

# Fantasyland



Where Her Fantasies  
Become Fiction

Bruce Cambell

# Fantasyland

by Bruce Cambell

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## Chapter 1

Kate scrolled down the page, reading what Theo had written over the past two days. He had been busy, producing over eighty pages of his new story “The Witch’s Brew”. She had hoped that he had managed to take his writing to the next level with his newest attempt, but was disappointed to find that his words were unemotional, flat, and boring. It was like reading a story written by a robot.

She kicked off her slippers, pulled on her high, black boots, and walked into the kitchen. She opened up the refrigerator and poured a malty looking drink into a plain looking copper goblet. Alice entered the kitchen and sat down a cafeteria style steel tray on the counter.

“Any progress at all, Mistress?” Alice asked.

“I’m afraid not,” Kate said as she closed the refrigerator. “His work is still dreadfully devoid of any feeling. If he doesn’t turn it around, we may have to release him.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Alice said. She loosened her tie and unbuttoned the top two buttons of her shirt.

“I do like that uniform on you, Alice,” Kate said with a smile. “How are things going with the inmates?”

“Good,” she replied, “we should have the anthology done by the end of the week. Alex needed a little *encouragement* today, but I think he is back on track. Also there was some confusion as to what the safeword was, but I have educated the inmates.”

“So they all know what it is? They are all clear?” Kate asked

“Yes,” Alice replied. “Kate, why do we even bother with a safeword? I don’t think I have ever heard one of the writers use it.”

“I know, me neither. When I set up this writing collaborative the lawyers insisted on it so it is in the contracts,” Kate said. “What the lawyers don’t realize is that every one of these people *wants* to be here. They are all here of their own free will; they have surrendered themselves to us.”

Kate pulled a long black cloak over herself, picked up the goblet, and walked to the door. “Perhaps later today I will check in with the inmates as well, but for now I need to go and have a talk with Theo and give him his drink,” Kate said as she walked outside.

It was dark. Kate grabbed a kerosene lantern and lit it. She walked to a crude stone building on the edge of her property, and unbolted the door. Theo was asleep on a straw filled mattress in the corner of the room. She closed the door and set the goblet and the lantern down on a crude wooden table before nudging him with her foot to wake him.

“We need to talk, peasant,” she said. “Get up, and present yourself to me for inspection.”

Theo rose quickly and stood before Kate with his hands at his sides. He was dressed in peasant clothing of the style worn in medieval times. On his feet were crude leather shoes. She looked him over from head to toe. Aside from the wet spot on his crotch he appeared to be in good health. Kate grabbed him by the steel collar he was wearing around his neck and led him to a wooden chair.

She pushed the goblet toward him. He quickly wrapped his hands around it and began drinking its contents. Kate turned up the lantern’s flame and grabbed a stack of papers. Theo continued drinking as she began reading his words. He watched her face carefully as she read, looking for hints as to whether or not she approved of his story. She finished reading the page in her hands and crumpled the paper up into a ball. Theo frowned, she was clearly dissatisfied with his efforts.

“Theo,” she began, “do you want to be here in Fantasyland?”

“Yes, Mistress. More than anything,” he replied.

“Well, you’d be hard pressed to prove that, based on the quality of writing coming from your hand,” Kate said as she stared at him. “Have I not inspired you?”

“Yes, Mistress. I am inspired,” he answered as he finished his drink and set the goblet on the table.

With a quick swipe of her hand Kate knocked the goblet across the room. “We can’t keep doing this, Theo. You aren’t pulling your weight. In the past two weeks you’ve managed to write one short story, and if it wasn’t for me editing it we couldn’t have even published it. Do you have anything to say?” She was clearly aggravated.

“I’m trying Mistress, I really am,” he pleaded.

Kate liked Theo, she had selected him herself. He had come to her begging for admission into Fantasyland. His performance during the screening process had been very good, but not excellent. She reached into her pocket and removed her keyring, setting it on the table.

“Do you see that keychain, Theo? Pick it up, and count the keys on it,” she said.

Theo counted aloud as he held the keyring in his shaking hands. The keychain wasn’t a symbol of her power, it *was* the physical embodiment of her power.

“Thirteen,” he quietly said as he examined the keys.

“That’s right, thirteen. Thirteen people. Thirteen mouths to feed. Thirteen fantasies to bring to life. Thirteen hearts begging for my approval and my

attention.”

“I know,” Theo said sadly.

Kate picked up the keyring and began sifting the keys through her fingers one by one. “Phillip, Carson, Nathaniel, Peter, Rodney, Edward, Jeffery, Sven, Duke, Jefferson, Alex, and Giacomo. Those are the names of the twelve other writers I have working for me, here. Theo, they are all writing at least one high quality story a week.”

Theo said nothing as he stared at the table.

“Theo, this is your last chance. You have one week to provide me with a good story that I can publish or I will be left with no choice but to banish you from Fantasyland and return you to the outside world. Do you understand?” Kate asked as she stared at him.

“Yes, Mistress. I understand,” he replied.

“I hope so. Now, let’s see if we can’t give you a little extra inspiration before you start over. Please remove your clothes and stand before me.”

Theo stripped. Kate smiled as she saw his caged cock. It was like a faucet, precum was dripping from it steadily. “It looks like the spell I put on you has worked, peasant,” she said. “Now, let’s get that potion out of you before you burst.”

Kate unlocked Theo’s chastity cage and removed it. Theo stood with his hands behind his back as Kate began slowly stroking his cock, using the steady flow of precum as lubricant. “Now, peasant. Tell me what you know.”

Theo closed his eyes as he started to speak. “I am a poor peasant. You have kidnapped me and locked me up in this hut in the woods. I never know when you will appear. When you are not here, you are with my wife. You seduced her, and now she loves you.”

Kate stopped stroking his cock. “Okay, so far so good. Now, get on your hands and knees and tell me what happens when I appear.” Kate said.

“When you appear you offer me a chalice to drink from. You explain to me that I am now brewing a love potion inside of myself. Then, you tear my clothes off and I am forced onto my hands and knees. You kneel behind me, and you stroke my cock until I cum into your hand. Finally, you feed it to me; my own cum is the love potion.”

“That’s right, peasant,” Kate said, as she started stroking his cock again. “Now, it is up to you to flesh the story out. Add some romance or something. Write me a beautiful tale with a nice happy ending.”

Theo was about to squirt his load, and Kate knew it. She placed her hand underneath his cock. With a long, deep moan Theo emptied his balls into her hand. It was a huge load of cum. Kate smiled and held the hand up to his mouth. “Now, drink this love potion that you have brewed for your witch, for the one you love.”

Theo lapped up the cum from Kate’s hand like an eager puppy. He continued to lick her hand until she pulled it away.

Kate stood, and picked up the chastity cage. “Theo, this thing's a mess. What is the deal with all the precum dripping from your cock?” she asked.

“I do not know, Mistress. It oozes from the tip of my cock constantly, it won’t stop,” he replied.

Kate shrugged, and began sliding the chastity cage back onto Theo’s cock. “Maybe the love potion is working after all. Do you love me, peasant?” she asked.

“With all of my heart, Mistress,” he replied.

“Good. Now, write me something I can have published. I will be back in two days. Write me something good, and you will be rewarded,” Kate said as she shut the door behind herself and bolted it shut.

## Chapter 2

Kate walked into the kitchen, hung up her cloak, and sat at the table next to Alice.

“Can I get you a cup of tea?” Alice asked as she looked up from her laptop.

“Yes, that would be nice,” Kate answered. “I hope Theo can turn it around. I had to give him an ultimatum, either write a story we can publish or leave Fantasyland.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Alice said as she prepared Kate’s tea.

“I’ll tell you one thing, Alice,” Kate said, “those supplements I’ve been adding to his drinks are working a little too well. He is cock is literally dripping precum like a faucet, and when he shot his load my hand could barely catch it all.”

Alice laughed. “He’s probably starting to wonder if you actually are a witch, Kate.” She handed Kate the cup of tea and sat down next to her at the table. “I was thinking of taking Duke out of the dungeon for the night. He’s finished his latest story, and he hasn’t had a release in a month. What do you think, Kate?”

“That’s up to you, Alice,” Kate said. “So, should we go and check in on the inmates?”

“Yeah, we probably should. As I told you earlier they are getting close to being finished, but I think a little encouragement might help them.”

Kate finished up her tea and went into her bedroom to get dressed. Of all of the characters she played around Fantasyland, the role of corrections officer



was one of her favorites. She slid her legs into the black stockings and fastened them to her garter belt before pulling on the short black skirt. She looked at herself in the mirror as she buttoned up the uniform shirt. She had gone so far as to have a patch with her last name sewn onto the shirt, which was an actual corrections officer shirt from the prison in the next county over. She meticulously cinched her tie and pulled on her boots. Before leaving her room she put on her belt, complete with nightstick, flashlight, handcuffs, and lubricant.

“Well, look at us,” Kate said as she entered the kitchen. “We are surely the two hottest corrections officers in the state.”

“And cruelest,” Alice added. “Shall we?”

“Yes. Do you have the panties?” Kate asked.

“I do.” Alice said as she opened the basement door and walked down the stairs.

Kate had paid a local contractor to recreate in her basement a completely accurate reproduction of a prison cell block. There were 3 cells, each with its own toilet, sink, and bunk beds. In addition, there was a common area with tables and a television mounted on the wall. Currently, there were six inmates in her prison, each writing a series of short stories to be included in an upcoming anthology for Kate’s “Femdom Prison” series. She was proud of it, and some of the inmates had actually been locked up in her basement for over a year.

Kate approached the heavy steel door and looked through the thick glass window. Peter and Alex were both handcuffed to one of the tables, and Phillip, Carson, Nathaniel, and Rodney were in their cells. All of the men were writing. Kate pressed the button next to the door, and with a loud clang the door unlocked. She opened it, and walked into the room as Alice followed.

“Alright you two, back to your cell,” Kate said as she unlocked their handcuffs from the table. The men were completely naked except for chastity cages and the handcuffs dangling from their wrists. Alice stood ready, with her nightstick should one of the prisoners get out of line.

“Yes, Officer Burke,” the two men answered as they walked into their cell. Kate slammed the heavy steel door shut, making a loud sound that echoed through the room.

“Stand at attention, inmates!” Alice yelled as she approached the cells.

The men immediately stood at the front of their cells, side by side, with their hands behind their backs and their chests against the steel bars. Kate and Ann began inspecting the men. They shined their flashlights into their eyes and their mouths before having each man turn around and spread their cheeks. Alice usually took this as an opportunity to tease the inmates with the end of her nightstick by either pressing it against their assholes or by knocking their balls around.

“Officer Smith,” Kate said, loudly. “I’ve told you before, we can’t punish the inmates if they’ve done nothing wrong. Move along.”

“I’ll be back for you, Carson,” Alice muttered as she walked up to Kate. “Officer Burke, have you selected a color for today?” she asked.

“I have, officer Smith. Proceed,” Kate said as she stood back.

“Alright, inmates, you know the rules. Whichever one of you can get your hands on the correct color of panties will be given some solitary time with Officer Burke and myself. For the rest of you, well, enjoy the show,” Alice said. She pulled three pairs of worn panties from her pocket and threw one pair into each cell.

The inmates immediately began struggling with each other, wrestling aggressively to get their hands on the panties. The first inmate in each cell to grab the panties and stuff them into their own mouths was the winner.

Aside from some bruises no one ever got too injured, and the inmates seemed to enjoy the contest. Kate and Alice had fun watching it even if it was a bit silly.

One by one the victorious inmates stood at the front of their cells. Carson, Alex, and Rodney stood waiting, each hoping that he had the correct color of panties in his mouth while savoring the aroma of pussy.

Kate watched the inmates as they eagerly awaited her words. “The color of the day is black,” she announced.

Carson opened his mouth, revealing that he indeed had the black panties in his mouth. He tossed them to his cellmate and eagerly awaited his release.

Alex and Rodney stepped back and laid on their bunks. Alex draped the panties over his nose, while Rodney put them on.

“It never ceases to amaze me how pathetic these locked up perverts are,” Alice said as she unlocked Carson’s cell and cuffed his hands behind his back.

Kate removed the nightstick from her belt and approached Carson. “Officer Smith, how is Carson’s prison diary coming along? Any areas that need addressing?”

“Yes, Officer Burke. From what I have read, I don’t think Carson has any respect for authority, and when it comes to scenes depicting pain and humiliation his depictions are a little boring,” Alice answered.

“I see,” Kate said. “Very well. Carson, do you like it here in Fantasyland?”

“Yes, Officer Burke,” he replied with his head hung low.

“Very well. Bend over the table,” Kate said. “Officer Smith, lube up the end of your nightstick and shove it up this prisoner’s ass while he licks my asshole.”

“With Pleasure,” Alice said as she poured a bead of lube out. She used the nightstick to spread his legs apart and pressed the end of the nightstick against his asshole

Kate lifted her skirt, and spread her ass cheeks as she backed up onto his face. She grabbed him by the hair and forced his face into her ass.

Carson moaned as he began pressing his tongue against Kate’s asshole while Alice continued pressing the end of the nightstick against his. With a twist of her wrist Alice at last entered Carson’s asshole. A loud moan escaped his lips as she continued shoving the nightstick up his ass. He could feel his flesh stretching to accommodate it.

The other inmates watched with great interest. They had all been there, before. As was the custom, they proceeded to taunt and mock him as he moaned.

Kate pulled his hair harder, shoving his mouth and tongue against her asshole. “One of the perks of this job, Officer Smith,” she said, “is a nice rimjob whenever the mood strikes me.”

“Yes, Officer Burke,” Alice responded, “And I get a twisted satisfaction out of shoving a nightstick up an inmate’s ass when they are mouthy or disrespectful.”

Alice shoved the nightstick deeper and deeper inside of Carson as she spoke. He was now moaning loudly, but she could tell by the way he was arching his back that he was enjoying himself. She was now spinning the nightstick as she shoved it in and out of him, which he seemed to enjoy even more.

“You’re enjoying this too much, you filthy fucking pig!” Alice yelled as she slapped his ass. “Perhaps you need some good old fashioned corporal punishment to accompany your ass stretching.”

Kate was enjoying the rim job, but she wanted to humiliate Carson further in front of the other inmates. She pulled her ass off of his face and slowly turned him so that he was now facing the row of cells as Alice pounded his ass.

The other inmates were now in a frenzy, goading Alice on as they watched Carson take his punishment. Kate held his head up so all could see his contorted expressions of pleasure mixed with pain.

Kate turned to Alice. "I want you to fuck him until he squirts a load out onto the floor. It may take a while, but it may be the only way to give this prisoner some humility."

Alice nodded and continued fucking him with the nightstick. She was now fucking him with long, slow, deep strokes. Carson could feel the sensation building, the sensation of an impending orgasm. Alice considered herself an expert when it came to making men cum by fucking them in the ass; if she had her way it would be the only way any man would ever be able to have an orgasm.

Carson's face was devoid of any expression. His eyes were open but he wasn't looking at anything, and a puddle of drool was forming on the ground as it dripped from his open mouth. Kate smiled as she looked at him; she enjoyed seeing a man being humiliated and reduced to nothing, it made her wet.

Carson moaned loudly as he began squirting his load onto the floor.

"That's it inmate, empty those nasty fucking balls of yours while I fuck you with this piece of wood. Next time it'll be a piece of cold steel you worthless fuck pig," Alice said as she watched his twitching and dripping caged cock. She began fucking his ass harder, and faster as his orgasm ended. "Just because you are done doesn't mean I am."

"Officer Smith," Kate said, "I think he has had enough."

“But, Officer Burke, I don’t think he’s been properly humbled, yet,” Alice responded.

“I said that’s enough, Officer Smith,” Kate said sternly. “Stop!”

Alice shoved the nightstick as far as she could up Carson’s ass and stepped back from him. Carson laid motionless over the table as his legs shook. Kate pulled his head up higher by his hair.

The other inmates fell silent.

“Do the rest of you see this?” Kate asked. “Look at his pathetic, drooling face. I hope you all realize that you are nothing to us. You are locked up in cells for no other reason than the fact that you are men.”

Alice nodded in agreement as she stared down the inmates in their cells.

“Officer Smith,” Kate said, as she released her grip on Carson’s head, “have this fucking inmate clean up his mess and your nightstick.

Alice slowly pulled the nightstick from his ass and dropped it onto the floor. Then, she grabbed Carson by his cuffed hands and pulled him off the table. She forced him to his knees and then shoved his face into the puddle of cum on the floor. Carson resisted. Alice knelt down in front of him, lifted his head, and slapped his face.

“Inmate, clean up your mess like Officer Burke told you to do,” she said.

Carson started licking, slurping up the load of cum that he had spilled as Kate, Alice, and the other inmates watched. When he was done Kate brought him to his feet by pulling on his cuffed hands and pushed him back into his cell before locking the door behind him. Alice kicked her nightstick across the floor and into his cell.

“Clean off my nightstick, inmate,” Alice said coldly.

Carson groaned as he layed on the floor. He slowly rose to his feet and picked up the nightstick. Kate and Alice watched as he limped over to the sink in the corner of the cell and began washing the nightstick.

“Inmates, I have a few announcements,” Kate said, “If you have any hope of ever being released then you better step it up. Remember, when it comes to writing it isn’t all about quantity. Quality is just as important. Also, tonight is movie night. I have selected a full length femdom film that is very hardcore. I think you will like it. Finally, remember that fingering yourselves or each other is forbidden. We have cameras in here for a reason.

Carson had finished washing Alice’s nightstick and held it out through the bars. Kate took it, and handed it to Alice.

“Is there anything else, Officer Smith?” Kate asked.

“No, Officer Burke,” Alice said.

“Good,” Kate said as she unlocked the heavy steel door and walked upstairs with Alice.

### Chapter 3

Candy was busily typing when Kate walked into her office with a fresh stack of edited stories from the inmates. It was Candy’s job to transcribe their handwritten works into the computer so they could be prepared for publishing.

Kate had rescued Candy from her overbearing husband who had made it his goal to turn her into a full blown bimbo slut. He had insisted that she have her breasts enlarged, her hair bleached, and that she keep herself in top physical form. Kate had made it her mission to transform Candy from bimbo to Domme, as she firmly believed that women were the superior sex in all matters.

Kate's only failure was that when she had initially took Candy into her home and into her bed she discovered that Candy was just as good at pleasuring women as she was at pleasuring men. As a result Kate couldn't quite bring herself to end her sexual relationship with her.

Kate closed the door behind herself and sat down on the sofa. "Here's the latest and greatest from the inmates," she said as she handed Candy the stack of papers.

"Thank you, Kate," Candy replied. "I should have them done by tomorrow morning."

"Oh, there's no rush, Candy," Kate replied with a smile as she admired her body. "I like your outfit."

Candy was wearing a very short plaid skirt, a white shirt, thigh high socks, and baby jane shoes.

"Thank you, I know it's a little slutty, but I thought I might do a walkthrough later and I like teasing the boys," Candy said as she stood up so Kate could see the entire outfit.

"You are good for morale, Candy," Kate laughed. She walked up behind candy and started rubbing her shoulders. "Your tense, Candy. Perhaps you should take a break. Come, sit with me on the couch."

"So, how is everything going, Kate?" Candy asked as the two women sat down.

"Well," Kate replied. "We are about to publish our 150th story." She reached out her hand and cupped Candy's breast, lifting it slightly and watching it fall. "They're so firm, Candy."

"I don't have any complaints, nor have I ever heard any," Candy laughed.



She reached over and squeezed Kate's thigh. Kate quickly grabbed her hand and slid it under her skirt.

"Oh, Candy. I'm horny," Kate said. "I went and got myself all worked up watching Alice punish one of the prisoners. You're my naughty secretary, right?"

"Of course I am, Kate. I love you, I'd do anything for you," Candy said as she brushed her hand against Kate's panties. "But I have needs, too. Remember, you are the one who taught me that when you stole me from my husband."

"Well, Candy, as my secretary it is in your job description to pleasure me," Kate said with a smile.

Candy dropped to the floor and spread Kate's legs. She reached under her skirt and pulled off Kate's panties before stopping to unbutton her own shirt.

"Take off your bra, Candy," Kate said. "Let me see those tits of yours."

Candy removed her bra and stood up, leaned forward, and pressed her large breasts into Kate's face. "I like being your slutty secretary, Kate," Candy said. "You pay me well, you respect me, and you are really good in bed."

"You are very good at your job, Candy," Kate said as she rubbed her face back and forth across Candy's large, smooth breasts. She placed her hands on Candy's face and kissed her on the lips, thrusting her tongue into her mouth. "My pussy is soaking wet, Candy. It's dripping in anticipation of you and your magic tongue."

Candy slid herself back down onto the floor and lifted Kate's skirt. Kate spread her legs wide, leaned back, and closed her eyes. Candy wasted no time, she shoved her head between Kate's legs and began licking her drenched pussy. Kate gently ran her fingers through Candy's hair; she loved the way Candy ate her pussy. She was never in a rush as she worked

Kate's pussy with her lips and her tongue simultaneously. She had a way of pleasuring Kate's entire pussy all at once that drove her crazy.

"Oh, Candy, you are so fucking good," Kate moaned. "You may be the best pussy licker that I've ever met."

Candy moaned, and squeezed Kate's thighs in appreciation. She began smashing her tongue against Kate's clit while she continued to rub the rest of her pussy with her wet lips.

"I want you to be a Domme, Candy, but I also want you for myself," Kate said as she moaned. "You are just too fucking good at this."

Candy tried to do even better as Kate complimented her, but there wasn't much room for improvement.

"I'm about to cum," Kate said. "Fuck, if I didn't have other things to do today I'd have you stop right now just so you could start back up in a few minutes. I wish you could eat me all day, Candy."

Candy continued her pussy licking, sucking Kate's pussy with her entire mouth as she swirled her tongue around her clit. Kate came with a scream, bucking her hips and smashing her pussy against Candy's face as she exploded with pleasure.

Candy looked up at her with a smile on her wet face. Kate stared down at her, panting. "The orgasm is nice, Candy, but I swear that getting there feels just about as good with you. It's almost like one long, drawn out orgasm."

Candy laughed. "You're sweet, Kate. Now, fuck me. Bend me over my desk and fuck me." She reached into a desk drawer and grabbed an enormous dildo, squirted some lube on it, and tossed it to Kate. "Use this," she said as she shoved piles of paperwork to the side and laid herself over the desk.

Kate stood behind Candy and began rubbing her large, round ass. She pulled her panties to the side and began rubbing her drenched pussy. “My goodness, Candy, you are soaking wet,” Kate said. She loved fucking Candy on her desk because there was a large mirror on the opposite wall so she could watch her facial expressions.

Candy let out a long moan as Kate began pressing the head of the rubber cock into her. She worked slowly, twisting and turning the dildo as Candy’s pussy stretched to accommodate its girth. Kate looked at the mirror, Candy was watching her. “Yes, stretch out my greedy cunt, Kate,” she said. “Get me good and loose and then ram that fucking dildo into my hot, wet pussy.”

In almost all of Kate’s sexual encounters it was her doing the dirty talk as she dominated her partners, but with Candy it was different, and she liked it. She could feel her gripping the dildo with her pussy, and it actually took Kate some effort to fuck her. Candy had been doing kegel exercises for years, and it showed.

Kate began fucking her faster as the two women stared into each other's eyes. “You are a very powerful woman, Candy,” Kate said.

“I just want to fuck, Kate. Fuck me.”

Kate grabbed her ass cheek with her other hand as she leaned into Candy’s body and started fucking her even harder yet. She could tell by Candy’s expression that she wanted it hard and fast. She looked almost angry.

“What do you want, Domme?” Kate asked. “Do you want me to slow down and fuck you like a gentleman?”

“No, you fucking whore!” Candy screamed. “I want you to fuck me like a machine. I want you to fuck me so hard and fast that I can’t walk. I want you to fuck my brains out.”

Kate was sweating, fucking Candy was always a workout. She had an insatiable desire for sex. Candy was now shoving herself back onto the

huge dildo with at least as much force as Kate was using to shove it into her pussy.

Her expression was starting to change. Kate could see in the reflection of the mirror that Candy's eyes had lost their focus, and that her mouth was hanging open. She was entering a place where all that existed was her pussy and the giant dildo fucking it.

Kate's arm was growing tired, but she couldn't stop. She had to finish Candy off. She focused her attention on Candy's face, adjusted her grip on the dildo, and furiously fucked her. She started penetrating her at different angles, stretching and tugging at Candy's pussy.

A continuous low moan was coming from Candy's lips, she had stopped fucking back onto the dildo; she had stopped squeezing it with her pussy. She was a lifeless body laying on a desk, she couldn't even focus on her own reflection in the mirror.

"Time to finish you off, Domme," Kate said. She was now ramming the dildo into the wet, sloppy mess between Candy's legs. Candy's moans filled the room, becoming louder and louder as her hips began bucking wildly. She came with a scream as Kate continued wildly fucking her.

In the mirror Kate watched as Candy's eyes rolled back as her back arched. Kate slowly removed the dildo from the stretched out pussy and placed it on the chair next to her. She laid herself on top of Candy's body, resting her head next to her neck. Kate could feel Candy's heart pounding against her body.

After a few minutes of silence, when their breathing had returned to normal, Kate spoke. "Candy, I've decided to give you full control over the sissies. I think you would make an excellent role model for them. I know it will be a little more work for you, but we'll figure it out. Would you like that, my sweet?"

“Oh, Kate. Thank you. I’d love to take control of them.” Candy said as she reached back and grabbed Kate’s ass.

“You’re a powerful woman, Candy. Never forget that,” Kate whispered.

“I won’t Kate.” she replied with a smile.

“Good,” Kate said, “now let’s go get cleaned up and get our nails done.”

## Chapter 4

“We’re heading to the salon, Alice. Would you like to join us?” Kate asked. Candy and Kate had showered, and were wearing long fluffy robes.

“Yes, I think I will,” Alice answered with a smile. I need a waxing, and my nails could use painting. I’ll meet you there in a moment.”

Kate and Candy walked down the long hall that led to the salon. As they approached they could hear that the sissies had their music playing loudly.

“They like listening to their girly ‘top 40’ music,” Kate laughed as she opened the door.

Kate was proud of the salon. What was once a large sitting room had been transformed into a full blown beauty salon.

“Kate, I’ve transcribed a lot of the stories from the sissies, but I’m not sure if I can remember who’s who,” Candy said.

“Well, then allow me to introduce you,” Kate said as she opened the door.

“Turn the music down please!” she hollered over the noise. Gia quickly lowered the volume and smiled, happy to see Kate and Candy.

“Ladies, if you could line up,” Kate said. “I want to formally introduce you to your new Boss.”

The three men quickly stood shoulder to shoulder in front of Kate and Candy.

“Ladies, this is Candy. She is now in charge. I think you can all agree that she will make an excellent role model for you all,” Kate said. “Candy, this is Eddie, Gia, and Jasmine - formerly Edward, Giacomo and Jeffrey.”

Jeffrey cringed when Kate said his former name, he really preferred the name ‘Jasmine’.

Candy looked them over and smiled. “Oh, Kate, they’re all so cute,” she said as she inspected each one. They were all cleanly shaved, dressed in pink lingerie, and made up like little dolls.

“They are all yours, Candy. Do with them as you please,” Kate said “but they definitely need some help, as you can see. They also need to be filling their writing quotas for the day.”

“And they will do whatever I ask of them?” Candy asked with a smile.

“Yes. Anything,” Kate answered. “I’ve put you in charge because they really need a full time Domme.”

“Perfect,” Candy said. “Kate, have a seat there. Jasmine is going to give you a manicure.”

Kate smiled as she took her seat.

“Eddie, you will do my nails,” she continued. “And Gia, you will kneel before me. I need a foot rest,” Candy said as she sat down and Eddie took her hand.

Gia knelt before candy and frowned as Candy placed her legs on his back.

“Is there something wrong, Gia?” Candy asked.

“No, Mistress,” he answered.

“You look put out,” Candy said. “Why don’t you lick my feet until you have a smile on your face?”

Gia looked over at Kate. She smiled and said, “Gia, Candy is in charge of the salon. I suggest you do as you are told.”

Gia knelt before Candy and started licking her feet. He went straight for her toes before she stopped him. “The soles, Gia. Lick the soles of my feet.”

“That’s nice,” Candy said, “but not nice enough. Eddie, I want you to take a hairbrush and I want you to shove it up Gia’s ass. Pick one with a nice, big handle. When he can learn to lick my feet properly he can remove it.”

Eddie Selected a hairbrush, spat on the handle, and approached Gia from behind. Kate watched the entire scene in fascination. Candy had wasted no time in asserting herself, of making an example of Gia. Gia shut his eyes as Eddie eased the handle of the hairbrush into his asshole.

“Now, let’s try this again,” Candy said. “Lick the soles of my feet like a good sissy bitch.”

Kate smiled at Candy as Alice entered the room and took a seat. She smiled at Kate and Candy when she saw the hairbrush. “I bet I could wiggle the handle of that around and make his balls drain in less than 2 minutes,” she said.

Kate laughed. “These are Candy’s pretty little pets now. You’ll have to ask her.”

“You’re on,” Candy said. If you can make him drain his balls in less than two minutes, then I will lick up the puddle myself. If it takes longer than two minutes, then you lick up the disgusting mess. Deal?” Candy asked with an evil grin.

Alice was very sure of her abilities, but the prospect of losing the bet and being humiliated in front of the sissies mortified her. She thought for a moment before agreeing. "It's a bet."

Alice knelt behind Gia as Kate and Candy watched the clock on the wall. When the minute hand hit twelve they both yelled "Go!"

Alice quickly started jabbing the end of the hairbrush in and out of Gia's asshole. She carefully watched Gia's body as she fucked him, looking for the subtle movements of his body that would tell her when she was in just the right spot.

"30 seconds gone!" Candy said, loudly.

Alice noticed Gia arching his back ever so slightly as he let out a moan. She had found the right spot, now she just needed to scratch it like an itch. Alice loved it; she loved emptying a man's testicles without touching his cock.

"You've got one minute." Candy said.

Kate watched on, concerned. She couldn't believe that her two friends had placed a bet with such high stakes. If either one of them actually licked cum up off the floor it would definitely send the wrong message to every man in the house.

Gia began to squirm and make 'girly' moaning sounds as Alice pleased him with the handle of the hairbrush.

"30 seconds to go, Alice! I hope you are hungry!" Candy yelled.

Alice looked at Candy and smiled. With a few more precise thrusts of the hairbrush Gia's balls drained onto the floor, creating a large puddle of cum.



“Who’s the best at draining balls? Who’s the best?” Alice gloated as she stared at Candy.

Candy conceded her defeat. “You are good, Alice. I have to give you that.”

Kate remained silent. She wanted to see how Candy would handle the situation. Given Candy’s past, she was scared.

“All right,” Candy said, “we’ve had our fun. Alice put that hairbrush back up Gia’s ass.”

Alice roughly shoved the handle back into Gia.

Candy knelt on the floor, examining the large puddle of cum. “That’s quite a load,” she said, “that is quite a load of hot, yummy cum.” She licked her lips.

Kate was horrified. Could Candy actually be so stupid as to lick cum off the floor on her first day as boss, she wondered. As scared as she was that Candy’s actions would unravel everything, she loved moments of sexual tension.

Candy placed a single finger into the puddle of cum and swirled it around. All eyes were on her. “I used to live for cum,” she said, “and I came close to becoming a complete and utter bimbo. But, Kate saved me.”

All eyes were on her. The room fell silent.

“Gia,” Candy said softly as she stared into his eyes, “lick up your cum. Do it for me.”

Gia scooted backward and looked down at the puddle of cum on the floor.

“Gia, sissies love the taste of cum, right?”

Kate smiled. Candy had found a way out.

Gia lowered his head and started to lick up his cum.

“You cheated!” Alice yelled. “No Fair! Kate?”

“Well, technically speaking, Candy was responsible for licking up the cum. But, I have given her the sissies, and they are her property to do with as she pleases. They can and will do anything for her that she does not wish to do.”

Alice frowned. She knew Kate was right. In anger, she shoved Gia’s face into what remained of the cum puddle before standing up and storming out of the room.

“I hope everything is okay, Kate,” Candy said as she stood up and returned to her manicure.

“Everything is fine, Alice can be a bit of a hot head, that is all,” Kate said with a smile.

The sissies smiled as they continued tending to Kate and Candy. Gia was now licking Candy’s feet to her satisfaction.

Kate stood up when her manicure was done. “Have fun with your sissies, Candy. I have editing to do, and then I need to prepare for dinner,” Kate said. “Please be sure they get some writing done, as well. Of course you can *inspire* them as you see fit.”

Candy smiled. “Yes, I have some ideas for my pretty little sissies. I’m going to teach them how to be nice little sissy bimbos.”

## Chapter 5

Alice entered the dungeon with a sour expression on her face. She was still angry that Candy had avoided licking the cum off the floor. She marched straight over to the Sven’s cage, and sat on it. Sven immediately sat up and

began licking at her pussy. Alice spread her legs and adjusted herself, making it easier for Sven's tongue. She lit a cigarette and stared over at Duke in his cage.

The dungeon wasn't really a dungeon in the medieval sense of the word. It was more or less the stereotypical sex dungeon that Kate had created to fulfill her own desires and passions. Alice had trained under Kate in this very room, and was intimately familiar with every chain, collar, and torture device in the room.

Duke stared at Alice as Sven licked her pussy from below. Alice quickly noticed that he was rubbing the tip of his caged cock as he watched.

"Duke, we've been over this. Are you supposed to be touching yourself?" Alice asked. She sounded annoyed, but bored.

"No, Mistress," Duke answered as he stopped.

"You know what, Duke. Fuck it. Rub away. If you can manage to make yourself cum by rubbing your piss hole than good for you."

Duke quickly returned to rubbing the tip of his cock.

Alice hopped off of Sven's cage and approached Duke. She shoved three of her fingers as far as she could inside of her pussy as he watched. She loved seeing the look of desire and frustration on her slave's' face. She removed her fingers from her pussy and beckoned him to come closer. When he was good and close, she rubbed her pussy drenched fingers across his face and under his nose.

"A treat," she said. She turned to Sven. "And a special treat for you today, Sven."

Sven smiled quickly before bowing his head.

“I’ll be right back,” Alice said as she left the room. She walked into an adjoining room and admired the racks of clothing, shoes, boots, and accessories. She had always felt most comfortable in the dungeon, it was her favorite place. She quickly selected a skin tight crotchless latex bodysuit and matching boots. She slid the outfit on and gave her pussy a couple of good, hard slaps before entering the dungeon.

Duke was still rubbing the tip of his cock in vain, desperate to get himself off.

“Pathetic,” Alice said as she paused to watch him for a moment. She walked up to Sven’s cage. He was kneeling before the door with his head lowered. She unlocked the cage and flung the door open. “Out,” she commanded.

Sven crawled out of his cage and stopped at her feet. He was naked, except for his chastity cage and a chain belt around his waist. He started licking her boots without provocation.

“Did I tell you to lick my boots, slave?” she asked.

Sven stopped. “No, Mistress.”

“That is right. I did not. Stand up,” Alice said. She grabbed him by the collar and led him to the middle of the room. “Hands up, slave.”

Alice grabbed the pair of cuffs suspended by a chain from the ceiling above Sven’s head and closed them around his wrists as he stood on the tips of his toes. She circled him several times before walking across the room to select a paddle to use on him. Sven watched her as she selected a long wooden paddle. He cringed as she approached him.

“Oh, what’s wrong, Sven?” she asked as she stood before him, tapping him on the thighs with the paddle.

She glanced over at Duke, who had started rubbing his asshole in an attempt to pleasure himself. “Duke, did I say you could do that?” She left Sven hanging by his wrists and marched over to Duke’s cage. He looked up at her with wide, lust filled eyes. “Duke, you will have yours you pathetic fucking slave, but keep your hands off your ass.” She spat on him before returning to Sven.

Without any notice she let loose with her paddle. The sound echoed through the room as Sven dangled momentarily before regaining his footing. The second he did so, Alice hit him again, knocking him off of his feet.

“Are you okay, slave?” Alice asked as he again regained his footing.

“Yes, Mistress,” he answered.

“Really?” she asked as she smacked his ass again with the paddle.

Sven moaned loudly as he pulled himself up again. Alice turned his dangling body with her hand and looked into his eyes. She grabbed his cock cage and gave it a tug. “When was the last time you came, slave?” she asked.

“It has been 27 days, Mistress,” he replied.

“That’s a long time,” she said as she reached up and released his hands. He fell to the ground and sat motionless in a heap.

“Go lay down on the punishment bench,” Alice said, “I’m going to fetch your key.”

Sven laid down on the punishment bench and awaited her return.

Alice found Kate in the kitchen. She was watching as Candy supervised the sissies as they prepared dinner.

Alice smiled when she saw that the sissies had all been dressed as maids for the occasion. "I like their new outfits," she said.

"Yes, they're nice, aren't they. I thought that tonight we could have a special dinner," Kate said with a smile.

"Kate, I need Sven's key," Alice said quietly.

Kate removed the keyring from her pocket and slid Sven's key off of it. "Do you need any help, Alice?"

"No, Kate. I have it all under control. When I get done with Sven he'll be begging to be locked back up in his cage."

"Okay," Kate said, "don't be too hard on him, Alice."

When she returned, Sven was stretched out on his back over the punishment bench. Alice approached him and immediately cuffed his hands and shackled his legs into place so he could not move. She grabbed his chastity cage, unlocked it, and slid the device off his cock. He immediately started getting hard.

"I'd better get that base ring off your cock and nuts now," Alice said, "or it's never coming off."

She had to nearly fold his growing cock in half to slide it under the ring, but at last she managed to release him completely for the first time in almost four weeks. Sven breathed a sigh of relief.

Alice began inspecting Sven's genitals. It wasn't the most glamorous part of her job, but it was a necessity to ensure that the slaves remained happy and healthy. By the time she was done with her visual check Sven's cock was rock hard and bobbing clumsily in the air. He moaned in pleasure every time Alice touched him.

“I’m going to gag you,” she said as she slid the strap over his head and stuffed the ball gag into his mouth, “so I don’t have to listen to you.” Then she blindfolded him.

Sven laid perfectly still. He knew better than to even flinch. Alice would tell him what to do when she wanted him to do something. He couldn’t see a thing. He felt something cold and wet dripping onto his cock. He could feel it run down the length of his shaft and balls before dripping past his asshole. Then, he felt fingernails.

Alice started running the tips of her fingernails over the the head of his cock, pressing them into his flesh. She slowly traced the contours of every blood vessel on his throbbing cock with her sharp nails, squeezing them into him. Each time she touched him what started out as a feeling of intense pleasure quickly became one of pain. Then, she stopped altogether. Sven laid waiting, unsure of what was to come next. The act of teasing a man, of taunting a man with pleasure and pain made Alice wet.

He could hear Alice’s boots as she walked across the hard floor. He jerked his body to the side in pain as the unexpected crack of a riding crop stung his thigh.

“What is it like, slave,” she whispered into his ear, “not knowing whether your next sensation will be one of pleasure or pain?” Alice removed his ball gag. Sven opened his mouth as wide as he could as Alice forced her hand into it. “Every inch of your body is mine, slave.”

She stepped back for a moment and watched his cock as it continued to bob about in the air. Sven moaned in anticipation as she ran the tip of the riding crop up and down the length of his swollen cock, then he winced as she gave his balls a slap.

Alice climbed on top of Sven, spread her ass cheeks, and sat on his mouth. She watched his cock throb as she rode his face, grinding herself onto his mouth. Sven stuck out his tongue and attempted to lick her as she shoved her body back and forth across his head.

“Don’t bother,” Alice said, “just stick out your tongue as far as you can and hold it there. Nothing else you can do is worth the effort.”

She reached down and tugged at his cock with rough, hard jerking motions. In Alice’s world cocks and the men attached to them were never to be treated gently. She grabbed his balls and squeezed them, pulling and stretching at them, all the while rubbing her asshole across his open mouth and his rigid tongue. Then, she hopped off him.

“You’re worthless,” she said as she slapped his cock. “Do you think you could ever pleasure a woman the way she deserves to be pleased?”

“No, Mistress,” Sven replied.

“That’s right. Maybe you could learn the art of massage or something but as far as pleasuring a woman with this worthless meat stick you’re fucked,” Alice said as she grabbed his cock, squeezing it as hard as she could.

Sven had been locked in chastity for so long that even her rough touch had him highly aroused. Alice could see that the tip of his cock was glistening with pre cum. She grabbed the riding crop and smacked him on the thighs right next to his balls. “You aren’t thinking of draining those, are you?” she asked.

“No, Mistress,” Sven lied. It was all he wanted to do.

“You better not. If I see even a drop of cum spurt from your cock you are going to have a serious problem. Do you understand?” she asked as she tapped his lips with the end of the riding crop. She wrapped her hand around his shaft and started stroking it slowly but firmly.

“Please stop,” Sven said, “Your touch is too much, I’m going to cum.”

“I told you not to cum, slave. If you do I will have no choice to punish you,” Alice said calmly, as she continued stroking his cock.



“Stop, please. Don’t make me cum. Please, stop,” Sven pleaded.

“Don’t you want to cum, Sven? I mean, what is the point of any of this? When I get aroused and my pussy gets wet and my clit gets hard - like it is now - I want to have an orgasm, and trust me, I will,” Alice said with a smile.

Alice stopped rubbing his cock. She could tell he was dangerously close to spurting his load, and she wasn’t finished teasing him. She reached down between her legs and rubbed her pussy, moaning in delight into his ear as she pleased herself. “Sven, my pussy is so hot and slippery right now. Wouldn’t you love to slide your cock into it?”

Sven bit his tongue. Alice grabbed his cock with her wet hand and gave it a rub. “Do you feel that wetness, that’s my pussy juices being rubbed onto your cock,” she laughed. “When was the last time your cock smelled like pussy, Sven?”

Sven moaned.

With her pinky fingernail Alice started rubbing the underside of the head of his cock. She could see his cuffed hands gripping the legs of the punishment bench tightly. She knew she had him. “Do you think I can make you cum with just the pressure of my pinky fingernail?” she asked.

Sven moaned. “Yes, Mistress.”

She pressed her fingernail right under the head of his cock and watched his balls tighten; she watched the load quickly travel up the underside of his cock before erupting from the tip. She pointed the head of his cock in the direction of his face, spraying his chest with his hot load.

Sven quickly fell silent; he feared what might happen to him.

Alice glanced over at Duke, who was staring at her with wide eyes. She walked over to his cage and hopped up onto it. Duke instantly began licking at her bottom, struggling to get his tongue into contact with her pussy. Alice stared across the room at Sven, still cuffed to the bench and covered in cum as his cock slowly went limp. Duke was licking her asshole, as her pussy was just out of reach.

The bars of the cage weren't comfortable, but Alice sat there and started rubbing her pussy as Duke ate her ass. She came quickly, hopped off the cage and left the room.

She was hungry.

## Chapter 6

Kate and Candy were already eating dinner when Alice returned from the dungeon. Gia pulled out a chair for her, and she took a seat. Candy had transformed the sissies; she had each of them well made-up, and their new maid outfits looked both cute and humiliating.

Jasmine poured Alice a glass of wine as Eddie served her a salad.

"How is everything progressing in the dungeon?" Kate asked.

"About as good as can be expected," Alice answered, "Oh, and before I forget, here is Sven's key. I left him cuffed to the punishment bench, I'll lock him back up after dinner."

Candy grabbed Jasmine's ass as he walked by, "Kate, I think Jasmine here might need a little inspiration after dinner. He was being pretty bitchy today while I was showing him how to properly apply his make-up."

"Well, if anyone is going to be bitchy, it's a sissy like Jasmine," Kate said. "Let's spend some time with him, after dinner. In fact, I think all of the sissies could use a little attention. Their writing is getting a bit boring."

“I’m in,” said Alice as she sipped her wine. She shot Gia a look, causing him to quickly scurry into the kitchen.

Candy had finished her dinner. Eddie quickly approached to clear her plate from the table.

“Eddie, get under the table. My feet need some attention,” Candy said as she scooted back from the table and spread her legs.

Eddie quickly crawled under the table, removed her high heels, and took Candy’s feet in his hands. He started rubbing and squeezing her feet as he stared up at her exposed pussy.

“Sissy, I said my feet needed some attention,” Candy said, “not a massage. Lick them, sissy. Suck on my toes and lick my feet.”

It was cramped under the table, and Eddie had to lay on his belly to get Candy’s foot in a position where he could service it with his mouth.

“You are too much, Candy,” Kate said as she laughed.

Alice finished her salad and downed the rest of her wine. Jasmine quickly approached her with the main course.

“Just a salad for me, sissy,” Alice said as she held up her wine glass.

Jasmine refilled her glass.

“Rub my shoulders, sissy,” Alice said as she sipped her wine. “I am tense from all the punishments I’ve had to inflict on you and your bitch friends today.”

Jasmine sat down the bottle of wine and began rubbing her shoulders. She could not deny that his strong hands felt good. She lifted her feet and rested them on Eddie’s ass under the table.

Gia watched from the kitchen, as he tried to keep busy washing dishes and cleaning up.

“Gia,” Kate said, “come to the table.”

He quickly walked to the table, wobbling in his high heels.

“Oh my, you need some practice in those heels,” Kate said. “From now on I want you to wear them at all times, even when you are writing. I can’t have my sissies walking around the house like a bunch of clumsy bitches.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Gia said.

“Now, I want you to go and light a fire in the fireplace, Gia,” Kate began, “and then I want you to pour each of us a dessert drink. When you are done with that, I want you to go into the dungeon and bring me back three of the largest strap-on cocks you can find. Do you think you can manage that?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Gia replied.

Kate slapped him on the ass. “Good, then run along. Try not to trip and twist your ankle.”

Gia quickly wobbled off, unbalanced in his heels.

“What a clumsy bitch,” Alice said.

“I’ll work with the sissies on how to walk like a lady in heels, Kate,” Candy said. “I’ll have them strutting around the house like bimbos in no time.”

Kate and Alice laughed. Alice was smiling, as Jasmine rubbed her shoulders and neck. She was now pressing the pointy tip of her boot into Eddie’s ass as he licked Candy’s feet.

The three women talked about the status of the various projects as they finished their wine and enjoyed being pampered by the sissies. Alice was

doing everything she could to make the sissies uncomfortable.

“Perhaps we should throw one of the sissies down into the prison cell block for the night,” she said. “I’m sure I could come up with some kind of twisted competition where the loser has to spend the night down there.” She laughed, looking over her shoulder into Jasmine’s eyes.

Jasmine didn’t know what went on down in the prison cells, but he didn’t like the sound of it.

Kate and Candy laughed. Candy reached under the table and tapped Eddie’s head. “That’s enough for now, sissy. Put my heels back on.

Alice stood up suddenly, taking Jasmine by surprise. She walked away without saying a word and took a seat in the living room by the crackling fire.

“Sissies, get this table cleared, and join us in the living room,” Kate said as she left the room.

## Chapter 7

The women continued chatting about business affairs in the living room. The fact that they were about to publish their 150th story was cause for celebration. They had recouped their initial investment and then some, and were now making very good money off their endeavors. Kate was particularly happy, as Fantasyland had been her idea. She was proud of the fact that her business model had proved to be a success.

Kate smirked as Gia entered the room. He was still struggling with walking gracefully in his heels. In his hands were three strap-on dildos.

Alice walked up to him and sized him up. “Let me see what you’ve brought us,” she said as she examined the toys. She quickly grabbed the largest of the three and strapped it on herself. Gia approached Kate and Candy and handed each of them one of the remaining strap-ons.

Eddie and Jasmine entered the room and stood next to Gia.

Alice approached the sissies, her huge strap-on dangling like a hunk of meat between her legs. “I hope for your sake one of you thought to grab some lube,” she said coldly, “or there are going to be some sore assholes limping around here in the morning.”

The sissies looked at each other with scared expressions on their faces.

“Gia, go get some lube, and be quick. I don’t think I’ll be able to hold Alice back much longer,” Kate said.

Gia bolted from the room in his heels. Kate and Candy laughed at his awkward gait.

Alice approached Jasmine and looked him in the eye. “Look at you, all made up like a slutty whore maid,” she said, “Is that what you are? A slutty whore maid.”

Candy interrupted. “Hey, I think he looks pretty. We spent a lot of time today working on his make-up.”

Alice scoffed. “If I had to guess I would bet that Jasmine here probably spent his day staring at your giant bimbo tits, Candy.”

“Hey, knock it off, Alice,” Kate said loudly. “Candy is a Domme in training, just as you once were. Be nice.”

“I do have nice tits,” Candy giggled.

Alice grabbed Jasmine by the hand and led him behind the sofa. She shoved him over the back of the sofa and kicked his legs apart. “I hope your sissy friend gets back here quickly, because I’m getting tired of waiting,” she said as she began rubbing the rubber cock between his legs.

Gia scuttled back into the room holding the bottle of lube.

“Give me that,” Alice said. She sloppily coated the strap-on with lube and tossed it back to Gia.

Alice reached between Jasmine’s legs and roughly pulled his panties down. She wasted no time. She spread his ass cheeks and began shoving the enormous head of the strap-on cock against his asshole.

Kate and Candy watched Jasmine’s expression as he cringed. “Wow, I’d hate to be him,” Kate said.

“Oh, I’d love to be him,” Candy laughed.

Kate motioned for Eddie to come closer. Gia squirted a pool of lube into his hand and gave the bottle to Eddie before walking over to Candy. He bent down before her and coated her girl cock with lube before bending over the sofa opposite of Jasmine. Candy grabbed him by his hips and quickly penetrated his asshole.

“Well, looks like it’s just us now,” Kate Said. “Would you like to join your sissy friends over there on the sofa?”

Eddie was kneeling before her, lubing up the strap-on that would soon be inside of him. “Yes, Mistress. The sofa looks good.”

“Oh, that’s so cute,” Kate said. “You sissies all want to get ass fucked together.” She pulled Eddie up by the arm, led him across the room, and threw his body over the arm of the sofa.

Eddie looked up. His face, Jasmine’s face, and Gia’s were less than a foot apart.

Kate ripped off Eddie’s panties with one swift motion, and plunged the strap-on inside of him. “Do you like my girl cock, Eddie?” she asked.

“Yes, Mistress,” he answered. “Fuck me.”

Jasmine let out something between a moan and a scream of pain as Alice finally managed to stretch his asshole enough to take the head of her enormous girl cock. She shoved his neck down, grabbed the back of the sofa, and began forcing herself inside of him inch by inch.

Gia was already panting heavily as Candy fucked him. He smiled as Candy’s huge tits bounced on his back, and as she gripped his shoulders with her long fingernails. He looked over to Jasmine. He could tell by the contorted expression on his face that his sissy friend was clearly struggling to accommodate the giant dildo.

Kate looked on with approval as she watched Alice fiercely fucking Jasmine. “You’ve got to learn to take cock, Jasmine,” she said. “Stop fighting it.”

Jasmine looked over to Kate and managed a smile. His asshole was beginning to relax as the huge girl cock slid in and out of him. It wasn’t entirely comfortable, but at the same time it felt like Alice was scratching a huge itch deep inside of his body.

Eddie began arching his back as Kate increased her speed. His ass was now slapping against her hips as she pulled his body toward hers. Candy watched as his expression began to go blank. She smiled, she knew exactly what he was feeling. She looked up at Kate, still smiling and said, “Yeah Kate, take him over the edge like you did to me earlier today!”

Alice was determined to fit the enormous girl cock strapped to her hips completely inside of Jasmine. She released the grip she had on his neck and grabbed him by the hips. With a steady pressure she finally forced it all inside of him. As she did so he let out a high pitched squealing sound. “Oh you little bitch,” she said, “I’ve just started to fuck your little sissy cunt.”

Gia, like Eddie, now had that indescribable dumb look on his face as the pleasure of the girl cock sliding in and out of his ass built to ever increasing



levels.

Jasmine looked at the expressions on their faces. He watched as drool poured from their lips and observed the hollow, empty expression in their eyes as the surrendered themselves to pleasure. He refused to feel jealous. While he didn't particularly like Alice, part of the reason he had come to Fantasyland was to push his own limits.

With all his might, he arched his back and shoved himself onto Alice's hips. Alice now felt as if she was riding a bull. She forced herself onto his body with even more force. Kate and Candy watched as the two of them engaged in a sexual tug of war with the strap-on cock.

Alice had a crazed look in her eye. "That's right, fuck it you little bitch!" she screamed.

"Fuck me harder!" Jasmine screamed back.

Without realizing it, Candy, Kate, Gia, and Eddie had stopped fucking all together. All of their attention was now focused on the battle unfolding before them. It was sissy versus Domme; it was man versus woman. Alice refused to be bested. She was now brutally pounding Jasmine's asshole. Jasmine was taking the fucking of his lifetime like a hardcore sissy slut. Having realized that this was what he wanted it had all become easier, and more pleasureable. The second he stopped fighting Alice, he won. He laid now, motionless, begging her constantly to fuck him harder, and faster.

Alice was growing tired. Sweat dripped from her brow and glistened on her body. Rather than stop, and admit defeat, she decided to focus on making Jasmine squirt his load onto the sofa. She eased the cock out and began working the edge of the cock head back and forth just inside of his asshole. In no time he began squirming and moaning as he covered the back of the sofa with a thick load of cum.

Before he could collapse from the fucking he had endured, Alice grabbed him by the waist, pulled him backward, and smeared his face into the cum

as it ran down the back of the sofa.

“Fucking sissy.” she said as she stomped out of the room.

Candy looked at Kate, and smiled. “I think Alice may have met her match.”

“Perhaps she has.” Kate replied.

## Chapter 8

Kate had slept in. By the time she woke up she could smell bacon being cooked and she could hear Candy pounding the keyboard as she transcribed more stories. She looked at the clock, it was almost 9:00am. It had been two days and she thought of one thing only, Theo.

Rather than get into costume, Kate put on her riding pants, boots, and a white silk blouse. She wanted to go for a ride, and decided that she would arrive at Theo’s hut by horse. She no longer needed to try to motivate or inspire him. Either he had turned his writing around or he had not.

She poured herself a cup of coffee and walked to the stable. She began meticulously brushing her horse, a dependable young mare named Molly. Her mind was preoccupied by Theo as she cinched the saddle onto her steed and fitted the bit into her mouth. She really liked Theo, he was artistic, creative, and gentle. She had high hopes for him, and hated to consider the prospect of him leaving Fantasyland.

She grabbed her riding crop and mounted Molly. With a light kick and a clicking sound she was on her way. She took the long way to Theo’s hut, she wanted to ride Molly at a full gallop. As she raced down the abandoned timber road along the river she could feel the wind blowing through her hair and the chill of Autumn in the air.

She decided to approach Theo’s hut at a full gallop, surely the thunder of hooves would make for a dramatic entrance. She dismounted molly and tied her up outside the hut. She paused for a moment and caught her breath before unlocking the bolt and opening the door.

Kate stood in the doorway and stared into the dark interior of the hut. Theo squinted his eyes as he approached her. “Mistress, is that you?” he asked. Kate’s body, her white blouse, and her ruffled hair were silhouetted against the brightness of the sunny day outside. For a moment, Theo thought she might be an angel.

“Yes, Theo,” Kate answered, “it’s me, your Mistress.”

Theo’s eyes began to adjust, and he could make out Kate’s face. He smiled.

“Well, Theo,” she began, “your time is up. Do you have something for me to read?”

“Yes, Mistress. I do. I hope it is good enough.”

“Me too, Theo,” she answered. Theo handed her a stack of papers. “Let’s sit outside, Theo.”

The two of them stepped out into the sunlight. Kate took a seat on a rock, and started reading Theo’s words. Theo admired Kate’s horse, and Kate. She looked beautiful to him, sitting there on a rock dressed in her riding gear. His heart pounded. He did not want to leave Fantasyland; he wanted it to be his home. He carefully watched for her expressions as she read: a smile here, a nod there. A chuckle.

She flipped through the pages, skimming here and there, rather than reading all of the story at once. At last, she stopped reading. Theo’s heart raced, his biggest fear was that she would hand him the key to his chastity cage and tell him to pack his bags.

She smiled at him.

He reckoned it was the greatest single moment of his life.

“You’ve done it, Theo. This is the story that I wanted, this is the story I had written in my head when I locked you in this hut two weeks ago.”

Theo beamed. “Thank you, Mistress. Thank you,” he said. He was nearly in tears. “So, I can stay?”

“Yes Theo, you can stay,” she said. “But, you must continue to improve your writing skills. Alice and Candy and myself will do our best to inspire you, but it is you who has to write the story.”

“I won’t let you down, Mistress,” Theo said.

“I’m sure you won’t. Now, gather your things, and walk back to the main house. This story is over, and it is time for you to begin your next,” Kate said.

“Mistress,” Theo said, “do you think I could have one more dose of love potion, for old time’s sake?”

Kate smiled. “Yes, Theo. Let’s celebrate.”



