

BOOK

2



TRAINING THE SUBMISSIVE

femdom

slave

SCARLETT STEELE



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Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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pegging
the pervert

Femdom Slave - Training the Submissive

Chapter 1

“Holy fuck!” Jack rolled on his side and inhaled a deep breath as he stared into the darkness. The young male smiled as he clutched his sore testicles, a dull ache pounding inside of him reminding him of his unforgettable encounter with the deadly dommes next door.

It has been almost three days and Jack was still reeling from the unexpected cocktail of pain and punishment the vicious duo next door had inflicted upon both his once virgin anus and his now throbbing testicles.

Jack had clumsily stumbled into their world, hurtling his tender and innocent mind and body towards their stiletto heels, worshipping their dominance as their dark and twisted side hovered above him, threatening to drag his innocent body beyond the point of no return.

The curious male had felt a sudden wave of submissiveness the moment he stepped into the busty duo’s secret dungeon, a feeling which lingered with him days later. Jack’s natural persona was a strong, powerful and dominant one, yet over the last seventy two hours he had found himself drawn to two stunning females who were clearly more powerful than he was lead to believe, slowly chipping away at his masculinity.

The submissive male glanced at the timer on his phone and casually slipped out from between the duvets sheets and drew the curtains. Jack squinted as the unforgiving morning sun shone it’s warm rays directly towards him, reminding him the world was only just waking up.

The hunger for further pain and punishment wraps itself around Jack's cock, stroking his manhood awake as it gently teases the full length of his curious shaft. Jack never imagined he would submit his body to two sexy strangers to do as they pleased, but he did. And he didn't regret a single moment. Every second the Domme's who were donning skin tight leather outfits were whipping his bare torso, every moment they were smothering him with their ass, testing the limits of his lungs, every brutal kick they unleashed towards his sensitive testicles and every single thrust as they pummeled into his virgin ass. Jack loved it and he ached to relive the moment.

Jack fills up a tall glass of orange juice, clumsily spilling several drops across his kitchen counter. Still clothed in his pajamas, the horny male powers up his laptop desperate to learn more from his recent adventure.

Jack struggles to find the right words to key into the search engine to find what he wants, something that will help him understand why he was so aroused by the events why crushed his masculinity mere days ago, but also the continued thirst for more punishment at the hands of the beautiful deadly vixens.

The curious submissive types in the first phrase that pops into his head, unsure if his search phrase would result in any returns.

Woman kicks man in the balls and fucks him in the ass

An array of images quickly populate the laptop screen and before he knows it Jack is drawn into a world of videos depicting women dominating and hurting men. The women's clothing ranged from every attire including short skirts and denim to leather clad outfits wrapped snugly around their bodies. The online

world of female domination sucks him in as Jack is glued to his laptop watching various videos of women kicking their male slaves, followed by a torrential downpour of anal violation as they pummel their gigantic strap-ons into their male slave's anus. In each of the videos, the females are depicted as all powerful, all domineering and in full control of the proceeds where the males are used as punching bags and sexually objectified.

Jack feels his cock growling for his attention as he scrolls through various pages of Femdom videos, fascinated by its popularity and variety. The hours melt away as Jack becomes heavily engrossed in the plethora of material online, his hunger for further punishment grows as he craves the pain he experienced the first time Sadistic Sara and Vicious Veronica smashed his balls and stripped him of his anal virginity.

His insatiable cravings become too much, Jack peers down between his legs and smiles at his throbbing erection, straining under the fabric of his pajamas, as it threatens to rip through the flimsy material, squirting his pre cum across the walls of his kitchen.

Dammit, I need this now Jack's craving pull him between exploring the Internet in search of Dommes specialising in punishment men and returning to the basement next door, begging for more punishment. His bravado was humbled the first time he saw them, the women caught him red handed entering the dungeon unannounced and his body paid the price of their punishment. Their lesson should have taught him humility and respect, sent him packing with his tail between his legs. But he wanted more. He wanted to break back into their dungeon, to push their buttons and make them angry. The horny submissive knew his thoughts were akin to a suicide mission, and he wondered if any sane man would put his vulnerable testicles and sore ass through the barrage of punishment he suffered the first time.

Jack cupped his ballsack and gently massaged each of his testicles, probing his

delicate orbs as he reminisced submitting the most vulnerable part of his body to the sharp toes of Sadistic Sara's stiletto heels.

Am I fucking insane? the curious submissive muttered under his breath as he shook his head wondering why any man would subject his most tender body parts to the abuse he was hungry for.

Jack slams the lid of laptop shut and jumps into the shower, now on a mission to visit the stunning females next door in an attempt to subject his body to further punishment, addicted to their drug of pain, Jack soaks his naked body under the hot shower, preparing himself as he inched closer into the unknown.

Chapter 2

Jack's return journey towards the neighbour's basement is no less nervy than his first two descents. In fact, the horny male feels a bigger ball in the pit of the stomach as his desires collides with his fear of what the punishment he is propelling his body into.

Jack knows what he want, his stiffening manhood straining against his jeans desperate for further pain reminds him why he is here. But part of him wonders if he is insane for even entertaining the thought. His one and only encounter with Mistress Sarah and Mistress Veronica left him with a gaping wide anus, swollen testicles, several whip marks strewn across his chest and had almost broke his nose as his face was smothered.

The door to the basement is once more open a few inches, a quick scan inside the offending dungeon and Jack is both relieved and disappointed he is alone. A sense of rendezvous overcomes him as he stares back at the bench where he was bent over, getting his virgin ass stripped of it's innocence, mere days ago.

"Well look who we have here" a familiar voice punctures the air behind Jack

"Hello" Jack turns around as his body suddenly feels warmer at the sight of the two Domme's facing him.

"We thought you would return" Mistress Sarah smirked as she tapped the top of her boots against the concrete floor.

“There is something I’d like to ask you” Jack visually surveys the female's attire soaking in the visual innocence. Mistress Sarah donned a tight white top which struggled to contain her throbbing cleavage, her dark blue jeans wrapped snugly around her legs and ass, showcasing every inch of her slender legs and curvy ass. Mistress Veronica wore a sleeveless black shirt, the top two buttons undone once again showing copious amounts of cleavage to the hungry world, her black jeans wrapped so tightly around her ass, they appeared to be painted onto her body.

“Oh yeah, what’s that?” Mistress Sarah’s words drag Jack closer into their trap as her words invade his personal space.

“The other night....” Jack’s focus started to waver as he wondered how the females who were standing in front of him, the ones looking innocent and neighbourly dressed in almost casual civilian attire were the very same ones that forced his manhood into a night of unparalleled pain, domination and utter humiliation.

“The night where we turned you into our little bitch” Mistress Sarah violently slapped Jack across his face quickly getting impatient with him.

“Ye.....ye.....yes” Jack stammered feeling his face burning.

“I know why you are here” Mistress Veronica smiled as she ran her hands through Jack’s hair before grabbing a clump of his hair and tugging him forward.

“Uuuhhhhhh” Jack was unable to respond under the unexpected punishment, any

resemblance of confidence he had mustered up before walking in was now shattered into non-existence.

“You're back for more, aren't you” Mistress Veronica leans in and breathes her words into Jack's soul.

Jack attempted to hold his gaze with the Mistress but suddenly felt powerless under the cold grip of her stare, he dropped his head and watched his feet shuffle involuntarily in nervousness.

“Answer me you pathetic worm” Mistress Veronica swung her hand between Jack's unsuspecting going and smashed her fist against Jack's tender balls.

“Yes Mistress” Jack winced as he revelled in the throbbing agony pounding between his legs he had dearly missed.

“Get on the fucking floor and state your business your useless shit” Mistress Sarah kicked Jack's ankles apart and smirked as she watched his knees wobble struggling to maintain their balance. She retracted her leg back and shot her foot forward at lightening speed connecting the open toe of her black boots with the Jack's crotch, crushing his testicles against his pelvis.

Jack drops to his knees, clutching his groin in pleasure as the throbbing pain comforts his loins as they ache for further punishment. The submissive slave looks up and stares at the crotches of the two Mistress's towering over him.

“Speak you pathetic shit” Mistress Veronica unleashes a torrential downpour of spit on Jack's dry face.

“More, I want more” Jack whimpered staring up at the devilish woman.

“More what” Mistress Sarah ran her hands through Jack’s hair, gripping onto the back of his trembling head.

“More punishment, I crave more” Jack’s breathing became heavier, he couldn't believe he was on his knees begging the women to punish him further.

“You want to be our slave?” Mistress Veronica smiles

“Yes”

“You have to prove yourself” Mistress Veronica replies

“How Mistress, show me how” Jack was willing to do anything to hurl his body under the Mistress’s train of torture.

The two Domes looked at each other and smiled, the trembling submissive in front of them was begging for further punishment. The dominant duo were no stranger to men throwing themselves at their feet, scrambling to become their live in and sexual slaves. And as expected, they were subjected to a lot of bravado from the male offerings, suggestions the men could extreme levels of

pain, humiliation and degradation. Yet, when put to the test, the dark ladies found men crumbled under the slightest bit of pain. A test to prove their prospective slave's pain threshold and commitment to the cause was the perfect way to see if the prospect was up to the mark, whether he could handle the verbal and physical abuse., whether he would crumble under the public humiliation, and most importantly, whether he would return for more.

The girls valued long term slaves over one time only slaves. Sure both of the dominant females loved to strip men of their anal virginity, thrashing their manhood to pieces before discarding them in a cold and dark alley, lying dazed and confused. The true pleasure came from slowly chipping away at a man's eternal place in the world, slowly transforming him into an obedient dog, lapping for attention, willing to perform any act and subject his body to extreme forms of punishment for even a second of attention from his owners.

"You'll join us during the weekend for an outing and you'll be our little pussy bitch for the weekend" Mistress Veronica grinned

"Where are we going" Jack asked curiously

"The beach" Mistress Sarah interjected

"Is that my test"

"That's part of the test" Mistress Sarah sauntered towards the leather bench located in the middle of the cold and dark dungeon, and yanked out a silver bag from under the leather padding.

“What’s the other part” Jack’s eyes were forced back onto the bench where he had lost his anal virginity to the two Dommies nights ago. The same night he had been trapped and cornered by the vicious women who offered him a choice, Jack blinked as he recalled the moment he willingly chose to subject his testicles and his anus to the pain and damage the stunning beauties had inflicted upon him, breaking open his shell of arrogance and recklessly trampling on his masculinity, tearing his manliness from his body.

“This” Mistress Sarah pulled out a small steel device moulded into a shape of a hollow penis and dangled the piece in front of Jack’s curious eyes.

“What’s that” the submissive slave pondered aloud as he started to feel the weight of his torso grinding his knees deeper into the concrete floor.

“It’s a chastity cage” Mistress Sarah clicked open the cock shaped steel cage and slipped her finger inside the sexual restraining device, stroking the cold hard steel encasing. The steel cage held a firm shape, designed to contain it’s subject’s manhood as it throttled any pending erection, it’s small design limiting even the slightest movement inside the cage.

“What’s it’s used for” Jack had never seen such a device before and was curious.

“It’s to turn unruly men into obedient little boys” Mistress Sarah motioned for Jack to stand up “What controls men actions Jack?”

“What do you mean”

“What influences men the most” Mistress Sarah repeated her question starting to get slightly enraged by Jack’s clear stupidity.

“Money?” Jack responded puzzled.

“Nope” Mistress Sarah unbuckled Jack’s belt and tugged his jeans down, quickly followed by his boxer shorts. The blonde smiled as Jack’s restrained cock sprung alive squirting a hint of precum across her face.

“You look tender” Mistress Sarah gently cupped her slave’s ballsack in her hand and weighed his heavy balls “but you sure can take a beating”

“Yes Mistress” the horny male watched as the busty blonde gently massaged his testicles, pre-cum dribbled down the length of his shaft racing towards the base.

“Men are controlled by one thing and one thing only, their cock” Mistress Sarah gripped onto Jack’s testicles and laughed as she watched Jack’s body react to the shock of her vice like grip “And as such, a device that controls a man’s sexual urges removes away the very essence of his masculinity”

“Uuuuuhhhhhh” Jack moaned in a combination of pleasure of pain under Mistress Sarah’s death grip.

“Should be seconds now” Mistress Veronica grabbed the steel chastity cage from Mistress Sarah and flicked the locking mechanism open. The two Dommies

stared down at Jack's cock as it began to soften under the pressure Mistress Sarah applied to Jack's trapped testicles. The Dommies laughed as they watched the once rock hard cock become a shadow of its former self as it shrivelled to a limp and unaroused state.

"Perfect" Mistress Veronica slipped Jack's limp cock inside the steel chastity cage and pressed the entrance of the cage tight against his groin. The device was barely able to contain Jack's member in its limp state as his flesh began to press tightly against the steel insides. The brunette slipped the padlock around the top of the steel cage and secured the lock, yanking on the device several times to ensure there was no escape.

"And this is how you control naughty little boys" Mistress Veronica dangled the key to the padlock in front of Jack's teary eyes and smiled as his predicament suddenly dawned on him.

"Getting hard is going to be a real bitch" Mistress Sarah smirked as she held Jack's caged manhood in her hands. She motioned for Jack to pull his boxer shorts and jeans back up and revelled in his attempts as he fumbled under the embarrassment.

"Now get the fuck out of our dungeon and come back here tomorrow morning" Mistress Veronica grabbed Jack's collar and lead him towards the entrance, she slapped the back of Jack's viciously and the deadly duo laughed as they watched their latest test subject clumsily stumble out of their dungeon with his cock locked securely and under their total control.

Chapter 3

The steel jail encased Jack's cock for the following few hours and he wondered just what his next door neighbours has planned. Jack pulled down his jeans in the sanctity of his bedroom and inspected the metallic object trapping his manhood. The device looked securely fastened by a padlock and appeared to miraculously house the entirety of his cock. The curious submissive palmed his balls and chastity cage and held his full package, the weight of the metal a clear sign of it's security. There appeared to be a small hole at the end of the chastity cage lined up perfectly with his pee hole. The last thing on Jack's mind was arousal but he wondered how the chastity cage would manage his arousal. Surely the erection would become unbearably painful Jack pondered.

The next few hours drifted away as Jack lost himself in a novel, escaping into a fantasy world of witches and goblins. He restrained from looking at any further videos of woman cruelly dominating men on the Internet for fear of the pain his crushed erection would feel inside it's cold and dark miniature dungeon. And before he knew it, Jack sunk into a state of sleep as he innocently awaited his test the following morning.

Shit, shit, shit. Jack slammed the snooze button on his alarm clock and leapt out of bed. Beads of sweat slowly formed across his forehead as he s panicked he would be late addressing the Dommes next door. The submissive male quickly showered and dressed, grabbed his keys, his phone, a handful of cash and his ATM card and vaulted from his flat heading towards the basement next door.

He spotted the two dominatrixes both dressed in jeans and a t-shirt leaning against a stretch limo outside their basement.

“Took your fucking time” Mistress Sarah angrily tapped her heel on the concrete slab under her.

“I’m sorry” Jack hovers in front of both ladies staring at the four suitcases at their feet.

“Tardiness is an insult to you superiors” Mistress Veronica pulls up ball of saliva from deep within her throat and spits her juices across Jack’s surprised face.

“Now open the fucking door and get the suitcases in the boot” Mistress Veronica viciously strikes Jack with a jaw shattering slap.

Jack swings the door open and watches as the stunning beauties enter the spacious limo, their asses tease him as they juggle their jean-clad butts in Jack’s drooling face as they stepped inside the vehicle. The submissive male peers inside the limo and observes the eight leather bound seats accessorised with wine glasses and bottles of champagnes neatly stacked on the side. Jack quickly shuffles the four suitcases towards the back of the vehicle and slowly tucks them into the boot, slamming the boot shut.

“Come in here little bitch boy” Mistress Sarah rolls down the limo window and calls Jack over.

“Yes Mistress” Jack obediently peers inside, watching Mistress Veronica excitedly filling up two glasses of bubbly champagne.

Mistress Veronica yanks Jack inside the spacious limo and tugs to the floor, indicating his new resting place between their legs.

“Take my boot off you worthless slave” Mistress Sarah demands as she levitates her black boot in front of Jack's curious face, twirling her ankle round in several circles teasing his restrained cock.

“Yes Mistress” Jack untied the laces and slipped off Mistress Sarah shoe, a huge waft of her female dominance attacked him as Mistress Sarah shoved her sock clad toes under Jack’s innocent nostrils.

“Like that?” Mistress Sarah slapped Jack with her feet several times, smacking his face harder each time.

“Yes Mistress”

“Good, now take off my fucking sock and worship the feet that is going to pulverize your pathetic worthless shrivelled balls” Mistress Sarah’s voice darkened the insides the limo as the the vehicle started to move, slowly working it's way towards the trio’s final destination.

Jack yanked off Mistress Sarah's pink sock and wrapped his fingers around her bare sole, careful not to tickle the Mistress. He inhaled her sensual aroma, filling his lungs with the dominant scent of her feet, the very same feet he was wishing would be smashing against his testicles later in the day. Jack's caged cock twitched inside its jail cell, hungry for release, a sudden jolt of pain balls up inside of Jack's groin and he winces as he struggles to control his trapped erection.

"What's the matter slave" Mistress Veronica raised her glass of champagne revelling in Jack's pained face, familiar with the look of a trapped erection pressing against a tight chastity cage,

"No....no.....no....nothing" Jack tensed his thighs hoping to contain the fire burning between his legs as his manhood pressed tightly against the unforgiving cold steel interior of his chastity prison.

"Good boy, now open your fuckhole and pleasure my sweaty feet" Mistress Sarah violently jams her feet into Jack's mouth without further warning. She struggles to contain her giggles as she watches Jack scramble to maintain his posture under the strength of her thighs.

The obedient slave gently rolls his tongue across the Mistress's pedicured feet, teasing the tip of her toe as he worked his way across the full length of her foot. He slips in tongue in between her toenails and tongue fucks the tightness between her toes, soaking in the full essence of her feet. Jack gently pulls Mistress Sarah's foot out of his mouth laps the full length of her sole, slobbering from the base of her feet to the tip of her toes while his hands slowly massage her lower leg.

“Looks like he is making a real meal of this” Mistress Veronica giggles as she refills her champagne glass.

“A true slave in the making” Mistress Sarah sips her champagne and slips her free foot between Jack’s legs poking around for his manhood. She quickly locates his throbbing testicles with ease and gently prods the large sacks with the sharp tip of her boot.

Jack continues to hungrily slobber all over Mistress Sarah’s foot, savouring every inch of her dominant feet, inhaling her sensual aroma. The submissive steadied himself between his Mistress’s legs as the limo continued to speed to its destination, Jack was unaware of where they were taking him or what the test would involve. But at this moment in time, he didn’t care, the soft arch of Mistress Sarah’s feet rubbing against his wet lips was all that mattered to him. The obedient male, tensed his thighs once more as he struggled to find a comfortable seating position to ease the pain of his thickening manhood as it strained against the tight confines of the steel cock cage.

Mistress Sarah retracted her leg and slammed her bare sole against Jack’s nose, crushing his spirits, knocking him flat on his back. The deadly Domme towered over the surprised submissive and slowly poured the contents of her champagne glass over Jack’s trembling body. And without warning she swung her foot back and propelled the sharp tip of her black boot between Jack’s legs pulverising his tender balls against the steel cock cage. The female duo’s evil laughter filled the back seat of the limo as they watched their trial slave cowering in the fetal position, reeling from the surprise attack on his manhood.

The time slows ticks along as Jack focuses on the cocktail of pain and pleasure in the pit of his stomach, clutching onto his sore orbs as they pound for his attention and the warmth of his palms.

Meanwhile the limo slowly grinds to a halt as it enters an open car park, located to the north of the town's more vibrant beach. Mistress Veronica grabs a lump of Jack's hair and pulls the nervous slave to his feet.

“Open the doors for us and grab the red bag from the boot” Mistress Veronica spits her words soaking Jack's unsuspecting face.

Jack stumbles to his feet and yanks open the limo door, painfully shuffling outside while holding the door open for the two Dommies. He observes them as they glide gracefully out of the vehicle waiting for him to pull their bag out of the boot. His eyes quickly absorb the surroundings of the beach in front of him and he soaks in the atmosphere of the warm beach front. Scores of beach goers were frolicking in the cold waves as the sun imposed its dominance over the sandy shores.

“In a bit of pain, are we” Mistress Sarah smiled as she tapped the toe of her vicious boots against the concrete slab eager to test the limits of their willing slave, .

“No Mistress, give me more” Jack couldn't believe the words he was muttering

“Later” Mistress Sarah respondent, first grab our bags and meet us near the waves.

Both of the women slowly peeled off their jeans and hung them on the roof of the limo, Jack drooled uncontrollably as he stood before Mistress Sarah as she donned a tiny black g-string and Mistress Veronica whose crotch was wrapped tightly in her silky red panties.

Jack's cock trashed uncontrollably inside the tightness of the case as he struggled to avoid become aroused, he knew instinctively what the cruel women were planning. The longer they teased in, the more he became aroused, the higher the unbearable pain became as his manhood stretched against the inside of his steel jail, pressed painfully against the rock solid edges.

The women both yanked their t-shirts over their head and smiled as their breasts bounced in their bras, sucking Jack into their allure. They discarded the t-shirts on the top of the limo and proceeded to walk to the centre of the beach.

Jack peered up and observed the evil women's asses cruelly taunting him as they sauntered into the distance.

The submissive male grabbed the four pieces of luggage and slowly dragged them across the sand where both of the women were standing, men gawping at their physiques from a distance.

"Take out the towel and lotion you pathetic shit" Mistress Veronica growled and watched as Jack clumsily removed a handful of towels and suntan lotion and laid two towels in front of him.

"Here you go Mistress" Jack meekly replied, he watched as the two stunning busty females slipped on their sunglasses and laid on their back, bending their knees before spreading their thighs open. Jack grabbed his crotch as the sudden pounding inside his cock cage banged louder turning his arousal into an unbearable pain searing between his legs.

“Having trouble there sweetie” Mistress Sarah smiled as she gestured for their nervous slave to stand in front of her, at the foot of her towel. She grinned as Jack struggled to maneuver his body as he clutched his groin, desperately attempting to pry off the metal covering.

“Nope, it’s not coming off without this” Mistress Veronica lifted her foot up and swivelled her ankle in front of Jack;’s tearful eyes, showing off the anklet wrapped around her ankle. She gently swung her leg between Jack's thighs and grazed his swollen blue balls before jerking her foot back up.

Jack’s blurred vision slowly becomes clearer under his watery eyes as his pupils slowly homed in on the device wrapped around the brunette’s legs. He squinted several times before he could make out the golden key attached to her ankle. The same key which looked eerily similar to the one used to lock the padlock shut around his manhood.

“Oh god this is so fucking funny” Mistress Sarah laughed ignoring the eyes from the peering public as they inched closer to the trio.

Beads of sweat started to form across Jack's forehead as he suddenly became aware of his public humiliation in front of the crowded beach-goers.

“Enough pissing about, it’s time you service us in public” Mistress Sarah swung her legs and out kicked Jack's ankles apart, smiling as he struggled to balance on his feet.

“In pu.....pu.....pu.....public?” Jack whimpered. Jack’s confidence felt the weight of the evil women’s stiletto heels grinding a hole into his soul.

Submitting his anal virginity and offering his body for the torrent of abuse behind closed doors in their basement dungeon was humiliating enough. But Jack struggled to envision the enormity of the embarrassment and humiliation if he succumbed his body to the busty duo in the public beach. He shook his head in his predicament, the sweet taste of submission and humiliation a few days ago had drawn him closer to the duo who had ripped his anal cherry from under him, smothering him under their leather asses and brutally pounding their feet into his balls. And he had wanted more. He wanted to be thrown into the lioness's cage once more, surrendering his body for their pleasure and amusement. At any cost. Jack was once again torn between his desires and his logic and he stared back at the cruel blonde laying on her back smiling as she dangled her beautiful foot under his chastity locked groin.

“Yes, the test of a true slave is how far he is willing to humiliate himself for his superiors” Mistress Chloe suddenly slams her bare foot between Jack's unsuspecting legs, crushing his vulnerable plums between her unforgiving foot and his pelvic bone. The cruel Mistress leaves her dangerous foot firmly buried in Jack's groin for a few seconds grinning as she knew every second would like like an eternity.

Jack slumped to his knees, groaning as he cupped his tender orbs. Mistress Chloe grabbed a lump of his hair and slammed his face between her legs, pressing his unsuspecting nose against the fabric covering her crotch. The Domme wraps her legs around the stunned slave's head and tenses her thighs as she starts applying pressure against Jack's ears.

“Looks like your face is turning redder than your swollen balls” Mistress Chloe laughs as she tenses her thigh muscles for several seconds before releasing her grip, teasing her submissive with a momentary break from her abuse before resuming her physical domination.

“Oh poor baby, are you in pain” Mistress Veronica smirked as she watched

Jack's hands alternating between clutching onto his throbbing testicles and helplessly struggling to loosen the vice grip around his neck from crushing his windpipe.

“Worship your Goddess” Mistress Chloe's stern voice wraps it's dominant force snugly around Jack as she releases him from her death grip. She smacks her foot against the back of his head, nudging him closer between her legs.

Jack peers down between her legs, gawping at her black g-string as it barely covered her womanhood. The submissive male leans in and deeply inhales his Mistress's dominant scent, filling his lungs with the scent of the control she lingers over him. Jack nervously slides his tongue across the length of Mistress's Chloe's crotch stroking her inner thigh with his trebling tongue. Specks of sands stick to the underside of his tongue but Jack knows better and ignore the sudden abrasions his soft flesh feels as he continues to lick the black fabric.

Despite the humiliation with his head planted between a woman's legs while clutching his groin in full view of the gawping public, Jack continues to roll his tongue across Mistress Chloe's thighs, the masochistic part of his brain teases him to slip his tongue under the black crotch and slowly slip it between Mistress Chloe's fold, tasting her honey. But the logical part of his brain pulls him back for fear of the damage the girls would inflict on his body for his unwelcome violation. A sudden wave of realisation dawns over Jack, and he succumbs to the fact that he is here simply for their pleasures and not his. For every second spent with the Mistresses, he was their property, theirs to humiliate, punish, torture and tease.

“Don't you dare think about poking my divine pussy with that weasel tongue of yours” Mistress Chloe threatened “Because if you even entertain the thought, I've be turning your pathetic little balls into earrings and dangling them for the world to see your worthlessness”

Mistress Veronica slipped her hands into one of the bags and hunted around for her silver bag. She tipped the contents onto the sand between Jack's legs and peered down at the bottle of lube and the strapon housing a huge black plastic cock.

"The first time we punished your ass, we went easy on you" Mistress Veronica stepped on Jack's head forcing his mouth against Mistress Sarah's crotch.

"Uuuuhhhhh" Jack's response was muffled as his tongue struggled against the g-string.

"You were a virgin slut ready to have your anal cherry popped at our hands" Mistress Veronica fastened the strap on around her pelvis and tucked on the plastic cock to ensure the device was secured "but now you have passed your baby steps. I think your ass needs to be tested further"

"With what?" Jack's response was barely audible as his tongue fought against the unexpected sharp grains of sands scrapping his sensitive tongue.

"With our 12 inch bitch of a dildo" Mistress Veronica's voice sharpened as she squirted copious amounts of lube across the dangerous strapon. She wrapped her hands around the thick piece, struggling to get a full grip and towered over Jack's rear, threatening to violate his unsuspecting ass once more. Only this with greater force and a much larger strapon.

The trio's antics drew a crowd from a distance of both men and women who

were curious and eager to witness the events unfolding before their very eyes, a young man with his face planted between the legs of a busty blonde with a bikini clad brunette towered over him with a gigantic dildo, preparing to penetrate his twitching ass.

“Are you ready for your public emasculation” Mistress Veronica asked knowing Jack's response was an irrelevance.

Jack peeled himself away from Mistress Sarah's g-string soaked with his saliva and craned his neck backward. His eyes froze as the world around him halted to a standstill, a sudden lump in his throat muffled his words as his eyes homed in on the thick cock hovering above his head, threatening to dive deep into his anus and tearing through any resistance he had remaining. The rest of the beach became a blur and Jack's thoughts turned back to the first time he begged the two Dommies to violate him to degrees he had never imagined. The cruel women agreed and they revelled in their own pleasures as they tore him masculinity apart while they plowed into his once innocent body. A sweet cocktail of fear and arousal overtakes Jack's thoughts and once again he is torn between turning away and never looking back and submitting his body for the ultimate pleasure in a crowded and public setting.

Jack clutches his crotch as an unbearable pain sets his groin alight, Jack looks down between his legs desperate for his manhood to be released from within the confines of the cock cage, his quickening stiffening manhood forces itself painfully against the cold steel as it struggles to breath in the chastity prison.

“Are you ready slave bitch” Mistress Veronica viciously smacked the back of Jack's head with her sole, forcing the slave's head back between Mistress Chloe's legs. She kicked Jack's legs wider and ground her toe into Jack's swollen testicles, twisting her heel imitating stubbing out a cigarette.

“Yes Mistress, please fuck me and humiliate me” Jack pleads for punishment

“Fuck you where” the busty brunette pressed her weight down on Jack's tender orb.

“Please fuck me in in the ass in front of everyone” Jack whimpered

“Do you deserve it?” Mistress Sarah hurled a ball of spit towards Jack's teary eyes and slapped him with an intention to leave a lasting mark.

“No, but I need to be punished and humiliated to show my purpose” the submissive slave thrust his ass in the air welcoming the Domme's intrusion.

“Good boy” Mistress Veronica yanked off Jack's jeans and boxer shorts exposing his cock cage for the world to see.

Jack suddenly felt more vulnerable than ever as he felt his ballsack dangling in the open and in target for Mistress Veronica assault, his ass and his testicles were hers for the taking. He knew whether he liked it or not, there was nothing he could do about it. Jack struggles to contain the pain which continued to emanate from the tight confines of the steel cock cage, he felt his manhood sweating under the immense pressure of it's steel surrounding which appeared to be shrinking, applying untold pressure on his restrained manhood.

Mistress Veronica gripped Jack's hips and yanked him higher, the dominant woman squirted huge dollops of lube along her slave's ass crack and gently

rubbed the liquid across the full length of his crack with the tip of her thick plastic penis.

“Brace yourself” Mistress Veronica smiles and she presses the tip of the strapon against Jack’s twitching anus, hungry to be filled with the monster threatening to plow it out of existence. The Domme eased her cock into her subs ass, gently pushing her strapon several inches in before retracting it, she continued this motion several times inching deeper on each successive thrust. Jack moaned as he felt his anus widen under the threatening girth of the strapon and he clutched onto Mistress Sarah’s thighs awaiting the moment of full impact.

“Don’t pussy out on us” Mistress Sarah giggled

Mistress Veronica gripped onto Jack's hips she retracted for one final time before slammed her thick monster into Jack’s unprotected anus. Jack shrieked in pleasure as he felt his insides suddenly fill up with his Mistress Veronica strapon and the world around him began to blur away as his body succumbed once more to the pleasures of anal domination. Mistress Veronica started to slowly fuck her slave, drilling her plastic cock deeper with each pump, thrusting into unexplored areas with her larger cock. The cruel Domme had violated Jack’s virgin ass the moment she had met him, and she had held back. But it was different this time, Jack’s hole was now looser and primed for a furious assault and Mistress Veronica was all too eager to oblige.

The Domme began to pick up her pace as she continued plowing into Jack's ass with an unrelenting aggression, asserting her powerful aura over his whimpering body in front of the scores of people gathering around, snapping pictures and whispering amongst themselves. The dominant duo ignored the world as they watched the destruction and humiliation of their test slave as they continued to stretch his asshole beyond his limits and putting his body to the test.

“How does this feel you sissy slut” Mistress Veronica screamed into the air and she continued blasting her beast into the submissive anus of her slave ignoring any amount of embarrassment he may be encountering in public.

Jack grunted his muffles into Mistress Sarah’s crotch as he struggled to hold his legs steady under the downpour of Mistress Veronica continuous thrusts into his sore and tender ass.

Mistress Veronica’s speed of penetration became unstoppable and she continued drilling into her submissive slut, jamming her cock deeper into Jack’s body claiming every inch of his territory as her’s eternally, exuding her power and control over the submissive male in the wild. Mistress Veronica’s thighs suddenly tense as she feels her pending orgasm pounding at the gates of her womanhood, threatening to smash through her floodgates and drench the beach with her dominant juices.

Jack watches helplessly as Mistress Sarah rummages through his jeans emptying out his belongings, keys, coins, paper notes and his wallet. The blonde Domme rifles through his wallet yanking out his credit cards and slaps her slave across the face with the plastic.

“How about treating your Mistresses with your bank account details” the blonde slips her hand between Jack’s trembling thighs and cups his swollen testicles.

“My.....my.....ba....ba...bank account?” Jack whimpered knowing exactly what the duo wanted.

“Yes, show us how much you want to service us” Mistress Sarah slowly

tightened her grip around one of Jack's orbs and gently squeezed.

“Ahhhhhhh” moaned in pleasure as he continued to enjoy the dual pleasure of Mistress Veronica dominating his ass and Mistress Sarah threatening to crush his testicles.

“Well then” Mistress Sarah whispered in Jack's ear.

“4....3.....5.....7.” Jack slowly muttered his pin code in the air

“Good boy” Mistress Sarah pinched Jack’s testicles and smiled as he squealed in pain, clutching his bruised and dented orb.

Mistress Veronica finally caved in to her womanly urges as she unleashed a torrential downpour of her womanly juices above bare ass, soaking his body with her dominant juices, smiling as they trickled onto the sand under his body, forming a pool ecstasy beneath him.

“How was that slave” The brunette Domme yanked her strap on out and slapped Jack’s sore ass with her thickness.

Jack collapsed under the sheer weight of exhaustion unable to respond to Mistress Veronica.

Mistress Veronica and Mistress Sarah towered over their slave cowering in

pleasure clutching his crotch, pleased with their public emasculation.

“You;’ve done well Slave” Mistress Sarah knelt down and dangled the key to Jack’s chastity cage in front of his teary eyes.

“Please can you unlock me” Jack moaned for relief as he cock grovelled for air

“Not today” Mistress patted Jack on the head “but you have certainly proved your worth this afternoon and we are ready to take you to the next level” Mistress Sarah slipped the chastity key through her necklace and dropped the dangling piece between her large breasts.

“The next level” Jack queried

“Yes, met us back in our dungeon next week, we have a surprise for you” Mistress Sarah giggled, she flicked Jack’s testicles and laughed as he reacted instantly groaning as he curled up into the fetal position.

The two Domme's grabbed their suitcases and bags, gathered up Jack’s belongings and hurled the items in the back of the limo. They quickly jumped into the back seat and sped away leaving Jack abused, alone and naked in the middle of the beach.

“Wh....wh.....wha.....what the fuck” Jack muttered. He clutched his sore balls and rolled onto his side careful not to sit on his ass. He refused to look around knowing full well dozens of eyes were watching him, wondering just what they

had witnessed. And why Jack has been publicly violated and left stranded in the middle of the beach, naked, without his phone, credit card, any money or any clothes.

Jack peered between his legs and smiled at the sight of the steel cage restricting access to his cock. He could feel his manhood once again stiffening at the thought of the control the two bombshells next door had over him

He could slowly feel himself becoming owned, physically, mentally and sexually.

TO BE CONTINUED IN PART 3

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