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For that you really should come see me.

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Those 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.

Now sit back, relax and enjoy your book.

Cuckold Date

He hated the rubber gag, hated the way it tasted, hated the way it made him drool.

Most of all he hated the way it filled him, pushing his tongue to the bottom of his mouth and filling his cheeks so he looked like some version of a feminized and sissified dizzy Gillespie.

She held the rubber pump ball in her hand, her fingers lightly curled over it. Her creamy skin and blood red nails provided a stark contrast to the black, modelled surface of the ball.

She slightly tugged the hose to the gag, pulling his head forward.

This close to her he smelled the fragrance of her bath soap, took in the hint of her perfume from the labored breathing through his nose.

Too tight, she mocked in her sing song voice.

It was meant to be pleasing and girly, but nothing she did would ever hide the menacing derision in her tone.

Their innocent sex games had long ago taken a wicked turn that brought them to this point.

Dominant evil mistress and submissive sissy maid.

Tonight's celebration would mark another relationship milestone, Cuckold.

The fingers of her free hand found his nipple and gave it a vicious pinch.

I asked if it was too tight.

The melodious voice was gone, replaced by one evoking terror.

She never knew how to answer. There was never a right answer.

She would twist and turn his responses, always taking him where she wanted to go.

He shook his head no.

His eyes telling her that the gag wasn't too tight and that he would bear the discomfort for her.

It was exactly the response she'd wanted, although she always made him pay.

And dearly, no matter what the response, no, the sing song voice returned, then let's give it a couple more pumps, shall we?

She cocked her head, her eyes narrowing and her lips forming a thin cruel smile. She loved this moment when the realization set in, when he realized the trap had been set and shut.

When his eyes pleaded with her for mercy, for compassion.

So are he baby, not today, time to suffer.

She squeezed the ball violently, the veins in her hand rising as she clamped down.

The whisper of air down the tube was followed by his moans as the gag expanded.

His eyes went wide and his noises brought a chuckle to her lips.

Darling, I can't understand a word you're saying.

The second squeeze made his eyes water.

A perfectly manicured finger wiped away a tear and rubbed on the tip of his nose.

Yes, I believe that's better.

Her hand grazed his swollen cheeks, the fingers slowly tracing over the skin stretched so tight.

Perhaps a bit of color on those puffy little cheeks.

She took a brush and some blush from her dressing table.

A bit of color from my sissy slut.

When she finished, his cheeks were beautifully rendered with a peach blush, further enhancing their enormous size.

With a quick tug on his leash, she pulled him to his knees.

At a regal 510, Samantha Dillon was already taller than her five foot eight

husband Ted.

But she loomed like a goddess when she stood in her high-heeled bedroom slippers above her kneeling mate.

She paused to look in the mirror, pleased with what she saw.

Although in her early 40s, she still had the looks in the body of a 30-year-old.

A mane of dark brown hair fell to creamy white shoulders, and her green eyes caught the light in a metallic shimmer that enhanced their color and depth.

The mirror revealed the creature at her feet, naked, save for his collar and a plastic chastity device.

Won't be needing that anymore.

Her left hand held the pink leather handle of a chain leash.

Its other end firmly affixed to the stiff pink posture collar around the neck of her husband.

Husband? Well, on paper, legally.

Now, now he's my slave, my obedient and willing slave.

In her mind, Ted Dillon was rapidly sinking away.

He still had a bit of a paunch, but even that was disappearing.

Now that she had him on a strict diet and exercise regimen, his hair was starting to grow, and his eyebrows were carefully plucked.

Some women in his office had remarked on his new look, but the men were oblivious, thinking he was simply turning into some sort of neat freak.

Teddy is what he will become, my androgynous sissy slut, devoting his life, his very existence to me.

She gave the leash another tug and let her crawling husband to the boot-war chair in the corner of the bedroom.

Her bedroom, having long ago removed him to a smaller bedroom.

A cursory inspection revealed that he had prepared the scene according to her instructions.

Crystal dish, manicure scissors, cigarettes, ashtray, chilled water, and cell phone.

She took her seat in the exquisite chair of carved mahogany and rich brocade fabric.

Her hand tugged his leash, pulling him forward as she slowly spread her legs and led his face to within inches of her bushy mitt.

Oh yes, I know how much you want this, she chided, but this, this is a clean pussy baby, fresh from the bath.

Do sissy sluts get clean pussies?

His eyes never met hers. Instead they were transfixed to the shiny brown hairs before him.

The scent of her sex mixed with that of her bath soap, and he felt his cock struggle fruitlessly in its plastic confines.

He shook his head back and forth, acknowledging that he understood he'd forever lost access to his wife and to his own sex.

Sluts get leftovers. She reached down to Pat's head. He was her pet, her toy. And cockholes get cream pies, don't they?

He nodded again. The movement of his head wafting her scent around him.

He felt as if he would go mad with desire and frustration.

Be a good slut, get me ready for my date, serve us well, and you'll get your cuckolded baptism, just like I promised.

Her hand dipped into the folds of her sex, and she slowly stroked herself. She watched his eyes, all his emotions were in his eyes, and she could read them like a book.

You must prepare the pussy, and prepare me. He nodded slowly, his body shook uncontrollably. His desire made his cock swell as much as it could, and the chastity device hideously stood out from his groin.

Samantha didn't need to look to know what was happening to him. She controlled his every action and emotion when she wanted.

She pulled a moist finger from her fiery slit and rubbed the essence under his nose.

It was hard for her not to laugh and spoil the moment when she saw him swoon at her gift.

A smell is all you get. Now take the scissors and trim my pubic hairs.

Remember, you're making my pussy presentable, all nice and neat for Colin. It's your gift, your wife's pussy, to your former employee.

She laughed at the situation, her poor wimp of a husband humiliated by serving up his wife as a gift for a former subordinate.

Be very careful with those scissors, do a neat job, and put all the clippings in the dish.

She lit a cigarette and exhaled, watching the blue smoke and fell up the head of her slave.

Everything was going exactly as planned. Her carefully choreographed path of humiliation and degradation for her most willing slave.

She picked up the phone and punched in a number.

Hello, I'm fine. I'm here with your big brother.

He grimaced. She was talking to Karen, his younger sister, step-sister, who'd always been a pain for him.

Of course, he's gagged. Who'd be interested in hearing anything he has to say? The inflatable one.

He hates it. I don't know. I'll ask. She grabbed his leash and jerked on it, pulling up his head.

Baby sister wants me to give the gag a couple of pumps in her honor. You don't mind, do you?

The despair in his eyes made her smile. How hopeless his situation is. I love it.

Here, Karen, I'll hold the phone up to him.

Once more, she held the malevolent pump before his eyes, taunting him, teasing him, making him wait for that horrid rush of air that would further stretch his already swollen mouth.

She squeezed the pump once, twice. His squeals and emm-m-m-m-m-m.

Enlisted at howls of laughter from the women. Serves this shit right, Karen said.

Payback is hell and it won't stop. So, you doing the whole thing tonight like you told me?

Of course. I love it when a plan comes together. He's trimming my hair now. A picture? Sure.

Samantha held out her phone. Smile for sister.

Ted looked up and forced the best smile he could through the gag.

There was a flash and Samantha was back on the phone. It's on its way to you and he looks so precious.

Sure, I can send a copy to your mother as well.

She watched his shoulders sag with the resignation that his humiliation would reach no limits.

Yes, Colin is coming for me at seven and we have Teddy's evening all planned out.

No, we don't need a babysitter tonight, but we are planning a weekend getaway in another month or so.

Do you want him then?

Samantha couldn't see it, but at the mention of spending a weekend being tended to by his step-sister and step-mother,

Ted cringed, his ass clenched and his ballsack trembled in sheer terror.

Oh, yes! Samantha lit another cigarette and watched as her slave meticulously trimmed her pubic hairs,

carefully placing the clippings in the crystal dish.

He'll be thoroughly cocotrained in all his openings before I leave him with you, whatever you want.

Naked or closed? Sure, I'll send him with some of his uniforms.

Guests? As long as they're tested and safe, I see no problem, otherwise have them use condoms.

She lifted her legs over the arms of the chair to allow her slave to trim the lower hairs.

A bridge party next week?

No, sorry I can't make it, but give your mother my best.

Teddy? A serving maid?

Oh, I don't see why not. How many will be attending?

Twelve? Well, that's certainly going to keep him busy and on his toes.

Oh, yes, and he's becoming quite adept in his heels.

Five inch? But we're starting on six inches soon.

Probably ballet heels, but for display only, after all, he does have to be

productive.

Otherwise, what use is he?

Though he had no idea what would come next, it was usually never anything good.

Ted was glad when Samantha ended the call.

She jerked on his leash and ordered him to fetch a mirror.

He crawled away and returned, on his hands and knees, and held out the mirror to his mistress.

Samantha looked over her newly trimmed pussy and pointed out places that needed additional work.

All in all, he did a rather good job, but I'm never going to tell the little shit, anything like that.

Kneel up, she commanded.

He quickly assumed the Kneel up position,

Knees spread, revealing his chastised cock and exposed balls,

ready to be kicked or stepped on, hands clasped behind his back, head up,

ready to be slapped or stuffed with a cock,

and his chest out, exposing the nipples that he loved to have stroked.

Blissfully, no punishment was forthcoming.

Instead, her hands went to the back of his head to unlock the wretched inflatable gag.

He sighed when her beautiful fingers opened the valve to deflate the rubber intruder.

Better, she cooed.

He nodded and stretched as an aching jaw.

He watched as she opened her nightstand drawer and removed a package, obviously a gift wrapped in pink paper and finished off with a lavender bow.

Colin bought you a present.

The voice was pleasant, but still held that ominous dread for him.

A present?

Whether it was from Samantha or Colin, it couldn't be good, nothing ever was.

He put out his hands intently accepted the gift, that they thank you, mistress.

Once more, her hand, that soft silky hand that could also punish, stroked his cheek.

Open it, baby, let me see your present.

Teddy's hand shook as he removed the paper and opened the box, revealing a large and

life-like penis.

He slowly lifted it from the box, impressed by its size, the length, the girth, and the heft he felt in his hand.

The bulbous head was smooth and the shaft covered with thick veins.

He had no idea of the size, but it was obviously larger, much larger than his own organ,

not that he'd had that in his hands for quite some time.

He felt her close, her hot breath in his ears.

It's callons, she whispered.

His head whipped around to look at her, his eyebrows nodded in confusion.

A copy, she mewed.

She took it from his hands and lovingly stroked it, caressed her cheek with it.

Such a lovely cock.

That's what men have, cocks.

What do you have?

His head dropped.

A clitty, he mumbled.

What?

Say it again, she ordered.

He looked up at her.

Sissy Sluts have clitties.

She held out the life-like cock, using the bulbous head, to trace lines on his face.

That's right, yours isn't big enough to be a cock.

You have a clitty.

She laughed and wrapped him on the nose with the cock.

That's why I need, she hit him again.

This, this makes me happy, and it will make you happy too.  
After you learn to pleasure it, it's made from a mold of callons' cock.  
Isn't it dreamy?  
Yes, mistress.  
Kiss it.  
She held it to his lips.  
Look at me while you do it.  
He leaned forward to place his lips on the giant cock before him.  
His eyes locked to those of his mistress.  
Keep looking at me.  
Always look at the owner of the cock you are servicing.  
Show the owner how you adore the cock you are worshipping.  
Give it light, butterfly kisses.  
Teddy kissed the cock, watched the manta, and tried to ignore the throbbing of his own cock.  
Am I gay?  
Is she turning me into a homosexual?  
What does she want from me?  
She slowly rubbed the cock over his lips.  
Flicked the tip of your tongue over the head.  
Colin likes that.  
The idea of being on his knees with Colin's cock in his face made him shake.  
With fear, with excitement.  
Now open, prepare to fully enjoy the alpha male cock.  
He didn't know if he could take the monster into his mouth and consider the dreaded inflatable gag to be preferable to this giant invader.  
Her fingers found his nipple again, stroking, coaxing him.  
Come on baby, do it for me.  
Pleasuring my lover's cock will please me.  
You want to please me, don't you?  
Make me happy?  
He nodded and opened his mouth to the cock.  
She smiled.  
With his clitty locked away his nipples became an extreme source of pleasure.  
Her strength, his weakness.  
She'd soon make them and his ass the center of his erotic world.  
Open, she slid the cock head past his lips.  
Run your tongue over it, get familiar with it.  
You'll learn to love how it feels, how it tastes.  
Look at me.  
His eyes looked up but seemed to look past her as if in a day's.  
Relax, I'm going to push it in a bit further.  
Relax and breathe.  
She felt him flinch as she pushed the phallic wonder further into his mouth.  
Hold still, breathe.  
His eyes filled with panic.  
He feared he'd choked to death on the cock and breathed with relief as she slowly removed it.  
She wiped the cock over his face, smearing him with his own saliva.  
He needs to get used to that.  
We're going to do it again.  
Eventually you'll have to be able to take it all.  
Colin likes it like that when he can put it all the way in a slut's mouth.  
You'll gag sometimes, that's okay.  
A lot of men like to make sluts gag on their cocks.  
And I'm definitely going to enjoy watching you gag on a cock.  
Okay, open.  
We're going in further this time.  
After a few more practice sessions, Samantha left the cock in her slut's mouth and relaxed in her chair.  
Keep sucking on that the rest of the afternoon.  
Believe me, the faster you get used to handling that, the better off you'll be.  
Just a warning.  
She lit another cigarette.

Tonight is your official entrance into being a cuckold.  
She lifted a long and sensuous leg to his chest and used her toes to tweak his nipples.  
You don't need to know everything that's going to happen, but there are a few things that I'll tell you.  
Things that I expect you to do in exactly the way I tell you to do them.  
First, when Colin arrives,  
Sissy Teddi stood facing the corner.  
The cuckold evening called for full sissy-made regalia,  
and Samantha had spared no expense in preparing her sissy-made husband for the ultimate initiation.  
Layers of crisp white petticoats held the short black and white maid's dress almost horizontal.  
The short length did nothing to preserve modesty,  
and the garter tabs extending from the severe corset were clearly visible.  
When Teddi bent to serve, as was required, his caged clitty was on display.  
Black, seamed fishnut stockings and black, patent, stiletto heels enclosed the sissy's legs and feet.  
The top of the maid's dress was low enough to expose a hint of nipple,  
and the cruelly laced corset pushed Teddi's breasts into an almost feminine shape.  
A black, page-boy wig framed a face that was excessively made up.  
White lace gloves, choker, and headpiece completed the outfit.  
Teddi balanced on the stilettos, conscious to stifle any excessive movement.  
When Mr. Samantha said to remain still, she meant it,  
and would punish offenses against her edict with strokes of the cane.  
Even though his legs were cramping and feet hurt, Teddi was relieved that his mouth was free of any intruder.  
At least for now.  
The snap of a finger focused his attention.  
You will dress me.  
Teddi turned and curtseed.  
A skill learned under the tutelage of Mistress Theodora.  
Samantha sent Teddi to her for two weeks of intensive, brutal training.  
On his return, Teddi was much more submissive and docile with a surprising array of new and useful skills.  
Samantha smiled at her project.  
If only women knew about the advantages of a sissy maid,  
then every woman would have at least one and the world would have either alpha males or sissy maids.  
Garter belt?  
Her sissy maid picked up the black, wispy garment and delicately fastened it about Samantha's waist.  
Stockings were next, and she sat and extended a leg, as Teddi slowly rolled the sheer and expensive stockings up Samantha's legs.  
She couldn't help but chuckle as she watched Teddi shaking hands.  
Turns you on, doesn't it?  
Well, you always did want me to wear garter belt and stockings and high heels,  
and now I do.  
And for other men, Colin loves it.  
He thinks it's incredibly sexy.  
And you do get to see me dress like this, so you get your little thrill as well,  
don't you?  
Yes, Mistress.  
Poor thanks, so crushed, helping me dress sexy for my date, sending me off to have sex with others.  
Bad for him, good for me.  
Panties?  
Colin likes me to wear my panties over the stockings and the garter belt, so I can take off the panties, but keep on the rest when we make love.  
Don't you think that's sexy?  
Yes, Mistress.  
Bra?  
Teddi slipped the bra on her and fastened the back.

It was an exquisite bra matching the expensive panties.  
Hand me the dress, and then bring me the black pumps, the stilettos.  
When Teddi returned with the shoes, Samantha was putting the finishing touches on her dress.  
She sat and extended a leg, as Teddi knelt to slip the designer shoes on her feet.  
She extended a foot, and her sissy maid obediently kissed the sole.  
It's wonderful when they're so well-trained.  
She turned to her dressing table and began applying her makeup.  
There's iced tea in the carafe, pour yourself a glass and drink it down.  
It was an unusual order, but Teddi was too well-trained to question or disobey.  
He poured a glass, there was only one large glass available, and drank it down.  
Samantha applied her mascara and eyeliner.  
Another, Teddi poured and drank another glass.  
She carefully selected earrings and a necklace, and pulled leather gloves from a drawer on her dressing table.  
Still thirsty?  
A reply to a question was always expected.  
A quick and a polite reply.  
There was never time to plan a response, or plot all the various consequences.  
Not that it mattered, or response could be twisted any number of ways.  
No mistress, thank you mistress.  
She pulled on the leather gloves.  
She knew how it excited him.  
Slowly she smoothed them over her forearms.  
They came almost to her elbow.  
Another?  
Yes, mistress.  
He poured and drank his third large glass of iced tea.  
He felt bloated, but knew that bathroom privileges required permission.  
She would decide if and when he needed such relief.  
She busied herself, putting items into a small beaded clutch.  
Wait downstairs for Colin, and remember what we discussed.  
Yes, mistress.  
He executed a deep curtsy, but she paid it no mind.  
She didn't have to look to know he would curtsy in a bay. He'd been trained to do that.  
Once more he found himself standing, waiting to serve and obey.  
The five-inch heels were making his calf's ache, and the pointed toe pumps, cramped his feet.  
She inflicted her pain and control with his wardrobe.  
Still, to complain, was to invite something worse.  
Maybe she'll simply go on her date, have sex with Colin, and leave me alone for the evening.  
He knew better, hope was something she was slowly stripping away, ripping it from his psyche  
and trampling it to death under her spy heels.  
And she enjoyed making him watch, even participate in the spectacle.  
The doorbell brought him back to reality, and he took a quick moment to straighten out his billowing skirt and fluff his petticoats.  
As he opened the door, he curtsied his greeting.  
Welcome to Mr. Samantha's house.  
He backed away as Colin Blake sauntered into the room.  
Even in his five-inch heels, Teddy was dwarfed by the imposing six-four Colin.  
May I take your coat, sir?  
It never occurred to Teddy how ridiculous the situation was.  
His servitude as a feminized sissy maid to one who'd recently been his professional subordinate.  
Such things rarely entered Teddy's mind anymore.  
His objective, his resounder tear, was survival, getting through the day while avoiding as much punishment and humiliation as possible.  
He gingerly accepted Mr. Colin's coat and stood still as the alpha male circled, taking in the total sissy splendor before him.  
Samantha has done quite a job with you.

She told me all about it, but he removed a small digital camera from his pocket. Hang up my coat, and we'll go to the living room. I want some pictures for the office.

Dread coursed through Teddy again. It was an all-too-familiar feeling. But instinctive training took over, and he quickly hung up the coat and followed Mr. Colin to the living room.

Colin pointed to a place in the middle of the room, face away from me and bend over.

Turn, a bit, now look back at me. I want your ass, your chastised, clitty, and your face all in the picture.

Smile, say, I want a big old cock in my mouth.

Teddy did his best to comply. A bad behavior report to Mr. Samantha would mean punishment.

Say it again. I want a video clip as well as his still picture, and say it nice and loud.

I want a big old cock in my mouth.

Colin adjusted the camera for playback and notingly approved. One more, and wiggle your ass while you beg for that cock.

Teddy put on his best smile and seductively wiggled his ass. I want a big old cock in my mouth.

Colin took Teddy through several poses, both innocent and decadent, and finally satisfied he put the camera away.

Scotch neat. Teddy minced away in his heels to fetch the drink while Colin relaxed on the sofa.

Teddy returned with the drink resting on a silver serving tray. He served in the manner he'd been instructed.

Stiff-legged, bending at the waist to display his decolate and expose his bottom. Colin took the drink and allowed Teddy to hold the humiliating posture for several seconds

before dismissing the sissy slave with a wave of his hand. Teddy scurried off to put the tray away, return and curtsy his domestic task completed.

Colin snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor, and Teddy quickly knelt, obediently following the non-verbal command.

Thank you for the gifts, sir, Teddy said. His eyes moved to the box on the coffee table.

You like it then? Colin sipped his drink and eyed the kneeling sissy maid.

Oh, yes, sir. It's so big. Teddy played out the scene exactly as Mistress had directed.

I love the way it feels my mouth.

Really, I'd like to see that. I'd be impressed if you can take it all.

Teddy tried his best to show his excitement, although humiliation and shame were the emotions he really felt.

He opened the box and took out the mass of the pole. Holding it before his face, he ran his lace gloved hands over the shaft.

Brought it to his lips, stuck out his tongue, and lapped at the head. Mmm.

Colin couldn't help but feel his own cock quiver in excitement.

As in Alpha male bull, he had no qualms about another male sucking his cock.

There had been several submissive male sissy maid husbands who had been broken on his massive tool.

This one looked more ruddy than most. Hell, he might even be eager for it.

Teddy's lips parted and the cock made its entrance.

With his tongue slathering over the shaft lubricated, he moved the phallic invader slowly in and out, deeper each time.

His eyes never left those of Colin. Following Mistress's dictum too, look at the male, show your love for his cock with your eyes.

Colin smiled. He was pleased with this one. It was going to be fun turning this one into a true cock.

He reached forward, grabbed the back of Teddy's head, and put his other hand on the base of the cock.

Show me, slut, show me what you can do. Teddy batted his eyelashes, hideous long false ones, and took a deep breath.

He felt the cock enter, deeper, deeper, until it hit the back of his throat.

He literally choked down the panic and tried to remain still and calm. It was not a good time to upset master.

Colin's hands were firm holding the cock in place. Hold it. Hold it. He felt Teddy tremble.

He pushed it deeper still, wanting to see the slut gag on the cock.

Teddy shook and gagged, tried to pull away, but the alpha male was too strong. He gagged again, and Colin pulled the cock from his mouth.

Colin wiped the drool from the cock on Teddy's face, the next time that drool would contain a load of spunk.

Not bad. An acceptable start, but you're going to learn to take it all for as long as I wanted in there.

I see you two are getting along well. Samantha stood at the top of the stairs, a vision of beauty and elegance.

The black dress and mink wrap spoke of rich elegance, while the black stilettos and long leather gloves added a fetish edge to her look.

Colin stuck the cock in Teddy's mouth and rose to greet Samantha, extending his arm to help her down the stairs.

They do make a striking couple, Teddy thought. At five ten, and with her five inch heels, Samantha was almost as tall as Colin.

They'd surely be the most eye-catching couple wherever they went tonight.

Samantha walked to the kneeling Teddy and patted him on the head.

She likes your present. She's had it in and out of her mouth all day, haven't you?

Teddy nodded and pulled the cock from his mouth. Oh, yes, mistress. I love sucking this cock.

I took some pictures earlier. Maybe I could get some more. Colin took the camera from his pocket again.

Of course, a splendid idea of pictures to mark the occasion, my sissy's first cuckolded date.

For the next several minutes, the trio posed for a variety of pictures.

Teddy kissing Samantha's feet, Teddy kneeling and sucking the cock she held, sucking the cock as held by Colin, pictures of Samantha and Colin and each other's arms.

Samantha looked at the pictures as Colin displayed them on the camera.

Lovely! She turned to Teddy. Tomorrow you will print these out.

Make four photo albums, one for me. Colin, your sister and your mother.

I'm sure everyone will enjoy them. And make a DVD of all the video clips, copies for everyone.

Teddy meekly nodded. His humiliation obviously knew no boundaries.

Excuse me, Colin turned to go to the bathroom.

You're doing very well this evening, Samantha said.

Teddy smiled at the praise until he felt the full weight of the leather-gloved hand slapping his face.

Don't get cocky. The hand found his face again.

Another vicious slap which jerked his head from one side to the other and sent one of his clip-on earrings flying across the room.

You don't want to make this any worse than it's going to be.

No, no, I mean, yes, mistress.

Colin emerged from the bathroom and walked to them.

He gave Samantha a little kiss on the cheek. Your turn.

She smiled that smile that always chilled Teddy to his marrow and went to the bathroom.

Up, slut, Colin snapped his fingers.

Over there, he pointed to a closet door. Teddy walked to the door while Colin removed the box from an end-table drawer.

Obviously the evening had been carefully planned by Samantha and Colin.

They'd left nothing to chance in their meticulously staged cuckolded initiation.

Colin handed Teddy a lubricated condom and a vibrating egg whose long cord ended in a black box.

Do I need to tell you where this goes?

Teddy curtsied. No, master.

He ripped open the condom, inserted the egg, and bent over to shove it up his ass.

Wait!

Chuckled Colin, waving a finger and holding his camera.

Pictures, remember, look at me, and smile as you shove it in.

They happy.  
He did his best to smile at the camera as his fingers parted his ass cheeks and he felt the eggs slip inside.  
Flash, flash.  
Colin kicked a box across the floor. The box coming to rest at Teddy's feet.  
Another present, aren't you the lucky slut?  
Teddy's, yes, master, was preceded by the obligatory curtsy.  
He opened the box.  
Shoes.  
Shoes.  
This must be six inches.  
It was as if Colin read his mind.  
Six and a half inches with no platform.  
Quite a hideous arch, yes?  
But Samantha and I decided it was time to take you to the next level.  
Put them on.  
As a struggle, the shoes were new, with incredibly high heels, and an extreme pointed toe.  
Teddy finally got them on, and precariously stood in place, adjusting to the increased height  
and the way it altered his center of balance.  
So, s-th-thank you, master.  
Colin ignored the thanks, his attention focused on securing two over-the-door restraints to the top of the door, then closing it.  
He tugged on the restraints and nodded approvingly at the security.  
Back up, cookie, hands over your head.  
With small, uncertain steps, Teddy backed up to the door and extended his hands to the top as Colin efficiently secured them.  
Comfy, Colin teased, no, master, not my concern.  
Did you actually think we'd let you have an evening to yourself?  
Well, yes, that's what I'd hoped.  
I serve at mistresses and masters will.  
Good answer, Colin pulled down the top of Teddy's maid's dress, exposing his tiny bust in nipples.  
He took the tender buds in his hand and squeezed them, noting with satisfaction how Teddy went weak at the knees.  
Never seen a sissy slut who didn't swoon at that, especially after a few weeks in chastity.  
He gently stroked the nipples.  
You'd let me do that all night, wouldn't you?  
Oh, yes, master, please.  
Colin cruelly pinched them and Teddy went rigid with the pain.  
Samantha and I decide if and when you get pleasure.  
He pinched harder, making Teddy squeal.  
You control nothing.  
We control everything.  
Yes, master, I'm sorry.  
Recognize these?  
Colin held forth a set of Japanese clover clamps, diabolical nipple clamps that pinched tighter whenever pressure was applied to their chain.  
Yes, master, Teddy winced his first one, then the other was cruelly applied to his nipples.  
Colin toyed with the chain, delighting in the reactions he coped from Teddy's pain to face when the clicking of her stilettos announced Samantha's arrival.  
Having fun, she laughed, Colin cruelly jerked the chain, making Teddy yelp.  
One of us is...  
Samantha walked forward.  
Let's finish up here.  
Colin moved to the big screen TV across the room as Samantha took her place in front of the hapless sissy maid.  
She brought a large sports bottle to his cheek.  
It was warm.  
When she pulled the bottle away, she saw it was filled with a yellow fluid.  
She wafted the bottle under his nose and the accurate smell of piss made him

recoil.

Another gift from Colin and me, we do spoil you.

Teddy watched in expectant terror as each of his two antagonists busied themselves with various tasks.

Colin was hooking wires and items to the TV.

Samantha attached a large rubber-like tubing to his chastity device and plugged the other end of the hose into a hole in the top of the sports bottle.

A second hose connected to the sports bottle was shoved in his mouth, with Samantha taping the tube to his cheeks to keep it in place.

Her last act was to slide the piss bottle into a holder with a length of chain attached.

She turned to Colin.

How much do you think this bottle weighs?

Colin shrugged his shoulders.

Couple pounds.

She turned a smile at Teddy.

Slowly, she picked up the chain to the nipple clamps and fastened it to the chain holding the bottle.

Teddy's eyes went wide, his head frantically shaking no.

She tested the weight of the bottle in her hand, then slowly let the length of the chain play out until the bottle fell to his knees.

Another inch was in her fingers, then the full weight would be applied to the evil clamps.

She let the bottle go, for an instant, to show him the pain, and then pulled it back.

Yes, it's going to hurt.

My advice is that you reduce the weight of the bottle.

Drink fast and deep, my slut.

Keeping that bottle empty is a way to minimize at least some of the pain.

That's why she made me drink the three glasses of tea and deny me bathroom privileges.

Teddy's bladder was already bursting, and now they were leaving him with a dilemma.

Drink the piss to relieve the nipple torment, but his bladder was already full so he'd end up emptying himself back into the bottle.

It was hopeless.

Samantha let the full weight of the bottle rest on the chain, and Teddy screamed.

I told you, drink, suck it all up.

She smiled, a smug smile of victory as his cheeks started moving in and out, and the yellow liquid moved up the tube into his mouth.

He's doing it!

Colin moved in front of Teddy and took yet another picture.

Did you ever doubt that he would?

No, but still it's so exciting to do it to him.

Colin punched buttons on his cell phone and suddenly a picture of the piss drinking Teddy flashed on the big screen TV.

Colin pointed at the TV.

There you are, cuckoo, in all your piss drinking glory.

We'll be sending you pictures of our evening out, us having a good time while you break in those new heels

and recycle piss.

Nothing to say.

Samantha laughed.

I think he's too busy trying to empty that bottle to take the time to thank us.

When Colin punched in a second text message, the vibrating egg came to life.

He and Samantha watched as Teddy wryhed from the anal excitement.

His movements caused the piss bottle to sway, further straining his mauled nipples.

He teetered on the skyscraper heels.

His entire environment was designed to torment.

Best to stay absolutely still and keep drinking up the contents of that bottle, Samantha advised.

Keep watching the TV.

Oh, and enjoy your evening!

Teddy watched as Colin helped Samantha with her mink wrap, took her arm and escorted her out of the door.

His wife, Mistress, was off on her official cuckold date, and he was left to suffer and wait.

He sucked more piss, he needed to empty the bottle, relieve the pain on his nipples, but he couldn't hold back the urge and released his bladder.

As the bottle slowly pulled on his nipples, he began to suck.

By the end of the evening, any reservations against drinking piss would be overcome.

Maybe that's what she wants, but maybe she simply wants to torment me.

The first call came twenty minutes after the lovers departed.

The phone rang five times, and Teddy heard the answering machine pick up.

Is your bottle empty?

Have the urge to pee?

Decisions, decisions!

Phones electronics didn't disguise, either the glee or derision in Samantha's voice.

We're almost at the restaurant anticipating a lovely dinner and fine wine.

Are you enjoying your vintage?

We'll send you some pictures for your new, cuckoo-cuckoo scrapbook.

The line went dead, and moments later, the vibrating egg came to life.

Teddy was startled by the sensation and nearly lost his balance on the treacherous heels.

From his high-heeled perch, Teddy watched the mantle clock, and its progress seemed agonizingly slow.

It was going to be a long night.

He tried to flex his toes and move his feet.

The killer's shoes were beginning to exact their terror.

Every breath he exhaled brought the smell of piss to his nostrils.

His lips and tongue tasted of it.

He thought about brushing his teeth and using mouthwash.

You shall allow it.

The bloom of light from the flat-screen TV caught his attention, and a phone picture of Samantha and Colin filled the screen.

They were seated at a cozy corner booth, the high leather seating, giving them privacy for...

They held up wine glasses and smiled at the camera.

Me, they're smiling at, laughing at, me.

The glossy white china plates and the gleaming silver flatware were in stark contrast to the bottle of piss suspended from his nipples.

It was a roofful reminder of his new status, his existence until Mistress Samantha decided otherwise.

The vibrating egg and the telephone seemed to go off in unison.

When the machine picked up, it was Samantha.

Hey, sweetie.

Having a good time?

This new restaurant is marvelous.

We're going to enjoy a lovely supper and then go dancing.

Stop in a few clubs.

When we get home, we'll make you an official cuck, okay?

Think about that magnificent cock of Collins and how you're going to beg him to pleasure me with it.

Think of something good to say while you're hanging out at home.

We want you to be sincere and your need to be a cucky.

Phone line went dead, but the egg vibrated for another five minutes.

They'd planned and executed an interminable existence for him.

While the lovers dined and flirted, he suffered their carefully choreographed round of indignities.

If that wasn't enough, the next call chilled him to the bone, his step-sister.

Hey, big brother.

Samantha sent me some pictures.

Very nice.

I hope you're planning to wear that cute little outfit when you serve at mom's bridge party.  
That should be a hoot.  
Are you there?  
Or are you tied up?  
Don't, Samantha and Colin, make the hottest couple.  
Geez, she never looked that good with you.  
I hope you enjoy your evening.  
I expect to hear all about it every detail.  
Next time we're together, did I tell you, Jillian and I are planning our own little evening with you.  
Bye-bye.  
Jillian, my step-sisters, lesbian lover.  
That's one cruel and vindictive bitch.  
He didn't have time to dwell on thoughts of suffering under their hands.  
His eyes were drawn to the next image to appear on the TV.  
It was Samantha and Colin, still in the restaurant, this time in a deep embrace.  
His hand in her dress groping her breasts.  
The waiter must have taken the picture.  
Their shameless display indicated they had no qualms about his public humiliation.  
A second picture quickly followed.  
It showed Samantha holding the digital camera and showing the cocktail waitress a picture of Teddy sucking the copy of Colin's cock.  
He shifted his weight gingerly to ease the pain in his feet without setting the sports bottle to moving.  
He knew that when they removed the nipple clamps and the blood flowed back in, it was going to hurt.  
No doubt, they'll get off on that, too.  
The picture faded from the screen.  
How is Colin doing that?  
And he prepared himself for the next onslaught of the vibrating egg.  
It didn't come.  
There was only the sound of the ticking mantle clock.  
He waited.  
Nothing.  
Maybe the batteries died.  
He relaxed and tried to focus, tried not to think about peeing, although his bladder was once again, begging for relief.  
The egg went off, once again making him jump.  
The phone rang.  
It was Colin.  
We are in control, slut.  
Always never forget that.  
Your only options are to obey and endure.  
Anything else just makes it worse for you.  
The hours dragged on, filled with teasing phone calls, his ass violated by the egg, and an endless array of pictures of Colin and Samantha, enjoying a romantic evening.  
Past midnight, car headlights, cast shadows through the room, and he heard the crunch of the tires on the driveway,  
and the were of the garage door opener.  
Please let it end soon.  
Their laughter preceded them, their gaiety, a sharp contrast to his misery.  
Samantha still looked beautiful.  
Despite the torment's humiliation and abuse, he was captivated by her beauty, held spellbound.  
Her brown hair was still perfectly quaffed, her green eyes sparkling, with lust, evil.  
She'd shed her mink wrap in the hallway, but the black cocktail dress and the leather gloves gave her the look of a chic and elegant tormentress.  
Her right hand held a long cigarette holder in an underhanded grip.  
She looked like something out of vogue, the dungeon issue.  
She silently smoked, blowing the plumes of smoke into his face.

Even then, he never averted his eyes, longingly gazing at her through a blue grey cloud.  
Her gloved hand swatted his piss bottle, setting it dangling from the tortured nipples.  
Empty? I bet it wasn't empty all night, was it?  
He shook his head, no.  
We're going to release you.  
She saw hope, glimmer in his eyes.  
How fucking kill that!  
The highlight of the evening is yet to come.  
You still have to offer me to Colin and make it sincere.  
He eagerly nodded. Yes.  
Colin will release you from the door and remove the nipple clamps.  
Scream if you like.  
The shoes stay on.  
Go to the bathroom and use the toilet and brush your teeth.  
We don't want Colin putting that marvelous cock of his in a dirty little mouth, do we?  
No, mistress.  
I'll do as you say.  
He mumbled through the tube in his mouth.  
She cocked her head and furrowed her eyebrows.  
Of course you'll do as I say.  
What a stupid thing to say.  
She yanked on the nipple chain, eliciting the most pitiful whale.  
Do you think before you speak?  
Uh, I'm sorry, mistress.  
The clicking of her heels down the hallway was her only response.  
Soon the large figure of Master Colin filled his view.  
You shouldn't piss her off.  
His hand reached for one of the clover clamps.  
Better take a deep breath.  
I'll remove it on three.  
One.  
Two.  
He removed the clamp one beat before Teddy was prepared.  
Ah, oh.  
The pain was more than he'd anticipated.  
Suddenly the other clamp was removed and the pain rippled through his chest.  
His nipples burning as if they'd been set on fire.  
Colin laughed.  
You're still so gullible.  
Months after being enslaved and domesticated, don't you get it.  
We do what we want.  
He unfastened Teddy's wrists, ripped the tape from Teddy's cheek, and removed the tube from his mouth.  
Teddy shakily stood on the skyscraper heels, his nipples burning, rubbing his arms in an attempt to breathe new life into them.  
Colin handed him the nipple clamps and the piss bottle.  
Go, clean up, and then come to us.  
We'll be waiting in the living room.  
Yes, Master.  
Teddy turned to walk away and nearly fell down.  
He'd never yet walked in his new shoes.  
Cautiously, he made his way down the hall and into the bathroom.  
Master Colin's voice boomed after him.  
Not too long, Kucky.  
We have need of you.  
Teddy fell to the toilet seat.  
It was good to be off his feet, if only for a few minutes.  
Before he sat down, he'd filled his mouth with mouthwash, spit, and filled it again.  
He worked the minty liquid throughout his mouth while he pissed an unending golden flow.

A cold washcloth provided some small comfort to his abused nipples.  
He feared he'd been permanently damaged.  
He stood, spit out the mouthwash, and brushed his teeth.  
On shaky legs, these heels are impossibly high.  
He made his way down the hall to offer his wife to Colin,  
to serve the lovers, to complete the cuckolded date for mistress.  
Not surprisingly, he found them cuddling on the couch.  
Colin's hand up her dress, caressing her thigh.  
Teddy's mind raced.  
He needed to stay on script.  
Samantha wanted this to go her way.  
He minced before the lovers, and curtsyed, nearly falling to his face  
from the spindly heels.  
Colin laughed.  
Oh, he's going to need some practice in those shoes.  
Samantha snuggled closer to her lover.  
I'll keep him in them the rest of the weekend.  
It'll be good training, won't it, cocky?  
His second curtsy was better.  
Yes, mistress.  
He dropped to his knees before Colin.  
Thank you for dating, mistress Samantha tonight.  
I hope you both enjoyed yourselves.  
Colin's hand moved over Samantha's breast, and she purred her delight.  
It was an enjoyable evening.  
Samantha is a delightful and beautiful woman.  
Yes, master.  
Will you please pleasure her with your cock?  
It's much bigger than mine.  
I'm sure you both would enjoy it.  
Colin appeared to give it thought.  
Perhaps, but I'd like to see what I'm getting.  
Full disclosure.  
Samantha brought her full lips down on his, smothering him in a passionate kiss.  
Slowly she broke the kiss and slid from the sofa.  
A seductive temptress, a serpent of desire.  
Anything you want, lover?  
She stood before him in her five-inch heels, towering over the nervous teddy,  
who knelt before the expectant lovers.  
Present your mistress, she commanded.  
Teddy rose to his feet and gave a curtsy.  
He moved behind Samantha and unzipped her dress.  
Samantha shook her shoulders and the dress slid to the floor,  
pooling like molten crepe at her high-heeled feet.  
Her hands placed sensuously on her hips, she slowly pirouetted,  
clad only in her garter belt, stockings, panties, bra,  
and the wicked, long leather gloves and spike heels.  
Like what you see, lover?  
Most assuredly, Colin smiled.  
Keep on the stockings, garter belt, heels, and gloves.  
Mmm, male authority so sexy.  
See, Kucky, that's a man who knows what he wants.  
If you'd been that much of a man, you wouldn't be where you are now.  
She snapped her fingers and teddy gently unhooked her bra.  
Samantha removed it, stripped T's fashion, held it out at arm's length,  
and let it fall into Colin's lap.  
He picked up the wispy black lace and brought it to his nose,  
taking in her captivating scent.  
Teddy moved behind his mistress and cupped his hands around her breasts,  
extending them forward, offering them.  
Please, sir, have you ever seen brass more beautiful, more ready to love and be  
loved?  
Won't you please pleasure them, sir?  
Samantha felt herself shiver with excitement.

This was even more erotic than she'd imagined.  
Her husband, her slave, offering her up to another man,  
begging the man to pleasure her.  
She felt her slave kneel, his shaking fingers pulling her panties down her  
stocking to her legs.  
Please, master, this pussy longs for a real cock,  
something I cannot provide.  
Master's cock is what she needs.  
Samantha licked her lips and let her gloved hands trace a line from her neck  
between her breast  
and down to her moist channel.  
Our little cocky trimmed up my bush, so tidy you like?  
Colin eagerly nodded.  
He was enjoying the spectacle, Samantha's little show-and-tell,  
but he was anxious to consummate the cuckolded ceremony.  
Samantha grabbed Teddy by the hair and pulled his face close to her mound.  
Cocky wanted to eat me, didn't you?  
But I told him that cucks don't get clean, fresh pussies, only used ones, second  
helpings, cream pies.  
But I have a treat for you.  
Her free hand reached down to a crystal dish that Teddy, in his excitement,  
hadn't noticed.  
Open wide?  
She pulled his head back by his hair and dropped a handful of hairs into his  
waiting mouth.  
These are from this morning.  
See, you do get to eat me.  
She gave a wicked laugh and Colin couldn't help but join in.  
Her gloved fingers gathered up another pinch of pubic hairs.  
Ask for more, beg.  
Please, mistress, may I have more, please?  
She laughed as she dropped the last of the hairs in his mouth and watched as his  
tongue and lips worked to successfully swallow them.  
Colin shook his head in amazement.  
Samantha, you are too, too wicked.  
Now that you've had your treat, I want you to crawl to Master Colin and beg his  
cock to come out and play.  
She released her grip on his head and nudged him forward with the pointed toe of  
her high heel.  
Teddy crawled forward and Colin conveniently spread his legs to allow Teddy to  
come fully nose to crotch.  
Please, sir, may your wonderful cock pleasure, mistress?  
Colin winked at Samantha who blew him a kiss.  
Well, cocky, why don't you take it out and ask it yourself?  
Teddy nervously unbuckled Colin's belt and unzipped his trousers.  
The mass of cock, having been well teased, sprang from its enclosure, the sighs  
and suddenness of movement, causing Teddy to shrink back.  
He felt Samantha's hand push his head back into position.  
Get closer, cocky, it won't hurt you, she teased.  
He took the throbbing shaft in his hands.  
It seemed bigger than its copy, and the real one had life to it, warmth,  
movement.  
It pulsed with heat and desire.  
He kissed the head.  
Please, Master, please use this wonderful cock to pleasure mistress and  
yourself.  
His tongue flicked over the head.  
Master Colin likes that.  
He licked the first few inches and then slowly pulled it between his lips,  
feeling it fill his mouth.  
Samantha's hand on the back of his head pushed him down further on the shaft.  
He felt her hot breath in his ear, smelled her musky scent, melted to her gloved  
hand, softly stroking his tender nipple.  
That's right, cocky, suck Master's cock. That's part of being a cock, learning

to take pleasure from Master's cock.  
It will pleasure both of us.  
You'll do this for all my lovers. It feels good, doesn't it, to have a cock in your mouth?  
To know you are preparing for my pleasure?  
Teddy was lost to the sensations.  
Samantha's scent and sultry voice, Master's large throbbing cock, he felt her pull him from the cock.  
We don't want to waste this, after all. It's all about Colin and me.  
Your job is to get it ready, wet and hard, for me.  
The two lovers stood and walked arm in arm, upstairs, as Teddy minced behind.  
Teddy assisted Colin as he undressed, carefully hanging up Master's clothes.  
Samantha relaxed in her boudoir chair and enjoyed the spectacle of her submissive husband preparing her lover.  
Life is good, it's good to be me.  
That cock needs some attention, fluff, she commanded.  
Teddy immediately took the cock into his mouth, licking and sucking, coaxing it back to size.  
Samantha snapped her fingers.  
Up, cucky!  
Teddy disengaged from the cock, a stream of drool hanging from his lips and stood.  
One last item.  
Samantha held a black remote control unit in her hands.  
Colin is quite creative and has used his engineering talents to create some interesting improvements to my bed chamber.  
She pressed a button and a palette smaller than a queen-sized bed rolled out from under the bed.  
There was a spread-eagle human silhouette, painted on the palette and locking mechanisms at the wrist and ankle points.  
Samantha pressed another button and the restraints engaged and then disengaged.  
We can lock you up and release you by remote control.  
Clever, yes?  
Yes, mistress.  
Colin inserted his life-like cock copy onto a rod affixed to the crotch region of the silhouette.  
With the press of another button, the cock came to life.  
Get on, assume your position.  
Samantha ordered.  
Teddy dropped to the floor and rolled over onto the palette, placing his wrists and ankles in the designated spots.  
With the press of a button, the restraints engaged.  
He felt something cold on his bottom.  
Colin was applying lube to his ass.  
Yes, we'll get you nice and lubed for tonight as it's your first time.  
Samantha stood over him.  
See? We both get to enjoy Colin's marvelous cock.  
When we slide you under the bed, you'll notice a small video display.  
You'll be able to see us making love, hear us, and feel the bed move completely share in this wonderful experience.  
Colin's arms snaked around Samantha, pulling her close and cupping her breast.  
You spoil him.  
Samantha smiled as her finger pressed a button and Teddy's eyes went wide as the phallic intruder began its invasion.  
I suppose I do, but he's such fun to have around.  
Once more, she engaged the remote and the palette began its slow withdrawal under the bed.  
She blew him a kiss as he faded from sight.  
Night night, cocky!  
The End.  
Matriarch's Birthday  
She'd made a science of kicking males, refined it, developed it into an art, a religion of which she was the high priestess, and those males became the supplicants and objects of her unholy rites.

Her feet were the bane of male existence, cruel and unyielding, unforgiving. Her shoes, leather harbinger of pain and suffering. She'd spent a summer in Florence enjoying the art, food, culture, and Italian men.

Between cafes and museums, she visited Carlo.

Shoemaker to the dominance, guild, that group of select women who've ruled a worldwide underground matriarchy.

He crafted the tools she used to terrorize and subjugate males.

Today, Audra de Crenal wore the pumps, classic in detailing and styling, black kid leather.

The five-inch heels were half gleaming chrome and rapier thin.

Dangerous as those wicked heels were, it was the toes that held the terror.

Carlo crafted a long and very pointed toe.

Italian leather taut and wrapped around a wooden form that kept the leather from buckling as it abused male flesh.

Despite the long and pointed spear-like front, the toe box was set slightly further back and allowed the wearer a comfortable fit.

Audra stalked the corridor, her metal stilettos echoing on the concrete walls, heralding her approach to the males, cowering in their cramped cells.

She stopped at the door to the cell, containing male number 19.

When she entered the cell, the slave quickly assumed his position at her feet.

At 5'10", in her five-inch heels, she loomed over the kneeling figure.

She slowly backed away and circled the male, who remained in position.

The only sounds were the clicking of her heels on the coarse concrete floor, the slapping of the crop on her palm, and the rapid breathing of the male at her feet.

She stopped behind him and stepped back.

Know what today is?

It was a rhetorical question.

She knew he didn't have the answer, and she didn't care.

Her right knee flexed, and the wicked pointed toe of her stiletto found its mark in the soft flesh of his upper leg.

Audra knew exactly where to kick, how much force to use, how to exact every ounce of pain without diminishing their capacity to do useful work, or accept more abuse.

Number 19 flinched at the pain, his yelp from the kneeling dog-like posture, making him seem much like the lowly animal he'd become.

But he'd been asked a direct question, and was trained to respond.

No mistress.

Poise, like a ballerina on her left stiletto, perched on the rapier thin heel, her right leg whipped out twice more.

Each savage kick punctuated with her condemnation.

Stupid!

Stupid, step-daddy, its grand mom's birthday.

She stepped back to observe the reddening skin, and made it a point to remember to look in on him again later, to see if the color of the bruises pleased her.

She was meticulous in her work, following up, evaluating, refining her technique, the skin and the musculature of her male victims, the palette, for the color of her abuses.

She'd craft a patchwork of pain on this one before the day was through.

The hapless male shivered and whimpered from the cold of his stark self, from the pain from the fear of the impending day.

His daily existence had dulled his memories, all his cognitive abilities turned toward ensuring daily survival.

Memories of Halcyon days were distant, but the matriarchal birthday was an annual and singular horror not easily forgotten.

He heard her move and saw her gleaming stilettos appear poised over his splayed fingers, and he grimaced as he watched them descend, pinning his hand between the smooth leather and the coarse concrete floor.

A smile played across her thin crimson lips.

She closed her eyes and rose from the heels, placing the full weight of her body on the balls of her feet, and thus on the hands of the submissive male.

Years of yoga imbued her with balance, strength and concentration, and her body slowly rotated, grinding the hands beneath her feet.

Yes, today is the matriarchal birthday, when the males of the house honor the goddess.

I have a special game plan for today, something I think will please Grandma. She stepped away from the whimpering male and walked to the wall to retrieve a collar and leash.

The heavy leather posture collar was fastened to his neck, and she jerked on the leash, bringing him to a kneel-up position.

Let's announce your coming, shall we? She teased.

Her fingers attacked his nipples, pulling and twisting on the tender buds until she achieved the look and shape she desired.

Then she attached the nipple clamps, each holding two silver bells.

Her crop lashed out, painting a red streak across his ass.

Jiggle!

The hapless male jerked his chest and shoulders, setting the bells to twinkling to the delight of his horrific mistress and stepdaughter.

She lashed out again with the crop.

Not because she bent disobedient, but because she could, and it pleased her to do so.

Ah, tinkling titty bells, she laughed, next to the cries and wails of males, one of my favorite sounds.

Her wrists snapped at the lead, jerking him back down to his hands and knees.

Let's go, bitch! Time to get this party started, and keep those bells ringing.

She let him out the cell door, barely breaking her stride as she plucked a long dressage whip from the wall on the way out.

Margot de Crenel surveyed the scene before her.

She reposed on one end of a long room on an elevated dais in an elegantly carved mahogany chair finished in a rich damask.

Her stylish Chanel suit was cut to fit her petite frame.

Black kid gloves covered her arms and stylish black pumps adorned her feet.

At eighty-three years of age, her hair had long turned silver, but her black eyes were alive as ever, missing nothing.

Poised in back of her throne on the left and right were her sissimade attendants, Fifi and Chloe.

Each sissimade was attired in her formal serving uniform, a short black and white maid's dress.

The skirts held almost horizontal by billowing petticoats.

Black fishnet seemed stockings enclosed their legs, and their feet were shot in gleaming six-inch stilettos that locked around each ankle.

They wore elbow-length white lace gloves and kept their hands clasped behind their back until someone approached their mistress,

at which time each maid would grasp their skirt and execute a deep curtsy to honor the approaching guest.

They were kept busy as the receiving line was quite long.

Friends, guests, and special invitees all queued up to pay their respects to the reigning matriarch and dominatrix of the clan.

It was an annual event repeated for generations of dominant, decranal women who ruled the dominance guilt.

The room was alive with activity, and Margot's handmaidens were kept busy as they curtsied and accepted the proffered birthday gifts from each visitor.

At the end of the room was an elegant buffet, staffed by yet another group of male sissimades.

Chairs, in three elevations, to provide unobstructed views for the assembled guests lined both sides of the long room.

In the center of the room was the game's area. Today's activities, designed and hosted by Margot's favorite and most wicked granddaughter, Audra.

After her mother, Catherine, Audra was next in line to rule the dynasty. Margot smiled as she waited for the next guest to approach.

The dynasty is secure. Catherine and Audra are worthy successors, and there is never a shortage of men willing to submit to feminine authority.

The sissimade handmaidens went about their duties, curtsying, smiling, accepting gifts, and arranging them on the reception table.

They were eyed, the gaming area, thankful their status saved them from the impending agony that others would endure for the amusement of the assembled throng.

Audra's creation was simple, elegant, and artistic, and would tax the game participants to the extreme.

Three gleaming wooden beams ran parallel down the center of the room. The beams were six inches wide, smoothed from hours of hand sanding by sissimades, and sealed and polished to a high sheen.

But the most menacing aspect was the multitude of phaluses that jutted ominously from the long expanse of wood.

Fourteen cocks, hand carved from a variety of exotic woods, were spaced equidistant along the length of each beam.

They were graduated in size from short and narrow to monsters of hideous length and girth that recited at the ends of the beams that faced Margot's throne.

The sissimades could only imagine the horrors that awaited today's gamers and counted themselves of Lucky to be permanently chastised handmaidens.

Chloe curtsy deeply as Mistress Catherine de Crenal and her lover Andre approached the dais.

Andre bowed and kissed Margot's gloved hand. Margot smiled, her octogenarian eyes alive with fire.

Surely you can do better than that. Andre cast a bemused look at Catherine.

Ah, the woman in my life. He turned back to Margot, his lips taking hers in a smoldering kiss.

As her tongue snaked into his mouth, his hand found her breast and squeezed it gently, but firmly.

He felt her stiffen at his touch. The decay now women were extremely sensual. Will Catherine be as sexual in her later years?

As the resident Alpha male, Andre was a highly prized commodity in the household.

While decay now women dominated men, had ruled over them for many generations, they always valued the true Alpha male and kept one or two in court.

Andre had indeed betted all three of the current line, each generation taxing him in different, albeit pleasurable, and stimulating ways.

Andre broke the kiss, bowed, and kissed her hand again, a sign of respect and appreciation.

Margot smiled approvingly. He is the best we've ever had, a true stallion.

She reached out and felt Andre's crotch, approvingly noting his stiff member. He rises to every occasion.

Catherine nodded.

He is special. Shall I send him to you this evening?

Yes, Margot replied. But early I'm sure he'll be able to meet his other obligations when I'm through with him.

Andre and Catherine bowed to their matriarch and walked hand in hand to join the other guests.

Audra led slave number 19 through the halls, pleased at the way he struggled to keep up, crawling on his hands and knees and shaking his upper body to keep his titty bell ringing.

She stopped at an alcove in the hallway.

The alcove held a sissy maid perched on her six-inch stilettos and precariously balanced on a white marbled pedestal, 18 inches tall and 12 inches in diameter.

The sissy maid was attired in the same uniform as Margot's handmaids.

Audra reached up and removed the chains from the sides of the alcove to the collar that was affixed to the sissy maid's neck.

Down the sissy maid cautiously and silently stepped down from the pedestal.

Aren't you two a pair, mocked Audra? My step-daddy slave and sissy maid's step-brother.

Don't recognize your own son? Hmm, probably not, especially since we let her hair grow.

Started the hormone treatments. Oh, and of course those huge breasts we gave her.

She cut the air with the dressage whip, laughing as the two submissives flinched at both her action and the dreaded sound of the whip slicing the air.

We renamed him too. Your jack is now our Jackie.

She kicked him in the fleshy part of the thigh, and you, shit for brains, you're just slave 19.

She poked the whip at her kneeling step-father. I bet this was never on your

radar when you married mother.  
You and Sissy Boy here were probably happiest pigs in shit to marry a beautiful woman who had a hot young daughter.  
Jokes on you boys, it didn't take long for mother to gain control of your assets, and then you.  
She paused, noting the stillness in the hallway. Her hand lashed out, the dressage whip leaving a nasty welt on Slave 19's back.  
I don't hear my pretty bells. She hit him again.  
Where's my titty music? She smiled as the kneeling slave furiously shook his breasts.  
Better. She held the whip under his chin, forcing him to look up.  
Take a look at your son, been a few months since you've seen her. She's now my own Sissy Handmaid.  
Much more useful that way than as a step-brother. Audrey pointed the whip at the Sissy Maid.  
Watch this daddy. Over.  
At the command, over. The Sissy Maid bent at the waist and lifted her dress and petticoats.  
Her ass was bare, no panties, and delicately framed by a sexy black guard belt and the black lays tops of her stockings.  
Audrey playfully tapped her whip against the bare creamy skin.  
A little bear, don't you think? Let's give her some color.  
She raised her hand and flicked the whip, the dreadful, whooshing sound, ending in a swag against the Sissy Maid's pink flesh.  
Immediately after the blow, the Sissy Maid began wiggling her bottom.  
Look at that, Audrey laughed. She's begging for more.  
Audrey delivered another stroke of the whip, eliciting more bottom wiggling from her victim.  
She's been trained to do that. She'll wiggle that saucy ass after each stroke, begging me for yet another until I tire of our little game.  
How's that daddy? Your son didn't take over the business as you'd hoped. Mother and I took that, and your son's destiny is to be my personal Sissy Maid slut, while you languish as a slave in your cell.  
The Sissy Maid was whipped four more times before Audrey commanded. Up.  
Okay, my bitches, it's showtime.  
Mistress Audra led her charges forward to their fates.  
Margot extended her gloved right hand. Her palm turned up and thumb and forefinger nearly touching.  
Sissy Maid Fifi responded immediately, inserting a cigarette into a 12-inch gleaming black cigarette holder adorned with syrofsky crystals.  
Fifi gently placed the holder in Mistress's hand while Chloe stood ready with a lighter. Margot smoked while Chloe knelt at her side, holding a large and heavy crystal ashtray in her outstretched palm.  
The throng of well-wishers had diminished, and everyone was enjoying the lavish food and drink served by a bevy of attentive and submissive Sissy Maids.  
Mistress Margot blew a contemptuous stream of smoke into Chloe's face and gazed among the crowd.  
She waved her cigarette holder like a wand, the embedded crystals catching and reflecting the light into an ethereal trail.  
And where is my darling granddaughter? The light dimmed, not to darkness, but for a dramatic effect.  
A red spotlight flooded the entrance as the heavy wooden doors at the end of the room opened easily and silently on their hinges.  
I am here, grandmother, to honor you on this most glorious of days.  
Audrey stepped into the light, pulling the leashes of her servile minions, slave 19, crawling, and Jackie teetering on stilettos.  
She knew the power of dramatic effects, both as entertainment value to the assembled dominance, and to spark terror of the impending events into the hearts of the submissives in attendance.  
Audrey stopped and removed her slaves' leashes, casting them to the side of the room, wherein a waiting Sissy Maid quickly scooped them up.  
She walked behind the two submissives and used her whip to prod them forward. Go and pay your respects.  
They proceeded up the long room, the red spotlight following their every move.

Audrey's and Jackie's stilettos clicked on the smooth and polished parquet floor, while slave 19 shuffled along on his hands and knees to the twinkling of his titty bells.

Hushed, conversations followed them up the room.

The one crawling his Catherine's husband.

She never divorced him but took everything. And the Sissy Maid is his son?

Oh yes, he is but not Catherine's. She'd never give birth to a creature like that.

Catherine and Audrey slave both males.

When they reached the dais, Jackie Kurtzied and slave 19 crawled to Margot's feet.

The crowd nodded and murmured appreciatively as Catherine looked on, proud of her daughter's handling of her husband and stepson.

The carefully choreographed activities were set to begin.

Margot raised her exquisite high-heeled pump, exposing the soul to slave 19, who dutifully extended his tongue and lavished his love on Mistress's shoe.

She barely acknowledged this act, confident that when a lady's shoe was offered to a competent slave, natural training instincts would take over.

See a shoe, lick a cling, a lesson literally beaten into them.

A snap of her gloved fingers.

Summoned Jackie forward and Jackie approached and Kurtzied.

Margot spread her gloved hands wide.

This is Jackie, my Sissy Maid grandson. Not by birth of course, but still a delightful creature, don't you think?

The room burst into applause and Jackie Kurtzied to acknowledge their compliment.

Bend over girl, Margot commanded.

Jackie complied, placing her hands behind her back and bending forward at the waist.

Margot reached forward and pulled the Sissy Maid's dress down, exposing a pair of impressive 44 double-d breasts.

Show everyone how I spoil my girls.

Jackie spun on her heels, faced the crowd, bent forward and jiggled her breasts in the most shameless manner.

The crowd erupted into laughter and applause.

Margot raised her hand and stilled the crowd.

When Audra left for college, we sent Jackie with her.

Not to be educated, academics are much too taxing for a Sissy Maid.

No, our delicate little Jackie, spent her college years as the house girl at Audra's sorority house.

When Audra graduated, I gave her a sports car and to reward Jackie's service for those years of toil and humiliation.

Margot paused.

We gave her those wondrous titties.

Once more, the crowd applauded and Jackie shook her titties, evoking even louder applause and laughter.

Margot uncrossed her legs and offered her other shoe sole to Slave 19.

She didn't bother to look down, confident that the creature would go about its shoe licking duty until instructed otherwise.

And now, my lovely granddaughter will host today's games.

Audra bowed to the crowd and stepped onto the dais, embraced Margot on both cheeks and turned to face the crowd.

Thank you! We are here today to honor the grand matriarch of the dominance guild.

In her honor, she pointed to the three wooden beams, and for your entertainment, I have devised a new game, a test of slave endurance.

She clapped her hands and three slaves were ushered into the room.

The slaves were naked and their bodies oiled.

They glistened in the room's diffused lighting.

Their nipples had been pierced by large golden rings.

The most notable, besides the nudity, was their complete lack of hair.

Their bodies and heads were shaved, even their eyebrows were gone, and their eyelashes plucked out.

Two of the slaves were of average height, while the third was shorter and

certainly younger.  
All were of average build.  
The slaves' life of constant work and limited food limited their ability to develop muscular bodies.  
Audra snapped her fingers at Jackie, a nonverbal command to follow, and Mistress and Sissymaid left the dais and walked to the slave trio.  
These slaves, Audra said as she approached her quarry, were selected for today's event because of their recent poor performance.  
They will suffer today, both physically and mentally, for your amusement.  
The crowd clapped.  
The matriarchal birthday was always a celebration that involved some sort of slave contest.  
Traditions were highly valued by the guild.  
Audra spun on one of her wicked heels and slowly walked the length of one of the wooden beams.  
Her hand lovingly caressed each intricately carved wooden fellas.  
Today's game is self impalement.  
Of course it would be easy for us to simply tie the creatures down.  
She glared over her shoulder at the slaves, and fuck their sissy asses raw.  
She quickly took on a softer tone, her words sweet and tender.  
But how much more exquisite it is to make them commit the act themselves to force their puckered openings over these shafts.  
The crowd nodded their approval as they watched Audra caressed the largest of the wooden fellas's, her hand unable to fully grasp it.  
Of course it would be easy at first, but as they get nearer the end, the task becomes, Audra smiled as she gripped the largest fellas, quite formidable.  
It's a race.  
First one to the end wins.  
And what does the winner get?  
She laughed and shrugged her shoulders.  
Nothing!  
The losers get punished, a severe caning, and whipping with the last place finisher receiving extensive punishment.  
The crowd cheered a slave game and a punishment session.  
Today would be truly memorable.  
There are some refinements, Audra said.  
At the base of each wooden cock are pressure and temperature sensors.  
These will record the performance of each slave's impalement.  
Each slave must take it all.  
Settle that sissy ass to the beam and squeeze tight.  
He can only move to the next cock when he gets a light and a beep which signify a full and successful impalement.  
Audra turned and pointed to Jackie.  
My sissy slut will demonstrate.  
Audra positioned Jackie at the beginning of the center wooden beam and ordered, remove your dress.  
Jackie disrobed while Audra further explained.  
This one has been pre-lubed for the demonstration.  
Our slut will start with the smallest one and work her way to the end.  
There are red and green lights between each set of wooden cocks.  
When the game starts, all lights will turn to red.  
Each slave will only be able to move to the next cock when the light goes green.  
The green lights are connected to the pressure and temperature sensors, so our slaves will have to sink that cock deep into their ass and squeeze it hard to get the go-ahead to move to the next.  
Jackie stood at the end of the beam.  
She'd removed her maid's dress and wore only a garter belt, stockings and stilettos.  
Her large breasts were now prominently on display.  
Their size made more pronounced by the tiny metal chastity that enclosed her cock.  
Audra stood before her sissy maid and slapped the enormous tits, delighting the crowd as the fleshy globes bounced back and forth between her hands.

When her fingers pinched Jackie's nipples, the sissy maid swooned and went weak in the knees.  
What a slut!  
Someone yelled from the crowd.  
Yes, Audra laughed, and were about to see a true display of sluddiness.  
She reached down and flicked a switch carefully, recessed into the beam, and a series of red lights illuminated between each wooden cock.  
Audra slapped Jackie's ass, sending the teetering sissy forward on her high heels.  
Fuck those cocks, bitch!  
Jackie straddled the beam and positioned her sissy pussy over the first and smallest phalus.  
It easily slid in and Jackie settled fully onto the beam, wiggling her bottom to make full contact.  
It took only a few seconds, and everyone heard a beep, and the red light went out, and the green light illuminated.  
In game show host style, Audra mocked.  
And now, on to cock number two!  
Once more, the crowd joined in, cheering Jackie on with chance of fuck that cock, bitch!  
And cock number two!  
Jackie located the second cock at her entrance, and then slid down, giving a wiggle or two on the way.  
Several in the crowd smiled as they watched the impaled sissy slut clench her buttocks.  
When the green light came on, Jackie rose and proceeded to cock number three.  
As the sissy made her way down the line of cocks, Audra walked to the three slaves, who would participate in the upcoming game.  
Don't be fooled, it's not as easy as she's making it look.  
Audra turned to watch Jackie settle on the seventh cock, to the cat calls of the crowd.  
Audra walked behind the three slaves and barked over.  
As trained, they all bent at the waist, one by one.  
Mistress Audra used her hands to spread their buttocks.  
No, I'm afraid that the three of you are going to have significantly more trouble than my slut Jackie.  
She was well used during my college days.  
My sorority sisters, who wanted to experiment with strap-ons, boyfriends, gay friends, everyone had a piece of her over the years.  
But you, my babies, I know you've not had that much experience.  
Audra's hands slapped the ass of the smallest and youngest of the slaves.  
What about you? Ever had anything up there?  
The slave literally shook with fear.  
No, Mistress, never, never please, I can't...A virgin!  
Audra yelled, we have a virgin today!  
The crowd turned their attention from Jackie, who'd only just risen from cock number twelve.  
A virgin! Fresh meat! This'll be the one to watch!  
Audra grabbed the virgin's head and pointed it towards Jackie, as the sissy positioned herself over cock thirteen.  
Watch this! Audra whispered in the trembling slave's ear.  
Jackie slowly descended and then quickly rose.  
She took a deep breath and descended again, rotating her hips as the huge wooden-fallicus poked at her opening.  
Audra's fingers caressed the virgin's nipples as she whispered.  
She's getting it all lined up.  
Positioning is so critical at this stage.  
The virgin slave whimpered, making Audra smile.  
See how she's going slower now, even though she's been stretched by all those other cocks?  
These last ones are so big!  
Audra thought the slave might faint, but she continued her teasing torment.  
You'll need to breathe and relax.  
It will feel so good when it makes its way through that ring of muscles and goes

all the way in.  
Mmm! You'll love the way it fills you up.  
A big cock up your ass.  
She felt the slave's legs go weak.  
No! Oh God! Please, no, I can't! I never...  
Audra viciously pinched his nipple, bringing him back to reality.  
You will, bitch! You'll ride those cocks and entertain my guests.  
Believe me, the punishments of not doing it will be much more horrible.  
They both watched as Jackie rose and moved to the last cock.  
See, it can be done.  
Of course my sissy Jackie is a pro, a well-trained ass slut.  
Don't worry, we'll make one of you as well.  
The crowd voiced an appreciative, ahh, as Jackie worked her ass over and down the last gargantuan phalus.  
Her face contorted into a grimace as she forced herself all the way down and squeezed,  
giving the wooden cock every last ounce of her ass love.  
The crowd erupted into applause and cheers as the beep sounded and the light turned green.  
Jackie slowly rose from the cock, gingerly lifting her ass off before turning to the crowd  
and executing a curtsy on shaky legs.  
That, ladies and gentlemen, is how it will be done, Audra announced.  
One slave will win and go back to his daily life as a slave, perhaps with a sore ass,  
but no worse for wear.  
The remaining slaves will be punished, the last place finisher receiving the worst of it.  
The young virgin slave panicked, broke free from Audra and ran the length of the room towards Mistress Margot.  
No, no, please, I can't do it, I've never done that, the pain I—he fell in a sobbing heap at Margot's feet.  
Fifi and Chloe quickly closed on the crying slave, preventing him from reaching their mistress.  
Stand up this impudent slave, Margot commanded.  
Pin his tits and bring me my whip.  
She snapped her fingers, pointed beside her chair, and kicked away slave nineteen.  
I'll deal with him later.  
The shoe licking slave quickly took a kneeling position beside Mistress's chair, glad to give his sore tongue a rest, and giving thanks that he wasn't going to be the center of her attention for the next few minutes.  
Fifi hoisted the young slave to his feet, while Chloe retrieved Margot's vicious dressage whip.  
Do both tits, Margot ordered.  
I'll not tolerate such disobedience from slaves.  
You will ride those cocks.  
Likely you'll lose, but I guarantee a visit to hell if you dared to so beg.  
As she talked, Chloe methodically placed clothespins on the slave's nipples and tits.  
The crowd had moved forward, not wanting to miss a chance to see their matriarch in action.  
They watched as Fifi and Chloe each took one of the slaves' outstretched arms and positioned him facing Mistress Margot.  
I've been taking males in hand for seven decades.  
Margot held the whip in her hand, testing at the balance, and motioning for Fifi and Chloe to move the slave to the left.  
You're going to learn a lesson, a painful one about obedience.  
She flicked her wrist and the dressage whip cut the air.  
It's a vicious end, snapping a clothespin from the Sissy Virgin's left tit.  
The Sissy howled and Margot smiled and closed her eyes.  
The screams of males in pain, my darling.  
You'll howl arias of agony this day.  
She opened her eyes, fixing them on the next target, and flicked another

clothespin from the tender flesh.  
The slaves struggled, but Fifi and Chloe held him tight.  
Thankfully his outstretched arms put them well out of the way of the evil whip.  
Margot held the whip in both hands, her right hand gripping the black leather wrapped handle with a silver pommel.  
While her left hand, glubbed in black leather, stroked the supple shaft.  
Can you imagine how many I've whipped over the years?  
Easily hundreds.  
This whip has tasted the flesh of many slaves.  
It can sting, cut, even remove flesh.  
She held the whip at arm's length, resting the tip on a clothespin on the slaves' right nipple, marking her target.  
This one next, I think.  
The Sissy didn't even get a chance to plead before her wrist flicked, and the whip found its target, the clothespin flying across the room, and the Sissy screaming.  
Next, Margot teased, and sent another clothespin flying.  
Someone in the crowd offered, three in a row, please, my lady.  
Margot smiled, and quickly dispatched three clothespins.  
The Sissy writhing in pain as each was ripped from his body by the lightning fast application of her whip.  
You think, she said punctuating each word with a strike of her whip.  
That, because I'm old, I've lost skills.  
Her eyes judge the distance to her next targets.  
But, I, more, than enough skills.  
To deal with the likes of you.  
Her target was wailing and gasping torrents of pain running through him.  
Were it not for Phoebe and Chloe's assistants he would have collapsed.  
Margot fixed her last target, teasingly tapping it with her whip, delighting in the way he flinched at each tap.  
Open your eyes, I want you to watch.  
The slave opened his eyes, watching in terror as Margot toyed with the clothespin.  
You must beg me to remove it, to relieve your torment beg for my whip.  
Margot's tone was soft and motherly.  
The slave sobbed, please, mistress, let me feel your whip one last time, please, mistress.  
His eyes grew wide as he watched her hand go back and saw the whip fly forward, only to stop short of its mark.  
The crowd laughed as they watched Margot toy with her prey, drawing out the last strike.  
Just as he breathed his sigh of relief, she lashed out, the whip exploding on his flesh and the clothespin clattering to the floor.  
Margot held out the whip to Chloe, who released her hold on the slave, curt seed, and gently took the whip from her mistress.  
The crowd applauded, and Margot acknowledged them with a wave of her hand.  
And now, she said, perhaps the games may commence.  
Three on his tongue, she pointed to the slave, it may shut him up a bit as he attempts to ride the cocks.  
The slave squirmed to no avail as Chloe and Fifi clipped three clothespins to his tongue.  
The two sissy maids escorted him back to his slave companions, who'd watched the events in horror.  
And now, odd about Margot, in your honor, my lady, these legs will compete to see who can ride the cocks the quickest.  
She snapped her fingers, and the three sissy maids minced in on their stilettos and stood by each wooden beam.  
Each maid wore latex gloves and carried unmarked tubes.  
These sissy maids will prepare the cocks for you, giving them heavy coats of lubricant.  
The naked slaves breathed a collective sigh of relief, at least they wouldn't be impaling themselves on dry wood.  
Odder noted their looks. She'd planned on exactly that moment of slight relief, all the better to now destroy any signs of hope.

It won't be that easy, my unfortunate slots.  
She pointed to the sissy maids, who were working their way down the beams, lubing each cock and using one of the three different tubes of lube each time. Two of those tubes contain ordinary lube, but one of the tubes contains a deep-heating balm.  
She laughed as she watched the color drain from their faces.  
Yes, I suggest that when you encounter one of those cocks, you get it over with quickly, get on, get down, and get off.  
The longer you linger, you, Odder pointed to the virgin sissy with the clothespins on his tongue, and the drool running down his chin.  
You take the middle position.  
She held up a long, thin chain with clips at each end.  
One last ingredient to make it interesting.  
Odder walked to one of the slaves on the outside and clipped one end of the chain to the ring on his outside nipple.  
She ran the chain through his inside nipple ring, and then through the nipple rings on the inside slave, through the inside nipple ring on the other outside slave, and finally clipping it to his own outside ring.  
There now, all joined as one, aren't we?  
It's a race, remember, but don't move to the next cocks until you get the beep and the green light, indicating you fully impaled yourself.  
She moved to the center slave.  
It's obvious you're not as experienced in these matters as your competitors, but I strongly recommend you do your best to keep up.  
She grabbed the chain, running the slaves nipple rings, and pulled it tight, delighting in how the slaves' eyes grew wide with fear as he watched his nipples descend.  
What a delightful conundrum, pain up here or down there.  
She dropped the chain.  
Fuck yourself deeply and quickly, because these two, she pointed to the slaves to her left and right, won't be waiting for you.  
Odder saw that the last cocks were being lewd.  
She quickly hung signs around the neck of each of the slaves.  
The center slave was number three, the one to the left, twenty-four, and the one on the right was seventeen.  
It seems we are ready.  
She took a glass of champagne from a sissy maid who was making the rounds with a large tray of glasses and raised her glass.  
Two Lady Margot are supreme and much beloved matriarch on this most glorious day of her birth.  
Long live and many slaves to Lady Margot.  
The room echoed with a chorus of, Two Lady Margot!  
Margot stood.  
Thank you all for coming.  
It won't be long before I yield my place to my daughter, Catherine.  
But each year I see the guild grow stronger with new members.  
She cast a wicked smile at the three slaves and with new submissives.  
She raised her own glass to the guild.  
A second time the room reverberated with, Two the Guild!  
Margot reposed in her chair and crossed her legs.  
She lifted her champagne glass in odd direction.  
And now a little entertainment.  
The lights dimmed to be replaced by an array of spotlights highlighting each beam.  
The slaves would truly be performing a spectacle of self impalement for the amusement of their assembled mistresses.  
Audrey stalked behind the terrified trio.  
When I say go, you straddle the beam and begin.  
Do not skip a cock.  
Fuck them all.  
Miss one and you lose.  
Wait for the green light and the beep before you proceed to the next cock.  
If you don't get a green light and beep, well, you're simply not fucking yourself hard enough.

Move down the line without a green light and you lose.  
First one to the end who successfully fucks all the cocks wins.  
Nothing!  
Audrey paused to whisper in number three's ear.  
Work fast, keep up.  
Mind you, this crowd wouldn't mind seeing your nipples ripped off.  
But it would be messy, better to simply abuse that lovely virgin ass for us.  
She stepped back to get a good view of the slaves' asses and the first lubed falluses.  
Ready, set, go!  
The trio of slaves performed exactly as Audrey would have imagined.  
She could read submissive males, their temperments, their reactions to stimuli.  
They held no surprises for her.  
Number three approached the first Phalus, carefully positioning his hole over the device, flinching  
as his tender, puckered opening made first contact.  
By contrast, the slaves to either side of him grabbed their ass cheeks, spread themselves  
wide and quickly settled on the cocks.  
Even still, when they both got the audible beep and the green light, they rose delicately  
and breathed a sigh of relief.  
By six they'll be struggling, and on the last three we'll all get a good show.  
The virgins, sissy number three, settled cautiously onto his Phalus, even as his compatriots  
were positioning themselves for number two.  
The slack was coming out of the nipple chains.  
Audrey watched as number three put his full weight on the beam, waiting for the light to  
change from red to green.  
He's not going to make it.  
Those lovely golden nipple rings are going to be ripped from his smooth and hairless chest.  
He'll be hauled off the beam and punished.  
The two outside slaves had moved on, one firmly settled on cocks three, as the other was  
beginning his self-impailment.  
The one on the left was half way down when he felt the difference.  
This cock was not so much smooth and slick as it was greasy, the deep heating balm.  
Audrey noticed his paws and took delight in his fear and suffering.  
All the cocks, and all the way down, she barked.  
The crowd roared with laughter as his body shook as he slid down the shaft, his ass cheeks  
clenching to activate the pressure sensors.  
Grip that cock, someone yelled.  
Show us some submissive ass love, said another.  
The other outside slave looked over in horror, thankful he was spared the agony, but dreading  
his fuck procession up the beam, knowing the same contaminated cocks awaited him.  
Audrey smiled.  
It would be a few seconds before the onslaught of the heating balm hit home.  
Best thing to do is put more cocks with lube in that ass, dilute that foul shit, she yelled.  
Fuck that ass, she taunted, and you'll feel so much better.  
When he got the signal to move, the slave came off the cock like a rocket, eliciting  
howls of laughter from the crowd.  
He quickly moved to cock four, spread his ass cheeks, now burning with pain, and dropped  
quickly on the cock, its entry forcing a gasp from his lips.  
Marco was enjoying the show.  
Audrey was always creative in devising new games and slave entertainments.

She glanced over at Jackie and her son-in-law, slave nineteen, and snapped her fingers.  
Service, my girls?  
Fifi and Chloe jumped up and down on their stilettos and clapped their hands, then both offered deep curtsies to Mistress Margot.  
As the sissy hand maidens bent at the waist and lifted their dresses in petticoats, Jackie and slave nineteen crawled forward on their hands and knees, one kneeling behind each of Margot's hand maidens.  
Fifi and Chloe reached behind and spread their bottoms as Jackie and slave nineteen licked at the hand maidens' rose buds.  
Chloe's hand pulled Jackie's head deeper in the cleft of the sissy maid's bottom.  
Deeper, slat, Chloe ordered.  
Permanently chastised sissy maids, such as Fifi and Chloe, found few sexual pleasures, so when one was given an opportunity to experience a blissful ass licking, one took every opportunity to enjoy it to the fullest.  
Margot smiled approvingly, how heartwarming it was for her to see her son-in-law on his knees, his tongue lavishing all its affections on a simpering sissy maid's ass, as his very own son did the same.  
It's the lot of some males, they're born to serve, to suffer and endure.  
The action on the beams was reaching a critical point.  
The second outside slave had found his own cock coated with heating balm and was screaming as the crowd jeered.  
The outside slaves were on cocks five and six, while their inexperienced center victim was on cock number three.  
The nipple chain was growing tighter.  
Slave three's nipples pulled taut.  
Audra reached out with her whip and tapped the chain.  
"I'd hurry if I were you," she teased.  
Slave three only whimpered but quickly came off the cock when the greenlight flashed.  
Just as he started to settle on cock four, he felt the difference.  
He quickly stood and looked around, panic in his eyes.  
"A chant of down, down, fuck the cock, down, down, fuck the cock," filled the room.  
He stood, shaking, fearful.  
His body now pulled slightly forward by the chains, connecting his nipples to the two slaves moving ahead of him.  
Audra lashed out with her dressage whip, cutting a crimson stripe across his thigh.  
"Down," she ordered, "On the cock," his knees bent as he slowly lowered onto the fiery invader.  
This one was bigger, not a good thing, as this was the cock he desperately needed to get on and off of in a hurry.  
"He was sobbing as he wiggled in an attempt to push it past that tight ring of muscle in his anus.  
"He was beginning to feel the burning, and it wasn't even inside.  
"His focus on the anal intruder distracted him from the pain and impending horror about to be inflicted on his nipples.

"His competitors were well ahead of him, their own nipples now enduring the strain of the chain as well.'

Audra lightly tapped the chain with her whip, testing the chain, judging the distance.

"The next one, yes, the next one should probably do it.'

"It happened when the slave on the right rose from cock six and proceeded to number seven.

"There was no discernible noise, not from the ring tearing away from the nipple.

"The room's ambient noise, people talking, cheering the slaves on.

"The clinking of glass is all drowned out the sound of tearing flesh.'

"The cry of the slave was another matter.

"It was a shriek that pierced the air, a four-lorn whale drawing everyone's attention.

"Slave number three, grabbed at his chest, crimson rivulets cascading from his fingers.

"It was clear to the crowd that this slave's day was done.

"He was surely the loser, and within seconds the other nipple ring would be yanked out.

"In deed, almost as if on cue, the panicked stricken slave watched and reeled in pain,

"as the chain made its last move forward, taking the golden ring with it and leaving the slave behind.'

"He stood naked, his hands clutched to his chest.

"A tall red-headed dominant, dressed in leather and stiletto boots, walked to him,

"and rudely pulled his hands away from his chest.

"Let's cleanse the wound, shall we?' she taunted.

"The slaves' screams mixed with the crowd's laughter as she slowly poured a glass of vodka

"over the bleeding nipples.'

"Odramation for two naked male slaves to come forward.

"Take this loser and tie him to the cross,' she commanded.

"The two male slaves walked number three to the end of the room and bound him to a punishment cross.'

"All attention was now focused on the two remaining slaves.

"As Audra had predicted, the last three cocks were the hardest for the slaves, and the most entertaining for the crowd.

"The last cock, the largest, was coated with cool, soothing lubricant.

"The next to the last cock, however, was coated with the dreaded heating balm.

"Slave 24 was working to seat himself fully on cocked 12.

"As slave 17 was spreading his ass to open himself for cocked 13.

"As 17 descended,' he felt the difference, and knew his only salvation,

"was to get on and off this one quickly and onto the final cock,

"which hopefully contained only lubricant.'

"The problem was that these last cocks were hideously large.

"They would have probably been too large for the slave to accommodate.

"Had he not been stretching himself out from each previous self-fuck,

"he adjusted his posture and his breathing,

"used every slave ass-fuck trick he knew to get the monster inside him.'

"Slowly,' he wiggled his way down, letting his full weight settle to the beam.

"In actuality had it not been a humiliating competition,

"had the cocks not have been coated with the torturous heating balm,

"it may have felt nice to feel so filled.

"Most male slaves were rigorously trained to take their sexual pleasure in this fashion.

"He grimaced as the light illuminated and he rose from the cock.

"Slave 17 turned to see his competitor well behind him.

"Feeling that his victory was now well in hand,

"Slave 17 looked up to Mr. Smargo and deeply bowed as he lowered himself on to the final cock.

"Margo returned his oblation with her own nod of approval and smiled as she watched.

"The huge wooden failis disappeared into his flesh.  
"She looked to see Chloe and Fifi squealing as their asses were tongue worshiped.  
"When Slave 17 rose from his final cock, he dropped to his knees, bringing his head to the ground.  
"Audra walked forward and unclipped the chain from his nipple rings and kicked him forward.  
"He crawled to the feet of Mr. Smargo and kissed the toe of her shoe.  
"I name you the winner of today's contest,' Margo announced,  
"and the crowd cheered.  
"This slave will be returned to his cage to rest,' Audra said.  
"These other two, the losers, will be available for public punishment.  
"The last place finisher,' she pointed to slave number three, bound to the cross at the end of the room,  
"will serve 12 hours of public punishment.  
"The second place finisher,' she pointed to slave 24, who was being secured to a spanking horse,  
"will serve six hours of public punishment.  
"Some of the crowd were already selecting various paddles, crops and whips,  
"and milling around the unfortunate slaves.  
"Catherine and Andre joined Audra and Margo on the dais.  
"One last ceremonial function to perform,' Margo said.  
"She clapped her hands.  
"Enough, ass licking you sluts.'  
"Jackie and slave 19 immediately backed away from the asses that had consumed their faces  
"and Chloe and Fifi turned and curtsy their thanks to their mistress.  
"Each year on my birthday,' Margo explained,  
"We select a group of slaves who have exhibited outstanding performance.  
"They are allowed ejaculation, a genuine orgasm, if they can achieve one.  
"If not, they may at least derive some pleasure from the trying.'" Audra snapped her fingers at a sissy maid attending the door.  
The maid opened the door and ushered in ten naked males who were paraded before the dais.  
"These are this year's fortunate slaves, chosen by a committee of the guild.  
"As in years passed, there,' Margo paused and smiled.  
"Rivoir shall be administered by my servile son-in-law,  
"No, now, only as slave 19.'" Audra flicked her whip, striping the haunches of slave 19 and driving him forward,  
crawling to the line of slaves.  
The slaves eagerly queued up, more than ready to have their cocks sucked and for the chance to enjoy a real orgasm and ejaculation.  
Margo beamed as she watched her son-in-law's mouth fill with cock after cock. The slaves grabbing his bald head and pulling it as they fucked his face. Slave come and drool, coated his chin, and she smiled with satisfaction as she noted that some of the slaves were still able to ejaculate.  
"If any of you can still get hard, after the cocks sucking,  
"you may fuck the slut's ass,' Margo said.  
"The slaves eagerly bowed their thanks to their mistress,  
"who gleefully noted some of the slaves starting to rise to the occasion.'" The guild photographer took commemorative photographs of Margo, Catherine, and Audra,  
as guests enjoyed food and drink to the cries in the whales of the slaves on the cross and the horse.  
Audra stood back to survey the scene, the ornate room, resplendent guests, expensive food and drink and naked slaves.  
She watched her sissy-made step-brother Jackie, back in maid-livery, carrying a tray of drinks.  
Slave 19 was now servicing two slaves at a time.  
Both his orifices filled with cocks too long denied,  
an eager for a chance at pleasure before being locked up for who-know-how-law. Audra ran her hand over the back of Margo's regal chair.  
Soon it will be mother who sits on this chair, and someday it will be mine.

She bent down to place a loving kiss on Margo's cheek.  
It's been a wonderful day, Grandmother. Happy birthday.  
The end.

Performance art.

This time there were four of them. They worked slowly and methodically,  
occasionally positioning him for better access and ignoring his pleas and moans  
as they chatted about fashion, restaurants and films.

He screamed, my name is Simon Wharton. I'm a reporter for Art Edge magazine.  
You have to help me.

Or at least that's what his mind told him to say.

To his ears, it sounded like,

Two days earlier.

I'm Elizabeth Stansberry.

She extended a hand enclosed in a brown kid's skin leather glove.

Simon Wharton.

Art Edge magazine. Very pleased to make your acquaintance.

Her handshake was firm. Everything about her was impressive,  
imposing. In her designer four inch heels, she stood at least three inches  
taller than his five eight.

Her rich and elegantly quaffed silver hair put her age in her late 50s or 60s,  
but her skin was still flawless, smooth and creamy. Perfect makeup.

He didn't see any lines indicating surgical enhancements.

Good genetics or high maintenance, he thought.

A perfectly fitted Chanel suit emphasized a woman's shape with curves  
that provoked more than a casual glance.

It was her eyes that caught his attention brown with flecks of gold that caught  
the light. But there was something about them, not lifeless,  
but not giving anything away, haunting, yet mysterious.

I'm anxious to have this opportunity to see your exhibit. It's all somewhat of a  
mystery.

I'm glad my publisher was able to arrange it.

She motioned her guest to sit as she poured coffee.

Deborah is an old and dear friend, and when she called and asked if she could  
send you

over, I immediately agreed.

Yes, the exhibit is very exclusive, opened by special appointment and personal  
referrals only.

Her eyes looked him over, reasonably fit, a thick head of curly hair, and a  
handsome face.

She smiled at the tufts of hair that peaked from his designer polo shirt and  
took note.

He saw her studied look. It gave him pause.

Is there something wrong?

She gracefully handed him the cup and saucer. Nothing at all.

Cream and sugar?

His hand accepted the delicate China cup and saucer. The coffee was rich, much  
like the

hostess and her surroundings. He thought about his editor, Deborah Parker.

The fat cow. I should be editing art-edge. What she knows about art wouldn't  
fill this cup.

The exhibit? Why such secrecy?

Elizabeth sat back and crossed her legs, watching his eyes drawn to her  
shimmering ankles and the

rustle of expensive stockings. She tinted her fingers and her piercing eyes  
locked on his.

Not so much a secret, as being discreet, exclusive. The exhibit is not to  
everyone's taste.

So it's controversial, like maplethorp?

She slowly pulled off her gloves, one finger at a time. Her eyes never leaving  
his.

Yes, it could be considered controversial. She pursed her lips.

It's performance art of an erotic nature.

Performance art with live people?

He held out a small digital recorder.

May I take notes? Put this on the record?

She smiled. Of course! Everything on the record. I told Deborah I'd be most accommodating to her number one reporter. I assured her she'd be completely satisfied.

Great! He moved the switch to on and set the unit on the coffee table between them.

She poured herself coffee, added sugar and slowly stirred. The spoon never touching the cup.

Simon leaned forward. A sexual nature? Erotica. People performing sex? Gay? Lesbian?

Dominance and submission? Her eyebrows arched. Are you shocked?

You mean like whips and chains, leather bondage, sex slaves?

She smiled her eyes, taking on life. More refined. She saw his excitement.

Her gracious reticence was beginning to get on his nerves. She claimed to be open,

but he had to slowly pry each bit of information from her. Women and their fucking games.

Who are the artists?

The artists are all women. Select artisans from my own private circle, who I commissioned to do the various pieces of the exhibit.

Really? All women? Why?

She leaned forward to place her coffee on the table. She was close enough for him to smell her Chanel perfume.

She's probably twice my age, but I'd do her hell maybe a couple times.

The reason I employ only women artists is the theme of the exhibit. Female domination.

He chuckled and failed to note her derision when he did.

You mean women and boots and leather corsets, stuff like that?

A stereotype, an iconic image, more fit for television, movies, trashy novels, and magazines. She huffed.

She'd tolerate this creature, see this through to the end. She'd do it for her friendship with Deborah.

And my publisher, Deborah, she knows about this?

She does. She recommended one of the artists.

He let out a low whistle.

Well, Deborah, guess there's more to you than I thought.

So, only women artists in the exhibit. Elizabeth nodded. And only women visitors and guests.

His surprise was obvious. You mean men aren't allowed to visit the exhibit? It really is women only?

Men are the subjects of the exhibit. They are viewed by women, but no male guests or visitors have been permitted.

You, she paused, enjoying the moment, will be the first.

No shit, I can't wait. Neither, my dear boy, can I.

For security reasons, we won't use the main entrance. We'll use one of the maintenance access doors.

I'll wait for you inside, and Caroline will prepare you. She pointed to a small, unlabeled door.

Go on, I'll meet you inside the exhibit.

He opened the door and went inside. A stunning young blonde, her hair and a tight, severe bun, sat behind a nondescript desk.

Hello, I'm Simon—yes, I know who you are. She rose and approached him. Where Elizabeth had been dressed in fashionable elegance,

her young assistant was the epitome of fetish couture. A tight black pencil skirt molded to her hips and thighs.

Her crisp, white blouse was partially unbuttoned to reveal the hint of a lacy bra and full breasts.

Now, her, her, I could do all night and then some.

Please remove your clothing, you may put it in that locker. When she turned to point to the locker, he looked instead at her black, seemed stockings and skyscrapers to let o' heels.

Excuse me?

Clothed males are not allowed in the exhibit hall.

Wait, I don't think you understand. I'm a reporter, a writer for Art Edge

magazine.

Miss Stan's Burry was going to give me a personally guided tour of the exhibit for a story for the magazine.

Once more, he found himself looking up at a woman. This one had to be six, three, inner heels.

What the fuck is going on?

Miss Stan's Burry is on the other side of the door, Caroline pointed to a mahogany door, waiting for you, a naked you.

Please remove your clothing, trust me, you will not shock or alarm any of us.

For a brief moment, he felt fear, dread.

He had the impulse to turn and leave, kiss off the assignment and go get drunk and laid.

Caroline stood her ground, towering over him. Her arms crossed over those magnificent breasts.

Her green eyes cutting a hole through his skull.

Oh, what the hell, it's a story, right?

He pulled his shirt over his head and unbuckled his belt. Anything for art, huh?

For the first time, the hint of a smile crossed Caroline's lips.

Yes, we must sacrifice everything for our art.

As promised, he found the regal and imposing Elizabeth Stan's Burry waiting for him in the exhibit hall foyer.

The door closed behind him with a heavy thud and click, and out of instinct, he tried the handle, locked.

The clicking of Elizabeth's heels turned his attention back to her. She seemed oblivious to his nakedness.

In her hand, she held a collar and a leash. She held out the collar. Put this on.

Hey, Elizabeth, Ms. Stan's Burry. I've had some kinky sex, you know, but this isn't for your pleasure.

Her tone was unyielding. My guests don't expect to see any males, other than in the exhibits, so you must be properly presented and escorted.

I'll not have my artistic theme compromised.

He held up a conciliatory hand. Okay, okay, I'm here. So, yeah, okay.

He reluctantly fastened the collar around his neck. Before he'd even removed his hands from his neck, she walked away, pulling the leash taught and jerking him forward.

The exhibit runs for nine weeks. She led him through a hallway filled with paintings of women dominating men and rows of padded benches.

We have other venues available to us if attendance and interest warrants. This is the foyer, a place for patrons to meet up and wait for groups to form.

We also host cocktail parties here some evenings. She led him past small groups of women who politely nodded and exchanged greetings with her.

They either ignored him or cast looks that made him want to shrink away.

The first exhibit is behind that door. She pointed to a large carved door that bore only a simple plaque.

De-nuded.

Despite the size of the door, it opened easily and Elizabeth led him into a brightly lit room.

The exhibit was in the center of the room. She tugged on his leash and led him forward.

There can be as many as five million hairs of various types and in various places on the human body.

I believe that the male body looks better devoid of hair. This is a practical exhibit that attains that goal in a most elaborate manner.

It took a moment for him to take in exactly what he was seeing.

A naked male was fastened to an array of gleaming chrome bars, wrists, ankles, legs, thighs, forearms, head, neck, torso, everything seemed to be fastened to a piece of machinery.

A tug on his leash brought his eyes down to a console.

It's easy to operate. A guest simply selects the body position. Elizabeth pointed to a series of stick figures showing the human body in various positions.

And the machine automatically adjusts the subject to that posture. Up here, she jerked his head upwards.

We have a selection of tools. He gazed at the array of gleaming tweezers of every shape and description and magnifying glasses suspended from silver chains. I've seen guests spend hours here chatting and slowly removing the hairs from the subject.

You mean? He backed away, but she held firm with the leash.

Yes, it's an interactive exhibit where the male body is plucked clean of all unsightly male fur.

She laughed. Perhaps a demonstration?

She punched a button and the machine whirred. Within seconds, the subject was before her.

Upside down. This is a good angle for nose hairs. They're quite sensitive.

She reached up and pulled down a set of shiny tweezers. Nice and slow so they can feel it. See?

She held up the tweezers, a black hair and the pincers. The man and the machine made an unintelligible moaning sound.

She plucked out two more. Sometimes it makes their eyes water, the nose hairs.

How about a few eyelashes? She plucked out three eyelashes.

Simon tried to pull away, but she held fast to his leash.

You're crazy. You can't do this. But I am. This exhibit is very popular, depending on the crowds and the her suit nature of the specimen.

We can de-hair a male or two over the course of the exhibit. The subject mumbled again.

Can't they speak? Simon asked.

We considered gagging them, but the staff decided they liked that interactive verbal response.

Sometimes there may be four or more women working on a subject. It becomes a competition to see who can extract the loudest or most unique response.

Simon felt his knees go weak. Of course, no one is really interested in hearing what a male has to say, so we've injected their vocal cords with a chemical that renders them incapable of intelligible speech.

There is the side effect, them losing speech capability forever, but we consider that and don't see that as an impediment.

Simon shook his head in disbelief. All... all the hairs? All?

Her hand slid to his collar, and she pulled him nose to nose. Every... single... hair.

You ought to see them squeal when we go to work on their clock, balls, and ass.

We make it last for hours. Some of our visitors videotape it.

They watched as three well-dressed women, obviously executives on their lunch hour, sat down and reached above them, pulling down tweezers and magnifying glasses.

Set the machine for balls, Linda. Let's clean up that scrotum.

They shared a laugh as the machine rotated into position, the hapless subject making gurgling noises that Simon could only guess were pleased for mercy.

Not likely from these bitches. Ready to see more?

Simon shivered as he left the exhibit. The squeals of the man echoed as the hairs were individually plucked.

Even though he was naked, he knew the room wasn't cold, but still he shook. I can leave whenever I want, overpower these demonic bitches and walk out.

But he allowed himself to be led away, padded along on bare feet behind the high heels of his guide, his benefactor.

Was it his curiosity, his reporter's inquisitive nose, looking for that breakout story that kept him docile, leashed, and naked?

Or was it something else, fight or flight? Or the third choice, submit.

This next one is one of my favorite, both for the fashion aspect and the clever double entendre.

As with the first, the signage was classically simple. Men are heels. Elizabeth opened the door and pulled him into the room.

Paintings of women dominating men adorned the walls, but the eye was immediately drawn to the two pair of giant high heels that took up the center of the room.

A pair of red shoes and leopard shoes, both in a classic high-heeled pump style, dominated the surroundings.

Simon gazed in awe at their imposing size. They have to be close to seven feet high.

Okay, big shoes. But what's so special, she watched his look change, smiled as

the realization swept over him.  
She allowed his leash the necessary slack so he could approach the towering spike heels.  
Lovely, aren't they? She purred. Simply divine.  
He came face to face with a clear, acrylic heel, walking eyes with the face of the male trapped inside.  
There's...there's somebody in there. She laughed. For her writer and intellectual, he seemed a bit slow.  
Men are heels. In this case, literally. His hand rubbed the smooth surface. They're alive.  
The heels were clear acrylic, six feet tall, and shaped like a classic spike heel.  
Inside was a hairless male facing forward toward the shoe's sole, somehow crammed in so he filled the heel and was completely immobile.  
Of course, they're alive. Imagine how they'd begin to smell if they were dead, and you can torment the live ones.  
It is, after all, another interactive exhibit. She picked up a leather whip and lashed out at the back of the heel.  
A pitiful whale emanated from the shoe.  
We laughed their buttocks exposed. Imagine being punished and you can't get away. Escape. Movement is impossible.  
They're trapped with the realization that they must endure whatever anyone wants to administer.  
She moved to the front of the spike heel, the side facing the sole. Their nipples were left exposed as well.  
She viciously grabbed one, violently pinching and twisting it. The heel squealed.  
Beautiful how exquisitely they suffer. Simon looked to one of the other shoes where a mother and a daughter were tormenting a heel, delighting in the different cries they were coaxing from it.  
A tug on the leash got his attention.  
Did you notice their feet? Elizabeth pointed a perfectly manicured nail to the base of the heel.  
Get down on your knees for a closer look.  
There was an authority in her voice that made him follow without hesitation, and he dropped to his knees to get a closer look at the heel.  
Ballet heels eight inches. We put them in ballet heels before we insert them into the heels.  
The ridiculously high arch gives the foot that delightful stiletto end that makes them so sexy, don't you think?  
Simon couldn't imagine how feet could be put in that position. Isn't it painful? I mean... pain? Of course!  
But male suffering and humiliation are essential parts of my exhibit's theme. With a short leather strap, she whipped the heels exposed cock and balls, her eyes closing and a smile forming as he screamed.  
She jerked on the leash. Up! Simon felt his balls shrink and his ass clenched. He couldn't deny his fear.  
You say the exhibit runs for nine weeks. At night are they released? No! All males in all exhibits assume the position for the duration of the exhibit.  
I have a medical staff that comes in at night. They hydrate them, evacuate them with enemas, feed them.  
Simon pointed to the hideous shoe on the heels, feet. But those shoes, I mean wearing them.  
Yes, it's very likely these particular subjects will be unable to walk afterwards. Her tone held no compassion. Rather, she discussed the males as commodities.  
We're considering options, permanently breaking and reforming all the bones in the foot to the ballet heel shape so they can be permanently used in the shoe exhibit.  
We're selling them off to a unique foreign petting zoo, where wealthy Asian women keep male pets. After all, they can still crawl around like an animal, and the throat treatment leaves them able to bark.  
Simon looked at the human form, molded into the acrylic heel. Its eyes seemed to say, run away. But Simon remained frozen in place, tethered to the firm hand of

Elizabeth Stansbury, dominant patron of the arts.

So, what do you think of my exhibit? She was incredulous. Surely she can't get away with this. She's insane, a mad woman.

Yet the exhibit was well attended. Women of every age and ethnicity in groups and singles roamed the exhibits, looking, touching and tormenting.

They greeted Elizabeth and ignored him. She leers around a naked man on a leash and they don't bat an eye. She snapped her fingers.

There's one more I'd like you to see. Come along like a good boy. He obediently allowed himself to be let away.

The

Hall of Pain

Hall of Pain read the simple bronze plaque on the final door. It's important to have a big ending. Something memorable, don't you think? She pulled him close with a tug on the leash. Are you getting this story you wanted?

Surely she's not going to let me walk out of here and write about this. He shivered again.

She saw his fear. She noted it all the way through the exhibits. All that bravado on the surface, though unfaced with reality, they crumble. Submit crawl. Attendance is better than we projected. If it keeps up, we'll open in Atlanta in September. The exit is after this final exhibit. Okay, yeah, great.

She leaned in her hot breath on his ear. Then let's finish, shall we?

Despite her latent malevolence, he couldn't help but be excited by the brush of her hair on his shoulder and the hint of her perfume.

She opened the door after you.

The Hall of Pain was a popular exhibit. Visitors strolled endlessly up and down, watching large video screens with changing colors. A strange cacophony of sounds,

moans, cries and whales filled the air, bringing smiles to the visitor's faces.

The volume increased when a group of goth girls, resplendent in heavy black eye makeup, leather, tattered t-shirts and wicked boots, stomped their way up and down the hall.

This is their favorite exhibit, Elizabeth explained. She led him to a small kiosk. Good afternoon, Susan.

Good afternoon, Miss Danzbury. The petite redhead in the kiosk handed Elizabeth a pair of black patent pumps.

Thank you, Susan. A good crowd today.

Oh, yes. Very enthusiastic. It's been quite noisy.

That's what we want, Elizabeth led her naked reporter to a line of benches and sat down. She handed him the black pumps and extended her foot.

Put the shoes on me.

Simon was no longer functioning as a reporter. He was now in a survival mode, his only intent to get through here and get out.

He knelt and slipped the expensive designer heels from her feet. Prada, he noticed.

The new heels were cheaper fetish shoes, with five-inch metal spike heels. He slipped them on her feet and decided, they look hot, even on an older woman in a fancy suit.

She stood, now even taller than he, and led him into the exhibit. The tall, spindly heels didn't slow her stride. She moved effortlessly, keeping a pace that had his leash tight.

She stopped and spun on one of the wicked heels.

You may notice several women wearing the same shoes. It's part of the exhibit.

They get them at the kiosk, loners from Susan. She chuckled.

Our version of renting bowling shoes, with a diabolical side. He silently nodded. Let me get this over with and get the hell out of here.

The mother and daughter from the High Heel exhibit had now made it to this exhibit and were exchanging their shoes for the wicked metal stilettos.

Elizabeth pointed to them. Watch!

Simon saw the two women walk from the benches where they changed their shoes and onto the main floor. They shared a smile as they stepped on the main exhibit floor.

Their sexy, seductive gait now changed. Their steps were deliberate, up and down, rather than gliding.

They stopped in front of one of the ever-changing colored video screens, but

kept their feet in motion, stepping up and down, putting all the weight on one heel and rotating it.

As they did, they laughed and pointed at the screen, noting the changing designs and colors. Elizabeth noted Simon's confused look.

Or baby, it's all been too much for him. But thankfully or not, we're near the end.

The floor, darling! She directed his attention to the floor. Get on your hands and knees and crawl over to get a good look.

He hesitated. Go on, she urged, on your knees. She put her hand on his shoulder and gently pushed him down. Crawl!

He crawled forward, Elizabeth walking behind, holding his leash, much as she might walk a pet on a Sunday afternoon.

The mother and daughter smiled at the scene. Elizabeth nodded at them and returned the smile.

When he got close enough to see the floor details, he stopped and backed away in fear. Elizabeth stopped him with a carefully planted metallic spike heel in his exposed bottom.

Stay! Panic filled his face. Their hands, for fingers! A woman walked by. So close he saw the wicked heels trod over the exposed fingers.

He started to rise when he felt the sting of a whip lash his buttocks.

I said, stay down! Elizabeth flicked the whip again. And he howled, but stayed on his knees. He shook with fear, afraid to remain, afraid to try and leave.

Where did she get a whip? Yes, dear, hands and fingers, male hands and fingers. And yes, they're alive. They feel the pain, the agony, every blissful second of it.

It's wonderful, isn't it? A patchwork, a mosaic of fingers interlocked to make a human carpet.

The males stand below. Their hands protruding, and the fingers are super glued to the floor, quite immobilized.

No, no, no. This bear, hopelessness, I love them at this point, so pitiful, so ready to be utilized.

Yes, down below the males are crammed together like cattle. Their feet, shot in eight inch ballet boots. Can you imagine?

Weeks on point, while your hands and fingers are continually mauled by women in killer shoes. I mean really.

Men have this fascination with women in heels, so why not let them enjoy it, first hand?

No, please, I, please, no. All the men are gagged, and each gag is attached to a tube of a different length.

As our subjects moan and wail, they do so at different frequencies. These musical tones are converted to colors and patterns on the video displays on the walls.

Real-time performance art. He thought about the mother and the daughter, standing, digging their stilettos into the floor, listening to the sounds and watching the colors.

He remembered the goth girls, stomping up and down the hall. That's right. My visitors create their own individual artworks, real-time, at the expense of the males beneath their high heels.

She jerked his leash. Time to go and led him across the floor. He followed, watching her stilettos dig into the flesh all the way across the room.

When the wooden door closed behind them, he welcomed the silence. He felt her hands remove the collar.

I hope you enjoyed the tour. I'm quite looking forward to your article. You'll find your clothes in the dressing room behind that gray door.

He heard her heels click away and turned to see her exit through an elaborately carved wooden door.

Shet. I didn't think she was going to let me leave. She's certifiable a fucking whack job. He jumped to his feet and looked around. He was alone.

I'm out of here and I'm taking this bitch down. He opened the door and on a chair were his clothes and personal effects.

He quickly pulled on his pants and bent over to slip on his shoes when he felt the prick on the back of his neck.

What the... he tried to stand but fell to the floor. Through a haze he saw Caroline. She looked even taller from the floor.

His blonde tormentor held a syringe. It was a neuromuscular agent. You can't move. Makes the males easier to handle.

He saw her smile and pick up a different syringe. You didn't really think we were going to let you walk out of here.

She bent down. Her hand stroked the hair on his arm and chest. She smiled. She held the needle to his neck. Any intelligible last words?

No. No. Please. You... you... can't. I won't... say. He felt the needle plunge into his neck.

Please. If you let me go... my go.

Elizabeth left her office early to meet her luncheon date. She greeted Deborah Parker and the foyer and the women embraced.

Deborah, it's so good to see you. You look marvelous. Thank you. Yes. Life is much better with those pesky annoyances removed. I can never thank you enough. It was my pleasure. A pleasant afternoon's diversion. Elizabeth took Deborah's arms and hers. Would you like to see him?

We're starting him off in the denuded exhibit and we'll move him later when there's no hair left. I can't wait. I've been looking forward to this for a long time.

There were four working on him when I last checked. Simon heard the clicking of more heels as additional visitors entered the room.

Some watched and others stayed to torment and torture a hapless male. The machine word and jerked. He was being repositioned. When he came to rest, he was upside down, spread eagled.

It took a moment for him to orient himself and focus when he did his blood ran cold. Deborah.

Hello, Simon. Long time no see. I never did get that article you were supposed to write. She reached up and pulled down a pair of tweezers. Are you still doing research? Going undercover?

He blinked as the tweezers came close to his eyes and he felt that twinge as an eyelash was removed.

Hold still, she mocked. We don't want to put out an eye with one of these things. She pulled out a second eyelash.

Try some of those nose hairs. They often make their eyes water. Elizabeth advised.

Deborah adjusted his position and pulled down a magnifying glass and went to work on his right nostril. Within seconds, he was moaning. She clapped her hands. This is fun. Elizabeth smiled.

I'm glad I could bring you two back together. I could order in lunch. We could stay here for a while, get reacquainted.

Deborah held up a long hair. She plucked from Simon's nose. Lunch would be wonderful. Thank you. I don't have to be back at work until two.

It'll be our little afternoon reunion then. Elizabeth smiled. Just the three of us. The end.

Let theoftab

She looked across the room.

Dee Dee was already up.

It both slipped on their shoes and ran down the hall.

Two months earlier.

Vast Durds, Elena Novakova, ripped at the duct tape and removed the doll, crudely taped to her office door.

Inside she kicked the door shut and dropped her briefcase to the floor.

Us holes.

Why do they do this?

She carefully placed the doll on her desk as one might a real child and gently straightened the arms and legs.

Slowly, she removed the duct tape as if to do it too quickly would harm the lifeless plastic form.

She used an alcohol wipe to remove the sticky tape residue.

Her last act, softly brushing out the doll's golden hair.

Someone, probably Carl, used a black permanent marker to draw pubic hairs on the doll.

Elena reverently put the doll on her desk drawer.  
Tonight, I'll take you home and clean you up.  
It's OK now.  
She rose and removed her suit coat,  
exchanging it for the white lab coat  
and blazoned with Dr. Novakova, director, Jen Engineering Labs,  
director.  
I say long away from a poor Czech farm with no electricity.  
Her eyes caught a reflection in the glass  
of one of her many diplomas, PhDs in electrical engineering,  
genetics, and molecular biology.  
The face, looking back at her, retained its youthful appearance,  
deep brown eyes on a round face, not fat, but filled out enough  
to smooth away the wrinkles that might  
mar the complexion of any over 35-year-old career woman.  
Her hair, yes, it's always needed something.  
Her style on farm is a matter of function, not fashion.  
She ran her fingers through the shaggy brown  
tresses that fell to her shoulders and made a mental note  
to see Jenny, who would do something about her hair.  
Static and the voice from her intercom nudged her back to business.  
Dr. Novakova, they're ready for you now.  
Elena saw the smirks on Carl and Dwight's faces  
as she entered the conference room.  
For a moment, she held their gaze,  
dropped the sheaf of papers on the polished mahogany surface,  
and took her seat at the head of the table.  
A junior researcher poured coffee for everyone  
while another booted up the computer.  
Charts and graphics filled the high-resolution screen  
at the far end of the room.  
Elena nodded her thanks for the coffee  
and pulled her glasses from her coat pocket.  
She brushed the ever-present hair from her eyes  
and slipped on her glasses.  
The room was silent while she studied  
the first page of the report.  
Stephen, give us your report on the beta test group.  
A tall, thin man, his graying hair,  
pulled into a ponytail, stepped to the screen.  
Can we have the first slide?  
He took a laser pointer from the rostrum  
and directed the red beam to the screen.  
It was going to be a long meeting  
and underneath the conference table,  
Elena quietly worked her feet out of the designer pumps  
she wore to such occasions.  
It was never easy balancing being a research scientist,  
corporate executive and a woman.  
The high heels were a concession to the image  
of being the senior female executive  
of Gen Engineering Labs.  
And she noted the different way the men,  
scientists and non-scientists alike,  
treated her when she wore them.  
Stephen Keller continued his briefing.  
We had mixed results from the first strains  
depending on the various radiation protocols used.  
His pointer illuminated on several columns of figures.  
The raw data is in the secure distributed database  
available for download, he noted.  
There were indications of the molecular changes  
that were seeking, but were still analyzing  
all the variables to make sure it's not a random occurrence,

although we did maintain a rigid control group.  
Next slide, please.  
The slide dissolved in half of another slide  
appeared on the screen.  
It, too, was filled with columns of numbers and formulae.  
Stephen paused and smiled, milking his moment.  
And then we tried the developmental serum,  
again, along with the radiation protocol,  
but we timed the radiation protocol,  
administering it at the same time  
the serum began to metabolize within the cellular structure.  
And he nodded to the research assistant at the computer  
and the rest of the slide came up.  
It was a video showing several rats in a cage,  
half of them full size and the others less than a quarter  
of the size of the larger ones.  
Carl laughed, more of a snort than a laugh,  
and made a show of dropping his pencil on the table.  
"And your specimens, add babies," he gefawed.  
He snapped his finger and held out his coffee cup  
to the research assistant in the corner of the room.  
Elena shot Carl an angry glance  
and he looked away from her.  
She hurriedly slipped her feet back into her heels,  
rose and walked to the screen.  
The room was silent as everyone watched her remove her glasses  
and closely study the animals scurrying around in their cage.  
"Yeah, baby rats," Dwight chirped.  
"Quiet," Elena snapped.  
She didn't have to turn around to know that he'd shut up,  
that everyone was looking at he and Carl,  
and that both of them were seething  
of being reprimanded by her.  
She continued to intently study the animals,  
pausing to look up and smile at Stephen.  
Her fingers traced one of the smaller rats on the screen  
as it ran around the cage.  
"These," her eyes locked on Stephen's,  
"these are not baby rats."  
"Steven's own eyes twinkled.  
"No, they are not baby rats,  
"and they were," he paused,  
"savoring this long-awaited moment,  
"they were full-sized."  
"Her hands clutched his white lab coat.  
"You did it!  
"It should have been a shout, but it was barely a whisper.  
"The assembled throng at the table leaned forward  
"to catch some of the conversation from the front of the room."  
"Elena spun on her heel,  
"her eyes quickly finding the only nod  
"in lab-coated figure in the room, Parker Westgate."  
"Parker Westgate sat in the corner of the room  
"in his usual dark blue suit, white shirt,  
"and regimental striped tie.  
"His close-cropped graying hair, cold gray eyes,  
"and military bearing clearly set him apart  
"from the roomful of scientists.  
"A hardened ex-SAS commando,  
"he was Jen Engineering Labs' head of security.  
"Whether or not he'd really assassinated a foreign diplomat,  
"it made for great gossip,  
"and allowed him a wide berth from the scientific community.  
"I want total security locked down now,"

"Elena ordered,' Parker stood,  
'curtly nodded, took his cell phone from his belt,  
'and whispered orders into the phone.'  
Elena surveyed the room.  
"No one leaves the room without signing a new non-disclosure statement.'  
Excitement buzzed around the table.  
"Did Stephen do it?  
"Did they make a breakthrough?  
"It must be the sermon, the radiation combination.  
"Shit, this stock is gonna go through the roof.  
"Quiet,' Elena turned, making eye contact with each person.  
"Research is a slow and deliberate process.  
"We make haste slowly.'  
"Stephen's group has made significant progress  
"in the organic miniaturization project,  
"but there is much work to do.  
"We must replicate, document, and test.  
"We must maintain control and security.'  
"She turned to Parker, no leaks.'  
Parker opened the door and admitted two members of his security team,  
who walked to the table, opened their briefcases,  
and handed out new non-disclosure agreements  
to everyone in the room.  
Stephen followed Elena to her office,  
where they both sat on the leather couch.  
Elena's domineering executive manner  
was now replaced with the giddy enthusiasm of discovery.  
"We would get it!"  
Stephen shrugged and nodded, his grin becoming a smile.  
"My team did it.  
"Your team, Elena.  
"You're the boss here.'  
"I want to examine the specimens,' she said.  
"Are they normal?  
"No noted abnormalities?'  
"We need to do more tests,  
"do post mortems on some and examine the cellular structure,  
"study some of the others for longer term effects, but so far,'  
Stephen spread his hands.  
"They behave like normal lab rats.'  
Elena gazed out the window,  
watching dark clouds creep across the horizon.  
"It would rain by this afternoon.'  
"Amazing, we've managed to reduce the size of a living,  
organic system in essence to shrink it.'  
"The systemic ramifications are unbelievable.'  
"There is still much to do,' Stephen offered.  
"Yes, yes,' Elena waved her hand.  
"You're right, I know, but still it is a breakthrough.'  
"My team has prepared a full briefing for you.  
"Tomorrow at 10, we think you'll be pleased.'"   
Elena spent the rest of the day going over Stephen's data,  
eagerly anticipating the full briefing and examination the next day.  
When she reached into her desk,  
she saw the doll and thought of Carl and Dwight.  
They mocked her fascination with dolls.  
Assholes.  
It was no secret that collecting dolls  
was her primary non-scientific passion.  
Some of the behaviorists on the clinical staff theorized  
that it was her poor Eastern block upbringing  
that made her compensate by collecting things she never had as a child.  
Regardless of the motivation,  
her house was filled with shelves of dolls

and she routinely prowled the weekend flea markets and garage sales in search of hidden doll treasures, clothes, and furniture. Her basement contained an elaborate dollhouse where she housed her prize collections in surreal miniature settings. Book shelves were full of doll catalogs and doll collecting reference books. When it was time to leave for the day, she locked the files in her office safe and for extra security changed the biometric fingerprint key to a different finger than she used before. She made a mental note to change it daily. Her final act was to wrap the doll in a silk scarf and carefully place it in her briefcase. The rain pelted her expensive SUV as she pulled from the executive parking garage. The weather made the traffic worse and she cursed the fact that she'd be late getting home. She stopped for takeout chicken, too late to cook. The street lights had come on, casting both shadows and glistening shafts of light from the pools of rain in the street. Elena pulled into the driveway and flicked on the garage door opener. Big American house, expensive European car, so different from. Elena never forgot her roots, her humble beginnings. Her father had died on that farm, toiled all his life and died, working there. When she graduated from college and started earning the money of a PhD, Elena moved her mother to a nice apartment in Carlovivari. As a visiting lecturer at many European universities, she visited mother several times a year, enjoying the waters of the famous spa town. She carried her chicken and briefcase to the dining room table and quickly set a place for herself with a china plate and silverware. She took a bottle of wine from the refrigerator and stopped to grab a book from the bookshelf. Before she ate, she took the doll from her briefcase. Her attention was on the doll, and as she thumbed through the book, she read aloud, only casually taking bites of chicken and coleslaw. Ah, here you are. You are 1985 Sally and doll. It says you were made between 1983 and 1987, and that you were Ginger's best friend. I have a Ginger. We'll get you some clothes later. Later that evening, Elena descended the stairs to her basement doll world, the indulgence of a successful scientist executive who'd made a place for herself in the world, all the way from a poor Czech farm. She walked directly to a cabinet and opened the drawer that she knew contained the perfect outfit for Sally Anne. Much as a loving mother would, Elena carefully dressed the doll, choosing just the right plastic shoes and purse from an accessories drawer. She held the doll at arm's length, smiled, and placed it on the shelf next to Sally Anne's best friend Ginger. Elena walked to the far end of the room where her custom-made doll house took up much of the wall. She busied herself arranging the various dolls, the mother in her shirt-waste dress standing at the stove, the teen doll wearing her first high heels in her bedroom, another doll posing in front of a chevall mirror. When she wasn't authoring scientific journals or leading groundbreaking research, Elena enjoyed her dolls. She smiled as she ascended the stairs and turned out the light. Elena stepped from the shower and grabbed a towel, wrapping it around her. Her feet left damp

footprints as she tracked across her bedroom to the phone. It hadn't stopped ringing since she entered the shower. In an hour she'd be at work. Who could be calling her now? The phone nearly slipped from her wet hand. Yes? Elena, it's yes, Parker. What is it?

She immediately recognized his clipped British tones. There's been a leak. His voice was even, but Elena heard the underlying urgency. It's on the web. Spencer is on his way in.

Spencer Bachman was the Gen Engineering Labs Public Affairs Officer. Elena glanced at her bedside

clock. 8.30, my office. She and Parker hung up simultaneously. Have no. When Elena reached her office, she found Parker and Spencer waiting with Gretchen,

her secretary. Joining them was Mark Fuller, Parker's Deputy Information Security Officer.

Elena's secretary followed them into her office and brought coffee.

Thank you, Elena said. Hold my cause. No, one comes in. Gretchen nodded and backed out,

shutting the door behind her. Elena ripped open a package of diet sweetener and stirred it into

her coffee. One day, not even a full day. What happens in one day? Parker handed her a file folder.

It's on the internet. Gen Engineering Labs makes breakthrough in microbiology molecular engineering.

There's no real specifics, but it clearly references the progress of Stephen's group.

Between sips of her coffee, Elena read the screen printouts. Do you have a source?

No, Parker answered. Mark's working on it. Elena looked at Parker and Spencer. Options?

Don't deny it. Instead, deflected. Spin it. Spencer offered.

I can issue a release. Yes, the organic miniaturization project is one of the many ongoing

research efforts at Gen Engineering Labs. We've made small progress and are continuing,

but are still years away from clinical trials and ultimate FDA approval of any applications.

In a couple days, some teen singer will be arrested for drunk driving and will be old news.

Best not to overreact or deny. Elena laughed. Americans live in the moment.

And turned to look at Parker.

I agree, Parker said. His eyes locked on Elena's. There is more. Elena held his gaze and then turned to Spencer.

Right up a release, but bring it to me. I need to run it by the board before we go public.

We must move on this, put it down today, this morning.

Spencer stood. I'm on it and left the room. Elena paused to look at Parker and Mark.

What is it? Parker nodded to Mark, who handed Elena yet another file folder.

There was a large stock buy, two of them in fact, for shares of Gen Engineering stock.

Elena studied the data, hundreds of thousands of dollars in stock purchases.

She looked at Parker and Mark, a leak on the internet and two stock purchases. So close in time, coincidence.

She studied Parker's cold eyes as he shook his head, no, and imagined the same eyes peering down a sniper's scope.

Her uncle had been a sniper for the Partisans during the war.

Mark continued. I was able to identify the stock purchasers.

Elena didn't ask how he'd done that. She was content to have the information.

And Parker reached into his pocket and removed two photographs.

The typical Gen Engineering Labs pictures that were on every employee's security badge.

He slid them face down across the desk. Elena's fingers pulled the photographs to her

and she slowly turned them over. Carl, Dwight, rage flashed in her brown eyes and her jaw tightened. Detained them.

Dwight Coglin paced the room, stopping to whisper at Carl.

She fucking knows somehow they found out. Carl slammed his diet cola on the table.

Get a grip. They got nothing. I covered our tracks.

Keep your cool and it'll be okay. They're just fishing, looking for anything.

He looked again at the closed door, knowing that outside lurked one of Parker's ex-marine

security goons. Clearly there were no overweight and aging rentacops working security here.

Gen Engineering Labs security could topple a small third world country.

Dwight ran his hands through his hair, sat down, and rose again to pace the room once more.

No, no, she knows shit were finished. Carl Wainwright loosened his tie and threw the empty can into the

corner waste basket. Our doll playing lesbian bitch doesn't know shit told you she's fishing,

trying to sweat us. You have right. Your thing with the doll only pissed her off more.

Dwight was the weaker of the two, the follower, and now regretted his alliance with Carl.

And how do you know she's a lesbian, because she wouldn't sleep with you?

An uneasy silence settled over the room. They waited.

Elena handed the press release to Spencer. Excellent work. The board and I approve.

Release it and make yourself available to any media outlets, full and open disclosure. Only don't tell them anything.

Elena trusted Spencer. They'd hired him from the Washington Beltway, where he'd been a press

spokesman for any number of agencies and individuals. He could talk for days without saying anything,

driving away board reporters who left in search of real stories.

No problem. We'll stay on top of it. Anything changes. You'll be the first to know.

Spencer left Elena and Parker alone in the office.

Elena turned to Parker and arched her eyebrows.

I think we have a handle on it, Parker said, at least the Internet leak.

And after all, the whole shrinking thing is a bit fantastic.

He raised a conciliatory hand when he saw her eyes narrow.

I'll admit I don't understand the science, but I also don't doubt the talent you've put together

on this project, the money that's been invested in it or the strides you've made.

I think that on the face of it, the entire incident will soon blow over. But we still have a problem.

Elena sat back in her chair and closed her eyes, Carl and Dwight, the source of our leaks

and our stock manipulators. Yes. She came back to an upright position and looked at Parker.

Our options terminate them and make them sign a non-disclosure agreement as part of their severance.

Parker's face was impassive. We saw how well they honored yesterday's non-disclosure agreement.

Elena's shoulders slumped. Her head dropped to her chest.

Do you want me to make the problem go away? Parker asked. She slowly raised her head to look at him.

His expression hadn't changed. Make the problem go away.

As a girl, she'd heard the stories of black cars in the night, people disappearing, state problems going away.

They can't be trusted, can't be put back on the project, can't be terminated without risking

that they'll sell everything they know to a competitor. Parker took a sip from a bottle of water.

What do you want me to do? Elena's eyes scanned the room, searching for an answer.

She was angry, but not enough to take their lives.

There is always a solution. Think outside the box.

She saw Steven's briefing book on his research project. She leaned across her desk and Parker

leaned in closer as well. Here is what I want you to do, she whispered.

Carl and Dwight jumped as the doorknob turned, and the two security men entered the room.

Sorry for any inconvenience, doctors, said the taller of the two. You're free to go.

Yeah, right, grumbled Carl. Somebody's going to hear about this.

Dwight struggled to get his arm back into his jacket and hoped Carl would shut up.

He wanted out, without any additional problems. The second security man held the door open.

You're supposed to go back to work. Carl continued to rage against the company, Parker and Elena, and failed to notice the security man moved behind him.

He was questioning Parker's parentage when he felt the pin prick on his neck.

What the f--? Before he could fall to the floor, the security man caught him and slumped him in

a chair. Dwight looked up in horror and bolted for the door, but the second security man caught

him in a wrist block, and Dwight, too, felt the pin prick. The security man removed the radio from

his belt and called Parker Westgate. It's done.

The

He awoke in total darkness. He'd never known such blackness. He literally couldn't see his hand

in front of his face. He sat up, tried to stand, but felt light-headed and fell back to his hands

and knees. He sat. His hands felt the surface below him, polished, smooth, glass, marble,

damn it's dark, where his hand brushed his leg. He was naked. In the darkness, his hands

explored his body. Not only was he naked, he was hairless. Carl had always been rather her suit,

but now his body was not only hairless, but smooth and soft.

Hello! Hello! Is anybody there? Where am I?

Elena watched the greenish figure in her night vision goggles.

Darkness and silence were formidable weapons for breaking someone's will.

She watched as the figure continued to call out, only his shrill voice breaking the quiet in the room.

He placed his hands before him and slowly walked through the darkness to the edge of his confinement.

When his hands found the same hard, smooth surface as the floor he stopped, running them up and down

left and right. He felt no edge, no change, and cautiously followed the wall.

She watched as he

carefully moved to the right, exploring the bounds of his prison.

Hello! Is anyone there? Where am I? He continued to walk, never finding the edge of the room,

the corner. I'm going around in circles. He stopped and dropped to his knees and felt the

floor again, but everything was the same cold, hard, smooth surface. When he jumped up, Elena

tried not to laugh. In his nakedness his cock and balls bobbed shamelessly.

He jumped again and again, reaching higher, searching for the ceiling for escape for,

finally he stopped, dropped to his knees and beat his fists on the floor.

Elena stifled a chuckle. She didn't want to give away the fact she was in the room,

watching his plunge into despair. Dumping to touch the ceiling,

how absurd. He'll never reach it. After all, it's well over 24 inches high.

She returned two hours later and found his green-hued form slumped against the edge of his prison.  
She set down the tray she was carrying, watching him react to the noise she deliberately made.  
His head jerked up and he looked around, still unable to see in the black void. Who's there? Someone, please help me! Elena spoke into a microphone, a special sound editing program giving her voice an unearthly detached quality.  
Crawl forward two times and kneel up with your hands behind your head. Please, you have to help me. Can you turn on a light?  
Crawl forward two times and kneel up with your hands behind your head. Fuck you! Somebody help me! He screamed.  
Disobedience is punished. Elena picked up the picture of ice water and walked to the plexiglass cylinder. She slowly poured the icy water into the top, watching as it filtered through the many holes in the top and emerged as an icy deluge on the figure below. She heard him gasp from the bone-chilling cold. He wrapped his arms around himself and ran wildly bumping into the sides of his small prison. There was no refuge from the frigid onslaught.  
The water rose to his knees, slowing his progress.  
What do you want? He screamed.  
Kneel up with your hands behind your head.  
The water was moving up his thighs. Please, please stop!  
Elena stopped pouring water and engaged the small hidden drain.  
When the cylinder was empty, she left him once again, still alone, naked, and in the dark,  
but now wet and cold. For the next two hours he shivered, screamed and cried. Out of nowhere came the ethereal voice.  
Crawl forward two times and kneel up with your hands behind your head. Even as he begged, please, please, he crawled forward and assumed the position. What is your name?  
My name is Carl Wainwright, and I'm a scientist at Elena measured a half a cup of ice water and poured it over him.  
Your name is Karen.  
He screamed from the cold and shook his fists. Who are you?  
What is your name?  
I told you, my name is...  
The water hit him again.  
Your name is Karen. What is your name?  
His body racked with sobs as he choked out.  
Karen, where am I?  
The water drenched him again, followed by the voice.  
You do not ask questions.  
His body shook with chills and his breath came in short gasps.  
Do you know why you are here?  
His head shook, his voice weaker now.  
No.  
You are guilty of treason theft,  
insolence to women, and failure to honor your profession, your sentence, life imprisonment.  
He felt a blanket fall from above and curled up in a fetal form, clutching the blanket to his shivering body.  
The voice was gone, all with silence and blackness.  
Elena was in another room, once more watching the green figure in the darkness. This one knelt in a proper form. It's posture perfect.  
What is your name?  
The response was immediate.  
Dee Dee!  
Elena smiled.  
Dwight had been much easier as she knew he would be.  
The light was blinding, and Carl threw up his hands as he screamed.  
He peeked through the slits in his fingers and turned 360.

The glaring lights came from every direction.  
He saw nothing beyond them.  
Just as quickly they went off, and then slowly the room filled with light.  
Carl was finally able to verify his current habitat.  
It was indeed some sort of a plexiglass cylinder.  
He was enclosed, naked, and on display.  
A second light switched on across the room, and Carl looked to see Elena Novakova,  
PhD executive and esteemed scientist.  
But she was huge!  
She loomed in the chair across the room.  
In fact, everything in the room was enormous.  
His eyes caught the sight of a similar cylinder containing Dwight.  
He was naked, kneeling in the center of the cylinder,  
his hands behind his head, the fingers interlaced.  
Carl ran to the enclosure wall and banged his fists.  
Dwight! Dwight!  
The enclosure was rocked with a sound like the crash of thunder.  
Carl turned to see Elena sitting in her chair,  
her outstretched arm holding a wooden cane as she wrapped on his enclosure.  
He will not answer you.  
He knows to do so will bring punishment.  
Assume the position yourself.  
Her other hand raised a crystal picture,  
and Carl saw the beads of condensation dripping down the sides.  
Ice water.  
He dropped to his knees and put his hands behind his head.  
Elena's cane struck his enclosure.  
What's your name?  
She held forth the picture.  
Karen!  
Elena tapped onto Dwight's cage.  
What is your name?  
D.D.  
Elena rose and walked across the room, stopping between the clear plexiglass cages.  
Karen and D.D.  
Those are now your names, as I explained to both of you.  
For your crimes, you have been sentenced to life imprisonment crimes  
against young engineering labs and against women.  
We couldn't just let you walk away,  
given what you knew about our research.  
You'll be glad to know that you're still part of Gen Engineering Labs,  
a small part.  
She laughed at her pun.  
Although you won't be drawing a check, we will give you,  
she laughed, room and board.  
She removed a vial and an eye dropper from her pocket  
and filled the eye dropper with a green-colored viscous liquid.  
Her hand, which loomed large above her kneeling charges,  
descended and deposited pools of the gruel in front of each kneeling form.  
You are hungry.  
Starvation must part of your conditioning.  
Eat.  
It's formulated to meet your essential nutritional needs, though the taste?  
That wasn't a concern.  
Carl and Dwight were hungry.  
They didn't know when they'd eaten last,  
although they'd had the opportunity to lap up water that pooled in their  
enclosures.  
Both men brought their faces to the floor and tentatively lapped at the green  
goo.  
Carl made a face and backed away.  
Elena struck his enclosure with her cane.

You will eat if we'll sustain you.  
Eat, or it's another session in the dark, in the freezing water.  
While you eat, I'll explain your situation.  
She walked across the room and returned to her seat.  
You're small, approximately 11 and a half inches tall.  
You're part of the test group for our organic miniaturization program,  
albeit a very secret and classified part.  
You'll be studied for long-term effects.  
Having actual human test subjects might put us years ahead of schedule.  
By the way, the big stock purchases you made?  
They funded your current condition and closed a lot of mouths about what  
happened to you.  
The last anyone knows, you went underground some Zaidwestern Europe to sell  
giant engineering labs research data.  
Both their heads rose from the floor.  
Their tongues and lips covered in the green slimy gruel.  
She saw the surprise and horror in their faces.  
Yes, that's right, you're gone.  
These appeared?  
Non-person, I doubt anyone, is spending much time looking for you.  
She walked back to her two specimens and dropped a blanket in each enclosure  
and then fastened the lids shut.  
You too will live here with me.  
Tomorrow we'll get you settled in.  
I'm going to enjoy that.  
She draped the black shrouds over their cages,  
plunging them into darkness.  
Carl and Dwight awoke when their world literally moved.  
They tumbled to the side of their enclosures and braced themselves against  
the smooth walls, remaining on their hands and knees.  
She's taking us somewhere, we're being moved.  
Carl rubbed the sleep from his eyes, part of him still refused to believe what  
was happening.  
She couldn't have done this, it must be all a bad dream.  
Yet his reality never changed.  
His environment changed, suddenly his enclosure tilted to its side,  
and he found himself tumbling out, landing beside Dwight in a tangle of naked  
arms and legs.  
Wherever they were, it was dark.  
Dwight?  
Carl?  
They reached out in the darkness, finding and touching each other.  
Her voice came out of the darkness.  
If this was all a dream, it was a nightmare, and they hadn't awoken from it yet.  
This is your new home.  
I'll turn on the lights and let you explore your surroundings.  
When I return, we'll discuss my rules and your futures.  
They heard footsteps recede, and then the lights came on.  
They were in a house, in a bedroom, or at least part of the house.  
One entire wall was glass.  
They walked to the glass wall, it extended from floor to ceiling.  
Beyond the wall was a larger room, with shelves full of dolls, bookcases and  
cabinets.  
Everything in the room beyond the glass was large to them.  
They pushed and pounded on the glass wall, testing its strength.  
Dwight turned his back against the glass wall and slumped to the floor.  
It's no use.  
We can't get out that way.  
We got no tools, no hope.  
Carl looked down at his naked companion.  
Fuck that shit.  
Pull yourself together.  
We can't let this bitch do this to us.  
He looked around.

Come on, let's check this out.  
Carl struggled to think rationally, and what appeared to be a totally irrational environment.  
We need to assess our environment, identify our strengths and weaknesses.  
Strengths?  
The white let out of four lorn chuckle and buried his face in his hands.  
Strengths?  
Carl?  
We're fucking eleven inches tall.  
She could crush us with one hand.  
So, what?  
You just want to give in?  
Get up.  
Let's see where we are.  
Dwight rose and the two of them moved away from the wall and into the bedroom.  
It was a normal sized room for them.  
Everything scaled perfectly to fit a person eleven inches tall.  
The room contained one king-sized bed, a large dresser, two large armchairs, a full-length mirror, two slipper chairs, and a dressing table with mirror.  
There's nothing here but dresses in here, said Dwight.  
He stood before an open armoire and pulled out a long purple sequent gown.  
It's full of dresses, hats, and shoes.  
Carl opened the armoire next to him.  
Same here.  
He moved to the dresser and opened a drawer.  
This is full of women's clothes, too.  
Short.  
Shirts.  
He held up a long purple glove.  
Dropped it back in the drawer and closed it.  
He turned to see Dwight holding a long pink gown in front of him.  
Dwight looked up.  
You don't think she means these clothes are for us, do you?  
Carl nodded to the bedroom door, or the space where a door should have been.  
It was an open doorway.  
Let's check this out.  
The open doorway led to a spacious bathroom.  
There was a large bathtub that had what appeared to be a functional faucet and drained for water.  
But there was no way to control it from the bathroom.  
Carl smiled.  
I bet she's got that figured out.  
The shower was enclosed in plexiglass.  
No privacy, nowhere to hide, always on display.  
Carl looked around the room.  
Each of the rooms they'd been in had been illuminated, but no light switches.  
She controls that, too.  
They moved through the next open doorway.  
The next room was larger, yet sparse in its furnishings, again with a full-length glass wall.  
Whereas the bedroom was carpeted, this room had a polished wooden floor.  
Carl knelt to examine it.  
Looks like real wood.  
Yeah, Dwight said his tone bitter.  
Everything seems real, but us.  
Both men walked around the room.  
One wall was decorated with workout posters, showing women executing different exercises.  
Another wall was made up entirely of mirrors.  
At the far end of the room was a stage with a shiny metal pole, extending from the stage to the ceiling.  
Carl jumped on the stage and grabbed the pole, pulling on it with all his strength.

Maybe we can use this to break that glass wall.  
Here, give me a hand.  
Dwight joined him, and together they pulled and pushed on the pole.  
Elena sipped her tea.  
Her eyes enjoying her naked prisoners, struggling with the pole.  
She laughed at the way their now miniature cocks and balls bounced as they flailed against the pole.  
Her finger tapped a key on her keyboard and the microphone icon blinked.  
Nice try, my babies, but seriously, you don't think it's going to be that easy, do you?  
They both stopped at the sound of the ethereal voice.  
Their eyes darted to the glass wall, but they were alone in the room.  
Dwight pushed away from the pole, his shoulders sagging in obvious despair.  
She's watching us.  
She's ahead of us on every move.  
We're prisoners.  
Shit.  
Carl slapped the pole and then kicked it, stubbing his toe.  
Shit.  
He looked at Dwight.  
He's defeated.  
She's broken him.  
He grabbed Dwight and pulled him up.  
Listen, it's just the two of us and her, you and me.  
We have to stay together.  
Be strong, okay?  
Dwight nodded his silent agreement.  
Carl pointed to the next doorway.  
Come on, we need to survey our environment so we know what we're dealing with, so we can plan.  
Plan,  
but Dwight, the only one here with a plan is Elena,  
we're simply her puppets.  
And she saw us messing with that pole, cameras, video monitoring.  
The next open doorway beckoned and they moved forward.  
A stairwell led them downstairs.  
The rooms had all been finished with paint or wallpaper,  
and the stairwell was no different.  
It was covered in a floral lilac pattern.  
Framed portraits adorned the walls of the stairwell,  
pictures of women partially clothed and engaged in sexual activities.  
Carl found them erotic.  
The stairwell emptied into a large living room.  
The walls were a mixture of deep reds and burgundies,  
with heavy velvet drapes and overstuffed floral patterned furniture.  
Carl snorted.  
Looks like a French whorehouse.  
Yeah, said Dwight.  
And who do you think the whores are?  
Carl spun on his heel and glared at Dwight.  
She said this is where we were going to live.  
Dwight pointed to their naked bodies.  
Who do you think those close upstairs are for?  
Carl ran to the same glass wall that dominated every room.  
He looked out at the shelves of dolls, all prettily clothed,  
and displayed on their doll stands.  
No, he shook his head.  
No, no, you hear the great planner and schemer, Dwight sneered.  
What do you think this is all about?  
Enraged, Carl ran to grab a lamp off one of the elegant living room tables.  
It wouldn't budge.  
He tried to push a chair, but it was immobile.  
Shit, fucking bitch.  
And I thought you were the smart one, Karen.

It looks like Dee Dee has it all figured out.  
Elena's voice once again filled their world and they stopped in their tracks.  
Finish your explorations and then we'll have our little talk.  
Dwight made his way into the next room, Carl following silently behind.  
It was the dining room, smooth polished wood floors,  
rugs, and elegant dining table and chairs.  
Carl tried to move a chair, but it was secured to the floor.  
Damn, she's got everything fastened down.  
Yeah, not likely we're going to be able to use anything to break out of here.  
Dwight looked up at the chandelier that lit the room, even standing on the  
table.  
It was out of reach.  
The last room was the kitchen.  
It contained all the usual kitchen appliances and furnishings,  
although all were non-functional mock-ups strictly for decoration.  
A glass trough ran next to the sink.  
What now asked Dwight?  
Carl shrugged his shoulders, go back to the living room and wait for our demonic  
hostess, I guess.  
They waited, the real full-sized world looming on the opposite side of their  
impenetrable glass  
wall. So close and yet.  
The lights went out. They plunged into darkness.  
Both men waited silently.  
Suddenly the lights returned, now brighter than ever.  
They closed their eyes against the glare.  
I control your world, the light and the dark.  
It was Elena's voice.  
The lights dimmed to normal, but the men felt a movement in the room.  
Air.  
The room quickly chilled and the men shivered in the cold.  
Just as suddenly the air turned warm, then hot.  
I control the hot and the cold.  
It was her voice, but they could see she was not in the room.  
They heard the sound of a door and footfalls on the stairs.  
Soon Elena loomed into their view and took a seat in front of the glass.  
She spread her arms.  
So, you like your new home?  
How long do you intend to keep us here?  
What about us getting back to normal?  
Can you do that?  
Carl asked.  
That's not what I asked you, Elena snapped.  
Normally you'd be disciplined for your insubordination.  
But since this is all new to you, she leaned back in her chair.  
I'll take your questions in reverse order.  
Returning to normal?  
Not possible, even if I wanted to, which I don't.  
It's not a technology we're pursuing.  
How long will you be here?  
Forever.  
I told you before you both disappeared, your fugitives.  
If people are looking for you, she laughed.  
It won't be in my basement dollhouse.  
She waited, watching their barely contained fury and frustration.  
Any more questions?  
No.  
Then, let me explain my rules and your existence.  
Your names are Karen and Dee Dee.  
You'll answer to those names and address each other by those names only.  
The clothes you found in the bedroom, the doll clothes, those are your clothes.  
You will dress every day in the lovely dresses, hats, gloves, and shoes that  
I've prepared for you.  
You will follow the schedule that is prepared for you each day.

She held up what looked like a high-tech cell phone and entered a code.  
Across the room, an LCD screen flashed the message.  
Karen, bathe.  
Dee Dee, shower.  
That screen will give you your daily schedule.  
The water will automatically start and empty.  
She entered another code.  
Dee Dee, stipper, pole.  
45 minutes.  
Whatever activity you see on the screen you must do.  
Her eyes narrowed, and an evil smile played across her lips as she entered the next code, 69.  
Her smile broadened at their quizzical looks.  
Your my dolls now might play things.  
And since you're living together in this dollhouse and wearing dresses, your lesbian dolls.  
She laughed to see their reaction.  
69 means you two go down on each other.  
I could have had those things removed.  
She pointed to the area between their legs.  
But I think this will be so much more entertaining.  
Carl rose from the sofa and stormed to the glass wall.  
You're crazy.  
Fucking certifiabile bitch.  
She'd expected this.  
They were so predictable.  
She reached down and picked up a plexiglass cage.  
When she held it up to their glass wall, they both shrank back in terror.  
Grandma Fodorina of Portantosa, also known as the Giant Madagascar hissing cockroach.  
These are almost three inches long.  
Imagine your lovely dollhouse infested with them at night.  
You won't be able to see them, but you'll hear their hissing sound as they make their way to you.  
Remember, there are no doors.  
Karen and Dee Dee backed away from the glass wall as Elena held the cage up so they could see the size of the insects scampering about.  
They mostly vegetarian.  
Supposedly they're quite docile and make good pets.  
Then again, with your small size, I'm not sure what they'd do with you.  
Elena jiggled the cage and the cockroaches hissed.  
So, why don't you two kiss each other right now, or you may have visitors tonight.  
Elena smiled at their dilemma.  
Karen and Dee Dee seemed paralyzed with fear of cockroaches, of the impending homosexual act.  
Do it.  
Dee Dee turned to face Karen.  
Carl, I can't.  
Karen barked Elena.  
Her name is Karen.  
Karen, I can't face those bugs.  
Dee Dee grabbed Karen's head and pulled her into a kiss.  
Elena leaned close to the glass, watching as Karen made only a feeble attempt to fight off the kiss.  
Yes, you two might as well learn to enjoy it.  
I expect to see my lesbian dolls perform quite often.  
And look at the bright side.  
It's not as if I'm denying you sexual gratification.  
In fact, you'll have lots of sex.  
She leaned back in her chair and returned the cockroach cage to the floor.  
Okay, girls, that's enough.  
Go to your bedroom time to get dressed.  
Elena laughed as they broke the kiss and wiped their mouths with the back of

their hands.  
They'll get over that.  
Soon it will be completely nuts for them to kiss.  
Hold hands.  
They stood in the bedroom, each holding a long gown in front of them, awaiting Elena's approval.  
Karen, you wear the peach and lavender one, Dee Dee.  
I want you in the pink gown.  
You must help each other dress all the clothes fastened at the back.  
She laughed as her dolls wiggled into the calf,  
length gowns.  
Nearly all the doll clothes were fancy formal gowns.  
I like my dolls pretty.  
Turn around, let me see you.  
They turned their leg movements now severely restricted by the long tight gowns.  
They were effectively hobbled.  
A very nice new Elena, now shoes pick our shoes to match your dress.  
Both dolls rummaged in the armoire for shoes.  
When they turned back to Elena, they were yeet holding a pair of shoes  
that matched the color of their dress.  
On hacks or lines, put them on.  
She laughed as they struggled to cram their feet into the unforgiving plastic  
shoes.  
In a year their feet would be ruined.  
Walk to the glass so I can get a good look at you.  
Karen stumbled and caught herself on the bed.  
My dolls need to learn to walk in long, skin-tight dresses in high heels.  
That will be the bulk of your wardrobe.  
Finish your outfits, hats and gloves.  
Karen and Dee Dee minced to the dresser to find a pair of long gloves and pull  
them up their arms.  
There's no fingers, they're like mittens, Karen exclaimed.  
They are gloves for dolls, so you will wear them.  
Elena ordered no hats.  
When her dolls were suitably gowned, gloved, high-heeled and hattered,  
Elena ordered them to the exercise room.  
She punched a coat into her cell and the screen flashed,  
sexy walk, one hour.  
This is a sample of your existence.  
While you practice your walk, I will explain other aspects of your daily  
routine.  
Your sexy walk is hands on hips, one foot in front of the other, like fashion  
models.  
Begin.  
The glass trough in the kitchen is your feeding trough.  
Twice a day you receive a feeding.  
It provides all daily nutritional and caloric requirements,  
although it is a gruel and not particularly tasty,  
it will keep you alive and healthy.  
If you do not feed, you will be punished.  
The screen will provide your daily dress requirements, activities, and schedule.  
Red lights will flash in your house, alerting you to a new screen message.  
If you do not follow the directives, you will be punished.  
You will always address each other as Karen and Dee Dee.  
If you do not, you will be punished.  
She watched as her dolls struggle to walk up and down the exercise room,  
a task made difficult by the tight dresses and unforgiving plastic high heels.  
You will be required to engage in various sexual acts, both by yourself and with  
each other.  
If you do not, you will be punished.  
Given the nature of our relationship, you can well imagine the variety of  
punishments I can  
inflict. You might well wish to die, to end it all, but that will not happen.  
Resign to your fate, adapt and endure. Welcome to your new home and new life.

Elena rose and left. When Karen turned to walk down the room, she saw the elapsed time counter on the screen. 45 more minutes of this than what.

The

True to her word, when the on-screen counter ran down to zero, red lights flashed.

When they finally stopped flashing, a new message appeared.

Feeding time, remove your gloves. 15 minutes. As Karen and White watched, the timer counted down.

1459, 1458.

Dee Dee turned, her feet shuffling in the plastic shoes.

Karen, it looks like we've got less than 15 minutes to get to the kitchen to eat.

The refrain, you will be punished, resounded in Karen's head.

Yeah, Dee Dee, the derision in his voice was obvious. Let's go.

Elena laughed to see them perilously navigate the stairwell in their tight dresses and high heels.

It won't be long. In one month, they will swish about like the mini drag queens they will become.

Karen nearly stumbled near the end of the stairs.

Thought this shit. She rubbed the back of her shoe on the stair until it flew off and fell to the floor below.

Elena's voice stopped their descent.

You do not remove items of clothing until instructed.

No hot water for a week and you will bathe and shower every day.

They reached the bottom of the stairs and as Dee Dee helped Karen with her shoe, she whispered,

do you think she'll always be watching?

Karen shrugged, probably not, but I bet my ass were always being monitored, recorded,

whatever. Hell, it's what I'd do. For now we play along, no sense making it hard on ourselves

and in the meantime we'll look for a way out.

Dee Dee stood and helped steady Karen. I hear what you're saying, but right now Karen nodded. Right now it seems like Elena has the upper hand, if we can only hold out.

Elena was right. Their food was far from appetizing, not necessarily bad, but definitely bland.

For them, eating would no longer be a joyful experience, but rather a biological imperative.

There were no plates, silverware or glassware. Instead, they scooped up handfuls of the gray

green gruel from their feeding trough and slurped it from their palms. Water flowed from a small

tube and this they also slurped up by the handful. Dee Dee had to admit she was impressed with the

miniature world Elena had created for them. A world no doubt run by microprocessors and miniature

electronics, not to mention all the intricately crafted to scale furniture in their dollhouse.

She stifled a laugh. I bet our own money paid for this. She chuckled at the irony.

The red lights flashed and they looked at the screen. Clean the trough with your hands.

Suddenly a torrent of water rushed through the trough and they used their hands to scrub and

wipe up traces of the gruel as the water washed it away. They cleaned the trough until the red

lights once more flashed and a new message appeared. Prepare for bed. Go to the bedroom,

put on pink nightgowns, hold hands. 15, 1459. The two living dolls stared at the message and

subconsciously their hands sought one another. Hand in hand, they negotiated the stairwell

and made their way to the bedroom. In the bedroom, they helped each other remove the dresses and put away their hats, gloves, and shoes. They rummaged through the dresser, found two pink nightgowns and slipped them on. They waited. The lights slowly dimmed and they saw the last message of the day.

Go to bed, no talking. Silently they slipped into their one bed and pulled the covers around them.

Elena smiled as each of her dolls moved to the edge of the bed, creating a vacant spot in the center, the homophobic reaction of being in bed with another man. That will change. They will change.

The red lights flashed again, but Karen was already awake. She hadn't slept much and rose up on her forearm and looked out the glass wall. Karen bath, diddy shower. She felt Dwight tumble from the bed.

Not Dwight, diddy. The two of them patted into the bathroom and found the water running in the shower and the bathtub. Small doll-sized towels were on a shelf. Karen put her hand in the bathwater and quickly pulled it out. Shit, that's dust freezing. Diddy tentatively reached into the shower and pulled her hand back. Mine too. She did say that we wouldn't have warm water for a week.

Elena's voice prodded them to action. You must each spend 10 minutes in the water.

If you do not, the cold water lasts for an additional week and you will have visitors tonight.

Karen stepped into the tub, the chilling water coming up to mid-calf.

Diddy watched and stepped into her shower.

All the way in, Elena said. The timer won't start until you are immersed.

Both dolls slipped into their respective waters. Their sharp gasps of breath testament to the cold

water assaulting their skin. As Karen settled into the bathtub, she saw the timer start.

Ten. Nine fifty-nine. Nine fifty-eight. She closed her eyes and shook, splashing water over the sides.

Diddy was huddled under the shower spray. Her hands clutched around her violently shaking body.

The shower stopped and the water started draining from the bathtub when the red lights flashed.

Dry off, put towels in shoot, feed. They saw a blinking light over a small hole and pushed the

towels inside. A vacuumed whoosh, quickly pulling them away. Karen and Diddy looked at each other

and silently walked downstairs to the feeding trough. Both men were educated, trained scientists and recognized the protocols of operant conditioning.

How long could they hold out before? Before the lights and screen commands were unnecessary.

They ate their gruel and slurped at their water. When prompted, they washed the trough with their

hands. The next command seemed easy enough. Go to living room, sit, hold hands, watch video.

Hand in hand, they walked to the living room and sat on the floral couch. They moved apart,

so their naked bodies weren't touching, but they still held hands. You never know when she's watching.

They stared at the real world, so far removed from them beyond the glass.

Suddenly, the LCD screen

flickered to life. For the next half hour, they watched a video on women's fashion and style.

Or at least they attempted to watch. It was hard for both of them to stay focused on a continual

discourse of color, fabric and style. Where is she going with all of this?

When the video finally ended, it was hard for them to remember what they had watched and how to put it in context. What next? They didn't have to wait long. Go to your bedroom, put on workout clothes. Karen stood before the bedroom dresser. What are workout clothes?

Dee Dee rummage through a drawer and pulled out spandex tights and a short spandex crop top. Both were lavender. Something like this. As Dee Dee wiggled into her outfit, Karen fished a similar outfit in pink from the drawers. Both dolls helped each other tug and pull the skin tight clothes into place. This is fucking bullshit, Karen grouched. She might hear you. Dee Dee excitedly looked around as if Elena might appear from anywhere.

The red lights flashed and the two immediately looked at the screen as if to receive divine guidance from their electronic god. Go to exercise room. Follow video. In bare feet, they padded to the exercise room and waited. Again, the screen flickered and a yoga video began. For the next 90 minutes, the two struggled to complete a beginner's yoga class.

Elena laughed as she watched both Karen and Dee Dee struggle with downward dog. They'll adapt a few weeks of yoga, pilates, aerobics, and pole dance classes will achieve what I want.

She watched as Karen stood and started to walk away. Her fingers stabbed at her phone.

You must follow all directives. Failure to comply means punishment.

Dee Dee and Karen froze in place, their eyes darting, looking for their captor, her voice a constant reminder of their submission. She watched Karen curse, but walked back to her place and attempt to master warrior one position. By the end of their workout, her dolls were sweaty and tired, but Elena had prepared for that. Their existence for the next few days was pre-programmed into a computer server when they slept, ate, bathed, and what they did and what they wore.

Their cute lycra workout clothes were stained with dark blotches of sweat, and they wiped the sweat from their face with their hands. Their heads turned to the glass wall as the red lights flashed. Change your clothes. Put on nightgowns. Nap.

Karen and Dee Dee trudged to their bedroom, put on their nightgowns and crawled into bed.

The lights slowly dimmed. Dee Dee turned to face Karen and whispered, "Is that night? I mean, I know she dimmed the lights, but I've lost track of time, day and night."

"Yeah," Karen muttered. It's her way of demonstrating her total control, upset our circadian rhythms.

"What can we do?" Dee Dee received no reply, only the stirring as Karen pulled the covers over her head.

For the next few days, the cycle was the same, to mean random, chaotic. Feeding times were never the same, not that they had the capacity to track time. Elena had been thorough in removing any clocks or other devices that recorded time, day, date, night or day.

Their reality was what she made it. They watched and performed to endless exercise and dance videos, dressed and practiced walking, and had their twice daily feedings at the trough. Elena displayed the cockroach cage on a shelf across the room, clearly visible to them, and she made a show of feeding the gruesome bugs and teasing them about joining in on the feedings.

Carl didn't know how Dee Dee felt, but he was glad that Elena seemed to hold back on the lesbian sex thing she originally alluded to. Other than the initial kiss, there had only

been the usual hand-holding, as the two dolls moved about the house. His relief turned to panic on the third day. He and Dee Dee sat holding hands on the sofa, waiting for the video they were instructed to watch. His worst fears were realized when the large, flat-screen television flickered to life. It was an instructional video, How to Perform Felicio. It was hosted by a well-known porn star and featured several hot women and two very well-hung men. Carl ripped his hand from Dee Dee's. Fuck this shit! His eyes scanned the room for the hundredth time, looking for some sign of escape or defense against their captor, and for the hundredth time found none. Dee Dee reached out and took his hand. Karen, she might be watching, listening, recording, and remember, Dee Dee's free hand pointed to the roaches. The two living dolls sat back and watched the 45-minute video, wondering if they'd later be forced to demonstrate the techniques to their captor's satisfaction. The video ended and the message displayed red, wait. Again the screen flickered to life, and another video, Guys on Guys, started. This one was all male, featuring a host of oral and anal exploits. Carl turned away often, but Dee Dee managed to watch uninterrupted, which made Carl worry. Their luxury of being couch potatoes was at an end when the final screen message directed them back upstairs to practice erotic dance. They were directed to exchange their long gowns for sexy fringed bras and short shorts, but kept the long gloves and high heels on. Elena entered halfway through their dance practice. She sat in a chair and watched as they followed the moves and gyrations of the dancers in the video, twisting and rolling their hips, tracing lines down their body, and initiating sexy, come hither movements with their hands. She laughed, especially at Carl, Karen, such a male asshole before, and now look at him. She supposed she should feel pity for them, but Carl had always been a misogynist ass and Dwight was a gutless follower. The world, at least the world of women, is better off without them. You are adjusting well? She asked. Her voice held no concern, whether they were or not. They both nodded, perspiration glistened on their doll-sized bodies. Elena leaned towards the glass to get a closer look at them. In the future, you've all answered whether curtsy and a yes goddess or no goddess. She stood, towering over them, and their doll-house prison in her four-inch heels. Am I not a goddess to you? Karen stood open mouth as Dee Dee curtsy'd and said, yes, goddess. Elena showed no signs of pleasure or displeasure. Rather, she nodded and left the room. She didn't have to be present to control every detail of their lives. What's with the fucking bowing stuffed light? It's a curtsy my sister had to learn to do them when we were kids, and I'm Dee Dee. Dee Dee was spared Karen's outrage by the latest message, naked, feed, 15 minutes. Both dolls stripped off their clothes and ran to the kitchen feeding trough. The Day Dawned Bright and Sunny for Elena Whether it was day or night her living dolls didn't know may never know. Before

leaving for work,  
she spent time in her office programming the day's activities for her subjects.  
A few keystrokes  
were all that were required to control the existence of two hapless males. Among  
the day's  
training she had planned was an old instruction video she had found on  
performing curtsies.  
She'd had it digitized and programmed it to run three times that day with a 15-  
minute practice  
session following each viewing. The blinking lights stirred the dolls from their  
slumber  
and both padded barefoot from their bed. Clad only in their pink baby doll  
pajamas,  
they stumbled to the glass wall, dreading to learn their fates for the day.  
Karen groaned at the first message. It didn't bode well for the future.  
Naked, feed, hold each other's cocks. Karen was still staring at the message  
display when she  
felt deedy grabber cock. As if Elena had anticipated his hesitancy, the next  
message was,  
do not disobey. Karen ruefully reached his right hand over and felt for deedy's  
cock.  
Cocks in hand the dolls walked to their trough to feed. They'd become inured to  
their feeding  
ritual, scooping up the gruel with their hands, lapping up the water, and  
cleaning the trough.  
Elena was providing sustenance, but no pleasure or enjoyment in the process.  
They dried their hands and dropped the tiny towels into a chute. They were  
always provided  
with clean clothes and towels. At least we don't have to do fucking laundry,  
Carl thought.  
The flashing lights brought them back to the transparent wall that revealed the  
world outside,  
that kept it forever out of reach. Exercise, yoga. They turned to walk to the  
upstairs dance  
and exercise room when Karen felt deedy grabber's cock.  
She didn't tell us to stop holding cocks, deedy said. I mean, Karen sighed and  
grabbed  
deedy's cock as well. The lights fucked. She's broken him. I'm on my own here.  
Having no instructions to dress, they performed their 90-minute yoga workout in  
the nude.  
Elena looked at her watch and pulled out her expensive and very high-tech cell  
phone.  
She punched the necessary buttons and was quickly rewarded with a video display  
on her phone.  
She punched the plus button and zoomed in on her naked yoga practitioners.  
She smiled as she watched them assume the triangle pose, their cocks dangling  
between their legs.  
The pride and the downfall of the male. She punched another button and raised  
the phone to make a  
call. Elena's voice filled the house. You will bathe when you are finished with  
your exercise.  
Each of you will use the depilatory cream on the other's body. Once you are  
clean,  
hairless and smooth, you will be fed.  
Deedy glanced at the timer, another 27 minutes of yoga. Her eyes stopped for a  
moment on Karen's cock,  
but she quickly looked away when Karen scowled at her.  
Elena dropped her briefcase on the hall table and relaxed on her couch.  
She'd spend a few minutes reviewing some critical items before she took her  
dowels to the next level.  
With the remote, she quickly called up selected video feeds of the day's  
activities.  
Her dolls assiduously went through their regimen for the day, exercise, dressing  
up,

catwalk model practice, erotic dance class, watching sexual instruction videos. Elena particularly noted how easily Deedy reached over to take Karen's hand. Deedy's ready. It will take longer for Carl to become the Karen, but eventually. She changed the display from recorded video to live and watched as her dolls engaged in high heel practice. For 35 minutes, they'd been wearing high heels, the only footwear available to them, and walking up and down their exercise room. The goal was simple, maintain correct posture, sway the hips, keep the hands limp, and cross one foot over the other, staying directly on the pink line, running the length of the room. For the exercise duration, today it was 45 minutes. They'd walked one end of the room, turn, and dip, walk to the other end, turn, and dip endlessly. Elena had scoured flea markets in online sources to obtain a vast collection of fashion doll-sized shoes. These had been meticulously modified and enhanced to work on a real, albeit scaled, to doll-sized person. In the few days that they'd become her perpetual prisoners, her dolls were beginning to get used to high heels. When you haven't got a choice, and when you get lots of practice, a drop of superglue and each shoe slide them on, and voila, a permanently high-heeled doll. She pressed the mic button on the remote. When the exercise ends, you feel feed and then wait for me, naked in your bedroom. It always amused her to see them jump at the sound of her voice, but they never knew when she would appear, either in person or as a disembodied, athereal voice. She'd stripped them of privacy, power, control, and knowledge. Next to go, there had a sexual proclivities. They heard and felt her before they ever saw her, the sound of a door closing, footfalls on stairs, the vibration of movement transmitted to their dollhouse. It was obvious someone was entering their environment, and they'd never seen anyone other than Elena. She paused and went to the far side of the room, and they watched as she dropped lettuce leaves into the roaches cage and give it a slight shake. The sudden flurry of insect activity caused a shudder among both dolls. We have seemed to have been very obedient today. Elena smiled, noting that they sat, naked on the edge of their bed, still holding each other's cocks. Come closer to the wall. She leaned close to examine them as they flattened themselves against the transparent wall. Yes, we seem healthy enough. Any problems to report? Didi quickly dropped into her curtsy and replied, no goddess. Karen paused, obviously the habit not yet fully ingrained, and executed a sloppy curtsy. No goddess. Her exquisitely manicured nail tapped the glass in front of Karen. That was sloppy and half-hearted. She turned to Didi. You are doing well, but it still needs improvement. Didi followed with another curtsy. Yes, goddess. Elena silently eyed the two. Carl can't last much longer, especially with Didi so compliant. Until the curtsies are up to standard, you will maintain the same three times a day, video viewing, and practice sessions. From now on, you are to wear a petticoats to practice. Your goal is a perfect curtsy, deep without stretched arms, holding billowing petticoats, smoothly executed with a big smile. Understood? Both curtsy and unison this time. Yes, goddess. And now, Elena paused, let's discuss your sex lives with each other. She noted Didi's blank look. Moth unexpected shall comply, and Karen's look of rage and loathing. You will have sex with each other. She sat back in her chair. First, to please

and amuse me,  
but eventually her lips curled into a devious smile, because it will be one of  
the few pleasures  
and enjoyments available to you. Hold each other's cocks.  
She watched as Didi quickly grabbed Karen's, and Karen grudgingly took hold of  
Didi's.  
You watched the instructional today, and you'll see it, and many more.  
Repeatedly as you are trained to be sexual performers, she leaned in wanting to  
get a good look,  
squeezed the cock in your hand. Feel it. Her eyes focused on the tiny hands  
grabbing the miniature  
cocks. Thus it feel good. Use your other hand to stroke it.  
Karen suddenly yelled and backed up her hands, flying away from Didi's crotch.  
Shit! You're getting hard. What are you a fucking fag?  
Elena had to keep from laughing. A humorous tone. Now might degrade the training  
about to take place.  
But she was feeling Karen was pleasure at being touched. You two are alone, and  
will be, you're  
going to have to depend on each other. The quicker you accept your existence and  
your new sexuality,  
the better off you will be. Karen stood, hands at her sides, her fists clenched,  
scared and angry.  
I know this particular part of your training is going to be difficult. Elena's  
voice had a softer  
motherly tone. Didi, I want you to kneel and kiss Karen's cock. No sucking, just  
a foreplay as you saw in the video.  
Her voice took an edge. Karen, you are to let her do whatever I say. Relax,  
don't fight it.  
Didi knelt and took Karen's cock in her hands, stroked it and licked the head.  
Elena watched two  
contradictory actions. Karen, gnashing her teeth in a grimace of disgust and her  
tiny cock beginning  
to swell. She nodded her approval. Didi, though while you learned from the  
video,  
Didi ran her tongue up and down Karen's fleshy shaft. Her tongue gave her quick  
kitten licks to the head of the cock. Then she ran her tongue in circles around  
the head.  
Very nice, Elena said. Put it in your mouth, Didi, start sucking. Relax, Karen.  
Come, if you want.  
Your existence won't allow you many pleasures, sex will be one of the few. I  
could have had  
those things removed. I've allowed you to keep them because I expect you to use  
them.  
Didi was trying but was clearly a neophyte and struggled to get her mouth around  
Karen's swelling  
cock. It's not necessary to take it all today, Didi. Just make Karen feel good.  
Eventually,  
I will expect both of you to deep throat, but there'll be time and practice,  
lots of practice,  
for you to achieve that. Karen's eyes were closed, but her face was conflicted  
with  
revulsion and pleasure. While her mind reeled at the homosexual act, her biology  
betrayed her  
with an impressive erection. Obviously, the minimizing procedure hasn't affected  
that.  
Observed Elena as she watched Karen's cock grow in Didi's mouth. See? You both  
still contribute  
to our scientific research in your own little way. Didi's hands cupped and  
massaged Karen's  
balls and when Didi's fingers flicked around her puckered opening, Karen lost  
it.  
Karen's hands grabbed Didi's head and pulled the kneeling doll hard into her  
crotch.  
Karen pumped her ass as her cock discharged repeatedly into Didi's warm and

inviting mouth.

When Karen pulled her cock from her housemaid's hungry lips, Didi stayed close. Her tongue lapping up the living doll come. Karen didn't protest, rather she let her kneeling friend lick and nuzzle the cock as it lowered to rest. Elena beamed. Very well, blonde girls. Normally,

I'd expect Karen to reciprocate. She noted the now wide-eyed expression on Karen's face, but not this evening. She cast a stern look at Karen. You'll feel learned to be down on your knees, pleasing each other. And when those skills are fully developed, she watched them turn to her. You'll complete your sexual odyssey. She chuckled at their confused expressions. You'll fuck each other in the ass, girls. We'll suck each other's cocks. I left you those little things and housed to hear in a feminized dollhouse environment, so you could be my little playthings, my mini lesbians. Welcome home, sluts. The end.

The

locked away. He doesn't look happy. Monique ran her fingers around the rim of her wine glass.

Her nails nearly matched the color of the expensive Merlot. Are you happy?

Drake imperceptibly nodded. He could scarce to otherwise. He was bound, kneeling on a small

raised platform on the coffee table before the three women. His thighs were spread wide, his cock and ball dangling below. The stiff posture collar also secured the wrist cuffs, fastened behind his neck. A steel bar ran from the rear of the posture collar to the coffee table, rendering him

immobile. The ball gag in his mouth prevented any intelligible response.

Patricia, his wife, Mistress, had secured him to his place of honor an hour ago, long before her guests arrived. Heather reached over to refill Monique's glass.

I don't know why you even ask if he's comfortable, just teasing, I suppose. I mean really a slave

comfortable? Heather was the youngest, perhaps the cruelest of the three.

Today she wore a slim black pencil skirt and a white blouse, shamelessly unbuttoned to display

her impressive decalotage. A mane of blonde hair cascaded to her shoulders and framed a pretty cheer

leader girl next door face. Her eyes were ice blue and held no warmth, not for any male.

Patricia stood, noting how Drake's eyes followed her every move. Her fingers delicately traced a

line around his ball gag, and she smiled as she watched him inhale the scent of her fragrance.

His eyes grew wider as he watched those exquisite fingers lower poised over his nipples.

He flinched as she flicked at the clothespins on his nipples, the thwack, thwack of blood red nails on a wooden clothespin seeming to echo in the room.

Patricia smiled as each flick of her finger made her sub-hubby jolt.

God Pat, you love torment in that little slut, don't you? Heather leaned back in her chair

and crossed her legs. She knew the rustle of nylons and her dangling high heel would torment

Drake in their own ways. We both love it, don't we baby kens? Patricia stopped flicking the clothes

pins and now began twisting them slowly. She bent down and kissed his nose, leaving a crimson

imprint of her sensuous lips. She was the oldest of the group, their founder and leader.

Today she was dressed in a knee-length gray dress, a black patent belt, cinching her tiny waist and emphasizing her womanly curves. Soft brown hair fell

to her  
shoulders and her eyes were the color of aged cognac. He moaned through the gag  
when she pulled  
off the clothespins. The blood flowed back into the distressed area, a new rush  
of pain.  
His wife was not to end his torment, not now, not ever. The vicious clothespins  
were quickly  
attached to his earlobes, earrings of agony for the captive and submissive male.  
Herz was the gift  
to inflict continuous and varied torments, a skill she was intent to pass on to  
her eager  
acolytes. Heather and Monique exchanged knowing glances. Their friend Patricia  
certainly had  
things well in hand. She was their mentor and, with her guidance, they would  
form the nucleus  
of the Brent Haven Women's Auxiliary, an organization with a decidedly different  
agenda.  
Today was Drake's chastity day, an event that lay ominously in the future of  
Heather and  
Monique's husbands.  
How are we doing down there, Patricia Purd? Her feigned concern couldn't  
disguise the malevolence  
in her voice. Her hands reached between his legs and pulled his shriveled cock  
from its ice-water  
back.  
Jeez, it's so tiny and wrinkled, Heather mocked. Monique crinkled her nose.  
Yuck, put it back in.  
Patricia held the wrinkled flesh between her thumb and first finger and shook  
her head.  
Yes, it is disgusting. She slapped it.  
And quite fucking useless, which is why we're locking it up.  
She dropped it back into the ice-water bath and unceremoniously covered it with  
more ice cubes  
from a nearby ice bucket. She packed the ice around his frigid and shrunken  
cock,  
giving no concerns to his moans and pleas from behind his gag.  
It needs to be small, as small as I can get it, she laughed. I had this device  
made quite small.  
There won't be the remotest chance of any kind of erection.  
And his last time, Monique asked, how was that when it was the tallest of the  
three and the most  
beautiful? At five ten she was an imposing six-three in her five-inch heels.  
Today she was dressed in  
black slacks and a gray sweater that showed off her assets. It was her height  
and supermodel looks  
that made her a hit on the catwalk. She'd left that behind, but not the need to  
be an object of  
desire or to have men fall at her feet. Did he bag or cry? Heather asked.  
Patricia added more  
ice-water to the cock bath and the women laughed as Drake squirmed and gasped.  
She slapped his face. Be still. His last squirt of that disgusting sissy cream  
was last Thursday  
wasn't it, Drakey-Wakey. She talked baby talk as she pinched and pulled on his  
tender nipples.  
Mummy and my younger sister came over, didn't they snuckums? Patricia handed  
Monique a small photo  
album. We took pictures. Oh, he's so cute in that party dress, Monique gushed.  
She showed the pictures  
to Heather. Such a lovely sissy Heather mocked. Patricia nodded like a proud  
mother.  
He served tea in refreshments. Heather's eyes were slits as she stared at Drake.  
Damn, I can't wait until my own Tony is in a dress waiting on me hand and foot.  
Patricia added  
more ice cubes to her hapless slaves cock bath, not that it would increase his

suffering,  
but simply because she could. He had to kneel and bag my mother and my sister to  
be allowed  
to masturbate. It was extremely humiliating for him, precisely the point. She  
moved the clothes  
pins from his ears back to his nipples, a traveling parade of pain about his  
body. They made him crawl,  
bark like a dog, lick their shoes, my sister threw food on the floor, crushed  
it, and made him  
eat it off the bottom of her shoe. It was such fun to watch. Finally, they let  
him play with Mr.  
Cookie Wookiee didn't they precious. She tweaked his nose. Mother made him come  
on her shoes and then  
lick it off. I have pictures and video. Monique's eyes lit up. I like that.  
Rogers always giving me  
shit about buying shoes. Well, soon he'll be on his knees, worshiping every  
single pair.  
The ladies raised their glasses in a regal toast to female domination. Patricia  
placed her empty  
glass on the table. Yes, the piercings have healed. The device has been sized,  
ordered, and received.  
He's had his last orgasm and she pulled his frigid and withered cock from its  
ice bath.  
I do believe our little slut is ready.  
He was on his hands and knees. His eyes focused on the alluring legs before him.  
Clad and expensive sheer seemed stockings and ending in three pair of expensive  
and dangerous  
looking stilettos. His mistress reached down and clipped a leash to his collar.  
A silent tug on  
the leash had him crawling behind the three pair of superior feminine legs and  
shoes. The menacing  
clicks of the spike heels on the tile floor were in sharp contrast to the  
plotting of his knees  
and fleshy palms on that same floor. They stopped in the kitchen at the  
refrigerator.  
Patricia opened the door and removed a silver serving tray, nestled on a bed of  
pink and purple  
tufted velvet, like his chastity device. Wow, Monique tapped it with her  
fingernail. It's really small,  
an evil smile crossed her face. Shit! To be able to lock Roger up in something  
like that.  
Heather nudged Drake's naked thigh with the pointed toe of her stiletto.  
Has he seen it? No, Patricia tugged on his leash, bringing him to heel. He was  
measured for it,  
but doesn't know anything else about it, do you? Drake shook his head with the  
gags still in place,  
he was reduced to non-verbal responses. Up, commanded Patricia as she pulled on  
his leash,  
he stood, but kept his head bowed, eyes on the floor, constant face slappings,  
and what the fuck are you looking at? Recriminations quickly developed the  
necessary  
submissive postures in him. We need to work quickly while everything is still  
cold, Patricia advised.  
She took a tube of cooled lubricant from the refrigerator and lubed his shrunken  
cock.  
Can geels a bit when chilled, but his body temperature will get it going.  
Goodness, she mocked, it's so tiny, it uses hardly any lube.  
Can I remove his PA piercing? Heather asked.  
Go ahead, Patricia said. We're using a new high-tech one in its place, something  
very secure.  
He stood, mute, eyes cast to the floor, as Patricia and her friends molested his  
private parts.  
Manique whispered in his ear,  
better enjoy it, bitch, it might be the last time you feel anything human down

there.

Look up, slut, Bart Patricia. He looked up to see her holding the device, two short inches of gleaming medical stainless steel, slightly curved and tapered. The end was finished in a web of cutouts, the cage framing his flesh in a stained glass, chastity motif. The device struck fear into him, although he had to admire the obvious quality and craftsmanship that had gone into it.

Yes, Patricia said, it gets smaller toward the end, although it isn't very big in the first place.

I love the cage work at the end, where he can see glimpses of it locked away.

No shit, Heather said, it looks expensive. Oh, it was, laugh, Patricia.

Look at the workmanship, the materials? My little sweetums will have fifteen thousand dollars worth

of hardware between his legs. Get out, Monique leaned in to get a closer look.

For that,

Patricia nodded, custom-sized, custom-made, with several unique high-tech enhancements.

Heather waved her right foot, rotating it on the stiletto heel,

the wicked pointed toe, making lazy arcs in the air. Still, that's a shitload of money to spend

on a slave. Patricia shrugged. I sold his truck, those expensive golf clubs, his boat.

There was enough money for the device, and some pretty-made uniforms as well.

Monique clapped her hands. I think my Roger can raise the money, but I'm keeping his Porsche.

Patricia held the device next to Drake's minuscule cock. Yes, ladies, chilling the cock is essential.

It goes in small. And stays small, they all laughed in unison.

This handcuff-like piece, Patricia said as she playfully opened and closed it, goes behind the balls.

This is so exciting, Monique said. Yes, Heather agreed. It's nice of you to invite us to his, um,

little ceremony. Patricia positioned the device at the head of Drake's cock.

The first of many, she laughed. This will be the official coming-out party for all those new

males inducted into our group. Ready? Ready or not, Drake felt the fine, feminine fingers work his

chilled cock into the icy metal tube. He was surprised at how easily he fit into the device.

Am I really that small? Say bye-bye, Monique laughed. Patricia's hands partially closed the

ring around his balls. She looked at Heather. Remove his gag. Drake breathed in Heather's scent,

as her fingers worked at the buckle behind his neck. They're cruel, but they always smell so nice.

In her five-inch heels, Patricia towered over the cowering and flat-footed Drake.

She bent down, coming eye to eye with him.

Beg me to close the ring and lock it. All three women closed in on him, watching, listening.

He had no choice but to comply.

Please, mistress Patricia, please lock away my worthless cock.

Oh, God, Purdmonique, I love it when they get all submissive and pitiful.

Is that the best you can do, really? Patricia pinched and twisted his nipple, smiling as she

watched him writhe from her torment. Come on, really beg, make me want to lock you up.

Oh, please, mistress, please lock away my worthless cock. It's useless to pleasure a woman,

and if you lock it up, I won't be tempted to play with it.

Patricia gently stroked his cheek. See, you can do it when you try.

Heather and Monique giggled, amused by the way Patricia easily manipulated her

slave husband.

Since you ask so nicely, Patricia's fingers closed the ring with a click. She tested the fit. I think we can go another. She closed the ring with another click.

Almost there. One more, she teased, with a final click, she released her hand. Monique and Heather took the opportunity to inspect the device, hefting its weight in their hand, and pulling on it to check the fitting of the ball ring.

This last ring secures it in the front through his PA piercing. Patricia held up a small silver ring.

That's it, asked Monique. Far from it, sneered Patricia. Look closely. See those little teeth on one end? When I close the ring, they interlock with similar teeth on the inside. It can't be pulled apart. Heather nodded her approval. So it's permanent?

No. The designer made sure that one set of teeth is movable. They can be retracted out of the way, and the ring can be opened. Patricia smiled proud of her new toy for her pet. There's supposedly a special tool with neodymium magnets that fits over the ring,

and the magnets line up with one set of magnetized teeth, and the tool causes the teeth to retract, and the ring can be opened. Or something like that, it's all very technical. Monique leaned in for a closer look.

All in there, it's so small.

Yes, Patricia said, that's one of the reasons the device was so expensive the technology, and the handwork that went into it. I mean the device to unlock the new PA ring cost \$1,500.

\$1,500 sounds like a lot of money to me, Heather said.

Oh, I quite agree. Patricia held the ring in front of Drake's eyes. That's why I didn't buy it.

She saw the look of terror in Drake's eyes and felt a flood of warmth blow through her.

You didn't buy it? Asmonique and Heather and unison. Patricia bent down and began to work the new ring through the device in Drake's PA piercing. Now, I saw this lovely pair of shoes and got those instead. If I ever need the device to remove the ring, the maker of the chastity belt said that

he can make one for me shouldn't take more than... two months. Patricia stood, once again towering over her submissive husband. She held the ring, now threaded through his cock and the device between

her fingers. Once I close this, the teeth engage and it won't come off. It's quite resistant to tampering and cutting with conventional tools. I'm afraid any unauthorized attempts at removal

would involve significant collateral damage. The women were all focused on Drake's eyes,

drinking in every nuance of fear, submission, terror, and hopelessness.

Bag for it. Bag me to close the ring, Patricia ordered. His own voice sounded detached to him,

as if someone else was speaking. Please secure the device, mistress. I'm not worthy to have an erection and come. Please lock me away. Click by click, Patricia sealed his fate.

Secure, but not damaging, she said. She pointed to the larger covering behind his balls.

This ring actually has a built-in lock, a special one-of-a-kind lock made by the belt's designer.

She handed keys to Monique and Heather. We each have a key, although it only unlocks the ball ring.

His PA ring still secures the front on the device.

And you didn't order the tool to release that? Heather laughed. No, agreed Patricia. I'd have to special order that, so he's still several weeks away from a release, even if we wanted to release him. Which we don't, Monique mocked, Drake visibly winced at each cutting remark by the women.

Monique looked down at the key in her hand. So, do we really need these keys? I mean... Yeah, chirped, Heather.

Patricia walked around, her husband circling him, her stilettos clicking on the floor, her fingernails tracing a line around his naked midsection as she stalked her prey.

Do we, darling? Do we need these keys? Are you going to want out ever, huh? She slapped his face. Speak!

No, mistress. There's no need for me to be released, ever.

Well, then, ladies, Patricia smiled. Let's resolve Drake's little dilemma, shall we?

She jerked Drake's leash and pulled him forward to the garage. The concrete floor was cool to Drake's bare feet. Wordlessly, he followed as Patricia led him to the garage workbench. Each woman made a show of placing her key on the workbench. We want to keep the keys. We're each going to start a charm bracelet made up of the keys to the chastity devices of sniveling, submissive males, Patricia explained.

Yes, Monique said. There's no reason for those keys to be functional. We don't want males to think there's any hope of relief.

Exactly, Heather added.

Whenever a male sees that bracelet with all those keys, he'll know his place, his fate, the hopelessness of his situation.

So, Patricia picked up one of the keys and handed it to Drake. Put the key in the vise and file off the teeth, nice and smooth. And totally useless, Heather laughed.

Drake took the key and secured it in the vise. Patricia handed him a file, and the ladies watched as he filed away the teeth, rendering the key useless and ensuring his permanent chastity. Make sure it's smooth, then kneel and present it to Monique, Patricia ordered. Drake ran his finger over the key, looking for sharp edges or burrs. He touched up two places, checked again for smoothness, and finally removed the key. He turned and knelt, his knees kissing the cool concrete floor. Without stretched hands, he made his offering.

Please accept this key, Mistress Monique. She smiled as she held out her palm and felt the key fall into it.

The first of many, I'm going to love the sound of jangling keys on my wrist. Within minutes, Drake had rendered the other two keys useless as well, kneeling and presenting them in turn to Heather and Patricia.

You know, Patricia's eyes scanned the workbench until she found what she was looking for.

Since the keys are useless, we may as well go all the way. She reached up and pulled down a tube of epoxy from the pegboard, taking a moment to read the package. Super strength and fast setting.

She thrust the epoxy at Drake. Mix this up. The women exchanged knowing glances as Drake silently mixed the two components. If he'd thought this was all happenstance, he was mistaken. The day's activities had been carefully planned in choreographed by his three antagonists. Hurry, Patricia ordered, before it sets, fill in that lock. Even if there was a key, or we happened to get a duplicate, we don't want it to be used, do we?

No, Mistress. Drake used a plastic applicator to work the epoxy deeply into the lock's mechanisms.

He finally discarded the applicator and used a rag to wipe away any remaining epoxy.

Patricia grabbed the chastity device and used it to turn Drake to face the two women.

She inspected the special locking PA ring and the ball ring. It's locked, now filled with epoxy, and its keys rendered useless.

That's the proper condition for a submissive male, she said, locked away.

The end.

The end.

A visit to Smythe Stables.

Like the others in the pens, he heard her before he saw her. The first thing to meet his eyes were

the gleaming black boots, long pointed toes, and wicked spiked heels. Life in the pens was a

meager existence, but the presence of one of the warders always increased the unpleasantness factor.

Better to be alone.

Forgotten.

The click clacking of the stilettos on the concrete floor stopped, replaced by the ominous slapping of a crop against a leather boot.

We'll have visitors today. You like visitors, don't you?

Her pleasant voice didn't disguise her contempt. Something to perk up your drab existence.

The stock in the pens knelt on the hard cold floor. They shuttered and silently grimaced.

Visitors were bad. There was no such thing as a good visit.

The agony of solitary confinement was preferable to any visit.

The slapping of the crop grew louder. I'll expect all of you to be obedient, compliant.

The warder laughed, the echo reverberating from pen to pen, and very productive.

The gravel crunched under the tires as the black and white chartered bus, its tinted windows

hiding the occupants inside, made its way up the winding drive. It passed a green fenced-in pasture

and a wooded area as it slowed to a stop in front of the imposing red and white building.

It was a long, low and windowless structure with several sliding doors along one side.

The sign in the front, smith stables, was the only clue as to what might be inside.

With a hiss, the doors of the bus folded open.

A tall, austere woman rose from her seat at the front of the bus and turned to face her young

charges. Her height was enhanced by the gleaming black stilettos and the long, sheer, nylon-covered legs that extended from her black leather pencil skirt.

She moved effortlessly on the wicked high heels as she walked down the aisle of the bus.

Smiling back at her were row after row of young ladies. This year's graduating class,

from Lady Caroline's Academy for Young Ladies.

Today is the practical exercise in the milking of the submissive male. We've covered the theory

and physiology in the classroom. Here you will put the theory into practice.

Your future husbands

will need to be regularly melt. Whether or not you do this or assign it to someone else,

it is important to have full knowledge of what is involved in the practice.

It is my recommendation that either you or your alpha male lover perform this service on your

husband. Such personal attention is more humiliating to the male and drives them further into submission.

Ms. Constance Pennington-Smai has made her milking stable available to us, very generous of her.

When we're finished here, she will host an afternoon tea for us at her mansion.

Are there any questions?

A beautiful girl with flowing blonde hair raised her hand. She was dressed in the same uniform as her classmates, a crisp white blouse, sheer stockings, bracelet, lank-kid leather gloves, a tartan mini skirt, and high-heeled court shoes. Where do all the males inside come from?

Lady Caroline slipped on her black leather suit coat.

Disciplinary problems, males who couldn't be trained or perform to standards. A few

languish here simply because their owners tired of them, and at least here they can serve some function.

She turned to look at a pretty brunette.

Susan, I believe your stepfather is inside. Susan smiled and nodded. Mother sold him to Miss

Smythe. He was getting in the way, wasn't good for sex, a premature ejaculator mom said,

and wasn't a good domestic. We have a better sissy maid now, and her new boyfriend, Miguel,

is a better lover for mom. The girl in the seat in front of Susan turned around. Your stepdad's in there? That's fucking cool. Her outburst brought instant recrimination from

Lady Caroline. Daedra, mind your language. Yes ma'am. Remember girls, domination and superiority

are not crass, wield your power and authority in a regal in ladylike manner.

When we go inside,

you will each pick out a slave. Warders will be around to provide you with gloves and lubricant,

and show you how to hook the suction nipple to their penis.

The males have not been milked for several days, so should be very amenable to our attention,

but to help them along everyone add a spritz of scent.

Twenty-five gloved hands disappeared into twenty-five identical and fashionable clutches

to remove bottles of expensive perfume, in an instant the bus filled with essential aroma.

The male bus driver, naked, his mouth filled with a large penis gag, breathed in the heavy scent and felt his cock try to stiffen in its chastity cage.

The sharp spikes inside the device brought immediate pain and put down any attempts at erection.

Caroline returned to the front of the bus. When you get inside, remember you are the superior

female. This is your last semester at my academy. You're all of legal and marriageable age,

and when you graduate, you will enter the world to search out and call those submissive males from

the herd. It won't be difficult. Society abounds with them, and I and my faculty have provided

you all the skills and tools you need to capture a husband and to staff your households with sissy

maids. But to obtain maximum efficiency from male slaves, you need to know about their care and

feeding. So pay attention today. These are valuable lessons. Please form up outside the bus and wait

for me. The girls walked down the aisle, each one stopping to tighten their leather-gloved hand

into a fist and deliver a savage blow to the bus driver's right arm and shoulder.

His arm was covered in black, blue, and greenish bruises that never healed.

Chained to his seat,

there was no way he could escape, even if he wanted to. But he'd accepted this for so long

that although they hurt, he sat and took his beatings, offering whimpers of pain

into his penis gag.  
The girls, for their part, delighted in seeing who could force the loudest  
whales from his gagged  
mouth. Caroline watched this ritual with amused detachment. At this rate, he'll  
only be good for  
another year before that right arm is useless. Oh, well, I'll sell him to  
Constance, and he can  
spend the rest of his days inside the stables.  
Before leaving the bus, she took the remote control from her pocket and pressed  
medium.  
The steel balls inside the driver's butt plug began to gyrate and bounce against  
one another.  
She smiled as the driver squirmed at the anal invasion. Grabbing his wrists, she  
brought them  
to his neck, locking the cuffs to his collar. He looked at her, his eyes  
begging, and pleading  
for mercy. He knew there was no relief, no mercy, never had been, never would  
be. But something deep  
inside of him still searched for what he knew he'd never find. She saw the look  
reached down and  
viciously pinched a nipple. Eventually, that look will be gone. He'll be  
destroyed,  
resigned to his fate. But I do like them like this, ever hopeful, right before  
they're completely  
broken. She left the bus and joined her fresh-faced entourage, so prim, so  
proper, so perfectly dressed  
and quaffed, and so full of malevolent evil, carefully inculcated by her.  
Follow me, girls!  
Caroline entered a code on the keypad, and the sound of magnetic locks releasing  
could be heard  
behind the door as the group walked inside. The entrance was a well-appointed  
office area,  
wooden desks, fresh flowers and plants, and the usual assortment of computers  
and office equipment.  
A matronly woman with graying hair rose and embraced Caroline.  
So good to see you today, and these are your girls. Here for their first  
milking, are they?  
We won't disappoint them.  
Ladies, said Caroline, this is our host and stable manager, Margaret.  
Good morning, girls. I'm so pleased you're with us today, Margaret said.  
A chorus of, thank you, ma'am's, filled the office. Margaret beamed, she always  
reveled in the young  
women coming of age and taking their rightful place in the matriarchal  
hierarchy.  
Shall we go in, girls? And if you have any questions, please ask myself or any  
of my waters.  
You may touch and handle any of our males. We keep them quite clean and  
hygienic,  
although gloves are mandatory for the actual manual milking procedures.  
She chuckled as she heard the usual, cool.  
Yuck, oh gross! Are they ticklish?  
Margaret nodded to her secretary who pushed a button on her desk, with a whoosh,  
the large  
door slid to the side, and the group stepped into the holding pens.  
The girls and their escorts found themselves in the very heart of the stables. A  
long central  
corridor stretched the length of the building, leading to large roll-up doors at  
the end.  
On each side of the corridor were the pens, small, barred cubicles waist high.  
Everything was gleaming white, chrome, and stainless steel. The girls squinted  
at the brightness.  
Yes, it is bright, said Margaret. She took sunglasses from a rack, and gestured  
for the girls to take  
a pair. She swept her arm in the direction of the pens. They live in constant

brightness,  
no time, no day, no night. They simply exist. They eat, and they are melt.  
She reached into a drawer to remove a leather toss. Miss Smythe has kindly  
provided this beautiful  
toss as a prize for the best milker among you. It is a lovely implement that you  
can pass on as  
an heirloom to your daughters, to use on their husbands. She handed it to one of  
the girls.  
Pass it around, get a feel for it. A warder in a white jumpsuit and knee-high  
spike-heeled boots  
approached and handed Margaret a riding-crop. She flexed it in her hands and  
turned to face the  
girls. Each pen has a crop, paddle, and nibble clamps to punish and discipline  
our stock.  
Use them at your pleasure. There is really no room in the pens for whips. She  
smiled.  
I suppose that could be the single consolation to their dismal existence. Still,  
we can get all  
the results we want with these simple tools. She cut the air with a menacing  
slice of her crop.  
Ellen, she pointed to the warder, will demonstrate on the first subject, and  
then you can each  
select your stock and have a go at it yourself. She turned to Caroline. Would  
you like to join me  
for coffee while the girls learned to milk? Thank you. Love to.  
Girls, if I may have your attention over here, Ellen led the group to the first  
pen. From the wall,  
she removed a clipboard and scanned the attached pages.  
Number 723, age 53. She pointed to the man on his hands and knees on the coarse  
concrete floor of  
the pen. He was naked, save for a steel collar around his neck. The collar was  
attached to an  
eyebolt anchored in the floor. It was obvious he was always on his hands and  
knees. A hand shot up.  
Number 723, doesn't he have a name? We give them numbers. Names aren't necessary  
for them.  
Some of them haven't heard their names for years. Ellen laughed. They may not  
even remember their  
names. She consulted the clipboard again. If it matters, his name is... was...  
Donald Cremmer.  
Sold to our stables six years ago by his wife.  
Number 723 never looked up at the mention of his name. She held the clipboard up  
so the girls could  
see one of the pages. This is a run chart, a statistical process control device.  
We monitor  
their sissy cream output to ensure they produce efficiently. Although he lacked  
as a lover and a  
husband, his milking output is acceptable. One of the girls raised her hand.  
What happens when  
they can't produce anymore? The first thing we do is check the charts and their  
recent history,  
said Ellen. If it shows a steady and gradual decline, they may be at the end of  
their useful  
life as milkers. Or it could be an aberration. Maybe they're sick or off their  
feed. If it's  
something we can fix, then we make the adjustment and get them back to full  
spunk production.  
There were several giggles and murmurs at spunk production. And another hand  
shot up.  
And if you can't fix the problem? Ellen shrugged. They're at the end of their  
useful life to us.  
We may send them to the fields, but often they can't keep up with the physical  
demands of hard  
labor. Others and their life as furniture items, serving out their existence as

ashtray holders,  
bootlickers, or we sell them off. That's the most profitable in the long run,  
although we don't realize much revenue even from that. Sell them to who?  
Overseas markets,  
we don't ask what's done with them. Okay girls, back to this specimen.  
We use standard portable milking machines. The kinds used in small operations  
for sheep or goats.  
This nipple goes over their penis and chastity device. The end of their chastity  
device can be  
removed, exposing the head of the penis, which is pulled into the suction tube  
here. She motioned  
to one of the girls. Put your finger in there. The girl did, and Ellen turned on  
the machine.  
Wow! The girl said, I can feel the suction.  
Exactly. Ellen smiled and turned off the machine. She slipped on a pair of latex  
gloves,  
squirted lube into the milking nipple, and pushed it onto his chastised penis.  
We have devices to automatically massage their prostate, fucking machines, if  
you will.  
She pointed to an evil looking device at the back of the pen, a large, flesh-  
colored dildo  
attached to a chrome rod. We can hook them up and walk away, come back later,  
and collect the results.  
Her lips broke into an evil smile. But there's something about getting up close,  
inside and personal. She slipped two fingers inside number 723. He gasped at the  
penetration,  
evoking laughter from the girls. You've done the simulators at the academy. This  
is really  
no different. Ellen gently probed and stroked, while the milking machine whirred  
and chubbed.  
When you find that little bump, just push on it. Stroke it. Since their  
enchastity, they can't get an erection. That's what makes milking so delicious  
for us,  
and humiliating for them. They give up their seed, but miss that precious rush  
of ejaculation.  
Look at the tubing. When the girls turned their attention to the clear tubing at  
the nipple,  
they saw the first beads of ejaculate slowly pulsing down the tube. Ellen  
continued to massage  
the prostate. It looks like he's crying, said one of the girls. Indeed, tears  
were streaming  
down the slave's face, even as he sighed with pleasure from being fondled.  
Shame, frustration, and pleasure. Too many emotions for him to deal with, Ellen  
said.  
He's twice the age of you girls, but here he is, naked on his hands and knees, a  
virtual slave,  
being milked of his seed, deprived of an erection, no shred of manliness left.  
She bent down to whisper in his ear. But he likes it when I put my hand up  
there, don't you?  
He shook and sobbed, as Ellen milked the last of his seed.  
Yes, yes. You'll note they all have nipple rings. Ellen reached under the slave  
to tweak his rings.  
The girls giggled and pointed. You can pull on these, twist them or tweak them.  
There are  
weights on the walls that can be attached to the rings. It's fun to pummel their  
ass and watch  
their titties bounce. Some of our stock, the ones who've been here for years,  
have quite  
distended nipples. You can also use one of the chains. She pointed to the  
accessories on the wall.  
To attach between the nipples and the retaining ring on the floor. This keeps  
them quite motionless,  
despite what you do back here. She shoved hard with her hand and number 723  
lurched forward.

That won't happen when you secure the nipples. She removed her hand and stripped off the latex gloves, removed the nipple and stopped the machine. Ellen examined the collection container and noted the number of CCs collected, writing the number on the chart. Not bad. He's still an acceptable producer. She extended her foot and he bent his head to kiss the toe of her boot.

They lead a bleak existence here and are grateful for any attention they get. A tall redhead raised her hand. Some of them have a ring in their nose what's that all about.

Discipline problems, Ellen said. Some of them had trouble adapting to their life here.

A nose ring makes it easy to lead them around and get their attention. The girls were excited and ready to try their hand at milking a mail. At Ellen's urging, they dispersed throughout the stable, strolling along the pens, window shopping as they do at the mall.

The hapless males could only remain on their hands and knees and cower in shame. Lady Caroline brought her girls here every semester and the males had no choice but to submit and endure the humiliation of being milked by girls young enough to be their daughters.

It was the ultimate shame and degradation which is why Lady Caroline kept bringing her classes back.

The girls chatted endlessly as they made their selections. I think I'll do this one.

I want this one. I've never seen balls that big. He must be full.

Oh, a black one. I want to do him.

Yuck, this one's so fat. I'd lose my hand in there.

This one's much younger than the rest. What do you feed them?

Ellen circulated answering questions and giving recommendations.

He's fat because he's relatively new. With their meager diet here, they all slow them down.

Yes, he's the youngest we've ever had. His mother sold him to us.

We feed them gruel, a mixture of tuna, oatmeal, water, and their own cum.

With a few vitamins and supplements, it provides all the nutrients they need and enough calories to sustain them for their existence here.

Susan ambled along. Her high-heeled court shoes clicking on the concrete floor. She deliberately stopped before a pen and looked the kneeling male in the eyes.

Hello, daddy.

Sliding back the railing, she stepped into the pen.

He didn't know how long it had been since his wife and daughter had visited the stables.

There was no sense of time here. Constant light, the same meals, endless monotony.

It was existence, nothing more. And now she stood before him, perched on those same school-issued high heels.

He'd seen countless times as he'd served as a subject for some young lady's milking exercise.

His body shook with an uncontrollable spasm of fear. There were never any good visits.

She sat on the stool in front of him. He heard the rustling of expensive hosiery as she crossed her silken legs.

When she extended her foot, his tongue automatically lapped at the sole of her shoe.

It was a conditioned reflex. See a woman's shoe and lick clean.

While his tongue worshiped her foot, she opened her purse and removed her cigarettes.

Is smoking permitted here? She asked a passing water.

Of course, there's no concern about secondhand smoke with our stock.

The collection equipment is self-contained and sterilized off-site.

The water nodded to the subject. This the one you're going to milk?

No. We're just having a family talk, aren't we, daddy? Her sing-song voice

didn't hide the menace in her eyes.  
She turned to the water. Are there ashtrays?  
Just something else to clean up, the water laughed. Their mouths weren't just as well.  
I'll leave you to your family reunion. The water walked off, slapping her crop against her leather boot.  
Susan let her cigarette and smoked in silence. Open, she said in a simple everyday fashion, confident that a properly trained male would respond.  
And he did, tilting his head back and opening his mouth wide.  
She leaned forward to blow smoke in his face and tapped an ash into the waiting mouth.  
A smile crossed her lips as he dutifully swallowed the ash and opened his mouth for yet another.  
She looked at the ring in his nose. He'd been one of the problem ones when he first arrived in the stables.  
How long have you been here? It amused her to watch his face as he tried to think.  
Maybe the rumors are true. Maybe they do begin to lose their cognitive abilities the longer they're here.  
I don't know.  
What year is it? She tapped more ash into his mouth.  
I, I, she kicked him with a toe over high heel.  
Being in here hasn't made you any smarter.  
Mother was right to sell you off.  
Our new sissy made is much better than you.  
She leaned in close to whisper and mother's lover Miguel.  
Box her like you never could long and hard.  
He started to cry. Did she only come here to torment me?  
Please, please, this place they open.  
Again the simple command shut him up and earned him more ash in his awaiting mouth.  
Seven years. You've been in here over seven years.  
I think I was twelve when mother finally had enough of you and sold you off.  
She pulled an iPod from her purse and dialed up a picture.  
Recognize her? She asked.  
He blinked and focused on the picture. A young girl.  
Attractive, but not pretty.  
She had long blonde hair and wore a black and white maid's dress.  
Fishnet stockings and very high heels.  
Most noticeable were the girl's breasts.  
Hugely out of proportion to the rest of her.  
Yeah, notice those, do you?  
Susan smiled and brought up another picture, a close-up of the girl's bosom.  
There, forty-four double-f's. We had to have her maid uniforms custom made to accommodate them.  
He nodded and continued to stare as she selected picture after picture.  
The girl in a bronze panties, the girl would bear tits, showing abnormally large nipples.  
The girl with clothespins on her nipples.  
The girl sucking someone's cock. The girl being asked fucked.  
Susan shook her head with disbelief as she watched him try to think, to remember his eyes glued to the pictures of the young girl.  
Do you remember your son, my step-brother? She spoke the last words with derision.  
When he looked up at her, his eyes still held the same far away confused look.  
She poked him with the iPod to draw his attention back to the screen.  
That's your son, Violet, our assistant sissy maid, is your son, Robert.  
He shook his head in frustration, in denial, in confusion.  
Yes, that's right. She smiled, sat back and lit another cigarette.  
Mother pegged baby brother as a loser, a wimp early on.  
She knew he'd turn out like you, as she didn't take matters in hand.  
So after she sold you off, she started feminizing her step-son, Robert.  
Open, she flicked more ash into his mouth.  
Domestic training, hormones, and of course the breast implants.

Impressive, aren't they?  
And the doctor made those hideous nipples very sensitive.  
I love to flick them with my fingernails, pinch them, twist them.  
It drives poor Violet wild. She's my personal sissy maid.  
Oh, she still got a bit of manhood. Mother left that intact.  
But lack of use in hormones have rendered it useless except to torture her,  
which I do.  
Mother's lover McGow uses Violet. That's him with his cock in her ass and her  
mouth.  
Violet loves it. She's a cock whore.  
So you're in the smith stables and your son is our sissy maid slut.  
I'd say everyone is exactly where they need to be.  
She stood up, dropped her cigarette butt in his mouth, and laughed as he choked  
to swallow it down.  
And you'll stay here. This is your life for the rest of your life.  
Enjoy it, daddy.  
His sobs of despair didn't even cause her to look back as she spun on her heel  
and walked out of the pen.  
Ellen stood in the center of the aisle and shouted to the girls.  
Pick a specimen. We'll begin milking in a few minutes.  
Everyone put on the latex gloves. Hygiene is mandatory, at least for your sake.  
Susan entered the pen next to her father's. She removed the clipboard from its  
hook.  
Number 576, age 44. Your ex-wife sent you here. What'd you do to fuck that up?  
She returned the clipboard to its hook and pulled on a pair of latex gloves,  
laughing at the way her subject flinched when she let the gloves snap at her  
wrists.  
Remove the cap on their chastity device and apply the lube to the exposed flesh.  
Ellen strolled up and down the aisle, ensuring her young charges were properly  
handling and exposing  
the genitals of their subjects. More lube is better than not enough.  
The nipple suction will secure it once the vacuum is sufficiently established.  
To the giggling of the girls and the humiliation of their subjects, Ellen  
offered assistance where needed.  
Okay, you can turn on the machines now. Start on the low setting and hold the  
nipple in place.  
Now turn it up to medium. Can you feel it starting to hold?  
Let go and see if it stays. Again, Ellen helped the girls here and there until  
everyone was ready.  
Alright, everyone take a place on the stool behind your subject and don't forget  
about the  
prize of the beautiful toz for the one who produces the most.  
The girls moved behind their subjects, the building filling with the sounds of  
shuffling feet  
and scraping of stools on the concrete. A redheaded girl named Judy poked her  
head above the pens.  
Hey, Susan, I got your stepdad in here that I can melt him dry before you empty  
yours.  
Him? He's used up. Now way. Bet.  
Yeah, Susan said. Okay, bet you that new sissy-made bitch-lapped DVD.  
You're on. Judy reached down and grabbed her subject's nose ring, eliciting a  
squeal of pain.  
Okay, pig face, you better put out. I want that DVD and I want to win the toss.  
Ellen clapped her hands to get the girls' attention.  
Lube up your subject and your insertion hand and start in with two fingers.  
When you're breaking in your own sissy husband or your domestic staff, you may  
have to start with a single finger.  
But our stock has been well used and most can easily accept at least three  
fingers.  
Number 576 quivered as Susan's gloved fingers made their way inside.  
No matter how many times, and it had been hundreds, he'd been violated. It  
always evoked at the same reaction.  
Like that, do you? Susan teased. She smiled as she took her free hand and  
stroked his nipple.

It made her chuckle to watch him swoon. She leaned in to whisper in his ear. Give me a nice big load and you'll get a treat. He closed his eyes, lost in her seductive voice, and the feel of her hair as it brushed across his shoulder. Her fingers on his nipple were soft and gentle, not punishing like some of the others. She smelled soft and fragrant, scented soap and lilacs.

Ellen's voice rose above the chattering of the girls and the whimpering of the stock.

Push in farther and feel around for the prostate. When you find it, begin gently pushing on it.

We're literally going to milk him of his seed. The suction pump simply helps to move it to the collection container once you get it out of him. Remember, if they aren't cooperating, the crop and paddle are on the wall, and there are also the nipple clamps and chains.

Again, 576 heard the sultry voice of his milker. We don't need paddles or clamps, do we?

Susan removed her hand from his nipple and a few seconds later held it to his mouth.

Open. He opened his mouth and Susan dropped in a piece of chocolate. I'm mmm good, isn't it?

Bet you don't get anything like that. Hurry up and give me that sissy juice and you'll get another

piece. As 576 sucked on his treat, Susan worked his prostate and fondled his nipple.

You may switch the milking machines to high now, Ellen said. Sometimes the sucking at the head of the cock provides a bit of extra stimulation. The stables reverberated with sounds of suction

pumps turned too high. Judy grabbed the paddle from the wall and delivered a stinging blow

to Susan's father. Her eyes gleamed as she watched the crimson color bloom on her subject's ass.

Hurts, doesn't it? She yelled in his ear. There's more where that came from. She struck him again.

Yeah, and they'll keep coming until you deliver. She dropped the paddle to the floor and shoved her

hand roughly into his ass. With her free hand she pinched his nipple while she cruelly pumped his

prostate. He whimpered at this punishing assault, tears falling from his eyes turning the concrete

floor of his pen a dark gray where they fell. Why do they have to be so cruel? His tormentor was

relentless, mauling his insides, crushing his nipples and screaming in his ear. Give it up, slut!

Now, I don't see anything in that tube yet. You want more of the paddle, bitch? Susan smiled at

the thought of Judy's torment of her subject. Judy's impulsive. There's more than one way to

manipulate a submissive male. She bent down to cool in her specimen's ear. Come on, just relax

and let it all out for me. It feels good, doesn't it? Hurry and get it all out and I'll give you

another piece of chocolate. 576 groaned as Susan relentlessly but gently pumped his prostate.

He felt the release as his seed slowly started to flow into the tube. At least she's not vicious.

She's not hurting me. Very good. Keep it up, Susan nodded as she watched the milky fluid

flow down the tube. Her right hand continued to milk him, but she used her left hand to pet him,

stroking his hair as one may dote on a beloved pet. All of it, baby. I want it

all. Relax and let  
it all come out. He started to cry. It was so long since anyone had been so  
gentle with him,  
shown him any kindness. She wiped away his tears and kissed his cheek.  
Almost done. Squeeze for me. I need it all. You want to please me, don't you?  
He nodded, gasping and sobbing. Judy's screeching could be heard above the  
ambient noise in the  
stables. She had the paddle out again and was viciously spanking her subject  
with one hand as  
she shoved the other in and out. What the fuck is wrong with you? You want more  
weights on those  
nipples? Then produce you slut. Everyone, everyone, Ellen shouted. You need to  
be finishing in the  
next few minutes. Lady Caroline will be taking you all to an afternoon tea  
hosted by Ms. Smythe.  
While you're gone, we'll have submissive handlers, collect, and measure your  
milkings.  
The winner will be announced at the tea.  
Fuck, Judy shouted. Susan, your shit-for-brain stepfather is fucking worthless.  
Susan eased her gloved hand out of 576 and stood. She looked at Judy and smiled.  
Toe-doo. I'll expect that DVD this weekend. Before she left the pen, she stepped  
behind her  
subject and delivered a vicious kick. Her pointed toe-court shoe cruelly  
crushing 576's balls.  
He shrieked with pain and lurched forward as much as his bonds would allow.  
Susan grabbed his hair  
and pulled his head up to look him in the face. Never take a superior female for  
granted slut.  
She spit in his face, her spittle mingling with his own tears. We do what we  
want, when we want,  
pleasure or pain. It's our choice, always. Come on, girls. I'll answer any  
questions you have  
about milking on the bus ride to the smith mansion. Ellen gathered the girls in  
the aisle,  
and they made their way out of the stable. Another water ushered in a group of  
naked males,  
shuffling along in their heavy chains and manacles. The naked slaves moved into  
the pens,  
collecting the milkings grateful that their life, though one of slavery, pain,  
and humiliation,  
was better than the life of those in the stables.  
The girls looked out the bus windows as it made its way to the smith mansion.  
They pointed and  
talked as they passed groups of laborers working on the estate grounds. Verdant  
shrubs were trimmed  
into intricate shapes, rabbits, swans, and even a large penis. The estate  
groundskeepers  
wore decidedly unconventional uniforms. Each male worker was clad in pink short  
shorts and a pink  
crop top, both trimmed with white lace. Pink nesocks adorned their legs and  
their feet were shot in  
brown, high-heeled ankle boots. All were issued billowing straw hats held in  
place with a pink  
ribbon tied in a large bow under their chin. Their work gloves were the same  
shocking pink.  
Women overseers patrolled the grounds in golf carts, inspecting the work, and  
administering  
punishment and discipline for shoddy performance. The girls found it very  
amusing to see a group  
of naked males on their hands and knees trimming the grass using only manicure  
scissors.  
A female guard lounged in the shade of her golf cart, enjoying a cool drink and  
spurring on her  
charges with snaps of her single-tail whip.

Punishment detail, said Lady Caroline as they passed the naked males, they'll spend all day trimming the grass with their tiny scissors. It's not about actually cutting the grass. There are males with push lawnmowers for that. It's about punishment.

"I don't see any riding mowers or weed-whackers," said one girl. "Couldn't they get more done with power tools?"

"Certainly," Caroline said. "But constants won't hear of it. Noisy and fernal machines," she calls them.

"No," Miss Smythe prefers a manual and more traditional approach. Rather than throw machinery and technology at a problem, she uses manpower."

"You mean sissy power," said another girl.

"Exactly. That's one thing there's no shortage of. Constance has a long waiting list of applicants."

"When we get to the mansion, be on your best behavior, and remember she is Miss Smythe to you."

"When you are formally admitted into the matriarchal society, you will then be able to address her as constants. Feel free to ask any questions.

This is to be both a fun and educational outing."

"Pony carts," shrieked a girl from the back of the bus. Perfectly co-offed heads turned to see a

meadow beyond a stand of trees. The girls could clearly make out a cart being driven around a

circular track. A woman in a white blouse, white jodpers, and black riding boots,

was using her buggy whip to flick the flanks of the naked male pulling the cart.

"Yes," Caroline said. "The competitive season starts soon."

The girls assembled at the entrance engaged with wonder at the house.

Pink and grey marbled columns extending 25 feet in height lined the front. The circular driveway

was paved with large grey stones and circled an impressive sculpted fountain of a Greek goddess.

Liveried male attendants stood aside the main entrance doors, tall and massive structures of

carved wood and stained glass. The attendants' uniforms were reproductions of something from the

era of the French court. Tight cream-coloured breeches, scarlet waistcoats dripping with gold

braid, black velvet shoes with large silver buckles, and two-inch lewy heels, powdered wigs,

long eyelashes and rouged faces. The look was more theatre than functional.

Although they were obviously male, the look was so androgynous that someone unfamiliar with the

affairs at the Smythe Mansion would obviously look twice.

"Wow, this is so totally mag," Judy said. "Miss Smythe lives fucking large."

She looked over her shoulder to see if Lady Caroline heard her.

Sissy gardeners and fancy-ass doorman cool.

Lady Caroline assembled her girls and started to the door. The doorman gracefully opened the doors

and with bows and flourishes ushered the giggling girls inside. Waiting for them were two elegantly

dressed sissy maids who curtsied to Lady Caroline, spun on their stilettos and minced

down the long hallway. The girls' eyes were wide as they walked past erotic oil paintings

of women in power and authority. "'Who's this?' she asked." She stood before a painting of a

flaming-haired woman in a rust-colored dress and blue cloak. The woman held a spear and led a

group of warriors. The girls gathered round, transfixed by the sensuality and power of the work."

Its buddhika, leader of the Isini, a band of Celts, who staged a revolt and wreaked havoc on the Roman legions of England, sacking London and two other towns and slaughtering everyone she and her hordes could find. Amy pushed her glasses up on her nose. Of course, she would have that information at her disposal. She was in her final year, rather plain and looks, but gifted with an extremely high IQ. And she possessed a facility with a single-tail whip that impressed even her instructors. Yet it was her cold intellect and seeming lack of emotion that struck fear into the male-practice subjects. The prettier girls certainly aroused and excited them, but it was Amy who made them wet themselves during a pre-discipline inspection.

Lady Caroline nodded with approval. She found something to love about all her girls. With Amy, it was intellect and cruelty. She's quite right. Budhika was a fearsome warrior. There is a statue of her in London. I believe that the gift shop at the stables has prince of this work.

You may want to check that out when we get back this afternoon. She pointed across the hall to another painting. This is the painting of Umphale, the queen who bought Hercules as a slave. Hercules served her for three years. Some legends say that he was humiliated by wearing women's clothes and doing traditional feminine tasks. Female domination, power, and authority have a rich history. Both in legend, she pointed to the Hercules painting, and in fact, as she turned and pointed to the painting of Budhika.

It's beautiful, she was said. The way the painter draws the eye to Umphale in the center with the man kneeling before her. She turned to Lady Caroline. Is it real? She turned to Lady Caroline.

Is it real? Lady Caroline allowed a thin smile to cross her lips. She'd assisted Constance in the acquisition of this work and knew that the one in the Getty Museum—that one was a fake.

It's very valuable. Come girls, there's more to see. She waved her hand, indicating to the two sissy maids, to continue to lead the way to the salon. Further down the hall, they encountered the alcoves, tall enough to house a person, which they did. Each alcove held a naked or erotically clothed male. All in suggestive poses. They stood, pale, and motionless.

Look, statues of slaves, Jennifer said. Sweet, I bet they cost a lot. They look so eek. Its eyes moved. No. No shit, they're alive.

Girls, Lady Caroline took control. Yes, they're living statues. Something new that smith enterprises is developing. These are prototypes. You're among the first to see them. Come here.

The girls gathered around. They are living and breathing males. Caroline explained.

They've been denuded of all body hair, and their skin has been bleached, or in some cases, tinted, depending on their specific use as a statue. A marbled body tint is still in development.

For now an alabaster-toned bleaching seems to work best. Can they hear us? Certainly their brains are fully functioning. Or as functioning as one can expect from a male brain. This brought general laughter from the girls. They can see and hear us,

but can't move.  
Their muscular functions are paralyzed. There was a chorus of howl.  
It's a derivative of kirari from South America, something that was tweaked by  
the scientists  
in smith laboratories. It paralyzes the subject, greatly slows down the  
metabolic system,  
but leaves the senses fully intact. That was the difficult part.  
Paralyze movement, but leave them able to feel everything.  
They're on display for 12 hours, and then taken back to maintenance, where they  
are hydrated,  
fed intravenously, and given enemas. Tomorrow morning we'll find them back on  
display.  
Caroline removed a small leather quart from her purse. Watch the eyes, not me.  
Keep watching his eyes. The girls intently stared at the man's eyes.  
Caroline lightly slapped the statue's penis. You know what's coming, don't you?  
Your cock is going  
to be cruelly whipped as an object lesson to a group of young ladies. It's going  
to be painful,  
but you can't run, can't even move. She continued to lightly slap at the penis,  
teasing it, and the appendage attached to it. You're going to be punished,  
suffer horribly,  
and there's nothing you can do. It's inevitable. Your situation is hopeless.  
Pain.  
Two are going to feel pain. I see it. Yeah, me too. Yeah, his eyes. Everything  
about him is  
frozen, but I can see the fear building in his eyes. Excellent, girls. Watch.  
Caroline delivered  
two stinging blows that made the sissy-made attendants wince and pull their legs  
together.  
They'd witnessed this too many times, no matter what the pain and humiliation of  
being a sissy-made,  
it was better than being a statue slave. Caroline struck again,  
a blow that would have brought a man screaming to his knees,  
but the living statue remained motionless, save for the tears falling from his  
eyes.  
Oh, yeah, it's in his eyes, first fear, now pain. You could see his emotions  
change just in his  
eyes, nothing else. It's a valuable lesson, girls. Caroline returned a court to  
her purse.  
Submissives are liable to say anything, especially in a moment of pain or  
excitement.  
Pay more attention to how they say something rather than what they say. And  
watch their body  
language. Often the body will tell you what they can't or won't say. But above  
all, watch their eyes.  
Wow, that's some drug that the person who came up with that is going to be rich,  
Judy said. Caroline smiled. You'd lose that bet. The inventor, a smith-labs  
chemist,  
tried to sell it off to another company, a bit of industrial espionage.  
What happened to him? Was he arrested? No, girls. Constance handles these things  
internally.  
He's right over there. Caroline pointed to the figure and the alcove across the  
hall.  
The girls moved over en masse to visit the figure precariously balanced on  
eight-inch  
healed ballet boots. Wow, that's got to hurt. I like how he yells with that. He  
must love to  
get them off at the end of the day. Actually not. Constance had the bones in his  
feet crushed  
and then fused into the extreme ballet position by a team of doctors who do  
special projects for her. Caroline ran a hand over the shiny patent ballet boot.  
No, I'm afraid the only option for this one is to go through life continually on  
tiptoes.  
Come girls, Constance is expecting us. Judy sidled up to Susan. That slave in

the ballet boots,  
it's sort of like safe sex. Safe sex, Susan asked. I don't give it. Don't fuck  
with Miss  
Pennington Smythe. Lady Caroline led her charges down the hall,  
stopping occasionally to observe and comment on other living statues. The girls  
poked, prodded,  
slapped and pinched the statue slaves, laughing at the terrified responses in  
the prisoner's eyes.  
The two sissy maids slowed as they neared the end of the hallway, turned and  
curtseed.  
They waited until Lady Caroline led the last girl into the lounge. Then the  
maids curtseed again  
and minced back down the hall to take up their stations at the entrance.  
The girls found themselves in the richly well-appointed lounge. One entire wall  
was windows and French  
doors, the afternoon light only slightly diffused by elegant and expensive  
sheers. The doors opened  
onto a veranda, beyond which was the arboretum, where the girls saw naked males  
working. The other  
walls were finished in expensive wallpaper and exotic wood wainscoting.  
Erotic paintings and tapestries of women dominating men hung from the walls.  
Sissy maids scurried about the room, their only sounds, the clicking of their  
heels on the  
intricate parquet wood floor and the rustling of their petticoats. They were  
putting the last  
touches to tables adorned with crisp white linen, gleaming silver flatware, and  
polished  
china and crystal. Judy grabbed Susan's sleeve and pulled her around to face the  
door.  
That's her! It's her! Susan slapped Judy's hand. Don't point, it's not polite.  
But she followed  
the track of Judy's finger to the woman who dominated the doorway. Susan's eyes  
alighted on a tall woman, or at least she looked tall in her expensive designer  
platforms.  
They easily added six inches to her height. When the woman turned to greet a  
friend,  
Susan saw the seams of her expensive stockings.  
It's her! Miss Smythe! Judy whispered.  
Yeah! Susan said. She continued to watch as their host made her way into the  
room.  
Susan took note of their host's elegant couture, an exquisitely cut Chanel suit.  
Strings of pearls encircled her neck and bracelets of pearls, gold and precious  
stones stood out  
against the long black leather gloves that disappeared into the three-quarter  
length  
sleeves of her jacket.  
Look! Look! Judy pulled on Susan's sleeve and pointed again. She's got a slave  
on a leash.  
Yes! A slave! Lady Caroline gracefully moved to her two young charges, and also  
her husband.  
The three of them watched as Miss Smythe pulled her crawling slave into the  
room.  
She moved about the room, never watching the crawling creature behind her,  
confident that it would follow and obey any and all commands of the leash and  
hands.  
Wow! That rocks! She's awesome! Judy said.  
Do control yourself, Caroline admonished. Constance approached her friend and  
the two embraced.  
Caroline, lovely for you to visit. She cast a smile at Susan and Judy,  
and to bring your girls. She turned to the girls. Did you enjoy your morning at  
the stables?  
Oh yes, Susan said. Practice on the classroom simulators in the lab is one  
thing,  
but a real-life male, it really makes a difference. A slight twitch of the leash

brought the crawling husband to heel and Constance reached out with her black-gloved hand to pet his head. Melting your future husband and any of your sissy maids, servant staff, is an important ritual. It reinforces their submission, and if your lover is there to watch, it makes it even more humiliating. Having your lover actually do the milking can be even more humiliating,

Caroline added. A uniformed sissy maid minced up and curtsy before Constance. Everything is ready, madam. Constance merely nodded, and the sissy maid curtsy and teetered away on a pair of impossibly high stilettos. A second hand gesture brought the naked husband back to his hands and knees, as Constance ushered the group forward with a wave of her hand. Let's be seated, shall we?

Lady Caroline rose from her seat at the head table, and the room stilled. I want to thank our hostess for making her wonderful stable and staff available to us this morning. Polite applause rippled throughout the room, as Constance smiled and nodded. The lessons you learned today, Caroline continued, will serve you well as the matriarchal leaders you will become. Males will submit to you, both willingly and unwillingly, and I have every confidence that you will rise to each occasion, establish your dominance, and ensure the continuation of female supremacy. Caroline turned and motioned to a uniformed sissy maid who stepped forward holding a silver tray. Today, one of you distinguished yourself by your most excellent performance in the stables. The prize, the beautiful leather toss, from his smile, goes to Gretchen Covington, a giddy group at a middle table high-fived as Gretchen stood and walked to the head table. She received her prize from Constance and strutted back to her table, flicking the toss as she went. At the table, the girls took turns passing around the toss, and their sissy maid attendant, whose backside was reddened and welted by repeated applications of the wicked leather tool. The afternoon reception continued with the girls drinking tea and eating sandwiches and pastries, all served by a bevy of submissive sissy maids. Each table had two maids in attendance, and it wasn't nearly enough to serve the six demanding young mistresses who delighted in ordering the maids about, slapping, pinching, and kicking them. Caroline escorted Constance from table to table, introducing her to the girls in her class. Okay, Judy pouted, so neither of us won the prize. Susan tightened her grip on a sissy maid's nipple and shook her head as the sissy gasped. Yeah, still, it's been a good day, I mean to see all those males in the stables, kneeling day after day, and the way Miss Smythe lives, wow. Yeah, Judy grabbed the sissy maid's other nipple and squeezed, and, and Susan pinched the nipple harder and smiled as she watched the sissy's knees wobble. And this is what I want. She swept her free hand to the room. We graduate in two months, Judy said. Then we find husbands, Susan ground the nipple between her fingers, and lovers smiled Judy as she likewise tortured the sissy's nipple. And sissy maids, they said in unison as their demon grips on the sissy's nipples drove him to his

knees.

The end.

This is Miss Erica Kent. We hope you've enjoyed listening to female domination, Short Stories, Volume 1.

Watch for more fetish audiobooks from Romance Divine, and from Constance Pennington Smythe,

and from me, Miss Erica Kent.

And be sure and look for other audiobooks, both written and narrated by me, Miss Erica

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And don't forget my own books, Female Domination with Miss Erica Kent, Vintage Volume 1, and

Volume 2.

Volume 3 will be released shortly.

Volume 1, in Mistress Savage and Slave Tommy, a new slave is introduced to the basics of

proper slave etiquette and training.

The second story, Melking Mistresses, finds an unlucky slave about to be put in bondage

and milked, used and abused by a bevy of beautiful mistresses.

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be bound, spanked, and forced to masturbate.

The second of this series, Female Domination with Miss Erica Kent, Vintage Volume 2, also

contains three dialogues, the first Pantyways Pussy Michelle, Jennifer School Discipline,

and Slut Regina's Humiliation.

In Pantyways Pussy Michelle, Michael gets caught in his mother Barbara's undergarments

and is blackmailed into continued daily sissy pussy training.

In Jennifer School Discipline, disobedient schoolboy Jennifer, endures a much deserved

pink panty punishment and spanking.

Slut Regina's Humiliation finds Richard dressed in virginal white panties and prepared to

be defloured at one of Mistresses parties.

Thank you again for listening.

This has been Female Domination's short stories, Volume 1, written by Constance

Pennington-Smite  
and narrated by Miss Erica Kent.  
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