Neighbourly Dominance

A work of female authority

Dr Naomi Wyatt (PhD)

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"NEIGHBOURLY DOMINANCE"

By
Dr Naomi Wyatt (PhD)



With gratitude and thanks to my friend and sister in the female-led… Gillian Ormendroyd

INTRODUCTION

The fascination was with me long before I completed my B.A. in psychology at Glasgow before going on to complete my masters and then tackle my PhD before taking up a position in private practice as a clinical psychiatrist. Sex and our individual take upon it has always struck me as the foundation of the individual temperament and I myself have always had what some might describe as an *"abnormal"* interest in its forms – and not only in a *"clinical"* sense.

Hence this work of fiction and the factual notes with which I have supplied a more practical approach throughout its length.

I have now reached the age of forty-seven without any diminishment in my thirst for knowledge regarding the sometimes strange avenues down which our sexuality can take us and the brief observations you will see throughout this read (some 16k words and more) will be taken from two real-life case histories – though, as you will understand, being a practicing psychiatrist still, I am bound not to divulge either the actual names of those supplying the information upon which my notes are based or anything likely to lead family, friends, or familiars to the actual identity of those concerned.

No doubt it will strike you throughout the work that my interest is more than clinical on the subject of the urge to dominate in woman and the complementary, if sometimes unwilling, desire of men to bend their necks before female control.

In this, you would be right.

It is something with which I have had a fascination for as far back as I could remember and the female-led power exchange (though I was unable to describe it to myself in such a way during my fledgling years) was always a phenomenon that could not fail to move me with a power that has not abated down the years and, if anything, has become even more marked.

Another reason why I write this under an assumed name – though I am both a doctor and a PhD.

I hasten to add, that while I share many of the urges described by my sisters in their case histories, I have always remained in complete control of my desires and use them only for the purposes of the imagination and the self-gratification which always follows hot upon its heels. To do otherwise is to lead an unnatural existence the law of diminishing returns would be sure to make less and less rewarding and ignore the great gift of imagination nature bestows on us that allows us, if only in the third-person, to gratify those needs likely to prove harmful to ourselves as well as others.

So far so, I hope, understandable, and brings us nicely to the present.

Now that I have at last reached a maturity inclusive enough to indulge my own fantasy life – even if I do punctuate it with factual events by way of italicized notes – and the ease and anonymity with which one can publish these days – I see no reason why my writing should not combine fiction with fact to provide harmless consolation to those, like me, who have a certain sexual fixation with dominance and control yet find themselves prevented by their own inner restraint and a knowledge of certain consequences likely to impair their own self-esteem and, possibly even, their livelihoods should evidence of their desires be made know to either their loved ones, the media, or both.

I know that many of my friends in the world of psychiatric medicine who are necessarily more fully informed when it comes to their own sexuality and, consequently, less disinclined to speak freely on the subject in more (apologies if this sounds pompous) learned and enlightened company believe it can be a mistake to delve to deeply into those factors that decide our sexual leanings and fetishes. And to an extent, I agree with them. So long as an individual's sexual impulses do not have a detrimental effect upon his own life or those around him or her, I see no reason to interfere. We should feel neither guilt or a need to seek help for our innermost and imaginative thoughts. Unless, of course, those thoughts become too powerful to remain in our subconscious and require us to act upon them in a way that *is* harmful to ourselves and others.

When this occurs, of course, it is not only desirable but *imperative* that the individual in question either seeks or has treatment thrust upon them and the reasons that render the imagination unable to supply consolation and a physical outlet demanded are analyzed.

I mention this simply to assure those of you about to read the following story and accompanying brief case-histories that this work is intended only to titillate those of you with a similar fascination for power-exchanges of the kind and *not* to somehow suggest that the incidents described are something to be aspired to.

Enjoy and *imagine!*

Dr Naomi Wyatt (PhD).

February 2019.

PROLOGUE



The powerful and metronomic in and out of her thrusting was driving him ever closer to an edge from which he knew he would never return.

That he was being physically and mentally mastered by a woman only served to sear the experience more permanently onto his psyche, as all the repressed feelings of childhood and maternal authority transferred themselves onto the younger woman who had so swiftly and effortlessly positioned herself as the dominant personality in their strange and warped version of a relationship.

Feelings that did not have his actual mother as an object but had transferred themselves somehow to the woman currently taking his last virginity.

Leaving him with the same unanswerable question:

"How could she possibly have known he was ripe for such domination and have achieved it with so little effort – and in so short a time?"

And especially as he had no inkling of such a personal weakness or kink himself?

And now he was caving in beneath her will. He sensed it. With every thrust of her latex cock he became more and more her creature.

And, heaping shame upon shame, gloried in the subjugation of his manhood to her all-knowing and physically unanswerable femininity as her voice reached his ears from behind without any slowing of the pace with which she defiled him:

"A few rules. You will always call me Master Rebecca. None of this "Mistress" nonsense. I am not your lover and I want you in no doubt of that fact. In public or with other people – unless I tell you otherwise, you will be act like nothing more than my dutiful employee and housekeeper. You will call me "Ms Rebecca" and will be at pains to be polite, correct, and dutiful, to both myself and my guests."

He felt her hands at the sides of his stomach and her thrusting stop.

Only to be resumed with a slower and even more insistent thrusting a few moments later; as if she were giving him time to take in the seriousness and intent of her words while emphasising the power she had to make him obey them.

As if he was not aware already.

"When we are alone it will be a different story," she began again, betraying not the slightest breathlessness from her determined usage of him. "You will never be standing when I enter a room. You will be on your knees or prone and available to me at all times and in all ways. You're aware by now that I am physically stronger than you and mentally tougher and that with each hour you pass in my presence you become more and more addicted to my control and authority over you."

She raised a hand and brought it down to slap his naked flanks by way of emphasis, a smile he could not see greeting the shiver of discomfort that rippled the length of his body and the sigh that greeted her easy assumption of control when it came to him.

"I am what you've been seeking your whole aimless life," she told him as her metronomic assault upon him continued. You need my control. You need my training. And, if I am truthful, I've been in search of someone just like you also."

He almost collapsed as her hands went under his shoulders and the hard nipple of her own arousal pressed against his back as she slumped forward.

Never had he felt so ashamed…

So helpless…

So…

Controlled!

“I have been a professional dominatrix and been paid to provide men with their masochistic pleasure,” her voice rasped in his ear. “The closest I could come to exercising the discipline you beasts require and I need to give you, and earn a living. But it was never enough. Which is why I changed tack and advertised my talents for domination to other women who wished to learn them.”

She kissed the nape of his neck, almost fondly, and a thrill unlike anything he had ever experienced almost make his knees buckle.

In fact, had it not been for the beating he knew she would dish out to him if he disobeyed her in such a way before she had completed his deflowering. E would certainly have done so.

“Your mind, just like your arse, is mine now, and I intend to use them and the rest of the body it belongs to.”

He listened with part disbelief to her contention, only the sensations of what she was doing to him now and how low she had already taken him – and so swiftly – preventing him from laughing out loud.

But he didn’t laugh.

In fact, he screamed as his female master began to thrust into him with a renewed vigour that drove the breath from his lungs and again had what thoughts he could collect marvelling at how quickly she had turned him into her…

Creature…!

RALPH



23 Months Ago

My name is Ralph and I'm 40 years old, just under six-feet and considered good-looking. I'm a freelance content-marketing writer and work from home in an apartment block overlooking the Thames in a gated development on Canary Wharf. The block is made up mostly of mid-successful singleton's such as myself, most of them women.

Do I know many of them?

Picture a disappointed shrug.

There are lots of professional and single women I the building but, despite my looks, I've yet to meet any and don't get out much both because of my work and a basic reclusiveness. I don't mix easily, you see – a factor that, more than anything else, explains why I love the work I do as it is almost entirely completed while online in the privacy of my apartment.

The above desire for my own privacy and my lack until now of having experienced a personal relationship with a female of any length something I've felt since childhood. My parents passed away when I was young and, as an only child of parents who had been without brothers and sisters themselves, it fell to my grandfather as my only living relative to bring me up. He had divorced my now deceased grandmother after discovering her affair with the man who had been his childhood friend and was no longer. Here had been no revenge upon her – or "burn-the-bitch", as it's called – and neither had he gone atomic on his traitorous friend.

It just wasn't my grandfather's style.

He had simply erased them from his life – despite my grandmother's regrets and her pleadings with him that she loved him alone and it had been a drunken mistake. To the day she died, he did not speak or write a word to her and remained suspicious of women until the day he himself passed away and left me his heir. When the business belonging to his disloyal friend went under in mysterious circumstances it was rumored my grandfather was at the bottom of it, but if he was he did not confide his part in it to me.

By that time, of course, I was in my late-twenties and a fair amount of his distrust for women had brushed off on me.

He viewed them as mercenary, deceitful, and controlling – even his late daughter, my mother – and, being the main adult figure in his grandson's life, it was inevitable I would grow with issues of my own

And especially when the women I did get together with on an irregular basis did something to underline my burgeoning prejudices in regard of their sex.

It did not strike me that these supposed faults of theirs were probably no more than self-fulfilling prophecies; given I was trying so hard to find them from the moment I had made their acquaintance.

Anyhow, I mention the above simply to explain the background to my desire for privacy.

A privacy, thanks to the neighbour I am about to describe to you, that soon became a lot less than private.

Or anything like it.

I am, in fact, surprised I'm being allowed to write this unsupervised, so micro-managed – to use a polite term – am I.

My apartment is number 28. Top of the shop Directly across from me is the only other apartment on the top floor. Number 29. My last name is Welch and the name of the woman who moved in shortly after me is Walsh.

Rebecca Walsh, making our initials the same.

Our first meeting was life-changing.

I had taken on a content-marketing task for a new website which intended to specialize in female dominance, forced feminization and bondage. Not my thing, I assure you, but a lucrative assignment and one that didn't trouble me over much. At least not until a genius working for the pay-site decided to send me the research I had asked for in the form of the magazines they also sold, rather than as an attachment to my email. and an even finer intellect in the form of a postman placed them through the door of my neighbour and hers in mine.

I intended to deliver the wrongly delivered mail to the neighbour I had yet to see and introduce myself at the same time but, as it turned out, she was of the same mind but quicker on her feet.

I opened the door to a tall and powerful looking woman I took to be in her mid-forties and would later learn was in her early-thirties.

She was probably about my height – even barefoot as she was now – and had a powerful body that was obviously the result of much gym-time.

It was not a look that made much appeal to me, preferring as I did, my women to be lithe and feminine.

Her short black hair, page-boy cut and adding to a face severe of feature enough to make it a chore to look upon, did not add to her appeal and the cut of the two-piece grey suit in which she was clothed didn't help any either.

Which gave me no right to be rude and, when she held out my incorrectly delivered mail and I assured her I was in receipt of her own, I quickly asked her to come in while I retrieved it for her.

As I waved her through to my living-room and its views across to the Ilse of Dogs and Greenwich beyond, her back view seemed even more forbidding. My guess was that she was at least a stone heavier than myself – even with my sedentary lifestyle – and I remembered hearing that muscle is heavier than fat. She must have been wearing shoes with such a suit and had obviously kicked them off before stepping across the corridor from her door to mine.

Her feet, I told myself were the most appealing part of her on view and, being something of an appreciator of the female-foot, I found my eyes lingering on them and their immaculate scarlet nails.

At least until she turned suddenly and I was forced to jolt my gaze away, praying as I did so that she hadn't noticed my scrutiny.

She wasn't, after all, my type and I didn't want to raise her hopes.

Her hand when she held it out to shake my own was as powerful as she looked and it was only with a struggle that I managed not to yelp she crushed my fingers.

She introduced herself as Rebecca and I returned the compliment.

There was a small smile on her severe face and, for some reason, it irked me.

It seemed to me as if I were being… *demeaned*.

Which was when I noticed the brown paper package in her hand and the supposedly discreet but easily recognisable logo of the publishing company behind the launching of the new femdom website for whom I would soon be writing.

For a second, I was concerned. I wouldn't want the neighbours thinking I was pervert, after all. But then, how would she know the name of the American company or their logo anyway?

It was a question she would answer for me herself in the months to come.

Moving into the room and taking in what I knew to be a more appealing view of the river than could be found from her own apartment, she sat down uninvited on my sofa and crossed her, admittedly shapely, feet at the ankle as I sat across from her and she immediately set about – though this was something I only worked out later – wheedling out of me the details of my life.

Even at this early stage, I remember telling myself, there was, I told myself, something… *off* …about her.

Something that made me feel… *nervous*.

I tried not to react as we exchanged our wrongly delivered mail, hoping she was as ignorant of the contents in my own as I hoped.

As I said above: it was a question she herself would soon answer for me…

…"Tongue," she ordered as I knelt before her in my own apartment fully clothed.

Seated comfortably on my sofa as I adopted a supplicatory position below her, my eyes were mesmerised by the swinging foot that dangled a navy-show with spike heel from the type of powerful legs I had yet to find erotic in the past but – if my painfully swollen cock was a guide – did now. She kicked the dangling shoe to the floor and the earthy and sweaty scent of feet that had spent the day in pantyhose filled my nostrils in a way that would once have appalled me.

And now had an opposite effect.

To my amazement, and not having to be ordered twice, my mouth opened and I allowed my tongue to protrude as far as it would go.

"Good boy," she praised me with a mixture of pleasure and obvious mockery for my subservience. "I want you to be familiar with all your Master's personal scents. And what better way than to bathe her feet in their nylons after she has spent a day at the shops."

I felt horror.

Revulsion.

Intense anger.

And something far, far worse than the three together.

Desire!

As her toes covered my eyes and I felt her hose heel against my tongue and its all but indescribable taste. I felt an inexplicable lurch at my groin and my already substantial arousal take on another worldly dimension.

A dimension that became another universe as her toes travelled slowly downwards that my tongue and its horrified and aroused taste-buds might know the high-arched sole of her foot and the encased toes above as well as it now knew her heel itself.

Which was when she brought up her other foot to jiggle my thankfully concealed scrotum and I screamed as I felt my balls erupt into my underpants and her toes thrust into my open mouth…

…Never had I been so glad – and so disappointed – to wake from my sleep.

And it would not be the last disturbing sexual dream in which she would play the starring …and dominant… role…

CASE-NOTES-1 - Jenny

"Jenny", as I shall describe her, is a large woman in her mid-thirties. Unmarried, she has until recently felt conscious of her above average height and the powerful build men seem to find intimidating.

She is no longer embarrassed at not being zero-sized and flat-chested and stated to me that, when she dresses in a certain school-marm way, she receives more than her share of longing looks from certain men.

What troubled her was the increasing intensity of her thoughts towards these men and the fact that recently it had led her to become more demanding and dominant towards the long-term boyfriend for whom she had warm and genuine feelings.

They had been together fro three-years and, up until recently, Jenny had been able to keep her dominant desires in his regard to her fantasies.

But that had changed.

Her dreams, more and more, concerned 24/7 situations where she had somehow placed herself in complete control of their everyday life and was beginning to insist he show his commitment to her by various forms of worship.

Forms that mostly involved his tongue upon her most intimate parts – no matter the condition of her hygiene – and being denied the right to coitus with her with anything other than a face-dildo which she fastened to the back of his head after placing him in a mask that covered the top half of his face and revealed only the eyes.

The latter form, she assured me, with him rhythmically thrusting at her to a pace she decided as she kept im in place with an authoritative and humiliating hand upon the top of his head, was the most erotic thing her thoughts had imagined to that point and one she had come across during her time spent on a number of sites featuring videos on the subject of female domination of the male.

And the various dreamlike ways in which she cemented her power over her oblivious boyfriend were becoming, she said, more and more obvious and draconian.

It was this usage – imagined or not – over a man for whom she had genuine feelings, that was making her guilt almost unbearable and, not having a confidant of either sex with whom to discuss her fantasy life, led her to me.

What truly worried her, was that she was beginning to become more dominant in the bedroom and, as much as this abbreviated exercise in

female power was exciting her and her boyfriend seemed to enter into it in the spirit of a sex game, she was becoming more and more fixated with the idea of somehow taking complete control of him for real.

She had genuine feelings for her partner and, though she was becoming more and more transfixed by the prospect of controlling his life in both the domestic and the sexual sphere, there were also real worries on her part that to try and force him into the kind of submissive ole she craved from him would drive him away from her. He was, she said a nice gentle man but had shown no inclination of wanting the kind of *"female led"* marriage in mind, even if he had given in good-naturedly to her recent and subtle attempts to up the ante in regard of her dominance.

She was also adamant that she wanted to wield power in a relationship who was NOT a masochist and simply obeyed her as the superior partner from either a fear of losing her, because she was of a stronger mindset, or both.

The pleasure she would get, she insisted, would come from winning his obedience to her even though she knew he gave it unwillingly.

A *"pleasure"*, given she was adamant she did not want a man who actively embraced his inferior role, she was at least self-aware enough to confess was most unlikely.

<u>My advice…</u>

I advised her not to push her agenda and to leave her baser desires to either the imagination or to those female dominant practices her

partner was willing to allow her to adopt in the bedroom and, perhaps, beyond.

From her description of him, it was plainly obvious he had feelings for her and was only going along with her more controlling behaviour because of these feelings.

What struck me from her descriptions of him. Also, was the almost complete absence of that masochism that was a peculiar perversion of the psychical vita sexualis. That embracing of another's control over one – subconscious or more rationalized - in which the individual affected in sexual feeling and thought, is controlled by the idea of being completely and unconditionally subject to the will of another person. Of being treated by this person, in fact, as by a master.

This idea is, obviously, hidden deeply or more to the fore, informed by a certain lust inspired by countless numbers of childhood imagery or genetic place-setting whose power, once brought to the fore or at least acknowledged, can be irresistible in power and leave the man or woman in possession of these feelings living a life vivid in imagination that, most times, is enough to satisfy his or her cravings.

But not, alas, in the case of Jenny, whose desire for complete domination of her spouse had gone way beyond the capacity of her own imagination to satisfy it.

Which left reality as her last option.

Role-playing in either the bedroom, the home, or both, was of no interest to her and, far from assuaging her hunger to experience full authority over her man, only seemed to stoke the fires of her need.
Jenny had reached the point where only real and 24/7 acknowledgement of her domestic and sexual command could satisfy and, despite my warnings that in all my years of practice I had never come across a successful joining of the kind she wished for - other than that of the sado-masochistic variety - she set about shoe-horning her man into the role she expected of him.

Conclusions…

As I'd suspected, when Jenny became more demanding of her partner – even going so far as to show him certain "female-led" websites and getting him to read fictional stories that came closest to her idealized and unrealistic view of the relationship she wanted with him – her partner decided he had indulged her and left both her and the flat they shared.

To say that Jenny was devastated is to understate the level of her disappointment and, yes, *bitterness* in and toward his man she had thought would prove… *"the one"*.

She remained my patient for another three months but it soon became apparent that her needs and desires were so powerful they were, without making her a risk to herself or others, beyond any balm of rationality or treatment I could apply. At her very last appointment with me, I was informed as she left that she had set herself up as a professional dominatrix and, though it was nowhere near as satisfying as her fantasy life, the sublimation at least went some way toward

gratifying those desires that had become so strong they were beyond local-repair.

Mark this brief case-history a failure, I know I have.

Note

I chose Jenny as my female case-history for the simple reason she most closely embodied the female character I wished to portray – physically as well as mentally.

A physically imposing and matronly looking woman who, though by no means unattractive, would not be most men's idea of a *"looker"*, as the parlance has it. In fact, had professional composure not provided its usual assistance to me, she was a woman I would – and sometimes did – find most imposing. The large breasts and powerful legs that were, just the same, -albeit in a caricatured form - still shapely the basis of my description of Rebecca.

Rebecca



Twenty-Three Months Ago

I'd had no need to try and open the wrongly delivered envelope to know what it contained.

The publisher's name was on the back and I was familiar with the magazines I would find inside from my own line of work.

And just what is that, I can hear you ask?

Briefly, what I do is to school women who want to enjoy a degree of control over the men in their life. It's something I've always been good at, despite not being anything like the blonde, botoxed, and collagen lipped barbie-dolls many men seem to prefer these days. My own height and physique pre-empting any desire I might have had to exercise power over the male-beast from below in such a puerile way.

Even if I had – the need to earn a living insisting – been forced to take on the role of professional mistress for a number of years before finding my true, and lucrative, vocation and putting the days of pretending to be in control of the male-beast as it paid me to help it satisfy its perverted and unnatural rocks.

Fuck that.

Natural, to my mind, was men accepting what women decided for them – in all ways.

Not being able to dictate simply because they had bigger bank-balances.

I'm a strong – physical as well as mental – woman who finds women who stoop to cosmetic assistance to get men under their thumbs contemptible and, fortunately, there are other women like me who will pay to learn what I know when it comes to getting a man to toe the line.

And pay handsomely.

The reason I could buy my current apartment and still be well-off and why I had been considering going part-time with the women who visited me at my home for… *training* …in the arts of the female-led relationship.

With no shortage, of course, of willing, if masochistic, males to act as models during my lessons.

Not having to pay them one more winning facet of the deal.

Up until seeing something of my new neighbour, I had also been content to let a few of these chosen and willing subs pay to come and do my chores for me. But this had changed. And the misdirected mail belonging to him had set my thoughts along the lines of something more permanent.

Something more…

Real.

From the first contact of his extended hand with mine when I returned that mail, I felt a thrill of pure sexual attraction that made my mind up for me almost instantly.

This was someone I knew from the get-go that wanted in my life on a permanent basis.

A permanent and *unequal* basis.

He was very good looking and in his early-forties by my guess, and my feeling was that, despite these good-looks, he had yet to know either marriage or a long-term relationship.

In fact, everything about him screamed private and insecure and I sensed a weakness in him I was sure he had no idea existed.

In other words, an apple waiting to be plucked.

I quickly learned that he was a freelance writer who worked from home supplying blog content to various websites on a wide-range of subjects varying from finance, to wine, to politics and, as I would soon discover, sex.

And sex of a kind with which I was very familiar.

Even if he wasn't.

Though he soon would be.

There are certain giveaways with submissive men – even if they haven't yet admitted their need for a strong woman to themselves – and my joy was unconfined when he supplied me with one of the most telling not minutes after we'd first met and had invited me in to his home.

And what was this giveaway?

Why nothing more sinister than catching him trying to sneak peeks at my feet and the nails a sub had only finished pedicuring that same morning.

His interest obvious despite the fact I knew I was far too intimidating to be attractive to him.

Yet.

It was with a different sense of purpose that I returned to my own flat and began, for the very first time, began to consider having a man in my life on a full-time basis – even if the life I was determined that man would have with me would not exactly make him feel like a new man.

It was – or at least what passed with me as such – love at first sight and I knew without a shadow of a doubt that I was going to domesticate and enslave to me this man I had only know for a few brief minutes.

My success, I admit, owed in part to a postman whose inefficiency would soon align our paths once again…

Ralph



Twenty-Two Months Ago

Over the next few weeks, I noticed my new neighbour had many daytime visitors. The entry-phone buzzers are loud and voices carry from the hallway. I was surprised as she had not struck me as a person who would be in great demand socially. Something that suited me as I enjoyed both my own privacy and the silence that went with it.

I had no idea what she did for a living but, in common with me, she seemed to be home during the day. The peephole in my door showed me that, almost without fail, all her visitors were women. Women who appeared, from my less than ideal vantage-point, to be as well-groomed as they were expensively dressed and confident, while the odd man who turned up always struck me as… *apprehensive*.

I only glimpsed her for a few seconds through her open door at these times but saw enough to see that she was always dressed in two-piece suits that emphasized her powerful build and her legs sheathed in nylons and heels that added to her considerable height.

Her legs themselves, I noticed, were shapely enough but – like the rest of her – far too muscled to be of appeal to me.

Except for her feet, that is, for which I was fast developing a fancy only the rest of her body prevented from becoming… *dream fodder* …if you take my meaning.

In fact, as much as it puzzled me at the time, I had experienced more than one interlude with my own hand and her surprisingly shapely feet to the forefront of my mind.

Puzzlement that would have been even greater had I known the part those feet would soon be playing in my everyday life.

Apart from the early mail mix-up, we had barely interacted except to say hello and goodbye and the usual brief small-talk but, as it turned out, it was yet another mix-up with the mail that proved to be the start of my downfall.

When I answered my landline, the husky and somehow provocative voice that answered my greeting might have had a more libidinous effect upon me had I not known what its owner looked like; unable to reconcile the sexiness of her voice with the severe and cold landscape of her face.

"I have some *more* of your mail for you," she said, with what I took to be a disapproving emphasis on the word *'more'*. I'm not busy for the next hour if you want to pick it up."

It sounded more command than invitation.

And there was certainly no friendliness or warmth in her tone.

Though there was a certain indefinable something to her voice that puzzled me.

She showed me in and I noticed she was wearing a knee-length black skirt, a white-shirt and calf boots with bare and tanned legs. Scarlet and vivid lipstick covered the thick lips that seemed out of place with the severity of the features above. Once again, I told myself that she just didn't do it for me.

Her apartment was both minimal and pristine.

She did not ask me to sit down and I waited for her to hand me my mail so I could thank her and get back to my own apartment.

Rebecca moved to a low and glass-topped coffee and picked up a package covered in the same brown paper in which the Femdom publisher had sent the last magazine for my research.

When she handed me the package I could see immediately that it had been opened.

I also saw that her hands were upon her hips and she was adopting what I can only describe as an… *authoritative* …pose.

"Was there something else?" she asked as I waited for her to supply an explanation for my opened mail – hoping I could use the opportunity to explain away the content she had obviously found inside it while taking her to task for the intrusion.

My wait was in vain as her disconcerting eyes fixed unblinkingly upon my own.

"It's just that I, hmm, wondered why my, er mail has been opened?" I asked, wishing I hadn't asked the moment the words left my mouth.

She just stared at me and I felt, ridiculously, threatened.

"Anyway, I'm sorry you were troubled. I'll leave now and let you get on."

I turned to leave.

A hand upon my shoulder twirled me back around.

“I don’t think so, Ralph,” she told me with a shake of the head which, along with the unsought physical contact, was most annoying.

Almost, it seemed, as if she were saying she had some kind of authority over me.

Had I only known!

“We have things to discuss first.”

“I don't know what you mean”, I stammered, wanting nothing more than to leave her apartment and not go back.

To my astonishment, she ripped the brown envelope from my hand and took out the magazine with its cover depicting a semi-naked man cowering before the towering figure of a leather-clad black dominatrix as she raised a tawse above her head.

“This,” she said, holding the cover out to me. “This is what we need to discuss.”

And now I was really angry:

“First of all,” I told her, “its gross bad manners to open a stranger’s mail. And second – though it’s none of your business in any way shape or form – that magazine has been sent to me by its publisher that I might have an idea of what they offer their readers so I can create some content for the new website they are in the process of designing. I have no interest in what they’re offering other than the money I’ll be paid for writing the necessary content.”

“Rubbish!” she snorted derisively. “This is what turns you on. Why not simply admit it?”

Her tone of voice was of that superior and sneering kind I had noticed many times from the pretentious lower-middle-class wannabes who had come my way in the past. A superior and jarring note in direct opposition to any ability or intelligence in their possession. Even if they were missing the self-awareness to ever realise the absence – though I was not, as a rule, one to allow my own middle-class background in the shires to pass judgment in such a way.

Then again; even Guardian readers have their tipping-point.

“Whether it is or it isn’t – and it most certainly *isn’t*,” I told her in my haughtiest and most condescending tone, “I would hardly expect to be judged for it by a small-minded stranger who is not above the opening of a neighbour’s mail. Now, if you’d be so good as to return my property, I’ll bid you…”

I gasped with shock and no small discomfort as *“my property”* slapped across my face and backhanded me for good measure – the fact it was nothing more solid than a laminated paper not lessening the effect it had on both my cheeks and my sense of masculinity.

And worse was to follow.

Allowing the magazine and its envelope to fall to the floor, she slapped my face hard with her open palm and sent me reeling, thoughts marvelling as I did so at the power behind the blow.

She was, my dazed thoughts realised, as strong as she looked.

Before I could recover both my wits and my equilibrium in order to defend myself, she pushed me down to the floor by the shoulders and stood over me.

“Goddess and Slave,” she jeered. “About right for a snivelling excuse for a man such as you.”

It was an outrage – *she* was an outrage – and I had taken more than enough of her shit.

Pushing upwards from my knees, I prepared to regain my feet and do what was necessary to leave her apartment without coming back.

And without making an intolerable situation even worse.

It was not, and you can only imagine my shame as I write this, not to be.

Her second open-palm slap rocked my head to the side and scrambled the senses I had only just managed to persuade to return.

In part, anyway.

Being an old-fashioned kind of guy whose parents before they passed had brought him up to respect and revere the *“weaker sex”*, the power behind her slap delivered as much in the way of awe as surprise and what thoughts I had left to me marvelled that a woman could have such strength.

“If you’re not a posing pussy just waiting for a strong woman to make his life her own,” I heard from above me, her voice reaching my ears as if through cotton-wool, so scrambled were my thoughts from nothing more than just two simple slaps, “then why don’t you get up and prove it?”

I shook my head to try and clear it and, for the first time, after having experienced the physical power behind what were nothing more than two slaps to the face, I began to feel that I might not be a match for her physically. Her feet in the calf-length boots were below me and spread arrogantly with the pointed toes of the boots aimed outwards.

Had I looked up then, I felt sure her hands would again be on her hips as she regarded me arrogantly.

The strong muscled calves running upwards beneath the knee-length skirt seemed only to verify my suspicion that her regularly worked out body was superior to my own that spent its time perched in front of a computer apart from the odd walk to either the river or the shops.

All I wanted at this point, despite the humiliation my growing fear of her instilled in me, was to return to the safe haven of my own apartment.

I again made to rise.

Only to be prevented by a hand upon my shoulder as it pressed me forcibly back down to the wooded slats of her living space.

“Try to get up without my permission again,” she told me, “and I’ll take down your trousers and underpants and spank your disobedient arse until it’s red-raw and you’re screaming like a little girl.”

Despite my still foggy thought processes, the quiet way she said it was frightening. In contradiction to what she insisted the magazine proclaimed about me, I was *not* submissive. But neither have I ever been a fighter of any description and her threat, woman or not, chilled me.

And something else.

I was suddenly aware that my cock was straining inside the trousers she had just threatened to remove.

But why?

Her behaviour towards a neighbour who was also pretty much a stranger appalled me.

And, with a hit to my manly pride, I truly felt afraid of her as I allowed her to manhandle me back to my knees.

How could I possibly take anything of a sexually arousing nature from that?

She bent over so her face was inches from mine and I felt her warm and not unpleasantly scented breath upon my face.

“In fact,” she told me, “having you naked isn’t such a bad idea. It will put us on the right footing.”

My head came up, mouth open.

She surely couldn’t be serious.

Could she?

She could.

“Get your clothes off,” she said in a louder and more threatening voice.

“You…? You can’t…?”

“Oh, but I can,” she said, cutting off my pathetic protests by taking my ear between her fingers and twisting it as if I were some recalcitrant schoolboy from a thankfully outdated Victorian schoolroom. “And I won’t tell you again.”

“Look, Rebecca,” I began, realising she had to be insane and reason would get me further than defiance. “We’ve gotten off on the wrong foot and I apologise. But I want to go back to my own home now and I really don’t want to have to report you to the Police.”

So much for reasoning.

Now it was my hair she grabbed a hold of, yanking it back until my face was turned upwards towards her, the painful grip she was exerting upon my ear keeping me in place.

She was powerful, threatening and physically intimidating. I found I could not look her in the eye and did not doubt that she was serious. Looking back, I truly believe I was in a state of shock at what was transpiring – though now more than ever I realise I would not have been able to withstand her even if I'd had my full wits about me.

Suddenly, and adding to the shock keeping me immobilised, she dragged my sweatshirt over my head and threw it to the side.

"My… Aren't you the puny one," she sniggered.

Not seconds later, it seemed, I was bereft of the rest of my clothing, my token efforts at resistance swatted away as if it were a child making them as the sense of unreality I was feeling crept over me more and more.

I was in a neighbour's home.

Naked and abused.

By a woman who had – and still was – a virtual stranger to me.

It occurred to me then, that even if I were to report her to the authorities I could hardly expect anything other than derision.

Worse, perhaps, if the venal and pruriently sensation seeking tabloids were to get their hands on the story.

Just because I was a loner and had only a very few friends I saw on a regular basis, it didn't mean there weren't acquaintances and business contacts it would mortify me to have made aware of my treatment at her hands.

Treatment, had I but known it, that was only just beginning.

"Yes," she said, sensing the direction of my thoughts. "It would be just too embarrassing and humiliating for you to have a light shone on your sordid little needs."

My eyes went to hers questioningly, both of us knowing I did not have needs of such a kind.

Sordid or otherwise.

"I'm sure that if you have femdom magazines, then there must be even more evidence of femdom porn on your computer – even if it is…"

She gave me a derisive snort.

"…for research purposes… I don't think the authorities will have any trouble drawing the conclusion you're just another pathetic male pervert who gets his rocks off being dominated by a woman."

Finally, my clothes shed and thrown in a heap to the floor as the truth of what she was saying echoed in my head, she took me by the hair once again and lowered me to my knees at her feet. Handcuffs were produced from somewhere that escaped the range and scope of my shamed and racing thoughts and, before I could even think of the consequences of what might happen next, my wrists were locked together. In no more than minutes she had physically overpowered and restrained me.

Which was when, as I remained before her in a state of shock, naked and cuffed, she stepped backwards and slowly circled me.

I was suddenly aware that the cock that had once been so inexplicably hard from her treatment of me – and had probably led to her drawing the conclusion I enjoyed such treatment - was now shriveled after the fashion of a tortoise head withdrawing into its carapace for protection from imminent threat.

It did not escape her attention and she kicked my thighs apart that she might better observe the phenomenon she had caused, her expression telling me that the handling o men in such a way was not exactly a new experience for her.

"I hope your tongue is longer," she smirked, looking downwards.

Then, still looking at the penis I had always considered at least average – even if it didn't look it at the moment - she shook her head:

"I'm not even sure I'll be able to get a cock-cage small enough to fit you."

Suddenly, as if to underline her dominance of me and that she intended it to be ongoing, she began to bitch-slap me back and forth; only stopping when my eyes rolled up in my head and I was on the verge of passing out and I could actually feel my cheeks swelling from the power of her slaps.

Through it all, I still had enough sense left to me to wonder just how a mere woman could subdue me so easily.

Then, when she considered I was again thinking at least a little clearly, she pulled my head up and using both hands wrenched open my mouth to spit in it.

I truly thought I would vomit over her legs and her boots and only the fear of what the woman my thoughts were already describing as a female sociopath might do to me if I did kept me my gag-reflex in check.

"You dream of having a woman own you and I am going to make your fantasy come true," she told me.

I wanted to scream that it simply wasn't true, but knew it would make no difference to her. She could not have been more wrong – even if my cock had inexplicably betrayed me earlier - and the nonsense she was spouting could not have been further from the truth. I valued my own privacy and independence far too greatly for my manly pride ever to submit to such a thing – let alone desire it.

As she smeared the residue of her spittle over my face and I again fought back my desire to retch, I told myself to simply get my ordeal over with and then put my apartment up for sale and leave – hiring, if necessary, some protection to keep her away from me until I could leave or, humiliation be damned, involve the police.

"My saliva is marking you as mine and soon it will be my urine," she told me, cobalt blue eyes not inches from my own as seemed to penetrate my very soul and imprint a chill upon it.

"As of now I'm going to take steps to own your mind as completely as I am going to own your body. Before you know it I will be the most important person in your life."

I simply stared at her with a mixture of stunned disbelief and a fear of her that was growing stronger by the second. I barely knew the woman. Yet something told me there was method as well as determination behind her seeming insanity. She was, I knew, deadly serious in what she was saying and doing – as well as being physically capable of backing her threats up.

"Stay!" she ordered as if I were a canine she was training and then left the room for a moment, but before I had a chance to gather my clothes and bolt for the door, she returned.

"Good boy," she said demeaningly. "From now on you don't do anything without my permission."

I stared up at my insane female captor and saw that she was completely serious.

Placing a powerful hand at the back of my head, she mashed my face into the skirt masking her crotch and I was immediately aware of the scent of her arousal.

A scent that had my treacherous cock once again venturing forth from its scrotumnal carapace.

"From this point on, you don't talk, you don't move, and you neither piss nor shit without my permission."

She underlined her words with two casual slaps to my already swollen cheeks.

I was, as weak as I know it makes me sound, too terrified to either move or speak at that point, so her proscriptions were unnecessary. I simply stared up at her, dazed, restrained and naked as the sociopath responsible patted my head as if she were rewarding me for good behaviour. Thankfully, however, she gave no indication of having noticed the cock her scent had engorged without my even being aware of it..

The latter something that embarrassed and shamed me at least as much as the effortless way she had been able to place me in such a position.

She moved to the sofa and sat down with those powerful legs crossed, regarding me with an expression reeking of contempt, lust, and possession as she pulled up her skirt to reveal massively powerful tanned thighs and a bare and depilated cunt.

The sight, for some reason, hit me with the force of a blow to the guts.

And was not missed by my already painful cock.

“From now on, little Ralphie,” she said, infantilizing my name despite the fact I was not far short of a decade older then her - this as my eyes feasted upon the first hairless pussy I had seen in the flesh;. “you will be naked whenever you are in my home and going about your chores.”

She seemed to think it over.

Then:

“Well, naked apart from your little cock-cage – if I can ever find one to lock you away in.

“Chores?” my thoughts raced. *“Did she truly think I would ever be visiting her again once I left here?”*

She did.

And the way she compelled me to do so was ridiculously simple.

“Crawl over to me,” she ordered. “and place your nose next to my pussy.”

She had seated herself in the center of the sofa and, before I even realised I was doing it, I crawled with raging cock to the spot she indicated and placed my nose as close to her moist and hairless pussy as I could without touching it.

“Good boy! Now I want to hear some deep breaths through your nose as you become acquainted with your Master’s scent.”

Appalled at hearing her describe herself in such a way in regard of me, her masculine usage of the word heightening its demeaning effect upon me, I did, just the same, do exactly that and took what I had to confess was the intoxicating aroma into my nostrils as my cock strained to heights it had yet to experience.

“Okay, little Ralphie,” she said after a minute that seemed no more than seconds to me. “You can put your servile tongue to work nice and slowly on my cunt.”

The demeaning words were no sooner out of her mouth than my tongue was slathering over her labia as if it were Lawrence of Arabia and her pussy a long sought after oasis, my own thoughts on the issue irrelevant as my body seemed to be acting independently of any reservations I tried to send it..

A pussy belonging to a woman who had stripped me, beat me, humiliated me and now intended to use me as her sex toy.

And here I was, as inexplicably excited as I could ever recall having been.

She grabbed the back of my head and pulled me into her thighs as she spread her legs and moved forward slightly on the couch to allow my thirsting tongue easier access to her cunt. The powerful thighs surrounding my head were hot and yet cool upon my cheeks at the same time and her pussy itself was moist with anticipation. Obviously having me in such a position excited her and I could do no more than acknowledge – hating to do so as I did – that being like this before her excited me too.

Everything was happening so quickly.

Too quickly for my addled brain to take in.

Not minutes before I had been no more than a neighbour coming to pick up some wrongly posted mail.

Now here I was, cuffed and naked with my nostrils full of her scent and the flat of my tongue sweeping the length of her hairless labia as I was forced to pay homage to a woman towards whom I had not had a single solitary sexual thought.

At least not until she physically abused me and I so cravenly submitted.

"What the fuck's happened to you?" screamed my thoughts beneath the arousal I felt for finding myself in such a position of worship and supplication.

"Have you become a masochist in the last five minutes or something?"

I had no time to consider the question further as the pressure of her powerful thighs increased either side of my trapped head and I was urged to still greater efforts to please her.

I licked and I sucked, sucked and I licked, as if my existence depended upon it; all the while as my cock pulsed in a rage of need and frustration I had never felt so keenly before.

My efforts rewarded when, proving she was every bit as excited as me – albeit from a different vantage point, her thighs suddenly tightened around my head and she let out a series of low keening moans.

The pressure was immense and it felt as if my head must surely split in two as I struggled to take a breath.

Then, to my relief, her body suddenly spasmed and the pressure from her thighs eased enough that I could breathe again and my thoughts cleared enough for me to be able to wish she would either take care of my erection for me or, so far gone with lust was I, that she would uncuff me and allow me to take care of myself as she watched.

As it turned out, it neither her hand or mine to whom the job was delegated a minute or so later.

Placing a booted foot upon my shoulder, she shoved me onto my back and began to knead my erection with the sole of her foot as she stared down at me with a look I acknowledged even then was that of the owner for the owned.

An acknowledgement that made no difference at all as, not two or three strokes later I exploded in the most powerful, mind-blowing, and utterly emasculating orgasm of my life until then…

CASE-NOTES-2 - CLIVE

Clive, is a man in his mid-forties who was very much like the man in the fictional story these case-notes are intended to underline. Though his personal situation is neither as drastic or as far gone as that of my fictional *"Ralph"*, he is in thrall to a woman of domineering personality who has not only single-mindedly chased him but continues to work upon his defences that she might become a figure of control in his life. I have asked him to persuade her to join him at our sessions but the prospect terrifies him; given that she has no idea he has been seeking my help while still seeing her.

Clive is a very good-looking man who, also in common with my fictional Ralph, has a morbid fear of women based upon the absence of them as role-models in his early life and the prejudices of the uncle who brought him up towards them.

His boarding-school and boy's-only education, with male educator's and only one single female authority figure in the form of the school's middle-aged and no-nonsense nurse-cum-matron, having done nothing to make him feel at ease with the opposite sex, even as he continued to desire them. In his relationships until his current one he has always made the mistake of either placing the woman in question upon a pedestal or being suspicious of her motives in wanting him. His enjoyment of his own company and the solitary existence that goes with it neither conducive to healthy sexual relations or warm social interaction. Something the

new woman in his life picked up upon very quickly and used as a means to burrow under her defences in a far more subtle and underhand way than the heroine of my tale.

Unlike my heroine (sic) however, the woman who has set her sights on him is a more traditional beauty and - though he is undeniably a handsome man himself – gives him a feeling of pride whenever they are seen together in public.

Of course, the fact that he is as comfortably off financially as he is well-served in the area of physical appeal must be of no small appeal to the woman herself.

At each of our monthly sessions I have noticed a change in him. Gradually and insidiously, his new woman is placing herself in a position of absolute authority in his mind. What was once a union of equals is fat becoming a relationship between master and servant – and he is *not* the one described in the masculine honorific.

Strangely, the more I point out the manipulative nature of her actions towards him on his monthly visits, the more annoyed and animated he becomes and declares himself insistent about not taking such treatment from her in the future.

So why, upon his return the following month, has her authority over him seemed to increase and he acting more and more demoralised by her and fearful of her displeasure.

More and more, he looks to her for validation: from the way he dresses to the way he acts around her; and the sex between them sounds more about him serving her orally than any shared and loving coitus.

It is this lack of penetration and his acceptance of it – though he assures me he still wishes to function sexually with her in such a way – that leads

me to believe what I am seeing is his latent masochism being brought to its full fruiting by this devious woman who spotted it early and decided to use it to gratify her own mental and sexual peccadillos.

To the male masochist, after all, *coitus* is of no real importance when compared to the joys of submitting one's will to that of the dominant woman and it is this transference of his longing for normal sex into a need to receive his erectile gratification either by her hand or his own, beneath the sole of her hosed foot, or, as he recently confessed to me shamefacedly – though not without excitement, I noted, to be doing so to a woman who was in a relative position of authority over him – as he humped the smooth and bare skin of her calf as she towered above him haughtily and he knelt with his arms around her legs in a position of sexual and mental supplication.

More and more he comes under her mental and sexual spell and, though I myself as stated in my introduction, find such female supremacy over the male as he is gradually ensnared into doing her bidding and finds himself, shall we say, *"tamed",* exciting and highly erotic, it is my duty to make him aware that such a *"taming"* is neither healthy for his well-being or that belonging to the woman in question.

There is now – and I have witnessed it before – a kind of dull and anticipatory excitement to his eyes that had not been sp prevalent during his early visits to me.

He is beginning to actively welcome her domination of him and beginning to experience what those who participate in BDSM scenes describe as *"Subspace".* That delicious and irresistible urge to place one's will at the disposal of another's. An urge, once satisfied, that will require itself to be satisfied with even greater frequency until such submission becomes the norm and the life one had once known disappears more and more fully from view.

This was where *"Clive"*, as I call him, had reached when he told me he had reached the end of our sessions and after I satisfied my own profession conscience by giving him my complete and unbiased advice – despite the excitement and, yes, envy I felt for the woman who was in the process of placing her metaphysical – later to become physical, perhaps – collar about this handsome and affluent man's neck.

<u>My Advice…</u>

As much as I visualized myself in the woman's position of growing power over him in the privacy of head and its more libidinous and less than healthy fantasies, I remained – and remain – professional and caring enough to not allow a patient to slide into a harmful situation with ensuring I had done everything I could to ensure he was aware of the dangers he was running.

Dangers, in this instance, that were very real and made more pressing to my mind by the knowledge of the inroads this woman – a lay-woman, presumably, had made into his subconscious mind and the power she was beginning to wield over him with greater and more marked sadism with each month that passed.

So great was her power over him by now that, though he could still acknowledge and be animated by my pointing out of the way she was manipulating him, there was less and less in the way of anger or outrage and far more by way of… *acceptance*.

My assertion, that he was running the danger of losing a life he had loved until then and replacing it with a life of sexual and domestic service to a woman who could kick him to the curb at a time of her choosing – most likely after having secured his money and property for herself – simply

to experience the joy of personal submission to the will of another, was greeted by a shrug.

Almost as if he now saw it as his fate to be the chattel of a woman and was not just accepting of it but actually excited to have been chosen as her flunky.

Conclusions…

Another failure – though I have had no contact with Clive since and have no idea how deep into human bondage his devious and dominating mistress has taken him.

And the one that excited my own human failings in the area of female/male sexual relations to such a pitch I felt compelled to write this short fiction for others who enjoy such stories.

Written mostly though, as I remain an honest and decent person at least, for myself and my own sexual fantasies.

Fantasies I am, at least, more than capable of allowing imagination to satisfy.

Though I do wonder if this would be enough if temptation of a real and lasting kind were ever to present itself to me.

Rebecca



Twenty-Two Months Ago

That he deferred to me so easily and seemed genuinely uncomfortable in my presence; despite the fact he had grown aroused when I'd pressed his nose to my pussy and ordered him to take deep breaths through his nose, only reinforced my first impression of him as the man I had been looking for to share my life.

Albeit not after a manner of his choosing.

But then, choice itself was not something I ever intended would play a part in his life again.

Please, I know what you're thinking: another man-hating bitch from an abusive background and parents who showed her no affection, sublimating for its lack by venting her anger on men.

WRONG!

My home-life across the Thames in Kent was about as normal as a background can be and my parents were *always* affectionate.

Both of them.

So, if you want to apply some cod psychiatry think again.
If my need to be in control of my own life and that of any man I allow into it comes from anywhere, it comes from somewhere deep in me.

And if I don't analyse something that gives me so much pleasure, then why the fuck should I allow anyone else?

Let's just say that *no* man has *ever* abused me and none ever will.

My need to control them and the pleasure I get from teaching other women to do the same is not something I've ever tried to analyse. Why would I? The sheer unimaginable pleasure I get from making a man obedient – even if it is to another woman – is simply too wonderful to ever risk losing it by trying to analyse where it came from; so let's nip that approach in the bud right now.

That he thought, along with you, I was insane was self-evident and, in a way, I suppose I am. So what? A choppy sea is still the sea, after all, and insane or not his coming slavery to me would still be slavery – no matter how off my head he considered me.

And considering me mentally unstable, I had already noted, had not stopped him luxuriating in that first tentative sniff of my flooded pussy.

Knowing what I knew then and still know now when it comes to male submission – willing or unwilling – I could tell from the look of admittedly agonised ecstasy crossing his features as they bathed in my scent that he soon be in no doubt that I was his owner and, if he wished to experience that scent again, he would need to be pleasing to me.

“Would you like to kiss my toes, little Ralphie,” I asked after the sole of my boot had brought his cock to a forceful explosion I could see shamed him, even through the obvious and perverse pleasure he took from it. “I’ve seen how you keep looking at my feet and you have your Master’s permission to answer.”

He was unable to reply and, in a way, I understood. I was, after all, in the process of tearing down and remodelling his safe and secure little world into something of my own choosing. And, not an hour in from his entering my home for the first time, he had been stripped naked, bitch-slapped, and forced to his knees with his hands cuffed behind him, before being forced to crawl between my legs and lap, dog-like, at my hungry pussy.

“I hope you’re not trying to disrespect me with your silence,” I warned him, fetching his eyes out on stalks as I produced the short and vicious looking whip I had placed at the side of the sofa precisely for this eventuality.”

His unblinking and terrified eyes stared at the whip as if it were a King Cobra who had just noticed his presence.

I continued:

“And especially after I allowed you the honour of tasting my superior cunt and then allowed my boot to reward your pitiful little cock.”

My original assessment of his weakness – physical and mental – proved spot on when I saw tears forming in his eyes. As was so often the case in my experience, it was usually the more intelligent men – and especially the more attractive variety of the breed - who succumbed to domination by the female most readily. The cossetted and relatively trouble free existences they had known, prior to being targeted as likely servants and submissives, leaving them totally defenceless before a woman of power and resolve determined to break down what defences they had.

“Do you want to show my feet your gratitude for my kindness towards you?... Or…”

I fingered the whip lovingly and left him in no doubt that not only did I mean the implied threat but would enjoy carrying it out immensely.

His horrified expression and the internal dialogue going with it was easy for me to read.

We were in the 21st Century, in a luxury top floor apartment in a prestigious complex in the centre of affluent and regenerated Dockland, not thirty minutes from the din and hubbub of London itself.

He was a man and me a mere woman.
How could this be happening?

Men are so transparent.

I slashed the whip across his bare shoulders just to assure him he was not dreaming.

“I asked you a question?”

“P-Please, Rebecca,” he began, a whole world of emotions transfusing those two simple words, ranging from shame, to anger, to outright fear as I confessed to myself that I had yet to experience the pure sexual high just being near this man and dominating him in such a way.

Meeting him had been the perfect storm of good fortune – for me.

Sexual kismet.

A cocktail mixed with all the components I realised I had always been seeking in a man.

High personal attraction – at least on my part; the weakness I had suspected in him from the start and was in the process of confirming; and all the other social and personal factors that made him absolutely perfect for my intentions going ahead.

The fact he worked from home. His lack of family and close friends. And the fact, wonder of wonders, that he lived across the hallway from me.

For the first time in my life, I had met a man I not only wished to control but actually live with.

“You have three seconds to start licking my feet or…”

I again fingered the whip, the eyes he could see lasering towards him leaving no question of my intent; then I began the count:

“One…”

Ralph



Twenty-Two Months Ago

I awoke in my own bed with a pain in my head, a dry mouth, and an uncomfortable constraining sensation between my legs.

Which was when the events of the previous day came rushing back to the forefront of my mind with a vengeance.

An image of the butch-bitch, as my thoughts had taken to describing her, looking down at me with my chin gripped by her fingers was the first thing that filled my mind – though the second and more terrifying followed upon its heels pretty quickly.

Throwing back the sheets, I stared with horror at the stainless steel ring encircling my scrotum and the cock cage above into which she had forced my cock after finding she did have a deice of the kind small enough to fit me.

It hadn't been a dream!

"What the fuck had I gotten myself into?"

"Could I really be so weak I could allow her to put such a device on me?"

"And what kind of a woman owns a selection of such things?"

Her words after she had forced me to *"worship her superior cunt for the first time,"* as she put it, echoed around my head:

"Not too shabby for a first effort, but you need to improve before you're up to my standards. I'll be expecting it from you on a daily basis – and probably more than once. I don't like cocks in my pussy unless they're made of latex. I much prefer an obedient male tongue. So you can forget ever getting that tiny thing inside me… But don't worry, I've plenty of ways to reward little boys if they're good."

I was staring into her eyes after she had pleasured my cock with the sole of her boot and could see she was one-hundred-percent serious.

And quite insane, I had assured myself.

Why else would she believe such a thing?

Did she truly believe that I would ever return after I left her apartment?

A recall of her next words assured me she did:

"If you're not here doing your chores, you had better come running as quick as your legs can carry you when I get the urge. And I don't care how important what you're doing is. Forget about using your cock like a real man. It's no good to me or probably any woman and you won't need it from now on except for when your master - that's me, in case you haven't got it yet – thinks your behaviour merits a little treat."

She had laughed and then told me to remain on my knees in position while she took a look in her bedroom for something suitable for me to wear.

That *"something"* was currently locked onto my cock and balls and I was staring at it with a mixture of anger and terror right at that moment.

And something else.

Something… *sexual*.

An image of myself licking at her feet, after she had told me she expected to be thanked for rewarding my cock, placed itself at the fore of my thoughts and served only to make the sheer scope of my weakness more… *shaming*.

No matter that she had threatened to take the skin from my back if my thanks wasn't forthcoming.

There could be no man worthy of the description who would allow himself to be disrespected in such a way; not matter how great the threat and how powerful the woman willing to carry it out.

You can imagine the feelings of mortification and disgrace which plagued me as I recalled allowing her to treat me in just such a way.

Worse, she had taken footage with her iPhone she had now sent to her cloud and lay waiting there to be shared with the world-wide-web. She had even escorted me back to my own flat and forced me to give her the password to my computer so she could download them onto it and leave a paper trail – this after she had sent herself an email addressed from me that virtually begged to accept her as a household servant and sex slave.

The reason, the email stated?

"Because I'm infatuated with you and always want to be at your side – and in any lowly position that pleases you."

Even if I were to summon up courage enough to report her to the police and brave the contempt I would see in men's eyes, it would look as if I were just another pervert who wanted a woman to mistreat and enslave him.

But, more disturbing than all of the memories of the day before that had come rushing in on me the moment I came awake, was the cage imprisoning my cock and balls.

And not just the encircling steel ring and the tiny locks attaching the bars of my prison to my manhood.

No.

That pride of place was reserved for the howl of pain extracted from me as my inexplicably excited cock fell short of full tumescence before meeting the unyielding steel of my cage.

It was at this point, willing my swollen cock to recede, that I flung my head to one side and saw a sheet of writing paper on the bedside cabinet I took to be a list of some kind.

It was.

A detailed list, with times and a spare key resting atop it, itemizing the chores I was expected to accomplish for her during the coming day.

There was also a book resting upon the cabinet she insisted I read.

In order, as she said, to give me some insight into the kind of life she had in mind for us going forward.

Though she was at pains to point out that the contents would apply to only in the most general terms and that at no time would we ever be man-and-wife.

As you can imagine, this was of some consolation to my caged cock and the bemused and shell-shocked thoughts keeping it company.

The book itself was by an author who called herself *"Gillian Ormendroyd"*, and from the title and the cover photo it was plainly obvious to me what the subject matter would be.

Subject matter that I found utterly appalling when regarded in the light of reality.

Though my freshly minted shame wasn't lessened any by my caged and still treacherous cock and its reaction to the text.

A text which turned out to be the – supposed – semi-autobiographical – tale of a woman who had transformed her married life intone of service and complete and utter obedience.

For the husband.

I have included just one of the extracts that shocked me so.

As well as filling me with a perverse and emasculating sense of sexual elation for which my pride could find neither explanation nor slave…

EXTRACT

"…Hugh, sweetie, come and sit next to me, we need to have a talk."

His agitation and sense of foreboding was instant and for this I could attach to him no fault.

"What is it, Gills?" he asked, forgetting himself with his use of the Christian name whose use I had forbidden him when we were alone, wrongfooted, no doubt, by his recall of the last time I'd used those near exact same words and the rather one-way conversation that had followed.

It was no excuse.

"Want to try that again?" I said in a low voice – symbolism of a verbal kind? - I knew he would find menacing.

His face coloured as it always did when I upbraided him and as I hoped it always would.

“I meant to say, hmm, what is it, hmm, ma’am?... I’m sorry.”

He looked so abject as he apologised that I couldn’t help my lip curling with contempt for what he had let me make of him.

Despite the great fulfilment and delight I took from having reduced him to such a condition.

“Don’t forget again,” I warned him. “I’ve kept my word about not expecting you to show me the same respect when we’re in company and the least you can do is keep yours when we’re alone.”

“Yes, ma’am. I really am sorry. It won’t happen again. I promise.”

No matter how often it happened, both wifely mind and womanly pussy couldn’t help but react, if differently, to the change.

The former with wonder and the latter with an altogether more physical and... moist... delight.

Not a couple of months before he would have laughed himself comatose had anyone suggested such a turn of events.

And he wouldn’t have been alone.

Yet, about to be ordered to the floor at my bare feet, and though I knew he hated himself for what he was becoming, here he was, apologising like an indentured seventeenth-century flunky whose very life depended upon the master he had just offended.

Again:

Incredible!

“You’re forgiven this time, sweetie, but mummy wants you to take your place at her feet and listen as she has something very important to say.”

He was barefoot and wearing the baggy tee-shirt and knee length shorts I’d suggested as his “househusband” attire and the look of my handsome dependent moved me to love, affection and, yes, disdain.

As it always did when he lowered himself to sit at my feet with his back to the sofa like the beaten man he now was and I intended him to remain.

My lightly tanned legs rose above him as he nestled in to hear what it was his "mummy" wanted to say to him.

That somewhat overused description, by the way, one I'd cribbed from some stories on the Net and incorporated into our day-to-day.

And especially when I supplied a soundtrack to my manipulations of his "pee-pee" on those occasions I felt he deserved a release or was just of a mind to play with the cock I no longer used except as a means of extending my power over him.

Knowing as I did that something deep in his psyche – perhaps all men's psyches – responded positively to hearing me describe myself in such a way.

"MUMMY."

A description of myself I was seriously considering getting him to use on a regular basis as a substitute for the more formal and, in this instance, less demeaning "ma'am".

Considering it now, in fact.

"You know mummy loves you, don't you sweetie?" I asked when he was settled and my fingers were toying with a lock of his hair.

"Yes, hmm, ma'am," he said with his usual hesitation over the word and about to become even more hesitant with another.

"Call me mummy," I told him as I played with his earlobe.

I felt his body tense.

"Can you do that for me, sweetie?" I asked in a kindly voice. "I'd really like it if you addressed me that way when we're alone together from now on."

"I... I..."

"Well? Can you or not?" I said, allowing no more than a note of displeasure to enter my tone. "Is that really so much to ask after all I do for you?"

It was enough.

I was convinced now that even my tone of voice carried with it the weight of the symbolic.

So surely and so swiftly had he been conditioned.

And with such surprising ease.

“Y-Yes. Of course I can do that, hmmm, m-mummy.”

Placing a hand beneath his chin, I tilted his head back and leaned forward to plant a great smacking kiss upon his lips before exploring the inside of his unresisting mouth with my tongue to let him know he had pleased me.

I believe this is called:

“Reinforcement”.

“Thank you, sweetie, that means a lot to me. I know I’m not your real mummy but… But you have to agree, I am responsible for you and it just seems natural that you’d defer to me in such a way.”

I’d sensed his whole body melt as my lips met his and I wondered if that had been how I’d felt to Ronan the Barbarian when he’d manhandled me over his young knees and spanked my arse until I’d cried as if I myself were a pre-pubescent in need of a firm hand.

Deliciously weak, that is.

“And you know I love you and that your my number-one boy, right?” I asked, spanking forgotten and not to be repeated and feeling now instead an almost divine sense of strength.

“Y-Yes… M-Mummy,” he stammered out.

“Good,” I nodded. “Because that’s important to me as your mummy.”

The words spilling from my lips sounded absolutely ludicrous to my ears and I could only wonder how they must seem to him; but that said, it was also incredibly empowering to be able to speak to my older husband in such a way and have him accept it.

“I want us both to be happy and that means making sure I look after you,” I told him. “My good boy understands thaat, doesn’t he?”

He nodded.

“Now, now, sweetie, your mummy asked you a direct question.”

“S-Sorry, m-mummy,” he told me in a voice so choked with emotion, gall and, more importantly, defeat, it was little more than a croak. “I, hmmm, understand.”

“Oh what a sweetheart for me you are. If I were ever to lose you I don’t know what I’d do.”

I kissed him again, the top of his head this time, and was surprised to find myself sincere.

I truly did love my husband and life without him in it was unthinkable.

The problem, for him, was that I just didn’t want him in that life as a man.

“And did you enjoy yourself last night?” I asked.

The body below me froze and I could tell he had no desire to revisit the new twist I’d put on his release just the previous evening.

“Y-Yes, hmm, mummy,” came the desired and affirmative croak.

“Mummy knows how much you love her legs and especially when she wears her black hose,” I revisited anyway, continuing to refer to myself in the third-person. “That’s why she thought you’d enjoy rubbing your little pee-pee against her thigh until you…”

I giggled, though not nastily.

“And you did enjoy it, didn’t you?”

Wanting to get through this as soon as possible, he saw no need to prevaricate and extend the ordeal of recall by refusing to acknowledge a truth that was simple and incontrovertible.

“Y-Yes, mummy.”

“Yes, of course you did. And mummy did too. You just looked so incredibly cute as you humped away.”

I giggled again with genuine mirth.

“Almost as if you were a little doggy humping at your owner’s leg.”

Even from my position above and behind him, I could see his cheeks were at a level of redness that was pretty spectacular even for him these days and decided to ease back on the humiliation.

A little, anyway.

“But you’re not a doggy, are you? No. You’re mummy’s good little boy and the most important thing in her life. Never forget that.”

I smiled at the top of his head with genuine affection for the pleasure his submission to me inspired.

“You won’t forget that, will you sweetie?”

The croak was even more pronounced this time:

“N-No, m-mummy.”

“Promise?”

“I… I promise…”

“That’s my lovely and obedient husband,” I cooed, cutting in to save him the addition of the new honorific. “I know you love me and want to please me too, sweetie, and that’s why I wanted to have this little… heart-to-heart.”

His shoulders tensed, seeming to anticipate bad news – at least for him.

My next words did not disabuse him:

“I’m afraid we have a problem if we are going to stay married, sweetie,” I began. “Just how big of a problem though really depends on you. And I’m hoping you can show you can prove your love for me by being really understanding.”

His shoulders remained tensed and, though I’d taken a lot of trouble to ensure he spoke only when spoken to when we were alone and asked for permission to do so if it was absolutely necessary, I knew he was about to do just that.

“Were you about to say something, little one?” I asked in about as patronising and demeaning a voice as I could muster. “Because I don’t remember mummy asking you a question or giving you her permission to do so if you were.”

He was at a loss, which, in fairness, was only to be expected given he was a man at the business end of his forties being treated as if he were a disrespectful adolescent by a younger wife who insisted he call her "mummy".

It was the least of his problems and I think he sensed it.

"You see," I went on, not missing his sigh of relief as he realised an answer wasn't expected from him, "though I love you as my little boy and I love to give your little pee-pee lots of pleasure when you've been nice and obedient, It's impossible for me to see you as a man anymore."

The face he turned up to mine as he twisted around, one handsome cheek pressed up against the smooth and tan skin of my calf, was near stricken and I read his concern instantly.

"Oh, no! Mummy doesn't mean that. That's the last thing that will ever happen if I have my way."

I kissed his forehead as a way of reassuring him.

"You're my special boy and I'll want always want you to be at my side," I told him. "I don't want to ever leave you… But…"

I paused for a few moments, solely for effect, as he stared up at me looking terrified whole I congratulated myself on how far down the scale I'd already taken him in so short a space of time.

Then:

"The thing is, sweetie," I began, expression one of feigned apology and regret, "I'm still a woman and I have needs. I know you really try with your tongue and I do enjoy having you show me how much you want to please me in such a way, even though I know it's not something you really like doing. And I know that applies even more at those times when I ask you to lick mummy's arse."

Despite all the humiliations he had endured and was enduring, my handsome husband's cheeks again flushed red – redder - at my mentioning the degrading attentions he now supplied my back-passage whenever I pronounced myself in the mood for them.

"I wish it was enough, sweetie. I truly do. But it's not. Nowhere near really."

My poor husband's face was a picture of pure and helpless misery and what I was about to tell him was, I knew, not likely to prove a help.

“You see, my darling boy, mummy doesn’t blame you for not being able to satisfy her the way a husband and real man should. That’s just not you and I accept that. You’ll always be the love of mummy’s life but she really needs to feel a nice fat cock in her every now and then.

Poor Hugh was utterly demoralised, and looked no better as I finished:

“And I don’t want to sound cruel, but we both know yours isn’t up to scratch, don’t we?”

END OF EXTRACT

For some reason, and one I assured myself it would be in my best interests not to confide in the woman who was already riding roughshod over my life with such ease, I kept my shamefully excited response to the book – and the above extract in particular – to myself.

It prevented my neighbour’s increasing dominance over me not one whit.

*****

The Koreans back in the day, insisted that the first part of conditioning a man is to isolate him from his normal environment and, through sheer repetition, subject him to the function you intend him to operate at from now.

This, in the weeks after she had so effortlessly commandeered my life was exactly what she did.

Apart from the content-writing commitments she allowed me to continue fulfilling, my day became a round of service to her and, before long, was becoming to seem both routine *and* normal to me.

Walking a trolley behind her subserviently as we shopped and praying nobody noticed how condescendingly she spoke to me was but one example of that service – and at least it got me out of the apartment. But there were any number of humiliating domestic and sexual acts, ranging from handwashing her underwear to ironing, hoovering, and cleaning – even if, and to my surprise, she enjoyed cooking and did that herself; though I was of course required to clean the kitchen and wash the dishes afterwards. I seldom saw anyone save for the ladies who paid her to show them how best to manage the men in their lives and the pitiful examples of my own sex whose willingness to be treated like human excrement – and paid for the privilege – made them the perfect models for these housewives and career women who were seriously considering the pursuit of a female-led marriage or relationship.

To my surprise and massive relief, however, I was never expected to act out in the same way of the men she used as models and was kept fully clothed the entire time.

Which did not mean I was not expected to be servile and deferential and serve refreshments when required as well as escort paying female customers to and from the apartment.

In fact, he most humiliating thing I had been ordered to do was to supply the bitch Rebecca with a foot-rub and massage – after bathing her feet with my tongue first, of course, in front of the three ladies in attendance at the time.

This before the *male models* on all fours before them did the same.

And you would not believe the sums – both men and women – paid for the privilege.

But it was one early evening after the latest round of *"pupils"* had left that my *"Master"* took my growing subservience and ensured it would be at her disposal for all time or for as long as it pleased her – whichever came first.

And no, it wasn't the face-dildo she had placed in my mouth and strapped to the back of my head that took my already considerable feelings of fear for her and the subjugation that went with it to new levels, this after she had kept me naked and on all fours with the latex cock driving rhythmically at her pussy.

What truly made me her creature came shortly after when, bare from the waist down except for a pair calf-length boots with dagger-heels, she unstrapped me from the face-dildo I had just used to serve her and towered above me with an expression of complete ownership.

"You looked so, so, pretty and natural with that cock sticking out of your mouth I think we should see if it looks good in the other end too."

The prospect horrified me. I had never had the least desire to have myself penetrated there – by man or by woman. But the more I bowed my head before her the easier it seemed to become. In fact, a strange lassitude I now know as *"sub-space"* even made her domination of me seem… *appealing.* Though how she had seen this in me at so swift a stage of our relationship – for want of a better description – I couldn't say. Especially when I had been unaware of harbouring desires of such a kind; even when reading the research material the magazine publisher had sent me that I might be able to write effective content their magazine.

I watched with equal measures of anticipation, fascination, and horror, as she inserted the plug that had recently been fastened inside my mouth and from which sprang the latex cock into her hairless pussy and extended the fastenings to strap it around her waist.

Then she stepped behind me and out of sight.

I heard her spit and then felt her moist fingers invade my rectum.

"Stay!" she barked as I made to crawl away.

And, just like the obedient and dutiful canine she was making of me, I forced my shaking body to do as she bid.

"Good boy!

And then, suddenly and without any consideration of my virgin status when it came to the act, I felt the tip of the cock my face had only just been urging into her insatiable pussy enter surprisingly easy into my back passage and felt myself invaded as my monstrous mistress mounted me.

And then began to thrust.

“Yes,” she cooed from behind me, hands stroking and controlling my naked flanks possessively. “You take to being mastered like a natural.”

There was not air enough in my lungs to venture a reply and I was in much discomfort.

And yet…?

Something in me was responding to her violation of me. Something that thrilled to her feminine power and seemed to make her usage of me seem almost… *normal*. Righteous even.

The most incredible feelings – as shaming as they were delicious – coursed through my veins and I knew nothing would ever be the same with m again.

What I had at first thought would be a game she would soon tire of playing was coming to seem more like a permanent addition.

To both her lifestyle and my own.

I was being pounded now as she began to pick up pace, her taunts exciting her in the absence of a cock inside her as she pummeled me into submission and thrilled to take me still further down into the depths of subservience as my beleaguered thoughts found enough cogency to at least admit I would be even less of a man than I had been before she took my last virginity.

When my Master finally got off me (I was even describing her in such a craven way in my thoughts now, so low had she taken me) I was physically and mentally drained. Beaten and broken. It had been the most revolting experience of my life.

And yet…

If that were the case, why was my cock thrusting against its cage with a power I had seldom experienced?

The answer was not one I wished to acknowledge.

What self-respecting man, after all, wanted to admit to himself that he was beginning to crave abuse at the feet of such a creature?

But, acknowledgement or not, the truth was no less stark.

Not only had she physically overwhelmed me, but she was in the process of gaining complete and utter psychological ascendancy over me also.

I was, I realised with a sense of helplessness as my life slipped further and further from my own grasp and into that of another, becoming addicted to her domination of me.

Master and *"Little"* Ralph



Nineteen Months Ago

She sat on a stool in her kitchen, drinking coffee he had just prepared, wearing shorts and black pantyhose as he knelt on the kitchen floor below her dressed in the shorts and ankle socks she had decreed would be his serving attire, the legs – and indeed the woman – who had once made no appeal to him filling his thoughts with lust at her growing dominance of him while the contraption at his groin ensured his obedience to her.

His eyes fixed upon her severe and unwelcoming face these days as if she were a mix an all-powerful commanding officer and Aphrodite herself and he prayed it would not be long before she considered his behaviour worthy of another release.

Be it from his humping of her leg, her dismissive and disparaging hand, or, as she once so gloriously conceded, from the sole of her hosed foot as he squirmed beneath her in a frenzy of pusillanimous and perverse sexual joy.

Finally, looking down at him with a look of total ownership she said:

"It's time we had a serious talk – and you have my permission to speak back."

His eyes went wide, three months ago, had anybody suggested he needed their permission before speaking, he would have simply turned his back on them, walked away. and cut them dead.

But not now.

“We’ve reached a point where we need to put things on a more… *permanent* …footing,” she continued, sending a thrill of dread through him.

“You belong to me. You may not like it, you may not want it, but that's the way it is and, if you’re truthful, a part of you welcomes my dominance.”

“That… That’s not true,” he refuted her, his voice sounding weak and ineffectual even to himself.

“No?” she asked with sarcasm, staring down at him with mocking eyes that emphasised the lie his kneeling position at her feet supplied his words. “Then how would you explain the fact we’re having this conversation? If you were a real man you’d hardly let me treat you in such a way, would you?”

He was unable to refute her argument and her voice became harsh:

“At least have spine enough to admit what you are.”

“I… I…”

“Or perhaps you would like your female master to do the job for you?”

He lowered his eyes, helpless before the power in her own and despite the genuine shame he felt for what he had allowed her to do to him; realising even as he pondered that shame that his cock was again trying to become erect in the cage to which the key able to open it dangled from a nylon covered ankle swaying on a level with his gaze.

“Very well,” she said at last. “You are a beta-man who needs the firm hand of a superior woman in all and, just because you spent the years until now denying your true needs, does not mean they weren’t lying in wait the whole time. I recognised you for what you are the moment I first laid eyes on you… And, if it makes you feel better, I actually believed you when you told me the magazines that came to me by mistake were for your work and not your pleasure.”

She took a sip of her coffee and levelled him with eyes he was finding it more and more difficult to meet.

“I also knew you were exactly the man I had been looking for all these years.”

His eyes did meet hers now and were a mixture of pleasure for her praise and trepidation for what that praise might mean.

“It might surprise you to know,” she went on, “that the lucrative line of work I follow is not as satisfying to me as you might think.”

Below her, recalling the joy with which she spanked and sexually dominated him – amongst other things – it was indeed a surprise. This was the first conversation – not that he was contributing much - of any real duration and depth they had shared and to this point he had seen nothing to indicate she was less than ecstatic when she was in control – be it of him or the pathetic men who paid her to use them as submissives for those women of a likemind with her who sought her expertise.

“Like you,” she continued, ignoring the disbelief at her words she saw on his face, “I’ve always been something of a loner. I like control too much to ever share myself with another person and I hadn’t come across a man – other than the ones you’ve seen me use here who are of no interest to me – I felt enough for to invite into my life.”

She smirked before adding:

“As my servant and flunky, of course.”

He knew he should be saying something but he was confounded if he knew what that something should be – suspecting also that she was leading up to telling him something he would not like.

Something that would be, he sensed, even more life-altering than the control she so effortlessly wielded over him.

“And then I met you,” she told him with a curl of the lip, the toe of her shoe making him wince as it slid between his legs and jiggled his be-ringed scrotum. “You were my prize. Cute, successful, alone. No girlfriend or family and working out of your apartment. And…”

She paused and actually reached out to ruffle his hair as if she were rewarding him for listening so intently.

Then:

“…Best of all,” she continued, “weak and in denial of your true nature. In short: a closet submissive waiting for a strong woman to take him in hand.”

Her smile, to his shock, was the closest to warmth he had ever witnessed on those forbidding and severe features.

“I truly believe,” she went on, continuing to run her hand through his hair as if she were soothing a skittish pet, “fate conspired to throw us together.”

Slipping the shoe that was caressing the underside of his balls from her hosed foot, she resumed her ministrations and fetched a gasped from him. Taking his chin between her fingers, she dipped her head and planted a long and sensuous kiss on his lips, her foot still jiggling his balls as her tongue invaded his mouth imperiously and he allowed it, groaning into it as he felt the discomfort from yet another thwarted erection. Not to mention the frustration.

“No, though,” she said, drawing her head back and looking serious. “It’s time we put things between us on a more… formal …footing. “

Then, as he knelt at her feet and listened with even more amazement and self-revulsion than usual, the woman who had made of him a chattel with no more effort than it took to train a particularly timid puppy, informed him of his future…

Master Rebecca



Now

How wonderful the world can be for us when it suddenly decides to put in place the good fortune we need to make our lives all, or as near as it can be, to what we wish it to be.

Barely a day, an hour, or even a minute passes these days when I don't look back upon where I am now and where I was less than two years before. And, whenever I ponder upon the joy that is my life now, and despite the distinct lack of a religious belief system, I am often tempted to give praise to the higher being who ordained it. An intention stillborn by the multitude of selections when it comes to the deities arrayed before me by way of possible selections.

After all, they can't all be the ONE.

It's not as if my life before meeting my little Ralphie was unhappy, boring, or even unfulfilling. I was well-remunerated doing something for which I at least had an interest – even if the dominance I exercised was not of that *real* variety for which I craved. I owned my own property and had no silly office to go to with its accompanying and often pathetic bosses and piddling rules to observe. Why wouldn't I have been happy?

And yet, looking back from where I am now, I can see how truly unfulfilled I was.

Something no amount of wielding power over submissive men who craved to be humiliated by women could alter – even if it was satisfying to help other women like myself to at least see the possibilities when it came to being more proactive with their partners and how to go about exercising a degree of control over them that, admittedly, and given the nature of the beast, was oft time control exercised from below rather than above.

With my little Ralphie, it was different right from our very first meeting.

It was, in fact, almost as if the cosmic tumblers had clicked into their correct sequence in our regard and placed us together for the very purpose of completing our lives.

And, yes, by that I do mean his as much as my own.

The attraction between us was both organic and chemical; though I doubt he would have described it that way initially.

For me, however, it was instant. I felt the electricity crackle upon my skin and the moistness between my legs the moment I entered his apartment that first day and handed him his mail. The accidental brushing of my fingers against his all but making me climax on the spot as my senses screamed that this man actually was the ONE. And in no way in sense of being a deity – of even the most minor and lowly variety.

It is a response I have in his presence that continues to this day and continues to make him so vital to the life I now adore with such passion.

Even if he has no idea of the power my feelings for him supply him over me – were he not in ignorance of them and it not my intention to keep him that way.

My life, not to sound smug and superior, is – apart from those minor absences we all bemoan from time to time, all that the childhood desires turned to adult needs had wished for it and *never* expected to see fulfilled. All those purportedly *"True"* stories that inundate the Internet and related to those female-led situations or which I yearned, and of which I believed not a jot, are now a testament of daily reality for my male chattel and the woman who is now his undisputed… *"Master"*. It is the life of dominance and submission we lead.

Is he happy?

Truthfully… No.

Not entirely, though he has come to crave my dominance over him the way a dehydrated man craves the crystal clear drinking-water of the fountain. My authority and his inability to go against it continues to thrill him even as it manages to shame him still. He can no more live without the guidance and control of his *"Master"* than he can will himself to stop breathing – even if a part of him hates the fact.

This is the gift those cosmic-tumblers bestowed upon us when they decided we needed to make the acquaintance of the other.

Though I doubt he looks upon fortune's intervention with the same fondness as his female owner.

And, if he did, I am convinced my joy in being his owner would soon suffer from the law of diminishing returns.

At this very moment, for instance, the handsome man who is the property of a younger and physically more powerful woman is in the utility-room to the side of the house on the beach between Bexhill and Cooden which we purchased together and is hand-washing my smalls and hose before going on to tackle the other chores he has been set. This while I relax and take my ease after a bracing morning stroll along the front into Bexhill itself prior to my afternoon of volunteering at a local doctor's surgery.

What?

Are you so simple-minded and judgemental you could not bring yourself to believe someone with desires like mine could be public-spirited?

Seems to indicate a lack of awareness – or at least an inability to acknowledge one's own innermost and less ….*savoury*… thoughts, wouldn't you say?

Of course, my little Ralphie is far too busy with his household duties to even contemplate taking on any more responsibilities. Though I am aware that the trick to keeping him chained in his obedience to me is not to keep him chained the *whole* time. Which is why I allow him a certain amount of hours each day to continue his work as a content-provider.

Okay, you have me. It also provides a decent income for us and, though with the sale of our respective apartments and our savings we are financially comfortable, one can never have enough in the way of security, right? And especially when that security is in the hands of the woman who heads the household.

By way of keeping him content with his position in life as my serf, I also allow him a little pocket-money now and then so that he might take himself off into town and have a couple of drinks or whatever the small amount I give him will buy.

Do I worry that my distinguished and undeniably handsome chattel will meet someone on these occasions?

Not in the slightest.

Apart from being addicted to my control over both his body and his life, I can hardly picture my socially inept servant making overtures to another woman or even flirting.

And even if he did, where would it lead?

To what *could* it lead?

Given the new and state of the art piece of Swiss engineering with its complex mixture of impenetrable padlocks and combination-locks that currently imprison his pride and joy and for which the only release is the key hanging from the thin chain about my ankle and the combination which resides in my head and my head alone.

A sight I'm sure any woman he managed to attract would be thrilled (sic) to see when she realised she had no access to the package it contained.

Suffice it to say that, though it is obvious to neighbours and those locals with whom we have passing interaction, if not of a social kind, I am obviously the driving force in our relationship, most people would have no idea of the level of subservience he now shows me.

Which is exactly as I – he even more so, given how easily embarrassed he is – prefer.

I would not want us to become a local curiosity or laughing stock, after all.

not take my husband for the pussy-whipped shadow of the man he once felt he was and, on this score, I am at pains not to let friends and family know the *true* extent of my domination.

It is a man whose service to me has been thrust upon him against his will, who would like to resist it but is simply unable, over whom I wish to exercise control and authority. Not some pathetic masochist who was looking for such treatment in the first place and would actually thrive under the ridicule of the little people were they to discover the nature of his homelife

I promise you, there is no thrill in this world like doing all the everyday things normal people do with a man following deferentially at one's heel ready to anticipate one's wishes in a way that is respectful and servile enough to his owner – me! – without inviting the attention of the sheep. Knowing all the while that once we are home; and unlike the unguided and slothful brutes who won't even lift a finger to lift things from the shelves for their wives, let alone help her to stack them away once they are home; my little Ralphie will not only do that but will then prepare me a nice pot of tea and then kneel before me to give my aching feet a foot rub through my hose.

No matter how sweaty and malodourous they might be from my exertions.

He will even lick them to show me how much he appreciates my superiority.

But what, I hear you asking, of sex?

I presume by this that you mean: *"Do we fuck?"*

If you refer to his cock penetrating my pussy, then the answer is an emphatic NO!

No man has ever entered my female shrine and none shall.

The thought appals me.

To let a brute have me in such a way?

Never!

Which is not to say – as those of you who have read to this point will know – that I don't love a bolt-hard cock with enduring staying power thrusting away at my love-box.

So long, that is, as the cock itself is made of latex or some other artificial material and is attached to the face of lowly male by way of a mouth plug and leather straps to the back of the head.

Believe me, the helpless, shamed, and yearning quality of the male forced to serve in such a fashion – the cock that is willing to perform the service caged and ignored between his legs – is the most incredible power rush I can recommend.

More so, if you have him hooded as I keep my little Ralphie hooded and insist he keeps his shamed and demoralised eyes upon yours as he goes at the pace to which I've trained him in order to give me the servicing I desires.

Afterwards, if I am I a giving vein, I will even take his straining cock from it cage and either allow him to work himself off between the soles of my feet or hump the outside of my leg like the little beast I have made of him.

In short, and though he might profess a different take on the subject were he given my permission to venture an opinion, we are both made for each other.

It is perfect and I control every aspect of our lives.

My control made easier to wield by the durable power-of-attorney I insisted he sign on the wonderful day when I told him I had decided he was the man I wished to spend the rest of my life with and that he would be living with me as my servant from then on.

Did I have any doubts in regard of his capitulation to my demands?

Not by then.

By that time he was hooked more securely to my control than the hapless whale upon the illegal harpoon of his Japanese captors – though the service he would provide me would be of far greater longevity than that experienced by the diners in a Tokyo sushi bar. And far more satisfying.

Of course, in writing this I accept I am putting myself forward for judgment and I have no doubts whatsoever od that being the case – even with the more Janus-faced reader who pores through the text with guilty pleasure before allowing that guilt to transform his or her pleasure into scorn and vilification.

Do I care?

Imagine an impassioned…

“FUCK OFF!”

My name is Master Rebecca, and I am one of the most fulfilled women alive!



THE END