, look down as she dabbed and lined with various brushes and pencils.

“Close your eyes,” she commanded.

He felt her fingers probing at his eyelids, pushing and holding.

“Do *not* try and remove these false lashes,” she warned. “You can use regular makeup on the rest and it will probably come off in a day or two...or three.” She laughed, “It’s semi-permanent, it’s on for good for a while. But those eyelashes are installed with a special adhesive. It will degrade over a few days and you will then be able to peel them off, but if you try to take them off in the next day or two it will probably rip your eyelids off. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.” She added blush to his cheeks.

The sensuous smell of Chanel No. 5 wafted over him as someone sprayed the perfume onto his neck. He felt someone doing something to his hair, but throughout the process could not see any of what was done to him.

“Oh yea, he looks so cute.”

“Yea, I think Ms. Miranda is gonna love her new slut puppy.”

Someone held a mirror to his face and Kari got the first look at his new self. His eyes were dark and smoky, lined in blackest black with a cat-eye finish, and new, thin and arched eyebrows had been drawn on. His bright cotton-candy-pink lips looked very sissy, but it was the eyelashes that drew the most attention. They were two-inches long and curved

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

out and upward. Pink bows adorned his hair. The entire effect was a slutty doll-look.

“Like your new look, sissy?”

“Yes, Mistress, th-thank you.”

She clipped a chain leash with a pink leather handle to the pink posture collar he’d worn through the entire process. “Down, follow me.”

Kari shuffled along on his hands and knees following the sexy high-heeled stiletto boots that moved before him

“You’re Mistress Miranda’s pet today. You will follow her around, crawling, obeying her every command. There will be other pets in the Mall.” She pulled Kari over to another feminine warder with a pet on a leash. “When Mistress Miranda meets another member with a pet the pets will greet each other like this.”

The other sissified male pet crawled to Kari and started sniffing and licking Kari’s bottom. He felt the male pet nuzzle and lick around the butt plug.

“Well?” The girl jerked hard on Kari’s leash, “greet your slut puppy friend.”

Kari moved his head and began to try and nuzzle the other male’s bottom. Soon the two male pets were circling each other trying to sniff and lick the other’s bottom.

A girl laughed, “Shit, this never gets old for me, no matter how often I see it. I can’t wait until I’m a member and can bring my wimpy-assed boyfriend here.”

One of the handlers snapped her fingers and commanded “Out!”

The girl jerked Kari’s leash, “When you hear the command ‘out’ you return and heel by your Mistress.”

“One final command,” another girl added, “Kiss-Kiss.”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

The other pet crawled forward and kissed Kari forcing his tongue into Kari's mouth.

A boot kicked Kari, "Kiss the pet back. When someone commands 'kiss-kiss' the pets need to kiss, make it sexy, this is your chance for a little make-out session and you need to entertain your Mistresses."

Kari did his best to return the kiss. It wasn't the first time. There had been occasions when Mistress Miranda invited another Mistress and her sissy maid for the evening and the sissies had been forced to put on sex shows for the dominant women.

"Out!"

Both sissy pets broke the kiss and took their place by their handlers.

Kari and the other pet were led down another corridor to a set of double doors.

One of the handlers opened the door, "Welcome to Fantasy Mall, sluts."

Four

Kari crawled through the door into a brightly lit space. The rough cement floor of the processing pens was now replaced by gleaming tile and marble and he was thankful for the knee pads. He heard the standard hustle and bustle of a mall: bits of conversation, the lilting soprano sax of the smooth-jazz background on the house music system, the sounds of high heels and heavier shoes and boots resonating from the hard floor.

He kept his head down, eyes to the floor, but saw from the corner of his eye the approach of some kind of cart. The ‘clip-clop’ of heavy footfalls announced its arrival. He lifted his eyes a bit, even while keeping his head down, to catch the glimpse of naked male legs that ended in heavy black leather booties. The foot was cruelly angled into the devious footwear, which rested on the floor in a hoof pattern. *Human pony carts*. He’d heard of such things in the hushed and private conversations he’d had with the sissies of Miranda’s dominant female friends.

The girl holding his leash jerked him forward and he crawled behind her as they approached the cart. He watched Miranda descend from the cart, recognizing her shapely legs and the black pumps, the ones whose soles he’d licked spotless that morning.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Ms. Davenport,” the girl held the leash out to Miranda, “your pet has been processed.”

“My, my,” Miranda accepted the leash and began to slowly circle the kneeling Kari. “Don’t you look pretty.”

A cane landed viciously on Kari’s bottom. “Pets should be excited to see their owners and should always acknowledge a compliment,” the girl said. She struck him again, “Pets wag their tails to show excitement and appreciation.”

Kari wiggled his ass setting the large tail wagging and eliciting laughter from Miranda.

“That is *so precious*. I love my new pet!” Miranda sniffed, “You smell pretty as well.” She used the crop in her hand to lift Kari’s chin so she could get a good look at her pet’s face. “Look at those lashes, have you ever seen eye lashes so long?”

Kari wagged his tail.

Miranda turned her attention to Kari’s ass, noticing the cane welts from his processing. “Did it give you trouble?”

“Actually, no,” his handler said, “if he had he would look *much* worse, trust me.”

“Well, my pet,” Miranda tugged on the leash, “I want to explore the Mall and do some shopping. Thank this nice young woman for the time she spent with you.”

The girl extended her foot and Kari licked and kissed the wicked pointed-toe black boot while wagging his tail.

“Enjoy your visit, Ms. Davenport.” The girl removed her foot from Kari and backed away.

Miranda spun on her heel and walked back to her cart. She looped Kari’s leash to a small hook at the side as she stepped into the cart. She removed the Dressage whip from the holder by her right hand and expertly flicked her wrist,

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

the red-tasseled end of the whip snapping at the bare buttocks of her ‘pony’.

The pony flinched, but immediately began to prance. As the cart wheels turned Kari shuffled along beside. Miranda ignored him; *I am just a pet after all. Not even a real pet, a dog would probably receive more attention and affection.*

Miranda kept the pace slow, as she’d been advised in her orientation. The pony could certainly trot around the Mall, but she needed to go slower this first time to better acclimate her Kari-pet. She glanced down and smiled as her pet crawled along; its pink leather paws and padded knees shuffling along on the hard floor. The tail bobbed and weaved, exactly as it had been designed.

The “mall” was of course private and exclusive, but other than that it looked like every other mall in America in its basic design, albeit perhaps a bit smaller. It was long, with shops along both sides. Miranda noted that, unlike other malls, there were no vacant spaces, there was, she’d been told, quite an extensive waiting list of entrepreneurs eager for retail space. Small kiosks took up the center spaces, along with a fashion walkway and rows of chairs to watch the daily fashion shows. The food court, a series of charming outdoor cafes, took up an expanded center section. However, the punishment pillory in the center of the mall *was* something one wouldn’t find in their typical suburban mall.

Miranda tugged on the reins, the leather bit biting into the pony-boy’s mouth and signaling him to stop. She flicked the dressage whip at Kari’s bottom. “Look at that, pet,” she used her whip to point to the punishment pillory.

Kari’s eyes widened to see the raised platform in the center of the mall and the naked male locked into the pillory. It was adjusted so the hapless male had to stand on his tiptoes,

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

his neck and wrists enclosed in the rough-looking wooden stocks. The male was naked, and his chastity device had been removed, his cock and balls shamefully on display and ever-so vulnerable.

“Looks like we’re in time for a punishment,” Miranda flicked her whip at Kari, “kneel up and watch.”

Kari knelt up clumsily, still adjusting to having his ankles tethered to the backs of his thighs. He watched as a young woman ascended the steps of the punishment platform, stopping to rummage through a selection of rattan canes in an exquisite wicker basket. She selected one to her liking and swished it a few times, the sound of the cane cutting the air making the male jump. Several women watched, chuckled and commented.

“Scared?”

“She hasn’t even started.”

“Are you scared, sissy?”

Another woman, in a well-tailored gray skirted suit, pink camisole, and black Prada pumps, took her place on the platform and began to read from a clipboard. “Sissy Patti has been sentenced to discipline today by her wife/owner, Evelyn Marguiles. Patti has been found guilty of trying to manipulate and, or remove her chastity device, forgot to perform five household chores in the last week, and has gained three pounds. Intern Roxanne will administer the first twelve strokes.” The girl on the platform raised her hand and waved the cane to the crowd who cheered back.

“Make them good ones, Roxanne.”

“You go, girl.”

The hostess continued, “After Roxanne delivers the first twelve we will begin the auction for additional punishments. All proceeds from the auction will go to

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

developing and funding our intern program. It is our goal to encourage and develop Female Domination to the greatest extent possible among our young women.”

Kari couldn't help but notice the line of five other naked males chained in a group at the bottom of the pillory, all undoubtedly awaiting their turn for public humiliation and punishments.

“Looks like sissy Patti is going to have a bad day.” Miranda prodded Kari with her dressage whip, “Something for you to think about. If you don't tow the line, do exactly as you're told, you'll find yourself up there. It would be so easy for me to drop you off here while I shop and let them beat the shit out of you. Understand?”

Kari moved onto his 'paws' so he could lift his bottom and wag his tail for Mistress.

“Good girl,” Miranda laughed.

A group of fashionably dressed women had gathered around the punishment pillory, many were holding leashes to their crawling pets. Kari watched as pink uniformed sissy maids moved among the women, offering flutes of Champagne from silver trays.

“Make the sissy slut dance, Roxanne,” someone yelled from the crowd.

“Dance for us, sissy.”

Roxanne moved closer to the restrained sissy Patti, “The ladies want you to dance, so put on a good show for everyone.” She pinched his nipple, twisting and pulling it as the gathered women howled their encouragement.

Roxanne stepped back, now using her cane to tap Patti's cock. “C'mon, dance, dance sissy.”

The blows weren't vicious, but still Patti feared they could become so at any time. He rose even further on his toes and danced and wiggled his bottom.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Shake that sissy ass, slut.”

“Up on those toes, dearie, give us a real sissy show.”

Tears streamed down Patti’s face, from the shame and humiliation, from the fear of the cane that tapped incessantly on his cock and balls, and from the pain in his feet and calves.

Roxanne flicked her wrist harder, landing a painful stroke on the bottom of Patti’s cock.

The slave’s scream garnered cheers and applause from the women.

“Dance, sissy, dance,” Roxanne attacked the cock and balls harder, noting with satisfaction as the restrained sissy tried vainly to move to escape the blows.

“Goodness,” Miranda said, “that poor sissy is in for it. I do like how they treat submissive males here.” She jerked Kari’s leash, “Are you enjoying this?”

Kari nodded and wagged his tail eagerly.

Roxanne stopped her cock and ball torment and now moved behind Patti, tapping the submissive’s bottom with her cane. “I want you high on those toes at all times,” she said. “Stick that sissy ass out and count each stroke so all the women can hear it.”

Patti just started to nod his head in acknowledgement when the first strike landed. “Aaagghh. O-One...aagghh.”

Miranda watched Kari flinch as Roxanne delivered a series of cruel and punishing blows. She admired the young woman’s technique with the cane, as well as her unbridled savagery. She couldn’t help noticing the other chained and huddled males awaiting their turn at the pillory. Their fear was palpable, a hopeless resignation in their eyes. She saw a couple of males whose eyes searched out women in the crowd, but the women simply turned their heads away and back to the spectacle of Patti’s torment. *Submissive husbands*

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

hoping for pardon by their Wife/Mistress perhaps, Miranda thought. How deliciously agonizing for the males.

“Up!” Roxanne commanded, “up on those toes, sissy. Want me to add more strokes for your shitty performance?” She struck again with her cane.

“Aagghh, six, Mistress, six. No, please, no additional strokes.” Patti struggled to perch himself higher on his toes and lifted his bottom.

“That’s better,” Roxanne said. “Push that sissy ass out. Show me you know you deserve this. Beg to be disciplined.”

Patti wiggled his bottom to beg for more strokes, bringing applause and laughter from the crowd. “Please spank this sissy ass, Mistress Roxanne.”

Kari watched in horror as the young woman continued her onslaught with the wicked reed, leaving ugly red welts across sissy Patti’s ass. The restrained male flayed in his stocks, wiggling and shaking, making a game of it for Roxanne to land the perfect stroke. Both she and the crowd were entertained by the sissy’s plight and the more he suffered the better the show for the women.

Roxanne delivered the last stroke and held the cane aloft to the cheers of the women. She strutted in her stiletto-heeled boots to face Patti, holding the cane to his lips. As expected, he kissed the cane, offering a hoarse, “Thank you, Mistress.”

The punishment hostess again mounted the dais. “I think we all enjoyed that! Roxanne is going to take a break before the next male is brought up. But first, let’s auction off more punishments for slave Patti.”

Miranda prodded the kneeling Kari with her Dressage whip. “Can you imagine they are going to give that slut more

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

punishments?” She looked at the male in the stocks, sobbing, his chest heaving. “Perhaps I should start saving your discipline sessions for here? Let the ladies at Fantasy Mall administer your discipline? Would you like that?”

Kari shook his head ‘no’ vigorously, the action making his butt-plug-tail wiggle.

“Then I suggest you try and be the best sissy-maid-cuckold-slave-husband you can.”

Kari changed his ‘no’ head nod to a ‘yes’ and added an enthusiastic tail wag.

Miranda chuckled, *I like this no speaking thing, a quiet sissy-maid, how charming.*

The punishment hostess commenced the auction; the bidding was enthusiastic, with an elderly woman winning a \$250 session with a wooden paddle to be administered by her young niece who was visiting the Mall that day.

The young girl ascended the stage and selected a large wooden paddle filled with holes. She wore a pale yellow summer dress, white high-heeled sandals, white gloves and a large wide-brimmed summer hat. Soft blonde curls fell to her shoulders.

“What’s your name,” the hostess asked.

“Kourtney,” she waved the paddle to her aunt, mother and sisters who clapped and cheered for her.

“Are you enjoying your first visit to Fantasy Mall?”

“It’s awesome, all the male slaves, the cool shops! And now I get to spank a sissy slut.”

“Have you ever spanked a slave?”

“Oh yes,” Kourtney ran her white-gloved hand over the smooth surface of the paddle. “All the men in our families are enslaved and disciplined.”

“Ladies,” the hostess gestured to the crowd, “I give

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

you Kourtney and slave Patti, who will now receive twelve strokes with the paddle.”

Kourtney’s first stroke, the impact of oak on flesh, echoed through the Mall and lifted Patti off his toes. Patti screamed, the thin cruel cuts of the cane now replaced by the pure brute force of the wooden paddle.

The crowd murmured their approval, the dainty and feminine Kourtney possessed an impressive paddle technique.

Kourtney reached around with her gloved fingers and mauled Patti’s nipple. “I didn’t hear a count, slut! So guess what?” She jerked and pinched the nipple making Patti howl. “So that one didn’t count and we start again. What do you say, slut?”

“Th-thank you, Mistress.”

Miranda picked up the reins and flicked at her pony with her whip. “I can’t wait to see what else they have here.” The cart began to roll again and Kari shuffled alongside on his hands and knees.

Five

Kari heard the paddling as the cart rolled down the hall, the smack of the wood on the bare flesh, the cheers of the women and the woeful wails of sissy Patti.

He studied the cart and pony as he crawled along. The cart was a low affair; one would essentially step into it as opposed to climbing on. It was painted a gloss black and trimmed in gold detailing with a crest and a large FM on each side. Miranda sat on a leather tufted seat, big enough for two occupants. Indeed, Kari saw some carts go by with two people, either two women or perhaps a woman and her daughter. The cart's bicycle-style wheels and tires moved quietly on the shining tile floor, the only real noise coming from the clip-clop of the special hoof-shoes of the human pony.

The pony-slave fascinated Kari. *Males made into ponies, and me, I'm a pet. They can make us be, or do, anything they want.* Miranda's pony for the day was a strapping and muscular male, to Kari's eyes the pony didn't look 'submissive'. *Then again, submission is a mental state, not necessarily decided by one's physique.* Still, the pony looked more masculine than Kari in his 'pet' couture. A leather harness went around the pony's torso, with straps

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

coming down over the thick and muscular thighs. The hideous hoof-boots put the pony's feet at a wicked arch, much like the evil ballet heels Miranda often threatened to buy for Kari. For extra support the boots extended halfway up the calf.

Kari noticed a tail rising from the pony's bottom, a long swishing appendage, very equine in its design, *Probably held in by a plug, like mine*. Kari grimaced to think of high-stepping around the mall all day, the upper thighs coming almost parallel to the floor, the plug fucking the pony with each high-prancing step. A leather head harness held what looked like a leather bit in the pony's mouth, with a red feather plume arising from the top of the harness.

While Kari had yet to see the front of this particular pony, others that had past them in the mall all sported chastity devices and nipple rings with bells. Indeed, Kari heard the tinkling of bells from Miranda's pony.

Not all the ponies he'd seen had been muscular specimens. One cart that passed them had a smaller slave-pony struggling in the wicked hoof-boots and pulling a cart with two older and heavy women who looked like sisters. *Perhaps a husband or boyfriend being punished by being put in livery?* These women seemed to take great delight in verbally abusing their pony as they passed and Kari saw the many welts from a dressage whip on the hapless male. *The mall is obviously a place to punish...or break...a slave.*

Miranda tugged on the reins and the pony moved obediently, pulling the cart to one side. Kari followed, his leash still attached to the hook on the cart. Ahead he saw an area of the floor cordoned off by orange cones, the reasons for their change of course. Miranda slowed as they passed, and finally stopped to observe.

"How diabolically clever," Miranda observed as she

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

watched a group of young women supervising a floor cleaning detail.

Kari hadn't thought he could be more shocked at what the mall had to offer yet he was surprised to find the torments and humiliations for males at the mall seemed to be without end. From his kneeling-pet position he watched as more young women humiliated and abused their male chattel. These women wore the seemingly standard black skirt and crisp white blouse, black leather gloves and either pumps or boots with pointed toes and cruel stiletto heels. Their gloved hands carried canes, whips or crops that lashed out at the males.

The males were naked, save for heavy leather collars around their necks, their chastity devices and the single leather bondage glove that held both arms laced severely behind their backs. In their mouths they carried heavy-bristled brushes, the handles resembling large cocks that the males sucked as they crawled to the pail of water and then back to the floor to scrub it spotless.

"Good morning, Ma'am," one of the young women greeted Miranda.

"Good morning," Miranda replied. She enjoyed seeing these young women embracing their innate dominant position in life, something she wished she'd enjoyed at such an early age. "Is this a punishment of some sort?"

"It is, Ma'am," the woman turned and delivered a blow with her cane to the bottom of the nearest slave. "Get that handle all the way in your mouth, slut! And I want to see those cheeks moving. Suck that cock while you clean the floor." She turned back to Miranda and shrugged, "Sorry, but if you don't watch them every minute..."

"Yes, I can see that." Miranda surveyed the group of

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

working males, five in total, herded about by three young women.

One male howled into his cock-gag-brush as his warder beat the bare soles of his feet with her riding crop. "Move your fat lazy ass you pig," she growled. "If your wife doesn't receive a good report on your performance today she's going to put you on this detail for a month."

"So wives and girlfriends can simply offer their slaves for work details and punishments?" Miranda had been briefed on this membership perk during her orientation, but to see it in action was something else altogether.

"Yes, Ma'am," the young woman smiled, "and we make sure it's something they fear. Shit, we've even had a few males wet themselves, they've been so scared. We rotate with the other girls in the processing pens, the ones who prepared your slut-pet this morning. It's all part of the Mall Intern program."

"I bet your mother is very proud of you," Miranda waved her hands at the young women, "all of you."

"Thank you. Yes, in another year mother will sponsor me for full mall membership." She pointed to the end of the mall where another cleaning detail was at work. "My Dad and my Uncle are down there, Cindy is running that detail this morning." Her lips curved to a feral smile, "They have it even worse than these sluts," she waved with her cane at the floor-cleaning males.

"Really," Miranda's eyebrows arched, "and what did your Father and Uncle do to deserve their punishment?"

The girl crossed her arms, "My sissy-dad did a piss-poor job of cleaning my room and doing my laundry, and my Uncle didn't show the proper enthusiasm for licking my friend Debra's muddy boots clean. So mother said I could

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

select their punishments.” She turned and kicked the male nearest her. “Scrub you worthless piece of shit!”

Miranda jerked on Kari’s leash. “Guess you’d better be on your best behavior from now on.”

Kari wagged his tail eagerly.

“Carry on girls,” Miranda waved at the young women and then flicked her reigns, sending her cart on its way again.

They journeyed down the mall, passed cute boutiques and larger shops. Many other carts passed by, the women often exchanging pleasantries with Miranda. Kari kept up the pace, trying to see as much as he could, but never making direct eye contact. As they came upon the other working detail Kari saw the typical group of young women, but the males they dominated were in even more severe conditions than the last. All the males were on their stomachs on the cold and hard tile floor. Their wrists and ankles were cruelly cuffed behind them in a strict hogtie. Kari watched in horror as they wiggled forward, barely inches at a time, cleaning the floor ahead of them. But these males had no brushes in their mouths. Their faces were to the floor; their tongues lapping the surface clean inch by inch.

These girls were even crueller than the last, and indeed a group of carts and women had gathered around to watch the spectacle. Each male in this group has his own warder, who heaped incessant verbal abuse and physical punishments on the slithering male.

“I want that tongue full and flat on the floor,” a young girl struck her slave with her crop, “full contact. Show me lots of tongue.” She hit him again.

Another girl moved behind her slave and slapped his balls, trailing out behind him. The slave raised his head and screamed and she hit him again. “Tongue down, slut, there’s

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

a shitload of floor to clean today and you're falling behind."

Kari wanted to look away, but there was something compelling about the young women in their stilettos whipping and berating the submissive males. It's not that he wanted to trade places with any of the males, Kari wasn't a pain-slut like some of the submissive males he knew. But the situation and the pure sexuality of the women was highly erotic. He felt his cock stirring in the chastity device, the wicked spikes inside the device quickly putting down any idea of an erection.

"It's quite something, isn't it?" Another cart had pulled alongside, its driver addressing Miranda.

"Yes," Miranda said, "I'm so impressed with the Mall."

"Your first visit?"

"It is."

Kari noticed the other woman's pet approach him and start sniffing and licking around Kari's bottom. Kari flinched at the contact and then felt a tug on his leash. "Respond," Miranda commanded.

Kari immediately began to try and lick and sniff the other pet's tail and bottom and he heard Miranda's laughter from above.

"It's my pet's first time as well," Miranda said. "I'm afraid the poor dear is a bit shell-shocked."

"Not uncommon. The place can be quite frightening for a first-timer. Husband?"

Miranda seemed to consider her response, "I suppose... There *is* a marriage certificate somewhere that would label it as such. But now..."

"Yes, my name is Ellen. And I do understand." She pointed to the pet smelling Kari's ass, "That *thing* used to be my husband, but it's more useful and amusing now as the

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

creature it is.” She waved her hand at the two pets, “May I?”

“Miranda,” she offered her name. “It’s a pleasure to meet you. And please do.”

Ellen barked out the command, “Kiss-Kiss.”

Kari was immediately confronted with the male pet turning and claiming his own lips in a torrid kiss. A demanding tongue pried Kari’s lips apart and found his tongue. Kari felt the sting of a Miranda’s whip and heard her voice, “Kiss back, don’t embarrass me or I’ll give you to these girls for punishment.”

Kari kissed back and wagged his tail, attempting to show his own enthusiasm at kissing another male pet. He couldn’t see, but after a few seconds the women tired of watching their kissing pets and resumed their conversation.

“So, Miranda,” Ellen waved an exquisitely leather-gloved hand, “what do you think of our Mall?”

“I’ve only just started checking it out, driving up and down getting familiar with everything. It’s quite unbelievable. I’m certainly anxious to see more.”

“We’ve created a different world here,” Ellen picked up her Dressage whip and flicked her pet’s bottom, “More feeling.” She smiled as her slave-husband kissed Kari with renewed fervor. “Wait until you get into the shops and the cafés. No expense or effort has been spared to create a kingdom for women.” She glared at the males inching and licking their way along the floor as they were beaten and degraded by the young women, “And something altogether different for *male creatures*.”

“Yes,” Miranda agreed, “I’m fascinated by these young women, the punishment pillory in the center, these cleaning details. It’s all so deliciously wicked and exciting.”

“The young women are all interns,” Ellen explained,

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“they start here when they are of legal, age-of-consent. Nearly all are daughters, granddaughters of Mall members. When they reach the age of twenty-five they may be considered for full membership. We like to have a certain level of maturity for full membership.”

“Well, they all do seem comfortable with their roles here.” Miranda watched one of the young women spit on the floor in front of a male and then cane him as he licked it up. “But I agree; a level of maturity is always something to be valued.”

Ellen nodded to a nearby cart with a woman and her teen-aged daughter, “Women are allowed to bring daughters and sometimes special guests who have been vetted and approved. But we do reserve full membership to those at least twenty-five.”

“So all these young women will grow up to rule female dominated households,” Miranda mused, “perhaps there is hope for the future.”

“I’ve no doubt,” Ellen agreed, “although it may take another generation or two for the full power dynamic to shift. Most of these young women have grown up in a female-led household; I know many of them, their mothers and families.” A soft chuckle came from Ellen’s perfect Chanel-colored lips, “When a young woman grows up in a family where the woman rules, where the male does all the domestic chores and follows obediently all commands of wife and daughter, well, it’s a natural progression.”

“Mmm, yes, I can well imagine,” Miranda said.

“And when any sons grow up in such an environment, they are programmed from birth to obey and submit. Even their male role model, the submissive *father* leads them down this path. The women in the household have all the privileges

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

and rights, the males toil and labor to serve the female. The brother must pick up and clean up after his sister, make her bed, follow curfews when she gets to stay up late.” A look of pride and satisfaction glowed on Ellen’s face, “Another two or three generations and the world will be made right.” She extended a gloved hand at the young women and their male-slave floor cleaners, “The future is before us.”

Moments of silence passed between the women as they watched the spectacle unfold before them. The males slithered forward on their stomachs, laboriously licking the floor as insults and beatings urged them forward.

“Do join us for lunch,” Ellen offered. She glanced at her watch, “Say one at the Stiletto Café? That gives you plenty of time to look around and do some shopping. I’ll introduce you to some of the other members.”

“Thank you,” Miranda smiled. “That would be lovely. One it is.” She flicked the reigns of her cart and set out to explore more of what Fantasy Mall had to offer.

Six

Kari padded alongside, grateful for the knee pads and the padded leather “mitts” on his hands, but already he was feeling the effects of crawling around on the hard tile floor. *And I have probably hours to go. Will she stay here all day?*

He also wondered if Miranda really would at some point consign him to punishment at the Mall. The options at her disposal looked horrific and he felt he hadn’t yet seen all the torments and humiliations the Mall might offer the disobedient and unworthy male slave.

They turned at the end of the Mall, starting up the other side. Miranda was making an entire circuit of the Mall in her pony cart, taking it all in and giving her pet some needed exercise before she would stop and do any shopping.

Kari saw a wide variety of stores lining the Mall, as one would see at any suburban mall: clothing stores, lingerie stores, shoe emporiums, specialty boutiques, cosmetic and body care. Women went in and out, parking their pony carts in designated stalls in the center of the Mall. Some women led their pets in by the leash, while others simply tethered the creatures to the cart while they shopped.

Other than at the punishment pillory, in the floor cleaning details, sissy waitresses, or as pets or ponies, Kari

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

had seen no other males. Of course he'd heard the stories, the rumors and tall tales slaves whispered to each other about how males were *used* at the Mall. He wondered at the discussion Miranda had with Ellen, *Will women eventually dominate and rule? Is it the fate of men to submit and serve?* He could never imagine Master Leon in such a servile state, *Perhaps the Alpha Males will survive and be part of this new culture. Miranda does enjoy real cocks.*

Miranda stepped down from her cart and slipped her python-print bag over the crook of her arm. Her hand tugged Kari forward and he crawled obediently behind her as they entered *Donna's Shoe World*.

Kari had a fetish for high heels and boots, a weakness that Miranda exploited with ruthless efficiency. She'd made him a slave and custodian to her extensive wardrobe of footwear and delighted in teasing him by wearing sexy shoes and tormenting her slave with them. Of course Kari also wore heels; Miranda demanded her sissy-maid-husband be appropriately attired to serve her...and her lovers. So it was no surprise to either Kari or Miranda when Kari's enclosed sissy-clitty twitched in its cage as they entered a room filled with sensuous footwear.

The lush carpet gave Kari's knees and hands much needed relief from the hard tile of the mall floor. Soft music filled his ears as did the quiet murmur and chatter of women shopping. Shelves were filled with beautiful shoes and boots, from sensible every-day business pumps and flats to sky-high fetish-themed stilettos. Women browsed the shelves, many with their pets in tow. One woman sat on her kneeling pet as she tried on various pairs of black, pointed-toe pumps.

"May I help you?" The sales clerk was in a print, wrap dress and nude, peep-toe stilettos. Her short brown hair framed an attractive face with large brown eyes.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Just looking, thank you,” Miranda said. “It’s my first time at the Mall and I’m getting familiar with all it has to offer.”

“Welcome, and I hope you enjoy your visit and make many more. I can show you around the store and answer any questions if you like. You’ll find that all the stores in the Mall are a bit...umm...unique.”

Miranda chuckled, “Yes, *unique* is a safe word to use for what goes on here.” She waved her hand, “Lead the way.”

“My name is Susan,” she handed Miranda her card. “Please feel free to e-mail me if you ever need any information or have a special request.” She led Miranda and her crawling pet to a display of dress platform pumps on the wall. “You’ll see we carry many of the major brands as do the large department and chain stores, and we can also special-order almost anything you might need.”

“We feature our sale items on special displays,” Susan pointed to a white pedestal, twelve inches in diameter and forty-eight inches high. Standing on the pedestal was a white mannequin in a simple blue dress. The mannequin’s pure white legs ended in a pair of black sling-back, peep-toe pumps with six-inch heels.

“Oh these *are* lovely,” Miranda’s fingers stroked the leather of the shoe. “Oh my God,” she recoiled in shock, “This...it’s...alive. It moved.”

Susan couldn’t suppress her smile and chuckle, “Yes, all the mannequins are alive; they are sissy-male-slaves.”

Miranda stepped back to look at the mannequin more closely. It looked to her like any other department store female mannequin; it had smooth white features and a feminine shape under the simple blue dress. “This is a slave? A sissy-male?”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Yes,” Susan explained as she moved closer to the mannequin and ran her hands over its legs. “All the mannequin sissies are selected for their slight shape and build. Then they are put in this skin-tight microfiber body suit. They are trained to pose for hours at a time. Some remain still, while others are required to move through a set of postures and poses.”

Miranda gazed around the shop, seeing other mannequin sissies on pedestals throughout the shop and in selected alcoves in the walls. All were perched on extremely high heels, Miranda didn't think she saw any wearing anything less than a six-inch heel. “Goodness, they stand all day on stilettos, simply modeling footwear for your customers. It must be agony for them.” She jerked on Kari's leash, “Does that turn my little high-heeled slut on?”

Kari wagged his tail.

“She's cute,” Susan reached down to pat Kari's head. “And yes, I suppose it does become agonizing for them, after eight to ten hours, but...” she shrugged. She pointed to a large alcove near the back of the store where a sissy male on a treadmill sashayed along on a pair of seven-inch stilettos. The sissy wore a long tight pencil skirt and a tight sweater stretched over an incredibly large bosom. The tight skirt limited the sissy to tiny, mincing steps. “This is another one of our modeling protocols,” Susan explained, “as well as a punishment. The males selected for this walk on display for a determined amount of time commensurate with their offense. You'll notice we give them a rather huge rack, both for humiliation purposes and to affect their balance. This one was sent here by his girlfriend, it's modeling one of our new seven-inch fetish shoes.”

Miranda watched the sissy struggle in the skirt and

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

wicked seven-inch heels. His hands were on his hips, his breasts thrust out as he vainly tried to wiggle-mince on the treadmill.

Susan walked to the counter and picked up a remote. “Smaller steps and more ass in that walk sissy or I’ll speed it up.”

“Yes, Mistress,” the sissy wailed as he swished his hips more.

“He’s the first today,” Susan said, “but we have three more scheduled before we close tonight. I guess the shoe is really on the other foot for these sluts.”

“No doubt,” Miranda agreed. She turned her attention back to the mannequin, running her fingers up the legs and under the dress.

“Go ahead,” Susan encouraged, “all males at the Mall can be groped and felt up, teased and tormented as long as it doesn’t interfere with their duties or punishments. In fact, it’s encouraged, the more they are humiliated and abused, the better.”

Miranda felt up the mannequin-sissy’s leg until her hand arrived at the crotch, where her fingers detected the hardness of the chastity device. “Are they all chastised?”

“Yes, all the males at the Mall are in chastity, most denied any release now for several years. We find that the longer they are in chastity the more docile they become. Pose,” Susan ordered.

At the command the mannequin slowly and gracefully moved into another pose.

“You can basically do that anywhere you want,” Susan said. “Suppose you are considering a shoe or dress; you can order the mannequin to pose to get a good look at it in any variety of poses.” She chuckled, “A lot of the younger

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

girls here, who visit with their mothers, love to make the mannequins pose and pose and pose.”

“Fascinating,” Miranda’s eyes narrowed. *This is the way the world should work. This is order.*

“Are you looking for anything in particular today?” Susan asked.

“Well,” Miranda considered, “I could probably use a new pair of ankle boots or shooties.”

“We have some lovely new items right over here. Would you like a Cappuccino while you shop?”

Seven

Forty minutes later Miranda emerged from the shop, having purchased a new pair of high-heeled ankle boots and some locking punishment heels for Kari. She'd been served a Cappuccino by a sissy-maid waitress in the Mall-standard pink satin, white petticoats and ballet heels.

“All of your purchases today at the Mall will be waiting for you at a special drive-by pick-up,” Susan explained, “no sense lugging about packages all day.”

Miranda left her cart where it was parked and ambled along the mall, Kari's leash held loosely around her wrist, her obedient pet crawling behind. She stopped at the window of a dress shop, now paying closer scrutiny to the five mannequins in the window. They were all the basic white she had seen at the shoe shop, but all of these were modeling various dresses, skirts and blouses and skirted suits. Some wore gloves, while others had their hands and arms in the basic mannequin-white. All wore high heels and carried different purses or handbags. Two of them wore hats. It was, to Miranda, a tasteful display of the various items to be found in the store.

Suddenly, all the mannequins began to move, again slowly and gracefully into different poses. Miranda studied

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

how the figures moved arms, legs and torsos in a carefully choreographed dance of retail display. They began as one and ended as one, albeit in different poses. “Hmm,” she mused, “perhaps you should be trained to do that.” She jerked on Kari’s leash to ensure she had his attention. “Would you like to be my human statue at home, my own little piece of living sissy-art?”

Her sissy-pet nodded eagerly and wagged his tail.

After a few more moments the mannequins moved and stopped in unison again. Miranda watched with interest. *How are they doing that?* She pulled Kari’s chain and her pet followed her into the store.

“Oh my, what a lovely pet,” the clerk said as she greeted Miranda. Her name tag read ‘Dora’ and she was both older and curvier than Susan. Her hair was salt and pepper, she’d made no vain effort to color it. Blue eyes peeked out from behind stylish glasses with tortoise frames. Her gray dress curved over ample hips and bust; some kind of foundation garment shaped her waist to give her a luscious hourglass figure. Her legs had the sheen of expensive stockings and her stylish black heels made her tower over the kneeling Kari, who found her extremely sexy and erotic, even though she wasn’t young or possessed of a size four figure.

Dora patted Kari’s head, “Are you enjoying your day at the Mall?”

Kari wagged his tail, perhaps more eagerly than at any other time that morning. He desperately wanted to please this matronly Domme.

“Welcome to Dress Designs at Fantasy Mall,” Dora greeted Miranda warmly. “I don’t think I’ve seen you before. First time?”

“Yes, I’m a new member and this is my first day at the Mall,” Miranda pulled on Kari’s leash, “This is Kari.”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“I’m so pleased to meet you both. How can I help you today?”

“There *was* this cute wrap dress in the window with the asymmetrical neckline,” Miranda said.

“An excellent choice,” Dora said. “Yes, that’s relatively new and very popular. It goes easily from day to evening; add a bit of bling and some sexy heels and you’re ready for a night out.”

“The colors?”

“Basic black of course, and we also have it in a green, very popular with redheads, and gray.”

“Let me try a black in a size ten,” Miranda said.

“Certainly, would you like someone to mind your pet while you shop?”

“If it’s no trouble.”

“None at all.” Dora snapped her fingers, “Christine, would you please come and mind this pet, its name is Kari.”

Kari stole a quick glance as a young shop girl walked over. She was exceedingly tall, probably five-eleven without the six-inch platform stilettos she wore with her skirt and blouse. Her blonde hair fell past her shoulders and she was quite pretty.

Every female in the Mall seemed to exude an innate sexual authority and Kari found himself in thrall of each of them. He gasped as the young tan legs ending in the sky-high stilettos took him away from Miranda and Dora, and he followed blindly as Christine led him to a corner of the store.

A second pet was in the corner and Christine positioned Kari next to him, looping Kari’s leash over a hook on the wall. She took a place on a nearby padded stool and extended her long, firm, young legs. Christine’s wicked platform stilettos dangled in front of the two pets. She wiggled

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

her feet, the soles of her shoes tormenting the kneeling slaves.

“Clean my shoes like good little slut-puppies. Lick, lick,” she teased. She laughed and relaxed with her diet soda as the two pets lavished their tongue love on the soles of her high heels.

Miranda tried on a variety of dresses, assisted by the very competent and helpful Dora.

“The mannequins in the window,” Miranda turned to get a better view of the dress in the three-way mirror, “I love the way they move so gracefully and effortlessly...and in unison. However *do* they do that?”

“It *is* something to watch isn’t it? We often have people standing outside simply to enjoy the show as it were. All the window mannequins in the mall are the same by the way. Oh yes, that looks quite lovely on you.”

“Really... All the mannequins? Wherever do they find so many...what do you call them...subjects?”

“We actually do call them mannequins, that’s essentially what they have become, how they function. And to answer your question, they come from all over the world. Of course they have to meet some rather strict physical criteria regarding height and build. But for submissives with a cross-dress fetish,” Dora sighed, “it’s simply heaven to them, to exist to model dresses, skirts and shoes, to be watched and observed by a steady parade of dominant females. They couldn’t ask for more; it’s their dream come true.”

“Yes, I can well imagine. So they’re recruited and trained.” Miranda gave herself an approving nod, “I’ll take this one.”

“An excellent choice. Yes, the training can last several

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

months before they are put on display. There's an entire underground component to the Mall, where the slaves and mannequins are housed, cared for and trained. It's also where some slaves are kept while their owners are away."

"Yes, someone told me about that. It seems like quite a convenient option."

"May I ask," Dora returned the dress to a hanger, "if you have a lover."

"I have men available for my needs; one more than the others."

"As it should be," Dora agreed, "I have my own lovers, mostly younger," she smiled, "who service me. They seem to be fascinated by an older woman, shall we say more substantial, with curves? And I love the way my submissive husband has to honor and serve these younger men."

"I think you're quite stunning," Miranda said. "I could tell my Kari was quite taken with you; the little slut was most aroused."

"You're too kind," Dora replied.

"The reason I asked about a lover was that the Mall offers a wonderful boarding service for extended stays." She held up Miranda's newly purchased dress, "Imagine wearing this to dinner with your lover on a two-week cruise while your sweet little Kari cleans floors and toilets."

"That is a very attractive offer and something I am going to consider. So these mannequins, they are trained? To move? To dress?"

"Exactly," Dora led Miranda from the dressing rooms back to the store floor. "They are taught how to stand and move in heels, postures, hand and arm movements, head positions, how to hold a skirt just so to highlight the cut of the fabric or the detail. Then they learn a series of poses that they execute when they are in the window."

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“But they move in unison, starting and stopping seemingly on cue.”

Dora laughed, “They are prompted. Before going on display each day they are given the poses they will each perform and the order. Of course they’ve memorized all these lists of poses. All they do is wait for the signal and move to the next pose.”

Miranda furrowed her brow, “Signal?”

“They are all plugged with rather large butt plugs. When the plug vibrates they move to the next pose.” Dora’s laugh was infectious, “Imagine how thrilling it must be for the darlings, dressed to the nines each day, spending hours in heels, posing and on display...their sissy pussies filled with plugs that dictate their every movement.”

Miranda laughed as well, “True sissy-slut Nirvana, no doubt.”

As Miranda led Kari from the shop she stopped once more to watch the spectacle in the shop window. She now had a better appreciation of what went on when the mannequins began to move. Miranda imagined the large butt plug vibrating, the mannequin moving to its next required position. She looked at some of the outfits worn by the sissy-slave-mannequins and thought about the torment of trying to remain essentially motionless for ten hours in six-inch heels. *It must be absolute torture, yet they seem to embrace such torments.* She shook her head; she’d never really understand the submissive mind. Miranda knew *that* they needed this, but the real *why* always escaped her.

A mother and her two daughters were also watching the mannequin show.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Look,” one sister nudged the other, “there they go, their little fuck-holes are telling the sissies to pose.”

“Julia, watch your language,” the mother warned.
Julia dropped her shoulders and rolled her eyes.

“Mom,” the other sister spoke up, “I think we should train Stefi to do this, make her learn to model for us”

The mother turned to Miranda to offer an explanation, “Stefi is their sissy-slave brother, Steven. The girls are really into making him into their model/plaything. He’s already the house sissy-maid, along with his father.”

Miranda smiled in return, “Sounds like the perfect family.”

It is,” the mother nodded, “it is.”

“Huh, Mom, can we train Stefi to do this?”

“As long as it doesn’t interfere with her maid duties.”

The two wicked sisters shared a high-five, “Awesome!”

Eight

Miranda led Kari to the cart and started her pony back down the Mall. It was nearly one o'clock, time to meet her new friend Ellen for lunch.

As she rode up the Mall Miranda held a new-found interest and respect for the various mannequins that adorned each shop window. Not respect for the creatures in the window, although she did give them their due for remaining motionless in heels and designer clothes for hours at a time. No, her respect was reserved for the creators of Fantasy Mall, the shop owners and clerks, and even the patrons and their daughters. *They've created a world where women rule supreme, where submissive males submit and serve, and where this powerful dynamic is encouraged and passed on to new generations.* For Miranda and Kari there was no going back; she would forever rule over her sissy-slave-husband, as he would obey and serve Miranda and her lovers.

Miranda eased the cart into one of the stalls across from the food court. She tied the leather leash from the pony's chastity device to an elegant wrought iron hitching post and walked to the Stiletto Café, her heels clicking on the tile as Kari crawled behind her.

"Miranda!" Ellen placed her wine on the table and

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

rose to greet her guest, “how nice of you to join us. Have you enjoyed your first morning in the Mall?”

“It’s been quite enjoyable, and *very* eye-opening.”

“Please,” Ellen said, “let me introduce you. This is Joanna.”

A tall stunning redhead stood and warmly embraced Miranda, “Welcome to Fantasy Mall, Miranda.”

“And this,” Ellen continued, “is Alicia.”

“So nice to have you with us,” even in her four-inch heels Alicia had to stand on tiptoe to embrace Miranda.

“We are very fortunate to have one of the founding members of Fantasy Mall,” Ellen gestured to the exquisitely dressed silver-haired woman, “lunching with us today. May I present Mistress Penelope.”

Ellen’s tone was almost court-like and Miranda knew that Mistress Penelope held an august status as one of the preeminent members of Fantasy Mall. “It is an honor, and I commend you on your work,” Miranda said as she was embraced by Penelope.

Penelope moved back from the embrace and waved her hand dismissively, “Do sit down dear girl and join us. No need to stand on formality, that’s for slaves.” She snapped her fingers and a sissy-waitress quickly minced forward. “Wine,” Penelope commanded, and the waitress wiggled off on his incredibly high stilettos. “It’s my private stock, I hope you like white?”

“Perfect,” Miranda said.

“How do you like Fantasy Mall?” Alicia asked. She was short, and although not a natural beauty like Joanna, she was attractive, with warm brown eyes and black, shoulder-length hair.

“It’s unbelievable, and I haven’t even been in all the

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

shops.” Miranda watched as another sissy waitress moved around the table pouring sparkling water into glasses. “Everyone is so friendly,” she chuckled, “well to me anyway. I don’t think males fare as well.”

“They never do,” Penelope said dryly, “and yet there’s never a shortage of them.” Her hand reached under the dress of the sissy-waitress pouring the water and she clutched the balls, “These wretched feminized things submit to anything, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress Penelope,” the waitress said in a squeaky, lisping voice.

Penelope squeezed hard and finally released her grip, “Away with you.”

The waitress gave a small curtsy, the best he could do while holding a serving tray and wearing ballet heels, and then minced away.

“They love it,” Penelope sipped her water, “to be groped, tormented, humiliated, and degraded. Do feel free to do your part, Miranda, you’re one of us now.”

Miranda smiled, she was warming to Penelope and was quickly developing a liking for the woman, “I promise to do my utmost.” She took a few moments to focus on the sissy-waitresses that flitted around the café in almost constant motion. They were veritable explosions of pink satin and lace. Their satin serving dress was hideously short, displaying the tops of their black seamed stockings and garters, and held nearly horizontal on a cloud of white crinoline. The bodice was made out of what looked like pink patent leather and was cut out to display a large set of breasts. Indeed, Miranda saw other café patrons nonchalantly play with the breasts and nipples of the sissy-waitresses while the submissives went about their business. The waitresses all wore white elbow-

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

length gloves and identical makeup. Even their strawberry blonde hair was the same style. *Are they all wearing wigs?* What amazed her most were the eight-inch white patent ballet ankle boots they all wore, and how they managed to move about the restaurant in them. She had to know more about these creatures.

“I am intrigued by these waitresses. Are they wearing wigs? And how do they walk in those shoes? And the breasts.”

“We’re quite proud of our she-male-sissy-waitresses,” Penelope said. “It’s been a substantial investment in time and money, but they are very popular. Well worth the expense.”

Joanna and Alicia nodded their concurrence.

“They are not wearing wigs,” Penelope explained. They have all grown their hair out and it is all colored and styled the same. The breasts are all implants and again we strive for a certain consistency. Our goal is to erase any identity or individuality; they become a thing, identical in form and function. Their dress, makeup, movements and mannerisms...all the same.”

“Fascinating,” Miranda said.

“And the shoes,” Penelope continued, “that’s probably the most difficult part. We screen for that first, if they can’t master the shoes they aren’t allowed into the program.”

“They are all...what...volunteers?”

“Quite so.” The sissy-waitress arrived with the wine and held it out for Penelope’s inspection. She nodded, “Pour. Yes, volunteers, primarily because there are surgical procedures, consent, certain legalities. So they must volunteer, give consent, sign forms and waivers. If they can master the shoes then we send them to our clinic for the breast

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

implants and modifications to the vocal chords, maybe even a cosmetic procedure here and there.” She sipped her wine and tipped her glass toward Miranda, “Try it.”

Miranda tasted the wine. “Oh my, this *is* good.”

Penelope smiled, pleased with the new member, “Only the finest at fantasy Mall.” She snapped her fingers at the sissy-waitress, “Present yourself, Miranda wants to take a look at you.”

The sissy placed the tray on a nearby empty table and minced forward in his ballet boots, stopping before Miranda and offering a curtsy. As he rose from the curtsy he kept lifting the hem of his dress to expose his chastity device.

As if to presage the question Penelope offered, “No we don’t remove them. We leave it intact so they can always remember what they were. And those naughty bits, while now *quite useless* for pleasure are wonderful items with which to torment a sissy.”

Miranda ran her hand around the sissy’s chastity device and the smooth hairless skin of his crotch. She pulled on the device, noting its security. “How long has this been on?”

“Seven years, Mistress.” The sissy’s voice was high-pitched, with a lisp.

Miranda looked at Penelope, “Has this one had that voice...thing?”

“Yes, most do if we’re not happy with their given voice. The doctors at the clinic modify the voice box to raise the pitch and do something to their tongues to give them the lisp. Very sissy, don’t you think?”

“Very sissy.” Miranda moved her hand to the sissy’s breasts, lightly grazing a nipple and watching the sissy flinch. She laughed, “Sensitive, aren’t they?” She pinched one,

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

rolling it around between her thumb and forefinger, twisting and pulling on it. The sissy sighed in her grasp. “You’re quite the sissy slut, aren’t you?”

“Ohhh, yes, Mistress.”

“And you wanted this, to be surgically modified and trained to be a sissy-waitress?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress more than anything.”

Miranda released the nipple and shrugged, “Works for me.” She turned her attention to the sissy’s feet. “Walk for me.”

The sissy-waitress put his hands seductively on his hips and walked away from Miranda, paused, turned and walked back. Miranda noted the small and hesitant steps, the feet thrust nearly vertical into the punishing ballet boots. She shook her head, “I couldn’t imagine five minutes in those, let alone working on my feet all day.”

“Yes,” Penelope agreed, “but it’s one of the things that makes them so special and unique. The clinic does some special reconstructive surgery on their calves and feet to help facilitate their change to a life *en pointe*. Of course the poor dears can never go back, flats are out of the question and even a four-inch heel causes most of them pain. Sissies condemned to a life in stilettos; thank God for submissive males with foot fetishes; we never run out of volunteers.”

Miranda continued to watch the sissy strut back and forth, “They’re the most fascinating creatures.”

“We do rent them out,” Penelope said.

“Really?” Miranda’s eyes widened.

“Mind you, their services don’t come cheap, we’ve quite a lot invested in these things, the costs include transport to and from the event, a driver and one or more handlers, depending on the number of sissies rented. But they are very

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

popular: birthdays, special celebrations when a daughter in the house has her coming-of-age party.” Penelope smiled, her eyes alive, “They’re quite a wonderful accessory for afternoon teas.”

“The Mall also offers training seminars where the standard sissy-maid husband or son can be taught some of their protocols,” Joanna offered. “It won’t make them into full-fledged sissy-waitresses, but it is nice to have such a creature around the house. I’m enrolling my own sissy-son into his third seminar.” She chuckled, “His sisters love whipping him about the house as he practices walking in his ballet ankle boots.”

Miranda imagined the scene in her mind, young girls with whips, canes or crops, yelling at their brother, beating him as he minces about in the impossible footwear. *Would he cry and beg? Would it only encourage further cruelty?*

Penelope opened her menu, “Shall we order?”

Nine

It was the most divine luncheon Miranda had known. The food was superb, the company engaging and the service impeccable. Pink sissy-waitresses were abundant, always properly out of the way, but there in an instant when a glass needed refilling or a dish removed.

Miranda noticed how the women in the café pawed and groped the sissies, and how the waitresses loved the attention. Many women had their pets with them. Some pets knelt quietly by their Mistress's chair, others lay on their back, lapping away at the sole of a shoe or boot, while some kissed other pets, putting on sissy-make-out shows to amuse the table of women.

For his part Kari remained on his hands and knees beside Miranda's chair, grateful for the few small pieces of bread Miranda offered him from time to time. Halfway through the luncheon one of the pink sissy-waitresses led him away to lap up tepid water from a pet dish in the corner of the café.

Kari marveled at the way the waitress maneuvered around the café while wearing the diabolical ballet ankle boots. Before his enslavement, when he'd enjoyed unfettered computer access, Kari downloaded pictures of women and

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

sissy maids in high heels, one of his favorite fetish icons. He'd been entranced by ultra-high heels and ballet heels, but to see them now, worn by fawning pink sissy waitresses was an erotic thrill he'd never known.

The Mall, and its treatment of male submissives, was every fantasy of Kari's brought to life and displayed before him in real-time: males undergoing public punishments, slaving away as human floor cleaners, condemned to lives of feminized mannequins and mincing about as pink-clad, high-heeled sissy waitresses. He felt his cock, *my sissy clitty*, distend in the chastity device, the erotic excitement of the Mall was palpable and stimulated Kari. He knew his clitty and the chastity were now jutting hideously from his loins, a clear indication to anyone who looked that Kari was excited by the idea of male submission and humiliation.

"Mmm, someone likes what they see here." The unknown female voice purred at Kari from a nearby table. A riding crop tapped at his chastity device. "Does this sissy-pet like its day at the Mall?"

Kari wagged his tail to show his appreciation for the comments from the mystery woman. He felt the tension on his collar as the waitress tugged at his leash to take him back to Miranda. On the crawl back through the restaurant Kari received three strokes from riding crops delivered by amused ladies.

During the luncheon Miranda saw a sissy-waitress making rounds of all the tables. The waitress carried a silver tray containing an ice bucket. As he stopped at each table the women would laugh as the waitress used a pair of silver tongs to deposit ice cubes in a waiting pet's mouth.

"Pet treats," Penelope explained, "compliments of the café."

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Miranda jerked on Kari's leash when the waitress approached, "Open," she commanded.

Kari opened his mouth and accepted the ice cube. It wasn't clear like a normal ice cube, being more of a milky and cloudy consistency. Miranda cocked her head at Penelope who smiled.

"They're cummie cubes," Penelope said. "Male ejaculate gathered from willing donors, mostly virile black males." She nodded to the waitress, "I think Miranda's pet can handle a few more."

Kari cast a terrified glance at Miranda who merely narrowed her eyes. Reluctantly, he turned to the waitress and opened his mouth wide. The waitress deposited another, and another, until Kari's cheeks were bulging with four cummie cubes.

"Suck them slowly," Penelope teased, "let your sissy palate savor the full-bodied essence of black sperm."

Kari nodded and wagged his tail as the ladies at the table enjoyed a good laugh.

"What a charming and wicked idea," Miranda said, "I love it."

"It was a suggestion from one of the members at one of our focus groups," Alicia said, "you really ought to start attending them. They're quite fun."

"I believe I will," Miranda answered.

Alicia reached down to tweak Kari's nipple, "You're such a good girl," she cooed, "do you enjoy being a pet?"

Kari sighed at Alicia's touch and wagged his tail.

The ladies finally adjourned the luncheon and all went their separate ways to enjoy more of the Mall. Miranda left the cart

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

parked and walked down the Mall, taking her time to watch the mannequin displays in the windows.

Kari crawled alongside, his back and shoulders beginning to show fatigue from a morning on his hands and knees. The slimy taste of dissolved black cum filled his mouth and throat; he longed for something to drink, even the tepid water from a pet dish on the floor. Miranda showed no concern and generally ignored him. He felt her turn and followed her into a shop.

Once more, the soft carpet felt good, even on his padded knees and mitts. Miranda led him through a maze of counters and the soft scents of perfumes and lotions filled the air. *We must be in a cosmetics department.*

A pretty blonde woman, her name tag read ‘Anna’, in a black smock approached Miranda, “May I help you?”

“Yes,” Miranda studied the counter displays, “I was reading about the new Beauty Balm cream.”

“Oh yes, that *is* new, and has been a big seller. All of our clients rave about it.”

Kari knelt obediently at Miranda’s side as the beauty consultant extolled the virtues of the new cream to Miranda. Though his downcast eyes saw mostly floor, Kari was able to view the stylish shoes and boots of women walking by, often with their pets crawling behind. Bits of conversations drifted down to him, mostly about beauty regimens, but often ridicule and disparaging remarks about various pets, slave-husbands, or sissy-maid-sons. Clearly the Mall held no love or compassion for male submissives, and the members seemed to grasp every opportunity to drive home the pathetic and pitiless state of male slaves.

At the tug on his collar, Kari obediently followed Miranda as she perused the various cosmetics.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Oh—my—God!” Miranda stopped when she saw the eyelash bat, “Are *these* mannequin slaves?”

“Yes,” Anna reached out to stroke the shoulder-length blonde hair of the sissy mannequin. “Aren’t they simply the most adorable things? It’s one of the parts of my job that I really love.” She patted the cheek of the sissy, who batted his eyelashes in return, “I get to spend all day with my lovely girls.”

Miranda thought she’d seen most everything, yet the Mall continued to reveal more surprises. At the corner of every cosmetic station was a mannequin. Miranda did a quick glance and counted five separate cosmetic stations. *Twenty mannequins. Where do they find all these submissives?*

She returned her attention to the mannequin that had caught her attention. All were displayed in the same way, affixed at a corner, seemingly half-a-mannequin as they were only displayed from the waist up.

“They all stand on a small platform,” Anna explained, “and the counter folds around them. See?” She pushed a button and the counter sides retracted.

Miranda peered below to see that the mannequin did stand on a small platform, very similar to the ones the shoe mannequins stood on in the shoe shop. She could see the mannequin was wearing a garter belt, stockings and heels.

“They wear that to feel sexy,” Anna said. “Even if the customers can’t see it, my girls know they’re dressed sexy. They like that; you can see it in their eyes.”

Miranda could see it, a blend of contentment and allure. The mannequin was exquisitely made up, with smoky eyes and an erotic cat-eye eyeliner.

“I did that,” Anna said proudly. “It’s very on-trend right now, and I think my girls look extra pretty with it. I like

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

to give them big lashes too; those are on sale, the false lashes, part of our Erotic Nights collection.”

Miranda glanced around at many of the other mannequins. All wore opera gloves, although their arms were held rigidly to their sides, captives of the counter enclosing them. She also noticed that all wore bras, in fact all the mannequins seemed very well endowed.

“We use them to model bras as well,” Anna’s fingers traced a sensuous line across the black and red lace, full-coverage bra on the mannequin before them. “They all get a perfect 36C set of sissy titties. Management decided that was the optimum size to display bras for retail purposes.”

“And jewelry as well, it seems,” Miranda fingered the earring and necklace set the mannequin wore. “It makes sense, efficient, maximum use of retail display space.”

“Fantasy Mall is all about getting maximum use out of sissies and male slaves,” Anna said. She tweaked the mannequin’s nose, “But my girls are just *so special*.”

Miranda jerked on Kari’s chain, “Kneel up and look at this.”

Kari had been listening to the entire conversation and was desperate to get a good look at these special cosmetic-sissy-mannequins. He gasped when he knelt up and saw the perfectly coiffed and made up sissy. He would never have believed it to be male.

“I’d say you’re past your prime to be considered for one of these,” Miranda said. “From what I’ve seen at the Mall the only thing you’d be good for would be a floor cleaner.” She snapped her fingers, “Down!”

Kari returned to his hands and knees, taking his place beside Miranda’s right leg.

Miranda reached out to caress the mannequin’s full

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

breast which set the mannequin's eye lashes fluttering. "She seems to enjoy that," Miranda laughed.

"They do," Anna agreed, "they love having their titties and nipples played with. The eyelash fluttering is how they display pleasure."

"Really?"

"Oh yes, they're trained to be completely silent. Of all the mannequin types in the mall these are the most gentle and docile. They just spend their lives being pretty and quiet, wearing pretty bras and lots of makeup."

Miranda's eyes widened, "They don't speak? At all? Ever?"

Anna picked up a perfume sampler and sprayed a hint of scent on the mannequin's neck. "Never. Not after they've been trained and conditioned." She grabbed the mannequin's nipples and slowly rolled them between her fingers. "Not ever, they're so quiet and pretty, that's how I like my special girls."

The mannequin's eyelashes batted furiously at Anna's tempting provocations.

"Of course their little sissy clitties are locked away," Anna continued her seductive torments. "Those useless little pussy cocks, good for nothing, that's why they're locked away. But I give my babies *all the pleasure* they need." She planted a kiss on the mannequin's nose and backed away, giggling, "Don't I sweetums, doesn't Mistress Anna take such good care of you?"

The mannequin batted his eyelashes, pleaded with his eyes for more of Anna's touch.

Anna ignored him, turning her attentions back to Miranda, "God, I fucking love my job. Oh...uh...sorry, Ma'am. Will there be anything else?"

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Miranda shopped for more cosmetics, her Kari-pet remaining obediently by her side. He lifted his head to gaze at the counter next to him. He was able to see two corners of the next display with two of the mannequin-sissies. Both had perfect hair and makeup, one a brunette and the other a redhead. Their face, eyes and lips were perfectly made up to demonstrate the particular brands available at that counter. Long, lush lashes and smoky eyes gave each sissy a seductive look. One wore a fashionable wide-brimmed hat and both displayed necklaces and earrings. Long opera gloves, one pair white and one black, snaked up their restrained arms.

Kari was entranced by their uber-feminine look. They remained motionless, only a slight movement of their eyes giving them away as living creatures. They rarely blinked, and when they did, their long false lashes fluttered their way into Kari's heart. He didn't know if he was in love with them or wanted to *be* one of them. Regardless, he was entranced and swept away into their world of feminine submissiveness.

Both wore bras, another part of their multi-faceted retail display use. One mannequin's perfect 36C breasts were filling the cups of a white satin seamless cup bra, *utilitarian, but pretty* Kari thought.

The other mannequin's breasts and nipples were on display, proudly perched atop a black, lacy, shelf-style bra with rigid boning underneath that merely supported the breasts, leaving them temptingly displayed and vulnerable.

"Oh, Mother! Look at this one."

Kari heard the young girl's voice from behind him and detected the approaching footsteps. He glanced up to see what appeared to be a teenager with her mother. The girl wore a fashionable gray dress with a wide python belt. He saw she wore expensive stockings and what looked to be high-end,

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

designer black pumps. The mother wore a crème-colored skirted suit, stockings and high, sling-back, platform stilettos. Both daughter and mother wore black, wide-brimmed hats. *Some money there*, Kari mused, *expensive clothes and shoes. She's teaching her daughter how to dress...and how to treat slaves.*

He watched the young girl's hand, in its black leather glove, reach out to fondle the sissy's breast so invitingly displayed on the balconette bra. She stroked the exposed breast, and then gently pinched the nipple between her gloved fingers.

"Look at his eyes, Mother," she rolled the nipple between her fingers as the mannequin's lashes fluttered, "they do that when they get excited. Aren't they the most fun?"

Kari shuddered, a chill running down his back. He didn't know if it was fear, or the erotic excitement of a male being toyed with and humiliated by a young woman. Part of him wanted desperately to trade places with the sissy mannequin, to be a pleasure toy and amusement for this stylishly dressed young woman.

A sales clerk approached the two, "May I help you?"

"My daughter needs a new eye shadow and mascara," the mother said, "and I'd like to look at some moisturizers."

"Of course," the clerk said.

"I wish we could buy this one," the girl mused. She pinched the mannequin's nipple and giggled when it scrunched its eyes.

"We do sell them," the clerk offered.

"Really?" The girl turned, her attention now on the sales clerk.

"Well, not *sell*," the clerk explained, "but when they reach the end of their usefulness here we auction them off.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Even if they no longer have what it takes for retail purposes they still make excellent pets, home decorations, playthings and the like. There's an auction next month."

"Oh, Mother can we come and buy this one?"

The clerk laughed, "This one still has a few years of service left, but there will be others at the auction. One elderly woman has purchased more than a dozen over the years, mostly as art works. Every morning they are taken from their holding pens in the basement, dressed and put on display in various alcoves and pedestals throughout the house. And when her granddaughters and nieces visit they are given some of them to play dress-up with."

"Oh, Mother, we really must have some, Claudine would be *soo* jealous."

Kari felt the tug on his collar as Miranda led him away from the makeup counters and into another part of the store.

"Your fate in life could be a lot worse than your current sissy-maid and black-cock-whore status," Miranda teased. "Or maybe you'd like to spend your life as a sissy-mannequin?"

Kari wagged his tail as best he could as he stumbled along on his hands and knees, following Miranda's exquisite shoes as they browsed the store.

Ten

Miranda shopped for another two hours, strolling from one store to another. She was served iced tea as she watched sissies model dresses for her consideration while Kari was allowed more tepid water from a pet dish in the corner.

A matronly woman named Carolyn joined Miranda on the couch to watch the sissies model outfits and Kari was commanded to “Kiss-Kiss” with the other pet. The women chatted and commented about the various dresses, quickly leaving their pets to their osculation endeavors.

Kari had no concept of time, and the ladies seemed to forget all about them. The two pets kept up their torrid exchange as long as they could, but the day’s activities were seeping Kari’s energies, both physical and mental. His back, shoulders, legs and arms all hurt. He’d gone hungry except for a few meager pieces of bread that Miranda hand-fed him at lunch. The sexual and erotic energy of the Mall was draining him. Miranda, on the other hand, was having the time of her life and seemed to draw energy from the Mall. Indeed, he’d never seen her so alive in recent memory, *except for those special times with Master Leon.*

A shop assistant walked by, slashing her leather riding crop on the buttocks of Kari and his lip-locked-lover. “More

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

feeling, sluts. Kiss like you mean it or I'll beat your worthless asses all the way out to the punishment pillory for some *real discipline*."

The pets redoubled their efforts, tongues searching further into the other's mouth.

Miranda glanced over, "Do *not* embarrass me."

Kari wagged his tail to acknowledge Mistress and to show his enthusiasm at his pet make-out session.

"She'll make good on that threat," Carolyn told Miranda. "I once watched her beat my pet all the way out the door to the pillory and then auction his punishment off to a group of college girls." She glanced back over her shoulder at her pet who was kissing Kari with renewed enthusiasm, "That young woman scares the shit out of my sissy-husband."

Miranda laughed, "They all seem most competent in that regard. My God, I was never like that at their age."

"Yes," Carolyn agreed, "I do believe the future of womanhood is in fine feminine hands."

The ladies watched sissy-models strut a small catwalk, displaying and modeling the shop's suits, cocktail dresses, workout and evening wear. One hand on the hip, the other held just so, the sissy-models slinked down the mini-catwalk, one high-heeled foot in front of the other in a classic model walk, swishing their hips, stopping and doing turns and poses before strutting away to change into the next outfit.

Once more Miranda was amazed at how males had been trained and developed to become models for women's clothing. She made note of a particular little black dress that she would later try on. *Something for the cruise with Leon*.

Carolyn glanced at her watch, "The real fashion starts in thirty minutes, please, join me."

"I'd be delighted, thank you."

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Carolyn and Miranda took their seats along the catwalk in the center of the Mall, just down from the punishment pillory. Once more, the pink satin sissy-waitresses circulated on their ballet ankle boots, offering the women Champagne from the silver trays they carried in their gloved hands.

“I could really get use to this level of pampering and luxury,” Miranda held her glass out to Carolyn.

The ‘clink’ of expensive crystal sounded as Carolyn touched her glass to Miranda’s, “That’s what the Mall is all about, luxury, elegance, refinement,” she smiled, “and of course supreme female authority and decadence.”

“Of course,” Miranda answered.

The ladies all reposed in expensive padded folding chairs in two long lines on either side of the catwalk. Numerous pets were positioned behind them, all on their hands and knees, waiting patiently for the next command from Mistress, as good sissy-pets should.

The catwalk was a heavy, tempered and textured glass affair, subtly illuminated from below and two feet off the floor level. One end held a large curtained area, where the sissy-models ascended from stairs below and out onto the catwalk. A small dais and podium was to the left of the curtain.

“They do this every day,” Carolyn said, “I never miss it when I visit the Mall. They save the most exquisite of the sissies for this.”

Miranda sipped her Champagne, “I can’t wait, it seems everything at the Mall is better than the last.”

Carolyn put her hand over Miranda’s, “Have you been to *SLAVE WORLD* yet?”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“No,” Miranda said, “I do remember seeing it when I made my get acquainted cart ride around the Mall. A sex toy store is it?”

“That and more. Oh, you simply must go before you leave today, there’s always something wonderfully wicked happening there.”

Behind the ladies Carolyn’s pet nudged Kari, shook his head and gave Kari a mournful look with his eyes at the mention of *SLAVE WORLD*.

The sound of four melodious chimes quieted the murmur of conversation among the women. Miranda looked up to see Penelope at the podium.

“Welcome everyone to the Fantasy Mall fashion show...and welcome,” Penelope gestured with her arm to the crowd, “to all new members and guests who may be attending for their first time today. We hope you enjoy your visit to our *special place*, and do come again. I know *our girls* are quite excited and ready to entertain everyone, so allow me to introduce our Style Coordinator at Fantasy Mall, Mistress Helen.”

“Thank you, Penelope, hello everyone,” Helen waved to the crowd. She was attired in the perfect little black dress, pearls and killer platform pumps with six-inch heels, an asset to her petite size. Her blonde bob cut bounced loosely around her face and her blue eyes held their own excitement about the impending show. “Are we ready for fashion?”

The crowd clapped and cheered.

“Then let’s get started. Ladies, I give you the Fantasy Mall Fashion Sissies!”

A four-four Euro-techno beat pulsed through the house speakers, not deafening, but it provided that necessary visceral impact to set the mood for the crowd.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“As summer gives way to fall and then to winter,” Helen moved away from the podium, the wireless microphone in her hand, “fashion takes center stage with leather, fur and warm tones.”

The curtains at the end of the catwalk parted and out strutted the first sissy-model.

“Vanessa is showing how to be country chic in her tweed skirt and cape.” Helen described the outfit as the statuesque model with the long blonde hair slinked down the runway in his knee-high stiletto black boots. “The skirt is fully lined with a kick pleat and the cape has the trademark Fantasy Mall logo on the closure detail.” The model stopped and turned, swirling the cape and casting a sultry look at the crowd over his left shoulder before starting back down the runway.

“Oh my God,” Miranda gasped, “she’s...uh...I mean, *he’s* gorgeous.”

“They *are* stunning,” Carolyn agreed. “I’ve no doubt they could prowl the catwalk at most major fashion houses.”

“Here’s Cindi with a cute daytime look for shopping or lunching with the girls,” Helen announced the next model.

Cindi wore a knee-length cream wrap dress with nude peep-toe pumps. His wide-brimmed straw hat, brown bracelet-length leather gloves and python cross body bag completed her ensemble. His hips undulated seductively as he moved down the runway, one leg crossing in front of the other in the classic model walk. Cindi stopped and posed, one hand on his hip, before turning and moving back down the catwalk.

“Everything you see here today ladies, outfits, shoes, bags, accessories are available at Fantasy Mall.”

Cindi stopped at the curtain, looked back over his

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

shoulder and blew a kiss to the women while bending his right leg in a flirty gesture. The women clapped and howled their appreciation.

“Cindi!” Helen laughed, “always a crowd pleaser. Get glamor-ready for the holiday season with this stunning gown, exclusive to Fantasy Mall by Caroline, and worn by the sultry...Vivian!”

LED rope lights strung along the catwalk began to blink in time to the music. There was a hush among the crowd as the curtains parted and the statuesque Vivian emerged. Miranda estimated the she-male model must have been close to six-five in the sky-high platform stilettos, but the look was utterly feminine and glamorous. Despite the height there was no shred of maleness.

Vivian’s coffee colored skin glowed against the gold lame gown which flowed over Vivian’s supple curves like a second skin. Long golden gloves snaked up his arms and his hair was pulled tightly back into an elegant chignon. A faux fur stole draped Vivian’s upper back and into the crook of his elbows. Vivian’s cheekbones and nose were flawless as if taken from a Greek statue and his almond-shaped eyes prowled the crowd, entrancing all with their black rims and lush lashes.

Miranda had to keep reminding herself that this stunning and beautiful *woman* was genetically *male*. She watched in awe as Vivian’s gloved arms moved imperceptibly as he strutted down the runway, his long legs revealed by the thigh high slit in the gown. Above, it plunged down and down, between two perfect breasts.

“You’ll be the jewel of any evening event in this luxurious gown,” Helen intoned.

The crowd clapped their approval at both the dress...and Vivian.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Isn’t he beautiful?” Carolyn whispered.

“Breathtaking,” Miranda agreed. “Hard to believe it is...*was*... a male.”

“True,” Carolyn nodded, “it now exists in some gender-neutral territory. They’ve all kept the male sex, although due to hormones and lack of use they’re little more than useless fleshy appendages. Not male, not female, but...”

“We have something new from the Sissy World collection,” Helen said. “It’s the perfect thing for your sissy-son’s coming out party, when you present the sweet young thing to family and friends.”

“They use real sissies for this,” Carolyn whispered, “not she-male models. This is actually someone’s sissy-son, either recently presented or scheduled to be soon.”

Indeed, Miranda noted that the creature that made its way down the runway did not possess the catwalk style of the models. The male had to be young, she estimated his age at eighteen or nineteen. His dress was an explosion of white and pink lace with a high flourish of ruffles at the neck and puffed shoulders. Long white gloves snaked up his elbows and his white stockinged feet walked the runway in white patent pumps with five-inch heels. His makeup was doll-like with cute pouty lips and eyes blazing with blue eye shadow and long, thick black lashes.

He sissy-minced to the end of the stage and did three curtsies, turning to address the crowd and lifting the hem of his dress each time, displaying his stocking tops, petticoats and chastity device.

“Isn’t Sissy Dani pretty?” Helen asked the crowd. “We will be presenting Dani and three other sissies next month, on Saturday the eighteenth, so do plan to come.”

“You really must attend,” Carolyn told Miranda, “sissy coming-outs are such fun.”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Slave world has something new and exciting,” Helen continued as Sissy Dani exited through the curtains. “Training your sissy to mince will be much easier and more amusing for *you*, in the new Deluxe Hobble Skirt.”

The male slave entered slowly through the curtains and began a painstaking journey down the runway.

This new skirt is completely adjustable, to provide whatever levels of restraint you deem necessary for a slave’s training,” Helen explained. “In addition, you now have the option to display those disgusting slave naughty bits.

The skirt went from above the slave’s waist and down to his knees, closely hugging his body. His upper legs were bound together by the rigid material, nearly all of his locomotive efforts coming from small steps below the knees.

As the slave neared Miranda she got a good look at Helen’s reference about the ‘naughty bits’. An elasticized hole in the skirt allowed the chastity device to be pulled through and displayed shamelessly for all to see. The cock, encased in a plastic chastity device and the balls were exposed.

“Of course punishments are a necessary part of training, so not only is that pathetic pussy cock on display but so is the sissy’s ass. Diana?” Helen waved to a woman in the crowd, “Would you mind?”

“Love to,” Diana, a heavysset woman in a plum-colored dress stood and flipped up the riding crop that was looped around her wrist, grasping it firmly in her right hand.

The hobbled sissy knew what to do; he turned and bent at the waist to present his bottom for discipline.

“You’ll notice the cutouts on the back of the skirt,” Helen said, “so there is no escape from discipline. Believe me, a few weeks in this skirt and your sissy will be mincing for the rest of his girly life.”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

The slave balanced on his six-inch heels as Diana gave him six good ones across his exposed bottom. When she finished he turned, awkwardly, and leaned forward to kiss the crop and offer his thanks to Mistress Diana.

Miranda watched the slave make his way to the end of the runway, turn to expose his bottom to all, and then begin the agonizingly torturous trek back down the runway. She shook her head, “Diabolical, but I rather like it.”

“That was Meghan’s slave-husband,” Carolyn said. “They usually use real slaves for these things, save the glamazon, she-male models for the fashion items.”

“Makes sense,” Miranda considered, “to see the items in real use, get the impact it has on slaves.” She gave Kari’s leash a tug, “Maybe I should get one of those for you.”

Kari wagged his tail. He could well imagine Mistress Miranda and Master Leon and the fun they would have with a hobbled Kari-slut.

“Are you a special *Mommy*?” Helen asks, and the crowd laughed.

“Oh, *these* are hilarious,” Carolyn chuckled, “I was hoping they’d have one in today’s show.”

“Manage that special play-day and keep your baby in line with the new Toddler Tether, available at SLAVE WORLD.” Helen stepped back and gestured to the curtain.

An elegant older woman in a skirted suit, gloves and hat stepped through the curtain. In her leather-gloved hand she held a pink leather leash. She smiled at the crowd and jerked on the leash, pulling the waddling adult baby into view.

The crowd roared with applause and laughter.

“They won’t stray far from your side when they are secured in this exquisite pink patent harness,” Helen said. “You can even have it personalized with whatever you’d like:

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

the baby's name, Sweet Sissy, Sissy Slut, the choice is up to you."

A smile curled the corners of Miranda's lips as she watched the woman stroll down the runway in her designer stilettos while the baby waddled behind.

Even despite his overly made up face, one could see the crimson blush of shame on his cheeks. The male's eyes were wide, obviously some technical trick of the makeup artist who prepared him for today's humiliation. Bright pink eye shadow, blush and lipstick provided an over-the-top baby look. Long individual eyelashes, top and bottom, had been painstakingly glued on, enhancing the already wide-eyed look.

His outfit befitted his baby status. He wore a pink baby dress with white lace at the hem, neck and arms. Pink ankle socks with lace ruffles adorned his feet which were wearing white patent Mary Janes with a stocky two-inch heel. A frilly bonnet of white lace was tied under his chin with an enormous bow. Over his dress he wore the pink patent leather harness, the object of today's show.

His hands were cinched into pink patent thumb-less mittens, locked about his wrists. Between his essentially non-functional hands he clutched a large bottle that he sucked on as he waddled behind his Mommy.

As he passed, Miranda could see the pained look on his face and the lumpy plastic pants he wore. His baby panties were shiny plastic, with cute yellow ducks and kittens and fit snugly around his legs and waist.

Miranda turned to Carolyn, "It looks like he shit in his panties."

"Hmmm," she contemplated the idea. "There is something to be said for a baby with diaper rash and a load of stinky panties, but it's really not appropriate for this venue.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

But they do coat his bottom liberally with a deep heating balm and then fill his pants with cold oatmeal. Oh, and fill him with a quite large and inflatable butt plug. Gives them a nice baby waddle. Not very pleasant, one of the reasons they always scrunch up their face like that.”

“One?” Miranda said, “And the other?”

“His ba-ba,” Carolyn joked, “it’s full of black come and warm milk, and the *nipple*...”

Miranda watched as the Mommy turned and removed the bottle from the baby’s mouth and held it out to the crowd. All cheered the ‘nipple’ shaped like a large black cock. Mommy placed the bottle back in her baby’s mouth and led him back down the runway.

Miranda shrugged, “I guess some males are into that...”

“Not that one,” Carolyn said.

“No? Really?”

“That’s what makes the baby things so much fun,” Carolyn said. “The males they select aren’t into that at all, that’s why they look so humiliated and forlorn. But they are submissive males, slaves, and must obey.”

Kari shuddered at the thought. He had no adult baby fetishes. *Then again, it’s really not what I want. Miranda will make me be and do whatever she wants.* Miranda and Carolyn enjoyed more of the fashion show, but Kari’s mind saw himself in diapers, in a playpen, with full panties and sucking down a bottle of Master Leon’s black sperm.

Eleven

Miranda and Carolyn enjoyed more of the fashion show before parting ways, but agreed to meet up again. Miranda took the honors in ordering a “Kiss-Kiss” between pets before the final goodbyes.

Miranda was back in her cart, guiding her pony down the Mall to visit SLAVE WORLD. Kari padded alongside, his back and shoulders now consumed by a dull ache. *I won't be able to move tomorrow.*

Kari heard a commotion ahead and followed as Miranda turned her pony-cart into a stall. As Miranda emerged from the cart she grabbed Kari's leash and led him forward, toward the sound of laughing and giggling girls.

The girls gathered at the window of SLAVE WORLD were a mixed lot, some in black Goth attire, heavy studded boots, copious leather and piercings, and others in sexy school girl garb of plaid micro-mini skirts and white blouses tied at the waist, exposing their taut midriffs.

Miranda stopped short of the group, with Kari moving closer to her side. Kari knew, as did Miranda, that young girls could be exceedingly cruel and vicious, indeed the young

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

interns at the Mall had demonstrated that repeatedly throughout the day's visit.

Their eyes moved from the gaggle of girls, to what the young tomentresses themselves were focused on, the scenes of domination and humiliation being played out in the SLAVE WORLD window.

The public torture of the two males in the window had gathered a crowd of women and the young girls, but it was the girls who took center stage. The older women were content to stand back and watch the drama play out, enjoying the show themselves.

Two girls dressed in their sexy schoolgirl attire kissed and caressed each other, then turned and taunted the male slaves.

“Does this turn you on? Huh?”

“Gonna cum for us slave pig?”

“C'mon, get hard and make some sissy cum.”

A Goth girl grabbed a schoolgirl, bent her over, spanked her bottom and then fingered the panting schoolgirl. “Mmm, betcha you want some of that,” the Goth girl held up her pussy-slicked finger and licked it.

The entire scene was designed to stimulate and torment the males, not that they weren't suffering enough.

Both males were naked and minus the standard male chastity devices; their cocks and balls on full display. In fact, the cocks were fully erect, a sight seldom seen on male slaves. Both slaves seemed to be in agony, mental and physical.

One male was secured to an X-frame. When Miranda looked closer she saw he stood on his toes, the space where his arch and heel would normally reside were covered with small spikes. As he tired he would drop down, only to rise up on his toes again in agony. *How long has he been like that?*

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

A woman wearing latex gloves was stroking his cock, using her finger to occasionally circle the purple and swollen head. She turned to the onlookers and smiled. She was a skilled masturbatrix and knew when a male was close. She released the cock and picked up a feather, lightly stroking the swollen cock.

The male lurched on the frame, “Please, oh please, I can’t take any more.”

His tormentor laughed, “Of course you can, you can take *l-o-t-s* more.”

“No, no, I please, I need to, I’m going to—”

He screamed when she grabbed his balls and squeezed...hard...while slapping his cock with a penis whip until it was flaccid.

The Dominatrix reached over, pushed a button and the lighted display above the X-frame changed to read: DENIALS: 14.

The girls gathered closer to the window and cheered. The male was given no respite as his tormentor began stroking his cock again and the girls began their teasing, sexy taunts anew.

The slave knew he was in for another erection and humiliating denial of pleasure. “Please, stop, please, I’ll do anything you say.”

The Domme laughed, “Really? Anything?”

“Yes, Mistress, anything.”

She turned to the crowd at the window. “He’s begging me to stop.” Her fingers traced a sensuous line over his penis and she watched it twitch at her touch.

The crowd laughed at the slave’s pleading.

She leaned in to whisper in his ear, “Of course you’ll do anything I say. It’s the foundation of your pitiful existence.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

You obey...and suffer. And today your suffering is going to entertain the women at the Mall.”

She smiled as he arched his back and groaned when her finger toyed with his prepuce. “Give the ladies a good show. Shall we see if we can deny you twenty times before the Mall closes?”

Tears of frustration and shame streamed down the slave’s cheeks as his cock continued to grow, the pain of his erection increasing with each touch.

The other male in the window suffered as well, with his own personal tormentress and a group of girls outside trying their best to titillate and excite the hapless slave. He was on his hands and knees in a metal frame with locking metal bands about his ankles, wrist and throat.

The woman seeing to his agony also wore latex gloves, again stroking his cock, with her other hand up his anus, massaging his prostate. A black saucer was positioned below his engorged penis.

“Nooo, please, it hurts, I can’t...” The male sobbed.

“Of course you can,” the Domme whispered in his ear. “Think how lucky you are. Most males don’t even get out of their device, let alone be allowed the privilege of an erection and ejaculation. You’re very fortunate.”

“But it hurts. No more, please.”

“Look at those young girls, don’t they turn you on? And all those women, waiting to see you come.” Her finger pushed and probed at his prostate and she felt him shudder. “Mmm, doesn’t that feel good? Yessss,” she cooed in his ear.

The male sobbed and groaned as he spurt his seed into the dish, the creamy viscous slime coating the black porcelain plate.

“Not as much as four hours ago...is it?” As had her

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

partner, she flipped a switch and the display above this slave read : EJACULATIONS: 7. She took the dish and held it to the slave's lips. The girls gathered around to cheer and jeer as the slave recycled his sperm.

"Lick it up, sissy."

"Like that, slave?"

"My Mom's black lover has lots more if you want it."

The girls in the schoolgirls outfits had now turned and lifted their skirts, wiggling on their spike-heeled black platforms and displaying their asses to the slave.

"C'mon slave, come for us again."

"Don't you like my ass? Bet it turns you on."

The male lapped up his come, as he'd done on each previous occasion that day. When he felt the Domme's fingers probe his ass once more he shuddered.

"Please, Mistress, I can't. Please no more."

"Not until you are empty slave. And these women want their entertainment. Think of how generous your Mistress was in allowing you this honor today, to actually let that disgusting cock get hard and come."

"I *am* grateful, Mistress, but... Please, lock me up."

The Domme raised her head and laughed, "He wants to be locked up! He's begging to be in chastity. To be denied orgasms."

The second Domme, now teasing her slave to yet another denial laughed and shrugged, "There's simply no pleasing these sluts."

Miranda turned to a woman next to her, "That is so diabolically wicked. How long has it been going on?"

"Probably about an hour after the Mall opened," the woman said. "Slave World has some kind of live display whenever the Mall is open. Very entertaining."

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“Amazing,” Miranda agreed. “One repeatedly denied, one forced to ejaculate, and both suffer for it. They really are slaves to that appendage.”

Miranda glanced down to see Kari sniffing the bottom of the other woman’s pet. “Come on pet, I want to visit Slave World.”

The store was large and well appointed. Women shoppers reclined in comfortable chairs while shop girls demonstrated paddles, canes, whips, restraints and the like on slaves. A slave looked out from the bars of a small cage on the floor. “I like *that*,” Miranda said as they walked by. The caged slave’s eyes met Kari’s, both pet’s eyes were filled with sadness...and fear.

A striking brunette in a black leather cat suit and stiletto-heeled leather boots approached. “May I help you? I’m Ashley.”

“Just looking...for now,” Miranda said. “It’s my first time here and I’d like to familiarize myself with what you have.” She turned and pointed to the cage. “I did like *that*.”

“Yes,” Ashley’s green eyes lit up, “that’s very popular.” She stood back on one rapier-thin heel and appraised the kneeling Kari. “I’m guessing you’d only need a medium, no sense making them too comfortable. It’s quite nice to lock them up when you want some quality time with your lover. We deliver and assemble them, and they come with a variety of options to...um...increase the experience.”

“I’m definitely considering it,” Miranda said. “I think I’ll browse for a while.”

Ashley cast an eye at Kari, “Are you interested in training your pet? We’re starting a new sissy-waitress seminar program in two weeks. Of course we don’t guarantee they will be like the ones in the Mall, it takes years to develop

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

those,” she laughed. “We *can* teach them the basics, however, and uniform them. We sell the uniforms and shoes here; although we start them in six-inch heels, not the ballet boots.”

Miranda pursed her lips and arched her eyebrows. “*That*, is an intriguing proposition.”

“I’m here if you need me,” Ashley winked at Kari as she strode away.

Twelve

Miranda stopped her cart back in front of the door where she had picked up Kari for their Mall excursion. A smiling intern awaited her and accepted Kari's leash, "Did you enjoy your day at the Mall, Ma'am?"

"It was delightful; my compliments to the intern staff. I was impressed by what I witnessed today."

The girl smiled, "Your pet will be processed and returned to you in the reception area."

The reception area was filled with women sipping tea, Chardonnay or Champagne, all served by the ubiquitous pink satin sissy-waitresses. A large screen television, tastefully mounted in a gilded frame, displayed silent images of past Mall fashion shows. Miranda chatted up a few of the new acquaintances she'd met, as well as others in the lounge.

She made arrangements to lunch with Penelope the next week and accepted a spa date with Carolyn.

Occasionally, a muted chime would sound and a name flashed on the television, indicating a particular submissive male husband, house slave or boyfriend had been processed and was ready for pick-up.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Miranda sipped her Lady Grey tea and marveled at the efficiency of it all. *Yes, women really should be in charge; Fantasy Mall is a microcosm of how things should be. It's orderly, productive, and with women in complete authority.* She thought of Leon, *Some males can't be tamed, but they do have their place in the hierarchy.*

Somewhere in the Mall the day's purchases were being readied for delivery to a lady's home or for a drive-by pickup. A 'real' cleaning crew was now working on the floors; the day's slave crews and floor lickers merely amusing diversions for entertainment or punishment. Various mannequins were being cleaned, flushed and fed, to be prepared for tomorrow next day. They would be exercised to maintain their figures and practice poses before being returned to the cages for bedtime. The sissy fashion models were hard at work selecting outfits, makeup and accessories for the next day's show.

A new group of interns greeted Kari, who wagged his tail to acknowledge each of their commands. It hurt to stretch his legs to full length when the thigh-ankle restraints were released. He was allowed bathroom privileges, squatting over a whole in the pen as the girls watched him. *The humiliation never ends. Everything they do reinforces their dominance, my submission.*

His hands hurt as the 'mitts' were removed and he flexed his fingers.

They left his makeup on. "Remember," a girl said, "don't try to pull those eyelashes off. Wait until the adhesive dissipates in a couple of days." She handed him a small box, "Put the eyelashes in here and bring them with you next visit, you should be able to get several wearings out of them."

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

Kari wagged his tail, something they'd not yet removed.

He watched as they put his collar, leash, restraints and mitts into a wire basket with his name KARI on the front.

"Relax, take a deep breath," a voice said, "gonna take out that tail."

He tried, but the plug was big and his sphincter had relaxed around it the last several hours. He flinched at the pain and then gasped when it popped free.

Someone laughed, "I love it when they make that face."

He felt the coolness of a wipe on his bottom and leather-gloved hands grabbed his arms and helped him to his feet.

They steadied him until he regained his mobility and then threw him the simple dress he'd worn in that morning.

He was led through a series of hallways and finally stopped and told to kneel before a door, joining a long line of other kneeling pet-slaves. The ever-present intern strode up and down the line, slapping her cane against her boot, insuring completes stillness and quiet in the slaves.

Women would come, claim their slaves, and go back to their cars. Eventually Kari saw Miranda's shoes appear before him.

She snapped her fingers, "Up, time to go."

Kari stood, keeping his eyes to the floor.

"It's customary for slaves to tip the interns," the young woman said.

Kari's stomach churned, he'd thought he was done and could leave...*and now this*. As a slave he had no money, that had long ago become the domain of Mistress Miranda.

"I'll see he makes up for it next time," Miranda said, the threat in her voice obvious.

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

“My mom makes my dad give blow jobs to her lover’s friends to make money,” the intern offered cheerfully.

“I’m sure that, and other services will allow my pet to earn money for his trips here.” Miranda reached out to stroke Kari’s cheek, “You do want to come back...*don’t you?*”

Kari nodded ‘yes’ excitedly.

“That’s good, because I enrolled you in a sissy-waitress seminar, won’t that be fun?”

Again Kari nodded.

“Please come back soon,” the intern offered as she watched Miranda lead Kari away.

Another intern greeted Miranda as she pulled her car under the awning of the drive-by merchandise pickup. As a Mall slave loaded Miranda’s purchases in the trunk the intern checked off the list to make sure all items were included.

“We also have a medium Sissy-Kennel-Kage scheduled for delivery and set-up on Wednesday afternoon,” the intern said. “And you ordered the optional restraints and oral and anal cock attachments,” She cheerfully checked off the last item, “You’re all set Ms. Davenport. I hope you enjoyed your day at the Mall and come back soon.”

Kari was allowed to ride home in the back seat. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the quiet and being left alone as Miranda used the car’s cell-phone system to call Leon.

“Hey, lover. You still having that sports thing with the guys at your house this weekend?—Great.—Oh...Kari needs to earn some money. I thought he could serve refreshments and provide...other...services.—No, I promise it will be affordable, say ten dollars?—Wonderful, I’m on my way home now. Bye-bye.”

Female Domination - Fantasy Mall
Constance Pennington Smythe

She let Kari sit in silence for a few moments before she spoke again. “I expect you to be on your best behavior for Leon and his friends. And to be *very* accommodating, Oh, and show some fucking enthusiasm.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he could picture himself prancing around in his sissy outfit, serving drinks and sandwiches...*and sucking cocks, big, black cocks.*

“I figure you’ll need a fifty dollar tip for the interns at each visit, and you need to make up for this visit on your next one,” Miranda said.

“Yes, Mistress.” *One hundred dollars, ten blow jobs, based on her ten dollar fee. I can do that.*

“I saw these shoes today, they were very sexy. I’m sure Leon would love to see me in them. I want you to buy them for me next time we visit.” Miranda paused, “They cost six hundred dollars,” she paused again and her voice became harder. “I want them and you *will* buy them for me.”

“Yes, Mistress.” *Sixty? Sixty blow jobs?*

Miranda sighed, “I had the most wonderful time today at Fantasy Mall.”

The End

In Closing

I do hope you enjoyed this first book in my new Female Domination Tales series. There will be more to come, as well as new books in the Chastity Cuckold Tales series.

Perhaps the next time you are at the local Mall you will see things a bit...*differently*? Will you pause and look at the mannequins in the window and wonder...dream? Was that a trick of the eye, a momentary reflection in the glass, or did the mannequin move?

Until next time my sweet babies.

Mistress Constance



About the Author

Constance Pennington Smythe is an erotic author. She is retired from the corporate world, and has lived abroad. Visit the author's free web site at:

www.cpsmythe.com



Also
by
Constance Pennington Smythe

Mistress Karin

What happens when a man gets his wish to be submissive? What happens when a woman embraces her dominant self? For Karin Calloway and her hapless husband, otherwise known as her maid Suzette, it becomes an erotic power exchange that gives them both what they desire. Is Suzette destined to become a cuckolded sissy maid? What new humiliations and torments will Karin and her evil friends, Trudi the German dance instructor and socialite Sheila Remington, visit on poor Suzette?

ISBN: 978-1-934446-11-9 (Print)
ISBN: 978-1-934446-12-6 (E-book)

The Breaking Cage

What can be better than a Mistress and her submissive male? How about two Mistresses and their submissive males - and their Alpha Male friends? What happens when Karin meets and mentors Joanna? It surely can't be good for their hapless maids, Suzette and Donna. Fun will be had by all, or maybe not. Follow the further adventures of Dominant Women and their submissive males in: *The Breaking Cage*

ISBN: 978-1-934446-25-6 (Print)
ISBN: 978-1-934446-27-0 (E-book)

Female Domination

Short Stories: Vol. I

Female Domination - Short Stories: Vol I is the first short story anthology from erotic author Constance Pennington Smythe. This work contains six short stories of chastity, cuckolding, giantesses and more; all with the themes of Female Domination and male submission.

Cuckold Date: A hapless husband prepares his wife for her date.

Matriarch's Birthday: The Dominant's Guild celebration of the Matriarch's birthday hosts a very unique slave game.

Performance Art: A Dominant Female patron of the arts creates an unusual art exhibit, and the male art critic who comes to visit...?

Mini Men - Lesbian Village: A misogynist research pair run afoul of their female scientist boss, and get themselves into a *little* trouble.

Locked Away: Three suburban housewives elect to start a new social club, with a sinister purpose for their husbands.

A Visit To Smythe Stables: Miss Caroline's graduating class visit the stables, to learn the proper care of the submissive male.

Each story is accompanied by an original illustration produced specifically for that work, by famed Female Domination artist: **Sardax**.

ISBN: 978-1-934446-40-9 (Print)
ISBN: 978-1-934446-92-8 (E-book)

The Corporate Slave Series

Corporate Slaves - The Women

1. Recruitment

Ellen Clark was looking for...Ellen Clark. Marriage? That hadn't worked out, and now it was behind her. She needed a job and someone to care about her. A career at the prestigious firm of Verdun & Associates wasn't her only hope, it was her best hope. Yet she knew so little about her prospective employer, only that the firm was almost exclusively female and the personnel were well compensated and fiercely loyal. She needed to belong somewhere, to someone; how far would she go to make it happen?

ISBN: 978-1-934446-52-2 (E-book)

Corporate Slaves - The Men

1. Hostile Takeover

What would you do to save your job? *Who* would you do? It's a question oft asked by those whose companies are acquired by adventurer and corporate magnate Geoffrey Cameron. His corporate protocols create opportunities for personnel to explore a unique set of job perks – and punishments. For Derek Wilkins, these are questions crucial to his personal and career survival. Fortune certainly favors the brave – and the willing, when under a *Hostile Takeover*.

ISBN: 978-1-934446-53-9 (E-book)

Now Available as an audio book.

ISBN: 978-1-934446-82-9

Corporate Slaves - The Men

2. Office Rituals

The Corporate Slaves saga continues as Derek struggles to balance family and career. Everyone at Cameron Holdings finds their place in the organization, many most willingly, even if it means cleaning toilets or serving as an oral sex plaything in conference rooms. Derek has kept his erotic work life at a safe distance from his tranquil role as a suburban husband. But things get complicated when Geoffrey Cameron's charm and wealth begin to tempt Derek's beautiful wife, Kate. (The sequel to Corporate Slaves – The Men – Book One: hostile Takeover)

ISBN 978-1-934446-84-3 (E-book)

The Chastity Cuckold Tales

Black Owned

Master Marcus moves in and takes control of a white wife, Rebecca, and her submissive sissy maid husband. Both Marcus and Rebecca have a long-term plan and everyone lives happily ever-after, when they are Black Owned.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-08-5 (E-book)

Cuckold Fluffer Box

Alicia has a plan to make her cuckold husband, Collin, better serve her and her lover. All that is necessary is the proper training...in the proper environment. Collin learns the rudiments of focus and multitasking in the *Cuckold Fluffer Box*.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-03-0 (E-book)

Cuckold Panty Wall

Samantha had plans for her husband and soon-to-be chastity cuckold. His would be a special role in their relationship and in Samantha's lustful exploits. Hapless husband Tedi learns new lessons in denial, dominance and submission as he labors at the Cuckold Panty Wall. (While not a Lesbian story, the work does contain some Lesbian themes/scenes).

ISBN: 978-1-935757-07-8 (E-book)

My Daddy Does Your Wife

Mistress-in-Training Diana is working her way through her Master's program...by studying the behavioral tendencies of cuckolds...and making movies of her "interviews". The star of her latest experiment is hapless cuckold Thomas. Also starring in the production is Thomas' wife Margaret and Chad, Alpha Male Bull...and Diana's father. It's a humiliating day for Thomas when he learns *My Daddy Does Your Wife*.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-06-1 (E-book)

Family Cuckold

Sharon Hoffman enjoyed the good life: a beautiful home, Alex her adoring husband, her devoted maid Lexy, and...a lover. The fact that her husband *was* the maid and devoted his life to Sharon and her lovers was simply a perk of her Dominant and Cuckoldress lifestyle. Yet Sharon decided it was time to take things to the next level and allowed her sister, Lorraine, to plan the family outing of maid and cuckold, Lexy. Hapless Lexy learns the meanings of true submission and humiliation when he becomes the *Family Cuckold*. Includes the bonus stories: *Lexy's Glamour Walk* and *Lexy's Release*.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-11-5 (E-book)

The Conversation

A cuckoldress has a discussion with her husband/cuckold as he prepares her for date night. Sometimes submissive men need a bit of re-focusing, to keep them attentive to the needs of Mistress, something easily done via *The Conversation*.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-02-3 (E-book)

WSB Club

Michelle and her black lover, Antoine, have plans for Michelle's husband, Simon. A weekend at Antoine's mother's estate turns out to be a turning point in Simon's life. The hapless husband undergoes the initial training to become a WSB. Under the tutelage of senior sissy maids Paulette and Pansy, Simon becomes Simmi and starts his way to becoming a member of the exclusive *WSB Club*.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-16-0 (E-book)

Club Cuckold - Black Owned 3

WELCOME! To Club Cuckold, the exclusive and private club where Black Masters, and their White dates, enjoy an evening of debauched entertainment provided by pink-clad sissy cuckolds. James takes Sara to Club Cuckold for the first time, Sara's sissy-cuck-husband, Missy, obediently following in his skirt, heels and leash. From the sissy floor show and musical numbers, to the games and special drinks for cuckolds, it's a night Sara and Missy won't soon forget, and one Sara will want to repeat...again and again. Is it Missy's fate to eventually become a frilly pink cocktail waitress and showgirl, serving Black Masters and White Mistresses? Anything can happen to sissy cucks at CLUB CUCKOLD.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-58-0 (E-book)

Sissy Cuckold Shopping Channel

In a not-too-distant future, President Margaret Richardson is beginning her very popular third term. Times have changed for males, who were now divided into the classes of Alpha Males, highly prized and valued, and sissy males, the worker drones of this modern utopian society. The merchandising Goddess of television is the beautiful, blonde Donna Drake of the Sissy Cuckold Shopping Channel. On this day's show she hosts many new products for an enthusiastic all-female live audience. Successful women entrepreneurs are on-hand to demonstrate their chastity devices and behavioral training programs. Renowned Mistress Ann Dermont stops by to debut the newest whip in her line. And famed Black Bull, Master Jack, stops by to plug his new oral and anal training program for sissies. It's a new day and age, and the Sissy Cuckold Shopping Channel is bringing women all they need to turn husbands and boyfriends into perfect sissy cuckolds.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-51-1 (E-book)

Mistress Deborah's Cuckold Sissy Maid

Mistress Deborah lives the life of a pampered Goddess, thanks to her cuckold-sissy-maid-husband Tim/Tami. Deborah enjoys the amorous attentions of her young lover Sean, and both Mistress and Master take their turns in tormenting the hapless Tami. Things don't get any better for Tami when the simpering sissy is 'milked' before Deborah's guest, Miss Sandra, and when wicked sissy maid Amanda is added to the household.

ISBN: 978-1-935757-67-2 (E-book)

Also Available From Romance Divine LLC

BDSM/Fetish/Chastity/Cuckold

From Elizabeth Black

Feral Heat

Indiscretins: Vol. II

Filthy Leuker: Feral Heat 2

From Jennifer Labelle

Leather and Pleasure

When Sparks Ignite: Leather and Pleasure 2

Sinfully Sexy: Leather and Pleasure 3

Naughty Noel: Leather and Pleasure 4

From Constance Pennington Smythe

Mistress Karin

The Breaking Cage

Female Domination: Short Stories - Vol. I

Corporate Slaves: The Men - One: Hostile Takeover

Corporate Slaves: The Men - Two: Office Rituals

Corporate Slaves: The Women - One: Recruitment

The Chastity Cuckold Tales Series

WSB Club

Black Owned

Club Cuckold

Family Cuckold

The Conversation

Cuckold Panty Wall

Cuckold Fluffer Box

My Daddy Does Your Wife

Sissy Cuckold Shopping Channel

Mistress Deborah's Cuckold Sissy Maid

From Miss Erica Kent

Female Domination with Miss Erica Kent: Vintage Vol.

Available as an E-Book and Audio Book

From Jodi Olson

Dear John

Road to Desire

Ultimate Desire

Flames of Desire

Gay and Lesbian

From Mary Suzanne

Secrets

Triangle

Partners

Marooned

Love Train

Love Cruise

Angel In Blue

Sexual Knead

Private Dancer

Sexy Hitchhikers

Fantasy Games

Just Not Into Me

A New Beginning

More Than Friends

Desire, Sex and Then Came Love

From J.A. Rawls

Man-Oh-Man

From Constance Pennington Smythe

Corporate Slaves: The Men - One: Hostile Takeover

Corporate Slaves: The Men - Two: Office Rituals

Corporate Slaves: The Women - One: Recruitment

From Jodi Olson

Dear John

Ultimate Desire

Ours Until Morning

For the Love of Bobbie

From Elizabeth Black
Feral Heat
Indiscretins: Vol. II
Filthy Leuker: Feral Heat 2

From Jennifer Labelle
Leather and Pleasure
Sinfully Sexy: Leather and Pleasure 3
Naughty Noel: Leather and Pleasure 4