

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black dress and black high-heeled shoes, is sitting on a light-colored couch. She is looking down at her hands, which are resting on her lap. The background shows a window with curtains and a wooden structure, possibly a staircase or a piece of furniture.

Tales of Female Domination

Four Short Stories of Complete Female Domination

By:

Miss Samantha Strong

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All stories within this book are from me, Miss Samantha Strong. If you have any feedback or thoughts, I would love to hear them. If there is one or several stories that you particularly liked, I can continue the story. If you would like to see made into a longer, full book, please write to me at misssamanthastrong@gmail.com. I hope you enjoy these stories and my other books!

~Miss Samantha Strong

Chastity Gone Wrong

Sometimes you have an idea in your head and think it is totally perfect but it doesn't always go that way. A fantasy can quickly become a nightmare in the blink of an eye. I learned an awfully hard lesson in this and wish I could turn back the clock and redo everything. It all started with a fetish I wanted to explore and, honestly, try to fulfill it the easy way.

I was a fairly normal guy. I was in my late 20's with a good job and a nice house that I just purchased. I was quite good looking and had several girlfriends throughout the years but, unfortunately, they never lasted too long. Things would always start out very lovely but, after a few months, a fetish I always had crept up in my head and I couldn't tell my girlfriends about it. Ever since I was younger, I dreamed of being dominated by a woman, specifically locked in chastity, and forced to serve. To clean and do laundry for her, to worship her body while she dangled the keys to my cage in front of me, and to make me service her sexually for my freedom. I could not get this out of my head and my girlfriends always thought I was distant and the relationship never worked out.

A couple times I looked for a woman that was especially dominant but I would learn that my fantasy was a fleeting emotion. After the initial rush, I would get sick of being bossed around and wanted my old life back. I felt the only thing I needed was to find a normal woman and then go to a pro domme on the side. I know it would be cheating but I didn't see any other way to have my normal life that I loved while fulfilling my fantasies. The only problem was that pro dommes cost quite a bit and, even though I had more than enough money, I was frugal and didn't want to spend the money. Then I came up with an idea.

I figured I could contact a pro domme and ask her to put me in chastity then, once I got off on it, I would just remove the chastity. If I had the urge again, in say a month or two, I would just contact another woman and do the same thing. I decided to try it out. I bought a fairly nice chastity; something durable to really make me feel locked up. I then purchased a lock with a set of two keys. I made a copy of one of the keys to have with me at home so it looked like I was giving the woman both keys.

I received the chastity cage in the mail and tried it on. It was quite snug and I already started to get aroused thinking that a woman might have control over my cock. I took it off and put the lock on just to make sure that I could get it locked and unlocked without any worries. Then I made the triplicate key and began my search. I live in a big city so there were quite a few dommes to choose from. I have searched online for dommes in the past and was pretty good at identifying the fake accounts from the real ones. I was searching through some profiles when I came across a younger girl. She was quite pretty and 21 years old. I figured she might be in college and was trying to make a few dollars off of these horny men. I thought she would be a good fit for my first try. I reached out to her and wrote how I would like to be put in chastity and serve without any thoughts of my sexual relief. I offered to pay her very well for the service. She responded very quickly and we discussed some of the details.

I knew she was new to this and a little inexperienced but that didn't matter to me, I was just focused on myself. I told her that I would lock the chastity device on and keep it on for the five days until we met. When we meet, she would order me to pleasure her and do tasks for her. Then, she would remove my cage and allow me one last orgasm before locking me up again and controlling the keys from here on out. I agreed to pay her a monthly fee for holding the keys, be at her beck and call whenever she needed anything, and a payment for any time she decided to unlock me. The fees we discussed didn't matter to me as I didn't plan on paying them. After we met, I would just unlock myself and never write to her again.

I did keep my word for part of it. I put on the chastity cage and wore it for a couple days before we met. Just the thought of wearing it turned me on which made it a little difficult to fit the tube over my penis. After a couple days it started to get annoying but I kept it on because I thought it would make my orgasm even more enjoyable. The night came and I got a cheap hotel room where we could meet. I wrote to her and gave her the room number I would be in. Shortly afterwards a knock came from the door. I opened it and saw this beautiful young woman standing in the doorway. She came dressed to impress with a tight black dress, nude-colored nylons, and high black stiletto heels. I welcomed her in and closed the door.

She turned towards me "So, uh, how do you want to start?" My thoughts of her being inexperienced were definitely on point so I gave her some tips.

"You could order me on my knees and tell me what you would like me to do to you or for you."

"Yes" she replied as if remembering she should be in character. "Drop down to your knees and kiss my feet." She ordered. I dropped down to my knees and crawled over to her and planted small kisses on the tips of her heels. "Thank you, Mistress," I replied while still kissing her shoes.

She walked away and sat on the bed. "Now I want you to strip for me and show me your cock in chastity." I quickly undressed while I knelt in front of her. "Very good! I think I am going to like this" She eyed me up and down, obviously impressed with my physique. Then, pointing to the ground she continued, "Now, you may continue to worship my feet." I crawled back to her and grabbed her foot. I removed her heel and started kissing her foot. I ran my hands up and down her silky, nylon leg and noticed that she was wearing thigh high nylons and a garter. I felt my cock swelling within its cage. I instinctively reached my hand down to my cock, wanting to stroke it.

“I see you like that but you’re going to have to wait until you please me first.” She took her foot and pressed it against my face and then gave me a shove. I toppled over on my back as she stood up and began to walk around my naked body. Then, placing her foot next to my head, she took another step so her other foot was on the other side, giving me a clear view up her dress. “Is this what you want?” She teased.

“Yes Mistress” I said in awe while I reached for my cock which was trying to break free from the cage. She moved her foot and kicked my hand away. “Uh, uh, uh, that is not yours to play with anymore.” she said as she moved her foot to my crotch and started rubbing my balls and chastity. She then moved her foot up and down my naked chest. The silkiness of her nylons felt amazing on my skin. I just wanted to grab her foot and start humping it but I kept my hands to my side. After a few minutes she stopped and sat down on the bed and ordered me back on my knees. She spread her legs and gave me a little smirk as if saying ‘you know what to do.’ I immediately crawled over to her and put my face between her thighs. I slowly moved her black, lace panties to the side and began licking her pussy. “That’s a good boy” she commented as she grabbed my hair and started maneuvering my head to where she wanted me to go. I lapped my tongue on her pussy for several minutes when she let go of my hair and leaned back on the bed. She then wrapped her legs around my head, burying my face into her deeper. She would squeeze her legs around my head and I just licked harder. It almost became rhythmic; she would squeeze and I would lick faster until it became difficult for me to catch my breath. After about 10 minutes I heard her breathe quicken which eventually led to a screaming orgasm. She released her leg grip on me but took a hold of my head and kept me between her legs as the waves of pleasure slowly subsided.

Once she was finished, I sat back in the kneeling position with my butt on my ankles. She sat up on the bed and looked down at me, still breathing heavily. “Wow, I might enjoy this situation.” She

reached over and ruffled my hair a little bit. "Now, where are the keys to your little chastity?" I nodded my head to where my coat laid on the chair. "Go fetch them for me." She ordered. I got the keys and handed them to her. She dangled them in front of me. "Would you like me to unlock you?"

"Oh yes Mistress!" I excitedly replied. My cock hurt from straining against the metal device.

"I want you to beg me"

"Please Mistress, please let me out. You have me so turned on that I can barely stand it. I beg you, please let me out!"

"I suppose" she playfully replied. "But let's go through the rules again."

"Of course, Mistress, whatever you want."

"You will pay me \$500 a month to keep you locked up."

"Yes, that is what we discussed, Mistress."

"If I ever need you to run errands for me or clean my apartment, you will do it without any questions or complaints, is that understood?"

"Yes Mistress." I was getting even more turned on when she was going over the rules of the arrangement. I just wanted out of this cage and have sex with her.

"If I ever decide to let you out, you will have to pay for that privilege by giving me \$200."

“I agree Mistress, please let me out for one last orgasm.”

She stared at me, looking straight into my eyes for a while. “Okay, I will allow this last one but from then on, your cock belongs to me.”

“I understand, thank you Mistress!” I was genuinely appreciative and excited. She reached down and unlocked the small padlock from the device. Then started to pull the tube off of my cock. It was quite swollen so it took a little wiggling to get it off but, once it was finally off, my penis quickly rose to attention.

She smiled as it continued to grow. “Oooh, I see you are very excited to give me total control of your cock!” She crossed her legs and lightly brushed the tip of my erection with her toes which caused it to bounce up a little trying to get even harder, if that was possible. She continued to play with my penis for a while, thinking of what she could do. Then, as if she got a sudden idea, she stood up and turned her backside to me. “Would you like to kiss my ass and thank you for allowing you to cum?”

“Oh god yes! Please Mistress!”

She slowly lifted her dress up so her bare ass was only inches from my face. “Well, come here and show me how thankful you are.” I crawled the short distance so my face was right next to her ass. As I got closer, my erect cock slid between her nylon covered legs. She closed her legs a bit, putting a little pressure on my engorged member. “Okay, you may kiss.”

I started planting kisses on both cheeks, thanking her after each one. While doing so, I started to move my hips back and forth, thrusting my cock between her legs. She reached behind her and pushed my face deeper into the crack of her ass as I vigorously fucked her legs. I was so worked up that it only took about a minute before I had an amazing orgasm. I shuttered ferociously as I emptied

my balls on the bed in front of her. Exhausted, I kept my face rested between her cheeks and rubbed my hands up and down her legs. It was an amazing experience and I didn't want it to end. Those thoughts quickly ended when she told me to go clean up because she needed to put me back in chastity. I washed myself with cold water and returned to her. She was waiting with the device in hand and ready to lock me back up.

Once I was locked back up, she put the keys in her purse and headed for the door. She turned around just before opening the door. "I will email you my Venmo account. I expect the monthly fee to be put in as soon as possible."

"Yes Mistress" I said as she walked out the door. I smiled as I thought to myself that she wasn't getting a dime of my money. I checked out of the hotel and drove back home, ready to take this chastity cage off. Next time I would have to bring the extra key with me so I could at least take it off at the hotel and enjoy the room a little more. It seemed like a waste to use it only for an hour or so but, I wanted to get this thing off of me and masturbate one more time while the memory of this experience was still fresh in my mind.

When I got home, there was already a message for me with a Venmo account to submit my payment. I just deleted the message and removed my chastity. I thought this was going to be a very good deal for me. I could go about my normal life and, whenever I got the urge, I would contact some Mistress online and ask to be in chastity. It only cost me a hotel room which was much cheaper than actually paying someone.

As the months went by, I continued this adventure a couple times. Each time was pretty much the same; I would contact a woman online, give them details about what I was hoping for, get my fantasies fulfilled, and then never pay. I thought it was perfect until it backfired on me.

It started like it usually does where I would start fantasizing about being locked up. I went to my computer and started looking for someone new to trick. I scrolled through and found one woman, Mistress Rebecca, who was online at the moment. I looked at her profile and it seemed legitimate. She was in her late 30's, much older than me, and was a little bigger but she was proportionate and curvy in a sexy way. Her profile also stated that chastity was one of her favorite things. Usually, I would look for someone younger and skinnier but I was horny and didn't want to look very long. I wrote her a quick message.

"Dearest Mistress Rebecca, I looked over your profile and it looks like we may be interested in something very similar. I am searching for a woman like yourself to lock me up. I am very service orientated and hoping to find someone I am compatible with in which to serve (cleaning, laundry, errands, etc.). I am young and athletic and believe I could be very beneficial to you if this might be something you are interested in?"

I sent the message and waited. A few minutes later I received a message in return.

"Hello, yes, I think I would definitely be interested. You seem nice and, judging from your profile pic, quite adorable. My only concern is that if this is something that you really want or are just looking to get off. Only reply if you are serious and really want what you are asking for."

After reading her message, I could tell that she wasn't like some of the other, inexperienced dommes I met on here before. Something told me that she might see through my little scheme and I should just find someone else. But, like I said, I was horny and, after looking more at her profile pictures, I thought she might be fun. I wrote back to her.

"Hello Mistress, thank you so much for replying! Yes, I am very serious. I have done it a few times and know this is something that I really want. I just haven't found the right woman though. I really want someone to control me. To lock me up and make me serve them. And, this is not just to get me off, it is something I want in my life. I have my own device and would definitely pay you for your service."

Again, she wrote back quickly.

"Okay, I just wanted to make sure. I've met quite a few men who weren't very serious and were more interested in the fantasy. I take it very seriously and just needed to check. If I decide to be your keyholder, I expect it to be for a longer period of time. Not just a couple weeks when you get tired of it. It can be scary for men to have a woman in control of their most precious body part and I intend to take full advantage of that. I am glad that you already have your own device. If this is something that you really want to do, on Friday at 7:00, meet me at Johnny's Tavern on the corner of 18th and Main with your chastity device already on and the keys ready to be handed over. We can meet and discuss all the details and then go back to my place. It isn't too far from the bar."

She seemed to know what she was talking about and seemed very professional about everything. I agreed to meet her and was extremely excited because it was Thursday and I would only have to wait a day.

Work went by very slowly on Friday and I was anxious to get home and prepare myself to meet Mistress Rebecca. When 5:00 finally came, I rushed home and took a nice shower. I put on the chastity belt and prepared myself to look as good as I could. I put on a little cologne and headed for the bar. It was located in a pretty nice area and I imagined what she did for a living to be able to afford living here. I arrived at the bar a few minutes before 7:00 and sat down in an empty booth. I waited patiently for about 15 minutes and

was thinking that she stood me up when I saw a figure approaching the entrance. I could tell by her profile pictures it was her. She was definitely not a model but she did look very sophisticated and had an air of confidence about her that made her very sexy. She had shoulder length brown hair and a roundish face. She wore a dark green dress that was very form fitting at the top but was loose and flowing at the bottom. The dress stopped right above her knee and I saw her thicker legs wrapped in nylon with dark green stilettos.

I stood up and waved to her and, after I got her attention, she strode over to me. She stuck out her hand to shake hello and I returned the favor. She sat down across from me just as the waiter came by and took our drink orders. "So," she started "I didn't think you would show."

"Why is that?" surprised by her comment

"Most men on these sites seem to have a fantasy but, when it actually comes down to it, they are too chicken to actually go through with it."

"Oh no, not me." I said, trying to sound as authentic as possible. "This is something I have always wanted and am really excited."

"I am so glad to hear that. I can be very strict and demanding though. Can you handle that?"

"Of course, the stricter the better." I just wanted to get started with this. I really didn't want to have a 'date' with this woman.

"Perfect" she said with a devious smile. Just then our drinks came and we continued talking. She grabbed her glass and took a sip. "So, what are you expecting from all of this?"

“Well Mistress, I always wanted to serve a strong, beautiful woman.”

“Serve how” she inquired

“You know, I want to clean, do dishes, laundry, vacuum, all that stuff. I also can cook for you and do any errands you might need.”

“Is that all?”

“Well, no. I guess I would like to be ordered to service you as well. Give you oral whenever you desire, give you massages, foot rubs, and just worship your body.”

“What, and no sex?” she mischievously smiled.

“I guess that would be up to you if you allowed me out every once in a while. I am not saying I wouldn’t oppose it but I am more interested in serving you.” I replied. I knew what these types of women wanted to hear. To me it was all lies. I definitely wanted sex and knew I could easily trick her into it.

She leaned closer to me. “I think that you may be a great fit for me.” She kicked off her shoe and brought her foot up to my leg, slowly lifting it up my calf and to the inside of my thigh. “What do you think?” She moved her foot closer to my crotch and I felt her toes against my balls.

“Oh yes Mistress!” I said, unable to hide my enthusiasm or arousal.

She continued to play with my balls with her foot “Great! Why don’t you pay the bill and we will go back to my place.” I just nodded my head yes and she triumphantly smiled. She removed her foot and

I got up to pay the bar tab. I met her back at the booth and she got her things and we left. "It's right around the corner so you can just follow me." I followed her down the street, my eyes taking in her voluptuous ass, her thick, muscular legs, and the delicate feet in her sexy stilettos. Even though she wasn't the type of girl I usually went after, I was quite drawn to her.

A minute or two later, we arrived at the doorstep of a very elegant condo. She typed in the key code and walked through the door, not really paying attention to me, or even allowing me anytime to dawdle. She strode through the lobby in complete confidence as I hurried behind her. We got to the elevator and she pressed the top floor. Once we got to her place, I was astonished by how luxurious it looked. "Wow, what do you do to afford a place like this?" I inquired.

"I own a small little business but that is none of your concern. What is your concern is cleaning the kitchen for now. My girlfriends and I had a party last night and it is a mess." I looked over into the other room and saw more than a mess in the kitchen. It definitely looked like there was a party and nobody cleaned anything. This isn't what I had in mind and she could see that I was a little disappointed. "While you are cleaning up, I will change into something a little sexier so you have something to look forward to."

This motivated me a little more and I agreed "yes Mistress, I will take care of it."

"And" she continued, "while you take care of it, why don't you remove your clothes. I want to see your body."

"Of course, Mistress" I said as I began stripping while she watched. When I finally removed my underwear, she looked me up and down. "Mmm hmm, yes, I guess you will do."

I was a little annoyed by her comment. I was a younger man with a well built and lean physique. She should have felt so lucky she found me. Well, she won't feel so cocky when I use her and never speak to her again. I looked at the kitchen one more time, exhaled, and got to work.

It took me almost an hour to finish everything and she didn't come out once to check on me. I thought to myself that this may not be worth it but, I came all this way, bought her drinks, and now cleaned her kitchen, I figured I will stick it out and get what I came here for. I called to her that I was finished and she advised me to come into the bedroom as she was waiting for me. I walked into the room where Rebecca was lying on the bed wearing just a black bra, black panties, and nylons with a garter belt. She looked great and very sexy for a woman her size. She got up, walked over to me seductively, and gave me a passionate kiss on the mouth. "Are you ready to play a little?" She asked.

"Yes, I would love that Mistress!"

"Go and lie down on the bed. I have a little surprise for you." She didn't have to ask me twice. I quickly laid down on the bed and awaited whatever surprise she had in store. She joined me on the bed and straddled my body. I could feel the blood rushing to my penis. She took off her bra and leaned over so her breasts were just a few centimeters from my face. "Go ahead and kiss my breasts." she ordered as she grabbed my arms. I began kissing and licking her nipples as she pulled one of my arms further over my head. All of a sudden, I heard a click and I moved my head away from her large breast to see what was happening. I saw that she handcuffed one of my arms to the bedpost. I started to object but she moved a little to the other side, pushing her breasts back in my face. A few seconds later I heard the click of my other hand being secured in handcuffs. She then moved down my body and locked each one of my legs with a similar cuff. "There, you're nice and secure now. How about a little tease on what you will have waiting for you when I let you out?"

I tugged at my shackles but I could only move a short amount.
“What do you mean?”

“I like to tease men a little bit. When men are horny, they tend to be more open to doing what they are told. Where are the keys to your chastity?”

I didn't like the thought of just being teased but, who knows, it might be fun. I could always masturbate when I got home, I thought. “They are in my pants pocket.” I told her.

She walked out of the room and came back with the keys. She then sat on the bed beside me and unlocked the chastity. As usual, my cock sprung to life and I couldn't wait for her to play with it. She removed all the pieces of the chastity and put them on her dresser. She then placed her hand on my swollen cock and started rubbing it slowly. It felt amazing and I instinctively moved my hips to try and fuck her hand. She would get me to the point where I would almost cum and then stop. It was so frustrating, especially since she did it several times in a row. She then laid down on her side with her legs pointing in the direction of my head. She moved her nylon covered foot up to my face “Kiss” she demanded. I began kissing her foot while she traced the nail of her finger up and down my shaft.

“Now,” she began talking while I kissed her foot and she still teased my cock, “Let's go over some of the rules.” I started to speak up but she shoved her toes in my mouth. “Shh, shh, shh, I am the one doing the talking. First off, you will give me your work schedule. I need to know exactly when you are free. Before work, on the nights you don't stay over, you will come over to my place and fix me breakfast. I may have a list of errands for you to do while you are at work or on your lunch break such as picking up my dry cleaning, buying things for the house, or just going shopping to buy something nice for your keyholder.” She pressed her toes further into my mouth to the point where I was almost gagging. “After work, you will come

straight over and start your chores. This will be cleaning the entire place, doing all the laundry, and cooking me a nice supper. Are you understanding everything so far?”

She pulled her foot out of my mouth for me to answer. I loosened my jaw “This isn’t exactly what I planned.”

“What do you mean? You said that is exactly what you wanted. Remember? All you want is to serve. So, what’s the problem?”

“I, well, I guess I didn’t know it was going to be a full-time job. I didn’t want something like this.” I was getting desperate to be out of these cuffs so I could just go home. One thing was for sure, once I got home, I planned on never doing this again. Or, at the very least, be more selective about who I contact.

She kept stroking my erection and, as much as I wanted it to go away, she kept it hard with her masterful touch. She moved her foot back to my mouth, pressing it against my lips. “I asked you if you were serious about it and you emphatically told me you were. Now it is too late my dear, or should I say, my slave” She removed her foot again and went into the kitchen. She returned with a small bag of ice. “Let’s get that chastity back on you as I am sure you are excited to start your new life with me.”

I didn’t even care that I didn’t get off, I just wanted out of there. She put the bag of ice to ease my erection and once it was small enough for her satisfaction, she went to get the chastity. I stopped looking and dropped my head back down on the mattress. I felt her pushing my penis through the tube and getting it all set up.

“All set! Now, before I lock you up, let me give you one last rule of mine. You are not the first guy that has reached out to me about chastity. All of them were quite similar to you but, unfortunately, they

couldn't deal with being my servant so they had to settle for the other option."

Getting quite annoyed at her talking and the predicament I got myself into I asked her "What is the other option?"

She unlocked the cuffs from my legs and then crawled over to unlock my hands. "You see, I know guys like you and I learned a long time ago not to trust them." She unlocked my first hand and reached over for the second. "But I found a way to keep them in line and now they are getting exactly what they wanted or thought they wanted." She unlocked my other hand. I got up and saw that I had a different chastity device on. It was much more compact and smaller than my last one.

I reached down and looked at it. One other difference was that there wasn't a small lock dangling from it. "What is this?!" I asked furiously.

"This is your new cage." she said matter of factly. Then, seeing me investigate the new contraption, she continued. "Don't worry, you won't find a padlock on it. It is controlled by an app on my phone. There is no way you will be getting out of it without my permission." She picked up my old chastity device and tossed it on the bed next to me. "You can throw that thing away. It's cheap and you could easily break the padlock or even have another key for it."

"What the fuck is this!" I screamed. "Take this off of me right now!"

"Well, that is where your other option comes in. If you don't want to serve me, I can let you out but you will need to pay the fee."

"And what is that?" I asked angrily.

"Each time you would like to be let out it will cost you \$5000."

“Fuck that!” I yelled at her. “I’m leaving, you crazy bitch!” I got off the bed and went to get my clothes while she just snickered at me. I left her place determined to get this thing off of me.

When I got home, I studied the new chastity device and had no idea how I was going to get it off. There was no lock that I could find and the thing was so tight that trying to saw it off was definitely out of the question. I went online to look for this type of device and how to get out of it but I couldn’t find anything. The only way it seemed to take it off is with the password from the app. ‘There has to be some way to hack this thing or something’ I thought to myself but who was I going to ask. None of my friends were computer geniuses and, even if they were, I don’t know how I would be able to ask them. My last option was to go on an online forum to see if I could find someone who had this same device or knows how to take it off without the app. After asking my question, all I received were people making fun of me or saying I was screwed. I was getting really annoyed but figured I would find an answer during the weekend.

The weekend came and went and I had no luck whatsoever. By Sunday night I was so pissed that I went online to find Mistress Rebecca and threaten her. I waited a while when I saw that she came online. I quickly wrote my angry message.

“Rebecca, you fucking bitch! You need to take this thing off of me. I am done playing this silly game of yours. If you don’t respond by tonight, I will be calling the police”

Moments later she responded

“Dear slave, I was wondering how long it would take you to come begging me to remove it. I am sorry but, if you would like to have it removed, you can deposit \$5000 in my account and I will remove it. You asked me what I did for a living to afford such a beautiful condo.

I have about a dozen men locked up and they dutifully pay to have it removed in order to have an orgasm. You will not be any different. You are more than welcome to call the police but I doubt that it will do you any good as I know some very powerful people and I may be the keyholder of some of them ;). If you don't want to pay, you are more than welcome to come to my condo tomorrow morning to start your life as my servant."

I was completely enraged by her message that I nearly punched the screen. I stormed about my apartment for a while trying to figure out what to do and cool down but it wasn't working. I went back to my computer and wrote one more message.

"Listen, I am not going to take this. I am warning you, if you don't take this thing off of me, I will be coming over and force you to take it off of me.....if you know what I mean!"

I waited for her response but didn't have to wait too long.

"No! I am warning you. If you ever threaten me again, the cost to remove your chastity will double. You will always be respectful to me from this point forward. You will also thank me for being your keyholder which, I might add, is what you asked me for. Also, if you think of coming over to 'force me' to do anything, believe me, I have very good lawyers and you would definitely pay dearly. So, when you are ready to either pay me or serve me, let me know. I will be expecting that thank you"

At that moment, I realized that my life was never going to be the same. I was trapped and didn't know what to do. The next few weeks I was going through an array of emotions. I was depressed, angry, ashamed, but most of all, horny. Even when I didn't have a girlfriend, I never went a week without having an orgasm or masturbating. I didn't even flirt or talk with any girls because what was the point? After a month I couldn't take it anymore and had to do something. I checked the balance in my bank account. I could

easily afford five grand but did I want to dip into my savings just to have an orgasm? I wondered if it would be better if I just became her slave but I just couldn't imagine spending all my free time serving her. I was going crazy but I had to be let out. I broke down and contacted her as to how I should make the payment. She advised me to deposit the money into her account and once the payment has gone through, to meet her at her condo at 7:00 pm tomorrow. I paid the money and stressfully waited the next 24 hours. The more I waited, the more pissed off I was that I just spent so much money. By the time I got to her place, I was irate.

I rang for her, she buzzed me up right away. When I arrived at her door, she opened it before I could knock. She was wearing a long, lacy robe and invited me in. I kind of barged right in and she closed the door behind me, surprised by my rudeness. I turned around towards her and started aggressively making my feelings known. "Alright, you got your money, now it's time to let me out of this thing!" I yelled.

She just smiled and let her robe slip off her body and drop to the floor. She wore a tight, black corset that highlighted her curves along with a garter belt and black nylons. She also had very shiny black stilettos with a silver heel. I stopped talking and looked her up and down. I could feel my cock already pressing against the sides of the chastity.

"I don't think this is the appropriate time for you to be rude to me. I think you owe me an apology before I decide that today might not be the day I let you out."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I just am so frustrated and want to get out of this thing."

"Well, I think I believe you but you may have to convince me a little more that you are sorry." She then pointed to her feet. "Kneel before your Mistress and kiss my feet" She ordered

As angry as I still was, I dropped to all four and crawled over to kiss her feet. I planted kisses all along her leather heels. I was getting aroused just by kissing her foot. The smell of the leather from her stiletto, the softness of the nylon against my nose as I kissed the tip of her shoe, the sight of her delicate foot; this was all going through my head and I wanted to cum so bad. After a few minutes, she ordered me to kiss her legs. I began moving up her foot and to her ankle, kissing each one reverently and then moved up to her calves. She had larger calves but I could tell that there was a little muscle to them as well. I was really getting into it and wrapped my arms around her legs, embracing them while slowly stroking them, feeling the silkiness of the nylon. I got up to her thighs when she stopped me. She pushed me away slightly and removed her panties. She then grabbed a handful of my hair and walked towards me, her pussy nearing my face, closer and closer until it was pressing up against my nose. She kept moving forward and my neck was pushed back. I was losing my balance so I had to let go of her legs and brace my arms behind me to hold myself up. She only stopped when my face was parallel with the ground, her hand still firmly holding my hair. She began to grind on my face without any concern for my comfort. She moved back and forth with her pussy rubbing against my nose and then moving back to my lips. "Stick out your tongue and hold it there." she commanded. I pushed my tongue out and held it as firmly as I could. She then continued her motion, back to my nose, down to my tongue, and back up. Her movement was slow and steady for a while but she started to pick up the pace. She moved quicker and quicker as her breathing became heavier and heavier. She pulled tightly on my hair as she wrenched my neck even further back. She sat, straddled upon my head, rubbing her clit against my face. My head hurt, my neck was getting sore, my arms were trembling but I didn't dare break from the position. Soon, her heavy breathing became moans and finally she climaxed. She held me there with her juices covering my face as she was still in the process of her orgasm. Her legs clenched down around my head. She let go of my hair and reached down to grab my hands. With my head trapped between her thighs, she easily held me without the

help from my arms holding me up. She lifted my arms to her body and placed my hands on her tits. I rubbed her breasts and she shuddered the last few minutes of her orgasm. When she came down, she let go of my arms and unclenched her thighs. I dropped backwards onto the floor and looked up at this strong, powerful woman. She took off her shoes and placed one of her feet on my face. I reached up and grabbed her foot and kissed the sole of her nylon foot with so much passion.

“Are you ready for your turn?” She asked, already knowing the answer.

“Oh god yes Mistress!” I quickly responded.

“Good, go lay down on the floor over there.” She pointed in the living room, next to her fireplace. I obeyed her command immediately and laid down next to the stone fireplace. She went into the kitchen and grabbed a set of shackles with a chain coming from them. As I lay there, she grabbed my arms and locked them up. Then, she took the short chain and attached it to a latch by the hearth. Once I was securely locked, she grabbed her phone and pulled a chair next to my supine body. With a few touches to her phone, I heard a small buzzing sound coming from my chastity and a small click. She reached down and took off the device. My cock was swollen so it was a little difficult for her at first but, with some tugging, she was able to get it off. My erect penis bounced out of the cage and grew to its full height. She leaned back into the chair and crossed her legs. I was able to lift my head a little and saw that her foot was bouncing up and down, just inches away from my erection. I lifted my hips up and tried to will my erection to move higher but it was always just out of reach of her foot. I wanted so bad just to have her foot contact my penis.

“Would you like me to touch it?” She smiled, knowing the torment she was putting me through.

“Please Mistress, please touch my cock.” I cried

“I believe that is my cock now. I own it, it belongs to me. I have complete control over it and I decide what happens to it. Isn’t that right?”

I dropped my head back, frustrated that, not only is she teasing me but also because what she said, I couldn’t deny. It was true, she did control my cock and I couldn’t do anything about it. “Yes Mistress.” I finally said.

“I want to hear you say it!” she barked at me.

“My cock belongs to you Mistress. You own it and you decide if I can do anything with it. Please Mistress, please let your cock cum!”

“Good, I’m glad to hear you agree with me. You will slowly learn all of this and more. If you want my foot on your cock though, you better beg me for it.”

“Please god Mistress, please just rub your foot on the cock you own.” I didn’t even know what I was saying anymore. “I beg you; I want nothing else but for you to allow me to cum. Please!”

“You want nothing else more than that?” She looked into my eyes but I couldn’t hold her stare. “Well then, I guess \$5000 doesn’t seem like that much now, does it.”

I sighed, still frustrated with how she was teasing me. “No Mistress, five thousand isn’t that much.”

“Maybe we can go higher next time.” She looked up as if she was thinking of some plan then turned back to me. “I guess I will allow

my foot to give you pleasure this time.” She lowered her foot down so her toes were resting on the tip of my cock.

“Thank you!” I sighed in relief. She rubbed the tip of my erection with her toes and then traced her toe down along the shaft and back up again. It felt so good and she continued going up and down two more times when I felt the urge to cum. No! I wanted it to last longer but one more time with her toes moving down my shaft and I had no control. I shot the biggest load of my life up into the air and back down on my stomach.

“Aww, that didn’t take long.” she said with a giggle in her voice. I just laid my head back on the floor excited that I had an amazing orgasm but upset that it lasted less than a minute. Rebecca then put her hand on my belly and scooped up all the warm cum from my stomach. She then brought it towards my mouth and I knew what she expected me to do. I pressed my lips together as hard as I could but she pushed her fingers against my lips, the nail of her finger pressing quite painfully against my upper lip. She continued the pressure until I opened my mouth from the pain. As quick as a flash, her hand entered my mouth and the salty taste of my cum ran down my tongue. “Lick my fingers clean, bitch!” she forcefully ordered. I complied without hesitating and licked her fingers so there wasn’t a trace of my mess. “Good boy.” she said as she removed her hand and went back to her chair to retrieve the chastity.

“Please Mistress, please don’t put it back on. I don’t want this anymore.”

She just put her finger on my lips, this time closing my mouth “Shhhhhh my little slave. You know the rules. You paid for just one orgasm.” With that, she slipped the chastity back over my already flaccid member and locked me up again. “There, now let me get these cuffs off of you.” She reached forward and removed the cuffs from my arms. I rubbed my wrists a little as I got into a sitting

position. She stood up and walked to the kitchen. "You may go now." she said directly as she was putting away the cuffs.

"That's it?" I said, annoyed that that was all I got for five grand.

She turned to me, "Well, you can always stay to be my servant but I thought you didn't want that."

"No, I just, I just thought..."

She stopped me in mid-sentence "You thought I would give you an orgasm and continue playing with you? To break the deal that you wanted? To just give you what you want and forget about locking you back up? What did you think?" She said, sounding annoyed

I hung my head as I got to my feet and went for my clothes. "No Mistress, I don't know what I was thinking." I started to put my clothes back on.

"Right, typical man. Doesn't know what is going on half the time. You should be happy I am here to think for you. Now get dressed and get the fuck out of here." She yelled while folding her arms and tapping her foot, looking sternly at me the whole time. I didn't want to stay long enough to see where her temper could lead to so I got dressed and left.

The next seven months, I met with Mistress Rebecca 4 more times making it a total of twenty-five thousand dollars I paid her. I tried to hold out for as long as I could but each time became more and more difficult to last and I didn't know how I could continue this. My savings was practically gone and I couldn't make it longer than a month or two without contacting her. I had to meet her and discuss the situation I was in. We met at the same bar that I first met her at. She arrived, dressed in a tight, black skirt and a red, silk blouse. Her heels clicked on the tile floor as she walked towards me. I was so

nervous and scared in front of her while she exuded the utmost confidence.

Once she sat down, I explained my financial situation and how I couldn't afford much more of this. I needed to get out of this deal. "Well," she replied, "If you want, you can finally decide to become my servant." I shook my head a little and exhaled. Seeing my concern, she continued. "I really don't see any other way. You are not getting out of this and, from what you explained to me about your financial situation, I see no alternative."

I lowered my head, thinking for a minute, then raised it up to look at her once more seeing a small smirk on her face. "What exactly would that entail?" I asked.

"You would come over to my place directly after work and begin doing chores like cleaning, ironing, cooking dinner, whatever I needed for that day. You would take care of my needs whether that would be sexually or just a massage and pampering. Half the time you would stay at my place for the night but, on the days you don't, you would come over at least an hour before work and cook me breakfast and get a list of errands I would need you to run for that day. On the weekends, you would stay at my condo and do the same. I may not be there but you would still be fully expected to complete all tasks I give you. Basically, you would be working off the five thousand to get a release, depending on how well you are able to do the job." She paused a bit to see my reaction which didn't have a lot of excitement in it. "Or, you can just end this and say goodbye to ever getting out of that thing."

I broke down and submitted to her. "Fine, I will do it." I said defeated.

"Great, you can start by coming over tomorrow after work. We will go through some more details then." With that, she got up and started to walk away but she stopped next to me and put her hand

on my shoulder. "I do feel a little bad for you. All the other men I have locked up can afford my rate, you just found an expensive Mistress. But, I am sure you will get used to your new life." She let go of my shoulder and walked away.

Since that day, my decision to become her servant has gotten me deeper and deeper under her control. It started out like she said. I would stay overnight about 5 days a week. I did all of her cooking, cleaning, laundry, ironing, shopping, and all errands for her. I would nest between her thighs almost every day and sometimes 2 or 3 times a day depending on her mood. Since I was over there most of the time, I would see some of her other men she was keeping locked up come by. Each month about 10 to 12 men would come for her services but one month it happened over 20 times. I would do the calculations in my head and she made over \$100,000 that month.

Once everything started to become routine for me, she would add a couple other chores and things she expected me to do. After several months, it was starting to affect my job as I was exhausted all the time and couldn't meet my deadlines at work. She came up with the solution that I sell my house since I was at her place the vast majority of the time. This would give me more time to get my chores done without having to drive back and forth some days. Then, she came up with the second part of her plan. Once my house was sold and I was staying at her place, I would have to pay her rent which she determined would be more than what I was paying for my mortgage. She had a small room that she didn't use which would become my bedroom. It barely had room for a bed and dresser and only had a lock on the outside. She could lock me in the room and enter whenever she wanted. This did little to give me more time and relieve the exhaustion and, after several more weeks, the decision would come that I would quit my job and work for Mistress Rebecca full time. I felt that I had little influence in any decision that was made and, the following day after she brought up the idea of quitting, I put in my two weeks' notice. The only problem that she thought of was that I wouldn't be able to pay her rent anymore. To

alleviate this, she made a deal that I would transfer whatever money I had in my bank accounts into her name. I would also sell off any possessions that I no longer needed which was pretty much everything. Everything I had was either gone or belonged to Mistress.

If I felt trapped before, now I was completely owned. I relied on her for everything and had no way of leaving. Just to make sure, she kept my passport, license, and birth certificate in a locked safe. Even if she didn't keep these documents, I had no money, no car, and no home so I wouldn't even think of trying to escape. I definitely had learned my lesson about playing with chastity and, I would say I would never make the same mistake again but, I would never have the chance because I now belonged to Mistress Rebecca. I was her slave.

I would love your feedback and any thoughts you may have. If you enjoyed this story and would like me to continue this as a full book, please write to me at misssamanthastrong@gmail.com

The Slave Girl

Marcellus, the Roman Emperor, walked through the battlefield, surveying the carnage that his men brought forth against their latest conquest. His two top generals, Octavius, and Titus, followed by his side. "As you see, most venerable Emperor, these Germanic tribes have no chance against the power of the Roman Army." Octavius said as he extended his arm to show the slaughter that took place at the hands of the roman soldiers.

"Yes, I can see. And our casualties?" Marcellus inquired.

"Unfortunately, it was a few thousand. These tribes fight like savages which we weren't expecting but, now that we understand their tactics, we will decrease the casualties as we continue to push forward."

"Good, good." Marcellus said, nodding his head approvingly. "And when do you feel we will completely occupy these Germanic states?"

Titus spoke up as this was more of his specialty. "As winter is coming, we are planning to camp here through the season to establish a strong base. Once spring comes, we will continue our attack and I feel by the end of summer, we will have conquered all of the tribes. Your empire will never be stronger, my emperor."

"Yes." Marcellus ambitiously growled.

They continued walking until they came to a large, makeshift prison which held numerous women naked and tied up. Generally, after a conquest, the roman soldiers would take turns raping the women from the conquered villages until they were satisfied. However, when the emperor was present after a victory, the protocol

was to hold off until the emperor chose a few women that he would take back to Rome as his personal slaves.

A guard opened the gate and Marcellus walked in. He looked around but seemed disappointed in the lot presented before him. He would randomly select a girl from the group, grab her hair, and yank her to her feet. Upon doing so, he would start inspecting them which meant grabbing their asses, fondling their breasts, and even shoving a finger or two up their pussies to see how loose they were. If they passed his inspection, he gave them to the guard at the door. If not, he would apathetically shove them back to the ground and keep moving. He only found one girl that met his approval but then he saw her. The one that would change his life forever. Tucked in the corner was Adalgard, an 18-year-old beauty with long, brown hair that haplessly fell in front of her face. She was taller than the average woman her age, about 5' 6", she had decent size breasts and her body was well toned from working hard since she was a small girl. She caught Marcellus' eye right away and he proceeded to the same inspection as the other girls. The only difference was that, while the other girls hung their heads in shame, Adalgard glared at Marcellus as he fondled her. The emperor liked her strong spirit and quickly decided to take her.

Octavius and Titus escorted the two women to a small cage that was attached to a horse. Titus threw the first woman into the cell and then grabbed Adalgard. She yanked her arm away from him and got in by herself. "Oh, she's a feisty one." He snickered

Titus locked the door to the cell. "Oh, Marcellus will have some fun with her." he joked back at Octavius. Then, turning back to Adalgard, "Maybe when Marcellus is finished playing with you, he can send you our way. We'll show you a really good time." he heartily laughed as both of them walked away. Some of the guards prepared the carriage for Marcellus, loading up all his things. After a few minutes, everything was set and they set out for their trip back to Rome.

A few days later, they arrived in Rome to a triumphant and joyous reception from the crowd. The city was gracious towards their glorious leader and showed their approval by raucous cheering. They also laughed and pointed as the two naked women in the cage were paraded through the people. They were taken out of their cage and brought into the palace where they were bathed and clothed. Once they were cleaned, an elderly woman came in with another woman. "We have to make you ladies presentable for the Emperor now." Said the elderly lady and she began combing out the tangles in Adalgard's hair. After some very rough brushing, the elderly lady stood back. "There, that looks much better. The grooming process continued for the next hour as powders were added to the faces of the two slaves and perfumes were rubbed onto their bodies. Once they were finished, the two ladies gathered their things and left.

"Oh my gosh! I feel like an empress!" cried one slave joyfully. "I've never been so pampered!" She paused, feeling her soft skin. "I'm Katla, what is your name?" she asked, looking back at Adalgard.

"I'm Adalgard. I wouldn't get too excited. They are just prettying us up for the Emperor so he can have his way with us."

"Who cares!" laughed Katla. "The Emperor is so handsome and muscular. He can have his way with me anytime."

Adalgard looked at her with sadness and pity. Katla was younger and her naivety was obvious. "Don't think it will be all sweet and gentle. I worked in a brothel when I was younger. It doesn't matter how good looking they are, they only want one thing and they'll act like a savage animal to get it."

"Nonsense!" Katla smiled back. "Not all men are like that."

“The majority are. The trick is you have to learn what they like and then use your sexuality to be in control of the situation. If not, these men will use you up and throw you in the gutter when they are finished with you.”

“Well, I still have hope that most men are decent.” Katla softly said, her energetic, optimism gone from her voice.

Just then, two large guards burst through the door. “You!” one of the guards said, pointing to Katla. “The Emperor wants the young one.” Katla, now a little scared, looked over at Adalgard as she slowly walked over to the guards. They roughly grabbed her upper arms and dragged her out of the room, slamming the door behind them.

Several hours later, Adalgard was sitting against the wall when the door opened. One of the guards who took Katla walked through the door with her draped over his shoulder, unconscious. He walked over to a small cot and dropped her then turned and walked out the door without saying anything. Katla was badly beaten with marks all over her body. Her clothes were a little bloodied and her face was swollen. Adalgard covered her up with a thin blanket and sat by her side where she spent most of the night watching over and taking care of Katla. Eventually morning came and some food was brought in. The whole day Katla cried from both embarrassment and pain. She couldn’t believe this happened to her and wanted to die. Adalgard comforted her as much as possible but she knew this might be her fate as well. These thoughts came true that evening when the two guards came through the door again. “It’s your turn, pretty one.” One of the guards said, pointing at Adalgard.

The other guard, staring at Katla lying on the cot, spoke up. “You take her up to the Emperor. I think I will have a go with this one.” He walked towards Katla, pulling up his tunic as the other guard went to grab Adalgard. Adalgard just stared at him in disgust as she was

taken away. Moments later, they got to a door. "The Emperor is waiting for you." He said as he opened the door for Adalgard.

She stepped in to see the Emperor looking out the window with a large glass of wine in his hand. He was naked except for a small loincloth wrapped around his waist. The ripples of muscles gleamed from the sunset coming through the window. He turned around, looking Adalgard up and down for a moment. "Take off your clothes and lie on the bed." he ordered before taking a sip of wine from the cup.

Adalgard began to remove her tunic, pulling the top from her left shoulder but then stopped. She knew she might be in for a rough night, similar to Katla's, so she thought she would try something different. This powerful, confident male has been getting anything he wants since he was a boy. Surrounded by yes men, he was never challenged by anyone. Maybe this was something that he craved and that's why he kept going through woman after woman, never staying with the same one for a couple of nights. She pulled the tunic back up. "No, you take off your clothes." she demanded.

The Emperor looked shocked and didn't know what to do or say. He stood there motionless for a few seconds and Adalgard sauntered her way over to the Emperor, moving her hips back and forth sexily as he could just stare. She got to within a step of him and stared directly at him. She searched his eyes and found a mixture of anger, bewilderment, and lust. She contemplated her next move, knowing it could end badly but took her chance. She slapped the Emperor across the face and quickly barked, "I said, take off your clothes!" A few moments passed as Marcellus was dumbstruck but it didn't take too much longer before he caved and removed his small loincloth, exposing his large cock. Adalgard looked down and saw his cock start twitching, slowly growing in both excitement and anticipation. She looked back up at his face. "Good." she smiled. "Get on the bed, NOW!" she ordered.

“Oh yes!” he exhaled as he scurried to the bed, getting more and more excited by the second.

Adalgard slowly walked over to him, leaned over, and grabbed his growing erection. “The Emperor likes this, doesn’t he?” she cooed.

“Oh yes, I do!”

“That’s good.” she purred into his ear as she stroked his cock up and down slowly.

“Keep going, faster.” he moaned.

Adalgard stopped stroking and slapped him across the face again. She stared into his eyes. “You will not be giving the orders tonight.” She reached down and continued to stroke his cock for a few seconds. “If you do as I say, it can be very pleasurable for you but,” she moved her hand down a little further and grabbed his balls. She squeezed hard, generating a groan of pain from Marcellus. “If you don’t do as I say, there will be pain.” She squeezed harder. “A lot of pain. Do you understand?”

The Emperor just nodded his head up and down, biting his lip, trying not to scream. She moved her hand back up to his cock and pumped it a little faster. “Now, doesn’t that feel better?”

“Oh god, yes!” he said in relief.

“You would much rather have me do this, correct?” Marcellus just moaned in response as Adalgard smiled to herself. “You would much rather do as I say, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes, oh god, yes!” he breathed out. “I’ll do what you say.”

“I’m glad to hear that. Now, lie down on the bed.” she ordered as Marcellus quickly complied. She rested her body next to his as she traced her finger nail up and down his shaft. Then gently moved it up his torso, around his nipples. She could see he was in ecstasy as she toyed with him. She moved her hand back down to his now raging erection and grasped it in her hand. She started moving her hand up and down slowly at first but soon quickened her pace. She watched his face as she brought him to the edge of cumming. Once it looked like he was about to orgasm, she instantly released her hand, watching him buck his hips in the air, wanting more of her touch. Once he settled down a little, she continued stroking him for a few minutes, only to stop just short of his release. She continued this little game with him for several more times and he could see that he was in agony, desperately wanting a release. After about 45 minutes of this torture, she decided to step it up a little. She let go of his cock and rolled over so her body was slightly on his. She pulled up her tunic and swung her right leg over his body so she was straddling him and pushed her upper body up with her arms. She stared into his face which had a very pleading look to it.

“Please, I need to cum.” he begged.

Again, she slapped him across the face. “I will tell you when you can cum. You got that?” Again, he just nodded in agreement as he let her have her way with his body. She reached down and grabbed his erection, positioning it right under her pussy. She slowly lowered herself onto his shaft and eased herself down on it. She had to admit, he was very large. She moved up and down and, although she was enjoying herself immensely, she was carefully watching him, making sure she didn’t allow him to orgasm. A couple times she could tell he was close so she would slide herself off of him until he was able to compose himself. She, herself, was getting close to climaxing as she was riding his cock. She pulled herself off of his enormous erection and scooted up towards his chin. Raised up on her knees, above his onlooking head, she looked down at him. She smiled as she saw the desperation in his eyes. She knew he badly

wanted to cum but he would still have to wait. She slowly lowered herself down until her pussy was resting just above his chin. "Lick me." she ordered. He didn't ask questions or put up any resistance as he followed her instructions instinctively. He lifted up his head slightly and began licking her pussy. Adalgard could tell he didn't do this much as he was awkward and brutish with his technique, taking long licks like a dog. She was still getting pleasure but he would have to learn how to do it properly in the future. She grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his face closer to her as she tightened her thighs around his head. She was very aroused and felt very powerful in this position, especially when it was the most powerful man in the world between her legs. She began moving her hips back and forth, vigorously rubbing her pussy from his chin to his nose. She leaned back and grabbed his still erect cock, slowly stroking it as she got herself off on his face. She began to lose focus as a rush of pleasure started to sweep through her body and soon, a glorious climax came to her. She tightened both her thighs around his head and her hand around his cock as she shivered from the explosions of rapture filled her whole being. As the climax passed, she noticed that she was really squeezing him hard and slowly eased up. She rested for a few minutes with him still trapped underneath her. When she finally regained her senses, she got off of him, continuing to hold his cock in her hand. Leaning forward, she whispered in his ear. "That was amazing, Emperor but we'll have to work on your oral skills in the future." she smiled down at him, her juices covering his face. "Would you like to cum now?"

"Oh god, yes!" he eagerly responded.

"Come, get off the bed." she said. They both got up and stood at the foot of the bed. This titan of a man towering over a petite young woman. "Kneel down in front of me." she commanded, pointing her finger to the ground before her. A bit confused and hesitant, the Emperor was dumbfounded by what she instructed him to do. Aside from his father when he was Emperor, Marcellus never knelt or bowed to anyone in his life. Growing impatient, Adalgard snapped at

him. "Do you want to come or not! Now kneel!" Marcellus' desire overcame his mind and he knelt in front of the svelte young woman. Adalgard triumphantly smiled at her conquest over him. "Now masturbate." Marcellus quickly grabbed a hold of his erection and started wanking. She put her hands on her hips in a sign of power over him; standing tall, still in her tunic as the muscular man, knelt at her feet and defiled himself in front of her. It only took a few moments when he shot his load all over her feet. She looked down at the mess he made. She knew what she wanted to do but didn't want to push it. "What a mess! Next time, you will clean up your own filth. For now," she presented her hand to the emperor, "you may thank me for allowing you to cum."

A bit ashamed of what he did, he meekly grabbed her hand and kissed it. "Thank you."

"Thank you for what?"

He looked up at her only to be met with a stern face. He bowed his head again. "Thank you for allowing me to cum."

"That's better. Now call your guard and have him escort me back to my room." He got up and shouted for the guard to come in as he got his loincloth to cover himself up. "Oh," she continued, "Let him know that he and the other guard shall not lay a single finger on me or the other girl, Katla. Understand?"

"Yes, of course." he responded as the guard opened the door to the room. "Janus," the king addressed the guard. "Take this woman back to her room."

"Yes, my emperor." Janus said with a bow.

"And you are not to touch her or the other slave at all, by my order. That goes for Magnus as well."

Janus looked up at Adalgard for a second with a little resentment in his eyes before bowing back down. "Of course, my emperor." He then turned to Adalgard and extended his hand and turned to the door, indicating that she may proceed to her room.

Before leaving, Adalgard turned to Marcellus. "I hope we can see each other very soon, my emperor," she said with a wink and smile.

When Adalgard got back to the room, she saw Katla lying on the bed. She sat next to her and started to rub her back. Katla looked up at her with tears in her eyes. "You were right. They are nothing but animals."

"Shhh." Adalgard whispered. "I think I took care of it for now. Those guards shouldn't be bothering us anymore." Katla just nodded but didn't believe her. Adalgard felt sorry for this young girl and vowed to protect her as much as she could. "Everything will be alright, I promise. Just get some rest." She covered her up with a thin blanket and then went to bed herself.

The next day Adalgard attended to Katla who was still hurting from the past two nights. She tried to keep reassuring her that everything will be good from now on but Katla was reluctant to believe her. It wasn't until the evening that Katla had a hint that things could be different. Just as the sun started to set, the two guards, Janus, and Magnus, came back into the room. Katla curled herself in the corner, afraid that one of them was going to have his way with her again. The two guards just stood at the doorway this time. "You." Janus pointed to Adalgard. "The Emperor would like to see you again." Adalgard stood up and walked towards the guards. They stepped out of her way as she walked past them, through the doorway. As soon as she left, the guards closed the door behind them, leaving Katla alone and untouched.

They got to the Emperor's chambers and the guards were much more respectful compared to the previous night. They opened the door and, again, the Emperor was standing with only his loincloth, waiting for Adalgard's return. Adalgard walked into the room and closed the door behind her, disregarding the guards. She confidently walked over the Marcellus and put her hands on his massive chest. "Did the Emperor want to see me again?" she asked coyly.

"Ahh, yes, my beauty."

Continuing to move her hands up and down his torso, Adalgard looked up into his eyes. "I guess you enjoyed our time together last evening?"

"Very much so. I want you to do the same thing tonight." He tried making it sound like an order but it came off more as an ask.

Adalgard traced her fingernail from the top of his chest down to his abdomen and finally down to his cock as she felt it grew from her presence. She turned away, slowly losing contact with his penis. "I don't know." she pondered, finally removing her touch, and looking back at him. "You did listen to me when I told you not to let the guards touch me or Katla."

"Yes, I made sure they understood that you cannot be touched." he responded with a pleading voice. Adalgard walked over to the bed and sat on the edge, not saying a word, just looking at him. "Please!?" he begged.

After letting him wait a few moments longer, she finally gave him her first instruction. "Come. Take off your loincloth and kneel here in front of me." Marcellus didn't need to be asked twice as he took off the small fabric covering his privates and quickly rushed over to kneel in front of Adalgard. Adalgard moved her foot forward just under his erect cock. She wiggled her toes, tickling the base of his

erection and balls. "You like being told what to do, don't you?" she asked.

Marcellus' eyes were closed as he enjoyed her foot against him. "Only by you."

"Good, I like it that way. The more you listen...." she moved her foot up and started sliding the ball of her foot up and down the underside of his shaft. "...the more pleasure you'll receive."

After a few minutes of playing with his cock with her foot, Adalgard sat up a little and pulled up her tunic. "I think it's time to practice your oral skills again." She took her foot off of his cock and spread her legs, revealing her awaiting clitoris. Marcellus was never one to give oral to a woman but Adalgard turned him on so much that he just desired to make her happy. He dove in and buried his face between her legs. "Good boy!" Adalgard purred, running her fingers through his hair while he serviced her.

This time, Adalgard gave him some more instructions on how she liked it, guiding him through it. He still wasn't great but, the feeling of dominance she felt more than made up for it and, within minutes, she again experienced a fantastic orgasm from the Emperor's tongue. With the Emperor still on his knees between her thighs, she lifted her leg, put her foot on his shoulder and pushed him away, knocking him off balance and sending him to the floor. She stood up and looked down at the muscular man lying on the floor in front of her. "Stand up." she commanded. Marcellus quickly got to his feet, his erection standing at full mast. She slowly untied the rope around her tunic and let it drop to the floor, revealing her full nakedness to the Emperor. Marcellus looked in awe at her beauty. Her perfect breasts, toned stomach, and shapely hips and legs. She stood proud and confident in front of him. "Would you like to cum now?"

"Oh yes, please!" he begged.

“First, you’ll have to show me your appreciation for even allowing you the privilege.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, confused.

“Show me your gratitude, a gift or tribute.”

“I will have something for you tomorrow.” he insisted.

“I see, then you can cum tomorrow.” Adalgard reached down to pick up her tunic.

“Wait, wait!” He seemed surprised that she would just leave. “I think I have something.” He ran over to a small chest in the corner of the room and pulled out a small necklace encrusted with rubies and came back to her. “Will this do?” he asked pleadingly.

Adalgard inspected it for a minute. It was small but very beautiful. It was more expensive than anything she has ever owned before. “Hmm, I suppose that will do for now. But, I will expect something better next time.”

“Yes, of course!”

She handed him the necklace and turned around, her naked ass rubbing slightly against his cock. “You may put it on me.” He reached around and put the necklace on her and fastened the clip. “Good, now get down on your knees.” He knelt down while she still had her backside to him. She stuck her ass out a little. “Now thank me for allowing you to cum again.”

He leaned forward and began planting small kisses on her naked ass. “Thank you for letting me cum. Thank you! You will have a much better gift next time, I swear.”

She straightened her body and took a few steps back. As she moved back further, she allowed his erection to slide between her thighs. Although Marcellus was kneeling, he was still almost as tall as her and his cock brushed up against her pussy a little. "You may start," she announced. Marcellus quickly took hold of her hips and started thrusting his penis. As it slid in and out, it rhythmically brushed against her labia. He quickened his pace and it didn't take long at all before he was shooting streams of cum onto the floor. Once he was drained, she moved forward and picked up her clothes. He stayed in his kneeling position as she went and found a rag. She threw it to him. "Clean this mess up, now," she ordered. He grabbed the rag and started cleaning up the mess he made on the floor while she got dressed, watching him to make sure he didn't miss anything. Once he finished, she walked to the door. "Seeing as you aren't decent, I'll show myself out." She opened the door and instructed the guard to escort her back to the room.

When she got into the room, she saw Katla still lying on the cot. She was grateful that no guards came today but she seemed like she was broken. Adalgard went to her and explained what was happening with the Emperor. She had a plan and she intended for Katla to benefit from it as well. She handed Katla the necklace. "Here, this is for you. I know it isn't much consolation but, there will be more." Katla smiled, not only because of the necklace but from the kindness shown to her. She hugged Adalgard and thanked her.

Over the next several weeks, Adalgard visited the Emperor almost every day. She was becoming more and more strict with him and he seemed to enjoy it. She even punished him numerous times by tying him up, whipping and spanking him, and denying him an orgasm which only fueled his desire for her. During the day, the Emperor was a dominant, powerful man but, at night, Adalgard had all the power. The gifts kept coming and they were getting much grander and pricier. From expensive jewelry, to nice silken stolas to go over her tunics, and even land which was uncommon for a

woman. By all accounts, Adalgard and Katla were becoming wealthy and gaining some stature within the city. This was only the beginning as far as Adalgard was concerned. She wanted more, much much more. She had a plan that she would start in motion.

The first thing she did was to trade off some of the jewelry the Emperor gave her and hired a group of 100 of the best mercenaries. She explicitly advised them that they should only listen to her and her alone, not the Emperor nor any of the government officials. This was not a problem for them as they didn't hold the government in much regard. She also notified them that Katla was not to be touched and protected at all costs. She paid them handsomely and they were ready to follow any order given to them. The next step would involve the Emperor which she already had wrapped around her finger.

One night when she was with the Emperor, she decided to take the next step. She teased Marcellus much like she did any other night to get him extremely aroused. "Get on the bed!" she ordered. He had a good idea he would be tied up as this has become a typical activity of late. Adalgard walked around the bed, tying each one of his hands and feet to the bed posts so he couldn't move except for a wiggle. She laid down next to him and traced her finger up and down his chest and abdomen. "You would do anything for me, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, Adalgard. I am all yours."

She continued moving her fingernail up and down different parts of his body. "You are all mine, huh?" She paused. "So, this body is mine, right"

"Oh god, yes, Adalgard!" Marcellus was growing more and more aroused.

She moved her hand down to his cock and lightly caressed it.
“This cock is mine?”

“Yesssss” he moaned.

She continued to play with his penis for a while, driving him crazy. She then reached her hand under his shaft and grabbed his balls slightly. “And, these balls are mine.” she said as she increased the pressure of her grip on his testicles.

“Ahhhh!” The Emperor writhed in pain.

She squeezed harder. “Say it!” She sternly ordered.

“Ahhh, they are yours, Adalgard. They are yours!” he growled. His mind was a mix of emotions. On one hand, he hated being ordered around but, on the other hand, she aroused him greatly. It was a little bit of relief to give up control once in a while. “Just stop crushing them.”

“Don’t you dare tell me what to do.” She squeezed even harder. “I will stop when I want to stop. I will squeeze them until they pop if I want to. Is that clear?”

“Yes, I’m sorry. I’m sorry, please!” he begged as he squirmed vigorously about the bed.

She was happy to see that his cock was still hard as a rock. She released her grip on his balls and began stroking him. “Now that we have established who is in charge, there are a few things that I want.”

“Anything. I have more jewels.” he said as his pain subsided and the pleasure started getting stronger with each stroke of his cock.

She continued to caress his erection and moved her other hand to his nipple. She played with it, squeezing it softly. "Jewels are always nice but I want more. I want power and influence."

The Emperor moaned as she teased him. "Wha...what do you mean?" he asked between his heavy breathing.

"First off, I feel that people don't take me seriously partly because of my Germanic name. I've decided that I will change it to a more Roman name."

"Of course, what would you like to change it to?" It was getting more and more difficult for him to concentrate.

"You will call me Domina now" she advised him. She thought this was perfect since the Latin name meant Lord and, since she was pretty much the Emperor's master, she thought it would be perfect.

"Uhhhh," he moaned. "Yes, Domina."

"The next thing I require is to have my own servants. Since I am a woman of prominence in Rome now, I think it is only fitting."

The Emperor was getting close to an orgasm as she continued playing with his cock. "Uh huh, yes, servants."

"They will all be men. I will not have a woman serving me. Understood?"

"Yes, yes," he quickly responded. "I am going to cum, Domina."

"No, you will not cum. Hold it." she commanded. Marcellus bit his lip, trying his hardest not to ejaculate. "Finally, I want to be present

during your Senate meetings.”

The Emperor woke up from his trance. A woman was not allowed to attend Senate meetings and was something he couldn't agree to. “Domina, I can't do that. That would be unheard of.”

She took her hands away from his cock leaving him humping the air. “It was not a question.” she said sternly.

“I'm sorry but I can't. The Senate will never agree to it. I'll do everything else you said though.” he pleaded, hoping that she would return her hand to his engorged erection.

She did move her hand but not to his cock. Her hand went back to his testicles and she instantly crushed them in her palm. Caught off guard, Marcellus screamed in pain. “You will do it!” she snarled as she kneaded his balls harshly in her palm. “Do you understand or do I have to pop one of these balls?”

Marcellus pulled on his restraints, trying to break free from her grasp but soon realized it was futile. “Okay, okay, I'll do it just please stop, I'm begging you.”

She let go of his balls, allowing the Emperor to get some relief, his cock still standing tall even through the abuse. “Good boy, I knew you would eventually see it my way.” She cooed. She scooted up on the bed and laid next to him, her head right next to his and her hand still by his groin. She began gently stroking his cock again as she whispered in his ear. “From now on, we will be seen in public more. And, when we are in front of others, I expect you to show me the same respect and obedience you show me in this room, understand?”

The Emperor's mind was clouded. After the pain she caused him, he was now in a daze from the pleasure she was giving. “Yes Domina.” he muttered.

She kept toying with his cock until she saw that he was about to cum. She quickly released her grasp and took joy in watching him squirm in a desperate attempt to get a release. She waited until he realized she wasn't going to continue and was fully alert. "I'm glad you agree but, I need to truly feel that you understand what I am requiring from you."

"I understand Domina. I'll show you respect when in front of others, I promise. Please, will you continue?"

"Those are just words. You need to prove that you will be obedient."

"Oh please, Domina. You have my word."

"No, I need to see it in person. You will not cum until I am sitting at the Senate meeting and you are acquiescing to my demands. We will see if you are truly subservient to me."

Marcellus' heart sank, knowing he wasn't going to orgasm at her hands and what made it worse was that the next Senate meeting was in 5 days. He's had whores come to his quarters on a regular basis and he couldn't remember the last time he waited more than a few days to orgasm. Domina untied one of his hands and then got dressed. "You can untie the rest of the bonds yourself." she announced as she walked out, leaving him with a frustrated erection.

The next couple of days were difficult for the Emperor. He longed not only for Domina's touch but her authority. He thought about it constantly and wanted to do whatever he could to continue her domination of him. The more he fantasized about it, the more control he wanted to give up to her. He asked her to come to his chambers several times in hopes that she would grant him a release but she refused. One time she did come up in the afternoon but it was for a

short period of time and she teased him which only made him more frustrated. By the fourth day, he couldn't take it so he called one of the other servant girls up. She was quiet, reserved, and inexperienced. He tried to guide her to something that Domina would do but she wasn't natural at it like Domina. He ended up fucking her but it wasn't the same and he resolved himself to grant Domina any wish she wanted in exchange for her control.

When the fifth day finally came, Marcellus called on Domina to see if she was ready to attend the Senate meeting. She, of course, was more than ready and advised the Emperor on what to say. They arrived and all the Senate members were already seated. As they walked in, there was a few gasps and Senators began whispering to each other. One of the Consuls, Horatio, the highest position in the Senate, rose from his seat. "What is this?" he inquired of the Emperor.

"Gentlemen," Marcellus announced. "This is Domina. She is now my top advisor and will now be attending the Senate meetings." Marcellus looked around at the side glances everyone in the room was giving him. He was admittedly nervous at their response. Although he had absolute power, the Senate did have the power to overthrow him if necessary.

"This is absurd!" Horatio bellowed. The other members barked their approval of his words. "No woman has ever been involved in these meetings and, as long as I am a member of this Senate, no woman shall ever be included." Again, the other members bellowed their approval.

Marcellus began to speak up but Domina grabbed his shoulder and took a step forward. "I understand you are shocked but I am now the Emperor's top advisor. By law, the same law you passed, all advisors may be present." She spoke strongly and confidently. "If you cannot deal with this, leave."

“Preposterous!” yelled Horatio. He stood up and immediately walked out. The other Senators looked about the room, not sure what to do. A few stood and followed Horatio but the majority stayed where they were.

The other Consul, Valerius, stood up. “I cannot say that I am pleased with this or even accepting of this. We shall discuss this another time and figure out the correct action but, for now, I stand by my Emperor. We have important work to do and I shall stay for the good of Rome.”

Marcellus nodded to him. Valerius was a good man and was always a good ally to Marcellus. After no other outbursts, Marcellus and Domina took their seat behind a marble partition reserved for the Emperor. He always sat in between the two Consuls but, since Horatio had left, Domina took his seat. As soon as they sat down, Domina snaked her hand underneath Marcellus’ toga and grabbed his balls, giving them a firm, secure squeeze and holding it. “Good boy.” she whispered in his ear as she gave him another quick squeeze. She felt his penis grow as he leaned back a little, opening his legs and allowing her more access to his precious balls. She smirked to herself as she was happy that he enjoyed her torment so much. ‘Whoever controls the Emperor’s balls, controls Rome’ she thought to herself. ‘And I will definitely be controlling things from now on.’

The meeting passed quickly and Domina made notes of things she would be discussing with the Emperor. She also kept an eye on certain Senators who seemed resentful of her still being there. After the meeting, Domina went back to her chambers and called Katla, a few other women she befriended, and the captain of the militia army she hired. She gave them each specific instructions on what her plan was in the next several days. Once everyone knew the details, Domina went to see Marcellus.

Once she arrived, Marcellus was visibly excited and ready for Domina's strong hand. "Strip and get on your knees." she commanded in a very stern voice. He quickly obeyed and within seconds, he was kneeling in front of her, waiting for his next command. She walked towards him with a few ropes in her hand. She circled him not saying a word, just staring at him which was making the Emperor very nervous but excited. After walking around, him a few times, she stopped in front of him and looked down. "Look at me!" she yelled at him. He looked up at her and she looked annoyed and angry. "I am going to tie you up and then we will discuss some things."

"Yes Domina, whatever you want."

Domina proceeded to pull his hands forward and tie them together. She then took another piece of rope and tied his feet together. She made sure the knots were strong and unbreakable. Once she felt he was secure, she took the longest rope and tied them to his wrists and strung the other end of the rope over a beam in the ceiling. She began to pull on the end of the rope, raising his arms above his head until they were fully stretched. Then, something happened that Marcellus wasn't expecting; she called out the door to Katla. The Emperor's mouth dropped in embarrassment when Katla entered the room and saw him naked and strung up. He started to pull his arms down to cover himself up. "Don't you dare move!" Domina barked. "Stay where you are or else!" Marcellus quickly stopped his struggles and stood there exposed to the two women. "Here, help me with this." Domina said to Katla. Both women grabbed the rope and started pulling, slowly raising Marcellus higher and higher. He stretched his body out as much as he could but, eventually, he had to lift his feet a little. Once he was on his toes, the two women stopped and tied their end of the rope around a large stone sculpture in the room. They made sure the rope was taut and the Emperor was in a very uncomfortable position.

Domina thanked Katla for her help and told her she could go. Before she left, Katla glanced back at the Emperor with a smile. "It was nice seeing you again, Marcellus. Hope you have a good time." she giggled.

Once she was gone, Domina turned towards Marcellus, her smile quickly turned to stern glare. She picked up a cane and strutted over to the hanging man. He could not hide the fear in his eyes and the excitement in his groin. "Let me start out by saying that you did a good job in getting me in the Senate meeting. I am very pleased that you were able to follow my orders." She swung the cane in the air a few times making an intimidating swoosh sound throughout the room. "And," she continued. "Like I promised, I will allow you to orgasm." Relief swept over the face of Marcellus but was soon cut short. She stepped closer to him, looking up into his eyes. "What I am not pleased with is the fact that you called another woman into your chambers to fuck."

Marcellus took a large gulp as he knew he was in trouble. "I'm sorry Domina. I couldn't get you out of my head and I needed some relief. I'm so sorry. It will never happen again." He pleaded his case but had a feeling it was of no use.

"Oh, you will be sorry, that is for sure." She said, right before swinging the cane through the air and having it land across his thighs. The Emperor screamed in pain. She swung again, catching the abdomen of the mighty man. She continued her assault and covered his whole body in thick, red welts. The Emperor could barely take anymore and broke down and cried from the young woman's torment. Much to both his and her surprise though, his cock still stood erect.

"Please Domina!" Screamed Marcellus. "Please stop, I beg you." His whole body ached. He could no longer keep standing on his toes as his legs gave way and he hung from the ceiling by his arms. "I'll

do whatever you say, give you anything you want, Domina! Just please stop!" he bellowed.

Domina looked at the broken man hanging before her. His penis was still hard but it went down significantly from the abuse she leashed upon him. She grabbed his cock and it quickly came back to life. "You will do anything, that is a guarantee." She said as she stroked him.

"Yes, anything, please." he cried.

"Good, because I am going to take it all. Everything you have will be mine and you will gladly give it to me, right?" she inquired as she looked up into his tear-filled face, her hand still playing with his dick.

In an almost defeated voice, the Emperor answered. "Yes, Domina."

"Good boy. I am now in control. Not just here but throughout the kingdom. You will concede to my every whim. You will cower in my presence. You will give up all power to me and everyone will know." she paused as she could feel his cock twitching from within her palm. He became more aroused by her words. She knew she had him. "I will be your ruler."

"Yes, Domina, yes!" he moaned as he was getting closer to an orgasm.

"I want to hear it."

"Yes Domina, you are my ruler. I will follow any command you give me." His eyes rolled to the back of his head as he was in complete ecstasy.

“And you are nothing more than a mere slave to me, right?” she asked

“Yes, Domina.”

She worked on his cock more as she knew he was close. “Tell me you want this.”

“Oh god, Domina, I want this. I want to be your slave and serve you.”

Domina smiled at his admission and pumped his cock harder and faster until he shot a big load onto the ground. Marcellus hunched his head down in exhaustion. She walked over to his clothes and wiped some of his precum off of her hands and walked back to him. “Very good boy. I am glad that you are so excited to serve me. I am certain you know your place now, right?”

“Yes Domina, I am your slave now.”

“Yes, yes you are but, I want to make sure you fully realize the power I have. I am going to leave you here for a couple hours to think about how much better your life will be as my slave. I’ll have a couple of my guards garrison the door so nobody will walk in unexpectedly.”

“Your guards?”

“Why yes, you don’t think I would trust your guards. Don’t worry though, they’ll protect you.” She said as she walked out the door leaving him hanging from the rafters.

A few hours later, Domina came back to the Emperor’s room. His body hung limp and sweaty. She walked towards the man with all the

confidence and swagger of a woman who had defeated the ultimate male. "Are you ready to come down now?" she asked.

"Yes, please Domina. Please let me down." he mumbled.

"Who are you?"

He looked down into her big blue eyes. "I am your slave to do as you please." he answered.

"And you accept my complete authority over you?"

"Yes, Domina, I do." he said earnestly.

"Good. I suppose I can let you down." She walked to where the rope was tied to the statue and undid the knot. Marcellus' body came crashing down on the floor. She walked over to the man. "On your knees." she ordered. He struggled to get up, his arms were almost useless at this point. After a short while, he managed to get into a kneeling position. Domina put a foot forward. "Kiss my foot and thank me for allowing you to serve me." Marcellus dropped down and started planting kisses on her foot, thanking her after each kiss. "Now, clean up your mess." she said pointing to the puddle of cum that lay on the floor from his past orgasm. He started to get up but Domina quickly put her foot on his back and pushed him back down. "With your tongue." she ordered.

He looked up at her with dread in his eyes. "Please, Domina. Don't make me do that."

"Shut up!" she barked. "My orders shall not be questioned or hesitated upon. Do I have to beat you again?"

Marcellus slowly crawled over to the cum spot and looked at it with disgust. He looked back at her but she just stared him down. Eventually he gave in and placed his tongue on the floor and began licking his filth. Domina just laughed at how humiliating this was for him. "Look at you, what a pathetic man you are." She walked over to him. "And you think you can rule this kingdom? I think a woman should definitely be in charge, don't you?" she asked, not really expecting him to answer. Once he had lapped up every drop, he lifted his head up for her inspection. She looked down where the puddle used to be and only saw damp stone. Just to make sure, she put her barefoot in it and smeared it across the floor. She lifted her foot up to the kneeling man's face. She didn't even need to ask, he immediately started to lick the bottom of her foot and suck on her toes. Once he finished, she removed her toga and let it drop to the floor. "I think it is time for bed now, don't you?"

"Yes, Domina." he replied as he watched her get on his large bed.

He got up and was going to get in beside her but she quickly interrupted his progress. "No, you will be sleeping on the floor until I tell you otherwise." He nodded his head and laid down on the cool stone. He thought to himself, 'how did this get out of hand? What did he agree to? He was the most powerful man in the world and he gave it all up because she made him horny.' He tried not to think too much about it but it was difficult to get comfortable and he couldn't get his thoughts of her out of his mind. It was going to be a very restless night for him.

The next morning, Domina got up bright and early. She looked down and saw Marcellus curled up on the floor in the fetal position. She knew he probably didn't get too much sleep but it wasn't any concern of hers. He awoke as she got out of bed. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am meeting Katla this morning to discuss some things. I want you to call an emergency Senate meeting this afternoon. I have

something prepared.”

Again, dread filled his mind as he didn't know what she had planned next.

Domina entered Katla's room. “So, how did everything go?” she asked

“Just as we planned. Everything should be ready. Is the Emperor calling a meeting this afternoon?” Katla inquired.

“I told him to call one so, yes, he won't dare disobey me.” She paused for a second and sat down. “Tell me what happened last night.”

“Well,” Katla sat up from her bed. “First, we went over to Horatio's residency. He was not expecting us at all. The guards burst into the room and grabbed him. I swear, he almost pissed himself.” Katla laughed. “I walked in after the guards secured him and I told him that he was no longer going to be Consul to the Emperor. He, of course, put up a fight and argued with us.”

“What did you do?” asked Domina, very excited to hear Katla's retelling of events.

“He was getting kind of annoying so I slapped him across the face, hard.” she enthusiastically said. “I never hit a man before, much less a man of prestige, but it felt so good. I wanted to do it again but I wanted to seem calm and collected. He spat in my face and called me all kinds of names. I thought the guards were going to kill him but they awaited my command. I just told him that he could leave on his own or he could be forced out, it was his choice.”

“Oh my! That is fantastic!” exclaimed Domina. “Then what?”

“He continued calling me names and yelling but I just told a couple of the guards to take him away. Not sure where they took him but, me and the other guards rifled through his belongings, finding several coins and jewels locked away. I just let the guard divide it amongst themselves.”

“Very good! We want to make sure they are happy and that they know it will be profitable to follow us.”

“Yes! That’s exactly what I thought. After we left, we went over to the house of Valerius. He was much more civil but I could see the anger and disappointment in his face. He left voluntarily and I allowed him to take some of his belongings with him.”

“Great! And did you talk with Claudia?” Claudia was the woman the Emperor called to his chambers when Marcellus was supposed to be abstinent. Marcellus, disappointed with her performance, was going to have her killed but Domina and Katla were able to intervene and save her.

“Yes, she is very excited but nervous.”

“Understandable.” Domina said, nodding her head. “She’ll have nothing to worry about. If she follows our lead, she’ll be just fine.”

“I agree.”

The women continued to talk about the previous night, exchanging stories. After a few hours, a guard knocked on the door. When he entered, he informed the ladies that the Emperor had called an emergency Senate meeting for later in the afternoon. Both women bore a huge smile and dismissed the guard.

Later in the day, Marcellus came to Domina and advised that the meeting would start shortly. She told him that she will be there shortly but not to start without her and then dismissed him. She got ready and knew the Emperor would make sure they waited so she took her time. About 30 minutes later, she walked into the Senate Hall. All the Senators were there except for Horatio and Valerius which left two empty seats along the sides of the Emperor. As soon as she entered, the members started grumbling to each other. She stood a few feet away from the doorway and addressed the Senate. "Gentlemen, it looks like the two Consuls, Horatio and Valerius have renounced their titles which leaves two openings. I have two candidates that I believe would be exemplary in these roles. Just then, Katla and Claudia entered the great hall followed by at least 100 of the militia guards. Domina looked at the Emperor seated. "Emperor Marcellus, I believe you will start the vote as to whether they will be elected as the new consuls."

A little frightened to see these two women that he had his way with, the Emperor stood up. "Um, yes, yes, we will take a vote. I personally know these women and I believe they would fare well in these positions. My vote will be 'aye'." Domina nodded to Marcellus in approval. "Gentlemen, please cast your vote." As soon as he said this, the guards lined up behind all the Senators.

The first Senator, Amatus, stood up. "This is outrageous!" I will not be part of electing a woman to the Senate, much less as a Consul." He started to leave but the guards blocked him.

"Sit down!" Domina said sternly. The guards stood their ground and Amatus felt he didn't have any other option but to sit. "Everyone will be present for this vote. Now, what say you Amatus?"

Defiantly, Amatus scowled at Domina. "Nay!" he voted. The guards next to him started to unsheathe their swords but Domina just nodded no. Domina knew there would be some resistance by several Senators but she also knew many would be too scared to

vote against. Although nothing was done, just as she suspected, the other Senators were worried about their vote. After all the votes were cast, Katla and Claudia were elected as the new Consuls by a vote of 220-80. Domina would pay close attention in the future to the 80 that voted against.

After it was decided, Katla and Claudia took their seats beside the Emperor's chair. As Katla sat down, she reached over and took a tight grip on Marcellus' balls. "I will never forget what you did to me that one night in your bed. Believe me, there will be consequences for your actions." She gave him a hard squeeze.

"Yes Ma'am, I understand." he said with a lump in his throat. "I am so sorry about that."

"You will be." she smiled as she let go and leaned back into her chair.

Domina strutted to the front where Marcellus was sitting. "Up" is all she said. Marcellus looked around the room as nobody could believe this young woman was giving him orders. The Senate members showed anticipation as to what the Emperor would do. Would he send her to the prisons? Would he kill her right here in the Hall? Their curiosities came apparent when Marcellus slowly stood up and offered his seat to Domina. Gasps were heard throughout the Hall. They couldn't believe what happened. Marcellus didn't know what to do or where to go. Domina just pushed him behind her. "You will stand in back of me." She instructed as she sat down. She looked to her left at Katla and then to her right at Claudia. She smiled knowing that the 3 most powerful seats in the Senate were now being occupied by women. Things were definitely going to be different for the Roman Empire. She looked out at the crowd of men, "Gentlemen, we may begin."

I would love your feedback and any thoughts you may have. If you enjoyed this story and would like me to continue this as a full book, please write to me at misssamanthastrong@gmail.com

The Modern House Husband

My name is Melissa and my husband and I follow a strict Female Led Relationship. It didn't start out that way but, early on, we came to an understanding that this was what was best for both of us and, later on, our children.

I met my husband, Scott, about 35 years ago. We were both in our early 20's, just a year out of college. A software company hired us around the same time. I was in the Research and Development department and he was starting out as a Quality Assurance Analyst. I first met him at an All Hands Meeting where he was sitting by himself. I thought he was really cute so I took the empty chair next to him. I was fortunate enough to have been born with great beauty. I took care of myself, eating right, going to the gym, practicing yoga, which helped give me a great figure and toned muscles so I had no doubt he wouldn't object to me sitting next to him. We hit it off immediately and began talking during our breaks and even going for walks. At the time, I would say that we were very similar in our technical knowledge and we would have interesting discussions. One difference was that he was quite shy and reserved while I was extremely outgoing and ambitious. After a few weeks of flirting, I was hoping that he would ask me out but he never did. I started to think he wasn't interested but, as I got to know him more, I could tell he was a little intimidated by women. I decided I didn't want to wait any longer for him to gain his confidence so I asked him out to dinner. He gladly accepted and told me he had been wanting to ask me out for weeks but didn't have the courage to do so. I knew right away that I would have to take things into my own hands with this guy. He wasn't what some would call a wimp. He was actually very strong and manly but just lacked self-confidence.

We had our dinner date and it went wonderfully. He was charming, attentive, funny, and very respectful. I knew right away that this was the guy for me as I am very strong willed and needed

someone that wouldn't butt heads with me. I had a strong belief in Matriarchy and truly felt that the world would benefit if more women were in charge. Ever since I was young, I knew that, if I were ever married, I would be the head of the household. That idea grew stronger and stronger as I got older. I didn't need a testosterone filled macho man to try and challenge that belief. I needed someone a little shy, easy going, and even submissive, like Scott was.

I would drop little hints about these beliefs to him but never told him outright. I would regularly be the one to set our dates and we inevitably did what I wanted, when I wanted. When it came to driving, I was the one that was always in the driver's seat. I would have him do small chores for me; pick up my dry cleaning, get me coffee, do my grocery shopping. All these little things were tests to see how he would react and he was doing very well.

As we continued to date, I was quickly falling in love with him. He was handsome and charming, he always put me and my needs first, and I thought he was the perfect man for me. I could tell that he was infatuated with me as well. He was the first to say, 'I love you' and he doted on me with presents quite often. I knew this was going to be something special.

After about seven months of dating, things were going very well. We were spending most of our time together and not once did I feel like I was bored or tired of him. I was slowly molding him into the perfect man for me and he was very agreeable to all that I asked. Our sex life was fantastic. Due to his shyness, he was a little awkward at first but, like in everything else, I took the lead and tried to make him as comfortable as possible. I have a high sex drive and sometimes I felt like I was using him as I usually dictated when and where, with me mostly on top, riding him. Scott was also fairly inexperienced with oral sex as well but I trained him to lick my pussy exactly how I like it and where to pay the most attention to. It was made clear that this is something that was very important to me so I made sure we practiced as much as possible. I felt sorry for him a

couple nights as he pleased me until his tongue and jaw were sore. It all was worth it because he is an expert now and can bring me to orgasm quite quickly.

Things were going well for me at the company as well. I quickly rose up the corporate ladder as I was promoted to Research and Development Manager and, just recently, to Manager of Applications Development where I make over \$150,000 a year. Scott was doing well but not nearly at the rate I was. He hasn't been promoted yet but he did get a raise just recently. I have noticed that, although our knowledge was fairly similar when we first started, Scott seemed to have plateaued while my capacity for learning has exponentially grown. I've actually noticed that fairly often at the company as more and more female workers are rising to the challenge and outperforming and outranking their male counterparts. I did feel a little bad for him but it only reinforced my belief that women were naturally superior. I was thankful that, even when I was making almost three times as much as him, he never felt less of a man. He actually supported me more. There were so many memories that we already created and I knew that I wanted to create more and spend the rest of my life with this man.

One evening, I told Scott to dress up in a suit as I wanted to take him out for a very nice meal at a 5-star restaurant. I made reservations for a quiet table at 7:00 and wanted to look as sexy as possible. I chose to wear a V-neck sleeveless black dress with a plunging back. The fabric was tight around my waist and the hemline was midway down my thighs. I wore sheer black nylons along with 5-inch black stilettos. I looked at myself in the mirror and I had no doubt that Scott would not be able to keep his eyes off of me. I got in the car and picked him up at his small house. He was dressed in a very nice navy-blue suit with a silver tie. He looked amazing and I had a strong urge to jump on him and sit on his face right then and there. I, of course, held back and we drove to the restaurant.

We each had a nice steak dinner with a salad and some sides. I ordered us an expensive bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon. "Here's to us, may we have many more meals like this together." I toasted.

Scott raised his glass, "Indeed! I am so grateful that I met you and I truly hope you feel the same." he said as we clinked glasses.

We each took a sip of the wine and it was well worth the price. I put my glass down and addressed Scott. "Actually, the reason I wanted to bring you here today is to discuss just that." Scott showed that he was intrigued but I could tell he was a little worried. Maybe he thought I was going to break up with him so I wanted to ease his mind right away. "Don't worry, darling, I am not dumping you. Quite the opposite. This past year, I have immensely enjoyed our time together and have never been happier in my life as I am now. I cannot help but think you are the perfect man for me and I would like us to take this to the next step."

Scott blushed a little as I said this. "Awe, sweetie, I feel the same and couldn't agree more. I love you so much. What are you thinking?"

"I love you so much too. I would like to have you as a husband. Would you marry me, Scott?"

Scott immediately got excited. "Oh yes, I would love to marry you!" He seemed a little awe struck at first but then got a little sad.

"What's wrong?" I asked

"Well, it's just that I wish I got the chance to propose to you. You know, the whole engagement ring, me on one knee."

I laughed a little. "Darling, if I would have waited for you to do that, we probably wouldn't get engaged until we were 50."

A smirk came across his face. "Yeah, I guess you're right. I am pretty shy and nervous about stuff like that."

"You think?" I joked. "But that is the other thing I want to talk to you about. I really want you to listen to me and hear what I say before you agree to this marriage."

"Okay, what's going on?" he asked, quite puzzled.

"Well, as you know, I have some strong opinions about a woman's role in the world and how I will not conform to any old stereotypes."

"Of course, I wouldn't expect or want you to."

"But there's actually more to it than that. I strongly believe in female supremacy."

"What do you mean? Like women are superior to men?" he asked, a little concerned.

"Exactly. I believe the world would be much better off if women were in charge. Not only in government but everything else as well."

"Okay" he said slowly. "But you believe men and women are equal, right?"

"Actually, no, I don't. I mean, look at us; we started our jobs at the same time and I have far outperformed you. I outrank you and make a lot more money than you. Also, in our relationship, you can't argue that I have been the leader these past several months. It's not just because of who I am, it's because it is the natural order of things."

He stared at me for a few seconds. "I mean, I guess I can't argue with that. But, does that make you superior to me?"

"Not just that but everything. Name one thing that you are better at than I."

He thought for a moment and was having trouble thinking of anything until he finally spoke up. "Well, probably just being stronger I guess."

"Oh please," I laughed, "you go to the gym like once a month? I go every couple days along with running, yoga, and swimming. Do you honestly think you are stronger? I would challenge you to a wrestling match if that's what you truly believe." she smiled, almost taunting him.

"No, I don't think I would stand a chance. What does this all mean then? Am I not good enough for you?"

I reached my arm out to him and put my hand on his. "Not at all, darling. You are perfect for me. You love me, you take care of me, you support me. That is what I want. That is why I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

"I do too, Melissa. I just don't understand this. Why are you telling me this now?"

"I am telling you because, if you still want to marry me, things will be a little different."

"Different how?"

"First thing, I will not be taking your last name, I will require that you take my name."

Scott thought about this for a while. "I guess that won't be so bad."

"Also, I will be considered the head of this marriage. That means, any major decision will be made by me. I will listen to your opinion and thoughts but, ultimately, the final say will come down to what I think is best. This goes for our jobs, large purchases, where we live, what vacations we go on, and so on."

Scott kind of smirked a little. "I guess you already do that."

She lovingly smiled at him. "I will also take care of all our finances so you won't have to worry about any of that. This will free you up to do more of the cooking, cleaning, and taking care of the house. I also want you to start reading up on Matriarchy, female supremacy, and the evolution of gender roles. I want you to start living these ideals as well." I stopped and waited for his response. When none came, I pushed him for a response. "So, do you still want to marry me?"

He was deep in thought as he processed everything but, finally, he spoke up. "Melissa, I love you more than anything. I know I am not a macho type of guy. I am shy, awkward, and people have treated me like a doormat most of my life. I believe, no, I know that I need a strong woman in my life and I am so grateful that chose me to sit with that first day. So, yes, I will definitely still marry you."

I was so excited that I got up from my chair, walked over to him, and gave him a passionate kiss. "I want to fuck you so bad right now." she whispered in my ear. I quickly called for the check and we went home and had the hottest sex I've ever had.

I always wanted a spring wedding and, since that was only a couple months away, I made all the arrangements as soon as I

could. I made a deal with Scott that I would take care of all the planning for the wedding and he would spend his time reading books about feminism and even joining some woman's studies groups. My plan was to make sure my views were ingrained in him.

Thankfully come spring, everything worked out according to plan and we had a beautiful ceremony. Although, when it came time for the Justice presiding over our wedding to announce us as a married couple, his family and friends were quite shocked when it was my last name that was said. They couldn't believe that he took my name but I was so proud of him when he stood up for both himself and me. He even told one family member that I was the head of the household and the breadwinner so why shouldn't he take my name.

After the ceremony, we went to a fancy hotel still wearing our wedding attire. As soon as we walked into our luxurious room, I gave Scott a passionate kiss and whispered in his ear. "I want you naked and on the bed in 5 minutes." He didn't need any other prompting as he quickly started to undress while I went into the bathroom. In a few minutes, I came out wearing a white corset with a garter belt and white stockings. Scott was sitting on the edge of the bed, his cock already hard with anticipation. I seductively walked over to him, grabbed the sides of his face, and gave him a long, deep kiss. His hands went to my waist and slowly made their way down to my ass, feeling that I wasn't wearing any panties. He felt up and down my whole body as I continued to kiss him. After a while, I pushed him down onto the bed and crawled on top of him. At first, he thought I was going to sit on his cock but I had other ideas. For our first sexual experience as a married couple, I wanted to take complete control and use him. I figured this would help set the tone for how things were going to be; with me on top and him serving my needs. I scooted up his chest further and further until my pussy was pressed up against his chin. I looked down into his eyes. "Now hubby, a couple things I want to set straight right away. My pleasure will always come first and I will expect you to be ready to satisfy me

whenever I feel the urge. You will not have an orgasm before I do unless I allow it, if I even allow it, understood?"

"Yes, Melissa, I understand."

"Good, but now you need to show me you understand." I said as I moved up a little more and placed my pussy right over his mouth. He immediately began flicking his tongue rapidly against my labia just how I taught him. As he was doing that, I slid my hips back and forth, grinding my pussy against his nose and back down to his lips. I grabbed his hair and pulled his head up closer. Next, he focused on my clitoris bringing more and more pleasure. "Ahhh, You are mine!" I growled as I increased the pressure and speed of my hips. A large orgasmic spasm went through my body. I shuddered from the climax but could feel another wave coming on. I looked down at him. "Look at me!" I told him and his eyes opened and looked directly into my eyes. "Who is in charge of this marriage?" I asked. From underneath me, he let out a mumbled 'you are.' "That's right." I purred as I continued to feel immense pleasure rubbing my vagina across his face. My breath started to quicken as I felt another orgasm coming. "You will obey me." I really started to gyrate my hips as fast as I could, not even paying attention to him, only focusing on my own pleasure. "You will serve me!" I gritted my teeth as my own words were getting me hotter and hotter. "Tell me women are superior!" I couldn't make out what he said through his muffled answer. "Say it again, louder!"

"Women are superior." came a muttered cry from underneath me.

"Yes, yes. Say it again!" I screamed and once more he managed a somewhat coherent response as loud as he could. His voice reverberated throughout my groin as I had an explosive orgasm. I sat on him for several minutes while I recovered, my body tired and sweaty. He lay still beneath me, waiting until I allowed his head to be free. I finally got off of him and rolled onto the bed.

I was still breathing heavily, catching my breath, when he spoke up. "Um, Melissa, what about me." he asked, looking down at his still erect cock.

I looked down and was pleased that his dick was still hard as a rock but he wasn't going to get relief tonight. I needed to still prove that it was at my discretion when and how often he would be able to have an orgasm. "Oh darling, I am exhausted. Not tonight." I said as I rolled onto my stomach.

"But Melissa, it's our wedding night," he pleaded.

"I said, not tonight. I don't want to hear any more about it or you'll go the whole honeymoon without cumming." I peeked over at him and could see the disappointment in his face. "I'll tell you what. You can get your mind off of it by giving me a nice massage." When Scott didn't respond right away, I became a little more forceful. "Do I need to repeat myself? Give me a massage, now!" Soon I felt his hands on my shoulders. I reached around and undid the clasps to my corset, exposing my bare back. He moved his hands down the muscles of my back, massaging every inch thoroughly. He moved his hands down and was tenderly rubbing my perfectly toned ass. "Kiss it." I ordered and he leaned over and started planting kisses all over. While he was kissing each ass cheek, he stopped his massage. "Keep massaging. Massage and kiss, massage, and kiss." I instructed. He did as instructed and made his way down to my thighs simultaneously kneading my muscles and worshiping my body. By the time he got to my stocking tops, I was getting horny again. I reached my arm underneath me and started playing with my clit, working myself up to yet another orgasm. "Keep going, don't stop." He felt up and down the silky nylons, not missing a single spot with his kisses. Aside from his touch, just the thought that I was forcing this man to forgo his own pleasure to give me a massage and another orgasm was turning me on even more. By the time he reached my feet, I was enjoying my third orgasm of the night.

Once he heard my climax pass, he moved up the bed. "Darling, may I at least masturbate?" he asked.

I thought it was so cute of him to ask permission but I had to set the ground rules early. "I'm sorry sweetie, not tonight. I really don't want you masturbating anymore." He looked very disappointed but I knew he had to come to terms with it so I wasn't going to give in to him. "Get some sleep, we have to get up early to catch our flight for our honeymoon. I'm sure you'll get what you want then." I said as I tapped his erection.

We had a wonderful honeymoon in Hawaii. It was a full week of relaxation on the beach, going out to eat and for drinks, and plenty of sex....at least for me. I did allow Scott to have intercourse twice during the trip but, other than that, he mainly focused on my pleasure. I made him go down on my well over 15 times throughout the honeymoon. Although he was frustrated quite a bit, we did have a wonderful time together.

When we arrived back home, I knew it was time to start setting some rules in place. As soon as we stepped inside my house, I sat down on the couch and instructed him to unpack the suitcases and start a load of laundry. Then I advised him that, once it was completed, to come sit down to go over a few things.

I proceeded to list what was expected of him now that he was my husband. "Alright Scott, now that we are married, I have certain expectations as the head of this household. I will go over these but I don't want to be interrupted. If you have any questions about them, you will need to wait until I am finished. Understand?"

"Yes, I completely understand." Scott replied as he began to intently listen.

“First off, I will be in charge of all finances. Tomorrow morning, we will go to the bank and have all of your accounts transferred into my name. We will also change your direct deposit at work into my account. I know this means you won’t have money or a debit card so I will give you an allowance each month for you to buy any essentials. Anything beyond essentials, you must ask permission before you make a purchase. Since I am the breadwinner, I will determine what is needed. I will also have the right not to discuss purchases with you. For instance, if you need a new shirt, we’ll discuss it and I must approve that before you buy it but, if I want to get a new car, I don’t need to discuss it with you.” I paused to make sure he was listening and understanding each word. “Also, I assume you know we will be living in my house as it is much nicer so, tomorrow we will also put your house up for sale. And, of course, whatever is profited will go into my account.” Again, I stopped and was pleased that he seemed to be very accepting of this, not that he had a choice.

I went on to give the remaining rules as follows.

1. All housework was to be done by Scott. He will dust, mop, vacuum, and scrub every room of the house. I will provide a list of chores that need to be done each day and will expect his work afterwards. He will also do all the laundry. This will include my delicates; panties, bras, nylons, and lingerie which will be hand washed.
2. Most of the yard work will be done by professional landscapers but, anything that will require our time, will be done by Scott which may include mowing the lawn, watering plants, trimming bushes, etc.
3. Unless I want to prepare something or I decide we will go out to eat, all cooking will be done by Scott.
4. I will have final say on all decisions, this includes any major or minor decisions. Scott may give his input and opinion but it will ultimately be what I decide.

5. I will not have my husband getting soft and fat so Scott must adhere to a strict diet. This not only means no fast food but no red meat, chips or unhealthy snacks, soda or sugary drinks, or candy. He may have a glass of wine if permitted but, other than that, no alcohol shall be consumed.
6. Sex will be for my pleasure and on my terms. If I want or need him to pleasure me, he must stop what he is doing and get to the task at hand. I may have multiple orgasms each day but we may not have intercourse for long stretches of time which means he would go without an orgasm until the next time we have sex. Masturbation is strictly prohibited.

After I thoroughly explained these rules to him, I waited to see his reaction and if he had any questions before I got to the last rule. "Now Scott, does any of this seem confusing or worrisome to you?"

He had a very concerned look on his face as he went over all the rules in his head. "I understand everything Melissa and I know you are quite busy with your job so it is understandable that I would do the housework. I also understand that you make most of the money so, I agree, you should definitely be in charge of the finance and have the final say in decisions. But, well, I don't know."

"What is it, Scott? Tell me."

"It's just that it's a lot. Believe me, I look at myself as the inferior partner in this marriage and I will look at you for guidance but I don't know if I will be able to follow all these rules."

I put my hand on his leg, trying to ease his mind. "I know it's a lot but if you really support female supremacy, you will really want to try your hardest to follow these rules."

“Oh no,” He put his hand on top of mine. “I do believe it and I will try my hardest to please you and be a good husband to you. I guess I am just afraid that I won’t be able to do it all.”

“That is totally understandable and, I agree, it will be difficult. That’s why I have one more rule which will hopefully give you some incentive to learn quickly.”

A gleam of excitement came across his face but I knew he would be disappointed. “The final rule is that I will have the right to punish you for any misbehavior or unsatisfactory work.”

“Punish me!? He quickly pulled his hand away from mine. “What do you mean?”

“Well, that will be at my discretion. It could mean a smaller allowance for the month, an extra week or so without sex, or it may be something like a spanking.”

“A spanking? You gotta be joking.”

“If it is needed, yes.”

Scott stood up a little upset about this. “I am not a child. You don’t have to punish me if I do something wrong. I have been very accepting of all of this and have agreed to everything you asked of me but this is too much Melissa. I am going to take a shower.” He turned and started to walk away.

“Stop right there!” I yelled at him. He stopped right before he left the living room but didn’t turn around to face me but I continued to speak. “You say you are not a child but you sure are acting like one now, throwing a tantrum over some rules. Get over here.” I demanded but when he didn’t move, I got quite angry. “Now!” I growled. After a few seconds, he timidly turned around and walked

back over to me. As soon as he got close enough, I reached forward and grabbed his ear, pulling him close to me. "This is exactly the type of behavior I will not tolerate. Take off all of your clothes, right now." I commanded as I let go of his ear. With a little fear in his eyes, he took off his shirt and pulled down his pants. He stood in just his underwear and looked at me. I looked down at his boxers and nodded to him, indicating that he needed to pull them down as well. Once he was fully naked in front of me, I gave him his next order. "Now, get over my knee, this will be your first lesson." Reluctantly, he slowly bent over and laid down on my lap. I repositioned myself so his cock slid between my thighs. His hands were holding himself up on one side of me while his toes were touching the ground on the other. I proceeded to slap his ass, causing a red handprint on his pale bottom. "You shall not question me, ever." I slapped him a couple more times across his ass. "I am the authority in this marriage and you will not challenge my decisions." I continued to spank him with my bare hand. His butt was becoming a bright red hue. "Any task I give you must be completed without delay and to my standards." I was ruthless as my hand came down on him over and over. He actually started to whimper under my assault but what really shocked me was that his cock began to grow between my thighs. He was in pain but his cock deceived him. He couldn't help but get turned on by being disciplined by a member of the superior gender. "You like this. You like being at the mercy of a strong woman, don't you?"

Through tears in his eyes he whimpered, "No, I don't. Please stop. I am so sorry, you are right, I shouldn't have questioned you."

"The erection between my legs tells me differently." I said as I continued spanking him.

"I can't help it, Melissa. I don't like this. Seriously, I am so sorry." he continued to cry.

“Say you like it. Say that you love being spanked by a superior female.” I paused for a bit so he could admit it but, when I didn’t hear anything right away, I threw several quick, hard smacks on his ass.

“Okay, okay, I like it.”

“Good, now say you are inferior to me and, as my husband, you are here to serve me.”

“I am inferior to you, Melissa. Please, I am here to serve you.”

I was happy with his response and believed he learned his lesson but I really wanted to drive it home, make sure he understood that there was no doubt I was the boss. I carried on with the spanking for several more minutes, ignoring his cries. I only stopped because my hand was starting to get sore. Once I finished, I pushed him off of me and he fell to the floor like a sack of potatoes. “Now, who is in charge here?” I asked him.

“You are Melissa, I’ll do whatever you say.”

“Good, you can start by kissing my feet and thanking me for correcting your behavior.” He immediately started kissing the tops of my feet, thanking me. I leaned back and relished in my power. I let him kiss my feet for a few minutes before I sent him off to take a shower.

Over the next several months I spent a lot of time training Scott and molding him into the perfect man. At first, he had a difficult time remembering all the rules and maintaining the house to my standards. The punishments were quite often and, depending on what he did wrong, quite severe. There were many nights he went to bed with tears in his eyes and to work the next day having difficulty sitting but he was accepting his role. As I promised, all of his assets

were transferred into my name so, technically, he didn't have a dime to his name. I did give him an allowance of \$50 a week which I thought was generous given that I paid for mostly everything. It did give him a chance to store some money away for birthday and Christmas presents though.

Our sex life was amazing. Almost every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, I had Scott between my legs. He has become an expert with his tongue and I have trained him to drop to his knees and start orally pleasuring me at the snap of my finger. We did have normal sexual intercourse as well but it was only a couple times a month. I always felt that Scott was much more attentive when he hasn't had an orgasm for a while. I did have to get a little strict with him as, in the beginning, he was non-stop asking for sex. I was getting a little sick of it so I advised him that if he kept asking, I would lock him up in chastity. That put an end to his whining very quickly. I think that has been the hardest thing for him; to come to terms with the fact that sex is all about my pleasure and not his. Any orgasm he gets should be looked at as a present while my orgasms are mandatory.

One thing that made me really proud of Scott was that he really adopted the female supremacy ideology. Not only in our marriage but outside as well. He was constantly putting women first and supporting women's rights. In fact, shortly after our one-year anniversary, there was a promotion available in his department for Quality Assurance Manager. There were 8 QA Engineers on the team and it was male dominated. There was only one female on the team, Heather, who recently started a little over 6 months prior. She was only 22 years old but Scott informed me that she was very smart and picked up everything very quickly. Scott was a hardworking, loyal employee and, with over 4 years of experience in the company, was their first choice for the manager position. After discussing it with me, Scott decided to turn down the offer and put in a strong argument as to why they should promote Heather. A week later, Heather became Scott's new boss. Although it would have been nice

to have the extra money, we really didn't need it and it really pleased me that Scott was really empowering young women. He also told me that he felt Heather would be much better at it than him and that he felt more comfortable reporting to a woman than a man.

Our marriage ran very smoothly over the next year. We never argued since it was already predetermined that what I decided was law. I eventually became a senior manager at our company and Scott, even though he didn't get any promotions, he was much happier working for Heather. She was doing a marvelous job and eventually we became friends. I invited her to our house and Scott would cook dinner. I was very open to her about the dynamic of our marriage and she was very intrigued. We discussed it in detail while Scott would serve us. Even though Scott and I worked at the same company, I rarely ever saw him. I thought it would be beneficial if I had someone there to keep tabs on him. I asked Heather if this was something she would be willing to do and she thought it was an excellent idea and would be more than happy to help. We went over all of the details of what I expected of him, what I wanted from her, and even the possibility of her punishing Scott for any infractions. We talked about this all the while Scott was sitting silently listening to us. We didn't need his input or opinion. We were two smart, capable women and we knew what was best for him.

Our arrangement worked out well. I was able to keep track of Scott and how he was doing at work and Heather felt even more empowered as his manager. She became very strict with him and punished him for any mistake or error he made for his job. A lot of times the punishments were having him work late to correct anything he did wrong, do the menial work nobody wanted to do, or just run errands for her. She did end up spanking him once but felt a little awkward doing so.

Eventually, that arrangement would end as I wanted to start a family and felt that it was time. We were both 29 years old and I didn't want to start too late. It didn't take us too long to get pregnant

and I had our son, Leo, shortly after I turned 30 years old. I didn't want to send our child to a daycare so I made Scott quit his job and stay home. When Leo was 3, I got pregnant again and this time it was a girl, Ashley. Scott was an excellent father and I didn't have to worry about a thing. He took care of the children and cleaned the house while I was at work and then made everyone dinner by the time I got home.

As the kids got a little older, I knew I needed to figure out some rules. We both wanted to raise our children understanding the importance of the feminism and to adopt the Matriarchal values we believed in so much but I wanted them to also have a fun childhood. When they were young, I thought it was important for them to see our family dynamic and mimic it as close as possible. Leo would have chores with dad where he helped clean, do laundry, and help with cooking. It was paramount for Scott to show him what 'men's work' was and for him to adopt this behavior at an early age. As for Ashley, I wanted her to focus a lot of her time on her schoolwork. We would practice math, science, and computer skills quite often and I wanted her interested in reading so I gave her an allowance based on how many books she read. Since we didn't deviate from these tasks, both Leo and Ashley grew up thinking it was normal for boys to do the housework and girls work on their knowledge.

When Ashley turned 10, I thought it was good to give her more responsibilities within the household. It was time for her to move up in what I called our 'family ranking,' where I am at the top with Scott below me and then the children. Now, I put Ashley above our son Leo. Even though Leo was 13 at the time, Ashley was now allowed to give Leo extra chores, order him to do things for her, and even punish his misbehaviors in a reasonable manner. She still needed to listen to Scott and I and we could discipline her if she misbehaved but Leo needed to follow her rules just as if it were us.

At first, I was a little anxious wondering if she would take advantage of the situation but, because she was raised to be a

smart, responsible young girl, she conducted herself in a very adult manner. She would inspect Leo's cleaning and keep an eye on his behavior which helped take some of the burden off of me. If Leo didn't do something correctly or disrespected her in any way, she would usually punish him by making him clean something again, not let him go out with his friends, or even make him pay some of his allowance to her.

A few times, when Leo annoyed her or was acting up, she doled out harsh punishments and spanked him but I never interfered. I told myself that, if it ever got to be too much, I would step in and contradict her but I never had to. I was so proud of her and knew she would grow into a strong, dominant, and successful woman. Several times Leo came to me complaining that he didn't like the way Ashley was treating him or that the punishment was too much but I would calmly explain the proper place of a man and, as he was becoming a man, he needed to know that women are in control. Scott also talked to him explaining that it was a man's job to serve women and listen to their rules. I knew it could be difficult for him but he understood and accepted it. And really, Leo and Ashley had a great relationship.

When Ashley turned 13, I thought it was time to give her even more responsibilities. She grew in maturity very quickly and I decided that she would now be on the same level as Scott. This meant that Scott could no longer tell her what to do or discipline her in any way. If they disagreed on something, they would both come to me and I would make a resolution. Also, when it came to family decisions, it no longer was just me and Scott discussing it, Ashley now could join in the conversation and help me come to the appropriate conclusion. My goal was to empower Ashley to make well informed decisions and feel that her voice was heard and appreciated. She had to know that her opinion was important and to trust herself. I also wanted her to feel that no matter the age difference, she could be at the same level or higher than any man, including her father.

Even though Scott wasn't sure of this situation at first, he learned that Ashley brought some very good ideas and points that he never thought of before. He started accepting Ashley as his equal and let her take the lead when it came to certain aspects of the household. There were times when it was hard for him and he was frustrated but he knew, in the long run, it was a smart move. To help him understand this, I quite often sided with Ashley in their minor disputes just to show him his place.

One thing that really showed me her growth and responsible nature was when she told Leo that he needed to find a job shortly after he turned sixteen. She even helped him find a job that she felt he would excel at. Ironically, she ultimately decided he would get a job at a local restaurant as a part-time waiter. Since Leo was used to helping in the kitchen and taking orders, he was perfect for the job. He also was a very respectful and courteous teenager so he received a lot of good tips. Instead of spending it on silly things that teens usually spent their money on, Ashley made him give her his paycheck and she helped him invest it. I thought it was cute, and maybe a little funny, when she told him that she would charge him a fee for managing his money. He was thankful though because, by the time he graduated high school, he had almost \$10,000 saved up.

The next step was when Ashley turned 16. At this point, she has proven herself to be a responsible, strong young woman. She was at the top of her class in almost every subject. She was a member of the student council and was in several clubs and sports. She was able to balance her activities with her academics extremely well and allotted herself quite a bit of free time. I decided that she would now be above Scott in decision making in our little 'family ranking.' When it came to a family decision, I would look to her first for her input, leaving both Scott and Leo out of the conversation. Once we came to a mutual decision, we would then bring in Scott to get any opinion he might have. The majority of the time this was for show as we already made up our minds and just wanted Scott to feel he still

could give his thoughts. Although, many times we didn't include him at all and just went with the decision that was made between us women.

There were several other factors that came with Ashley moving ahead of Scott. One was, now that she was 16, she could drive. I bought her a new car; one that was safe, economical, yet was stylish enough for a sixteen-year-old. I didn't want three cars in our driveway so we sold Scott's car. Ashley was now in charge of the 2nd car and Scott would either have to ask Ashley permission to drive it or ask her for a ride if he ever needed to go anywhere. It wasn't too much of a hassle as Scott really only went to the grocery store by himself.

Another factor was that Ashley could now give orders to her father. She would monitor his cleaning to make sure he was doing everything properly and would give him assignments or have him do specific tasks for her. Scott could not argue with her or disobey her in any way. If he did, she was allowed to punish him however she saw fit. Scott was a good husband and an excellent father. He knew his place and was always respectful so there weren't too many opportunities for Ashley to punish him. I wanted her to feel empowered to do so and, on a couple occasions, I gave Scott a list of chores that I knew were impossible to finish just so it gave Ashley the chance to feel comfortable enforcing her authority over him. At first, she was a little shy about it and doled out very light punishments. I took her aside and explained that being easy on him wasn't doing him any favors. He would think that he could get away with things and even become lazy. I told her she needed to be strict with him. He needed to fear her a little bit. I went on to explain to her that, even though he is her father, he is still a man and must do what his superiors tell him. She adopted that principle very quickly and wasn't afraid to punish Scott for any little mishap. In fact, one day, when Ashley was 18 and a senior in high school, I came home from work and Scott was in the laundry room, hanging up some of mine and Ashley's nylons. His eyes were very red and puffy and he was

sniffing a little. I walked into the room and asked what was wrong. He said that he accidentally put a run in one of Ashley's nylons and she ended up spanking him pretty harshly. I unintentionally let out a small laugh to which he gave me a sad look. "I'm sorry honey, it's just a little humorous that our sixteen-year-old daughter made you cry. I should be more sympathetic but you did ruin her nylons so she had every right to do so. Did she hurt you badly?" I asked.

"Yes, it was very painful and now she is making me rewash all of hers and your nylons," he said, still sniffing.

"Well, good for her. I'm glad she didn't let you get away with that." I said as I took a look at the pile of pantyhose and stockings laid out on the floor for him to still wash. "And did you thank her for correcting you?" I questioned, making sure he was being respectful of her authority.

"No, I'm sorry. Once she finished spanking me, she stormed off and I didn't have a chance."

I was not pleased with this as he knows that he needs to thank me whenever I correct his behavior and he should know that the same applies for Ashley. We would definitely discuss this later but I thought he's been punished enough for now. "I want you to go to her and thank her, right now." I ordered and then, for good measure, I added, "I would offer to buy her another pair, or two to compensate for your carelessness."

"Yes, ma'am" he meekly said as he put down the pair of stockings he was currently washing and headed to her room. I followed behind just to make sure he was thankful and respectful. He knocked on the door and waited until she let him know he could enter. Once he did, she was sitting on her bed reading a book. "Ashley, again, I wanted to apologize for my negligence when washing your things. I will definitely be more careful from now on. I also wanted to thank you

for correcting me and showing me that I need to be more attentive when handling your stuff.”

Ashley put down her book. “I appreciate that and I am happy to hear that you understand how important it is to do your chores with care. But, it still doesn’t forgive the fact that you ruined a pair of my stockings.”

“Yes, I know and I will not only replace the pair that I wrecked but also another pair to hopefully make up for it.”

She got up from her bed. “That would be nice.” She walked over to her computer and went on the Welford Shop website. “Here,” she said as she was scrolling through the images and put two items in her cart “You can get me these two pairs.” she said as she showed Scott her cart. One pair cost \$46 and the other cost \$75.

Scott couldn’t believe nylons cost so much. He did the math in his head and realized that he did not have the \$121 to buy them. He turned to me, “Honey, I don’t have enough money to buy them. Could you get them for her?”

I quickly commented to him that this was his responsibility and he needed to pay for them himself. Ashley jumped in, “Don’t worry, I will buy them now and you can pay me back when you have the money.” I actually gave Ashley a larger allowance than Scott since she was a teenager and needed to spend time with her friends. She also had savings from when she was charging her brother for managing his finances. Before she clicked the ‘buy’ button on her screen, she turned to Scott. “Just to let you know, I will loan you the \$120 now but there will be interest. I will expect you to pay me \$175 back next month.” I chuckled at this as I knew Scott was trapped and couldn’t decline her offer. She was very good with money and was quite shrewd. Scott would have to pay her almost his whole allowance next month which wouldn’t leave him any money for

anything else. I am sure if he didn't pay her, the interest would go up even higher.

Since that day, Scott has been extra careful around Ashley and, I must say, a little fearful at what this young woman was capable of. As for me, I was very proud of her for how she handled the situation and knew that she would have no problem making an impact on this world.

As the years went by, both our children ended up doing very well for themselves. Leo went to school to become a nurse and he is working at a local hospital. He met a doctor at the hospital named Cynthia and they ended up getting married. I fell in love with Cynthia right from the beginning. She was smart, sophisticated, beautiful, and generally a lovely person and, it didn't hurt to have a doctor in the family now. She was very impressed with how Leo was brought up and she really enjoyed the fact that he was not only willing to do all the housework but also enjoyed doing it. She definitely wore the pants in the family and I helped guide her on how I ran my household.

Ashley ended up going to Harvard and then Law School there as well. She became a high-profile lawyer in New York and, after only being there a couple years, was on track to become a partner. Due to the fact that she lives in New York, we only see her a couple times a year but she would call every week to let me know what was going on with her life. Because she was successful and extremely beautiful, she had many suitors but she has been dating a man, Jeremy, for a couple years who is a software developer. She was quickly grooming him to be a house husband just like Scott. She was going to be a lot stricter than I was and I knew that Jeremy was going to have his work cut out for him.

As for me and Scott, once the children left the house, we had to go back to life without kids. Scott still did all of the housework and I started doing a bi-weekly punishment session in which I would go

over everything that he did wrong in the past couple days and then bend him over my knee to administer the appropriate punishment. He also started a part time job at a non-profit battered women's center. We didn't need the money and it didn't pay too well but I knew he was doing something good for the community. The extra cash was nice as well; a woman can never have too many shoes to buy.

Overall, being in a female led marriage has been great. Scott and I never fight or argue, we have a wonderful sex life, and each of us knows and respects our roles in the relationship. Our children are doing extremely well in life. They live happy and fulfilled lives being exposed to a female dominated family. I feel that they will both be very prepared for the future as more and more women are taking over households, the job market, politics, and even sports. They both understand that the world will be better off when females are running it and they are doing everything in their power to make this a reality sooner than later.

I would love your feedback and any thoughts you may have. If you enjoyed this story and would like me to continue this as a full book, please write to me at misssamanthastrong@gmail.com

The Roommate

It was moving day for me as I stood in the kitchen of my new home, watching the movers bring in the furniture. I was going through a nasty divorce with my wife, Victoria, and I needed a new place to live. I didn't want to leave my house but I couldn't stand being under the same roof with that woman. Victoria and I were no longer on speaking terms and we let our lawyers work everything out. It looked like it was going to be a long, drawn-out affair so I ended up looking for a decent size house that was on the other side of the city from her. I was the CEO of a small tech company and could luckily afford two mortgages. We did have one child together, Jamie, who just graduated high school and was off to college. She saw the signs years ago so it was never a surprise to her.

After the movers left, I started to unpack my boxes and slowly put some things away. As I was doing so, I noticed that the place looked so large and empty. I originally thought it was a good idea to get a 3 bedroom house so I could have an extra room for an office and a spare room just in case Jamie wanted to stay but now I didn't know if I really needed something this size, especially since most of my stuff was still at my old house and I didn't know when I would actually be able to claim it. Even though I worked a lot, I could tell it would be lonely so I decided to hook up my computer and put an ad out to possibly look for a roommate. I began typing a modest message:

Recently divorced, 42-year-old male looking for a quiet roommate. Must not be into partying, drugs, or any illegal activity. You will have your own room and bathroom along with free access to most of the house as I am at work quite often. I am hopefully looking for someone that shares the same interests as me and a person who could possibly be a friend. Rent will be \$1000 a month which will include all utilities and internet. Message Michael if you are interested.

I read it over to make sure it sounded good. I've never put an ad out like this before and wanted to make sure I wouldn't get any weirdos. I really didn't need the money but thought it may be a little beneficial to have someone to help pay for the new house. I hit send and got back to unpacking.

Over the next several days, I received a handful of messages. Some I could tell right away wouldn't work out but there were about 5 people that I thought might be good prospects. They were all men, similar to me in age except for one woman who was in her early 20's. I normally would want neither a female roommate nor someone so young but she was very respectful in her email and promised she was quiet and didn't party. I wrote each of them back, thanking them for their response and set times for them to come look at the place on Saturday. I wanted to get everyone in on the same day and make a decision as soon as possible. If nobody felt like a good match, I would just live by myself, it wasn't a big deal to me.

When Saturday came, I made sure the house was clean and in good condition. I wanted it to be very appealing to the applicants as well as show them that I like to keep the house looking tidy all the time. The first two men were nice but I knew right away it wouldn't work out. They either didn't have much in common with me or they looked like they could be a little messy. The next two men were much more of what I had in mind. They were both my age, enjoyed similar activities, and constantly reinforced the idea that they were clean and quiet. One guy in particular, Luke, seemed like a person I could be good friends with. I pretty much guaranteed him that the room was his but I had one more applicant to show the place to. I told him I would get back to him later today.

The next appointment was the only woman, Emma. Even though I knew I would probably give the room to Luke, I thought it would be rude to cancel Emma's appointment. The doorbell rang right on time and I opened the door. Before me stood a gorgeous, young woman.

She had long, wavy reddish-brown hair, medium sized breasts, a narrow waist, and long, shapely legs. She looked stunning, wearing a dark red silk blouse that showed plenty of cleavage. She also wore tight leather pants that came down just above her ankles along with black nylons and red stiletto heels. I was taken aback a little and stood gawking at her before she broke my spell. "You must be Michael?" she smiled.

"Uh, oh yes!" I exclaimed. "And you must be Emma?"

"I am!" she replied, still showing a big smile on her face.

"Come, come, let me show you around." I guided her through the house showing her everything I could. As she looked around, I kept staring at her ass and legs whenever the opportunity presented itself. I also was fixated on her shiny red stilettos. I always had a thing for women in nylons and heels. At my company, I made sure that we didn't adopt a casual workplace environment. One of the reasons being, was that many of the women would wear heels to work and I always enjoyed it. I guess you could say I had a fetish but I never let it get the better of me.

I ended up giving her a much longer tour than the other guys but I didn't want her to leave. As we finished, she told me that she loved the place and really would like to take the room if I accepted. In the back of my mind, I knew I should just go with Luke but I couldn't control myself and I told her right away that the room was hers if she wanted it. She cheered, "Oh, thank you!" and then gave me a big hug. I instantly felt an erection growing in my pants so I broke the hug off fairly quickly but kept my hands on her arms.

"You're very welcome." I said as I myself was very happy. "You can move in whenever you are ready."

Within a week, Emma was all moved in. I took some time off from work to help her but she really didn't have that much stuff, enough to fill her room and that's about it. While helping, we talked a lot about our hobbies, food we liked, and our personal lives. I found out that she just graduated college with a business degree and, although she was working for a bank at the moment, she was in search of a new job. I told her all about my messy divorce and how it was lasting a lot longer than I hoped for. I told her about my daughter and my wishes of reconnecting with her more in the future. Overall, I was incredibly pleased with my choice to have her as a roommate and I thought we would get along very well. I just needed to get past the fact that I was very attracted to her. I found out that that wouldn't be easy as she would dress somewhat provocatively for work, always wearing one of many stilettos she owned. I found myself thinking about her while I was at work and I would be very anxious to come home and see her.

One Saturday, she had to go to work for a couple hours which meant I had the entire house to myself. I was doing a little bit of cleaning and noticed that her bed wasn't made. I thought I would be nice and make it for her. As I finished, I turned and saw her collection of high heels in the closet. Something in my mind told me to just leave the room but I was compelled to open the closet door fully and admire them. I took out a black leather heel and began studying it, getting hard just looking at it, thinking of Emma's foot slowly sliding in and out. I then took out another shoe, this time the red ones she wore when she first came to see the house. My thoughts went back to that moment, seeing her in these shoes, and I could feel my cock growing. I don't know what caused me to do this but I then placed my nose inside the shoe and began sniffing the intoxicating aroma of her foot mixed with the leather smell of the shoe. I wanted to touch myself but, all of a sudden, I heard "What are you doing?!"

I froze for a second before my body went into panic mode and quickly put her shoe back and tried to get up. "Uh, nothing, I....I just

was, um, looking at your shoes. What are you doing back so quickly?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"I forgot my keycard for work. Were you sniffing my shoes?"

"What?" I asked, looking back at the closet of shoes. "No, I just, I just wanted to see them."

"Sure," she said with a knowing smirk as she went to her dresser and grabbed her card. "I gotta go but don't play with my shoes when I am gone." She didn't give me a chance to acknowledge her as she walked out the room and out the front door. I was so embarrassed that I even thought about kicking her out. I came to my senses though and thought that might not be a wise move. I hoped that she would forget about it as I felt like the biggest loser.

Over the next couple weeks, I was thankful that she never brought it up again. She did, however, wear her heels a lot more and dress a little sexier around the house. A couple times, when we were watching a movie or tv together, she would kick off her heels, put her nylon covered feet on my lap, and just say 'rub them' almost as if it was an order. One time as I was making dinner, she was sitting at the kitchen table reading a book. Her legs were crossed and she was bouncing her leg up and down with her heel just hanging on by her toe. I couldn't help but stare. Eventually, the shoe dropped off her foot. Emma pulled her head away from the book then looked at her foot and the shoe on the ground. She then looked up at me as I continued to stare. "Can you be a sweetie and put my shoe back on?" she asked. She knew what she was doing as it turned me on so much. "Sure, I suppose" I said trying not to sound too excited but, deep down, I was elated. I walked over and knelt down to pick up her shoe. I grabbed a hold of her soft, silky foot encased in pantyhose and slowly guided her toes into the opening of the shoe. As I slid it further onto her foot, I heard the rustle of the stilettos' edges rub up against her nylons and wanted to masturbate right there at her feet. I wiggled the shoe a bit to get her heel in

place. I stayed down a bit longer, not wanting to get up but knew I couldn't linger too long. "You are so kind, Michael. Thank you!" she purred to me.

"Oh, not a problem." I said as I got up and returned to making dinner. She knew her little teasing was driving me crazy but she continued to torture me. I was constantly in a state of arousal when I was home and sometimes even at work when I thought about her. I jacked off like I was a teenager just imagining her in my mind. As a CEO of a company, I was used to being in control and I never let my emotions or lust get to me but this was different. Little did I know, the worst was yet to come.

About a month after my little shoe sniffing incident, Emma and a couple of her friends decided to go on a week-long vacation to Florida. The first day she was gone, it was a bittersweet because I liked having the house to myself a bit and I didn't have to worry about her constant teasing. On the other hand, I still was thinking about her and missed seeing her beautiful body all dressed up. The next day, as I was sitting around the house, I had the urge to touch myself. Although, in my head I knew I shouldn't go into her room, I really wanted to masturbate thinking of her while looking at her sexy shoes. I knew she was gone and there would definitely not be a surprise pop in from her so I went into her room and opened up her closet to unveil her collection of heels. I pulled out a couple pairs and began sniffing the inside, smelling her sweet aroma. My cock was getting hard as my thoughts lingered to that moment, being on my knees putting her shoe on. I went to the bathroom and got some tissues as I didn't want to leave a mess or any trace that I was there. I pulled down my pants and began stroking as I would inhale and kiss her shoe. Once I was finished, I wiped her shoes clean, put them back, and made sure I left no evidence of what I did.

The next day I went even further. Not only did I take her shoes out again but I went into her hamper and pulled out a pair of used nylons and panties. Again, I masturbated while fondling, smelling, and

kissing her shoes and undergarments. After I finished, I once again cleaned up everything but I felt like a terrible pervert. I was unsettled by the way I was acting and needed to put an end to it. I either had to regain my self-control or, unfortunately, tell Emma that she couldn't stay with me anymore. Over the next four days I really thought it over and came to the conclusion that I couldn't control or behave myself around her and she needed to go. I didn't want to kick her out but I felt, for my sake, it was the best option. Her plane was arriving at 5:00 so she would be back at the house around 5:30 which gave me a couple hours to prepare how I was going to tell her she needed to move out.

I was sitting on the couch when I saw her car pull up in the driveway. I was really nervous to speak with her, my knee was bouncing a mile a minute and my hands were sweating and trembling. 'Get a hold of yourself' I thought to myself. 'You run a major company; you shouldn't be nervous about this.' But, to tell you the truth, I was so afraid of her reaction and the thought of never seeing her again.

She opened the door and I greeted her. "Hey there! How was your vacation?"

"It was fine." she replied coolly. She didn't seem in a good mood, which I didn't know was better or worse for the news I was going to give her. "How was your time alone?" she asked.

"It was nice, a little relaxing I suppose." I said. I paused for a moment and swallowed hard. "Listen, I need to talk with you about something."

"Alright, why don't we sit on the couch?" She put her bags down and walked over to the sofa in the living room.

I sat next to her, stealing a glimpse of her tan legs and feet in sandals. "Before I start, I want you to know this has nothing to do with you." I was visibly anxious and gathered myself. "I've been doing a lot of thinking while you were away and I, uh, I think it is best that you move out." I waited for a reaction but she just stared at me stone faced. I felt obliged not to have silence so I continued to natter on. "You have been a great roommate but, with everything going on with my divorce and all, I just think it would be best if I spent more time alone." Again, she didn't say anything. "I'm sorry to do this to you."

She finally broke her silence. "I don't think you'll be kicking me out anytime soon." She pulled out her phone, swiped through a couple things, and showed me. I was shocked at what I saw. It was me masturbating in her room. "You see, shortly after I caught you sniffing my shoes, I put in a small camera just in case anything like that happened again." I sat in horror as I watched the video of myself. "Oh, that's not all," she swiped her phone to pull up the next video. "Here you are again, this time with my panties and stockings." She put her phone back in her bag and looked at me. "You see, I will not be leaving this house. In fact, I think some things may need to change around here. We wouldn't want these videos to go out to your wife's lawyer, would we?" She said, smiling in a deviant fashion.

I was still in a stupor from seeing these videos of me degrading myself. "What...what do you want Emma?"

She tilted her head back and put her finger to her chin, tapping it slightly. "Hmmm, let's see. First of all, I think you will be doing all the cleaning and housework. That includes keeping my room clean and doing my laundry each day. That way you can play with my underwear every single day."

"Please, I begged. Just delete the video. I won't ever do it again, I swear." I pleaded with her. "You can definitely stay here."

“I already gave you one chance but you couldn’t control yourself. And of course, I can stay here. In fact, I really don’t think I should even have to pay rent to a pervert like you anymore. I’ll be living in this house for free from now on.”

“Please don’t do this to me, Emma.” I begged, not knowing how I could get out of this.

“It’s already done so stop complaining. And, if you think of trying to delete the video from my phone, I already sent it to my friends for safe keeping.” I just sat there in disbelief. There was no way that I wanted that video getting out. It would not only give my wife the advantage in our divorce but it would be humiliating as hell. Emma just smiled, knowing I had no options. “Now, I am going to take a shower. You can begin making me dinner and, after that, start a load of laundry. I have a whole suitcase full of dirty clothes that need to be washed. And, don’t forget, all my delicates need to be hand washed.” With that, she stood up, patted me on the head, and went to shower.

I sat there on the couch, kicking myself for being such an idiot. For a moment I thought that she would never send that video to anyone and I wouldn’t give into her demands but, the more I contemplated everything, I just couldn’t take that risk. I got up and began preparing dinner. After about 20 minutes, I heard her get out of the shower and go into her bedroom. I wasn’t the best cook but could manage to cook some nice chicken breasts and put together some steamed vegetables along with some homemade bread that I bought earlier today. By the time I finished, I prepared two plates for us and set it on the kitchen table. Emma came into the kitchen dressed in a short, tight tee shirt with a plaid miniskirt. She wore nude colored pantyhose with some blue heels. My attitude changed quickly about wanting her to leave as I was getting hard just looking at her. She just ignored me and went to sit down at the table. I went over to sit down as well but she stopped me. “Uh, I don’t think you

deserve to sit at the table with me.” She grabbed my plate and put it down on the floor. “You can eat down there this evening.”

I looked down at the plate she just moved. “C’mon Emma, you can’t be serious?”

“I am serious and don’t try to pretend that you wouldn’t love to sit at my feet anyways.” she said as she started to eat her meal, leaving me standing there pondering my next move. Slowly feeling defeated, I lowered myself onto the floor and began eating just inches from her high heels. I ate in silence while also captivated by her legs and feet as she continuously crossed her legs and dangled her shoe from her toes. About 15 minutes later, Emma finished her meal and scooted her chair back a little so she could look down at me. “That was okay but I will expect some better meals in the future. I think we should sign you up for a cooking class.”

I didn’t like being treated like this but what could I say. “I guess I can do that.” I meekly replied.

“Good, I’ll find a couple and you can choose which one you’d like to take.” she informed me and got up from the table, leaving her dirty dish out for me to clean up.

True to her word, the next morning she texted me four different cooking classes I could choose from. I figured I would look at them during my lunch break and pick one that fit with my schedule. Throughout the week, I started to get into a routine I didn’t much care for. I would get up and get ready for work. I’d get home around 5:30 and start preparing dinner for Emma. Once we finished, I would start cleaning the house and doing her laundry. With all of that, the worst thing was that she started sending me sexy pictures of herself dressed in different outfits but which all included high heels and nylons. I couldn’t help but stare at them which made me very horny throughout the day and caused me to not stay as focused on my job

as I would like to be. Pretty much every night before I went to sleep, I would jack off looking at her pictures.

The next couple weeks went on similar to this except that now, every Tuesday and Thursday I was taking a cooking class. I was getting used to the routine and, as I contemplated everything, I guess I felt that it wasn't so bad. So, I did the cleaning and cooking, it's not like I wouldn't do that if I was living alone. I didn't need the money so, with her not paying rent, it wasn't affecting me that much. Plus, I got to see a sexy woman every day. I talked myself into thinking that I can live with this. And that was true until one Saturday night. Both Emma and I had no plans so she suggested we watch a movie together. I, of course, agreed and we sat down on opposite ends of the couch. While I wore just a t-shirt and gym shorts, she dressed specifically to make it difficult to concentrate on the movie, wearing a black lace robe that was sheer enough to see her bra and panties. She also wore a garter belt with black stockings. I truly did not want to stare but she made it damn near impossible. About halfway through the movie, she kicked her feet up and put them in my lap. "I sure could go for a foot massage." she playfully said. She knew I couldn't refuse so I grabbed one of her silky, nylon covered feet and began massaging them. At this point, I lost all focus on the movie and paid attention only to her feet. After about twenty minutes she instructed me that I should start on the left one. As I grabbed her other foot, she took her right foot and rested it on my crotch. There was no doubt she could feel my erection, or even see it through my gym shorts, but didn't say anything. At first, she would wiggle her toes allowing me to feel a small sensation. Then she slightly began to move her foot up and down causing my cock to get harder and harder. I looked up at her but she just sat watching the television as if nothing was happening. Even when I started to breathe heavily, she still just ignored the situation. After a while, she pulled her foot away from my massaging hands and placed it on my bare thigh. She slowly snaked her foot underneath my shorts and found my cock. Her foot felt divine on my swollen member as she kneaded it between her two feet. I leaned my head back and enjoyed the pleasure she was giving me, letting out small moans.

I could feel myself close to cumming when she stopped. I lowered my head to look at her and she was smiling back to me. "Would you like me to continue?"

"Oh god, yes, please!" I quickly said.

She lifted up one of her feet and brought it to my face. "Kiss it and beg me."

I grabbed a hold of her foot and buried my face in her sole. I planted kisses all over her heel and toes. "Please Emma, please continue. I beg you." I said between kisses. As I was doing so, I could feel her other foot start caressing my erection again.

After a while, she stopped again and removed both her foot from my face and the other foot from underneath my shorts. "Let's continue this in my bedroom." She said as she got up from the couch and sauntered out of the room. I jumped up and followed her as if nothing else mattered, my erection pushing the light fabric of my shorts outward. When we arrived in her room, she sat down on the bed. I started to come closer to her but she just put her foot up, pressing it against my chest, stopping me. "Before we continue, I want you to do one thing for me."

"Of course, Emma. Anything you want." I said, eagerly.

"I got you something. It's in the bag over there." she said, pointing to a paper bag in the corner of the room.

I went over and looked in the bag which was filled with items. I pulled out some nylons and lingerie. "What is this?"

“That is for you, Michael.” She smiled deviously. “I figured you like my clothes so much, why not get some for your very own.”

“These are for me? You gotta be kidding me.” I said, holding up the items in my hand.

Emma got up from the bed and walked over to me. She gently grabbed my still erect cock and began stroking it while moving her leg up and down mine. “You do want me to continue this, don’t you?”

I melted from her touch and let out a low moan. “Of course I do.”

“Then just try them on. Who knows, you may even enjoy wearing them.”

I didn’t see a huge issue in it and I wanted her touch again so badly that I started to take the clothes out of the bag and put them on. First, I slipped on the black thigh high stockings. I had a little trouble but eventually was able to pull them up. I will shyly admit that they did feel kind of nice. Next I put on a pair of red, lacy panties that had a small bow in front and were crotchless. I had to shift my erection around so that it peeked through the top. The next two items were a garter belt and a bra. I had no idea how to put them on so Emma had to help me with these. There were a couple other items in the bag but before I pulled them out, Emma wanted me to step back and show her. I went to the front of the room so she could see me and, as soon as I did, she swiftly took out her phone and snapped several pictures. I instantly knew that she just tricked me into even more incriminating pictures. “Emma, stop, please. Don’t do that.” She just put her finger up to silence me as she continued doing something on her phone.

After just a few moments, she put her phone back down. “Okay, no more pictures for now.” She crossed her legs and leaned back on the bed. “Do you want to continue what we started?”

I couldn't believe that my erection never left and I was still ready to go. "Yes, please." I walked over to her.

"Get down on your knees." I did as she instructed, anxiously awaiting her playing with me. She moved her foot to my cock and started rubbing it while moving her other foot up to my face again. I again grabbed her ankle and began kissing her foot. The feeling of her foot rubbing up and down on my dick was amazing and the lacy panties helped glide her foot effortlessly. Even though I was dressed up in women's underwear, I was in heaven. She increased the speed of her foot and I was feeling my orgasm coming. But again, she stopped before I had a chance to cum. She got up from the bed and stood in front of me, her legs astride and hands on her hips. "I will allow you to finish on your own." She said as she towered over me. I immediately pulled my cock out of the panties and started stroking it while viewing her perfectly shaped legs. It took me less than a minute when I shot my load across those nylon clad legs. I looked up at her, still feeling pleasure coarse through my body when I noticed she videotaped the whole thing with her phone. "Now, go clean yourself up and come back here when you are finished."

I humbly left the room and rinsed off any cum that was on me. When I finished, I came back into the room to find Emma changed into just shorts and a t-shirt. "I put my stockings over there. I expect you to clean them today and get your nasty cum off of them. Also, I have one last surprise for you tonight." She reached in the bag that had all of the lingerie for me and pulled out a cage like device.

"What is that?" I asked, never seeing something like that before.

"It is a chastity cage for you sweetie." she smirked. "It will prevent you from touching yourself and jacking off all the time. Come here, let's put it on."

I back up a little. "No way! I am not wearing that thing. This has got to stop Emma!" I yelled at her even though I probably looked

ridiculous, still in the stockings and bra but I didn't care. "I am no longer going to do this. I want you to leave."

"We'll see about that." She picked up her phone and dialed a number. "Hello Stephanie? Yes, it's Emma. In 5 minutes, if you don't hear from me, I want you to send the lawyer of Michael's ex, Mr. Kowalski, the videos and pictures I just sent over. Great, thank you Stephanie!" She hung up the phone and looked at me. "You have five minutes to decide what you want to do." She looked at her phone. "Well, actually four and a half."

I was stunned and shocked at what this girl was capable of. "Why are you doing this to me, Emma?" I said, almost in tears.

She thought for a moment. "At first, I just wanted to teach you a lesson but now, I do it because I can. I really quite enjoy the power I have over you." She looked at her phone again. "Three and a half minutes."

"Please Emma, I beg you. Please don't make me wear that. What do you want? I'll give you whatever you want." I pleaded with her.

"Oh, I know you'll give me whatever I want. But, for now, I just want you to stop complaining and put that chastity on. You are running out of time and it needs to be completely on before I stop Stephanie from sending that email. Two minutes left."

I stood there not knowing what to do. I didn't want to give in but I couldn't have those videos and photos getting out. Could she be bluffing? Should I try to call her on her bluff? A million things were going through my head when I heard Emma announce only one minute. I panicked and grabbed the device trying to figure it out. There was a small loop that I fit my penis and balls through. Then I grabbed the cage part and fit it over my penis. It was pretty tight even when my cock was flaccid after my ejaculation. A couple metal

bars lined up with the holes in the loop that I lined up and pushed into place. Last I grabbed the padlock and locked it into place. I looked at Emma who just smiled as she picked up her phone and notified Stephanie not to send the email just yet. A sigh of relief swept through me but, after that went away, I dreaded my decision.

Emma got up and inspected the device. She fiddled with it, making sure it was tight and secure. Once she was done, she looked up at me. "Good boy! Now, I want you to send me all your contacts from both your work email and private emails. Just to have a little extra leverage."

I felt I was stuck and falling down the rabbit hole but what could I do? "Okay, Emma." I despairingly said

"Oh, don't be so sad. You made the right choice and nobody will ever see those videos if you just behave. I also think it may be appropriate if you refer to me as Mistress from now on."

"Yes, Mistress Emma." I said as I went to send her my contacts.

"One more thing." she said before I was able to leave. "You can take off the bra but leave the stockings and panties on tonight. I like the way you look in them." I just nodded my acknowledgement to her. "I'll have some more things for you to do tomorrow but get those contacts for me now. Have a good night, Michael."

I got into my room and logged onto my computer. I pulled up my contact lists from my work and private emails. I attached them in a file and was about to hit send but before I did, a rush of panic swept over me. What am I doing? I can't let this young woman blackmail me. What's the worst that could happen if people saw the videos? I will probably be laughed at and ridiculed. I may lose some business. It would definitely reflect poorly on me in my divorce settlement. But, I will live through it and eventually people may even forget about it.

Plus, I wouldn't have to worry about what is next from Emma. Which life was worse? I thought maybe the best thing was to just call her bluff and, if she did send the videos, I would deal with that later. I then looked down at my new chastity cage and realized she may never take this off of me and I couldn't take the chance. I sat back down on the computer and hit 'send' to seal my fate.

I slept very little that night, going over everything in my head and how stupid I was to get to this point. I sat in bed just watching the clock until it hit 7:00 am. Normally I would sleep in a little bit on Sunday but I couldn't lay in bed any longer so I got up and figured I would start making breakfast as I knew Emma would be waking up soon. I was still in the panties and stockings and didn't know if I should stay in them or if I was allowed to change. I didn't want to piss Emma off so I just kept them on and went to the bathroom. One thing I noticed is that, with this chastity on, I really couldn't pee standing up so it looked like I would need to sit down every time I wanted to go to the bathroom. Just one more thing I had to deal with now. I went down to the kitchen and got out some eggs and vegetables to start making a couple omelets. Soon after starting, I heard Emma get up and walk down the hall towards the kitchen. I honestly became a little scared of her now. I didn't know how to act, what to say, or how to behave when she was there. She came into the kitchen and laughed seeing me still in the attire she put me in. "Oh my, I'm glad to see you like your new panties. I am going to take a shower but you can change and then finish making breakfast. I'll be ready soon."

"Thank you, Mistress Emma." I said. She just smiled, happy to know I didn't forget to address her properly. I followed her out of the kitchen and went to my room to change into something more comfortable. I got dressed and went back to finish breakfast. I finished the omelets and prepared some toast with avocados just as Emma finished. I put her plate down as she sat down at the table and I waited for her instructions if I should eat with her or on the

floor. She pointed to the chair indicating I was allowed to eat at the table with her.

We basically ate in silence but, after we both finished, she finally spoke up. "Okay Michael, I've come up with a couple things that will change but, as I figure everything out, there will be more. The first thing is that I will be moving into the master bedroom. It has its own bathroom for privacy and a much larger closet. I will expect you to move all of your stuff out of there and bring my things in this afternoon. I would like to keep my old bedroom for guests and more space for me so you can move into the smaller office room. Also, after you get ready, we are going to go shopping. There are some clothes and shoes I would like you to buy me. Plus, I figure, since you liked your panties so much, we'll buy some more for you."

I couldn't believe what was happening but I was powerless to do anything, let alone say anything. She continued on. "I also think that, since I will be putting in a lot of extra time training you, I should be compensated for my time. I figure we can start out with \$1000 a month, how does that sound?"

I was shocked. "I'm sorry Mistress Emma but I don't know if I can do that. With my divorce, they are keeping track of all my bank accounts. What would I tell them?"

She leaned forward and slapped me across the face hard. "Did I make it seem like I was giving you an option?" She grabbed my chin and forced me to look into her eyes. "You will pay me or else." She squeezed my chin harder. "I don't care how you do it but you will get it done. The only words I want to hear are 'yes Mistress.' Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress." I said with fear in my eyes. This woman who at one point seemed sweet and innocent, struck fear into me now.

“Good. Remember, you do as I say from now on or it will be much worse for you, I swear. Now, clean the kitchen and take a shower. We’ll go shopping in 30 minutes.” She got up from the table and left me there still bewildered as to what was happening. I snapped myself out of it and quickly cleaned the kitchen and got ready. I just wore jeans and a button-down shirt while she came out in black leather jacket, a short, plaid skirt that was pleated, black nylons and heels. I knew she was going to get plenty of stares from everyone which made me more nervous on what she planned to buy for me.

We ended up driving to an outdoor shopping center that had several stores for women’s apparel. We first stopped at a couple of high-end clothing stores like Dior and Versace where Emma bought several very expensive dresses and skirts. She borrowed my credit card for the first purchase and kept it the whole time. Next, we went to the shoe store. I have to admit, at first, I really enjoyed it because Emma allowed me to take off and put on shoes for her. Usually, one of the salespeople helped but she waved them off and let me do it. What joy I had in putting the heels on her perfect, nylon covered feet was soon replaced with uncomfortableness as my cock swelled and pressed into the bars of my chastity. It was honestly getting a little painful but I dare not say anything. She ended up picking out a pair of black leather stilettos along with a red pair similar. She also got a pair of pink strappy sandals with 4 ½ inch heels and a pair of open toed pumps in blue. It looked like that was all we were going to buy until she stopped just short of the cash register. “You know, I think I would like to buy a pair or two for you.” She looked around the store while I followed her, carrying the boxes. “What size do you wear in men’s?” she asked while perusing the different shoes.

“Size 11, Mistress Emma.” I meekly replied.

“Hmm,” she thought, then turned to one of the workers. “Excuse me, how do I convert men’s sizes into women’s sizes?” she asked.

The saleswoman looked at her and then at me. "Well, basically you add a size and a half to the men's size." she said.

"Okay, so," she turned to me for a second and saw my embarrassment. "If he wears a size 11 in men's, we would need to get a 12 ½ in women's, correct?"

The saleswomen seemed a little awkward at first but then smiled. "Yeah, that would be correct. Unfortunately, we don't carry that size in the store but we can order them if you would like."

Emma turned to me again and I was bright red. "Oh, isn't that great Michael?" Then, turning back to the lady. "Yes, we'd like to do that."

"Great! By the way, my name is Janice." she then directed the next question towards me a bit. "What kind of shoes are you looking for?"

Emma quickly chimed in. "I was thinking some black Mary Janes with a 3 or 3 ½ inch heel for him to start out with. Then a pair of 4-inch heels as well."

I was becoming more and more embarrassed by the second and it just kept getting worse. "I think we may be able to find that." Janice said as she guided us to the computer at the front counter. She logged in and started searching. "Here we go." she said as she turned the computer a bit to show us a pair of the Mary Janes. "Do you think he would like those? They do have a 3 ½ inch heel but the strap will help give him a little support. I think it would be a good starter heel for him." She was talking loud enough that the customers and other clerks could hear.

"Oh yes, those would be perfect. We'll take them. And, what about the 4-inch heels?" Emma asked.

“Let’s see,” she continued to type on the computer. “What about these? They are a bit expensive but very classic and elegant. He would only want to wear them on special occasions.”

Emma looked at the computer. “Oh, these are perfect. Michael, what do you think?”

I leaned over to look as if I really had a choice or even an opinion since I was going to fight tooth and nail as to not wear them. They looked like a normal black stiletto to me but then I saw the price. “550 dollars!” I blurted out.

Emma just rolled her eyes at me and then looked at Janice. “He’ll take them.”

Janice put in the order on the computer and asked for the other shoes I was carrying. The total came to over \$2200 and Emma gleefully handed over my credit card. The total so far, with the dresses she bought earlier, already reached \$3500 and I knew we weren’t finished.

We walked to the car so I could drop off all the purchases before we headed on to the next store. “Please Mistress Emma, please don’t make me wear those shoes. You can’t keep doing this.”

She didn’t say anything, just kept walking to the car. Once we got there, she opened the back door so I could put the bags in. As I leaned over into the car, she reached under my legs, grabbed my balls, and squeezed. I let out a low scream and she pushed me forward so I fell face first into the back seat while she kept a hold of my balls. “I can and will keep doing this!” she growled in my ear as she clenched her grip around my balls even tighter. “Don’t you get it, you are mine now and you will do as I say, got it!” she squeezed again.

“Arghhhh, yes Mistress Emma!” I screamed through the pain, oblivious to any passersby that might hear me. “I am sorry, I understand.”

“Good.” she let go of my balls and got up. “I am buying you all these nice things. You shouldn’t be questioning me; you should be thanking me.” She stood outside the car, her legs slightly astride and her hands on her hips.

I got out of the car, my gut feeling sick from her squeezing my balls so hard. I looked at her, not amused that it was I who was actually buying this stuff, not her but I swallowed my pride once again. “I’m sorry Mistress. Thank you for buying me these nice shoes, I appreciate it.”

She just pointed her finger down at her shoes. “Show me how thankful you are.” I knew what she wanted me to do but I was scared to kiss her feet in public. I looked around to see if anyone could see but she quickly brought my attention back to her. “Now!” she yelled.

I dropped to my knees and kissed her feet, right in the parking lot. I kissed the tips of each of her shoes several times saying ‘thank you’ between each kiss. After a minute, she stopped me. “Okay, that’s enough. Now, let’s go to the next store.”

The rest of the shopping trip, I just followed her around like a servant, agreeing on every one of her decisions. We went to the lingerie store and picked out a dozen different panties in all colors and styles along with several pairs of stockings and a few garter belts. She also picked up several items for herself and promised to give me a little fashion show someday soon. Our final stop was at a sex shop but, for this, she made me wait outside while she went in

and shopped. She came out about 30 minutes later with a dark bag full of items.

We finally finished and got back home. Before I could even sit down to relax, Emma notified me that I should start moving my things in the small bedroom. It took me the next couple hours to move my bed, dresser, and nightstand into my new room while moving her things into my former room. Once I had everything moved, she went to my dresser and began removing all my underwear and the majority of my socks. "You won't be needing these anymore" she said as she put them in a garbage bag that she brought. She then replaced them with the panties and undergarments that we bought earlier. Then, turning to me, "Take off your clothes." she ordered. I didn't like where this was going but I offered no resistance anymore. I removed all my clothes and stood there naked except for my cock cage. I was then handed a pair of white, frilly panties and some white thigh high stockings. "Put these on." she said as she grabbed my underwear off of the floor and threw them in the bag as well. Once I had everything on, she went into the other room and came back with the bag from the sex shop. She pulled out a slutty maid's uniform and handed it to me. "You'll wear this when you are cleaning the house from now on."

"C'mon Emma, I've done everything you've asked. Don't make me wear this." I begged.

She walked over to me and slapped me hard across the face. "What is my name?" she asked as she slapped me across the other cheek.

I really wanted to slap her back but was so intimidated by her. "Mistress, Mistress Emma, please, I beg you."

She just picked up her phone and called Stephanie. "Hi Stephanie, Michael is acting up again." While she listened to Stephanie say something on the other end, she just looked at me

with a steel glare. I again felt like I was trapped. I quickly grabbed the uniform and started to put it on. "Oh, you know what, never mind, I think he realized he was making a mistake. I'll talk to you later." She hung up the phone and watched me finish putting the uniform on. It was very tight around the waist and the skirt part had a frilly petticoat that only hung down just past my butt. "Very nice!" Emma exclaimed. "It fits better than I thought it would. Walk back and forth for me."

I walked to the end of the room, turned around and walked back to her. She videotaped me the whole time. Then she had me pose in different positions and captured them all on her phone. It seemed like each day I was giving her more and more material to blackmail me with.

She then sat down on the bed and tapped her lap. "You must learn never to question me again. Get over my lap, now!" she ordered. I timidly walked over to her and bent over her legs. She lifted up my skirt and pulled my panties down so my balls and thighs felt the silkiness of her nylon legs. She reached into her bag and brought out a small wooden paddle. At first, she started smacking me across the ass with not much force but, each time it began to hurt more and more. "You will never disobey me again." She hit me across the butt. "If you do, not only will these videos go out but I will beat your ass so hard. Do you understand me?"

I was starting to be in real pain but I managed to answer her. "Yes, Mistress Emma."

"You are mine and I will do as I please with you." she continued her assault on my ass and I started to squirm from the pain. She swept one of her legs over me and rested it on my back, effectively pinning me between her legs and immobilizing me a little more. "I own you now. You are going to be my little bitch." her spanking became faster and harder. I started to scream from the pain now and tears started rolling down my cheek. "Tell me that I own you."

“You own me Mistress Emma!” I shrieked, crying from the pain.

“And what are you now?”

“I’m your little bitch, Mistress Emma. Please have mercy, please!”

She laid into me for another minute before stopping and pushing me off of her lap. I immediately curled next to her feet and began kissing her shoes. “Thank you, Mistress Emma, thank you!” She kicked off her heels and I continued to kiss her feet for several minutes, my ass burning from the pain.

“Okay, that’s enough. Get on your knees.” She ordered. I did as I was told and knelt in front of her. She lifted up her foot and placed it on my face. She traced her toes across my face, rubbing them over my forehead, around my cheeks and finally settled it over my nose, pinching it between her toes. We have been walking around for several hours and her foot developed a certain aroma that stunk but also aroused me. “Suck on my toes.” I grabbed her ankle to gently support her leg as I put her nylon encased toes in my mouth. “There are a couple things I wanted to talk to you about. The first thing is your attire. From now on, you will wear the panties we bought every single day, even when you are at work. You will also have the nylons on as well under your slacks when you are at work. When you get home, you will change into your maid’s outfit to cook and clean. I will pick up your heels this week and you will be required to wear them anytime you are at home. I want you to be a pro at walking in heels. Understand?”

I couldn’t talk with her foot in my mouth but I tried to mumble my acknowledgement. “Yeph Miftreff.”

She giggled at my attempt but continued on. “I was also thinking about the \$1000 you would be paying me for training you. You’re right, that might look a little suspicious so I have a new plan. Since I have been looking for a new job for a couple months, I think a nice alternative would be for you to hire me at your company, maybe as a

personal assistant. That way it will be legitimate and, then I will be able to keep track of you during work hours as well. I'm just thinking out loud but I think a good starting salary would be 120K with at least 8 weeks' vacation. Sound good?" she asked even though I figured it really wasn't a question.

I had no idea how I was going to manage that but I knew I needed to get it done. I just nodded my head. "Finally, I got a couple things that I would like to try with you later this week." She took her foot out of my mouth and leaned over to pull some more items out of her bag. There were handcuffs, different harness straps, a black rubber triangular thing that I would later find out was a butt plug, a ball gag, and eventually a large dildo. "We'll have so much fun trying these things out, don't you think?"

I lowered my head in shame. "Yes Mistress." Then I looked up at her. "May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, go ahead."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because I can." She said in a matter-of-fact way. "And it's fun."

"Will you ever let me go, Mistress?" I sadly said, my voice desperate for sympathy.

"Why would I do that? I love having a strong, successful man cowering at my feet, ready to do my bidding. And I am going to take you further into submission than you ever thought possible." She moved her foot underneath my balls and started wiggling her toes, causing my cock to come to life within its cage. She took her other foot and tapped the top of my chastity. "Even though you needed some corrections, you've been such a good boy today. I know it must be difficult. Would you like me to take this off of you?"

“Oh yes, please Mistress Emma.” I said with relief.

She went into her room and retrieved the key. She looked me in the eye before unlocking the padlock. “I will unlock it but I don’t want any trouble, understand?”

“Of course, Mistress!” I couldn’t wait to be unlocked even though it has only been a day.

“I want total obedience from you, got it?” she said as I heard the padlock open.

“Of course, Mistress.”

She pulled off the chastity tube and my cock sprung to life. She pressed her foot against my erection, pushing it to my stomach as I still knelt in front of her. She rubbed her foot up and down my shaft. “I want you to look at me as your Goddess, your master, your owner. Will you do that?”

I was in ecstasy feeling her foot rub my cock. “Oh god, yes Mistress, anything you want.”

She continued to stroke my cock up and down as every pain that she inflicted on me, every humiliating experience she orchestrated, every thought of disdain I felt for her vanished. At the moment, this woman was the most gorgeous woman to me and I needed her touch. Her other foot came up to my cock and both feet started pumping my full erection. Emma watched in joy as I was putty in her hands, or feet I should say. I started to move my hips in harmony to her stroking but she stopped. I continued to hump the air as she pulled her feet away from me. I was desperate to finish and that was the only thing on my mind but she spoke up. “As I said, I want total obedience from you but not because I force you but because you

give it to me. I am going to give you an ultimatum, Michael. I will destroy all the videos and pictures I have of you and free you of any obligation to me. I will leave and you will never see me again. Or," she stood up and hiked her skirt up just past her hips. She took a couple steps forward so her pussy was only inches from my face. "You can stay on your knees and finish. By doing so, you agree to serve me fully and become my slave. You will obey me unconditionally and will be punished harshly if you don't. You will do things that you wouldn't even consider before and I will take you further and further into servitude." She looked down at me but all I focused on was her crotch covered in nylons and panties. "I am only giving you this option once so think carefully. And remember, if you decide the former, you will never see me or feel my touch again. Now, what is it?"

This was my chance to walk away and take my life back. To stop this nightmare and go back to the way things were. I had to choose the first option. But then I looked at her beautiful body, her long sculpted legs, her delicate feet, and finally at my rock-hard erection. Did I want things to go back to the way they were? I couldn't stand the situation with my soon to be ex-wife. My daughter barely spoke to me, I'd be all alone in this house. What could be more rewarding than the opportunity to serve this goddess in front of me. I looked up at her. "I choose you, Mistress Emma." I said reverently.

A big smile appeared across her face. "Good boy!" she said. "Now," she turned around so her butt was right in front of me. "Seal the deal by burying your face in my ass and humping my legs."

"Thank you, Mistress!" I leaned forward and kissed her ass several times before planting my face between her cheeks. I slid my cock between her thighs and began thrusting my cock in and out. It didn't take me long before I came all over. She told me to clean up and put my cage back on and then to start dinner. I quickly did as ordered and started my new life as her slave, wondering what she had planned for me in the days, months, years to come.

I would love your feedback and any thoughts you may have. If you enjoyed this story and would like me to continue this as a full book, please write to me at misssamanthastrong@gmail.com

