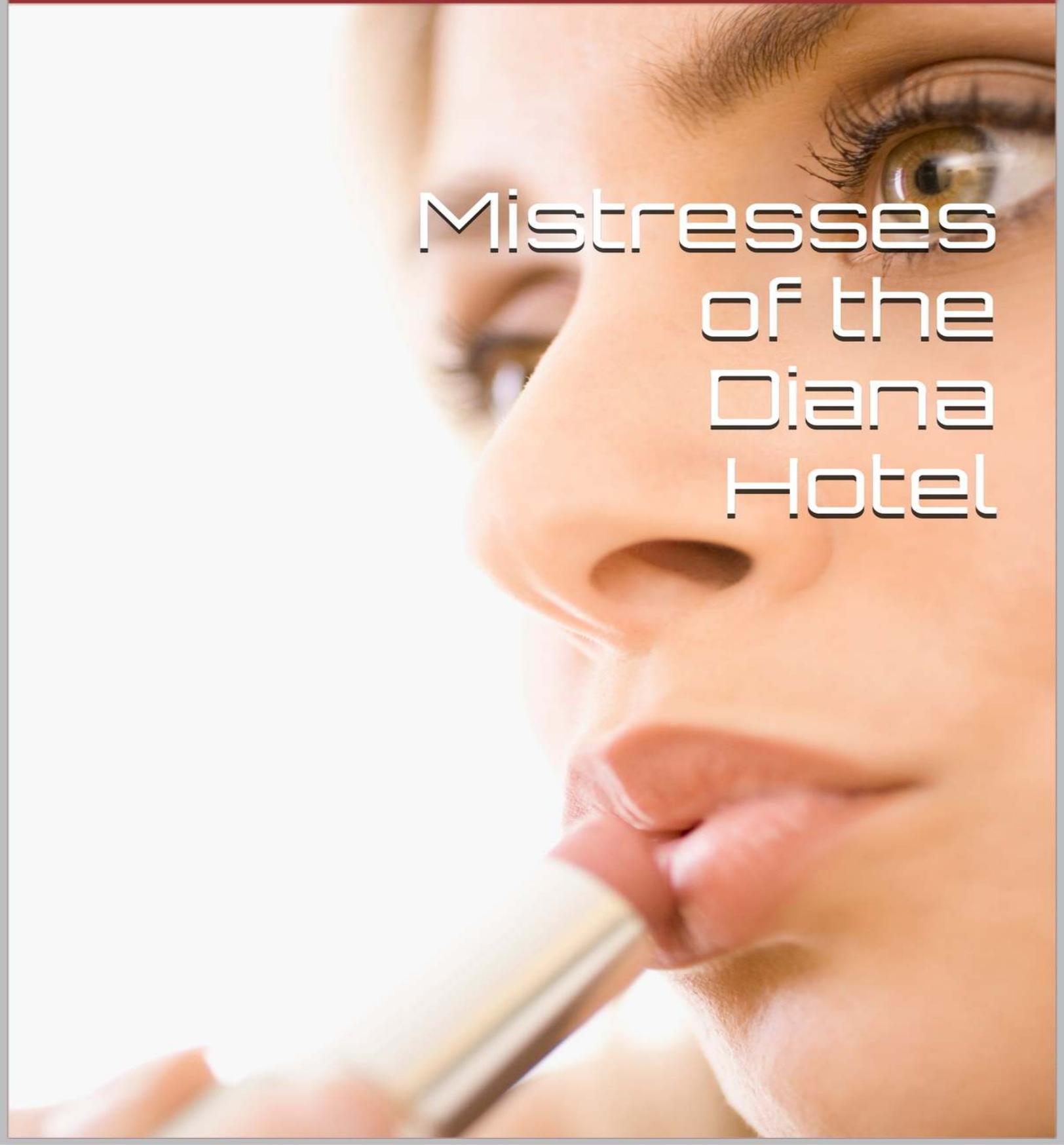


Nikki Leech

A close-up, profile view of a woman's face. She has light-colored eyes and is looking slightly to the right. A cigarette is held in her mouth, with the tip visible. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

Mistresses
of the
Diana
Hotel

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Introduction

Please note this story could be considered disturbing and/all offensive. It does not relate to consensual BDSM. For mature readers only. This is a Femdom themed book containing descriptions of males being treated brutally. It includes descriptions of slavery, punishments, humiliation and execution. It does not in anyway relate to current or previous world events

The book is set in an absolute female dominated world.

This book follows my first book "Hotel Diana".

I thought it would be fun to tell the same story, but this time through the eyes of some of the female characters that were in the first book. It will give a little of an insight into their lives away from work and their personal feeling while working in the hotel.

It is not necessary to have read the Hotel Diana first, however for those that have it may make this book more enjoyable, seeing things from the different side.

Steven is no longer a main character in this version, he is just one of the skunk maids going through the training program and later on in the story just another one of the working maids.

The main characters in this version of the book are the female staff of the hotel.

Hope you enjoy

Chapter 1.

New class.

Annabelle opened her eyes as the soft buzzer sounded, the sun light was trying to glow through the drawn curtains. How I hated these mornings when I had to be at work for a set hour, thankfully that did not happen very often I thought. I enjoyed the fact that my work allowed me to come and go as I pleased. However, this morning was one of those when I would be getting a delivery of new slaves for my next class. I didn't care about keeping those waiting but it would be unfair on the disciplinarian delivering them to have to wait around for me. I rolled over onto my side, and stared at the beautiful brunette woman that lay next to me, slowly I placed my hand round her and caressed her beautiful firm breast. The woman let out a little moan, I lifted my head and gave her a gentle kiss on her cheek.

"Go back to sleep baby," I softly said to my beautiful wife Helen.

I decided not to use the ensuite bathroom as I did not want to disturb Helen any further. So I walked out of the bedroom to use the main bathroom. As I did our

castrated houseslave was standing naked in the hallway waiting to be of service to us. He had been standing there all night in case we needed anything while we rested. He gave me the normal respectful curtsy.

"I'll take my coffee in the kitchen," I instructed.

"Yes thank you Ma'am," he softly replied as I walked past him to use the loo and have a quick shower.

After my shower I had remained naked, as again I did not want to disturb Helen by going into the walk-in wardrobe in our bedroom just yet. I would let her sleep a little longer. Going downstairs I walked into the kitchen completely naked and was met by the slave giving me a curtsy. As expected he had been listening to my movements upstairs and had my coffee ready on the table for me. It sat next to my morning newspaper. As I sat he helped adjust my chair and then automatically knelt on the floor by my side. I totally ignored him; he wasn't impotent enough for me to waste time on with any pleasantries. Opening the paper and sipping my coffee I glanced at the clock, I had two hours before I had to be at work.

I had opted for a nice tight fitting yellow dress; it showed my body off so nicely. My naturally brown skin seemed to glow more when I was in bright colours. It was going to be warm today so I decided to leave my legs bare. The slave kneeled at my feet and laced up the straps of my sandals round my ankles. I heard movement upstairs and called up.

“Helen I got to go,” suddenly footsteps came running down the stairs and the naked Helen flung her arms round me. Looking into her gorgeous blue eyes I gave her a French kiss while hugging her tightly. I felt myself tingling and starting to get wet.

“Shit no,” I pulled away and laughed.

“Are you getting horny sweety,” Helen smiled at me as she spoke.

“Yes and you know it you bitch,” I said laughing. “At least you get to use the slave to finish off I’ve got to go to work.” I added

“Well I may hold off on the slave and save myself for you this evening,” she said with that sexy smile only Helen could give. Kissing her goodbye I walked out to the car, knowing full well the slave would soon be on its knees with its face firmly between Helens legs, I smiled at the thought.

I had overtaken the delivery truck on the way, I so loved the power of my new BMW. I just loved to push the accelerator pedal to the floor and feel the power pushing me back into my seat. It had that WOW factor every time.

After parking in the staff car park. I walked past a couple of skunk maids on their hands and knees sweeping the ground, they of course both got up and curtsayed me as I past them. Not that I had responded in the slightest, the creatures had probably been working all night. I then walked over to the truck which had just parked up. On the way I beckoned one of the staff slaves standing in the slave waiting area to follow me. These were all castrated males dressed in skin-tight pink bodysuits, there sole purpose was to assist any staff member that required them.

I always felt a bit strange meeting disciplinarian. You never knew the type of person they would be. Some I just found so fucking arrogant, especially the younger ones. As it goes the disciplinarian doing this delivery was a pleasant middle-aged women called Sarah. I had the staff slave untie the slaves in the back of the truck and unload them. He was instructed to tie

their hands behind their backs before throwing them out of the back, well I wanted to make a good first impression with the new slaves, I smiled to myself when I gave that instruction.

We stood chatting while the new slaves were thrown out of the back of the parked-up truck, at least they instinctively knelt after they hit the ground. Sarah and I hit it off and I found out that she was having a stay over at the hotel for a couple of weeks and we agreed to meet for a drink. I would invite her round to mine to meet Helen and have dinner one evening.

Having decided to walk over to reception with Sarah I looked down at the seven new slaves she had bought me. It was getting hot now so I decided I would make them stay kneeling there under the sun for a while. They may as well learn from the beginning that life here for them was going to be hard. I didn't like the way they were kneeling, it looked to comfortable. I had also caught a few of them discreetly looking up at me in my tight yellow dress, which I did liked, I did always dress to tease.

"Guys up on your knees, get your legs and back straight, kneel upright for me," I ordered them and watched as they obeyed me.

"Face the floor in front of you," I would make sure that they did not eye up and other female that may walk pass while I was gone. Now they were looking a lot less comfortable and that gave me a smile.

"Don't move," I instructed as I walked away with Sarah, the staff slave lugging her heavy bags followed behind us.

"You ever thought about becoming a disciplinarian?" Sarah said with a giggle. She liked what I had done with the new slaves.

"No way the hours you girls work," I laughed as I replied.

Once Sarah was checked in we said our goodbyes, agreeing to meet in a couple of evenings time for a drink in one of the many bars we had here.

There had been some rumours round the hotel over the last few weeks about the owners moving the whole operation to Dubai. It was also rumoured that they wanted all the staff to move with them and had designed a most attractive package for those who did. I had discussed this with Helen the other evening she agreed that it would be a dream for both of us if it happened. She was a financial consultant and there were plenty of

fanatic opportunities opened to her in Dubai. I decided to head over to the staff restaurant to grab a cold drink and see if there was any more gossip about the potential move. The slaves could wait where they were, I was in no rush to deal with them. I had them for as long as needed before I handed them over to housekeeping. It would also do them the world of good kneeling there in the painful and uncomfortable way I had left them, especially with the heat really rising fast now.

I found Debbie in the restaurant, she worked in reception and knew everything about the place. She had just sat down with a coffee, I grabbed a drink and joined her.

“Hi Debbie, how are things going?” I said to her as I walked over to where she was sitting. I bent down and gave her a kiss on her cheek before I sat down next to her.

“Hi Annabelle just thought I’ll grab a coffee before my shift starts, all’s well how about you two?” She asked in her normal friendly way. I always found Debbie so attractive in her uniform. she fitted the uniform so well, or should I say the uniform fitted her so well. I also liked a woman in black pantyhose I found it so sexy, and Debbie always wore black pantyhose whatever the weather. She liked to look gorgeous and once told me it helped her earn some fantastic tips.

“We are doing fine thanks, you got to come round again soon, maybe we can all go out and have dinner one evening,” I replied.

“That’s a date,” she replied. “I may bring my new slave along give him a treat,” she said with a smile.

“Another one,” I said laughing. “What happened to the last one, you only had him for a few months?” I asked.

“We had a little accident during breath play,” she giggled. I looked at her inquisitively, “Well it wasn’t intentional, the bloody phone rung and I forgot he had the plastic bag over his bloody head. The creature was stone dead when I got back to the bedroom,” she giggled.

I laughed loudly; I could just imagine her going back to the bedroom to continue her games to find her slave had suffocated. “What a shame he was quiet cute,” I said.

“I know, its ok thought I got the insurance money for him and picked up an evens cuter one the next day,” she giggled.

“Bring him along, you know how Helen loves to play with new slaves,” I commented.

She laughed out loudly, “Don’t I just, but not sure the insurance will pay out again so soon if she has her wicked way with him.” We both burst out in laughter.

“Debbie I been meaning to ask you something, have you heard anything about the Dubai thing, there have been rumours going round.” Debbie discreetly looked about to see if anyone was close by that may hear what she was going to tell me.

“Its true,” she spoke quietly. “I had lunch with a girl that’s a manager in admin, they’ve been working on everything. You got to keep this quite until its official, you got to promise me,” she looked into my eyes as she said that.

“Debbie you know I wont tell a soul, going what’s going on,” I asked.

“Well they are going to move the whole complex to Dubai, apparently they built two islands out there, one for the hotel and one for us to live on,” she spoke low and kept looking round to make sure no one was close by.

“They will never go for that out there, I mean for fuck’s sake they have only just given women full equal rights.” I whispered back.

“They were being hit hard by the trade embargos and everything, they had no choice. Apparently our islands will have full autonomy from the country, they don’t care what we do on it. Its all about money,” she added.

“Fuck no way, and the owners are really going for it,” I asked.

“Oh, yep indeed, but listen here’s the best part,” She paused and again looked round to ensure no one overheard. “We are all going to be invited to move with the hotel, including our families. They are building us luxury homes, and here’s the best part, there’s going to be a fifty percent pay rise and its tax free as we’re out there.” She said excitedly.

“Fuck no way,” I couldn’t believe this, if this was true it would make mine and Helen’s life so much better.

“Not a soul,” she said.

“Don’t worry I will not say a word, not evens to Helen until its official,” I reassured her.

“I got to get to work,” she said as she stood up. She then leaned over and gave me a kiss on my cheek as she whispered in my ear, “It so exciting.”

“Gosh yes it is,” I answered as she hurried off to start her shift.

I watched her walk away as she put her red uniform jacket on, gosh her legs looked so great in the short red skirt. If only I were single I thought with a smile.

On the way back to the slaves I stopped off at the hotel hairdressers and book myself in for Friday afternoon. We were going out with some friends for a meal and drinks, and I wanted to look my best.

I walked back to the kneeling slaves, they were in the same position I had left them in, but there was no surprise in that. Looking down at them they all had sweat dripping from their bodies, their faces also told me they were hurting from being left like that, I smiled.

“Guys look up at me,” I ordered.

They slowly and painfully lifted their gaze from the floor. I loved to see the look of amazement when I allowed slaves to look at me freely. I knew I was a sexy Goddess in their eyes. I had my legs slightly spread and my hands on my hips as I looked down at them. I thought I had better get started with training the brutes.

“Guys I’m Miss Annabelle,” I pointed to my golden name badge. “Always address me as such. I am your instructor and will help you guys learn about your new role here.” I spoke while looking down at them. I loved the idea that not one of them had a clue what was going to happen to them, I suppose none of them evens had a clue about where they were. But now came one of the parts I loved with new slaves, it always made me chuckle.

“Now guys I will be taking you to what will be your home for the next few days. Your first lesson is how we walk in a group. Once your trained and in uniform you will be able to transport yourself round the complex differently.” I paused to let my words sink in, I spoke softly and calmly. I knew a lot of the instructors yelled nonstop at the new ones, I just didn’t see the need for it, why give myself a sore throat.

“Now guys stand up.” I watched as they struggle to stand with their hands tightly tied behind their backs. Their bodies must have ached so badly after I had left them like that. The redness on there knees from kneeling upright on the hard surface made me smile, I like it when males suffered for me. I felt the usual tinkle. Bringing my mind back to the task in hand.

“Guys when I tell you to do something I expect to hear yes thank you Miss Annabelle as you are doing it.” I raised my voice slightly while saying this to them.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle.” I smiled at the instant obedience they gave me.

“That’s better, always respond to a lady when you are given an order, are we understood?” I asked.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all answered as one.

“Now guys all turn to your left.” I commanded.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” I could not help letting out a little giggle as they all obediently replied to me. Gosh how the world had changed in less than twenty years. I looked upon males as a kind of

subhuman now, I sometimes evens question if they were human at all. At least this lot appeared to be fast learners, they would also improve once I made one or two of them examples of what disobeying me would bring down on them.

“I think you’re going to be fast learners.” I said and then paused, now for a bit of humiliation, which was always good for them.

“Now normally guys you would have to hug the male in front of you and pull in tightly behind him. Being as your hands are bound behind your backs I want you to take hold of the slave’s cock behind you. Do that now guys.” I ordered and smiled as I saw faces going bright red as they replied to my order.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle.”

I wondered when the first one was going to consider disobeying me, I was looking forward to punishing one of them. I walked down the line; I couldn’t help smiling as these males all held onto the cock of the guy behind them. I check to ensure there was no disobedience, unfortunate they were all doing just as I had ordered. Still their red humiliated faces gave me pleasure.

“Guys pull the male close in behind you,” I next instruction. “Pull his cock as close to you as possible,” I now giggled as I spoke. I did find this so amusing. I saw the look of terror in their faces, faces which were getting redder by the second. And then hearing them say yes thank you Miss Annabelle. I loved my job so much. I let them stand like that a short while, all pressed up to each other holding each other’s cocks.

“Guys this is about moving about without taking up too much space and being less of an eyesore to any guest that might see you. Ensure you look at only the slaves head in front of you. If there is something you need to see I will instruct it. The guy in front of the line just look at the back of my heels and follow me. Are we all understood?” I next instructed.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” came their response. I slowly walked to the front of the line and started to walk away. I glanced back at the group shuffling along behind me, all tucking each other’s cocks to keep up with me, I’m not sure if they heard my laughter.

I thought I would walk them the longer way round. I wanted them to see the pole, but also wanted to give them a little practise of walking like this. I decided I would take them through the guest car park. I entered it and saw a group of women and children, they all pointed and started laughing at the group following me, so I decided to walk the group up close to them, there is nothing better than giving the guest a little bit of extra entertainment. I gave the group of girls a wave and they all excitedly waved back at me. I loved to see happy guest that really made my day.

I finally got to the security and hanging yard, which was my destination, here the slaves would get their first realisation of the place they were in.

“Guys look up to your left.” I commanded.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they answered as they obeyed me. I pointed out the red security door to them. We had a number of different offices dotted round the complex that were for security. This one dealt with the more mundane things that went on. We had an ex-disciplinarian that worked here, a brute of a woman. She did things like branding the slaves when the time came, we also called her if we needed some simple enforcement done. For anything serious we had a specialist armed squad that maintained order.

“Guys this is the security office, they are like our own private disciplinarians, this is where you report if ever told to.” I paused “Guys be warned they are as strict as the ones you knew in your old lives.” I saw their red faces turn to horror at the thought of now knowing we had disciplinarians here. That knowledge would ensure their compliance, disciplinarians had a bad reputation and rightly so. Soon something else would be turning the fear they felt into horror and would ensure I had their full obedience.

“Guys look right now.” I ordered next.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle.” They replied as they obeyed me.

The look on their faces was worth its weight in gold when they saw the slave's hanging on the pole. The pole was an instrument of execution here, it is just a simple pole attached to a wooden frame. The pole run about six feet above the ground. But what the slaves could not take their eyes from

was the three naked slaves. Each had their hands tied behind their backs, their legs bent up behind them. Their wrists attached to their ankles. The pole running under their armpits and behind their backs. They hung in an up turned hog tie position, their weight and the weight of gravity pulling them downwards while digging into their armpits. I really did adore this simple contraption, whoever invented it so many years ago deserve a medal. Once a slave was hung here he could no longer move anything of his body but his head. The longer he hung for the more painful it became. He would then just be left there while nature took its course. I loved everything about it and just could not imagine the horror of being attached to it. I had many a slave hung here and there would be many more. At least one of this group in front of me now would be hanging there for me soon. Whoever made the first mistake would be my example to the rest. Again as I looked up at the helpless dying bodies hanging the tingle between my legs grew stronger,

“Guys there are many punishments here for disobedience or laziness, this is one that the hotel favours.” I spoke in a way to show that this meant nothing to me. “Guys being up there is fatal more often than not.” I paused again to allow my words time to sink into their brains. I watched their stupid faces as they couldn’t quite believe what they saw. I was now satisfied that my plan to ensure their obedience was successful. I walked to the front of them and lead the way to their next destination.

“Right guys let us push on.” I ordered as they tugged at each other’s cock while trying to keep up with me. They couldn’t see the huge smile on my face.

When I had first started this job and was shown my classroom I was more than overwhelmed. The place was massive, more like a large school gym with wooden floors. I also had 8 sub rooms running off the main room, all set up to help me with the training. For each class I was also given a fully trained skunk maid to assist me. Everything here was designed to make my life as easy as possible. I had one section on the main class floor fitted out as an office for myself. I also had a number of cages and other furniture installed to assist in the education of the slaves.

“Guys stand on the white line and face me,” I ordered. The line painted on the floor assisted me in having slaves stand in the correct place without

me having to keep pointed.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” I heard a more substantial reply now, it was always the case after showing new slaves the pole. I sat on my comfortable leather chair in front of the standing slaves, crossing my legs to show myself off, something else that always motivated them to work harder for me. I also enjoyed seeing them trying to discreetly look at my legs, I could punish them for it, however I found it fun, so I let them get away with it for now. This would become more fun when the effects of the pink pill left their system.

The pink pill had come into being about ten years ago. It was something a male had to take each day. Frequently there would be street checks carried out by disciplinarians in the outside world. Any male without the chemical in their bodies would be arrested and face imprisonment or evens the death penalty depending on the mood of the officer. The pink pill effectually rendered the male’s cock useless; it took away the ability to have an erection and also took away their bodies ability to produce sperm. The wonderful thing about the pill was the effects wore off within 24 hours, therefore making it possible for wives, girlfriends and mistress to allow normal functions of their slave’s bodies, by withholding the pill. Of course, this was providing the slave was not allowed out of the home for the duration. Here the pill was not given to the slaves, so until the cocks were pinned back erections were possible and that allowed me to humiliate these creatures to the full. By tomorrow I would be having this fun with them as the chemical left their bodies.

It was now time for me to introduce them to the lives ahead, this was another part of their training which I so enjoyed. The looks that I would see on their faces shortly sent another little tingle thought me.

“729e come stand next to me,” I ordered the skunk maid from the corner of the room. All slaves were given numbers here, that was now they were known, it became their names. These slaves would have theirs branded onto their skins over the next few days.

The maid answered promptly,

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” it then came and after curtsying me stood by my side as I had directed.

I always referred to the slaves here as it's, well they were not men as such, and they certainly were not female. The slaves in front of me looked at what they thought was a pretty girl, they were in for a shock I couldn't help but smile. All maids were required to stand in the at rest position, which 729e did. It's right leg in front of its left, with its feet making a T shape, arms running down, and its hands crossed with one palm above the other, and its head lowered facing the floor in front of it. I once tried to stand like this to feel what it was like. I was not sure why it was called the at rest position, it was so uncomfortably awkward and after a couple of moments I had enough and never tried it again. These slaves would spend hours like it and I would ensure they got very use to it.

The skunk maids all looked the same, their pink hair tucked into the maid's cap, the makeup tattooed onto their faces look so real. Their uniforms consisted of a pink and white checked dress that came down just below their knees. The collar and cuffs made from a stiff white material. The dress was covered by a full-length white apron that finished on the same line as the dress. On the left side of its apron was the skunk's number printed in black fancy writing. They wore a black cravat tucked into the back of dresses collar and over the metal collar that all slaves had welded tightly around their necks. Thick black tights and 2 inch block heeled shoes finished the look. I could never wait to see my new slaves looking like this, but that was some days off yet. Well, it was time to introduce this lot to their future I thought again with a smile coming across my face.

“Face the new guys and display girl,” I instructed the maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” it responded as it turned and faced them. It then spread its legs wide apart and pulled up the dress, so it was above the waistline. Displaying the permanent waist snapping corset locked in place by an unlockable slim steel belt. I always loved the confused looks on new slaves faces at this point, I again couldn't help myself and let a little giggle out.

“You guys look so confused.” I said as I stood up to help them understand better at what they were now looking at. In one swift movement I took hold of the skunk’s tights and panties and pulled them down to its knees. I giggled as the skunk’s face turned bright red and at the same time the new slave’s jaws dropped. They now saw the girl was in fact a boy, with her cock firmly clipped back behind its balls.

“Maid strip for the new boys,” I next ordered. It was about time they saw everything that was going to happen to them.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid answered and immediately started to remove its clothes. Before long it stood there wearing only the tight corset that could not be removed and the steel collar tightly welded round its throat.

“Hands on head,” I ordered the maid

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” she responded and obeyed immediately. I wondered if I had trained this one, it was so hard to tell as they all looked identical. The maids hairless body remained perfectly still as the slaves stared in disbelief. The maid had been fitted with breast implants, giving her a perfect feminine shape with the tight corset. On the left side of its back was the words ‘Property of the Diana Hotel along with her number’ this was branded into her skin, the same branding above its breast on the front right. Its cock was attached to the inside of its balls by a ring that went through the head and then through the testicles themselves. This device was wired into the maid’s central nervous system. Any sign of the slightest erection caused them horrendous pain in their balls, spine and head. It killed erections dead almost instantly. These slaves would find out soon enough what that would be like. I turned the maid round so the slaves could have a good look, I wanted them to see what they would become over the next few days. I decided not to speak to them just yet, I allowed them to just look.

“Get dressed maid,” I ordered the maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid replied and started to dress.

I sat down and again crossing my legs, so they all had a clear view of me.

“Now guys looking at your faces I think what I am going to say to you is going to come as a bit of a shock to most of you,” I paused. “You are all going to be just like this skunk, it is the reason why you are here, you will all serve as skunk maids,” I smiled and let them process what I had just said. “Now if any of you feel you can’t be a good little skunk maid speak up, I have lots of space on the pole outside,” again I smiled. Glad that I decided to show them the pole first, there were unsurprisingly no volunteers to hang. Again, I gave a smile of satisfaction.

“That’s wonderful, so let’s begin your training guys or should I say girls,” I giggled as I said that. Now every face looking at me was a bright red. How I loved my job.

Chapter 2

Another day at the office

I couldn't get my mind off Dubai, and of course couldn't wait to tell Helen all about it. I knew Helen wouldn't tell anyone. Life was getting so exciting, and the future was looking so good. I glanced over at the slaves they were still staring between my legs and the maid. They were so useless, sometimes I just felt like hanging them all on the pole. I was one of the lucky members of staff here, I was born into the New World Order. Some of the complete horror stories I heard from the older women who had lived in that other world. I had to bring my mind back to the task in hand, making these useless slaves into useful skunk maids. I had to get the basics out of the way with them today, before I rushed home to tell Helen the news. I still needed one of these to make an example of. I had made up my mind that before I left work today one of them would be hanging on the pole, if none made any mistakes then I would select one randomly. I felt a slight wetness between my legs as I thought about it. There was something about the power I now held which I enjoyed so much.

I allowed the slaves to do a quick 360-degree spin from the spot they were standing on. Just to give them an idea of the room they were held in. Most of the cages and punishment frame in the room were there for show I didn't really need them; however, it made the place look more frightening for the slaves. I noticed how one or two of them stared at the small rings attached to the floors, those I would be using later I thought with a smile. My classroom had no windows which enabled me to make it pitch black in here. I was a firm believe that unless working, slaves did not need light. Why waste electricity?

“Okay guys that give you a quick look at you home,” I said with a giggle as I looked at their horrified faces. I glanced at the maid, and she was standing in the at rest position fully dressed now, so it was time for the new slaves to learn how to stand I decided.

“Look at how the maid is standing,” I said next. “This is you’re at rest position,” I paused and then started to describe the position to the slaves. “Look the way her feet form a T shape,” I pointed to its feet. I made a flowing motion with my hand, it helped describe the nice-looking position the maid was standing in. “The legs have no bend they are beautifully straight. Her hips turned forward displaying her body. Look at her straight arms and the way her hands sit above each other, the head facing the floor straight in front of her. Her whole body is symmetrical and submissive. Guys this is the at rest position, whenever you are told to stand this is the position you will now stand in. You then remain like that perfectly still. Let me see it now.” I ordered. I had to admit that this was a nice way for maids to stand in, it looked so submissive. I knew it was not the most comfortable to be in but that didn’t really mater. I liked seeing this position so much that I had adopted it at home for our houseslave.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the slaves responded and went into the at rest position. It took me a few seconds to work out why they were not standing correctly. I giggled when I remember their hands were still firmly tied behind their backs.

“I forgot your hands are still tied,” I said as I giggled. “Never mind”. I got up and walked the line, having them make some corrections to their stances, they had to grasp this position immediately. It was now the way they had to always stand; I had just taken their freedom of standing in a natural position away. My next job was to give these slaves temporary names until they had their brandings.

“Maid fetch me a black marker pen from my desk.” I ordered the maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle.” The maid curtsey and immediately ran off to my makeshift office. I glanced at the slaves all standing as I instructed them to.

“Guys get use to standing like this, if you are ever caught standing in any other way you will be punished. Understand?”.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all answered.

Once the maid had returned with my marker pen, I again walked the line. This time I wrote big numbers across the chests of the slaves, numbering them one to seven. They now had names, I smiled.

“Now you all have names. These will do until you get your proper designations.” I said out loud. I stood back and looked at the slaves standing facing me. All standing still in the at rest positions, with numbers across their chest. I was satisfied with my morning's work. However, I was beginning to feel hungry, which reminded me that they had not eaten yet, in fact they had not been allowed anything yet not even a toilet break since they arrived. They would have to wait.

“Right guys I'm going to have my lunch break now, no moving, no sound, just practise standing like that, understand”.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle” they all responded.

I turned and headed for the door, leaving them and the skunk maid standing as they were. On the way out I turned off the lights, I smiled as I plunged them all into total blackness.

I decided I would take a couple of hours break; it would do the slaves good to start learning about waiting. In all honesty it was more about me not having to have to rush. I strolled towards the staff restaurant thinking about what to have for lunch, stopping a couple of times to have a chat with staff members I knew on the way.

There were a couple of girls sitting in the restaurant who I knew so I joined them. The restaurant was staffed by sissy waitresses, one came to the table when it saw me sitting, it stood by my side and waited as I chatted with the others sitting on the table. Eventually I glanced at the waitress standing there in its short pink and white dress, the tops of its black stockings just visible. “Fetch me a ham salad and an orange juice,” I instructed, then waved my hand dismissing it. The waitress gave me a perfect curtsy while replying.

“Yes thank you Ma'am.” I went back to my conversation with the others. It was only really chatting about our outside lives and the holiday one of the girls just had in the USA. The Dubai topic never came up in our

conversations. The slaves waiting for me in the classroom never entered my mind, they were of no importance to me.

After lunch I had a stroll round the hotel gardens, it was something I loved to do. The gardens were beautifully kept with exotic plants everywhere, their fragrances were from a different world. It was nice to speak to some of the guest staying at the hotel, many of the older ladies enjoyed an afternoon walk in here also. Many asked about my work and held a real interest in the training program we gave the slaves here. Today a couple of pilots from a Russian airline started a conversation with me. I didn't know what they did when we first started chatting as they were just dressed in summer dresses. The two women were so proud of their work and could talk about nothing else. By the end of the conversation I felt I knew how to fly an aeroplane. I had to smile. I thought it was about time I headed back to the classroom, glancing at my watch I had been gone for just over two hours. I decided to go back via the coffee shop and grab a takeaway coffee to take back with me. I wanted to head home early this evening as I couldn't wait to tell Helen about Dubai.

I hit the light switch from outside the door. I knew the effects would shock the slaves as light filled the complete darkness I had left them in. As I walked in the skunk maid gave me a curtsy, the others just stood there. I would have to address this issue next. I walked over and sat on my chair in front of them and sipped at my coffee.

“Untie their hand,” I ordered the skunk.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” she gave a curtsy and then went about untying them. I knew that they would want to rub their hands which had been tied behind their backs for ages, I would not allow them to do that.

“Guys when your hands are untied place them in the correct position,” I instructed.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they replied. I saw their red-looking shoulders which had been held back while they were in their bondage. I also saw the looks of pain on their faces as they moved their arms to their front once untied. I never understood why I developed the enjoyment of

seeing males suffer, it was not something I had as a child. Growing up males were just there to do things, they worked so my life would be better. I never mistreated them, of course I punished males but only when it was deserved. Yet since I started working here that had changed, I enjoyed what I did to them.

“Guys whenever a female enters or leaves your presence, or you them you are expected to show them respect. This is achieved by a curtsy. From now I expect to always see a curtsy from you when I or any other female comes into or leaves your presence. Is that understood?” I said to the slaves

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” They responded.

“Guys being that you do not have dresses on yet, when you curtsy just move your arms slightly away from your body and place your wrist at right angles. Once you are in dresses you will lift the hem up. Show them maid.” It was so handy having the maid to demonstrate things. In the beginning I had to do all the demonstrating myself which I found humiliating. It was my idea at a management meeting that instructors needed a skunk maid in class. It was thought a good idea by senior management, and we were thereafter all given the use of a maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle.” The maid responds and then demonstrated the curtsy.

“Maid go into the bent leg position of the curtsy and hold,” I ordered the maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” she always answered in the same polite way. I then described the position in detail to the slaves, before ordering them to go into the same position with their legs bent in the curtsy position. As I sat looking at them still sipping at my coffee I gave a few correcting adjustments that they needed to make.

“Guys when you drop into the legs bent position you hold it for two seconds. One Mississippi and two Mississippi,” I counted out loud. “You then go back into the at rest position. Are we clear?” I instructed

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle.”

“And up,” I waved her hand in an upward motion allowing them to go back into the at rest position.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” I smiled at their red humiliated faces as they replied.

“And let me see a full curtsy now,” I instructed next.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all dropped, I saw them do the counting in their heads before they stood again. I would have made them repeat this a few dozen times, but time was moving on, and I was excited about getting home and telling Helen the news. So just made them do it the once more.

“Perfect guys, so now no excuse for never giving a wonderful perfect curtsy to all females.” I said feeling Satisfied. I glanced at my watch and wanted to be out of here within the next couple of hours, it was time to rush things along. I got up and walked towards the rear of the main classroom.

“Quickly follow me all of you,” I commanded and led them into one of the sub classrooms which was the loo area for them.

“Show them how to clean the toilet maid,” I directed the comment to the maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid responded. She went to the cupboard and came back holding a bottle of disinfectant and a small scrubbing brush not much bigger than a toothbrush.

“Guys form a semi-circle and stand round so you can all see,” I directed the slaves.

The maid then went about cleaning the toilet, always holding her body straight in sexy positions. Her legs always together bent at the knees. Kneeling with back straight. As I was watching the slaves watch the maid clean a smile came to my face. Finally, one of the slaves had made a

mistake, it was not standing in the correct at rest position. This slave would be my example to the others. Its feet were not forming the t shape, it would cost him its life.

“So 2, you think I am here to just waste my time do you?” I addressed him by the number I had written on his chest.

“Sorry Miss Anna,” I did not allow him the chance to end his sentence.

“I told you only a few minutes ago how to stand,” I made myself sound cross. But inside I was pleased that he had given me the excuse to hang him on the pole, this day was turning into the perfect day.

“Miss AN,” Again I interrupted him.

“Get out, go wait for me in the main room, go get out,” I shouted at him and pointed to the door.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the red-faced male gave me a curtsy and then left the room.

I then went back to my normal calm voice and gave them a lecture on how the maid cleaned a toilet which she was still doing as I spoke.

I decided I would leave them there watching the maid clean while I dealt with the slave I had sent outside.

“Watch the maid clean and learn. I will be back soon.” I said as I left, they all curtsied me as I did.

Going outside the slave was now standing correctly and went into the curtsy as I approached. I reached out and grabbed his right ear as he was in the lower position. We had been trained how to grab a slave’s ear and twist it violently while pushing our arm downwards. This was a painful shock for the slave and put him into a squatting position which made him easy to pull behind as we walked. The slave let out a little scream of agony as I forced his ear round and down. I was told this was a really painful experience for

slaves, which I would never really know for sure. But judging from their reaction whenever I grabbed one like this it did seem it was. I walked forward and pulled him in the squatting position behind me. He did start to beg for my forgiveness, however his fate was sealed, so I just yelled at him to shut up. surprisingly he obeyed me without me having to use violence to enforce my words.

The pole had now been cleared of the slaves that were hanging on it earlier. The officer always had the bodies removed once they had expired. I dragged the slave onto the wooden floor below the pole and pressed a button to the side. The floor raised to a level where I could attach the slave to the pole with ease. I instructed him to lift his arms over the pole, which was behind him, he complied. He was still not sure that I was going to really hang him here, or maybe just not believing it. I walked round behind him and tied his hands together tightly.

“Raise your right leg,” I yelled at him to make sure he obeyed me which he did. I then tied his ankle to his wrist, again tightly. His knee was pulled tightly upwards now, all the muscles in his right leg were actually pulled tightly. I lowered the platform slightly, so he was standing on his left toes only now. Most of his weight was now carried by the pole running under his arm pits. I kicked him in his left ankle.

“Raise you left leg,” I ordered.

“Please please Miss Annabelle, please don’t hang me here, I will never stand wrongly again, please I beg you,” I allowed him to beg for a while. I enjoyed the sound of a slave pleading for his life. But time was pushing on, so I kicked him again this really hard in the ankle, instinctively the pain made him raise his leg. I grabbed it and tied it to his wrist. He now hang there helplessly. I lowered the platform and stepped back onto the normal ground. I looked up at him and saw the crying helpless face looking back down at me. My juices flowed as I turned and walked back to the classroom. Tonight, Helen was going to make me feel so good I thought with a smile.

Going back into the sub class I was met with a curtsy.

“And then there were six,” I said with a giggle. The slaves looked confused, thinking I would not have hung the slave for such a small

mistake. They would find out tomorrow when I allowed them to see him, he should be almost expired by then.

“Guys when I teach you something there is no option attached to it. It’s not difficult here just do as you are taught, are we clear?” I said out loud

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” They all replied.

“Right number one, sit on the toilet and use it, I take it you need to go.” I instructed looking at his face glowing red. He seemed a bit shocked and did not move.

“Hurry up one we don’t have all day,” I raised my voice.

“Yes sorry thank you Miss Annabelle,” he said as he sat down and relieved himself while I watched, along with the other slaves..

“Guy you are no longer permitted to stand, whenever you use a toilet you will sit, are we clear?”

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they responded.

“You will never use a loo without permission from staff unless you are on your rest period, the only loos you will use are those designated for slaves use,” I paused to allow the slave on the toilet to finish.

“Right number one clean the loo now.” I ordered and watched him clean the toilet as the maid had shown them. I allowed them all a go of using the loo and then cleaning it after each use. I checked my watch and already it was four thirty. I really needed to hurry things up, I wanted to be on my way home by five. I quickly led the slaves and maid into the room which contained their food and water. I was in mind not to bother feeding them today, but really knew I had to as I was not sure when they last had food or water. The kinder side of me was showing I smiled at the feeling.

The foodstuff given to the slaves here was always the same. It was a white substance, apparently having a vile bitter taste. Slaves required three table spoonsful twice a day to maintain them. They were never given

anything else to eat. I made the slaves stand with their hands behind their backs and instructed the maid to feed them. I enjoyed hearing them gagging as the food was put into their mouths. They all swallowed the second and third spoonful's down quickly, to save having to taste it again. Next the maid gave them one cup of water each, they swallowed it down feverishly, the creature must have been so thirsty.

It was finally time to put them down for the night so I could go home. I had small cages in the large classroom that could be used for overnight storage. However, I much preferred having the slaves tied up on the floor with their throats attached to the small rings. I had the maid fit them in tight collars and secure their hands behind their backs. Once the first slave was ready I walked over to a ring on the floor and tapped it with my foot, instructing him to come and lay at my feet with his neck to the ring. He obeyed me and I laughed as he struggles to get down on the floor with his hands tied, eventually he just let himself fall from the kneeling position. They did have such entertainment value. I fasten his collar to the ring, reading him helpless. The ring attached to the collar was small so it forced the slave to press the side of his face into the floor, it would be stuck like that until he was released.

I instructed the maid to secure the rest. I stood and watched while they were all locked in place on the floor at my feet. It was time to add to their nights torment.

“Guys you have not been given your pink pills. The hotel believes in self-control. Over the next few hours certain parts of you will start to work. Let me warn you, should I see any sign of self-relief in the morning, it will be a one-way ticket to the pole for you, do you all understand?” I spoke with a serious tone; this was a real threat I had given them. I would not tolerate any kind of self-release from these creatures bonded to the floor at my feet.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the muffled voices replied.

Finally, it was time to go home, I glanced at my watch, ten to five, I smiled. I decided that it was too early for the maid to stop working.

“Be in the car park waiting for me at 11am girl, report to housekeeping now and asked to be assigned work.” I directed the maid. At least she would now be worked hard late into the night. I waved her away.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid rushed away to find more work now I had finished with her for the day.

I glanced down at the slaves, happy in the knowledge that they were not going anywhere until I returned tomorrow. I walked out of the class locking the door behind me, before flicking the light switch plunging the slaves into a terrifying darkness. They would now spend many hours attached to the wooden floor, very limited in the movement they could have and in complete darkness. I headed to the car park and the promise of a wonderful relaxing evening at home.

I walked passed the slave I had hung on the pole; the creature was clearly in agony. By now his limbs would be burning in pain, he lifted his head to say something to me, but I had gone by before his mouth opened.

I so loved my new car, the smell of the new leather, the power of the engine. Helen had bought me this for my birthday a few days ago, it was just so luxurious. I pressed the pedal with my foot and felt the power surge, I smiled life was so good.

Helen was off work today and when I got home she was waiting. She met me at the door when she heard the car pull up. She was wearing only a black silk basque and black stockings, she gave me that smile when I got out of the car. I ran up hugging her tightly and we got lost in a heavenly kiss. What followed was a wild night of beautiful sex, all my built-up frustrations of the day were finally allowed to flood out of me.

Chapter 3

Advance the new skunks

I awoke feeling so good. My body now well and truly relieved of all its sexual frustrations, I felt relaxed and well rested. I had not set the alarm today as whatever time I arrived at work didn't matter. Glancing at my clock it was eight thirty, shit I had missed Helen this morning she always left at eight on work days. I used the bathroom and then walked out to the hall and the house slave curtsied me. There was a note that Helen had used a drawing pin to pin to the slave's chest. I pulled it off to read, he let out a little yelp as I did. I gave him a bad look for breaking the silence, his face went red, he did not make another sound.

"Good morning sweetheart I didn't want to wake you, you looked so sexy and beautiful sleeping, hope my kisses didn't disturb you. Can't believe we're going to live in Dubai, have the bestest day, kisses. Oh, did I say how much I love you, kisses and kisses and more kisses." I smiled when I read the note, I was so lucky to have met Helen she was the love of my life and always would be.

"Coffee" I commanded the slave. He curtsied

"Yes thank you Ma'am," and hurried off to make me my morning coffee.

Helen was of course over the moon when I told her the news about Dubai, she had already looked up the many opportunities she would have there. It was going to be a great life for us. The slave had assisted me in dressing. I decided on a short pink dress and black pantyhose today. That should tease the new slaves nicely, especially now the chemicals in their bodies would be gone, I smiled at the thought. The slave slipped the low-heeled shoes onto my feet before I left for the wonderful drive to work.

The skunk maid was ready and waiting for me in the car park. It curtsied me saying "Good morning Miss Annabelle," as I walked passed it. I did not reply, and it followed me as I walked totally ignoring it. Walking passed the slave I had hanging, I gave him a glance. He looked about done,

he was still not expired as he tried to lift his head. I smiled and continued to the coffee shop with the skunk maid behind me.

I hit the light switch and walked into the class, there was a few gasps for breaths as I did. The slaves were of course all still attached to the floor, all twisted and laying awkwardly. They had spent a night in pure discomfort for me, I smiled and wondered if any had expired during the night.

“Good morning guys,” I said out loud.

“Good morning Miss Annabelle,” came the muffled and weak replies. I ordered the maid to untie the slaves as I sat in my chair watching and took a sip of my coffee.

“Skunks when you are untied come stand on the line in front of me,” I ordered. I didn’t hear a reply so shouted out next.

“I didn’t hear you; do you all need punishing!”

“Sorry yes Miss Annabelle,” came the weak response, I giggled at that.

As the slaves lined up in front of me they again they gave those little indiscreet looks at my legs, I smiled. The lack of medication had the desired effect as I saw erect and semi erect cocks.

“Four why is your cock semi hard; do you think you’re going to fuck me or something,” I called out to slave four. Instantly his face turned bright red.

“Sorry Miss Annabelle, I think it’s the lack of the pink pill Miss Annabelle. No Miss Annabelle I will never want to fuck a female. I know I am nowhere good enough to evens think such a thing.” His words came out confused and he sounded so scared. I giggled.

“And five, your cock has the same problem?” I said next.

“Sorry Miss Annabelle yes Miss Annabelle, it’s the first time I have never taken the pink pill,” Came his very nervous reply. I laughed out loud when he said it’s the first time he had never taken the pink pill, I must have been watching the slaves first ever erection. I was enjoying this so much.

There faces were all red with humiliation as they stood in front of this sexy women, I smiled.

“Don’t worry skunks we will soon have those filthy pieces of meat under full control,” I said with yet another giggle.

I decided to let them stay like that for a while and called to the maid to give me the morning newspaper which she did. I then relaxed back on the comfortable leather chair and read the paper for about half an hour while they stood and waited. At times my mind completely forgot about them as I concentrated on the stories I was reading. Of course, they all stood there in front of me completely lifelessly, each no doubt taking sneaky looks at my legs in the black pantyhose. Each one of them feeling so helpless as they wondered what would happen to them today.

Eventually I thought I had better crack on and allow the slaves to loo and feed.

“Skunks go to the loo, form a circle and use it one at a time, then clean it. Each take a turn, report back here once you have had your turn”, I paused. “Go run,” I then instructed, all without looking away from the paper I was reading.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” came their pathetic response as they ran to the loo. In their humiliation they would all have to sit and use it in front of each other. I continued to read as I waited until they were all back in place before me.

“Go fetch the food and water, feed them maid.” I gave the next instruction

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” came the normal response.

Again, I sat relaxed until they had all done. I then ordered the slaves to come forward and to kneel down in a little semi-circle round me. I now had them put there bums down to the backs of thier their legs so they were lower to the ground allowing me to look down at them form my sitting position. I had them place their hands behind their backs, so they were more exposed and felt vulnerable. It was time to have a little chat with them, little by little I always fed them information to help in their understanding of their new lives. They looked like a bunch of school children sitting on

the floor in front of their teacher who was about to tell them a story. The only difference was my children were naked males kneeling down in front of me looking down at my feet, I smiled at the sight.

“Isn’t this like when you were kids in school sitting on the floor in front of teacher,” I said smiling. “Just my kids are naked on their knees and not allowed to move,” I laughed out loud before sitting back and crossing my legs again. I allowed my dress to ride up my thighs, showing much of my beautiful black pantyhose legs to them. I knew just how sexy I was and just how much I was teasing them. Little cocks some of which had never felt erections before were beginning to grow. I laughed again, but it was time to start my lecture.

“Skunks you may have guessed that you are in a kind of hotel and leisure complex. This is the Hotel Diana, and you have all been lucky enough to have been sent here to serve by your state. You have all now become the property of the hotel. The hotel is state sponsored not state owned therefore once you were given to the hotel your state decided to wash its hands of you and will have no more to do with you.” I paused to let my words sink in.

“Your main task here as skunks is to clean. Once I have finished with you I will hand you over to the housekeeping department which is where you will serve. Understand that you will have no set hours, you will work for as long and as hard as housekeeping decide. Any breaks will be given to you by the housekeeping staff. Now speaking of staff, all the main rolls in the hotel are of course carried out by females. All laborious mundane roles by males. The hotel decided that many male roles would be fun if carried out by sissies, hence you lot.” I gave another pause to allow my words to be digested.

“Now as I said your role here is mainly one of cleaning, however you may find yourself doing other things as directed by any member of staff. When I say staff I am referring to real staff, females. You are not limited to doing just as housekeeping tell you, although you will properly find yourself in deep trouble if you have not done the work they have tasked you because another staff member redirected. That’s just life for a skunk maid,”

I smiled as I looked down at there confused and bewildered faces.

“Now this hotel is five stars in everything we do. The hotel has but one purpose, that being the relaxation and pleasure of our female guest, nothing else matters here. Therefore, that is your only purpose. All guests here have complete power over all males. No male here is of any value or importance when it comes to our guest, their enjoyment while here is of higher value than any of your lives. On the whole guest will leave you alone, however skunk maids being what they are, of low to no real value and on the front line are commonly subject abuse from our guest. It is just another thing that is life for a skunk maid”. Now some of them begun to looked shocked, which again made me smile.

“The hotel does not charge or in any way penalise any guest for damage done to male slaves, something you must all understand. Should a guest tell you to jump from the top floor window of the hotel you will simply obey her, are we understood?”

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all responded. I continued with their induction lecture.

“Many of our guest bring their children with them, as I said all guests have every power of you. Some of the younger guests do tend to enjoy inflicting suffering, the little darlings are just getting use to their roles in life. It is just something else you must accept.” Again, looking down at them, I pictured I was a schoolteacher with these little children looking up at me be with faces of amazement at what I was teaching them. I laughed again.

I checked the time, as I was due to drop the slaves off at the security office, they were getting branded today. I wanted time for them to see the hanging slave beforehand. The example of what disobeying me would mean to them had to be fixed in their minds.

“Right skunks, stand up back on the line, face your left and grab hold of the waist of the skunk in front of you and pull in tight, MOVE!” I ordered with a raised voice.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” I then watched as they struggled to get up from kneeling in one spot for so long.

They formed the line hugging each other which I found so amusing.

“Pull in as tightly as you can to each other,” I command, and watched as their bodies squeezed in tighter to each other. “When we start to move make sure that you stay as tightly together as you are now, do you understand?” I asked.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all answered. I knew that semi and fully erect cocks were now sticking into the slave in front of them. Their red faces telling me all I needed to know about how they felt right now. I took my place at the front and led off. Glancing back, I saw the slaves hobbling along tightly crunched up together, I had to laugh at the spectacle.

I had eventually led them back to the security yard but had them facing away from the pole. Slightly spreading my legs with hands on hips.

“Turn face me,” I command

They turned and as expected they all had erect cocks, the lack of the pill and the rubbing motion from the male in front of them as they walked had worked them right up, a few of the cocks were dripping precum, I had to laugh at these animals.

I ordered them to look at me and they all lifted their very embarrassed heads.

“So, you guys like other guys I see,” I said laughing. “Maybe before I have you pinned back I’ll let you all play with each other; you can all have a good humping with each other.” I smiled as red faces turned redder.

“You would like that wouldn’t you?” I put my hand up to her ear and slightly turned my head, indicating I want the answer and one I wanted to hear at that.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” we responded. I couldn’t contain myself with the looks on their faces and their stupid yes miss reply, I found the whole thing so funny I just laughed out loud. I had to give a little cough and pulled myself back together, the entertainment value of the slaves was so priceless. It was now time to get serious with them. I ordered them to turn to their right and form a straight line and to keep looking up.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all said as they turned. They stared up at the hanging slave, all in disbelief as they saw number two hanging there lifelessly. I walked to the front of them and looked up at the slave. I liked the way his body was hanging, his weight had pushed down on the pole, and it had cut into his armpits and forced his arms up in a weird position, it looked quite horrific. I felt that tingling sensation as I knew he was hanging there for me. I loved the deep overwhelming feeling of power that it gave me, oh I wished Helen was here right now to satisfy my needs, that would have to wait till later.

“Skunks I know this may seem extreme to you; however, you have to learn to obey me, I do not tolerate errors, am I clear?” I spoke sharply to them.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all replied, all in shock at the punishment I had given this slave for simply not having his feet in the correct position. None of them in any doubt now about how deadly their beautiful teacher could be.

The sound of the door opening made me turn, it was the security officer who was going to brand the slaves for me. She walked out towards me, and I moved towards her.

“Hi Annabelle, how are you, sorry I’m a bit late today one of those mornings I couldn’t be bothered to get in gear.” She said to me. I noted with satisfaction that the slaves curtsied on hearing her voice.

“Oh, tell me about those days,” I replied giggling. “But we need our beauty sleep,” I added. The other lady laughed.

“It had nothing to do with beauty sleep on my part, more like hangover sleep.” She laughed as she replied. “Met up with a bunch of the old disciplinarians I use to worked with last night, when we start drinking.” She laughed out loud before continuing. “Do you want to leave them with me and pick them up in the morning, I’m just not in a rushing mood today and need more coffee before I start work.” She said

“That would be great, I’ll go for a swim and have an early day.” I replied.

“Fab, I’ll be in about 11 tomorrow so any time you want after will be fine, enjoy the swim.”

“OK I’ll see you tomorrow,” I tuned with a big smile on my face, I had not expected such an early finish. As I walked away the slaves curtsied me, I left them with the butch officer, knowing that they were going to suffer a lot under her. Next time I would see these slaves they would all be nicely branded.

I decided on a visit to the hotel gym and a swim before lunch, as Helen was at work there was no point in rushing home.

Chapter 4

Boring day

The evening before had been lovely, we decided to eat out in a really nice restaurant. They had live music there and a dance floor, we had danced into the early hours of the morning. Then when we got home we let our passion for each other run wild. But now was another day and again I was driving back to work after well over sleeping. I was supposed to pick the slaves up at eleven from security, it was now past twelve, not that it mattered they would just wait. The maid was waiting for me in the car park, no doubt it had been standing still there for hours now, it gave me the normal greeting which I did not respond to. I heard its heels clicking behind me as I just simply walked passed it. I had as normal dressed sexy, today opting for a green dress which had a lace almost see thought top, my green shoes matched, however it was far to hot for any kind of pantyhose today.

I arrived at the security yard to find my slaves standing and waiting, they all curtsied me when I arrived. They looked so nice with the freshly baked brandings on their bodies, I walked up and down the line inspecting them front and back. Tina the secretary officer had done a great job as she always did. She then appeared in the doorway no doubt seeing me in the camera from her office. The slaves all curtsied.

“Hi Annabelle, how are things”” she said.

“My turn today to have that extra 30 minutes turning into a two hour lay-in,” I replied with a giggled.

“And why shouldn’t we, we deserve it,” Tina replied,” smiling as she did. “There all done, sorry I had to put one on the pole, he actually swore at me when I branded him, the fool.” Tina explained, I laughed at the comment. I had not noticed the other one hanging up on the pole and to be honest it did not really cause me any concern. I was still looking at the

brandings, they must have felt such pain when it was done to them, but it was worth their pain as now they looked so good and were marked up correctly as the property they were.

“That’s no problem whatsoever, I so love them when their branded,” I said. “I better push on with them or their get no training in today,” I added.

“Ok take care see you later,” she replied and went back to her office. The slaves all curtsied as she did.

“Skunks turn left and hug tightly,” I commanded with a smile at their markings.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they all replied as they obeyed me. No doubt with two of their numbers now hanging on the pole it helped them mentally to accept what they now were becoming. I lead them back to the classroom, once we arrived I took them to a sub classroom, which had a couple of beds in and some bedding to one side. That was their next lesson, making beds. There was one double bed and one single bed in the room, there was no bedding on the beds. A trolley was in the corner of the room containing folded bedding. I had the slaves form a line where they could watch the maid make the beds.

“Maid show them how to make a bed, do it slowly so they can see every stage. Make both up. Once done strip them and repeat the exercise, continue until I return.” I ordered the maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid replied.

“Skunks take note of not only every detail in how she puts the bed together, watch the positions her body works in.” I turned and walked out as they gave me a curtsy. There was no need for me to be there, the maid would make the beds over and over again and the slaves would learn by watching her, later I would test them.

I had to decide how to spend the next two or so hours, sometimes my job could become boring when I just left the slaves to stand still to watch

and learn. I decided on a swim in the outdoor pool to cool me off, and maybe some lunch to follow.

A couple of hour later I returned to the slaves and the maid making the beds. I was greeted by the normal curtsy. I had the maid fetch me a chair and put it to one side where I would get a clear view when I tested the slaves. I was feeling a bit board today and had decided that at least one of these slaves would get a good whipping to liven up my day.

“I so hope you skunks paid attention to every detail,” I paused. “Test time,” I put on a pretend joyful voice at the last bit.

“Skunk one, make the beds,” I ordered.

I watched intently for a mistake, and there it was, the slave’s legs came apart while it was bending over. Only for a few seconds but that would do. When he had finished I inspected the bed, the top where had placed the duvet cover was not in a dead straight line. This slave was going to suffer, I smiled.

“Maid fetch me the leather riding crop, the dark brown one,” I ordered the skunk maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid curtsied and rushed off.

“Skunk the line here is not dead straight, it’s not perfectly in line with the headboard, see how it deviates downward, its only very slight, lucky I managed to see it.” I said looking at the slave.

At that point the maid returned holding the nasty looking riding crop, it gave a curtsy and held it out for me to take. I decided I wasn’t going to hit the slave, the skunk maid had stronger arms than me so I would let it deliver the punishment while I watched. I knew that would also cheer me up from what was becoming a boring day. I wanted to be at home with Helen.

I pointed to the floor in front of the slave who was about to suffer for me.

“Stand there and bend over, touch your toes and don’t move until your correction is over,” I ordered the slave who had just made the beds.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” he replied. He then ran over and bent where he was told to, his face bright red.

I sat back down in my chair, crossing my legs and relaxed as I was about to watch the show.

“Maid give it ten super hard lashes, if I don’t think any are hard enough I will make it lash you, understand?” I ordered the maid. “Well begin I haven’t all day,” I added.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid immediately started her task.

The riding crop screamed through the air and made a loud cracking sound as it struck the slave’s backside. Each stroke left a deep welt across his backside. Some of the lashes made him scream out in agony. The slave had tears streaming down his face when it was over. I was not sure how he had remained in the position, the fear of the pole I suppose. It pleased me to see him crying, and the deep welts across his backside had me feeling excited. He thought it was over, I smiled as I started to speak.

“Skunk you also at one point when making the bed allowed your legs to come apart, it was most unsightly. Thankfully it only lasted a couple of seconds before you corrected yourself, however that’s worth another ten,” I said. His face took on a look of disbelief.

“I’m so sorry Miss Annabelle,” he replied with tears running down his face.

“Did I ask you to comment?” I asked. This slave was just what I needed today to cheer me up.

“No sorry Miss Annabelle,” he replied.

“It’s not a problem skunks another ten,” I replied with a giggle looking down at his bent body before me.

“Maid another twenty, begin.” I ordered the skunk maid.

Again, the air gave the evil hissing sound as the whip came down at full force, then the crack as it tore into the slaves already very red backside. He screamed but managed to hold his position. After a number of strikes, the slaves skin finally broke and a trickle of blood started to run down his legs, his eyes were streaming with tears. The last strike he just received made him raise up slightly.

“Skunk if you raise from your position again before I say, I will have you hung on the pole, now stay still understand?” I shouted. I decided I would hang this slave up if he moved from that position one more time.

“Yes sorry Miss Annabelle,” the slave replied between gasps for air. I’m not sure how the slave managed to take the pain and stay still for the rest of the punishment. His backside was such a mess when it was over.

“What do you say skunk?” I asked him.

“Miss Annabelle thank you so much for my correction and punishment,” he said through his tears. I gave a smile; he had come through it not knowing how close he came to being hung out to dry on the pole.

“Back in line,” I ordered

I pointed with my foot to the next slave in line, “You make the beds.”

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” he nervously replied. Maybe he knew I was in the mood to see them suffer now. I watched him closely for the slightest mistake which would cost him a lot of pain. I had to admit I was disappointed when he had finished without any errors. These slaves were learning fast.

My foot pointed to the next slave.

“Skunk 4, your turn.”

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” he replied, curtsied and got to work.

I gave a smile when I noticed his feet were not pointing directly straight at one point. I check my watch, I still had two slaves to watch before this was over. I had to decide if I was going to punish him or not. I decided the entertainment value was worth the few extra minutes at work today. Once he was complete and I had checked the bed over I started to speak.

“That’s ok skunk, however when you were putting the duvet cover on your feet were not facing directly straight at all times, it looked scruffy, bend over.” His face looked horrified, I loved it.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle”, he said as he bent over touching his toes.

“Again, skunk you will hold that position until I say, or you will go to the pole, understood?” I said coldly to him.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” he replied nervously.

“Maid 10, begin,” I said to the maid.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid responded.

Almost immediately the air hissed, as the slave braced himself for the pain to follow. The loud cracking sound as it dug deep into his flesh followed by his scream of agony sent a shiver of pure delight through my entire body. Oh, how I needed Helen right now, right here. Again, the wicked crop hissed through the air striking his backside hard. His scream so turned me on in every way imaginable. By the end I just wanted to rub between my legs but held off, oh gosh how Helen was going to get it tonight, I smiled at the thought. I looked down at the shivering wreck of the slave who had just been punished, tears streaming down his face from the pain I had just given him. I was getting too wet and had to calm myself down.

“What do you say skunk?” I asked the slave.

“Thank you for my correction and punishment Miss Annabelle,” He replied sopping.

“Back in line skunk,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” he replied, and went back into line with tears streaming down his face.

“And you skunk, your turn,” I said happily again pointing my toe towards the next slave.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” he replied and started work.

I suppose I should have been grateful that the last two slaves did not make any mistakes, because I would have ended up here for hours punishing them. However, part of me was also sorry that they hadn't as I had been enjoying their suffering so much. I looked at my watch, four O'clock, it was time for home and Helen.

I quickly got the skunk maid to take them to the loo, feed and water them, before tying them down to the floor rings for the night. I again dismissed the maid to report to housekeeping for further work detail this evening. I looked down at the slaves, their necks tightly attached to the floor rings, hands tied behind their backs, they looked suitably uncomfortable. Two of the slaves with beautifully welted backside. I smiled before leaving, turning out all lighting as I did.

As I walked to the car I noticed one of my slaves had been taken down from the pole, no doubt he had expired, the other still hung there but looked lifeless. I again enjoyed my drive home that afternoon.

We had a fantastic evening, sex followed by dinner, followed by more sex. Helen commented that the job must have really wound me up today. Before bed Helen gave me a beautiful massage as we talked about the holiday we were going on in a few week's time. we were both really looking forward to it and of course spending all our days together without the hindrance of work. I did worry about Helen as she worked long hours some days. It was different with me as my days were up to me, I had no set hours I had to work. I knew tomorrow would be a short day for me anyway

as the slaves were going to medical to have their bodies adapted. We both had a wonderful restful night sleeping in each other's arms, Helen's head resting on my breast as she fell asleep.

Chapter 5

Last tease of the slaves

It was the normal routine of maid meeting me in the car park, a stop at the coffee shop on the way to class. I instructed the maid to run ahead and untie the slaves as I stopped to have a chat with a friend who worked in the admin department.

As I walked into the class the maid was untying the slaves from the floor.

“In line skunks, quickly,” I spoke in a raised voice as I headed to my chair.

“Yes Miss Annabelle,” came the replies as they struggled to their feet and onto the line in front of me. Today I chose to wear an orange top and a little black skirt, with black fishnet tights and heeled shoes. As the slaves lined up their cocks showed their gratitude for my efforts. Five fully erect cocks standing to attention in front of the slaves standing in the at rest position. I laughed at the sight.

“We have to get those fixed, don’t we skunks,” I spoke in an amused tone, pointing to their cocks with my raised .

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle, sorry Miss Annabelle,” the red humiliated faces replied. I took a sip of my morning coffee; with my free hand rubbed the top of my leg. I wanted to tease the hell out of these skunks today, it was after all the last morning that their cocks would be erect. As I moved my hand from my leg I purposely allowed it to pull up my short skirt up. Showing my thighs covered in fishnets. All the slaves were facing downwards, but I knew all were looking at my legs straining their eyes to see. I smiled.

“Slave four do you think it is right for you to have an erection just because a lady shows her legs,” I asked calmly and in my sexiest voice.

“No sorry Ma’am,” he meekly replied.

“Slave one, what about you?” I asked.

“Sorry Ma’am, no its not alright,” he replied with his face getting redder. I loved the power I had over them. I knew they were all in fear that I may punish them at any moment, they knew I had hung a slave on the pole for less.

“Well skunks you’re not going to be able to use the loo with those,” I giggle pointing to their cocks with my foot. “So, let’s dispense with the morning routine and crack right on with your training.” I continued without allowing them their morning toilet visit, food or water.

“Skunks the hotel does not allow hovers, it’s all due to the possibility of the guest being disturbed by the noise pollution. Therefore, the only way you are permitted to clean floors is on your hands and knees with a dustpan and brush. Maid show them how it’s done,” I commanded.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid responded.

Before long the maid was on the floor, on her knees sweeping the floor.

“Look how her knees see how they are bent low and tucked in towards her chest, legs together, the way her backside is in the air. Look at her face how close it is to the floor as she sweeps. You must be close to the floor to see the smallest particles of dirt, you really don’t want to miss anything,” I giggled at that comment. “Her elbows kept in close to her body, never reaching too far in front, it’s about not taking up too much space while you work,” I added.

“Skunks fetch your tools from over there,” I pointed in a direction of a cupboard with my foot. “Also take a bin bag each to empty your dustpans in when they are full. Move skunks,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle they all responded,” they ran over to the cupboard and collected what we needed before retuning.

“Skunks start here,” I pointed to a spot on the ground. “Work your way in a line up and back down my classroom begin,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they said as they knelt and began work. I got up and stood next to one of the slaves as he swept with his head down. I drew a little circle in front of him with my foot, sweep this area only then move forward, I don’t want to see you stretching to much it looks ugly. Okey” I said while looking down at him.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” he replied and obeyed me.

I went along the line giving comments to how each of them could improve their positions and technique. For a while I stood back watching them work.

“Skunks when the whole room is completely swept, start again. I’m going for a break and want this room spotless by the time I get back, understand?” I said.

Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they answered.

I then walked to the door and opened it, I glanced back and only the skunk maid was on her feet giving me a curtsy.

“Skunks I’m leaving the room!” I shouted.

Immediately they all clicked and stood facing me and gave a curtsy.

“Hold the legs in the bent position,” I ordered. As I went back to them.

I stood directly in front of them and shouted. “There is nothing more important in your miserable lives than obedience and respect to females!” I made myself look really angry with them. “Do I not deserve to be shown respect, do you think your work is more important than showing me respect?” I yelled. “I should put all of you on the pole for that insubordination and leave you there to rot,” I paused staring at them. Their faces burning bright red. “None of you will have food or water today, now get back down on your knees and work, we shall try again,” I clapped my hands as a signal for them to work.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they responded and got back down to work.

After I turned my back to them I gave a huge smile and walked to the door. I left not turning back to look at them but heard their movement as they all got up and curtsied me as I left.

I decided on a morning swim before breakfast. A couple of friends were in the restaurant when I arrived there, one I had not seen for ages, we had a good old gossip catching up. I was walking back to the classroom, but it was such a lovely day that I decided to detour and sit in the gardens for a while, hoping the two pilots had checked out by now. They were lovely women but there was only so much I could hear about aviation, I smiled at the thought of them. After about half an hour I decided to go back to the slaves, they had been left working for about three hours now. I had left my fishnet tights off after the swim, they had served their purpose nicely this morning.

I walked in and the aching bodies all stood and faced me as they gave me my curtsied, I could see on their faces the pain they felt having to have to stand suddenly after being knelt down working for so long. I enjoyed that look. I walked and sat down on my chair as they faced me in the at rest position. I had picked up a bottle of orange juice on the way back to class. Knowing just how thirsty they all were I slowly unscrewed the cap and took a nice long swallow of the juice. I noticed all the erect cocks had now disappeared, it is amazing what mundane physical work can achieve I thought with a smile.

“Back to work skunks,” I shouted at them.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they replied before getting back down on their hands and knees to continue sweeping the floor. I smiled at the sight.

When they had reached the top of the very large room for the second time I ordered them to stand back on the line in front of me. I saw how hot they looked, sweat covered their bodies from the endless task I had given

them. I again undid my bottle and took another long swallow of my drink as they watched with their dry mouths.

“Come,” I said getting up and walked them to another sub classroom. This one was filled with furniture, included a TV. Most of the furniture was made of high-quality wood.

“There is an order of doing things when you clean a room, basically you start at the top working your way down.” I spoke calmly. “Maid show them how to dust and polish”, I ordered. There was a red leather armchair to one corner of the room, I took a seat on the very comfortable chair.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid answered and set to work.

She first took out a feather duster. Always standing with her legs together, she began to dust down the curtain rails. She had to stand on tip toes when doing it to reach.

“Notice her legs never come apart,” I commented as it worked.

The maid then shook and dusted down the curtains, before dusting round the ceilings and walls. She then swapped for a normal duster and begun dusting down all the furniture. Always bending her knees and keeping her legs together when reaching down. Next she took out a tub of wax and gave a coat to all surfaces before rubbing them down until they shined.

“You must pay special attention to a room where a guest is staying. Ensure their personal belongs are placed back neatly in the same place that the guest left them.” I commented.

The maid had finished the polishing, everything looked so spotless. The maid then got down on her hands and knees and started to sweep the floor.

“You would make the bed before sweeping,” I again commented.

“That will do maid, stand there,” I ordered pointing to the corner of the room.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid said and moved to the side.

“You start there,” I pointed to a skunk and then to one corner of the room.

“And you start there,” I pointed to another and then to the other side of the room.

“Clean,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they replied and set to work in the same way as the maid had done. I left them to clean for about half an hour, while I sat back comfortably in the chair half watching them and half in a daydream. I had them swap round so they all got a turn at cleaning the room.

Once I was satisfied I allowed them a toilet break only before they were back standing on their line. I checked my watch I had a bit of time before they were going to be picked up and taken to medical.

I decided to have them kneel down in the semi-circle at my feet for a little chat. I did not require the skunk maid any more today, so I dismissed her to report to housekeeping for work assignment.

“It will take about two to three hours to clean the standard size room correctly,” I started to explain. “On Monday you will learn how to clean the showers and bathrooms correctly. Skunks remember that cleaning is your only real task in life now, housekeeping will not take it well should your standards not always be to the highest quality. We have many apartment types of accommodation here also; you are properly talking about 4 to 5 hours to clean one of those correctly.” I paused to let them digest my words.

“All accommodations have balcony or terraced areas, remember it’s your job to clean these and water any plants as well. Remember that.”

I was interrupted by a knock on the door. Then the trainee doctor walked in, A young girl dressed in what looked like a white medical top and

white trousers. I was impressed when all the slaves immediately stood and curtsied her.

“Gosh is that the time already,” I said to the young girl who walked over to me.

“I can collect them later if you like,” she replied.

“No, its fine, I’ve had enough for the week now,” I said smiling at her. The doctor only looked about 18 years old, her long blond hair hung loosely over her shoulders.

“Skunks on you line,” I ordered, and they all stood back there correctly

“Okey I will leave them with you and collect them on Monday,” I said to the doctor. I noticed all the slaves looking very confused and a little anxious at seeing the young doctor.

“That fine they should all be done by then, is it just five of them left now?” The doctor asked.

“Yes that’s it,” I replied. “Oh, there is no food or water for them today, their being punished,” I added.

“No problem, what did they do?” Enquired the doctor.

“They failed to curtsy me,” I replied feeling a bit embarrassed. The young doctor looked horrified and shocked.

“You didn’t hang them on the pole, why?” She sounded confused. She would have no doubt hanged them if it was her.

“It’s Friday and I did just set them some work they may have been a little confused,” I explained. I then started to walk towards the door.

“Have fun with them,” I said as I left, they all curtsied as I did. I smiled, the young doctor had played her part well, putting the fear of the Goddess into the five slaves.

At last, it was Friday, I had a whole weekend with Helen to look forward to. I started my fun drive home, again enjoying the power of the car to the fullest. I smiled at how well my life turned out, and the bright future that was opening up ahead of me just like this road. I floored the car the sheer power pushed me back into my seat, I laughed out very loudly.

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Chapter 6

The drunk

I woke up really late, Helen had left for work and my head hurt. I tried to remember the night before the one more bottle of wine we ordered. Shit why did we do that, I smiled. I used the bathroom and then went out into the hall where the house maid curtsied me. I slap him across the face so hard it hurt my hand as it knocked him sideways.

“Why the fuck didn’t you wake me up hours ago,” I screamed at him. His face red from the slap and my scream. I full well knew he was forbidden from entering our bedroom without permission.

“Sorry Ma,” I cut him off.

“Just make my coffee,” I ordered and waved him away. He curtsied and hurried to the kitchen. Sometimes I didn’t know why we bothered having him, then I thought about cooking, cleaning, ironing and decided to turn my thoughts to other things. I went downstairs and sat down as the slave served me my morning coffee. The caffeine immediately helping my head. Shit I was supposed to pick up the slaves from medical this morning, that would have to wait, but I decided to phone medical and see if they would deliver the slaves to my class.

“Fetch my phone,” I ordered the slave.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” he curtsied and ran off, worried to not upset me any more this morning. I saw the welts on his backside from the weekend which I gave him for no real reason really. Helen was shocked that I had hit him so much and so hard. She was so different to me when it came to our thoughts on males. She did not see reason to abuse them physically unless they did something wrong. She understood they were here to serve us, but she also saw them as people, maybe a lower-level kind of person, but still a person. I am sure if it wasn’t for me the houseslave would sleep in a bed and eat normal food. Still, I smiled at her kindness. It was funny because if you looked at me and Helen you would think her the more dominant. She is taller than me and has a much sterner look. The slave returned with my phone.

“Hi medical, Jane speaking,” the young doctor answered the phone.

“Hi Jane, this is Annabelle, hope your well,” I said.

“Not too bad, how about you?” she replied

“Just need to get back to work for a rest after the weekend I had,” I said.

“Oh no, did have much on?” the young lady enquired.

“Managed to go to three parties in two days,” I replied laughing. The doctor also laughed out load.

“Yaa know what you mean, my weekend was a bit of a session to.” We both laughed.

“Your skunks are ready for collection whenever you are ready,” the doctor added

“Oh, that’s why I called, I hope you don’t mind, but could you deliver them back to my classroom. Had a sleep in this morning and want to go to the gym and have a swim before I start work,” I asked.

“Of course not, I make sure there waiting for you by the time you get in,” She replied

“You’re an absolute angle thank you so much,” I said.

“All part of the service, enjoy your gym and swim,” she replied.

“I will, take care Jane,”

“Bye Annabelle,” the call ended.

Well at least I am in no rush for work I thought. I strolled back upstairs and took a shower, the slave dried me off when I had finished. I ordered another coffee and went down naked to enjoy it in the garden, letting the sun and light warm sea breeze softly stroke my skin, it was such a lovely

feeling. I had decided I would stop off on the way in for a swim. Everything at work could wait.

I changed at the pool after I had my swim, deciding a black lycra leotard that really showed off my body and a short red skirt would do the trick with the newly pinned back cocks the slaves now had, it would be a laugh.

About four hours later than I anticipated I turned on the lights and walked into my classroom. The line of slaves immediately curtsied in what must have been a blinded flash of light for them. No doubt they had been standing there waiting for me for some hours. I smiled at what I now saw, they were looking good now. All had the make-up tattooed onto their face, their hair was pink. They all had good looking breasts, the scars of the operation hardly visible. Then the cocks all nicely pinned back into their balls and fully wired up to their nervous system, the trainee doctor had done a fantastic job on them. I had then bend forward and inspected them from behind, I was pleased with what I saw. I went back in front of them.

“Now you skunks are looking perfect, and no more pathetic hard on’s,” another little giggle followed.

“All of you come with me,” I ordered and walked towards yet another door in our classroom.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they answered and followed.

We entered a room, containing a shower all boxed off behind glass panels. Then to the rear of the room a bath with gold taps.

“Maid clean, skunks watch,” was all I said as I walked out. they all curtsied as they spoke.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle.

I went to the staff restaurant for yet another shot of caffeine. The slaves could spend a few hours standing learning how to shine a bathroom. I was in one of those cant be bothered moods today anyway.

It was one of those days where no one I knew seemed to be about, I went for a walk in the gardens and spoke to a few guests, I was beginning to

get bored so headed back to class.

I was met with a curtsy as I walked in and found the maid still cleaning and the slaves still standing watching. I stopped the maid and allowed the skunks to all take turns cleaning before I got board and took them back into the main class.

I sat crossing my legs and had the slaves kneel down in their little semi-circle at my feet. I felt my skirt lift high as I sat and was sure the bottom of my leotard was showing. I wanted the slaves to suffer. I knew the leotard would show my figure off well, so the slaves needed to be able to see me.

“Look up at me skunks,” I said.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they responded and looked up at me in amazement. I had done up my make nice after the swim. The slaves looked like they were kneeling before a Goddess by the looks on their face, well I suppose they were really. My plan worked, as I sat rubbing my leg, a scream of agony form one and then another slave. I smiled as I also saw no erection from any of them. The agony in their nervous system took away any erection immediately.

“729d,” I referred to them by the numbers which was branded on his skin now. “You must control your cock, just because a lady chooses to show her legs and body does not mean you have a right to an erection. In fact, you no longer have a right to ever have erection. Am I clear skunk 729d?” I said with a smile.

“Yes I am so sorry Miss Annabelle,” he replied with a face burning a bright red.

“I hope you understand. Do that in front of the wrong lady and you’re hang on the pole, understand?” I added.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” He replied, no doubt feeling grateful that I had not put him on the pole for it.

There was a knock on the door and another of the instructors walked in followed by two skunks that looked the same as mine did. I knew Elizabeth well and we had been friends since I started working here. She was about

fifteen years older than me, but such a fun lady to be around. I got up and gave her a hug and kiss. All my slaves stood and curtsied her, as did hers to me.

“Skunks stand on your line I ordered without turning.”

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they replied and obeyed.

I turned my attention to Elizabeth.

“What brings you to my manor Elizabeth?” I said laughing.

“Need a favour Annabelle, they want me to start a new class tomorrow, apparently we got 30 coming in.” She replied.

“30?” I giggled, “Glad I’m on hols when this lot are done,” I said laughing and sounding relieved.

“Not sure why they are bothering you heard about the Dubai thing?” She asked.

“Yes, exciting if it happens. You going to go,” I asked.

“On gosh like yes definitely. You?” She asked

“They’re going to treat us like Goddess, double our pay tax free, naaa I think I’ll find another job,” I jested and we both burst out laughing.

“Can you take these two on for the rest of your class, they just need the final induction and uniform,” She asked me.

“Only two?” I enquired.

“Yes they were doing well until this morning and then pissed me off,” she giggled.

“Oh, it was you, I wondered why the pole looked so full as I walked past this morning,” I replied giggling. “Yes of course no problem taking

them,” I spoke friendly. Then changed my tone into one of indifference.

“You two stand with those,” I said to the two skunks Elizabeth had bought in.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they responded and ran over to stand next to my skunks.

“Thanks so much Annabelle, fancy a coffee?” Elizabeth asked.

“Why not,” I replied.

With that Elizabeth linked my arm with hers, and we headed for the door. She turned off the lights as we left.

Our coffee ended up in the wine bar, just what I didn't need after the weekend I had. We talked about everything as we polished off three bottles of beautiful red wine. Once Elizabeth had left I knew there was no way I was driving home this evening. I called Helen who wanted to come and pick me up. I didn't want her to have to travel here to get me and then bring me back tomorrow, I assured her I would get a complement room here without trouble. She agreed in the end, I hoped she was alright about everything. I knew she was when she told me how much she loved me and would miss me tonight. Next I called housekeeping who said they would find me a room and give me a ring back in about half an hour to tell me which one it was.

Slowly I made my way back to the class, I needed to put my slaves down for the night.

They had been standing there for hours now, still they managed to give me a curtsy when I entered the room. I made my way to my chair and fell into it, I put my head back and closed my eyes.

“Toilet, feed and water them maid,” I said with my eyes still closed and leg resting over the arm of the chair, I was definitely feeling worse for wear.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid replied. I laid there in total relaxation as the maid carried out my orders. My eyes closed throughout.

A little later I opened my eyes, the maid finished, and the slaves were standing on the line.

“Secure them maid,” I said closing my eyes again.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” she replied softly knowing that I was in no mood for loud sounds.

Sometime later the slaves were all secure to the floor and the maid was standing still by my side. The phone rung on my desk.

“Answer it maid,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” again the maid said softly. Heel clicks rushed towards my desk.

“Good evening Miss Annabelle’s class, skunk maid 195t speaking”. The maids voice said.

After a pause the maid replied to whatever was said to her on the phone. “Yes Ma’am”. Then she said,

“Miss Annabelle it is housekeeping about your room for the night.”

“Do they have one for me,” I said sharply and loudly back. Clearly I had no intentions of getting up. The person on the end of the phone must have heard the comment and I something to the maid.

“Yes Miss Annabelle, they have suit 508 ready for you at your convenience,” the maid soon said.

“Thank them,” I replied.

“Miss Annabelle thanks you Ma’am”, the maid said into the telephone. After a pause adding “Yes thank you Ma’am. goodbye Ma’am”.

Her heels clicking back towards me. I sat a little while longer with my eyes shut listening to the silence round me.

Eventually I decided it was time to head for the room. I got up and walked in a not so straight line to the door.

“Come with me maid,” I said in a loud and unfriendly voice.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” the maid replied. I decided leaning on her would assist me in my journey to my room. As we left I ordered her to turn off the light which she did.

When we arrived on the fifth floor I was feeling a little better so dismissed the skunk to report to housekeeping for more taskings. I had been given a suite by housekeeping; they always did that if possible for staff. The room came with its own maid, it was standing there outside the door waiting for me, in its short pink French maid uniform. It opened the door as I approached and curtsied.

“Good evening Miss Annabelle I am your person maid fo,” I cut her spill off.

“Shut up, and follow,”. The sissy shut up and followed me into the room.

“Stand there,” I pointed to the corner just inside the room. I then headed for the master bedroom, stripped and went to bed. Almost instantly I was sleeping.

Chapter 7

End of class

The light from the window woke me up, my head again hurt. I called out.

“Coffee, milk one sugar,”

The maid instantly replied

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the creature had spent the night standing by the door where I had put her. I closed my eyes and waited for my coffee to arrive. Before long a light tap on the door.

“come”

The maid walked in holding a tray with my coffee cup. She curtsied and then stood by my side, bending her knees and reaching towards me with the tray so I did not have to strength to take it. I allowed her to stand there taking a swallow of my coffee before replacing it on the tray she held for me. I relaxed and slowly drunk my coffee, when done I got up pushing her out of the way and headed for the shower.

Afterwards still naked I went onto the large balcony and sat on one of the leather chairs, the views over the sea were magnificent. I ordered another coffee, which again the maid served me, this time I put it on the table and waved the maid away. It stood to a corner ready to serve me but out of my way. After a while I sent the maid to my car where I always kept an overnight bag. I made the maid iron the clothing in it when she got back. I relaxed looking out at sea, wondering if I was facing Dubai.

As I left the room I ordered the maid to clean it, I knew it was not her job and it would be recleaned by a skunk. However, the thing had not done much over the last hours while serving me, so the extra work would do her good.

My head still hurt as I walked back towards the classroom, I decided to stop off by my car and pick up a pair of sunglasses to help ease my eyes. A skunk maid sweeping the car park gave me a curtsy, I ignored the thing and carried on walking. I knew I was not looking my best today having thrown on a jumper, trousers and flat ankle boots, that was all I had in the overnight bag. At least the glasses now help my head by cutting out the light a little.

When I got to the classroom my skunk maid was standing outside the door waiting for me. It gave a curtsy and begun to speak,

“Goodm,” I cut the thing off, the last thing I needed with my head was to hear their pathetic voices.

“Shut up, I don’t want to hear your stupid voice today,” I barked at the maid. Her face went bright red. I hit the light switch plunging the class into the bright light and then walked in. My slaves still where they were left, it took me a second to work out why there were seven of them attached to the floor rings at my feet.

“Untie them,” I said to the maid as I went and sat heavy on my chair.

“Skunks once your untied, visit the loo, then clean it before you come and kneel down in front of my chair,” I said out loud.

“Yes M,” they started to answer.

“Shut up, just curtsy and obey, not a sound from any of you today,” I said angrily. Then I put my head back onto the head rest and closed my eyes as I waited for the slaves to be in position before me.

I promised myself as I sat there, that’s the last time I was going to drink so much, knowing full well it wouldn’t be. I smiled to myself when I thought about the evening we had, well the parts I remembered. Elizabeth was such a laugh and an all-round fun person to be about. She however loved her wine, I was now paying the price of trying to keep up with her glass for glass, I smiled at my own foolhardiness. I vaguely remembered beating a waitress slave quit badly last night but couldn’t remember why. I would have to ask Elizabeth when I saw her next, then again did I really care why I beat the thing. I opened my eyes and saw the slaves lining up to use the single loo. I had booked them all in with uniform service today and they would be collected in an hour or so. At least they would be out of my

hair for a while. I should give them a little chat first, I shut my eyes and rested back on my comfortable chair, relaxing while I waited.

The slaves were on their knees in the little semi-circle at my feet. I had not removed the sunglasses as the bright lights in the classroom were too much for me to handle right now.

“Look up at me skunks,” I ordered. I bent forward in my chair and looked at their tattooed faces, the make-up looked good I thought to myself. Once their pink hair grew a little more it would be better. At least now I didn’t have to look at ridiculous erect cocks, I bet they had a night of hell with the attachment. The thought cheered me up a little.

“Skunks you have completed your basic training. You will be given your uniforms this morning and told how to look after them,” I knew I sounded a bit worn but what the fuck I was.

“Later on, or tomorrow, I will give you an induction, I haven’t decided yet,” I rubbed my temple with my hand in a smoothing kind of way. I decided I couldn’t be bothered with them now. “Stand on your line now,” I waved my hand in a dismissive way to them. They went back and stood as I ordered.

“Feed and water them,” I ordered the maid. I then got up and walked out, not looking back as they curtsied me. I needed another coffee.

Elizabeth was in the staff restraint when I got there, upon seeing me she jumped up from her chair and ran over. Giving me a kiss, she took my arm and led me to her table.

“How’s the head honey?” she asked knowing it hurt by the large sunglasses I was still wearing.

“It hurts you bitch,” I said with a smile.

“You own fault,” she replied giggling.

A waitress maid arrived at our table.

“Two strong coffees girl,” Elizabeth ordered and waved her away.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the waitress said, curtsied and disappeared. We spoke about the fun we had last night when Elizabeth bought up the waitress I beat up.

“I still cant believe the beating you gave the waitress’s” she said giggling.

“I vaguely remember, what happened?” I asked just out of interest.

“The pour girl was pouring you a drink, you just looked at her and for no reason slapped her face. She of course then spilled the wine she was pouring for you at the time. You went totally mad. You gave her such a god kicking,” Elizabeth said laughing.

“Shit I have to apologise to the supervisor of the wine bar,” I said rubbing my head.

“No, its fine she saw the funny side, especially when the girl shit herself from the beating you were giving her, the supervisor then joined in. They ended up carrying the waitress out, she was out of it.” Elizabeth assured me. I felt relieved that there was not a problem with the supervisor. The waitress had returned with our coffee and hearing our conversation was looking very nervous.

“You’re getting a bit of a reputation round here,” Elizabeth said.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“One of the meanest Mistresses in the place,” Elizabeth replied with giggle.

I waved the waitress away, she curtsied and left looking very relieved.

I changed the subject, “So when is your new class arriving?” I asked.

“Apparently there’s thirty new slaves coming in this morning, they want me to take seven as skunks, the rest have been allocated elsewhere. I’ll stroll over later and collect them, no rush.” She replied. The strong coffee

that the waitress had bought over was now getting to work. I felt my head clearing and decided to take off my sunglasses.

“You look terrible,” Elizabeth said while laughing. I replaced the glasses.

“Thank you bitch,” I replied laughing.

“Your welcome,” Elizabeth said whilst also laughing. I noted that I would have to buy some makeup as I had none with me. We started chatting about other things then and just had a general laugh. We also ordered a light breakfast and ate as we chatted.

Once we had parted company I visited one of the hotel shops and bought some make-up. I then decided a few laps of the outside pool would do me the world of good. I still had my bikini in the car from yesterday thankfully. I soon found myself feeling much better as I relaxed on a sun lounger by the pool, the sun beaming its warm rays down onto me. Life felt so good. I must have drifted off into a snooze as I lay there totally relaxed.

It was late afternoon when I returned to the class, thankfully this lot had come to an end. I would not start a new class until after my holiday. I was met by a line of fully uniformed skunk maids, all dropping into a lovely curtsy when I entered. I gave them a smile.

“Wonderful, you now all look the part, Identical skunk maids,” I giggled. “Come kneel down in front of me skunks. let me have my little circle of skunk children looking up at their teacher,” I said as I giggled. They all started to move without saying a word, they must have remembered what I had said this morning. I put my hand up to my ear and immediately I heard,

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” I smiled. I looked down at them when they were knelt in front of me. Each looking identical to the next. The only way to tell them apart was by the number on their uniform.

“Girls I’m pleased to say my task with you is complete. You have all now learned the basics of being good useful skunk maids to the hotel. later on you will be collected by a member of the housekeeping staff. She will give you a tour and explain the hotel rules to you. Listen to her carefully, remember no member of staff likes to repeat herself as you have all discovered,” I paused given them a stern stare to reinforce my words.

“When you leave here next you will be taken to open areas of the hotel where guest will be present. There are certain simple rules you must follow. The first being should you pass any female you will curtsy her. Should that be a member of staff once you have shown her a respectful curtsy you may continue on your way. Should the lady you see be a guest then you are expected to hold the curtsy until the female has gone by you. Is that understood?” I paused for the answer.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they replied.

“All females staff or guest have every right to do as they please with you, you will obey any order given to you without hesitation. Should a guest tell you to stop breathing, you will simply stop breathing. Am I clear?” I asked and again paused.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they answered.

“Here we have guest from around the world. To you their race, age, sexual orientation, size or anything else does not matter, they are female, you will obey them all. You will show them respect, obedience and serve them. Am I clear?” Another pause.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they responded.

“Females pay a lot of money to stay here. Let me put this in prospective to you. The hotel pays 50 euros to officials that send you here. The cheapest room here is 1500 euros a night. Am I clear?” Another pause.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle,” they replied, now knowing just how worthless they each were.

“All that remains for me to say, is for you all to dedicate your lives fully to the hotel, work hard and be obedient. On those days when you feel you can’t go on, remember the pole, think about what hanging there for days waiting to die is like,” I paused and looked down at each of their faces.

“Now skunks back on your line, stand at rest, quicky”, I raised my voice when saying quickly.

“Yes thank you Miss Annabelle”, they responded and got to the line quickly.

I then got up and walked out, not looking back as they curtsied me. Turning off the lights and leaving them in darkness, I headed to the car park for my journey home and my holiday with Helen. Life was good.

Chapter 8

Housekeeping (Shanise)

Shanise moved to America from Jamaica about ten years ago. Jamaica being one of the few western cultures to have not adopted the New World Order. Shanise was fed up with her second-class citizen status that all women had there. Why should she be treated like that when a world that recognised her natural superiority waited for her. She found life in America hard, being superior was one thing, however she still had to make a living. Being that her education was not brilliant along with her not so brilliant qualifications she moved from one job to another. Eventually she settled in a job of housekeeper for a small hotel. The pay wasn't fantastic but it allowed her to have a better life than she did back home. Then one day she saw the advert in a paper for housekeepers needed in Spain for the Diana Hotel. The pay was ten times more than she got now. After looking into it a little more the whole package being offered by the Diana seemed amazing. Her own apartment came with the job, use of the hotel facilities including slaves was all included. She of course applied and was amazed when the job was offered to her.

When she first stated she was amazed at the power she held over the slaves. She could torture evens kill slaves for whatever reason she chose, no one questioned her authority. To make life better her only real task was to allocate work to the sissy skunk maids and check to ensure they worked perfectly for her. There were also far more skunk maids at her disposal then was needed. This turned out to be the perfect job for the thirty-year-old.

She slipped into her uniform dress, the blue smart dress which hugged her well kept body fitted perfectly. The elasticated waste line showing off her perfect figure. She went for some black fishnet tights and low-heeled back shoes to complete her look. Again, she gave her black shoulder length hair a brush, attaching her golden name badge to the dress above her left breast. she then walked down to the car park of the luxury residential complex; she couldn't believe the hotel supplied this to her as part of her package. Her red Porsche wated for her in the car park. She was on a night

shift today; it was only a six-hour shift so was not too bad. Nights tended to be quite and did not have much for her department to worry about as most rooms would have been cleaned already.

She walked into the main housekeeping room where she saw 6 skunk maids on the white line. The ones on the white line had been working and reported back here when they had completed the tasks they were assigned. The pink line which was for skunks that had just started their shifts had two skunks standing on it. All the skunks curtsied as she walked past them, she was used to having such respect paid to her now. She walked past them not in any way acknowledging they were there. Shanise walked across the room and into the actual housekeepers' office at the end.

Sara was in the office; she was about to go off duty. Also standing in the corner of the room was a staff slave. These were males dressed in one-piece skin-tight body suits, all had been castrated and they were there to assist the staff in any way they were ordered.

Shanise could never understand Sara, she felt Sara really needed to do something about the way she looked. Sara was only a small lady just under five feet, but she was skin and bone, it was like she had anorexia or something. However, Sara was also very friendly.

"Hi Sara," I said as I walked in. Sara got up from the leather chair and gave Shanise a hug.

"Hi Shanise," she said in her strong Scottish accent.

"Much going on," I asked.

"Naa, no rooms need doing, I got skunks doing a sweep of all corridors. It's all marked up for you," Sara replied.

"Well get yourself off home honey," I said to Sara.

"Okey, thanks Shanise, I'll see you in the week," Sara said as she grabbed her stuff and left.

I sat at the desk and looked at the computer screen to see what was going on. I ordered the slave to fetch me a coffee.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” he replied as he went into the small kitchen we had attached to the office. Kicking off my shoes I saw that all but two of the skunks on the white line had been on duty for over nineteen hours now, Sara never liked to dismiss them, she would work them till they dropped. The other two had only been on duty for eleven hours. I would dismiss the ones that were due rest when I went outside. The other two along with the two on the pink line that had been on for only three hours I would keep here, in case any work came in. I made a note of the numbers of the skunks I would dismiss. The slave returned with my coffee, I took it and waved him away, he returned to standing in the corner. Looking at the screen I saw that Sara had eleven skunk maids at work, six of those had spent well over twenty hours on duty, Sara was such a bitch I thought while smiling. Oh shit I then saw at the bottom of the screen that there were two new skunk maids that needed collecting and given an orientation tour. Just what I needed on nights; they could wait. I rubbed my feet together as I pulled out a book from my rucksack, then sat back in my chair relaxing to enjoy my coffee and book for a while.

About an hour later I decided I had better do some work. I went into the main room where the skunks immediately gave me a curtsy. I could see by their faces that the ones who had now been on duty for twenty plus hours were aching, their movement into the curtsy causing them pain. I dismissed them for a six-hour break. I didn’t bother speaking to the other four and left them where they were, I headed down to training to find the two new skunks.

Hitting the light switch for the room they should be in, I opened the door and walked in. Seven skunks immediately curtsied me as their eyes gitting use to the sudden light. This lot had completed training apparently, two of them were mine for the East wing. I walked up and gave them an inspection. All their uniforms were perfect as was the at rest position they stood in. I selected two, there was not much to choose from as they all looked identical in every way. Ordering the two to follow me I walked out.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the two said and followed me out. upon leaving I turned the lights back off leaving the five skunks I left behind in

complete darkness.

“Don’t just follow me, work out where you are and where you are going, a lost skunk that isn’t working is a useless skunk, but keep your heads facing downwards unless I point something out to you, understand?” I spoke as I walked.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they answered. I hated doing these walk rounds, but we did have to give the skunks a little knowledge of where they were now working. I took them to the staff car park first as this was one of the areas our skunks cleaned. I noted no skunks were working here, so these two could be sent here when I finished with them.

“Look up,” I instructed.

“This is the staff car park,” I said. It was dark now and the area was lit by lighting, there were about 10 cars parked in the car park. There were also a lot of empty spaces, that would change in the morning.

I walked on, and the skunks followed. As we passed the staff entrance door I pointed it out to them.

“The blue door is to the staff offices and the housekeeping office,” I said as we walked past it. We then walked along a small path with trees on both sides, coming out in another well-lit car park. This one was the guest car park and also a place that our skunks cleaned.

“This is the guest car park. Notice on each corner there is a brown box, they contain cleaning equipment for when you are tasked with sweeping here. The same boxes are found in the staff car park and other open spaces.” I said as we walked through the car park. I was walking quite fast as I wanted to get this over and done with and get back to my book.

I walked them past the hotel entrance, a marble staircase leading up to golden doors. The building the doors led into looked amazing, a grand red brick structure, somewhat looking like the entrance to a castle. As we passed the bottom of the stairs leading up to the entrance, two maids in very short flared pink dresses gave me a perfect curtsy I walked past them giving

no acknowledgement. I wondered how they kept their balance in the very high heeled shoes they wore.

“The main entrance,” I pointed out to the skunks behind me as we walked pass. “You are forbidden to enter there,” I stated.

I followed the hotel building round the outside, I loved the beautifully cut grass and trees that surrounded me here. Within moments there was a golden sandy beach in front of us. It had all the normal things you would expect on a holiday resort beach. Tables, chairs, loungers. Several jet skis sat on the sand close to the water’s edge. There was also a bar with its own seating area under canopies. I visited there a few times a month it was a lovely setting. The whole area looked amazing under the bright moon light. There were several skunk maids working, cleaning in one way or another. The ones on this wing looked the same as ours, only they wore red dresses. As soon as they saw me all stopped what they were doing and gave me a curtsy. I just continued walking on the path we were on completely ignoring them.

“This is the beach area you are not permitted here; it is part of the south wing” I stated as we walked by.

I then went through a gate and entered a large outdoor area. Here we had two large Olympic size swimming pools. There were several bars and restaurants with outdoor seating areas. It just was just the most luxurious place. There were several skunk maids in red dressed also working here, all were cleaning, some on hands and knees sweeping and scrubbing the floors. Again as soon as they saw me they stood facing me and curtsied. Once again I walked straight pass them totally ignoring they were there. However, I did so loved my power and the way such respect was paid to me wherever I went here.

“You are not permitted here ether,” I said. I followed the building round and went into a small door. Walking along a corridor we came to some steps and followed them up one flight. And onto another corridor. I stopped by a wooden door this lead to the guest area.

“We are now entering the guest quarters, they should all be sleeping now but you never know.” I then pointed to one of the skunks I had in tow. “What do you do if you see a guest?” I asked.

“Ma’am I curtsy and hold the curtsy until she has gone by,” she answered.

I didn’t reply I then opened the door and walked inside. The corridor was wide, we could have walked along it astride. The carpets were a dark pink and felt deep pile under foot. Large oil paintings line the walls, and golden lampshades covered the lighting, beautiful potted plants also lined the wide corridor. As we walked along we came across a skunk maid on her hands and knees sweeping the corridor silently. She immediately stood and curtsied me before dropping back down and continued working.

“That’s one of your tasks,” I spoke in a low voice as I nodded towards the maid.

Along the corridor there were wooden doors with gold numbers engraved on them, they were spread a good distance from each other. These were the guest rooms. We walked past the guest lifts to the end of the long corridor. We came to another door and went out into a corridor with concrete floor. There was a spiral staircase going both up and down, also a lift and a large black door.

“This is the staff staircase; it is the only one you are permitted to use. This area is also a fire escape for the guest, it must not be obstructed, you will be severely punished if you do obstruct it.” I said. I then opened a black door on the landing.

“Every floor has one of these, follow,” I said as I walked in. Inside was a large room full of what can be described as housekeeping equipment. There was cleaning equipment of every kind.

“You take what you need from here to clean with,” I stated. “You must carry what you need to each room, there are no trolleys to wreck the carpets,” I added. “In there is bedding, again you take what you need to each room,” I pointed to another black door within the room. “You put the

use bedding into the blue baskets your find in there.” I then walked out of the room and down the spiral stairs as they followed, “You are not permitted to use the lift, only female staff can use it, you’re be servilely punished if you are caught using it” I said in a matter-of-fact way. At the bottom of the steps, we came to another long corridor. As I lead the way at a fast pace we passed doors to hotel offices as we walked.

“That was the door I told you was to housekeep from outside,” I pointed out as we walked past it.

We finally arrived at housekeeping, and I lead them in. The skunks inside curtsied when I entered. I pointed to the white line on the floor that ran one length of the room, “Stand there,” I ordered the two new skunks.

“When you first report here to start your shift you will come and stand on that line and wait.” I then pointed to a second pink line on the other side of the room. “If you have completed a task and are returning here then you stand on here the white line, am I clear?”

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they both replied.

“The report time given to you is not a request, if you are not here on time you will be punished. When you have been given tasks you will report back here when they are complete. Am I clear?” I asked in the same flat voice.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they both replied.

“If you damage any part of your uniform you will immediately bring it to the attention of the housekeeper, is that clear?”

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” came the replied.

“You will always look immaculate no matter how hard you work, if your found looking scruffy you will be punished. When you are sent to rest it is expected that priority is given to your uniforms, is that clear?”

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they responded.

I then went into our office leaving them standing there, all skunks curtsied me as she did. After a few minutes I returned, giving each of the new girls a cheap pink watch and card to open room doors with.

“That’s to open the rooms when you clean them,” I stated.

I then turned and walked out of the door we came in by.

“Follow,” I commanded.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they responded and followed. I continued down the corridor and down some steep steps. Stopping at the metal door that led to the skunk’s rest area. I walked in and beckoned the two to follow me. Inside was a room with lights on. There were two rows of wooden bunks, most had a skunk maids sleeping on them. The bunks had no mattress or blankets, they were just wooded bunks. I reached to the wall and pressed a button, there was a loud ringing sound that continued until I released the button. At the sound everyone in the room woke and got up curtsying the me before standing at rest by their bunks.

“When you hear that sound it means a lady is present in the restroom, failing to acknowledge that is punishable.” I stated coldly. I walked up to one of the skunks standing naked and pushed her out of the way. I pointed to a countdown clock built into bed. “You set this for the amount of time you have to rest, remember you have to be ready and on the line at the time specified to you.” I then pointed to a door at the back of the room. In there are washing and toilet facilities, as well as food and water. You all know your diet is 6 spoons a day, and two cups of water, if you take more it is punishable by death. You will also find in there cleaning facilities for your uniform, that must be your first task each rest period. You leave your whole uniform hanging in there to dry when you rest. Should you interfere with another skunks uniform you will be punished, am I clear?” I spoke loudly so all the skunk maids in the room would hear.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the two replied.

“Follow me,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they replied.

As I walked out of the room I said, “Once the lady leaves the room you are permitted to go back to your rest period, also you are forbidden from speaking to other skunks at any time.” I spoke as I walked. “Personally, I would cut your larynges out if I caught you speaking to another male,” I stated coldly. It was also something I had done to a skunk for that reason before.

They followed me back to the staff car park as I walked to one of the brown boxes.

“Open it, take out a dustpan and brush and two black sacks each,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they both said and obeyed.

“You start here,” I said to one and pointed to the floor in front of me. “You start at the other end,” I ordered the other skunk. “You both sweep until you are told to stop, and I expect this car park spotless. Fill the sacks with the rubbish you sweep up. Make sure you get right under the cars, but don’t touch them, you really don’t want to set alarms off. Also make sure you do not obstruct moving traffic, I know I won’t break or swerve to miss you,”

I paused then clapped my hands, “work!” I shouted at them.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they both said. One falling to his knees where he was and began to sweep. The other skunk ran towards the other end of the car park to start work. I watched them for a few seconds making sure they were in elegant positions while they worked before walking away. It was time for another coffee, and a return to my book with my feet up for the night.

Before I knew it Emma walked into the office.

“Oh goss home time,” I said smiling.

“Hi Shanise, how are you,” Emma said in her very nice sounded northern English accent.

“Fine thanks Emma, and all the better for seeing you,” I replied smiling.

“Busy night?” Emma asked. I laugh at that.

“Had to show two new skinks round, that was it really,”. I replied.

“Are they the two in the staff car park, they look new looking at the hair,” Emma enquired.

“Yep that’s them, I told them to keep working until told to stop,” I replied.

“That’s fine I’ll get them in a few hours, may as well let them sweat under the sun. It’s getting warm now, going to be a hot one today,” she said.

“Sounds like I’ll have the air condition on in the apartment or I wont sleep otherwise,” I replied as I got up picking up my bag.

“You on again tonight,” Emma enquired.

“Yep doing three nights in a row,” I replied.

“Oh shit hate them, you get off and have a nice sleep,” she said.

We said our goodbyes and I left. There were now more skunks on both the lines, they had appeared while I was relaxing in the office. I had no reason to come out during the night, so they just stood and waited. All curtseyed me as I walked past them paying no attention. As I got back to my car I saw the two skunks I had put working there, they were of course still at it, they had many more hours to go knowing Emma, I smiled as I got into my car and headed back to my luxury apartment to rest up and enjoy my day.

Chapter 9

Housekeeping (Emma)

I looked at the computer screen, we had two check outs over night, I noted the room numbers. Most of the white line skunks were now due a break, I noticed a few of them had been on duty for over 29 hours. I guessed that was down to Sara the day before. She liked nothing more than setting skunks some long tasks just when they were due a rest period, I smiled at that. I would send them for a break after my morning coffee, looking at the screen that would not be a very long break as we had eight check outs this afternoon. oh well never mind I thought. I kicked off my flats and rubbed my toes into the carpet, it felt nice on the bottom of my feet.

“Coffee,” I rudely said to the staff slave.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” it replied and set about it. I went back to my screen, I had four slaves that were on the pink line, two had been on duty all night, but not yet done anything. I would use them two to clean the rooms that were now ready for cleaning. I jotted down their numbers. All in all, it looked like it would be a quite day for me as the check outs would not happen to after my 6-hour shift was over. I would ensure there were plenty of skunks available for whoever was taking over from me.

The slave bought my coffee, I opened up the newspaper and settle down.

About an hour later I had the slave put my shoes back on my feet and walked out. The skunks all curtsied me. I gave the ones due breaks a five-hour rest period and the two that had been there all night were sent off to clean the rooms. They all thank me and curtsied before scurrying off. I decided to head to the staff restaurant for some breakfast next. I was a little overweight but hell with it I fancied a fry up. One of these days I would head to the gym, I laughed at the thought. Unlike Shanise who loved

working out with her perfect body, I was happy enough to enjoy the finer side of life, which included a full English breakfast.

It was about two hours later that I headed to the staff car park to collect the two skunks that were there and due a rest period. One had its back to me and her head was down to the ground busy sweeping. I was never the one to turn my back on some light entertainment. In my flat leather shoes, I tip toes right up to the skunk, she had no idea I was there. I smiled as I spoke.

“Do I get a curtsy then?” The skunk looked up in terror at seeing me standing there. She tried to get up quickly, but her aching body was having none of it and she fell to the floor in pain at my feet. I smiled and stood there with my legs slightly apart and hands on hips

“I’m waiting,” I spoke in a softly.

“Yes sorry ma’am,” the skunk spoke thought the agony that was showing on her face as she pushed through the pain and stood up giving me a curtsy that was awful. Her body must have been riddled with pain trying to stand up so quickly after hours bent down. It made me smile.

“Curtsy again, that was not satisfactory,” I ordered.

“Yes sorry Ma’am,” she replied and gave me a much better curtsy. I had already decided this skunk was going to get a good thrashing.

“Thank goodness it wasn’t a guest that had approached you without receiving a curtsy,” I said calmly.

“Yes I am so sorry Ma’am,” she humbly replied.

“You, come here!” I shouted over to the other skunk still sweeping. She suffered the same trouble as this one in getting up. Eventually she made it over and curtsied me. I looked at them both with a satisfied smile as they both stood in front of me in the at rest position.

“You take the bags of rubbish and throw them in there,” I spoke directly to the one who I first sneaked up on while pointing to a large black bin at

the other end of the car park. “And run,” I added.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” she replied. Giving a curtsy, she then rushed to pick up the four bags of rubbish they had swept up overnight to disposal of.

“You go to rest, report back to housekeeping in five hours,” I said to the other skunk as I waved my hand dismissing her.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” she replied , giving me a curtsy’s and hurried off. I waited for the other skunk to get back to me, she was running across the car park towards me. I smiled as she rushed to not keep me waiting. She returned and gave me a nice curtsy this time.

“Follow,” I ordered and headed back to the office.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” came her reply. Her heels clicking on the ground behind me as she obediently followed. I lead her back to my office and made her stand in front of my desk as I sat down on the leather chair. I relooked at my computer screen to ensure no work had come in requiring skunks while I was away. None had. I looked up at the skunk maid standing still waiting for me.

“Drop your tights and panties, bend over that stool and lift your dress above your waist, make sure your facing me when bent over,” I ordered while pointing to the whipping stool we had in the office. It was used to bend skunks over when we discipline them.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” her nervous voice replied. And she set about obeying me.

“The Spanish riding crop,” I said to the staff slave. That was my favourite implement, the crop was made local here in Spain. It was made with the finest leather, and it hurt like hell when hitting the human body, after all it was designed to hurt a horse, so soft human skin was no problem for it.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the staff slave standing in the corner replied. I glance up and saw the slave retrieve the heavy leather, light brown riding crop, it had an evil look to it. I smiled and went back to my computer, I had

an email to send. The skunk was now bent over the stool, the staff slave standing behind her ready to give it a thrashing at my command.

After a few minutes I just said, "Give it a dozen across its backside."

"Yes thank you Ma'am," the slave replied. As I went back to my email.

I loved the whooshing sound the crop made as it flew through the air. Then the loud cracking sound followed as the crop cut into the skunk's skin, the staff slave was trained to aim the crop to go through the skunk and not just stop on contact with the skin, thus causing maximum pain and damage to its backside. Then the loud scream of agony from the bent skunk.

I lifted my head and looked at the skunk's face in total agony.

"Do shut up, it's not that bad," I said before looking back at my screen. I knew it was that bad and smiled. I watched her hiding from the corner of my eye, not wanting the skunk to think I was that interested in her suffering.

The air hissed again, the intense pain went right through the skunk, she let out a muffled sound as she bit her lip. Her hands gripping tightly to the stool legs. Her body was shaking with the intense pain. Her backside must have felt like it was on fire. Without pause the evil sound came crashing towards her, again and again. She could not help but give little screams, her body shook uncontrollably. Tears running down her face, between each stroke she gasped for breath. I allowed the punishment to complete without interruption.

"Ma'am the punishment is complete," the slave said.

"Very well, fetch me a coffee," I ordered.

"Yes thank you Ma'am," he replied putting the whip back in place and going through a door at the rear of the office to make my coffee. The skunk stayed bent over with her panties and tights round her ankles. I smiled as she stayed bent there with tears running down her face.

The slave returned with my coffee, I kicked off my shoes and again rubbed the soft carpet with my toes, it always felt so nice. I then continued with my emails.

As I took the last sip of my coffee I looked at the still bent over skunk. Humiliated and beaten she still cried.

“Tidy yourself up maid and stand in front the desk,” I finally said to her.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” she replied. Pulling her panties and tights back up which must have hurt her backside so much. Once dressed she stood back in front of the desk in the at rest position.

“I liked to be thanked correctly when I punish a maid, kiss my feet and thank me skunk,” I said again in a calm soft voice.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the skunk replied before kneeling at my feet below my desk.

I felt her lips kissing my toes all while she was saying. “Thank you for my punishment Ma’am,” I allowed this to continue for a while before lifting my foot, placing it flat against her face and pushed her away from me. I also felt the wetness in my panties that the event had caused.

“Stand up maid,” I ordered her.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” she responded as she stood in front of me again. Her face burning red with humiliation.

“I let her stand there for about ten minutes while I worked on my computer. I saw two more rooms had just become vacant, I would send a skunk to clean them, I took note of the room numbers.

I then looked back at the skunk who had just had the beating, “Let that be a lesson skunk, always be aware of your surroundings. Had that been a guest that you did not pay the proper respect to, you would now be on the pole, do I make myself clear maid?”

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” she replied.

“Go to rest period now maid, be back here in five hours,” I waved my hand dismissing me.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” she replied, curtsied and left the office. I smiled knowing that she would be a better skunk now.

Next I got up and sent a skunk maid to clean the rooms which had just become available. Ignoring the others that curtsied me when I walked into the main room.

Now it was time to put my feet up and let the last hour of my shift tick by.

Soon I was in my car traveling home. My long-term partner who was now my houseslave would be standing in my drive, naked apart from the collar around his neck he would be waiting for my return. Since the New World order came into effect I had trained him so very easily to be everything I wanted in a male.

I still called him my hubby, back then we were married. I had no complaints he was a good man. He had a decent job that paid a good salary. I never worked unless you call bringing up our two daughter’s work. They had long since flown the nest; both had done well for themselves. My youngest worked here, she had a really well-paid job in the finance department. My eldest run her own hairstylists, she took on a house slave last year who she was going to make her lifelong slave. I was so proud of both of them.

When the New World Order came into place there was of course a bit of an upheave. Hubby lost his job, however the system found me a really good

job that paid better than his did. It was of course not here at the hotel; this place hadn't existed back then. I found it strange at first having to have to go to work while hubby stayed home. But within months we both fitted well into our new roles in life. Hubby was a little resentful at first, he loved his work so much and of course had no idea how to run a home. Once his ownership was registered to me and the collar was permanently lock round his throat his attitude changed. I never had to beat him to much as I taught him how to be the perfect houseslave to me and our daughters, he took to the training I gave him so well. I was very proud of him.

My daydream ended when my relief walked in.

Chapter 10 disciplinarian (Tina)

Tina sat in her office; her head still hurt from last night. Once a year the old disciplinarians had a reunion, yesterday being that day. She always threw caution to the wind on these events. She smiled as she thought about the day. The girls had held the meet in Spain this year and not far from the hotel which meant Tina didn't have to travel. Each year they met in a different country to add to the fun of the meet.

This one started with the afternoon meetup at a bowling alley, that was such a laugh. The amount of girls that managed to hit everything except the bottles. The beer was of course flowing at the time. Then to the curry house followed by the pub crawl. Most of the girls there last night had now retired with only one or two still serving.

Tina was once a cop in the old world. When the changes were put in place she automatically became a disciplinarian as did all female police officers.

She always thought so fondly of those days. The heads she had cracked without the worry of having to justify everything she did. When the visitors came most males fell into line, still there was those who resisted. The once unlucky enough to come across Tina regretted their decision. Well, those that survived the encounter with her did anyway.

Tina had always been a very well-built lady, she still was evens in her late fifties, she still visited the gym for her weight training at least once a week. She sat daydreaming in her office about the old life while she waited for the headache pills to take effect.

The changes in the world saw most court systems disappear, now it was the disciplinarian that decided guilt and sentencing. There was no appeal process, no arguments, the world had become simple. She loved those days, she felt at last she could get on with her job without her hands being tied behind her back. Unfortunately, she had reached that age when it was time to say goodbye. She had a brilliant pension and tried to settle into life outside law enforcement, but she became unsettled missing her role so much.

When she saw the job advertised for security enforcement officer at the hotel she jumped at the opportunity. During the interview they loved her, however her age meant she could not enter the armed enforcement team which she wanted to. They offered her the role of local enforcement officer.

The work was a little more mundane, just branding new slaves, carrying out execution and the odd corporal punishments. Still, she accepted the role open heartily, the pay was great not that she needed more money. She packed her bags and moved to Spain the following week.

The monitor caught her eye, a group of new slaves had walked into the yard, being lead by one of the instructors. Tina recognised the instructor a lady called Annabelle who she had a lot of time for and shared a few drinks with over the last year. Annabelle did not take any shit from the slaves and treated them as they should be treated. She had sought advice from me over beers in how to be a better and stronger mistress. I got up and walked out to greet her.

She was showing the slaves the skunk she had hung up yesterday, I loved the looks on the slaves faces as they stared up in disbelief and horror, this no doubt was the first time they had seen the pole.

I gave her a hug and we exchanged greetings before she left happy that I would look after her slaves for the night.

I left her slaves in the yard and went back to the office for another cup of coffee. My head was recovering but I wasn't ready to start the days work yet. My staff slave served me the coffee as I slipped back into my daydream of yesterday and days gone by.

Eventually I decided to start work. I had the staff slave prepare the branding tool, I read out the numbers which had to be on each iron. Each slave having an individual number which would be branded on him front and back under the words 'Property of the Diana Hotel'. I then had the slave begin to heat the iron as I went out to collect my first victim.

As I walked into the yard the slaves immediately went into a curtsy, I grabbed the first one by the back of his neck forcing him lower. Then taking him by the scruff of the neck I pulled him back to my office, throwing him to the floor upon getting there.

“Kneel get you face to the floor,” I screamed at him. I like to terrorise them, I still enjoyed seeing males completely petrified on their knees at my feet. I put my booted foot onto the back of the slave’s head, pushing his face into the ground hard.

“Lift your arms,” I screamed at him. He instantly obeyed me, lifting his arms as far as he could behind him. I squatted down and took hold of the wrist lifting the arms higher, he let of a yelp of pain as I did. I handcuffed his hands behind his back before lightly kicking him in the head with my boot.

“Stand up,” I ordered. This one a little slow in getting up earned him a hard kick to his ribs, he screamed in pain, but I now had hold of his throat and pulled him up. Pushing his head up and holding his throat tightly I pushed him back onto the wall hard. The staff slave handed my free hand the hot iron. I checked to make sure it was glowing red before pushing it into the slave’s chest. His screams of agony delighted me, as the iron burned into his skin. I loved the smell of burning flesh. I pushed the iron deeper into him, as they all do the slave passed out, when the branding was complete I let go of his throat and he fell back to the ground at my feet.

A few kicks to his head bought him back to the nightmare he found himself in.

“Kneel face to the floor,” I screamed at him. In such fear he immediately obeyed me, his body shaking, tears running down his face, this is how I liked to see males. I opened a cold can of drink as I waited for the slave to heat up the iron again. The slave gave me a nod when the iron was glowing red hot. I tapped the kneeling slaves head with my boot.

“Up,” I ordered.

“Please no please Ma’am please please no Ma’am,” he begged. I smiled as I kicked him in the head harder, screaming “Get up,” I also bent down and grabbing him by the back of the neck pulling him up onto his feet. I forced his face into the wall hard. The staff slave handed me the iron, I place the burning brand to the slaves back and watched the smoke rising as it burnt

into his skin. His screams of agony made me smile before he again passed out, falling to the ground when I released my hold on his neck.

The staff slave dragged him away and placed him in a body cage in one of the small cells I had at the back. I walked out to collect the next of Annabelle's slave.

This job wasn't so bad I thought to myself with a smile.

Chapter 11

Housekeeping (Sara)

I awoke at about 11 am, had a shower and made a coffee for myself. Another day I thought. Sometimes I never knew what was the matter with me, I never understood why I couldn't settle in Spain, only the job had kept me here. I missed Glasgow so much. But the money here was like nothing I could earn back home. I looked at myself in the mirror I really needed to put some weight on, I just never seemed to be hungry, the pills the doctor gave me were useless. Besides like I told her I felt fine.

I looked round the apartment and it needed a clean. I never bothered getting my own slave, I hated the idea of one being around me all the time. I would get the accommodation reception to send up a cleaner when I went to work. My job wasn't bad, I at least could make the lives of males as miserable as possible while I was doing it. I still remembered the beatings my father gave my mother when I was growing up, only booze mattered to him. He was arrested and put down after the New Order came in, not a moment to soon. Unfortunately, the damage had been done and my mother passed away a short time later. I hated males.

I arrived at work and saw a number of skunks standing on the two lines, they all curtsied me as I walked in, I didn't bother evens looking at them. I relieved Emma today, I liked her, in fact I liked all the girls that worked here. They all tried to befriend me and were always inviting me out. I was just a bit of a loner and always turned them down with one excuse or another, however they kept trying. Looking down the list I noticed two skunks that had been on duty for 17 hours, I smiled as I saw four rooms needed cleaning. I would give them two rooms each, that would add at least six hours to their day, but no rush to send them. I had the stupid staff slave bring me a cup of cold water before I put him back facing the wall. I didn't like him looking at me.

I eventually went outside to the main room, they all curtsied me of course. I called out the two numbers of the slaves that had the long days and

sent them off to work. They did not show it, but I knew how they felt. I knew they hated me, most skunks here did. I was proud of that, it meant I was doing my job well.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the idiots said and hurried off to do the work I had given them. I went back into the office to see what else I could get the skunks to do. I hated the fact that there were four of them just standing there doing nothing, they were here to work.

Checking the system there was nothing else that needed doing, so I sent two to sweep the staff car park and the other two to sweep the guest car park. If any work came in that needed skunks I would go to the rest area and get more out of there, rested or not. I had four that would be back here after rest in the next two hours anyway.

I decided to have a little walk, I went to the pole and was disappointed to only see one male hanging from it, he looked expired. I like to sit and watch them hanging there helplessly as they suffered. I decided as there was not much to look at here that I would take a walk in the hotel gardens, there I found a tranquil place.

The six hours on duty passed by slowly, I had managed to at least work the skunks hard and had a few that were approaching thirty hours on duty when I left to go back to the apartment. I decided tomorrow I would hang at least one skunk from the pole, we had so many of them anyway. The less skunks we had the harder the others would have to work, that thought pleased me.

I had a shower and settled for an evening of TV.

Chapter 12

Housekeeping (Fiona)

Fiona drove to work in her range rover, she never minded working in fact she enjoyed it. She knew she never had to and did this purely because she enjoyed it and felt she was giving something back. The money she earned went directly to charity. She was born and raised in France, her mother had properties all over the world and for Fiona eighteenth birthday she told Fiona she could pick anyone of them as a gift, it would become her home away from home. The villa in Spain was top of her list. Her mother had made sure it came with a full complement of slaves, so now Fiona owned the villa and the fifteen slaves which came with it. Her mother was horrified when she heard that Fiona had taken on a job, be that a part a time one, it was still horror to her mother who was on the next flight out. Once her mother found out there was no money issues and that her daughter had more money in the bank than she could spend in a lifetime she returned home relived but still not believing her daughter actually wanted to work.

Fiona walked into the office giving Sara a big hug, she loved everyone of the girls that worked here, she also had a lot of time for Sara feeling a little sorry knowing she was a loner. She always had and always would try her hardest to help Sara. It was amazing that all the girls that work here knew Fiona was very rich, yet they all treated her the same as each other. Fiona felt normal here and she liked that so much.

Fiona looked down the work list, Sara had everything covered. There were five skunks waiting outside who had been on the pink line waiting for work for the last 5 hours, sara had used the skunks that were already on duty to cover everything, she gave a little giggle at that, Sara worked them till they dropped. Fiona also noted one of the skunks who was still cleaning rooms had spent 7 hours cleaning a state room, she wrote the skunks number down, there would be a whipping there for her. There was also a complaint from a guest that a skunk maid had not given her a correct curtsy and was insubordinate to her, the guest had apparently slapped the skunk. I noted the number of the skunk who was now sweeping the staff car park, I

also saw the skunk had been on duty for 25 hours now, another one Sara was working hard. Anyway, I would question the skunk about it later and give a suitable punishment. Just at that moment yet another complaint was emailed to me, apparently this skunk had failed to curtsy a guest and then obstructed the guest's movement. I noted the number of the skunk. Sometimes I felt more like a disciplinarian rather than a housekeeper .

I decided to go and have a walk round checking on the skunks now at work, I first looked into the mirror to check my appearance. I had my uniform dress taken up, so the hem was well above my knees, this showed off my beautifully shaped legs today covered in sheer black pantyhose. My four-inch black heeled court shoes added to my amazing look.

I ran my hand through my long brown hair noting how the gold and diamond bracelet on my wrists sparked. I smiled at myself and walked out of the office, past the four skunk maids giving me a curtsy.

I walked into one of the rooms, which was being cleaned, the skunk maid was on her hands and knees scrubbing the toilet at the time. She immediately stood and gave me a curtsy.

“Carry on maid,” I said.

“Yes thank you Ma'am,” the maid replied and went back down onto her knees and continued scrubbing. I walked through the rooms, running my finger over furniture checking for dust. I then walked onto the balcony which maids always cleaned first checking that everything was cleaned to the highest standard. When satisfied I looked out over the balcony at the sea and green mountains beyond, I took a deep breath of the wonderful fragranced air. I spent a few minutes admiring the view, a few sail boats bobbing along on the waves. I loved to sail and had my own boat, maybe tomorrow I would go out in it. I check my watch. time was moving on and I wanted to check a few more rooms. I left the room saying nothing as the maid got up and curtsied me.

I went on to check a couple more rooms before going to the hotel coffee shop to meet a friend who was visiting the hotel.

Four hours later I returned to the housekeeping office, I wanted to deal with the skunks before my relief arrived. The many skunk maids now standing and waiting, they curtsied me as I walked into the room. I walked

straight past them and into the office to check for anything that needed to have skunk maids sent to.

Everything was in order. “Slave bring out the chair and the Spanish riding crop,” I said to the staff maid standing to one side.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” he replied and followed me out into the main room carrying the chair. As the maids curtsied I indicated for the slave to put the chair down a little way in front of the white line. I then ordered two of the skunks on the pink line to sweep the staff car park and the other two to sweep the guest car park. I then sat on my chair looking at the note pad I had with me.

“These skunks will remain where you are, 371c, 492d and 729d,” I said to the group remaining.

“The remainder go to rest, return in 6 hours, go,” I waved them away.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” they replied, curtsied and left.

Only the three skunks remained of us remained.

It was time to get on with the punishments.

“skunk 371C, kneel before me,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the maid replied and obeyed her.

“I was not satisfied with your work today, it took you over 7 hours to clean a state room, why was this?” I asked the kneeling maid.

“Ma’am the room was really messy, it just took forever to clean. They had also spilt something on the carpet and that took me two hours of scrubbing alone to take off Ma’am,” his pleading voice responded.

“I think it is more like you were lazy and did not work as hard as you should, you agree with me don’t you?” The maid could not disagree with me, she knew that.

“Yes Ma’am, I am so sorry,” he resigned himself to his fate.

“Strip and bend over, take hold of your ankles,” I ordered.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” he replied and obeyed. I watched him strip and then he bent down in front of me, holding his ankles.

“Put your legs together,” I ordered him.

“Yes thank you Ma’am, sorry,” The maid replied and obeyed.

“If you move from this position you will leave me no choice but to hang you up on the pole, you understand? I said looking at him.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the maid replied in a very shaky voice.

“Twenty to the backside and backs of it legs,” I spoke to the staff slave holding the whip.

” Yes thank you Ma’am,” he replied, then walked behind the bent maid, he positioned himself where he could get the best strike at the maid’s backside. He then glanced up at the me, I nodded my head once. The staff slave then went up on to his toes and brought the whip crashing down onto the maid’s backside, he seemed to drive the whip as deep into her flesh as he could before it stopped, hitting her as hard as he possibly could. As the whip cut into the flesh of the bent over maid, she screamed out in agony. I smiled and crossed my legs sitting back in my chair. The staff slave got back up on his toes to deliver the next struck I saw the deep red welt which was left across the maid’s backside from the first strike. I was impressed with the power the staff slave had used in delivering the strike. The next was delivered with as much force as the first, the maid screamed out in anguish and agony. I was not sure how the maid held the position; MY threat of the pole helped no doubt. The staff slave put so much force into every strike, rising onto his toes before putting his full weight behind the force of the whip. At the end the maid’s backside and leg tops were welted, cut and bruised. She was crying and shacking.

“The punishment is complete Ma’am,” the staff slave said standing to one side.

“Get dressed,” I ordered the maid.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the maid replied with tears rolling down her face.

“Once dressed I just said, “go to rest, as you are so lazy you can be back here in three hours, go,” I waved the maid away with a single movement of my hand.

“Yes thank you Ma’am, she replied, curtsied and limped away still in tears and shacking from her punishment.

I felt satisfied that this skunk had learned a lesson and would work much harder and faster now. She would feel the pain from her lashing for days to come. I doubt that she would have much time to rest with the short break I gave her, that would also serve her well. It all helped her in remembering that she must work hard.

“Skunk 429d,” I said next looking down at my note pad. “Kneel in front of me.”

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” he replied and obeyed. I noticed him shaking. He knew he was going to suffer.

“Skunk why do I have a complaint from a guest that you failed to move out of her way, and actually obstructed her, explain to me?” The maid was clearly very frightening and already tears were rolling down her eyes.

“Why?” I asked again, holding out my arms indicating I wanted a reply.

“Ma’am I was sweeping the corridor and the lady appeared from nowhere she just came up behind me and kicked me, I never knew she was there. Please Ma’am I think she tip toed so I would not hear her coming.” He pleaded.

I contemplated for a few moments as I formed little circles with my foot as I thought about a suitable punishment. I had in fact already made up my mind, this skunk would go to the pole.

“So you dare to say the guest is making up a story?” I said in a confused voice.

“Ma’am no Ma’am, maybe she just saw it differently,” the maid was so careful with her choice of words.

I gave a little chuckle.

“You failed to show a guest the correct respect by not curtsying her when she approached. You then also by not moving out of her way obstructed her free movement. There is only one punishment suitable for you, you will hang on the pole,” I said softly. “Strip and go back onto the white line,” I ordered him.

He was about to say something, “Don’t speak just obey me or do you want to hang from your balls,” I again spoke softly looking down at him.

“No Ma’am, sorry Ma’am,” the maid said as she took off her clothing. Her face showing, she couldn’t believe she had been sentenced to death over this.

“Call security and ask them to come here,” I said to the staff slave.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” he responded and went into the office after curtsying the me.

“729d, come kneel in front of me,” another slave shaking in fear knelt in front of me.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” he said and obeyed.

“Skunk I have a complaint from a guest that you failed to curtsy her correctly and then you were insubordinate to her, forcing her to have to slap you,” there was a pause. “Explain to me maid?” I looked down at the skunk with an inquisitive look.

“Ma’am, I had my hands full of cleaning things when the lady stepped out of a room almost just as I was walking past her door. Ma’am I just curtsied the lady, but she took offense because I did not raise the hem of my dress and she knock the things out of my hand, when I tried to apologise she hit me Ma’am.” His voice was shaky and frightened as he tried to explain, no doubt he was feeling terrified at that moment.

The security officer waked in, the maids curtsied her and then resumed the positions they were in.

“Hi, did you call for security.” the officer said.

“Yes thank you, can you take that one away and hang it from the pole please,” I said politely and indifferently as I pointed to the maid waiting on the line naked.

“Of course, no problem, is there anything else I can do for you?” she asked.

“No thank you and thank you for coming so quickly,” I replied.

“No problem,” she replied. There a scream as the officer took hold of the maid violently and led her out.

I looked back down at the skunk kneeling before her. Again, I made those little circles with my foot as I decided where I was going to take this.

“Do you not think that a guest deserves to be shown the greatest of respect, especially from the lowest slaves we have here?”

“Yes Ma’am,” there were tears swelling in the skunk’s eyes which pleased me.

“And then you dare speak to her without her permission, what do you think you are skunk?” I screwed my face up as I said that indicating that the skunk was stupid. “Strip,” I then ordered.

I had decided to give this skunk fifty lashes and to get her to apologise to the guest tomorrow.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the skunk said and undressed.

It was then that I noticed the new looking welts on her backside.

“You were whipped recently, why?” I asked.

“Ma’am I failed to curtsy a housekeeper who I did not see coming towards me yesterday, “she replied shamefully.

“You have a problem with female authority I think,” I said.

“Ma’am no honestly, Ma’am I really do not?” It pleaded with the tears flowing and its body shacking in fear.

“Are you now arguing with me skunk?” I asked, smiling.

“Ma’am no Ma’am,” the skunk replied confused at being trapped in this position.

“So, you do have a problem with female authority, don’t you?” I said.

The skunk knew she had no choice and had to give me the answer I wanted, evens if it was untrue. “Yes Ma’am, I am sorry Ma’am,” she said in a trembling voice.

I smiled knowingly, my play on words had the skunk just where I wanted it.

I had changed my mind now about having the skunk whipped and wanted this slave to suffer a horrible expiry. She no doubt did have a problem with female authority and I could not allow such a male to continue with life.

“I think you must have time for reflexion, it will help you to understand better your place and station in life, don’t you agree?” I looked down staring into the skunk’s eyes. The skunk knew there was no way she could or would disagree with this me. I was her better, her superior and knew what was best for the skunk. Evens though she didn’t understand what her punishment was going to be

“Yes Ma’am, thank you,” her resigned voice replied.

“Go back and stand on the line,” I ordered. The maid obeyed me still shaking and confused about what was going to happen to her. At that point Emma walked in to start her shift. We greeted each other and we both walked into the office closing the door behind them.

A little while later I came out of the office on my way home, I had put a jumper on over my uniform dress and my shoulder bag swung over my shoulder. The waiting skunk maid curtsied as I walked towards her. While still in her curtsy I took hold of skunk's ear, I twisted it firmly in my hand forcing the maid's head lower, and into a squirting bending forward position. She let out a little scream of pain as I did.

I then walked out of the room pulling the maid by her ear behind me. As I got to the flood lit yard, I caught sight of the officer, it seemed like she had just finished hanging the other maid on the pole and was walking back to her office.

“Do you want that one up there as well,” she called out.

“No, it's fine thank you, this one is going in the hole,” I politely replied.

I walked the maid to a metal trap door in the concrete the maid was still bent forward and half squatting, being held like that by her ear. I then kicked a lock open with my foot and forced the maid down onto her knees.

“Open it,” I commanded.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the maid replied with tears flowing down her face, she lifted the heavy iron trap door and saw the small cage cramped into the hole below.

“Open the cage,” I ordered next.

“Yes thank you Ma’am,” the maid replied. she undid the bolt on top of the cage and lifted the cage lid.

“Get in,” I ordered. The maid looked down in terror at the black cramped hole in the ground.

“Please Ma’am, please I beg you please don’t put me down there, please Ma’am,” she pleaded with me to not put her down there.

The maid received a painful kick into her ribs just below the corset that caused so much pain. She screamed out in agony as my foot cracked into her ribs.

“Get in there, don’t make it worse for yourself,” I said, still speaking softly.

“Yes sorry Ma’am,” the maid knew she had no choice and replied helplessly thought her sniffing and dropped into the tight caged hole.

I kicked the cage door down on top of her, but the maids’ body was not squashed down enough to close it.

“Down further,” I ordered. The maid knelt down tightly squashing her breast into her knees, finally I was able to shut and lock the cage closed.

I crouched down so the maid could hear me clearly. ““You will probably die in here; ensure the time you have left is spent on reflection in your disrespectful behaviour towards women. Do you understand?”

“Ma’am please, please I beg you don’t leave me in here please.,” The maid begged facing the dark ground. Her body shacking uncontrollably.

“Maybe when I am next here, if I remember you, I may release you if I can be bothered.” I said in my soft and once again kind sounding voice. I liked to give them hope, yet I knew there was no mercy for this male. He would expired in the dark hole.

I then stood up and slammed the metal door closed, using my foot I placed the bolt into the locking position. I then walked over the metal trap door towards the staff carpark, knowing that by the time I returned to work in a few weeks the maid would be very expired.

I smiled, feeling happy that I had given something back to society today and also made some money for one of the charities I sponsored.

End

Afterword

Readers, please take the story you have read as fantasy, many aspects of it were farfetched and too extreme to be real. I changed the plan of what this story would be about after having the idea to look more in depth into the female character of the first book. I will endeavour to get back on course with my next book.

Hope you enjoyed the read.

Book four in this series will revisit Steven while trapped in the locked underground cage. His/her future appears sealed. Little does he know that that an angle of mercy will appear. He will be given another chance to serve the Superior Female.

Changes will also come about which will change the life he thought would never end into something completely different.

My next book in this story line will go back in time and show how Steven first became involved in this lifestyle, and his long-term relationship with his Mistress who he thought would be his lifelong companion. It will also visit the changing world as Female Supremacy is born worldwide.

Nikki