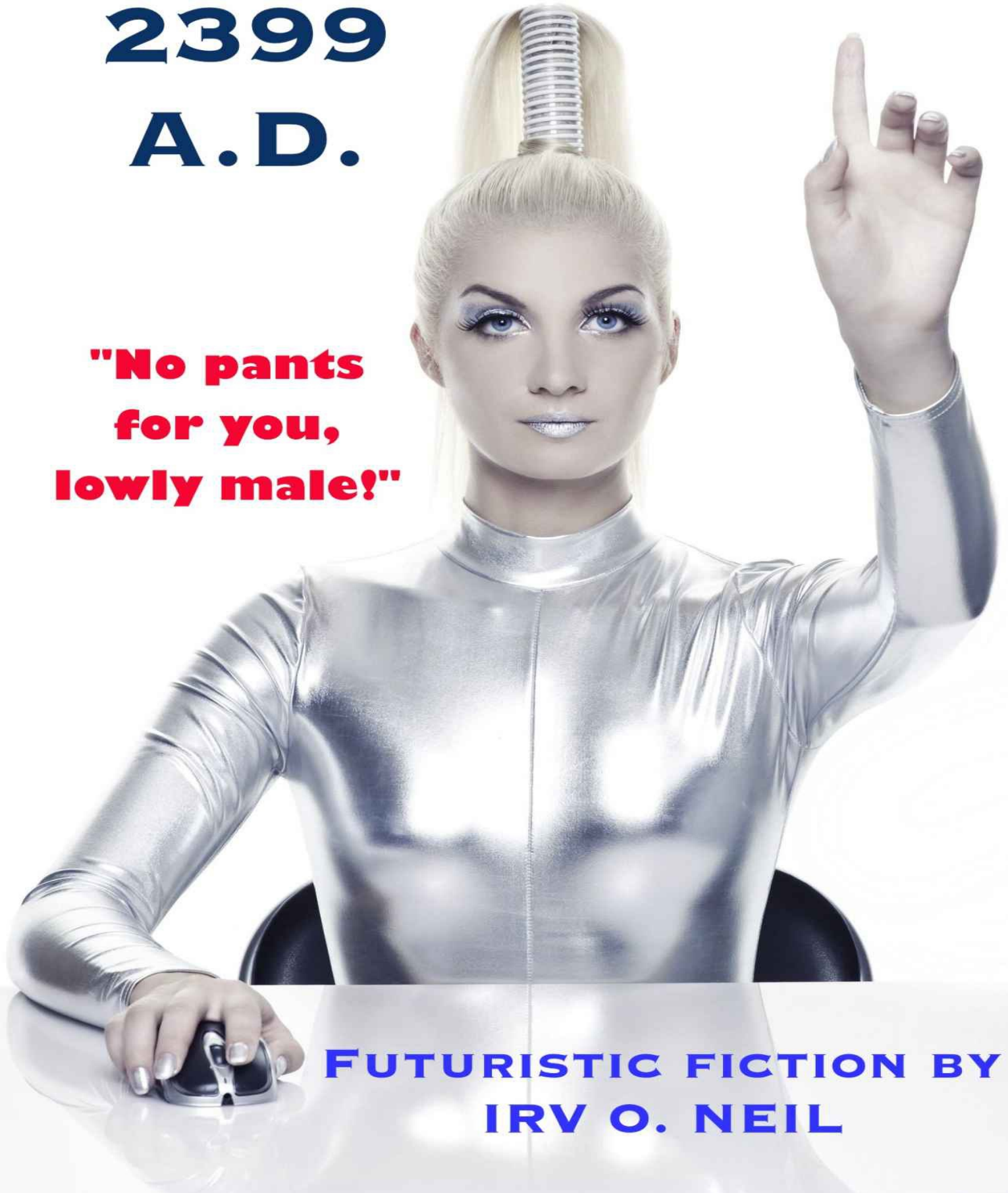


FEMDOM NEW YORK

2399
A.D.

**"No pants
for you,
lowly male!"**



FUTURISTIC FICTION BY
IRV O. NEIL

FEMDOM

NEW YORK

2399 A.D.

Futuristic Fiction

by

IRV O. NEIL

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“Femdom New York 2399 A.D.”

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FEMDOM NEW YORK

2399 A.D.

“Welcome, stud,” thought Race Ackerman, “welcome to the Femdom New York of the 24th century!”

Skyscrapers in the shape of women! A hereditary dynasty of female mayors! Central Park renamed and converted into the Groves of the Goddesses, full of statues of mythological and historical amazons, legendary dominatrices, female presidents, and never-to-be-forgotten lady soccer champs! But not one tiny millimeter of pussy to stroke, kiss, or penetrate anywhere in the city—except on a single bizarre national holiday—because fetish sex now reigned supreme! Lots of legs and toes to worship in this town, lots of asses to kiss, even ladies’ fingers to suck or—at their devilish whims—to feel probing at *his own butthole!* The year 2399 A.D. Not Anno Domini anymore, but “After Domination,” ha-ha! Race looked over at the haughty almost-but-not-quite naked blonde jerking his penis (he didn’t even know her name) and told himself, “This is your new world, stud boy! Make

peace with it!”

It had all begun with his time machine...

Unlike most people in 1999, Professor Raymond “Race” Ackerman of Hindenburg College, Ohio, hadn’t worried about the Millennium Bug, or Y2K—what was supposedly going to happen to the world, and especially to its computer systems, when the turn of the 21st century altered the clocks from the 1900s to the 2000s. No, Race didn’t worry about it because he had a time machine—in fact, he’d had it for quite some time now, and it was so perfected it looked like an electric shaver and could be carried in his pocket.

For the last couple of years, he’d been making frequent jaunts into the past, for the purpose of having sex with women of different eras. This, in fact, was his main reason for dedicating his scientific life to the creation of a time machine: so he could have the ultimate in erotic adventures. A good-looking, well-spoken man, he’d sometimes fantasized Pierce “James Bond” Brosnan playing him in a movie version of the autobiography he’d someday planned to write. In his time travels, Race had already savored a dancing girl in Dynastic Egypt, a courtesan in ancient Greece, a barbarian warrior girl during the sack of Rome, a tempestuous noblewoman in Renaissance Italy, a tavern wench in colonial Philadelphia, and a painter’s model in 1890s Paris. For New Year’s Eve December 31, 1999, he’d planned a special treat for himself: a trip to Manhattan in the summer of 2399 A.D. If he liked it, he

figured he'd stick around for a few months for the turn into the 25th century on January 1, 2400.

With characteristic optimism, Race assumed the world would still be around and that it wouldn't have been destroyed by all-out wars or strange diseases. His optimism turned out to be warranted, at least from the angle that things were definitely still very much in working order. However, once he reached June 21, 2399, he couldn't say the same for his time machine because—a bit tipsy from a few glasses of New Year's Eve champagne that he'd imbibed in his laboratory while getting ready for his journey—he'd neglected to recharge the machine's one-of-a-kind battery, and the trip to the future had exhausted it. He was trapped there!

Still, Race didn't panic. The society looked advanced enough that he'd be able to find some suitable replacement for his battery. This didn't turn out to be case, though, because the world of America 2399 was run by power sources completely unfamiliar to Race and incompatible with his time machine. He realized that he might be able to realign his components with these new sources, but it would unfortunately take years for him to comprehend the new sciences and complete the switchover, much less find a laboratory where he could work. So, for the foreseeable future, he was stuck in the future—and he was not sure this was the future he wanted to be stuck in.

Number one, because women ruled America, as well as apparently the rest of the world.

Number two, because women no longer had intercourse except on extremely rare occasions, which led to...

Number three, because he couldn't get laid to save his life!

Although there was obviously a lot of new slang, English was still spoken much like it had been in 1999. Race was able to communicate well enough to blend in and establish an identity, however nondescript, in this far-flung era. As he acclimated himself to Manhattan 2399, he managed to get a job—one of the few that were available to him as a male not attached to a female: picking up litter in the Groves of the Goddesses. This enabled him to put food on the table of his cubicle in the 12-block-long Unaffiliated Males Housing Complex that was the only lodging available to him as a man not in service as a secretary, houseboy, or chauffeur for the Overclass Women of the city.

Yes, things were different! Women held all the government positions, and ran everything from huge corporations to small stores. Men did the housework and raised the children. Women only had intercourse on a national holiday called Vaginal Independence Day, when the act of graciously bestowing a few crumbs of pussy upon carefully selected males was considered a symbolic assertion of a woman's right to decide when and where she wanted to get cock—indeed, the legalization of this holiday in

2219 was considered a sterling triumph for the feminist movement. In order to become pregnant, women went to “sperm boutiques,” where they could plan their insemination and know exactly, via some sort of computer visualization, what their offspring would look like upon maturity.

Male aggression, whether benign in the form of sexual flirtation and seduction, or malignant in the guise of violence, had been completely obliterated by laws which were ferociously enforced by the all-woman NYPD!

Nonetheless, Race remained a man of his own time, although he had no hope of leaving this new one. And as a master cocksman, as dedicated to womanizing as he had been to physics, he needed some sort of sex or he was going to go crazy! And so, on his daily work detail in the Groves of the Goddesses, he finally decided he would participate in the prevalent form of fetish sex. It was the only pleasure available to him in this society besides solitary masturbation, which he’d never practiced much anyway.

Since he’d gotten his job picking up litter in the Groves of the Goddesses, he’d learned that each night men and women gathered specifically in the Grove of Artemis. Around a gigantic statue of the naked Artemis, ancient Greek virgin goddess of the hunt, anonymous men and women joined in celebrations of eternal feminine power and beauty. There was no fucking, ever; men were jacked-off by women, or they worshiped their feet, legs,

butts, or even fingers.

Race finished his work for the day, turning in his trash-spear and garbage-can-on-wheels to the equipment house. He got out of his bright pink garbage collector's romper, and into the loincloth and sandals that all males were required to wear in America now that the nationwide weather was permanently controlled at a comfortable level. No pants for lowly males! As he walked in the midsummer dusk, he wasn't alone. Other loincloth-clad men, none of whom spoke to each other, trod the paths that led to the Grove of Artemis. All of them seemed to be in a private world of their own thoughts. In fact, men talking to each other was discouraged in America 2399.

The huge white disk of the full moon hovered over the dark green foliage surrounding the Grove of Artemis. In the distance, over the surrounding trees, could be seen the skyline of New York. The statue of the goddess was about 30 feet tall: nude, slender, but curvaceous, and striding forth on strong shapely legs and high-arched feet. Her long wavy curls flowed behind her in a breeze captured forever in the eternity of bronze. In her left hand was a bow, and around her shoulder a quiver of arrows. In her right hand was a leash which held the neck of a sleek hound trotting at her side.

Around the pedestal of the statue, Race saw many couples. He had heard that all a man had to do was wait, and a female would approach him for the

rites of worship. So he stood quietly in the position of availability—hands at his sides, head up, gazing at the enormous sculpture as it was silhouetted against Earth’s bright satellite.

“You are fect!” soon said a woman’s throaty voice, suddenly coming up behind him. “Fect” was the current slang for “perfect.”

“Thank you, fine lady,” he said, addressing her in the fashion all women had to be, by law.

“Also handsomonius,” she went on, using a slang contraction for “handsome” and “harmonious.” By law, he was not permitted to turn around and look upon her until she requested it.

“Thank you again, fine lady.”

“You may now gaze.”

Race looked down from the statue and at the woman. She was amazonian herself, her blonde hair coiffed with many combs and jewels into one of the strange styles of 2399. She wore heavy earrings that combined circular and rectangular shapes, and her lipstick was an iridescent white that matched the bright hue of the moon; likewise her eye shadow. Other than that, she only wore a snug shiny thong over her crotch and high-heeled sandals with triangular vamps that showed off her high-arched feet.

“I shall empulate you in honor of Artemis,” she said, lifting up her hand and flexing her fingers. Her long nails matched her lips and eyes in color.

“Empulate at will, fine lady,” Race said, his hard-on already pressing forward against his loincloth. The word was a combination of “empty” and “ejaculate.”

She undid the hip-clasps of his loincloth and it fell to the ground. Putting her left hand on his butt, she seized his cock with her right fist and began to slowly pump it up and down. It was so good to feel a woman’s hand on his shaft again! He’d been in 2399 for two months and living like a monk.

“What is your cognom, fine lady?” he said, using the slang for “name.”

“Idiot! You should know such questions are not permitted to your phallus-bearing kind on the hallowed ground of the Grove of Artemis! Are you stupid?”

“Forgive me, fine lady. I have come from far away. I do not know all the customs.”

In the distance, Race could see a naked man bowing to kiss the feet and toes of a woman adorned exactly as his lady was—striking hair and makeup, shimmering thong, exquisite shoes, and nothing else. He saw another man crouched on the ground, sucking the fingers of a woman who was sitting over him in a delicately wrought metal chair. Another man was combing a woman’s long flowing blonde tresses; and yet another was on his knees kissing the cheeks of a ponytailed female while she gazed at the statue of Artemis. And he also saw a male bend over on the ground while a woman did

him in the behind with a glowing dildo strapped to her hips. As he observed this last couple, Race suddenly felt his blonde's fingers sinking into his crack, locating his own asshole. "Yeeeeee—eeee—eee!" he gasped.

"Did I surprise you?" she laughed. "Are you a virgin back there?"

"Y-you might say that, fine lady."

"How nice for me! What a rare treasure. So where have you come from, my inexperienced testoid?" She used the slang for "male," derived from "testosterone" and "humanoid."

Even as he felt her digit worming its way into his sphincter, Race decided to see what the reaction would be if he told her the truth. "I came from the year 1999, fine lady, in a time machine!"

Unfazed by his statement, the blonde did not miss a single beat of her ministrations. Her left middle finger wedged its way deeply into his anus, and her right fist squeezed his shaft, her thumb toying with the firm bulb of his cocktip. He caught a whiff of her flowery perfume, which blended with the aromas of sexual arousal carried in the air as clearly as the scent of the foliage. For a moment, the moonlight deceived him into thinking that the statue of Artemis was smiling down in triumph, as if acknowledging Race's acquiescence to the new ways of this female-dominated world.

"You arrived in a time machine? Really? How cute." She smiled. "Hmm, the conversation of you testoids sometimes seems to be only a higher form of

barking!” She looked up at the enormous statue of the goddess with the dog at her side. “Is that not so, Great Artemis? You who so wisely forsook men for the virgin life of a huntress?”

“And by the way,” he added, ignoring her sarcasm, “my name is Race Ackerman.”

“Your cognom is what I say it is. Tonight you are a nameless testoid!” She stroked his cock quicker, more fiercely.

“No, I am Race Ackerman!”

She moved her finger back and forth in his behind. Race had never felt such a thing before; truly, with all the women he’d been with, he’d never once let them put anything in his own ass. There was something pleasant about it, though, something arousing to let the woman do it all to him, to make him her toy, her ritual sperm-giver.

“On second thought, you have caught my curiosity, testoid. What style of cognom is Race?”

“A nickname for Raymond, but short for ‘racy.’ I was quite the cocksman in my time.”

“‘Cocksman’? I have read that word in the ancient histories of the patriarchy. A silly term, and useless now. Your cock, as you call it, is now known as a ‘fidget-stick,’ because it makes testoids fidget with the need for relief. And are you holding back your deposit, testoid?”

“Not if you keep jacking it.”

“Jacking? You certainly did research for this role-play scenario of time-traveler. That is a word not used since the 22nd century, I believe.”

“So where did you learn it, then, fine lady?”

“I am a professor of gender history at the Women’s University of New York.”

Race wanted her large tits in his mouth; they were big, brown-nippled, and looked exquisitely heavy to the touch. But he knew that breast-sex was now only permitted amongst women. Looking down, he thought perhaps she would let him caress her legs and feet. That was allowed.

“Fine lady, may I praise Artemis through the worship of your gams?”

“Gams! Your knowledge of ancient patois is impressive. But no, my playful testoid. I am focused tonight on your fidget-stick. But...”

“But?”

“But when we are finished pleasing the goddess with your generous spend upon the grass, I shall take you into my home to train you in the arts of houseboyship. There, one day you will feast on my—gams.” It was well-known that the men who frequented the Grove of Artemis were currently unaffiliated with any woman’s house, and only did jobs such as garbage collection or street-sweeping for the city. Therefore, they were fresh candidates for private service.

Race looked up into the sky at the looming statue of the goddess and the moon behind her. Then he looked at Artemis' hound, kept at bay by her leash. Never did he dream in his old life as a time-traveling Lothario that one day he would have to give up all hope of delicious, juicy pussy, and hours of joyously fucking and sucking it in every conceivable position, and instead be satisfied with being masturbated with his hands politely at his sides! And looking at the couples surrounding him, he saw the men's cocks squirting out their loads in homage to the beautiful toes and thighs and asses of all those other fine ladies. Yes, he had to admit it: this was now irrevocably his world, he was a testoid, and women ruled supreme.

The blonde whispered, "You can do it for me, testoid! Surrender your fluid to the great glory of Artemis!" Her left middle finger was fucking his ass now with relentlessly arousing skill and rhythm, even as her right hand tightly held his shaft and worked it in quick, knowledgeable jerks toward a thick and creamy explosion. "And if it makes it easier for you to spray, testoid, then go ahead—fantasize that you are a time traveler, a racy stud from a man-ruled past who is now trapped in a world of powerful females who won't stand for his old-fashioned missionary position nonsense! Don't worry, testoid, I won't report to the NYPD about your subversive sexual fantasies. Now, please squirt beautifully for the goddess!"

For a moment Race closed his eyes and took a deep breath, and then he

opened them again and looked up at the statue which still seemed to be faintly smiling at him, unless it was an optical illusion in the lunar light. And then he saw the face of the hound, too, and for a moment the canine seemed to be smiling also, and about to say something to Race, something Race would understand, something about men and women, and the brotherhood of men and dogs in relation to women, and the past and future and eternity.

“You may let it out, testoid!” There was a sudden edge of almost desperate urgency in her voice. “Out, out, out!”

He began to squirt then, and the blonde’s left finger suddenly went motionless in his rectum as he clenched tightly in his orgasmic spasms. Her right hand held his veiny gristle as its tip spewed long white ribbons of cum into the night, which vanished instantly as the drops descended into the dark, cool grass. And then he heard her little cries of pleasure too, almost like yips, until they died down and she whispered in a panting voice:

“Ah, yes, yes, testoid! The utter subservience of the male is the supreme thrill for women now! I too have achieved release!” Then she slid her finger out of his butt and walked around in front of him, a hazy, satisfied, almost embarrassed smile on her face.

“My gentle testoid, you have pleased the goddess well. I shall enjoy being your Gynodom.” That was the word in 2399 for “dominant mistress.”

Race kept breathing heavily for some time. All around, he could hear the

panting and gasping and grunting as his fellow testoids sprayed their tribute to Artemis while they worshiped the beauty of her female followers: the moonlit toes, heels, insteps, ankles, calves, knees, thighs, buttocks, and fingers of the fine ladies. Someday soon he, too, would be able to sample the complete spectrum of fetish love, tasting all the legally allowable surfaces of womanhood, and not in this grove under a guise of anonymity! For he had found his very own Gynodom in this blonde, still nameless fine lady, and she was going to take him into service in her domicile, her personal domain. He would be her houseboy, and perhaps one day, if he were lucky, maybe she would be willing to break the law and allow him a quick taste of her pussy—he hoped it was a hairy one—and maybe she'd permit a sly finger inside it too, and then, then if they became really daring and subversive and kinky, she'd give him a fuck!!

Maybe Race was overly optimistic. But old habits die hard!

THE END

AFTERWORD

I hope you've enjoyed this story from my archives. I wrote it originally in late 1999 for the January 2000 "Millennium" issue of Leg Action magazine. Although I touched up a few things here and there and added some flavorful new lines, I've pretty much left it the way it was first published.

Time travel has always been one of my favorite fictional genres, so it seemed a natural match for some of my femdom fantasies too. If you enjoyed this tale, visit a blog I did several years ago that imagines even more sexually submissive time travel journeys: <http://hornytimetraveler.wordpress.com>.

Be sure to check out my other femdom erotica ebooks at Amazon, too. Look for LEARNING TO BE CRUEL, the original and the sequel; TOES ARE FOR SUCKING; SHE MADE ME A CUCKOLD ON BLACK FRIDAY; SPELL OF DOMINANCE; SHE MADE HIM PAY; RULE BY CLEAVAGE; IN TRANCE FOR A TRAMP; HIS URGE TO SERVE; NAKED BEFORE HER; DARVA CHAN: CRUELTY QUEEN OF THE PIANO; OBEY YOUR TUTOR; SUBMIT IN THE SNOW; HER FEISTY CUCKOLD; MOMMY'S LITTLE DUNCE; THE DOMINATRIX WHO

COULDN'T DIE; DOMINANT CHINESE TWINS ENSLAVE WHINY MAN; and THE CUCKOLD AND THE CLEAVAGE. There's also the historical erotica tale THE SINS OF DR. JEKYLL and my full-length psychological suspense novel FATE OF A STRIPPER to enjoy.

Thanks as always for reading!--Irv