



# *Slave Labor*

BRUCE CAMBELL

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by Bruce Cambell

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## Chapter 1

Patrick sometimes had difficulty recalling the exact events that placed him into his current situation. His days as a hedge fund manager were a memory so distant that at times it seemed almost as fiction. Staring out the window, down the long snow covered driveway, Patrick's mind flashed with images of expensive business lunches, of cigars and scotch, of limousine interiors. These brief moments of the past brought him great joy, for they were all he had to distract himself from life as he now knew it. It was at these times that his cock would become limp in its steel cage, and if he was in just the right position his balls would stop aching for release. Unfortunately, these moments were short lived.

Patrick reached into his pants to adjust his chastity cage. It was like scratching an itch, or spinning an earring on its post. It felt good. Headlights appeared in the distance, it was Ann. He knew her vehicle at any distance. He hurried to the door, grabbed his coat off the rack, and headed out into the cold January air.

Patrick stood at the end of the walkway, waiting. The driveway was long, and the day's freshly fallen snow had Ann driving more slowly than usual. Patrick spent his final moments of solitude wondering how his night would unfold. He was never sure what kind of mood Ann might be in. After what seemed like several minutes, Ann arrived at the house. Patrick opened her door. Ann stepped out of the car, her high black boots sinking into the snow.

"My bags are in the back." she said. "Hurry now, park the car."

Ann rushed inside, anxious to escape the cold. Patrick quickly climbed into her car, closed the door, and pulled into the garage. He paused for a moment; the smell of Ann's perfume was still heavy inside the warm car. He picked up a gum wrapper off the floor of the car. Ann loved cinnamon flavored gum, and it was Patrick's job to keep her car spotless. Patrick grabbed her bags from the back seat. In addition to her briefcase and purse, there was a fancy black paper bag with a neatly wrapped box inside of it. It was cold in the garage. Patrick closed the doors and walked through the snow back to the house.

He hung his jacket up and removed his boots, placing them neatly to the side of the door. He found Ann sitting on the sofa next to the fireplace.

"Come, take my coat and boots." she said.

Patrick placed her bags on the table in the foyer, and proceeded to Ann. He took her coat, and then knelt before her to carefully remove her high black boots. Patrick had come to enjoy the smell of warm leather. As he rose and began walking to the staircase, Ann interrupted him.

"I would like a scotch, Patrick. I have had a trying day."

He sat down her coat and boots, and walked across the room to the antique beverage cart in the corner. He removed the glass stopper from a bottle, and poured her a single malt scotch. Neat.

Ann now had her feet up, warming them by the fire. He placed the glass on the table beside her, as he did most nights, and returned to her coat and boots. Ann stared into the fire, and took a sip of her scotch.

"Hurry back, as I need to talk to you." she flatly said, as she continued to gaze into the fire.

"Yes, Goddess." he answered.

Patrick proceeded up to their bedroom. He turned on the lamp, beside Ann's sitting chair, and entered her closet.

Ann's closet was actually an adjoining room that had been transformed, under her strict guidance, into her own personal changing room. At the center of the well lit room, facing a mirror covered wall was a beautiful Victorian chair with black velvet upholstery and polished brass tacks. Patrick carefully wiped down the boots before placing them back in their spot amongst Ann's other footwear.

Her collection of boots, shoes, and sandals was impressive, and, as with the rest of her belongings, it was Patrick's job to keep them neatly organized. In fact, he derived a certain amount of satisfaction in doing so. It was something he could control, or at the very least maintain.

He placed her coat back on its hanger, and hung it amongst the others. Quickly he then glanced around the room, ensuring that not an item was out of place. Particularly when it came to her clothing, Ann did not like it when even the smallest detail was overlooked. On one occasion Patrick had in haste mistakenly put a pair of her silk panties amongst her cotton ones. For this oversight Ann had felt it necessary to administer what she called "loving discipline". Usually, this consisted of her spanking him with a black leather belt. The severity of the punishment depended on both the infraction committed as well as her mood at the time. It was always painful, but it did serve to remind Patrick of her expectations.

Finding the room in good order, Patrick shut off the lights and proceeded downstairs, where Ann was waiting for him.

Ann had moved from near the fire to her chaise sofa. Her glass was empty, and without asking, Patrick took it and refilled it for her.

"Thank you my pet." she said, almost warmly. "I've had the most dreadful day at work."

Patrick knelt at the end of the sofa, and without prompting began removing Ann's stockings. Slowly, and with focus, he rolled the white lace down her smooth legs. He placed the neatly rolled stockings in his pocket; he would hand wash them later. He took her left foot into his hands, and began rubbing the sole as he gently kissed the top.

This was their nightly ritual, and it was a something he was good at and was happy to do. He was often lonely during the day while Ann was away at work, and he looked forward to these intimate moments. Early on in their relationship, Ann had made it abundantly clear that she enjoyed foot and body massages. Patrick liked making his wife feel good; he liked helping her relax, and he liked the sex that almost always followed a good long rub down. That is how it used to be, before she had convinced him to lock his cock in a chastity cage.

As he rubbed her feet, Ann began speaking. "You know, Patrick, it has been almost a full month since I last unlocked you and allowed you some pleasure for yourself."

"Yes Ann, it has been 28 days." Patrick replied, as he switched to her right foot.

"Well?" Ann continued. "How are you feeling? Are you going to make it another week, as we agreed?"

"Does it matter? Do I have a say in the matter?" His tone was a little hostile. His cock was swelling in its steel cage as he kissed and rubbed her feet.

"No." Ann answered harshly. "And don't take that tone with me, or it'll be two weeks."

Patrick knew he had crossed a line. "I'm sorry." He said though a kiss.

Ann pulled her foot from his grasp. "I know you are frustrated. But we agreed - you agreed - that keeping your cock under lock and key was for the

best. When we moved up north after you lost your job all you did all day was sulk and jack off to online porn. What kind of life is that?"

Patrick knew she was right, despite his discomfort. He knew that something fundamental had changed within him the moment the lock on his cage clicked shut. It excited him. It gave him purpose. He had felt hopeless after losing his job on Wall Street, and it was his beautiful wife who had stuck with him and caressed him when he had hit bottom.

Staring at the floor, Patrick apologized again. "You are right, Ann. I am sorry."

Ann swirled the last of her scotch in her glass. Silence filled the room. Patrick waited, unsure of what she wanted him to say, unsure of what she wanted him to do. After what seemed like an eternity, Ann finally rose from the sofa. "Stand up, Patrick. Take my glass." Patrick did as he was told, he did not wish to cause Ann any more grief.

"Take that to the kitchen, and while you are at it get that fire stoked, it's getting cold in here." Ann said. Her voice had softened.

When Patrick returned from the kitchen, he found Ann naked on the couch. She looked like a Goddess to him in the flickering light of the fire. Distracted by his wife's beautiful body, he threw a couple logs into the fireplace, and blew as hard as he could on the embers. Eventually the fire began crackling as the maple took to flame.

Patrick could feel his cock once again swelling to fill its cage. He could feel the pressure building in his aching balls, a sensation he had grown used to. As he stared at her, laying there on the couch with her head back and legs spread, he was overcome with a primal desire to bury his face deep in her. It was a force he was unable to resist; he loved the taste of her sweet secretions on his lips and in his mouth.

Finally, Ann spoke. "Eat me, sweet pet."

Patrick loved being called “pet”, he much preferred it to being called “slave”. He knelt before her, and grasping a thigh in each hand proceeded to bury his mouth in her pussy. Her sweet aroma drove him mad with passion. He could hardly control his eager mouth and tongue. He lapped up her juices as quickly as she could produce them. While his lips and mouth worked her now swollen pussy lips, he pressed his tongue firmly against her clit. Soon, Ann was grabbing his head, ever so slightly guiding him into the exact spot where she needed him.

Patrick had become accustomed to the fact that while his wife writhed in pleasure his cock and balls would strain. He would ache. It was this that drove him to perform at his utmost best. He thought that perhaps if he could give her a fantastic, mind numbing orgasm that she would release him from his cock cage. Perhaps she would wrap her beautiful lips around him; perhaps she would beg him to fuck her.

He slid his hands up and over her thighs and reached up to squeeze her breasts. He lightly pinched her nipples. She moaned, and pushed his head with even more force into her. His face was now covered in her hot, wet pussy. He could barely breathe. He rubbed her body from her breasts to her ass in a rhythmic pattern, squeezing her smooth flesh in his hands.

At last, the sound of the crackling fire was overtaken as her soft moans of delight became louder. “Yes pet! More!” Ann beckoned. “Fuck my wet pussy with your face!” Patrick could feel her muscles becoming tense, he could feel her beginning to tremble as he relentlessly pursued her clit with his tongue.

Her legs now sprung free from his grasp, and she wrapped her thighs tightly around his head. She was about to orgasm, and it was going to be a good one, he thought. Patrick had always fancied himself to be good at licking women, at making them writhe and scream as he went about his craft. As her building pleasure filled the room, he forgot about his cock desperately trying to throb in its confinement.



He felt as though she would crush his head with her thighs as she finally came. "Oh fuck, yes! Fuck my pussy with your tongue you fucking whore! Lick me, Oh Yes!" She writhed about violently, bucking her hips off the couch as she came. Finally, she released his head from her thighs, and pushed it back firmly with her hands. Her body sparkled with a mist of perspiration. His face sparkled with her wetness. She collapsed back onto the couch in silence. Patrick sat up, and stared into the fire. He could feel his heartbeat in his cock. Silence, save for the crackling fire, once again filled the room.

When Ann had caught her breath, she spoke. "Good pet. Now Fetch me a scotch and a cigarette. Oh, and bring me that little black bag that you brought in from the car. I have something for you."

Patrick refreshed her drink and sat it beside her along with her cigarettes before fetching the black bag.

"Oh, good." Ann said. "Have a seat, Pet. I stopped by Kate's shop today, and I have some exciting news for you. She has decided to hire you."

"Doing what, Goddess?" Patrick replied as he stared at her feet.

"Your job will be to do whatever she asks of you. I would imagine that it will be mostly manual labor, but with your background she may even have you help with the bookkeeping. Isn't that great?" Ann said as she lit a cigarette.

"To be honest, I feel like I am earning my keep around here." Patrick quietly said.

"Pet, we have discussed this. I want to get started on the new stable this spring. The fences all will need mending or replacing as well. You promised me that when we moved from the city that I could finally have my own horses, remember?" Ann spoke softly, but firmly.

"Yes, Goddess. I remember." he replied.

"Then it is settled. You start tomorrow. Here, take this. It is part of your uniform for work." Ann said as she handed him the bag.

Patrick removed the box from the bag and opened it. Inside was a black leather collar. "What's this for? It looks like a dog collar."

"Kate thought it might be good for sales if you wore it. She thought it might be good marketing for her store. Besides, I like the look of it, so please put it on." Ann flatly said. "Now."

Patrick removed the collar from the box and placed it around his neck. Ann fastened it until it was snug, but not tight. "It looks lovely, Pet."

Patrick felt humbled. "Are you sure about this, Goddess? Must I really go to work at Kate's sex shop wearing a collar?"

"Yes. It works for me, and now you work for Kate." Ann said, smiling.

## Chapter 2

Snow was falling as Patrick drove into town. The roads hadn't been plowed, so what was normally a short trip was taking considerably longer. He reached between his legs to adjust his chastity cage. It had been almost a year since his wife had locked up his cock, and he had grown accustomed to the feel of the steel against his flesh.

He had left the house in a rush, after setting out Ann's breakfast and making coffee for her. In his pocket was the collar he was to wear to work. He secretly hoped that perhaps Kate would overlook the fact that he was not wearing it. As he pulled into the parking lot he could see Kate standing at the door looking out at him.

"Good morning, Ma'am." he said as he stomped the snow off his boots.

"Good morning, Patrick. Why aren't you wearing the collar we picked out for you?" Kate sternly asked.

"I have it right here, Ma'am." Patrick replied. "I left the house in a hurry, I figured I would put it on when I got here."

"If you were mine, you'd be wearing it at all times." Kate said with a smile.

Patrick removed the collar from his pocket and Kate helped him fasten it around his neck. "There, now you look as you should. You can start by shoveling the snow out front. When you are finished come inside. The shop needs dusting and such."

Patrick didn't see the point in doing any of it. "Ma'am, do you even have customers when it is snowing like this?" he asked.

"Yes. If I didn't, I wouldn't be open. Now get to it."

He was glad to be outside, despite his reasoning. His coat and scarf concealed the collar around his neck, and he was out of Kate's sight. She made him uncomfortable; she had a strange influence over his wife. There was a time when he had fantasized about fucking her or ramming his cock down her throat, but those days were long gone. Now, he suspected that Kate and his wife had fucked, but he had no way of knowing for sure.

When he had finished shoveling he went inside. Kate was unpacking a shipment of panties and bras. He stood watching her, either unnoticed or ignored. She was a beautiful woman; her power and confidence were obvious. It was Kate who had guided his wife through the process of completely dominating him. He found his cock becoming hard as he stood watching her. He had always been turned on by her tattoo covered body and today was no exception.

At last Kate spoke. "Hang your coat up in the back, then you can stock these items with the others, keeping them in good order. Also there is a bin

of panties over there that need sorting and folding. Your wife told me you are good at that."

"Yes, Ma'am." he replied.

A woman entered the store as Patrick began folding the panties, meticulously sorting and organizing them into neat little stacks. Kate and the customer were chatting and giggling. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but he suspected they were talking about him. He focused on the panties, on the intricate lacework and the smooth fabrics. Without realizing what he was doing, he picked up a pair and pressed it to his nose.

Kate and the customer laughed.

"Patrick! I told you to fold the panties, not sniff them!" Kate exclaimed.

Patrick immediately blushed. He was mortified. He quickly put the panties down and slowly turned to face the women. They were smiling at him. "Sorry, Ma'am, I forgot my place." He said.

"It's okay, Patrick. But I can't have you acting on your perverted impulses here in the store. You'll scare off the customers, you twisted fuck." Ann said. Again, her and the customer laughed. "Come here, Wendy would like to buy a riding crop today. She'd like to try them out. Normally I have folks just whack the sofa there, but now that you are here I figure your ass would help my customers make better informed decisions."

"But Ma'am, I don't think my wife would approve." Patrick quietly said.

"Your wife and I discussed this, Patrick. When you are here you are to follow my every command as if it came from your wife." Kate said with authority.

Patrick thought for a moment. Given the relationship that his wife and Kate had, he had no reason to doubt Kate's words. "It's just that my wife didn't mention this when she told me about the job, Ma'am."

"Well, I am telling you to drop your pants and bend over that chair so Wendy can try out a few different riding crops. Do I need to call your wife at work?" Ann said, she was losing patience.

"No, Ma'am." Patrick replied. He walked over to the chair in the center of the store, dropped his pants, and bent over.

"Oh, my!" Wendy said loudly. "His cock is locked up!"

"Yes, his wife locked him up about a year ago. He's a better man now, and a much better husband. Isn't that right, Patrick?" Ann asked as she gave him a smack on his bare ass.

"Yes, Ma'am, I am." Patrick replied. He knew it to be true. He had come to accept his role.

"Well, have at it, Wendy." Ann said, motioning to the selection of riding crops beside her. "These aren't frilly sex toys, these are real riding crops intended for use on horses. As you can see I have several styles here. This leather part on the tip is called the tongue. Some are wider than others and some are longer. Try not to break his skin."

Patrick tried to relax as he waited. He knew what was coming, the only question was how hard and how many.

Wendy looked over the selection of crops before settling on one with a narrow leather tongue. "This one looks nice." she said as she cocked her arm back and whipped Patrick's ass.

Patrick tried to remain still and silent as Wendy spanked him several times before moving onto the next type of crop.

"I do like that one, it made a nice cracking sound when it made contact with his flesh." Wendy said. "But it didn't seem to hurt him, he barely winced and didn't make a sound."

"Keep in mind that he's used to this, and also you could snap your wrist a bit more. Patrick, it is okay if Wendy hits you harder, right?" Kate asked.

"Yes, ma'am." Patrick said, closing his eyes.

Wendy selected another style of crop and flicked it through the air, near Patrick's head. "Ooh, this one feels a bit heavier than the last one. I like this."

Kate smiled as she noticed that Patrick was gripping the chair tightly. "Well, hit him. Smack his fucking ass like he has been a bad boy."

Wendy let loose, quickly smacking Patrick's ass with a ferocious intensity. Patrick cried out in pain, squirming as Wendy spanked him half a dozen times.

"Yeah, I like this one." Wendy said in an excited tone. "I'll take it."

Kate approached Patrick's head and lifted his chin with her fingertips. "Well, look at that. You just made your first sale, Patrick. Now, pull up your pants and get back to folding panties before Wendy here decides to try out strap on dildos."

### Chapter 3

"Ma'am, I am getting hungry. Could I take a break for lunch?" Patrick asked.

"Of course you can." Kate answered.

Patrick headed toward the door. As he opened it, Kate asked "Where do you think you are going?"

"My lunch is in my car, Ma'am. I thought I'd eat out there." Patrick replied.

"It's too cold to be sitting in your car. Grab your lunch. You can sit here with me at the counter. Maybe we can get to know each other better." Kate said in a friendly tone.

Patrick fetched his lunch and took a seat next to Kate behind the counter. He had no sooner opened the brown bag which held his sandwich when Kate held a chain up before him.

"Here, fasten this to your collar." she said as she handed him the chain.

"Ma'am, isn't it enough that you let your customers whip my ass?" Patrick pleaded.

"No, it is not. Now, fasten that chain to your collar right now. Then, you can eat your lunch." Kate said as she stared at him.

Patrick sighed, and fastened the chain to the collar.

As he ate his lunch, Kate explained to him how good it would be for her business to have a submissive slave toy on the premises. She assured him that when word got out her business would likely double. Patrick was trying to finish his lunch quickly. He didn't like being chained up.

The door chimed as two women entered the store. Upon seeing Patrick they immediately walked to the counter.

"Hello, ladies." Kate said in a friendly tone.

Patrick tried to look dignified, despite the collar and chain.

"Kate, who is this? Aren't you going to introduce us?" one of the women asked.

"Of course, where are my manners. This is my new employee, Patrick." Kate said proudly. "Patrick, this is Emily and Maria."

"It's a pleasure to meet you ladies." Patrick said with a smile.

Emily smiled back, before turning to Kate. "Do you always keep your employees chained up, Kate?"

Maria giggled.

"No, this is his first day, so it is a new thing." Kate answered. "Okay, Patrick, lunchtime is over, time for you to get dusting." Kate said as she unchained Patrick.

"Must be nice to have a little eye candy in the store." Maria said. "And I love the collar. Woof!"

The three women laughed as they watched Patrick dusting the shelves and displays.

"Don't get any ideas, ladies. He belongs to my friend, Ann. He is her pet, he just works here." Kate said.

"So, if he's willing to wear a collar and be chained to the counter here then why not have him take his shirt off?" Emily inquired.

"Patrick, take off your shirt!" Kate yelled across the store.

He smirked. The women whistled as Patrick removed his shirt exposing his trim physique. His wife kept him quite busy with manual labor around the house and property, and his muscular body reflected it.

"Patrick, be sure to lift the vibrators up and dust under them." Kate said. "And when you are done with that you can vacuum the floors."

"Maybe your friend Ann would let him come over and clean my house." Maria joked.

"My house is messier than yours, Maria! Me first!" Emily blurted.



Patrick could hear the women loud and clear. He glanced over, and Kate's eyes met his.

"Yes, maybe she would lend you her pet... to clean your house." Kate said, her gaze locked onto Patrick's.

He quickly turned back to the shelf he was dusting, determined to ignore the women behind him.

As they continued going on and on about how hot it would be to have a naked slave clean their houses Patrick knew what was to come next.

Kate approached him, she was dialing her phone. She looked at Patrick as she started speaking. "Damn, it went to voicemail. Ann, hi there, sorry to call you at work, but I've got an idea of how we could make some serious money."

Patrick continued his day, shirtless, with the collar around his neck. Kate was right, the snowy weather hadn't stopped people from coming into the store, the vast majority of them being women. As night approached the store became busier and busier. Fortunately for him no one else had come in to try out riding crops on his ass, at least not yet.

As Kate suspected, Patrick's presence in the store was a success, especially with the female customers. "Patrick, can you come over here." Kate called to him.

She was chatting with a female customer as he approached.

"Patrick, Jill here is shopping for a chastity cage, but she doesn't really understand how they fit. Be a good boy and drop your pants so she can see yours."

Patrick rolled his eyes and unbuckled his belt. He lowered his pants, exposing the steel chastity cage his cock was locked up in.

"See Jill, it's really quite simple, you just slide your man's balls and cock through this ring, then the cage slides over his cock and onto these pins. Then you lock it shut with a padlock." Kate said in a matter of fact tone.

"Does it hurt him?" Jill asked Kate, as if Patrick weren't even there.

"No, it doesn't hurt. How long since your last release?" Kate asked as she gave his cage a tug.

"Almost a month, Ma'am." Patrick replied.

"Oh my!" Jill exclaimed. "Aren't you, well, horny?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm pretty much horny all of the time. I live in a state of constant arousal" Patrick answered.

"That's what makes it work, Jill. I can tell you that Patrick here worships his wife. He will do anything for her. And, she clearly loves him enough to lock his cock up so he can be the best man he can be." Kate said.

Just then, Ann entered the store. Panic filled Patrick's heart as he stood there with his caged cock on display.

Ann smiled as she approached them. "Hello." she said, warmly.

"Hello Goddess." Patrick said.

"Hi, Ann. Your pet was just helping me explain to Jill here how a chastity cage works." Kate said.

"Oh, it is the best. You simply must give it a try." Ann added.

Patrick pulled his pants up and fastened his belt. "I missed you, Goddess." He said to Ann.

"Oh, you are so sweet, Pet." Ann said warmly.

Kate smiled. "Shall we discuss what I called you about earlier, Ann?"

"Absolutely." Ann replied.

## Chapter 4

Kate lead Ann back to her office and poured her a drink. Ann always got a chuckle out of Kate's desk, which seemed to be perpetually covered with sex toys, magazines, and various samples of the newest lubricants and personal massage oils.

"I think you should have my pet clean your office, Kate." Ann joked.

"Yeah, probably not a bad idea. I just don't know what to do with all this crap. Maybe I could donate it all to some charity or sorority house." Kate laughed. "So, Ann. I had more than a couple of female customers tell me that they would pay to have Patrick clean their houses for them. I don't think they want just any old housekeeper, though. I think what they want is a strong, naked man with a collar on his neck and a cage on his cock." Kate said.

"You think there is money to be made doing this, Kate?" Ann asked.

"I do." Kate nodded.

"I don't know, Kate. It almost seems like prostitution." Ann said.

"I'm not suggesting Patrick fuck anyone or lick pussy. It's really just an innocent, fun way for both of us to make a little money. He dusts and vacuums and washes dishes while our customers watch. Maybe they talk dirty to him or treat him like a slave. As long as they don't injure him or sit on his face it's just a job." Kate said.

"He has always been loyal to me, especially since I locked up his cock." Ann said.

"Listen, I think we could charge \$100 an hour. There are a lot of single and divorced women in this town. I should know, I've sold a lot of rubber cocks and vibrators since I opened up this place. My thought was he could work his normal shift here and basically be 'for rent'. That way customers can come in and check out the merchandise." Kate said as she smiled at Ann.

"The money would be nice. I really want to get our property fixed up so I can get a couple horses this summer." Ann said as she finished her drink.

"At the very least we should give it a try, you know, to see how it goes. I know my female customers, Ann. They are good women for the most part. If I tell them the rules it should be okay." Kate said, clearly excited.

Kate poured Ann another drink and a cigarette.

"Okay then. I'll tell him when we get home, and he will be ready to go tomorrow." Ann said.

"Awesome, Ann! I really think this will be beneficial for the both of us. I suspect that once word of this gets out amongst the women in this county that I will have a steady stream of horny ladies coming through the door." Kate said, as she held out her glass toward Ann. "Cheers! To maids!"

Ann tapped her glass against Kate's and said "To maids! And money!"

## Chapter 5

Ann sat staring into the crackling fire as she sipped her wine. Patrick had prepared a delicious dinner for the two of them, and was now cleaning up the kitchen. Ann had noticed that he seemed to be in a better mood than usual that night. She was feeling good, too. It brought her considerable happiness to see her husband once again working for a wage.

Patrick entered the room and refilled her glass with wine before sitting on the floor in front of the fire.

"Pet, take your clothes off. I want to inspect your body." Ann said.

Patrick quickly took off his shirt, unbuckled his belt, and removed his pants. He was completely naked except for his cock cage and the collar around his neck.

"Stand there, facing the fire." Ann said as she stood up and approached him. Patrick's body quickly became warmed by the fire.

"Kate is right. All of that physical labor you've been doing around the property has paid off. You have become a fine specimen, indeed." Ann said as she ran her hands over his strong shoulders, continuing down both sides of his back to his tight abdomen. Patrick closed his eyes, enjoying his wife's soft caress.

"How was work today, Pet? I hope Kate didn't tire you out." Ann said as she continued to rub his back. "Tell me about your day."

"Oh you know, mostly shoveling snow, stocking shelves and cleaning. Nothing too exciting." Patrick replied.

Ann reached between his legs and gave his balls a light squeeze. "Did you like it? Kate mentioned that you helped sell a riding crop. How did that make you feel?"

"It's just a job. I was doing what Kate told me to do, like you instructed me." Patrick replied.

"Yeah, but did you like it? Did you liked being spanked by a complete stranger? Did it make your cock hard?" Ann persisted.

Patrick fell silent. Ann rubbed her hands along his inner thighs, brushing them along his balls before running her fingernails over his asshole. "Well,

Pet? How did it make you feel?"

"Goddess, I liked it. I like the pain; I deserve the pain. This much you have taught me." Patrick said, quietly. "Please don't be angry with me."

"Oh, I'm not angry, Pet. I just want to be sure you understand that you are mine, and mine alone. Now, bend over." Ann said in an even tone. "Wait here for me, I will be right back."

Patrick closed his eyes. Before long he could hear Ann's footsteps returning. She was wearing her "whipping boots", as she called them. The sound they made was familiar to him. He was about to be spanked.

Ann entered the room, grabbed her glass of wine, and took a sip.

"Beg me for it, Pet." She said as she ran the end of the riding crop across his back and between his ass cheeks. "Beg me to whip you."

Patrick didn't hesitate. He knew that what was to come would surely hurt, but he knew that the punishment for misbehavior would hurt more. "Please whip my ass, Goddess."

Ann tapped the end of the riding crop against his bare ass. "Why, Pet? Why should I waste my valuable time whipping your ass?"

"Goddess, I want you to whip me because I need to know that you care. I need to know that you will take care of me. I need to know that I am yours to do with as you please, and that you will help me become a better man." Patrick said.

"That is good, Pet." Ann said as she cocked her arm backwards.

Patrick waited, eyes closed. Ann began tapping her boot heel on the floor. She gently began touching his balls with the end of the riding crop. "Can you feel my leather tongue licking your balls, Pet? Do you like that?" she asked.

"Yes Goddess, I do. Please whip me, please!" Patrick said as he moaned.

Ann withdrew the crop from between his legs, pulled back, and gave him five good cracks with the crop. Patrick winced as the leather smacked his flesh. He knew it would sting, but he also knew that there would be a subtle burning that would stay with him tomorrow. He had come to associate the burning with her love.

"Pet, Kate told me that you were quite popular with the ladies today at work. Did you enjoy that?" Ann asked.

"No, Goddess. I missed you the entire time I was there." Patrick replied.

Patrick heard the swooshing sound of the crop and again felt his flesh sting as Ann whipped him again.

"Really, not even a bit? You seemed to be in a pretty good mood. Didn't it make you feel warm all over, knowing that women were turned on by you as you worked without a shirt on, with a collar around your neck? You can be honest." Ann asked.

"Goddess, I guess it made me feel special, and it made me feel proud, because I belong to you." He answered.

"That is right, Pet. You do belong to me, and me alone." Ann said as she again whipped his ass with the crop. "I want you to remember that, because starting tomorrow you will be working as a housekeeper in addition to working at Kate's shop. It seems there may be a market for nude male housekeepers, and a lucrative one at that."

"But Goddess, I don't think I..." Patrick protested.

Ann whipped him again, stopping him in mid sentence. "You don't think, period. You do as you are told, right?"

"Yes Goddess." Patrick said quietly.

"Listen, it is no different than the housekeeping you do here or the cleaning you do at Kate's shop. There won't be any sex involved, just some horny women getting off by the fact that a naked man wearing a collar is cleaning their house. Okay?" Ann said flatly.

"Yes, Goddess." Patrick answered. His ass was stinging.

"Good. Now, would you like to lick me?" Ann's tone had softened.

"Please, Goddess, yes." Patrick replied.

Ann pushed him down onto the floor in front of the fire. "Lay on your back, Pet." she said as she stood and removed her panties before squatting over his face.

Patrick's cock throbbed in its cage at the sight of his wife's pussy just inches from his mouth. Ann slowly lowered herself onto his eager mouth, letting out a long, deep moan when their flesh at last made contact. Whipping him had made her wet, and his mouth was quickly enveloped by her swollen pussy lips.

As he pressed his tongue against her clit she rocked her hips back and forth, covering his face with her slippery juices. Patrick's arms were pinned down by her legs. He moaned in delight as he looked up at Ann's breasts as they gently bounced. Ann liked having her pussy licked, but she loved fucking Patrick's face even more. She ground her pussy into his mouth, slowly increasing her speed and pressure as she brought herself closer to orgasm. Patrick kept up, working his tongue feverishly as she got closer and closer. He loved the taste of her; it made him crazy with a carnal desire to satisfy her.

"Oh yes!" Ann screamed out as she at last felt the ripples of pleasure emanating from her cunt. She reached behind herself and grabbed Patrick by the balls, squeezing them harder and harder as she came. Patrick



continued licking as Ann beat her pussy into his face. She threw her head back as her climax reached its peak.

Patrick laid motionless beneath her. Pre cum leaked from the tip of his cock and onto his belly. Ann stood up and collapsed onto the sofa. "Just think, Pet. If you behave yourself I will unlock your chastity cage on your release date in about a week." she said. "Won't that be nice?"

Patrick moaned in agreement.

## Chapter 6

Patrick arrived at Kate's shop the next morning unsure of how his day might unfold.

"Good morning, Patrick." Kate greeted him as he walked in.

"Good morning, Ma'am." he replied.

"We are going to try something new today, as you know. Go get undressed, and put this on." Kate said as she handed him a black apron.

Patrick looked at the apron and lowered his head. He didn't like taking orders from Kate, but he was sure that she was acting on his wife's authority, so he complied.

Kate could sense his frustration when he returned wearing nothing but his chastity cage, collar, and apron. "Is there a problem, Patrick?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am. There is no problem." he answered.

Kate wasn't convinced. She didn't care for the attitude she sensed.

"Patrick, no one is going to want a housekeeper who is walking around pouting." She said as she approached him. "Perhaps you need a spanking to reset your attitude, to get you in the right frame of mind. On your hands and knees, now."

Patrick dropped to all fours. Kate selected a whip, and stood before Patrick. "Do you like my boots?" she asked.

Kate had helped transform his wife into the Goddess she now was, and in the process, she had helped him become the submissive man he now was. His mind raced, flashing through every perverted and humiliating act he had been subjected to over the past year. At last, he answered "Yes, Ma'am. I like your boots very much."

"Lick them. Lick my boots." Kate said coldly as she ran the whip across his back.

Patrick looked up. Ann towered above him. He could see her tattoo covered legs and her panties, and his cock strained to become hard in its steel cage. His eyes met hers; her icy stare unnerved him, and he quickly returned his gaze to her boots.

With a rapid motion Kate brought the whip down and he felt its sting. He lowered his head and stuck out his tongue, running it across the leather of her boot.

"You're pathetic, Patrick. Now look up at me. Do you see how my pussy is getting wet? Do you see how I don't give a fuck that you can see my drenched panties? That is because I am the one holding the whip; I am the one who is fully dressed. My hand is an extension of your Goddess' hand." Kate said as she whipped him again.

Patrick yelped. The whip hurt. Yet, his cock was now dripping pre cum onto the floor.

Kate walked around him, whip in hand. She could tell that he was bracing for what was to come next. Patrick waited until, after some time Kate walked away from him and across the store and into her office. He feared that someone might enter the store and see him there, his bare ass and balls exposed for all to see, but he dared not move. Kate didn't fuck around.

Kate quickly returned and knelt down beside his ass. He heard a bottle being uncapped. He jerked his hips to the side as he felt Kate's hand touch his ass. "Hold still, Patrick. This won't hurt a bit." Kate said as she began pressing something unknown and slippery against his asshole. He could feel himself stretching little by little as Kate rotated the toy, pressing it deeper and deeper inside his body. At last, the stretching sensation subsided as the base of the toy came in contact with his ass.

"Patrick, you are to wear this butt plug all day. Let it serve as a reminder to you, like the collar and the chastity cage, that you are owned. Ann owns you. Ann arranged for you to work for me. Now, who is Ann?" Kate asked.

"She is my Goddess." Patrick said, without hesitating.

"That's right." She quickly answered. "Now, get your ass over to 45 Green Street. Your first appointment is in twenty minutes, and I don't want you to be late. You will be cleaning for Miss Rand today. She is a valuable customer, with a lovely home. Now get the fuck out of here."

Patrick got dressed and left. As he walked to his car he could feel the plug Kate had shoved inside of him. He recalled how many times he had seen videos on the internet of women wearing butt plugs. Now it was he who was plugged.

## Chapter 7

Patrick was nervous. He was supposed to be at Miss Rand's house at eleven o'clock, and drove slowly to ensure that he wouldn't arrive a moment too early. He turned onto Green Street he quickly saw number 45, a large house set back from the Street a good distance. His heart beat faster as he pulled up the driveway and parked his car.

He could hear the doorbell echo through the large house after he rang it. As he stood waiting his mind raced; what had his wife gotten him into, he

wondered. Soon he heard footsteps approaching the doorway. Miss Rand opened the door and invited him in.

Patrick recognized Miss Rand at once. She was Wendy, the woman who had tried out riding crops on his ass the day before. Wendy smiled as she greeted him. "Well hello, Patrick. I'm so glad to have you here. Please, hang up your coat and let's get started, I only have you for two hours."

Patrick smiled and removed his coat before tying the apron around his waist.

"What are you doing? I paid for a naked slave, not one wearing a shirt and pants." Wendy said.

"Of course, Ma'am." Patrick answered. He unbuttoned his shirt and took off his boots and pants, revealing his chastity cage to Wendy. He wasn't sure if she had yet noticed the butt plug Kate had inserted in him, but he became more aware of it now that he was naked.

"That's better." Wendy said as she looked over his body. "Yes, you will do just fine." She reached in her pocket, removed a chain leash, and fastened it to his collar.

"We'll begin upstairs, my bedroom is in a dreadful state." She said as she gave the leash a jerk. "Follow me."

Patrick looked around as Wendy led him upstairs and into her bedroom. Her house was large, even bigger than the house where he and Ann lived. Wendy clearly had good taste, as each room appeared to be well decorated with tasteful antique furnishings. Overall, her place looked quite tidy, and Patrick reckoned that his work wouldn't be too difficult.

"You have a lovely home, Ma'am." Patrick said as they approached her bedroom.

"Thank you. Unfortunately I have it all to myself since I divorced my cheating bastard of a husband." Wendy sighed. She gave the leash a quick tug. "Please refrain from speaking unless you are spoken to."

Patrick nodded.

Wendy opened the door to her room, and led Patrick inside by his collar. In sharp contrast to the rest of the house her bedroom was a mess. Patrick surveyed the room quickly, noting the panties and bras spread across the floor, countless sex toys, and her new riding crop. Wendy let go of the leash, and proceeded into her large walk-in closet. "I'm going to get changed, you can start by picking up my panties off the floor." she said as she disappeared from view.

Patrick did as he was told, gathering up what must have been a dozen pairs of Wendy's panties off of the floor. He was holding a large pile of them in his hands when Wendy returned. She had changed into a black silk robe and a pair of high heeled shoes.

"Good Boy." She said. "Now, some of those may actually be clean, so those can be folded back up and put back in my bureau."

Patrick looked at her with a perplexed expression on his face.

"You'll have to sniff them to tell which ones are clean and which ones are not." Wendy said as she took a seat on the edge of her bed. She reached down and picked up her new riding crop off the floor, the one she had used on him the day before.

Wendy's words had immediately turned Patrick on. Part of him felt disgusted at the prospect of smelling this stranger's panties, but the other part had instantly become excited.

"As you wish, Ma'am." he said. He had just pressed the first pair against his nose when he felt the familiar crack of the riding crop against his ass.

"I told you not to speak unless you are spoken to." Wendy said with a grin. "Now get those panties sorted."

Patrick closed his eyes and again sniffed the panties. The unmistakable aroma of pussy filled his nostrils. He set them down on the bed and sniffed the next pair. His cock was now trying to escape its cage. The tip of his cock stung as it pressed against the steel. This pair was also dirty, and he placed them alongside the previous pair.

Wendy watched him sniff each pair, pressing each one onto his face and inhaling deeply. "My, you are a good slave, aren't you." She said as she tapped the crop against her thigh. "It appears as though they are all in need of a wash, but I am glad you double checked."

Patrick looked at her and nodded. Inhaling the sweet scent of worn panties had been, and still was part of his training. Even when his wife didn't demand it he would find himself breathing in her scent as he washed her laundry. Finding a pair of worn panties in the hamper was to him a treat. Now he felt intoxicated; sniffing this strange, elegant woman's panties had made him drunk with lust. He envisioned the fabric of the panties sliding between Wendy's pussy lips. Without noticing what he was doing he reached down and grabbed his balls.

Wendy smacked his hand with the crop. "No touching. I'm not here to watch you try and get off, you fucking pervert."

Patrick lowered his head.

Wendy sat on the bed and spread her legs, as she did so her robe opened, exposing her dripping pussy. "Slave, my toys need washing." she said. "Please gather them up."

Patrick set about picking up the various dildos, vibrators, butt plugs and strap on harnesses that were spread about the room. As he did so, he noticed Wendy rubbing herself. His hands were full. Wendy stood up, grabbed his leash and led him into the bathroom with a tug.

Patrick began filling the sink with hot water as Wendy took a seat on the toilet, still holding his leash in her hand. He began washing a particularly large dildo with soap and water. He was used to scrubbing sex toys, it was his duty at home. As he stroked his soapy hands up and down the rubber cock Wendy moaned.

"Ooh, yes slave. Clean that cock extra well, it is one of my favorites. In fact, that huge dildo was deep in my pussy when you rang the doorbell just a bit ago. I love feeling that monstrous cock stretch my pussy as I rub my clit." Wendy said as she sat squirming on the toilet. "What about you, slave? Do you enjoy feeling your asshole stretched?"

Patrick moaned and nodded.

Patrick was beyond horny. He had figured that he'd be washing dishes or mopping floors, not scrubbing sex toys. He felt dizzy with desire; his balls ached for release. Suddenly, he felt a fingernail brush across the tip of his cock.

"Slave, your cock is bulging through your chastity cage." Wendy said as she continued touching him through the cages steel rings. "Keep scrubbing my toys, I'm going to need them to be nice and clean for tonight. I've got a friend from my college days who is coming to stay with me for the weekend."

Patrick forced himself to stay focused on the cleaning at hand. He could feel Wendy's eyes watching him as he scrubbed. She gave his leash a tug.

"Slave, it's unfortunate that your cock is locked up. I'd like nothing more than to take your cock in my mouth right now and suck that hot piece of meat until you shoot your load down my throat." Wendy said, moaning as she did so.

Patrick's cock was dripping. He looked at Wendy, and bit his lip. She was hot and sexually charged, like his wife. Like Kate. He reckoned that she

was a woman who would take what she wanted without asking.

Her fingers had returned to her pussy, which she was now feverishly rubbing as she watched him. His leash hit the sink with a clinking sound as she dropped it. With her free hand she reached behind Patrick and began pressing on the butt plug that Kate had fitted him with.

Patrick closed his eyes and moaned as she pressed on the plug. He had come to love anal stimulation, as his cock was locked up most of the time.

"Do you like that, slave? Do you like having your asshole rubbed from the inside out?" Wendy said as she continued.

Patrick was silent. He had been scrubbing the same cock for some time now in his distracted state.

"Answer me slave!" Wendy yelled as she pressed and tugged on his plug. "Answer me now, or I'll find something a hell of a lot bigger to shove in your ass!"

"Yes! Ooh, fuck yes I like it Miss!" Patrick said. "But my Goddess, my wife, she wouldn't approve. Please, please stop."

Wendy did not stop, she was now spinning the plug around, watching Patrick squirm with pleasure as he protested.

"Please." Patrick whimpered.

Wendy stopped. "Perhaps I will need to tell Kate of your disobedience. Now, look at me, look at my pussy." Wendy said angrily. She had stopped rubbing herself, and was now spreading her pussy lips. As she did so she slid forward and began peeing. Patrick watched, mesmerized as the hot golden stream left her body. She edged forward more and continued pissing, but now onto the floor.



"Oh my, look at the mess I've made." She said coyly. "Just look at that mess."

Patrick's eyes met Wendy's. Her eyes were filled with a deviant lust. Without saying a word he grabbed a hand towel and dropped to his knees. As he began to wipe up Wendy's mess she grabbed his head and shoved it down to the tiled floor.

"That's it, slave, clean up my piss." she said, as she placed one of her legs over Patrick's back.

Patrick finished cleaning the floor. He was now pinned by Wendy's hand on his head and her leg over his back. With her other hand Wendy was rubbing her pussy feverishly, and began moaning. Her body began to squirm and shake as she brought herself to orgasm. When she was done she lifted her other leg and placed it on Patrick's back. He was now a footrest.

Patrick was beginning to feel numb. He had been more or less constantly aroused since he had arrived. He was still, a motionless piece of furniture that existed in this instant to serve this strange, sexy woman, and was getting paid to do so.

At last Wendy spoke. "Slave, I need a drink. Go downstairs and make me a drink." She lifted her legs off Patrick and gave him a nudge with her foot. "Gather up the toys and put them on a towel on my nightstand while you are at it."

Patrick stood up and grabbed the toys he had washed. He took a clean towel from the shelf, and walked into her bedroom. He placed the towel down and carefully organized Wendy's sex toys.

His bare footsteps echoed throughout the large house as he walked downstairs. He peeked into each room. Wendy's house was immaculate; she didn't need a housekeeper, naked or otherwise. In the corner of the dining room he spied an antique cart with bottles of liquor on it. He poured Wendy a drink and walked back upstairs.

Wendy was looking out the window. "There you are. Now, get this room cleaned up. I have a guest coming to visit."

Patrick worked quickly, picking up the dirty laundry, clearing glasses and dishes, and vacuuming. Wendy sat comfortably in a chair, commanding or instructing him as needed while she sipped her drink. "Please strip down and change my bed, slave. The linen closet is just down the hall. Bring the black satin sheets, I like the way my skin looks against them."

Patrick did as he was instructed, and before long Wendy's bedroom was looking elegant and clean, like the rest of her house. He was beginning to feel hungry. "Miss, might I take a quick lunch break? I won't be long."

Wendy smiled. "Of course, slave. There's some leftover Indian food in the refrigerator, help yourself to anything you like."

"Thank you, Miss." Patrick replied.

"Here, let me walk you down." Wendy said as she grabbed his leash. She walked before him, guiding Patrick down the stairs and into the kitchen.

Patrick stared at her long blond hair contrasted against her black silk robe. Through the thin fabric he could make out the contours of her hips and her ass. She had a beautiful body which reminded him of his wife's. She was actually very much like his wife in many ways, especially since Ann had become the dominant partner in their relationship.

Wendy held onto his leash throughout his meal as they sat together at the table. "Slave, I wonder if Kate would consider hiring you out for a dinner party that I am hosting this weekend. It's so hard to find good help, and you have proven yourself as an obedient servant. Perhaps she would even offer me a discount, as she is invited."

Patrick smiled at her, as he chewed his food.

Wendy rubbed her foot up Patrick's calf, causing him to jerk. He looked down at his plate and continued his meal. Out of the corner of his eye he could tell she was staring at him. He chewed his food quickly in a haste to finish his visit. Wendy tugged at his leash. "Look at me, slave." She commanded.

Patrick tried to look her in the eyes, but her stare was too intense. It was awkward.

Wendy was silent, she looked up and down his body, clearly delighting in his discomfort. "Why don't we call it a day, slave. I am sure we will be seeing each other again, soon. I'll call Kate to arrange payment for your services." Wendy stood, and led him by the leash to the door where his clothes were. She unhooked her leash from his collar. "It was nice meeting you." She said. "Get dressed, and let yourself out."

## Chapter 8

"Well hello there." Kate said upon Patrick's return. "How did it go at Wendy's? Were you an obedient slave?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Patrick answered. "Everything went fine."

"Good. Wendy called and said she was delighted with the quality of service you provided." Kate said. "She also mentioned the possibility of hiring you as a servant at her dinner party this weekend. I've already spoken to your wife, and she agreed that this would be a great opportunity in terms of marketing your services."

Patrick nodded as he looked at Kate.

"I have a few potential customers coming in to observe you, so put your apron on and get to cleaning. You can start by vacuuming, and of course there are panties to be folded and dusting to be done. They'll be here shortly." Kate said.

Patrick undressed, put his apron on and set about tidying up the shop. He was beginning to enjoy the attention. His wife and Kate had spent the better part of the past year breaking him down. They had convinced him that his lot in life was to serve and obey. He had come to not only accept his role as a submissive, he had come to embrace it. They were now forcing him to submit to other women, all women, in fact. He felt both scared and excited. It reminded him of the first time he went down on a woman, or the first time he walked into a porn shop.

Kate watched Patrick as he cleaned. He had become a fine specimen, indeed. She had come to love her role as a mentor to Ann, but feared that she was needed less and less. In addition to completely dominating Patrick, Ann also loved him. Increasingly, Kate found herself fighting off feelings of jealousy. She considered herself a strong, independent woman; feelings of jealousy and fear made her upset. She began to feel angry.

Patrick turned his head as two women entered the store. Kate greeted them warmly. "Well hello my darlings. Glad you could make it."

Patrick continued cleaning as Kate and the two women laughed and conversed. He tried to avoid looking at them, but it was obvious that they were watching him as he went about his business.

"Patrick, come over here. I'd like to introduce you to some friends of mine." Kate said.

Patrick put on a smile, despite feeling nervous, and walked over to meet the two women. They were clearly older than himself, but had obviously led active, healthy lives. Only the fewest of wrinkles and grey hairs betrayed their age. They were strong, confident women who stood with excellent posture and an air of superiority. Both women looked at him as though they were not impressed with what they saw. Their expressions made Patrick feel weak.

"Patrick, this is Miss Eva Beulen and Miss Klara Baas. They're Dutch." Kate said.

Patrick smiled. "It is a pleasure to meet you both."

The women smiled back at him only slightly before looking over him from head to toe.

"Is he obedient?" Miss Baas asked Kate.

"Yes," Kate answered "he will comply with any order you give him within the confines of the contract."

"Prove it." Miss Beulen said.

Kate smiled. "Please, have a seat Miss Baas. Slave, remove Miss Baas' boot and massage her foot."

Patrick dropped to his knees and began rubbing her foot. He stared at it in adoration as he rubbed the woman's arches and squeezed her heel.

"Oh my, this is nice. You simply must try this, Eva." Klara said to her companion.

"Kate, does he take well to the belt?" Eva asked.

Kate nodded, and handed Eva a thin black leather belt.

Eva doubled the belt over and prepared to spank Patrick as he rubbed Klara's foot. "Oh look at that. You have your slave's asshole plugged, Kate."

"Yes, for him it is a reminder of his place in society. He is caged, collared and plugged. He exists only to serve his Goddess, and by her word, all women." Kate answered.

Eva smiled as she delivered a hard blow of the belt to Patrick's ass.

Patrick yelped in pain, but continued rubbing Klara's foot.

Klara looked at Eva. Eva nodded. "We will take him for Sunday afternoon, if he is available."

"He is available." Kate said. "He is also working Wendy's party on Saturday night. You two will be there, right?"

"Yes, we will." Klara answered, turning her attention to Patrick. "Slave, rub my other foot now."

Before Patrick could respond, Eva smacked him again with the belt, purposely aiming for his balls. Patrick let out a short but loud scream and dropped to the ground in agony. Laying on the floor now, in pain, he paused for a moment before reaching forward to remove Klara's other boot. He was still moaning as he started rubbing her foot.

Eva smiled. "Good, then we will see you Saturday Night."

## Chapter 9

Patrick sat in the car, warming it up as he waited for Ann to get ready. He felt relieved that Kate had convinced Wendy to invite his wife to the dinner party. Her presence there would surely keep the other women in check, as he had been hired as a servant for the night.

Ann stepped out into the cold evening air wearing a long black coat. Her hair was up and she had made herself up beautifully. Patrick swooned as she approached. He quickly leapt from the car and opened the door for her.

"Goddess, you look amazing." he said.

"Oh, you're sweet, Pet." she answered.

As they drove into town Ann placed her hand on Patrick's thigh and gently squeezed it. "Pet, I'm happy." she said.

"I'm happy too, Goddess." he replied.

Ann kept her hand on Patrick's thigh, but neither one of them said another word as they drove to the party.

They arrived at the party early, as Patrick had work to do. Wendy smiled as she greeted them at the door. "You must be Ann. It is so nice to meet you." she said. "And Patrick, welcome back. Are you ready to work?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm ready." he replied.

"Ann?" Wendy asked.

"Yes, by all means. He is here to serve." Ann replied.

Patrick's heart raced as Wendy fastened her leash to his collar and led him away from his wife.

"Make yourself at home, Ann. There are drinks in the sitting room." Wendy said as they walked away.

Wendy led Patrick to her den, and instructed him to disrobe. "When you are ready, please go to the kitchen. My friend Dawn is preparing dinner and will put you to work.

Patrick could hear Wendy and his wife talking and laughing as he prepared himself. He was nervous. The thought of serving a group of women dinner while wearing only his collar and cock cage scared him.

Patrick peeked into the sitting room on his way to the kitchen. His wife and Wendy were chatting like old friends while sipping their drinks. Dawn greeted him as he entered the kitchen. "It's about time, slave! Make yourself useful and stir this sauce."

Dawn was petite, had enormous breasts, and wore her black hair bobbed. Patrick could tell by the way she presented herself that she was not to be fucked with. He immediately got to work without saying a word.

As Patrick continued to do Dawn's bidding he heard the doorbell ring not less than three times. He could tell from the sounds coming from the sitting room that a rowdy crowd of women had assembled.

Wendy entered the kitchen. "How's it going, Dawn?"

"Everything is almost ready. If you and the other ladies would like to be seated I will send slave boy here out with the wine." Dawn said as she swatted Patrick's ass with a wooden spoon.

"Fantastic." Wendy said. "Everything smells delicious."

"Well, you heard her, slave. Grab that carafe of red wine and bring it to the table, and for fuck's sake, be polite." Dawn commanded.

Patrick did as he was told. He paused at the dining room door, and peered inside. There were the women he had heard laughing and loudly talking. To his shock, he recognized every one of them. His wife, Wendy, Kate, Eva, Klara, and, to his horror, Susan. His head started spinning. "What on Earth was Susan doing here?" he wondered. He hadn't seen Susan since Ann and him had left the city. She was his former employer's ex-wife, and a formidable woman. Patrick backed away from the door and froze.

Suddenly, Wendy came through the door. "Slave, where is the wine? My guests are waiting!" she said in an annoyed tone. With a swift motion, she grabbed him by the leash and tugged him through the door and into the dining room.

The women all laughed, then cheered at the scene. "For those of you who don't know, this is Patrick, Ann's husband and our slave for the night!" Wendy proudly announced as she led him by the neck around the table.



Patrick tried to maintain a neutral expression on his face as he filled each woman's glass, but his discomfort was evident.

When he got to his wife, she grabbed him by his chastity cage and whispered into his ear. "You'll be fine, Pet. Try to relax. Make me proud."

Patrick smiled at his wife.

As he filled Susan's glass she looked him in the eye. "Well, hello Patrick. I'm glad to see that you've found meaningful work. I look forward to spending some time with you after dinner."

"Yes, Ma'am. I look forward to that as well." Patrick answered.

At the head of the table was Wendy's seat. Patrick pulled out the chair for her, and placed a napkin on her lap before pouring her wine. "Thank you, slave. Please return to the kitchen now and bring out the first course of our meal."

"Yes, Ma'am." Patrick replied.

## Chapter 10

Patrick was relieved to discover that his presence was not the focus of the dinner party. Aside from a few lascivious comments and some flirtatious eye contact the dinner service had been rather uneventful for him.

That is, except for His interactions with Dawn. She was always there, behind the scenes in the kitchen commanding him in a most demanding and disrespectful tone. Patrick could feel her eyes on his body as he performed his duties. Patrick was happy when the last of the dessert plates had been cleared; he reasoned that his night would soon be over, and that his wife and him would be on their way soon.

"Alright, slave." Dawn said. "The ladies have retired to the sitting room. Go stoke the fire for them, and refresh their drinks."

His heart sank. He had thought his work was done. Knowing his wife and Kate as he did Patrick now reckoned that he might be stuck here all night.

Patrick circled around the room, making drinks for the women as needed. He found some security in standing behind his wife, but it seemed his attempts were futile. Wendy was now referring to him as her "dirty little slave toy" and was threatening to tie him up for her own amusement.

Patrick looked to his wife for help. Ann smiled at him and said "Be good, Pet. Try and enjoy yourself."

Patrick resigned himself to his fate. He trusted his wife - his Goddess - and if she indicated that everything was fine he had no choice but to have faith in her judgement. He tried to make the best of the situation, after all he was in a room filled with beautiful women.

Wendy approached Patrick, and grabbed his leash. She led him into the center of the room. "Get on your hands and knees, slave." she said, coldly.

The room fell silent as Patrick did as he was told. Kate grabbed a black bag from behind her seat and stood. She circled the room, handing each of the ladies a single length of rope. Patrick stared at the floor. There was now no escape. One by one the ladies in the room took turns binding him. Eva and Klara bound his wrists. Susan and Kate bound his ankles. Wendy bound his waist, pulling his ass up into the air. He was now hogtied, with each woman pulling at his extremities as he squirmed on the floor before them.

His eyes focused on his wife's boots as she stood before him. "Pet, lift your head, and open your mouth." she said.

Patrick looked up to see his wife standing before him. She smiled as she knelt and forced a ball gag into his mouth, securing its straps around his head. "Pet, I have a surprise for you. These women assembled here are not strangers. I have known them all, personally, for a very long time. Of course you know Kate. Dear Kate, my friend and mentor. Susan you know

doubt remember from our life in Manhattan. I went to college with Karla, Eva, and Wendy. I guess you could call this a reunion of sorts. It was my contribution to tonight's get together to provide the entertainment. You, my dear, are the entertainment." Ann said, as she removed her necklace. Hanging from the gold chain was the key to Patrick's chastity cage. She unlocked the lock, and slowly slid the steel cage off his cock.

Patrick tried pleading with his eyes as tugged and pulled at his restraints, to no avail. His fate was sealed. He glanced around the room. All eyes were on him as he laid helpless on the floor. Suddenly, the women all started clapping and chanting, "Dawn. Dawn. Dawn!"

The women cheered as Dawn entered the room and stood before Patrick. Patrick stared at her shiny black boots, afraid to look any higher. Dawn knelt before him, and lifted his chin with her hand. She was dressed from head to toe in shiny latex. Patrick stared helplessly at the huge strap on cock that dangled from her hips. Dawn shot him a devilish smile as she began slapping him in the face with the rubber cock. The women in the room erupted in a frenzy as they taunted him by tugging at his arms and legs.

Susan and Kate spread his ass cheeks as Wendy opened a bottle of lubricant and began pouring the entire contents of the bottle down the crack of his ass.

Dawn stood up and stepped over Patrick's body before kneeling behind him. She began rubbing the enormous strap on cock back and forth over his slick ass. She grabbed his cock with her hand, and began stroking it slowly. Patrick quickly became hard. He closed his eyes and rested his head on the hardwood floor. He could feel the head of the strap on cock pressing against his asshole as his wife whispered in his ear, "Try and relax, Pet. It will feel better if you just relax."

Dawn began pushing harder now. Inch by inch she penetrated him. She released his cock and grabbed him by the hips as she started fucking him. Patrick's mind went blank as he tried to focus on relaxing his asshole and

taking the cock. His wife pegged him regularly, and had learned to love it. At times he had even craved it. But he had never been fucked with a cock of this size and never in front of an audience.

“Take it, you fucking slave slut.” Dawn said as she slapped his ass. “You’re a crappy servant and a lousy waiter, you fuckhole. The least you could do is shove your ass back onto my cock like a good little whore!”

Susan began pressing Patrick’s head onto the floor, as Kate ran her fingernails over his back. Drool ran from the corners of Patrick’s mouth as his entire existence was reduced to being nothing but a slippery hole being massaged from the inside. He opened his eyes, revealing an expression of complete emptiness.

Dawn’s dirty talk excited him, his cock was now rock hard and pre cum was dripping from its tip. He began moaning with pleasure as Dawn stretched out his asshole further and further. He began pushing back, taking the cock deeper and deeper. “That’s right you fucking anal whore, take the last bit of this fucking cock. You know you want it bitch!” Dawn screamed.

The women erupted in cheers when at last Patrick felt the base of the strap on against his ass. He was now approaching orgasm as his hard cock rubbed rhythmically on the floor with each thrust from Dawn.

Patrick’s moans and grunts became louder and his expression more vacant as Dawn fucked him almost to orgasm. Sensing his impending eruption, she buried the entire cock into his asshole and stopped thrusting. She lifted him by the hips, leaving his cock now dangling beneath him.

The women in the room were all goading Dawn now, and taunting Patrick. “Finish him off Dawn, let the poor fuck shoot his load on the floor!” Eva screamed.

“He hasn’t emptied his balls in a month!” his wife shouted. “This should be quite a load!”

Dawn slowly eased the cock from his ass. The room fell silent. Drool dripped from Patrick's gagged mouth as he breathed heavily. "Time to finish you off, you fucking whore!" Dawn said loudly, as she started fucking him again. She shoved the cock into Patrick with a furious thrust, increasing her speed as she took Patrick into oblivion. With a loud moan Patrick's balls began to empty as he squirted his huge load onto the floor. Dawn continued her furious pounding long after he was done, forcefully lifting and slamming his hips against her own.

"You're fucking worthless!" she finally said, as she pulled the cock from his now gaping asshole and shoved his body to the side. The women all cheered and clapped, praising Dawn for her performance while mocking Patrick for being the empty whore that he had become.

One by one the ladies began standing, milling around the room and refreshing their drinks as they paced around the exhausted fuck puppet that laid motionless on the floor. Ann knelt beside Patrick and ran her fingers through his hair. She removed the gag from his mouth and looked into his expressionless eyes. Patrick gave her a smile, and mouthed the word "Goddess" to her.

Ann stood, and pointed to the pool of cum on the floor as she licked her lips. Patrick nodded, and quietly said "Yes Goddess. Yes Goddess."

