



**THE LADIES OF HERA 12
THE QUEENDOM'S AGENTS**

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**The Ladies of Hera XII – The
Queendom's agents
By C.L. Northbridge**

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Introduction

Short on the planet of Leda

Before the story starts it is useful with a little background on the planet on which it takes place, and how the nature of the planet affects human life there.

Leda is a very big planet, a so-called super earth. It has almost twice the diameter of Earth, and more than four times its mass. This means its surface gravity is somewhat (19%) higher than Earth's.

The planet is close to its parent star, and while habitable, the cooler polar regions are most suitable for human habitation,

and that is where most human colonies are found.

The thick atmosphere of Leda contains enough oxygen for human breathing, but toxic CO₂ levels. Colonies must therefore be protected from the atmosphere, and a human moving outside colonies must at a minimum wear face masks scrubbing CO₂ from the air the wearer breaths.

Timekeeping on Leda

The close orbit makes the Ledan year short – 157 Earth Days. The planet also rotates slower than Earth – a Ledan day is 40 hours. This means the Ledan year is only 94 Ledan days.

The Ledans have divided their year into 4 months of 23 or 24 days each. All dates in their calendar are given on the format **YYY/M/DD**, and dates in this story follow this format.

The Ledan calendar starts with year 0, when Leda was first colonised by humans. This corresponds to 2225 on Earth. This story starts in year 152, two decades after the Herans arrived on the planet and set up their Queendom, an event described in the sixth book in this series. This corresponds to Earth Year 2282, and year 285 on Hera.

Hours, minutes and seconds on Leda are

of same lengths as on Earth, but each day consists of 40 hours. This means Ledan colonists usually sleeps twice per day.

Situation

A decade has passed since the events described in book 6 of this series. The Herans on Leda have firmly established themselves as the Queendom of Leda. Their military has proved itself the strongest on the planet, and their position is secure, even if they in terms of territory and population are much smaller than the Union and the Chinese Colonies.

Relations with the other communities on Leda remain frosty, however. The Heran's uncompromising ideology of female supremacy is feared and reviled

by the other states on Leda. Only the neighbouring Union colonies interact with the Herans, and then mostly through trade.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of Union citizens sympathising with the Queendom. A female dominated society is attractive to them. While this group is a minority, they offer the Queendom a lever to influence the Union.

The Queendom chooses to push this lever in the New California, a Union colony near Queendom territory.

The Queendom's agents

Election

New California City Hall, 152/2/22, 11:05

Stephen Hird tapped the screen of his wrist unit to confirm his vote in the election of Colony Council for New California. He had voted for himself. He had every intention of getting re-elected, a necessary precondition for retaining his current job as governor of the colony.

Stephen had held the position of governor for 30 years, and he had grown fond of it. He liked being in charge, and colony governor was in many ways the most powerful position available for a Union citizen. There was of course a Union government above the individual

colonies, but its power was limited, and its scope covered only defense, foreign policy and terraforming. Stephen preferred the more real day-to-day power he had as governor.

Every ten years (4 EY), however, he faced the possibility of being replaced. The 15-person Colony Council was chosen by the residents of New California in a ballot. The Council would then go on to choose one amongst themselves as the governor, who was charged with heading the colony administration, and for all intents and purposes functioned as the colony's leader.

For the last three periods, Stephen had been the pick of the Council. He had good chemistry with the other council members who were likely to be re-elected, and he had run the colony competently all for his years at the helm. Stephen had thus every reason to think he would retain his position also after this election, but as always before elections, he was yet a little nervous. Elections could throw up surprises, and this election was likely to be a little less predictable than the previous, as there had been significant migration into New California over the last few years.

Stephen didn't worry for long, though. The current governor term was not over

yet, and he had work to do. In half an hour he was to meet department heads of his administration, and he needed to prepare. Stephen turned on the screen at his desk.

New California City Hall, 152/2/23, 36:00

It was election night. A significant proportion of New California's voters had gathered in the main hall of the city hall building to watch as the results were announced. Like all the other candidates, Stephen, was there, eager to see the outcome of the voting that had taken place over the last week.

People had spread all around the big hall, gathering around small tables to

socialize, drink and snack as they waited for the voting deadline to expire and for the results to come up on the huge screens placed on the walls for the occasion.

It was only seconds to go. The screens counted down the last minute until 36.00, the deadline. As the countdown came to 10 seconds, most of the murmur in the room died down. Stephen and his company fixed their eyes on one of the screens.

The timer on the screen hit zero, and was immediately replaced by a table of all candidates and the number of votes they had gathered. The audience kept mostly quiet for another few seconds as they

identified the results that meant most to them. Then the noise level went back up as people cheered the results or just resumed their conversations.

Stephen was relieved to see his own name at the top of the table. He was yet again the most popular candidate by a good margin. But scanning the rest of the table revealed that there had been significant changes among the other candidates. Only 4 of the other existing council members had been re-elected. It meant the others around the table he was standing next to were out of the Colony Council.

Together with Stephen was Dieter and

Peter, both veterans of the Colony Council, as well as political allies and friends of his. Olga, Dieter's wife had also joined them.

Before Stephen could offer his sympathy, Dieter, extended his hand to congratulate. -“Congratulations, Stephen, you earned it once again. But it looks like you will have to go on without me and Peter this time.”

-“Thanks,” replied Stephen. “This was very unfortunate. You did not deserve this. What are the voters thinking?”

-“I guess they want new blood,” replied Dieter. “We have been in the Council for

too long I suppose.”

-“And if you look at the numbers it was extremely close,” added Peter looking at the result table. “Shift 40 votes, and Dieter, myself and Andy would all have retained our seats. Damn that’s harsh.”

-“Sometimes it is just a matter of luck,” commented Dieter. “This time it went against us.” He sounded sincerely acceptant of the outcome. Dieter was practical and sensible as always.

-“But, anyway,” he continued. “I am sure the newcomers will do an excellent job. And with your diplomatic skills and leadership abilities I have no doubt they will support your continued

governorship.”

-“I suppose you are right,” replied Stephen. “But I wish I had you guys with me.”

-“Can’t speak for Peter,” said Dieter. “But for me a break from the Council isn’t the end of the world. And I know you will keep the government in safe hands.”

-“Look at the bright side,” said his wife Olga with a smile. “See how many Women got elected. With the Council full of them, you can’t complain that you never have time to meet Women anymore. You never know where you will find

your special one.”

Stephen had been single since his divorce 20 years (9 EY) ago, and Olga was always helpful in suggesting how he could rectify that situation. Stephen found it mildly annoying, but he had long since gotten used to it. And she did point to an interesting change in the makeup of the new Council. Whereas the current Council only had three Women, the new Council would have nine, eight of them first-timers.

It had certainly been a vote for change.

New California City Hall, 152/2/23, 36:02
-“YES!”

Philip almost shouted his approval as he looked up at the result table on the screen above him. It confirmed his election to the Colony Council. He got a pat on the back from his colleague Jon who had joined his table.

-“Congratulations, mate! Well deserved.”

Philip nodded back with a smile.

-“Thanks, Jon.”

Then he turned his face towards his girlfriend, Linda, and his smile grew even wider. Looking gorgeous in her white evening dress, Linda held her hands apart, ready to embrace him.

Philip took a step closer, into her embrace, and received the kiss of

victory.

She kissed him long and intensely, no doubt raising envy in most men who witnessed it. It was borderline inappropriate for a public event such as this. Philip didn't care. He loved Linda and he loved what she did.

-“I knew you would win,” she told him and picked up a napkin from the table to remove the lipstick mark she had left on his mouth.

Philip had not been so sure. Only 60 years old (26 EY), he had never stood for election before. All he had was a decade (4 EY) work experience in the colonial administrations, and the support of Linda,

her friends and a few of his work colleagues. He had not even been that long in New California – he only came 6 years ago from the North Pole colony, where he had grown up.

But it had been enough, with 6 votes' margin, and it was every reason to celebrate.

They were joined by another citizen with reason to celebrate. Katherine, one of their friends, came to their table, beaming, followed by her husband Alex. Wearing an elegant garnet red evening dress, Katherine's beauty almost rivalled that of Linda. She too had been elected for the first time, and by a decent margin.

-“Congratulations, you two,” she said, and offered Linda a hug.

-“Congratulations, yourself,” replied Philip and shook Alex’ hand. “Your result is almost a landslide.”

-“It’s going to be so great having you with me in the Council, Philip,” replied Katherine and gave him a hug.

-“Yes, this election could hardly have turned out better,” agreed Linda.

She was interrupted by the hostess of the event speaking from a scene on the opposite side of the hall.

-“Ladies and Gentlemen, the people has spoken! The new Council has been elected! Let’s hear it for them!”

She got loud cheers and uncoordinated applause in response from the audience.

-“Can we please have the new Council up on the scene?” she continued.

-“That’s our turn,” said Katherine and touched Philip’s shoulder. “Come on.”

Philip followed Katherine toward the scene.

**Linda & Philip’s apartment, 152/2/23,
39:45**

Linda and Philip arrived at their

apartment after having left the arrangement at city hall 15 minutes earlier. The house was dark, but lit up automatically as they entered. Philip locked the door behind them.

He then turned towards Linda and gave her one of his charming smiles. She instantly felt like kissing him. To Linda, Philip was the perfect man. He was charming, intelligent, and humorous. He was tall and handsome, with dark hair and irresistible blue eyes. His athletic body left nothing to be desired, and the suit he was wearing could not quite hide that fact. On top of this, he shared many of Linda's passions, interests and views.

Linda pulled Philip's face towards her own and kissed him passionately.

-“I think we should continue the celebration a bit longer,” she said to him with a low sensual voice.

-“What do you have in mind?” he asked with a suggestive smile.

-“You know well what I have in mind...” she replied sweetly. “....Slave!”

-“I suggest you get naked right now, and get down on the floor, where you belong,” she continued in a far more authoritarian voice.

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied Philip and undressed as fast as he could. As he finished, he quickly folded the clothes and placed them on a chair in the

entrance hall. He then went down on his knees in front of Linda, bent over and kissed her feet.

Linda watched with satisfaction as Philip strived to obey her orders. He displayed what she liked most about Philip and their relationship: His complete devotion and willingness to submit to her when she demanded it. The fact that he accepted her as his Mistress.

While Linda and Philip behaved like any other couple when in public, they arranged it differently when in the privacy of their apartment. Here, Linda was the undisputed ruler and Mistress, and Philip was her slave. And it had been

like that ever since they became a couple five years ago (2 EY).

The root of this had of course been the Herans. Linda had been fascinated by the female supremacist Herans since they arrived on Leda and set up their colonies. Back then she had been quite young, only 29 (13 EY), but she had instantly felt drawn to the Herans and what they stood for. Linda found the female dominance they promoted very appealing. She eagerly learned everything about them and followed the news about them intensely.

Linda had soon decided any boy-friend of hers would have to submit to her and

accept her as his superior. That meant she had not had many as she approached adulthood, even if she was considered very attractive by her male class mates.

Shortly after her 42nd birthday (18 EY) she had visited Helena, the capital of the Heran Queendom on Leda. It was the first time she had the opportunity to openly dominate males and she had loved it. Helena also offered the chance to bond with other female supremacists, both locals and other visitors from the Union colonies. This was the start of several friendships Linda developed with Union-based female dominants.

Linda had met Philip only a year later,

shortly after he had moved to New California. He had brazenly asked her for a date on a chance meeting, and Linda had accepted. On their date Linda had probed Philip on his views on the Herans and their female dominance. Much to her delight, she had found that he too was fascinated by them. While he had never visited the Queendom or been in a female dominated relationship, he was open to try it. Linda was eager to give him a chance to try it, and that had been the start her most important relationship.

And now, 5 years later, Philip was grovelling on the floor beneath her. -“I await your orders, Mistress,” he said after having kissed her feet.

-“I want you in my bedroom, kneeling. You will worship me tonight,” Linda told him. “Wait there, while I slip into something more comfortable.”

-“Yes, Mistress,” acknowledged Philip and hurried towards the bedroom.

“This is going to be good,” thought Linda and walked into her wardrobe next to the bedroom.

**Linda & Philip’s apartment, 152/2/23,
39:55**

Philip was waiting in a kneeling position with his forehead pressed to the floor in front of Linda’s bed when she arrived in

the room.

-“Look at me,” she commanded, standing two meters in front of him. Philip looked up, and could enjoy the sight of his Mistress’ naked splendour. Wearing only a pair of black leather over-the-knee boots, she stared back at him with her hands resting on her pronounced hips; one of those hands holding a long dressage whip.

She was wearing the same make-up as she had worn at the party: Scarlet lips and nails, but otherwise minimalist. With her flawless skin she didn’t need much make-up. Her hair, in an updo at the party, had been let down, and flowed to

her shoulders and beyond, almost reaching her firm, round breasts. Linda looked gorgeous.

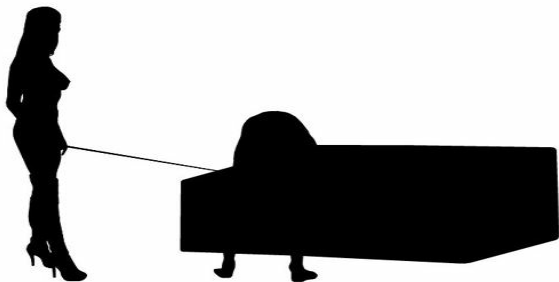
Philip's cock, already hard from anticipating what Linda would do to him, grew even more as he admired the dominant beauty in front of him. He knew he was a very lucky man to be owned and loved by her.

-“Slave,” she addressed him. “I am going to discipline you before we do anything else. I do not want you getting any ideas just because of the election. You will always be my slave, and I am going to make sure you remember that.”

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied Philip.

-“Assume the position,” she ordered him.

Philip rose to his feet, and bent over the bed, resting his hands on the edge, while sticking out his rear end to present it as a target. This was the standard position Linda required him to be in when receiving discipline or punishment.



Linda carefully positioned herself to the left and rear of Philip and tapped his ass

a little with the whip so she could perfect her aim. Philip awaited the first stroke with a mix of dread and lust.

He knew it would be painful. Nevertheless, being beaten by Linda was a stimulating experience, one that Philip would not be without – at least when it was a moderate discipline session, as this was likely to be. It served as a confirmation of the strong bond between them, and increased his lust for her. It reinforced Philip's desire to serve her as a slave.

Philip knew he was extremely lucky to have met Linda. She was everything he wanted in a Woman. Beautiful, confident,

strong and intelligent. She was intellectually mature. While she a young Lady, 12 years (5 EY) younger than Philip, one could never infer that talking to her. She was always sensible and well-reasoned. She hardly ever reached a conclusion Philip could disagree with. And, of course, she shared his passions and interests. Had he not felt it was inappropriate for a slave to think that way of his Mistress, he would have considered her his soul mate.

Linda had also been the one to introduce Philip to the wonderful life style of female domination. Before meeting Linda, his only experience with it had been in his fantasies. He had fantasised

about femdom since he was quite young, and those fantasies got more fuel after the Herans came to Leda, just as he reached majority.

But he had never pursued his desires in this area beyond fantasising. While he knew there were communities in the Union colonies practicing femdom, Philip had never dared to approach them due to the stigma and controversial status they had obtained in the aftermath of the arrival of the Herans.

Seen as a fifth column by Union opponents of the Herans such as the anti-slavery activists in Stop Femdom, femdom supporters in the Union colonies

were frequent targets of abuse and harassment both in parts of the press and the public. At times there had even been incidents of violence and abductions, although that had become more seldom in recent years, after the Herans had crushed the armed wing of Stop Femdom.

The controversy had been enough to push Philip away. And the most obvious way of experiencing femdom, going to the Queendom, had been too frightening. Afraid that he might not be able to return if he went alone, Philip had stayed away, even as tempting as it had been.

Linda had been the door opener to the world of femdom. She had gradually

eased him into his current existence as her slave, and Philip had enjoyed it immensely. She had also taken him to the Queendom, where Philip could enjoy the ultimate femdom environment safe in the knowledge that his Mistress would bring him back home. He now knew with certainty that he wanted to live the femdom lifestyle. Being his Mistress' servant was his true calling.

And now Philip would serve his Mistress as the recipient of her discipline.

<SWISH>

Linda's dressage whip painfully cut into Philip's ass. Philip suppressed his urge to scream.

After having waited a few seconds to let Philip absorb the pain, Linda delivered her next lash.

<SWISH>

It hurt badly. The sting of Linda's dressage whip was impossible to get used to. Philip squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his teeth.

<SWISH>

Philip whimpered.

-“This is to remind you that you are my slave,” said Linda with a stern voice.

<SWISH>

-“You are in the Council to serve the

cause of Femdom, nothing else,” she continued.

Philip whimpered again.

<SWISH>

-“You will always act and vote in accordance with mine and Mistress Katherine’s wishes.”

<SWISH>

-“Is that clear, slave?” Linda asked, raising her voice further.

Philip yelped. The last stroke was harder and more painful than the previous.

-“Yes, Mistress,” he answered when he got the pain under control.

<SWISH>

He was rewarded with an immediate follow-up stroke.

It was fully clear to Philip. He wouldn't dream of going against his Mistress wishes. In the Council, he would take his orders from Mistress Katherine, the informal leader of secret femdom supporters elected to the Colony Council. He had full confidence in Mistress Linda and Mistress Katherine's decisions, and knew they would do what was best to further the cause of female domination. While Philip was not privy to all their plans, he would do his bit to support them.

<SWISH>

The beating continued, and Philip

groaned. Each stroke was intolerably painful, but Philip knew he had to take her lashes. It was his way of showing his devotions to her.

A minute later, Linda delivered the last lash. Philip knew because of the extra strength she put into it; that was her habit for finishing strokes.

He groaned loudly as his body absorbed the pain from the impact.

-“Twenty five,” said Linda. “That should serve as adequate reminder for you, slave.”

-“Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress,” replied Philip, satisfied that he had managed to maintain his position all

through the beating.

-“Thank me properly, slave,” ordered Linda.

Philip fell on his knees in front of her and kissed her boots.

-“Thank you for disciplining me, Mistress,” he said between the kisses.

-“That’s enough, slave,” said Linda after a few seconds of boot worship.

Philip stopped and sat back on his knees. Linda then grabbed his chin and forced it up such that Philip came in a knee standing position. Simultaneously, she bent down a little, and met Philip’s face. From 10 cm, she was staring straight into Philip’s eyes with her own intense blue

eyes.

Philip was helpless under her stare. He felt an intense desire to obey her. And also an immense attraction. His member, softened by the discipline session started to grow again.

-“You know I do this for your own good, slave,” she told him.

-“Yes, Mistress, I do. Thank you for making me a better slave.” Philip meant it sincerely.

Mistress Linda pulled Philip’s face closer and kissed him. A passionate French kiss lasting for a minute.

When she withdrew, Philip was rock hard.

-“I will allow you to worship me now,” Linda whispered. “Get on the bed.”

Philip was quick to ask, and climbed into his Mistress’ bed to lie face up.

Linda entered the bed after putting away her whip. She took position on top of Philip, squatting over his chest.

-“Here is your reward, slave,” she said and lowered her self onto Philip’s face, placing her shaven pussy on his mouth. It was wet and delicious. Philip had to control his urge to lick it greedily. Sex was after all for the Woman’s pleasure, and he knew well that Linda preferred a

more gradual build-up with gentle licks.

Philip let his tongue explore his Mistress' vulva with soft licks and kisses. It did not take long before Linda was moaning softly with satisfaction. Sex was always hot after a good beating.

**Katherine & Alex' apartment, 152/3/01,
00:05**

Alex was sitting on his knees in the living room in front of his wife and Mistress Katherine, massaging and kissing her feet. Katherine was sitting in a recliner, resting her feet on a foot rest, while reading the press coverage of the election on her wrist unit.

Alex was completely naked, while his wife wore a short black nightgown. They would be going to sleep soon, and this was their way of winding down.

Alex really appreciated these moments. It was a cherished opportunity to show his love and devotion to his Mistress as well as giving her pleasure. And kissing her long slender legs and her beautifully pedicured feet was arousing in itself.

Mistress Katherine chuckled a little.

-“The Post is trying to speculate on the agenda of the new Council... They don’t have the first clue of about what is going to hit them.”

-“How so, Mistress?” asked Alex.

-“Never mind, slave. You don’t need to know yet. But you will find out soon enough.”

Alex kissed her foot and continued massaging it. He knew better than to continue probing for something Mistress didn’t want to tell him.

She used to be more open with him, but over the last few years, Katherine had involved herself in some project or community of fellow female supremacists, and she didn’t reveal much about their activities. Alex suspected Katherine’s campaign to get elected for the Council was connected to this, but she wouldn’t tell, no matter how much Alex

wanted to know. And he had to accept that. She was the Mistress after all.

-“Let’s go to sleep,” said Katherine and got up from the chair.

Alex nodded and got to his feet. He hurried in front of her and opened the door to the bedroom for Katherine as she approached it. Their eyes met as she walked as she entered.

-“I know what you are thinking, slave, and the answer is no.” said Katherine.
“You will sleep in your cage.”

Katherine had read Alex accurately. He had hoped he could join his Mistress in her bed, but it was not to be. He had to

swallow his disappointment and open the doors to a closet on one of the bedroom walls instead.

Inside the closet was a cage, which had been installed just a few weeks ago. Just big enough for a man; this was where Alex now slept. Katherine had decided last month that she did not want her slave in her bed when she did not required his service, and she had Alex install the cage as a new place for him to sleep.

Alex crawled into the cage, and Mistress Katherine closed and locked the cage door behind him. Alex looked up at Mistress Katherine hoping for some sympathy.

She was an attractive Woman. She was slender and graceful, yet had well-toned muscles owing to the many hours she spent in the gym. Long, wavy golden brown hair framed her pretty face, with a thin nose and long lashed, almond-shaped hazel brown eyes that hinted of her warm and caring personality.

Yet, as Alex knew, that warmth and caring was usually not extended to slaves. This time was no exception.

-“Good night, slave,” she said and closed the closet door.

Katherine had not always been so dismissive of Alex' desires. When they married some 15 years ago (6.5 EY), they were a vanilla couple, and Katherine loved him as an equal partner. It was Alex who had suggested their marriage should become a femdom relationship three years later, after coming clean on his submissive desires.

To Alex joy, Katherine had agreed and expressed a desire to take charge. That started a journey that quickly transformed their relationship from one based on equality to one of a Mistress and a slave.

In the start Alex took over all housework and agreed to give Katherine the final

word in all decisions. She started dominating him in bed.

It progressed quickly from there.

Katherine relished her new role in the relationship. She became stricter with Alex. Soon she applied corporal punishments also outside the bedroom, and treated him like a slave more and more often.

After two years (1 EY) Katherine had fully embraced the femdom lifestyle and the idea of female supremacy. Alex was her slave whenever they were alone.

Alex loved it. He was living his fantasy of submitting to a dominant Woman, and that dominant Woman was his loving wife. Katherine gave Alex the perfect

blend of love, respect and dominance that he craved. She had the final word, but she would consult Alex on any big decision.

With the years, however, Alex had detected that Katherine's dominance was starting to outweigh the love and respect she had for him. She consulted him less and less. She involved Alex less in her activities outside the house. She hardly let him outside the house when he wasn't working. Their sex had become far less frequent, and was now limited to cunnilingus only.

The clearest manifestation of this new dynamic had come two years ago, when

Katherine decided they move from the Valhalla colony to New California. She hadn't given Alex any clues that she was even considering it before she told him to quit his job and look for a new one in New California. When he had asked her why she had decided to move, she had told him it was not his place to ask, and then given him a severe caning to get her point across.

When Katherine kicked Alex out of her bed last month and relegated him to sleep in the cage he now was in, it was only the latest symptom of this trend.

Alex had to accept it. He still loved Katherine deeply, and she was his

Mistress.

New Governor

Councillor Cecilia Porter's Residence, 152/3/02, 36:13

-“It is a lovely place you have. I really like it.” Sarah complemented the Hostess, Cecilia.

-“Thanks, yes, I like it too,” replied Cecilia. “It is perfect for occasions like this, when I need a little space.”

-“Yes, you are certainly not short on space,” said Sarah.

Cecilia's residence was really big for a household of only two. It was a proper house, a separate building, a rare treat in the efficiently designed colonies on Leda. With more than six hundred square

meters, there was ample space to entertain the party that was now mingling over welcome drinks.

Officially it was a welcome dinner for the newcomers to the Colony Council. The ten freshly elected councillors were all here. Apart from Cecilia, who had been in the Council two periods already, Sarah was the only one present who was not either a newly elected councillor or the spouse of one.

Most of the evening would indeed be spent on a dinner to celebrate the election success of the newcomers. But it would also serve as a coordination meeting. And that was the reason Sarah was here.

As an intelligence officer of the Queendom of Leda, she was here to advice and coordinate the actions of the Queendom's sympathisers in New California. And that category now happened to include a majority of the colony's governing council.

It would make the coming weeks and months exciting. It was an unparalleled opportunity to spread the reach of the Queendom's influence and values. For Sarah personally, it was a chance to repay the Queendom for the freedom and opportunities it had offered her, and to liberate more Women from the yoke of a society dominated by males.

Sarah, like everyone else in the room, had been born and grown up in a Union colony, and was a Union citizen. Unlike the others, she was also a Queendom citizen, and had been so for 16 years (7 EY).

Sarah had engaged with the Herans almost from the day they arrived on the planet, and she was an early convert to their cause. In the early years, she had been an informant for the Heran intelligence service, and as such she had taken part in the campaign against the male terrorism that raged in the first years after the Heran arrival.

For the last decade (4 EY), she had

functioned as an operations officer for the Queendom's Intelligence Service. As the owner and CEO of her own company, Pontus Foods, Sarah was frequently travelling between the Queendom and the neighbouring Union colonies to meet suppliers and customers, and this served as a convenient cover for activities of a more secretive nature, such as her participation in this present gathering.

-“We better get started, Sarah,” said Cecilia. “Let's get the business bit out of the way.”

-“Yes, of course,” replied Sarah.

Cecilia tapped her nail on the champagne glass she was holding to gain the

attention of the guests. She then waited few seconds for the chatter to die down.

Sarah stood next to her and looked at the audience as she started speaking. Ten beautiful Ladies, like Sarah and Cecilia, all dressed in elegant cocktail dresses turned their attention to Cecilia. Eight of them new councillors, the last two were the wives/owners of the two new male councillors that had just been elected.

Alongside the walls were seven males, all donning servant uniforms. They were the spouses of seven of the Ladies present – and included the two male councillors. In this setting, their role was to wait on the Ladies present. Here, they

were considered merely servants of their Lady owners.

-“Welcome everyone,” said Cecilia.

“And congratulations with what you have achieved so far. This election went better than any of us had dared hope for.”

-“I have invited you all here to celebrate this, for you all very much deserve to be celebrated,” she went on. “What we have achieved together in this campaign has now made it possible to profoundly change New California, and with time, the entire Union, into something better. Should we succeed, Women all over this planet will thank us in years to come.” The females in the audience nodded in agreement.

-“I want you all to have a lot of fun tonight. We all deserve a little break before we start the task we now have ahead of us,” Cecilia continued. “But before we go fully into party mode, we should listen to a few words from the Woman that made all this possible, Sarah. Without her tireless efforts we would not be where we are now.”

The Ladies in the room clapped, and Sarah smiled to them, a little embarrassed by the praise from Cecilia.

Yet it was true what Cecilia said. Sarah was the prime mover in this project. She had been central in creating networks of

femdom supporters in the Union colonies. She had then persuaded both these networks and her own superiors in the Intelligence Service of the feasibility of taking power through democratic means if the femdom supporters concentrated in one or two colonies.

And because of the success of this plan, Sarah could now give her words of encouragement to the Ladies about of transform New California.

-“Thank you for your kind words, Cecilia,” said Sarah smiling to the audience. “And a big ‘thank you’ to all of you. You are true Heroines, stepping forward and taking responsibility to make

this colony and this planet better for Womankind.”

-“And also a big ‘thank you’ to our men. They obediently serve us and our cause, and will even do so in the Council. They are an example to men everywhere, and they should know that their Mistresses appreciate their efforts.”

-“But as Cecilia said,” Sarah continued, “the biggest task is still ahead of us. And we need to be careful. Our cause has majority support in the Council, but not yet in the population. We need to ensure we have control over possible sources of opposition before we go very far with our agenda. You must not let yourself look like Queendom agents in the mean time.”

-“This means some of you may have to vote against things we want to push through the Council. It is therefore important that we coordinate carefully, and we will have to come back to how we will arrange this.”

-“This is just as a heads-up. We will leave that for the next days. Now it is time to celebrate, Ladies. Let’s have fun!” Sarah raised her champagne glass.

-“To my Heroines! Cheers!”

The other Ladies raised their glasses.

-“To Sarah”, called Cecilia, and the other Women joined her toast.

It had been a long journey that had taken Sarah and her network to where they

were now.

It had been six years since Sarah first had discussed with her superiors the possibility of bringing Union colonies under femdom rule by concentrating femdom supporters in them. At first they had been dismissive. They had worried that the numbers of femdom supporters was insufficient for such a scheme to succeed, and that any attempt would cause an unnecessary deterioration in the already frosty relationship with the Union. They were also concerned a migration of Queendom sympathisers to one or two colonies would diminish the Queendom's intelligence capability in the Union overall.

But Sarah had persisted, and eventually she had persuaded them. The network of sympathisers was clearly large enough to change the political balance in a few colonies if concentrated, and in the disorganised and decentralised politics of the Union colonies, a significant minority with sufficient backing could easily win.

And the upsides of the plan were too great to ignore. Union colonies under femdom government would offer enormous opportunities. These would serve to spread femdom ideology inside the Union, and offer a haven to the Queendom's spies. They would allow

significant influence on the central Union government, and the ability to block or at least significantly delay any moves going against the Queendom's interests.

And maybe best of all, it was bound to cause fissures in the Union, as various factions and colonies would struggle to respond; leaving the Union even weaker to resist the Queendom and its Femdom ideology.

Sarah received permission to plan and execute an effort to see femdom supporters elected as governors of two Union colonies, and soon after she started the work.

The choice had fallen on New California and Atlantis, two colonies near Queendom territory already home to a significant number of femdom supporters. Sarah and a few of her colleagues began to increase this number further. Femdom supporters elsewhere in the Union were encouraged to move to these two colonies by their contacts in the Queendom's intelligence, and over the next years slow migration brought the proportion of known femdom supporters in these colonies to 15-20%.

Then, two years ago, Sarah and her colleagues started preparing to make these number count in the upcoming elections in both colonies. Sarah had

taken charge of the New California operation, leaving Atlantis to her colleague Alice.

Sarah's then fully focused on maximising the clout of the femdom constituency. With the backing of accurate intelligence and analytics from the Queendom's Intelligence Service, Sarah and her colleagues supported the local femdom supporters in picking candidates with the best chances of winning in each constituency. None of the candidates ran on a femdom platform, and none of them were known by the public to have femdom sympathies. The candidates could therefore expect a decent share of the votes from the general population as

long as they managed to engage the voters.

Sarah and her colleagues also advised femdom immigrants on where in the colony to settle in order to boost their votes in strategic constituencies.

It had all been tremendously successful. The backing of the Queendom's Intelligence Service, was a decisive advantage for the Femdom network in the election. The intelligence and analytics provided had proved very accurate, and also leaking of embarrassing details about opposing candidates did much to swing votes in its favour.

In the end all eleven femdom candidates were elected in New California. In Atlantis, the operation had been almost as successful, electing nine femdom councillors. It was now up to these councils to change the history of their colonies.

New California City Hall, 152/3/08, 12:15

Stephen looked around at the other councillors in the chamber. It was the second session of the new Council, and it was about to hold its most important vote – the vote for the governor of the next ten years.

In the first session, four days ago, the candidates had been nominated. Stephen

would run for re-election against Katherine Lana, one of the new councillors. Now it was time to decide. Unlike the governor votes of the past, Stephen had no idea how the vote would go this time. The other councillors wore solemn faces, and nothing gave away their intentions.

Stephen had spent a lot of time over the last few days to get to know the new councillors and to make the case for his re-election. They had all been friendly, and he felt he got along with them. They were intelligent, they listened to what he had to say, and he felt he could do business with them. Yet, most of them had been non-committal, regarding which

way they would vote. Three of them had said they would vote for Katherine, and another three – all survivors from the last Council – had told Stephen they would vote for him. Adding that to Stephen and Katherine's own votes, that made it 4-4 with seven votes up for grab.

The uncertainty made Stephen worried. He found it hard to be optimistic. But it was now too late to do anything about it.

-“We will now vote on Governor of New California for the period 152-162,” said Stephen. As the current Governor, he was also chair of the Council.

-“The candidates are Katherine Lana, and myself, Stephen Hird,” he continued.

“We will vote on the candidates sequentially, starting with Ms Lana. All those voting for Katherine Lana, raise your hands now.”

Stephen scanned the chamber. Most councillor had raised their hands. He knew instantly he had lost. Eleven hands were in the air, meaning all seven undecided votes had gone to Katherine, who was looking very satisfied on the other side of the table.

While he had feared this could happen, Stephen felt a wave of bitter disappointment. This was not right. He was an excellent governor, and he had done nothing to deserve being kicked out

like this and replaced by someone who did not even live here five years ago. But he knew he had to show grace in defeat. Looking like a sore loser would serve no purpose.

-“Eleven votes for Katherine Lana. Congratulations! To get this formally correct, we will now vote for Stephen Hird as governor.”

Stephen and three others raised their hands.

-“Thank you,” said Stephen. “Katherine Lana is elected Governor of New California for the period 152 to 162, by eleven votes to four.”

-“Congratulations, Katherine,” Stephen continued. “You won convincingly, and I know you are a capable Woman. I have every confidence you will succeed as Governor and make our colony prosper. I will support you as a councillor, and I will always be available to advice you in your new role.” He managed to sound sincere.

-“Thank you, Stephen,” replied Katherine. “You have run New California very well in your tenure, and we are all grateful for the job you have done. I hope I will prove as capable as you, and I will of course cherish your advice. I intend to introduce some new

policies where I think improvements can be made, but it will be on the foundation of your -Stephen's - legacy. So your opinions and advice will carry a lot of weight with me.”

She sounded sincere. It would be good if Stephen could have influence with her. But he suspected she was merely being graceful.

-“And also a big thank you to the Council for putting your confidence in me. Changes are coming. I will not let you down.”

Katherine's last remark strengthened Stephen's suspicion. She had her own

agenda, and his influence would be limited.

At this point formality of the meeting broke down as the other councillors congratulated Katherine. Stephen let her receive their praises for a minute before he reasserted control to end the meeting.

-“This vote was the final item on the agenda. And with this, I thank you for bearing with me in my time as chair of this council. When we reconvene in five days, Katherine will be leading it.”
He nodded to Katherine.

-“In the meantime, Katherine and I will meet to facilitate the handover. We can

set up a schedule right after this meeting if it is ok with you.”

-“That works very well for me, and I am most grateful for your help,” replied Katherine.

-“And let me again thank you for the way you have served New California and its people,” she added to the approval of the other councillors.

Stephen still felt bitter. As polite and friendly as she was, he just could not bring himself to like the Woman that was taking away his job and his lifework.

**Katherine & Alex’ apartment, 152/3/12,
20:30**

Katherine had just come home after a long day at City Hall. She had just completed the last handover day with Stephen and his administration, and there were quite a few things to get her head around she had discovered over the last days. There were a lot of details to pay attention to when in charge of the colony, even if much could and should be delegated.

While it would undoubtedly require a lot of effort, Katherine was confident she was prepared the day before she would formally take charge. She had access to good advice when she needed it. Stephen might be useful in the early days with the more hands-on matters, but more

importantly, she also had Sarah and the Queenendom's Intelligence.

Help with the gritty details of the work would also be needed, and Katherine knew she would need a secretary or two. This was the most immediate matter to be resolved, and Katherine had a candidate in mind.

As Katherine entered the apartment Alex approached her. The naked slave bent down in front of her to kiss her shoes. -“Welcome home, Mistress,” he said to her. “Your dinner is waiting in the kitchen.”

It was good to come home to a male who

knew his place. Having finished work a couple of hours before her, Alex had done house chores and prepared the house for his Mistress arrival. Fully naked, as Katherine required of him. He was reasonably fit, and his body was not bad to look at, and Katherine wanted full access to it, both for her eyes and for her whips.

-“Thank you, slave,” replied Katherine.
“You may join me.”

Katherine continued to the kitchen, not bothering to change from her business attire: A simple belted black pencil dress, stockings and black pumps. Alex followed her.

The kitchen table had been prepared with one plate of a delicious-looking shrimp salad. Alex knew what Katherine liked, and he was a decent cook. He also knew that as her slave, he could not expect to eat at her table, hence only one plate. If Katherine allowed his company during the meal, he would at best get scraps.

Katherine sat down at the table, and poured sparkling water from a bottle on the table in her glass.

-“It looks delicious, slave,” she told Alex. “You may kneel next to the table.” Katherine was not going to let him sit on a chair in her presence.

-“Thank you, Mistress,” replied Alex and

kneeled next to the side of the table.

Katherine took a sip of water. She wanted to deal with the final business issue of the day before starting the meal. -“I need you to quit your job, slave,” she said to Alex.

-“Mistress?” Alex looked like a question mark.

-“I told you I need you to quit your job,” repeated Katherine with a hint of annoyance. “I need you to be my secretary at City Hall. I need someone who can be at my beck and call 40 hours a day. That’s why I want it to be you.”

-“Are you sure Mistress?” asked Alex.
“My concern is that your dominance of me becomes a bit too public if I were to be your secretary. And I doubt that is the best use of my skill set.”

-“Yes I am sure,” said Katherine. “And it is not your place to question my decisions.”

She was angry. Alex had clearly a little more to learn about his place in their relationship.

-“Please, Mistress,” Alex pleaded. “I only have your best interests in mind.”

Like hell he did, thought Katherine. He liked his current job, and he did not like

the prospect of being his wife's assistant in public. As her slave, Katherine demanded his unquestioning obedience. He needed to be taught a lesson

-“That’s it,” said Katherine, standing up and raising her voice. “You need to be taught your place! Bend over that chair!” Katherine pointed to a chair next to the table.

-“Please, Mistress,” Alex tried again.
-“NOW!” Katherine shouted back.

He finally got it.

-“Yes, Mistress,” answered Alex meekly. He then got up on his feet and moved the chair Katherine had pointed out to the

middle of the floor and bent over it.

While he did so, Katherine went to her bedroom and opened the drawer in which she kept her punishment equipment. She selected two canes, both of medium thickness. She wanted to have a spare in case the first broke.

She then returned to the kitchen, finding the naked Alex bent over the chair as she had instructed. His ass presented a perfect target.

Katherine put the two canes down on the kitchen table and went over to Alex. She stood in front of him, grabbed his dark blonde hair and pulled his head

backwards, forcing him to look up into her eyes.

-“You do NOT question my decisions, slave,” Katherine told him with her strictest voice. “If I want your opinion, I will ask for it. Is that clear?”

-“Yes, Mistress,” he replied with a snivel. His eyes were filled with both fear and remorse. It confirmed Katherine’s conviction that in order to get obedience from males, one had to be strict and merciless.

-“I will now give you a caning, so you will remember never to question me again,” said Katherine. “You will count, and you will thank me afterwards. Is that

understood?”

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied Alex, again with a snivel.

While she was annoyed with his behaviour, seeing her slave like this, in fear of her power, was a turn-on for Katherine. In a few moments he was going to feel that power. Punishing Alex might be a chore of slave maintenance, but Katherine was going to enjoy it.

She let go of Alex head, and walked over to the table to pick up one of the canes. She made a practice swing in the air as she walked back to Alex, taking position to his right.



Katherine then put the tip of her cane on Alex' exposed bottom, and tapped it lightly. His buttocks were smooth, with only faint marks from the last caning she gave him, a few days earlier. That had been for discipline. This was going to be for punishment, and would be far more severe.

Alex wiggled slightly, clearly apprehensive about his immediate prospects. Katherine enjoyed his discomfort for a few seconds, then raised her cane above her head.

<SWISH...CRACK>

She brought the cane down on Alex' ass, applying nearly full power. Alex yelped.

-“One, Mistress,”

Katherine raised the cane again.

<SWISH...CRACK>

She delivered another hard stroke on his bottom.

-“Two, Mistress,” Alex said after another yelp

Ruthlessly, Katherine prepared for

another.

<SWISH...CRACK>

She brought it down harder than with the two first strokes, now using full power.

Alex hollered with pain.

-“Three, Mistress,” he squeaked after having absorbed the worst of it.

Katherine noticed the stroke marks of the first three strokes formed perfect parallel lines on her slave's ass as they started turning into welts. A very pleasing result. But it was only the beginning.

<SWISH...CRACK>

She delivered another full force stroke, and Alex howled.

-“Four, Mistress,” he managed to utter after a few seconds.

-“I expect you to take your punishment with less noise, slave,” Katherine told him as she raised the cane again. “You do not want to make me any angrier than I am.”

<SWISH...CRACK>

Alex’ face twisted in a grimace as he absorbed the shock of the pain from the impact, but he managed to suppress his urge to yell. Only a whimper came out.

-“Five, Mistress.”

Katherine noted with satisfaction he was doing everything he could to obey her

orders. But it would not make her show any leniency. She ruthlessly continued.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The cane impacted Alex' buttocks with a noisy crack, imprinting another red line. But again Alex only whimpered.

-“Six, Mistress,” he said.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Katherine showed no mercy, and delivered another brutal stroke.

-“Seven, Mistress.”

-“You know you deserve this, slave, don't you,” she demanded of him.

-“Yes Mistress,” he concurred with a snivel.

Alex quickly realised the error of his ways once Katherine brought out the cane. She knew she had already broken any will he might have to resist her wishes. But she was not done.

Mercilessly imposing her authority on Alex was key to keeping him as the obedient and loving slave he was. She had promised Alex a severe punishment, and a severe punishment he would get.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Alex groaned. The stroke was too painful for him to keep it in.

-“Eight, Mistress”

Katherine ignored it and continued.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Ten strokes later, Alex was again howling as Katherine's cane viciously cut into his rear. His ass was covered in red stripes.

-“Silence, slave,” Katherine scolded him.
“I told you not to make noise!”
-“Sorry, Mistress,” Alex replied with a snivel.

Katherine knew she would have him crying well before she was done. He deserved it, and Katherine enjoyed putting him in his place.

**Katherine & Alex' apartment, 152/3/12,
21:50**

Alex turned uncomfortably in his cage in the dark of the closet in Katherine's bedroom. His rear was aching terribly from the beating he had received earlier in the evening, and he tried to find a position that minimised the agony as he contemplated what had happened this evening and his relationship with Katherine.

Alex loved her, and he loved her dominance of him, but he was beginning to feel she took it too far. He accepted that she was completely in charge, and he wouldn't have it any other way. But he missed the time when she would at least hear his input on decisions that affected him.

These days she would punish him for even suggesting she should consider his concerns, like she had done earlier this evening.

She had thrashed him completely. A full hundred strokes of her vicious cane had left Alex in tears and severe pain, and his ass a mess of welts and bruises.

Alex fully accepted her right to do that, and serving a Woman who could put him in his place was something he found highly erotic, even if it was incredibly painful when it happened. Still, he sorely missed having at least some influence on the decisions of their relationship.

Alex also missed the stronger physical relationship in the earlier years.

Katherine mostly ignored his sexual needs lately, and she often kept him out of her own sexual experiences, as had happened this evening.

After she had caned Alex she had told him how horny punishing him had made her, before letting him know that he did not deserve licking her pussy tonight. Instead, she had locked him in his cage and closed the closet door, leaving him to only listen as she pleased herself with a vibrator.

Alex was both dissatisfied and frustrated

with the situation, but he did not know what he could do to improve it. In his most unhappy moments he had considered running away from Katherine. Whenever he was out of the house he could just walk away. He was not legally her slave in New California, and if he wanted to end it, she could not stop him.

He quickly abandoned that thought whenever he had it. He loved her, and he craved her dominance. He knew he would not be able to live without her. But it was also increasingly difficult to live with her. And Alex did not know how he could change that.

A Female Regime

New California City Hall, 152/3/22, 09:40

Katherine sat behind her desk in her office in City Hall, the office she had taken over from Stephen half a month earlier. The office was just big enough for a reasonably sized desk in one end of the room, and a small table surrounded by four chairs in the other end. It gave Katherine a work space and a meeting space. It was practical, and Katherine liked it.

She had just finished a call with Sarah to discuss new appointments in the colony administration. It was important for the success of their agenda to have key

positions of power and influence occupied by Ladies who shared their goals. But it was also important they were competent, so getting the right people required careful consideration. Frequent consultations with Sarah and other trusted advisors on this issue consumed a lot of time these days, as did the hiring processes themselves.

They had filled quite a few positions already, but there were still many hires from the previous administration to replace.

Katherine's ear piece beeped. She pressed on her wrist unit to accept the call. It was her secretary and husband

Alex.

-“Ms Madelaine Mace is here to see you, Ma’am,” he informed her.

-“Thank you, Alex. Send her in.”

Katherine would not address Alex as “slave” or have him call her “Mistress” in public, at least not yet. But she did insist he address her and other females as “Ma’am” as a sign of respect.

Five seconds later, the door opened, and a tall black Woman walked in. Wearing high heeled sandals, she towered at over 190 cm, yet her forms were distinctly feminine, accentuated by her attire, a black blouse and a cream pencil skirt.

She had straight black hair, which she wore in a business-like pony tail. She had a serious yet friendly expression on her face.

Katherine rose up from her chair behind the desk.

-“So good you could come, Madelaine,” she said to her visitor. “Please have a seat.” She gestured towards the group of chairs opposite her desk.

Madelaine sat down on one of the chairs, and Katherine sat down next to her.

-“I am so glad you can support us on this. We really need your help,” said Katherine. “Moving here on such short

notice is more than I could have expected.”

-“There was no question about coming,” replied Madelaine. “I am very excited about what you can achieve here.”

-“So am I,” said Katherine with a smile and a wink, before going straight to the main topic of the meeting.

-“As we discussed earlier, I need you to take charge of the Militia. We did look for local candidates, but the position is too important to fill with someone without your background.”

Madelaine was one of few Women in the Union colonies that had experience

leading a colony militia. She had long served in the militia of Bluepeak as platoon commander and garrison commander. The Bluepeak force was a volunteer force to be raised in times of need to support a small core of full-timers, much like the militia of New California. Madelaine thus has the perfect CV to step in as commander of the New California force.

-“It is likely that we at some point will face resistance, and at that point it is important that the Militia is working with us, not against us,” Katherine continued.

Madelaine nodded.

-“So your main task is to see to that the militia stays loyal to our administration, and is willing to put force behind our policies if necessary.”

-“I agree this should be a priority. I think there are a few things I can do to ensure such an outcome. I have a few ideas,” replied Madelaine.

-“Excellent,” said Katherine. “I know I can trust you. Do whatever you think is necessary.”

New California City Hall, 152/3/23, 9:20

Stephen was sitting in front of a screen in his office in City Hall. While he had lost the Governor's office, he was still

entitled to an office in the building as an elected councillor. The office he now had was not much smaller than the governor's, but it was annoyingly far from the administration, and thus from the running of the colony.

Nevertheless, Stephen did spend quite some time in his office and in city hall these days. Unlike most of the other councillors, Stephen did not yet have a job to go to, and his ambition was to return to the governor's office as soon as possible, so he had not found the motivation to look for another job yet.

Instead, he followed the new administration's every move, and he tried

to influence it as best he could. He did not feel he was particularly successful in this. He did get to meet Katherine from time to time, and she would politely listen to him, but it never led to any changes in direction from her side.

And Stephen was not overly fond of the direction Katherine was going. She seemed to be making a wholesale change of personnel in the administration. Competent, experienced and loyal people hired during Stephen's tenure were being replaced for little apparent reason.

And those replacing them were mostly unknown to Stephen, and in many, if not most cases they were recent immigrants.

Stephen could understand Katherine would like to make some changes, but it seemed like she was completely overdoing it.

A news alert blinked in the corner of Stephen's screen. He clicked on it to see what it was.

It was a release from the Governor's office. Stephen read on.

Madelaine Mace was being made new commander of the militia. Stephen had never heard of her, but reading the background info that followed with the release, she seemed qualified enough.

Still, Stephen struggled to see what the

point of this was. His friend George had ably served in this position for decades, and was just as qualified. There was absolutely no reason why he should not continue. And yet he was being turfed out in favour of a Woman from faraway Bluepeak who had just arrived in New California.

It started to look like Katherine was throwing out any person hired during Stephen's tenure on principle. It was infuriating.

He had to see Katherine right now. Stephen rose up and left his office, heading for the governor's office.

New California City Hall, 152/3/23, 9:25

-“Thank you, Alex,” said Katherine as she picked up one of the tea cups Alex had placed on the table in her office. “It would be good if we are not disturbed. Can you see to that?”

-“Yes, Ma’am,” replied Alex. He then smiled to Katherine’s guest and made his way out of the room.

After closing the door behind him, he found himself in a small lobby, the end point of a long corridor, and the entryway to Katherine’s office. This was where his own desk was placed, allowing him to function as a gatekeeper for his wife’s office, one of the functions Alex had as her secretary.

Apart from this, most of his work day was spent organising Katherine's schedule, book her meetings and setting up conferences. In between, he waited on her and her guests, as he had just done.

Alex was not particularly fond of the job he by now had had for almost half a month. He resented it as a waste of his skills, and he resented how the job change had eliminated his life outside his wife's reach. Being able to go to work and be part of "vanilla" life part of the day was something Alex missed. As much as he loved slavery under Katherine when they were home, he still wanted freedom from time to time.

Working under Katherine in many ways took away this freedom. With her as his boss, his work became an extension of his servitude at home. Her domination of him at work was not as overt as at home, but it was clear to anyone who saw them together that she treated him as a subordinate.

And whenever Katherine thought he had done poorly in his job, which had happened a few times already – Alex was not a natural as a secretary - she took him into her office to give him a caning. She even told Alex to change her schedule such that she could find time to punish him.

Experiencing his wife's dominance also at work was nevertheless stimulating, and it kept Alex on his toes. But it was at the cost of his one valve to freedom and vanilla life.

On the plus side, he did get to know a lot more about what Katherine and her friends were doing. She and her allies were aiming to shift power in New California to females. They were placing Women in all positions of power, mostly femdom supporters. And they wanted to make changes in laws and governance of the colony to promote femdom values. They would take New California a lot closer to the Queendom of Leda.

That was an agenda Alex agreed with, but he wondered how realistic it was. Surely both the Colony Council and the population would resist such moves. But it was not for Alex to question Katherine's plans. He had learned that more than once. He would lovingly and obediently carry out whatever she decided, even if he did not agree with it.

Alex sat down at his desk, and tapped the screen on it to see his message inbox. As he did so, he heard steps in the corridor and looked up to see a man walking briskly towards him. It was Stephen, the former governor.

-“I need to see Katherine,” he told Alex as he approached his desk in the lobby.

-“I am sorry. The Governor is in a meeting right now, and she does not want to be disturbed,” replied Alex.

-“Fine. Then schedule me a meeting later today.”

-“I am sorry, but her schedule is already full.”

-“Really?” Stephen spat out annoyed.

“And after sleep break?”

-“It is pretty full in the afternoon too,” answered Alex. “Is your business very urgent? I could check with Katherine if she wants to move one of the meetings...”

Alex knew that it was unlikely he would get a meeting soon. Katherine had made it clear to Alex that it was not a priority for her to meet Stephen. And as Stephen had been made to wait quite a few times before, he probably suspected the same.

Stephen did not reply to Alex's suggestion.

-“Let me see her schedule,” he demanded and walked around the desk so he could see Alex's screen.

Alex tapped the screen such that Katherine's schedule came to the front. It showed her full day, both pre-noon and afternoon, filled with back-to-back meetings.

-“As you can see, it is pretty full,” said Alex, hoping this would get Stephen to back off.

Stephen studied the list for a few seconds.

-“Are these interviews for positions in the administration?” he asked inquisitively.

-“Most of them, yes.” replied Alex.

-“She is only interviewing Women?”

Stephen had noticed every meeting in the schedule was with a female.

-“Yes. The Governor believes females are better suited for leadership.”

Alex knew he had said too much as soon as he had uttered the words.

-“Is that so? She’s a fan of the Herans, is she? A female supremacist?”

Stephen drew his conclusions quickly.

-“Uh...Not that I am aware of. And I am her husband.” Alex tried awkwardly to repair the damage.

-“Yes, and I am sure she is your obedient wife,” said Stephen with a smile.

“Anyway, I should get back now. Please book me a meeting with Katherine as soon as she is free, even if it takes a couple of days.”

Stephen’s vexed and impatient demeanour had suddenly disappeared.

-“Ok,” replied Alex, while he tried to think of something to say or do that could change Stephen’s perceptions.

Stephen did not give him any time.

-“Cheers,” he said and left.

I really hope this does not mean trouble, thought Alex.

New California City Hall, 152/3/23, 9:30

Stephen entered his office in a much better mood than he had left it ten minutes earlier. He hadn’t gotten to meet Katherine and vent his anger on her, but he had gotten something much better: Information that could bring her down.

It was clear Katherine had femdom sympathies. That was for sure. Placing only Women in leadership positions, and using her subdued husband as her secretary was enough evidence for Stephen. Perhaps she was not a fully-fledged female supremacist of the Heran kind – Stephen did not know, but that did not matter. She could be portrayed as such, and that should be sufficient to challenge her governorship.

Female supremacy ideology was very unpopular with many Union citizens, and removing a governor carrying out a female supremacist agenda should not be too hard.

Stephen sat down behind his desk and switched on the screen. He needed to systemise information on those brought into Katherine's administration, such that it could be presented as evidence.

Convincing his fellow councillors would be key. If nine of them would vote with Stephen to depose Katherine, the door would be open for Stephen to reclaim the governor's office.

New California City Hall, 152/4/05, 11:30

Philip entered the council chamber together with the other councillors, and took a seat at the round table in its middle. It was the sixth time they met, and the meetings were already starting to

become routine for Philip.

As usual, he had received a briefing of issues to be discussed and voted on a few days in advance from the governor's office. A day later he had received instructions of how to vote from Sarah, the intelligence officer. Then he had discussed this with Mistress Linda, his girlfriend. Based on this he had prepared for the session, and now he would play his role in it.

Usually, it did not require much. Katherine would brief on what issues the administration was dealing with. Then they would have a short debate on the issues they had been briefed on, followed

by voting. It had all been rather unimportant stuff so far.

This time was going to be more important, however. The Council had been called for an extraordinary session, to discuss whether Katherine as governor was carrying out a female supremacist agenda without a mandate. It would be followed by a vote on her continued governorship. It was clear someone had found out about the Femdom network's ambitions and was trying to stop them.

Philip knew well that this bid to stop them had no chance of succeeding. But it was worrying to learn that they faced resistance already.

Katherine opened the meeting.

-“Thank you all for coming. We are gathered here today because councillor Hird called for an extraordinary meeting to discuss some rather serious concerns he has,” she told the Council. “I assume you have all read the material he has put forward, so we are ready to discuss it.”

Some of the councillors nodded.

-“I will give the word to councillor Hird, so he can present his case,” she continued. “Stephen, please go ahead.”

-“Thank you, Katherine,” replied Stephen. As usual the form in the Council

meetings tended to switch between formal and informal. What was somewhat more surprising to Philip was that both Stephen and Katherine kept a polite tone considering today's topic.

-“As I am sure you have read, I am deeply worried that our Governor is carrying out a female supremacist agenda which no one voted for, either here in the Council or in the general electorate. I have learned the governor intends to remove men from any leadership position in this colony, similar to what is practiced in the Queendom.”

Stephen went on.

-“As you can see from the compiled list

of personnel changes in the colony administration since Katherine took over, the list of new people is quite long, but there are only three men among them, none of them in a position of significance.”

Stephen went on to go through the details of his material, highlighting how unreasonable and unnecessary each change was.

Finally he came to his point.

-“It is beyond doubt that the governor is biased against men, something I find very disturbing being next door to colonies where this kind of thinking has been taken to the extreme. And I fear this is only the

beginning. If she can get away with this, what is to stop the governor from making further steps in direction of the dangerous ideology of female supremacy?

I believe that we as the Council must act now to stop this non-sense, or we may wake up one day and find ourselves in a colony that is not much different from those of the Queendom.

I therefore call for a vote to recall Katherine Lana as governor of New California.”

Cecilia Porter, the veteran councillor, was the first to take the word afterward.

-“Come on, Stephen. This is rubbish, and you know it. It is not like your own administration hires were particularly

gender balanced. Using this to paint Katherine as a female supremacist and an agent of the Queendom beneath your standards....”

-“Thank you Cecilia,” interrupted Katherine. “But I think I should answer to the charge myself.”

She looked straight at Stephen.

-“It is true that most of my hires have been Women. It is also true that I believe Women more frequently have the qualities that make them qualified to serve in the administration I am building. But I can assure you that in every case I have been looking to fill a position, I have gone for the candidate I considered

most qualified, regardless of gender. That it happened to be a Woman in most cases is merely a reflection of the quality of the female candidates.

I am sure you did the same, when you built up your administration, although you probably evaluated qualifications differently, as you ended up picking mostly men. Is that not true?”

Stephen ignored the question and continued his attack.

-“There is a vast difference in the scale and pace of replacement between your administration and mine. In just a month you have...

Katherine cut him off.

-“Surely you are not accusing me of being too efficient in building my administration?”

Philip and most of the other councillors smiled.

-“The point is that you are making a systematic effort to eliminate men from leadership positions in the colony administration,” said Stephen annoyed.

“What I did does not compare. I augmented the administration with a few capable men. I did not change it wholesale.”

-“And I am augmenting the administration with many capable Women,” retorted

Katherine.

-“This isn’t going anywhere,” said Stephen. “I am going to ask you directly: Do you support female supremacy?”

-“Partly. I believe female supremacy is an ideology that, like most other ideologies and philosophies, has some good sides and some bad sides.

-“Do you think Women are superior to men?”

-“Yes, in some ways. Just as I recognise men are better in other ways.”

While Katherine avoided lying, she did

not quite present her views truthfully. Philip knew well Katherine was a convinced female supremacist like himself. And he thought Katherine should have done more to hide it, even if it meant lying. She did not seem to be assuaging Stephen's concerns.

-“I don't find your answers very comforting,” Stephen commented.

-“Be that as it may. You clearly have issues with my style and how I plan to run this colony, and I don't think I will win you over here and now. You called for a vote on my continued governorship, Stephen, and that is your right. Let's get it over with,” Katherine said, ending the

discussion.

“Fine,” said Stephen.

-“Anyone who want to add something before we vote?”

Katherine gave the councillors a few seconds. No one said anything and she moved on.

-“All those in favour of recalling me, Katherine Lana, as Governor of New California, raise your hands.”

Four councillors, including Stephen, raised their hands. Stephen was visibly upset when he recognised the small tally,

but he did not say anything.

-“I see four votes in favour of the motion,” said Katherine. “Those against, raise your hands now.”

Philip, Katherine and the nine other councillors of the femdom network raised their hands.

-“I see eleven votes against. The motion is defeated,” said Katherine, hiding well the joy she must have felt over the outcome. “With that, we are adjourned. Thank you for attending this session.”

Stephen did less to hide his feelings. He rose abruptly without a word and exited

the chambers.

Philip had little doubt Stephen would present more challenges to Katherine's leadership. He could sense things would be tougher from now on.

**Linda & Philip's apartment, 152/4/07,
19:40**

Philip was wiping the kitchen bench when he heard Mistress Linda arrive in the entrance. She had been in a Femdom Network meeting, and Philip had just managed to complete his cleaning chores while she was away. Being a councillor did not give Philip a pass on his slave duties.

He placed the towel he had used away, and went to greet his Mistress. As he crossed the living room, Linda came through the door from the entrance section. As always, she looked smashing. She wore a purple top, a black skirt, and a sexy pair of knee high boots. She always wore boots when going to Femdom Network events, and Philip loved the dominant appearance it gave her.

Linda smiled as she saw Philip, and he smiled back as he went down on his knees in front of her to kiss her boots.

-“How was the meeting, Mistress?” he asked her.

-“It was very useful. We got a good briefing on the situation and what we need to do next. You should probably have been there too, given you’re on the Council,” answered Linda. “Anyway, I will fill you in.”

She walked further into the living room and sat down on a chair a few meters away. Philip followed her, and sat down on his knees on the floor in front of her.

-“With the challenge from Stephen Hird earlier this week, it is just a question of time before we’ll see more serious opposition to our agenda. Sooner rather than later, someone will figure out that the colony council is controlled by us,

and that means we have limited time to establish full control before the opposition can organise itself,” Linda told Philip.

-“Makes sense,” said Philip and nodded.

-“Therefore, it has been decided to accelerate the implementation of our legislative agenda,” she continued. “Most of the laws we plan to introduce are already written, and we will now push them through the Council fairly quickly. We will probably not bother to have some of our councillors vote against them. Now speed is of the essence, and we will pass the laws with our full vote in short order.”

-“So I will just vote for any measure proposed by Katherine,” asked Philip.

-“In short, yes. If she or I do not instruct you otherwise.”

-“Of course, Mistress.”

-“But that’s enough business,” said Linda and rose to her feet. “It is time for pleasure.”

She grabbed Philip’s chin, and pulled him upwards until their faces met. She then kissed him forcefully and intensely, while her hand grabbed Philip’s ass cheek and squeezed.

Ten seconds later she withdrew.

-“I want you ready and naked in my bedroom in five minutes, slave,” Linda told Philip with a seductive and assertive tone.

-“Move!” She smacked his ass hard with her hand.

Philip hurried to the bedroom.

Life under Mistress Linda was a bliss.

The Leak

New California City Hall, 152/4/07, 29:15

Stephen walked into his office in city hall in a foul mood. He was still annoyed with the Council meeting days earlier. He couldn't believe the other councillors were not more worried about Katherine's sympathies for femdom.

Having spoken to several of those who voted against him, he learned they didn't think the evidence he presented was enough to convince them Katherine was as extreme as he claimed. They rather thought it looked like a desperate attempt by Stephen to reclaim the governorship.

Stephen had to admit to himself there was some truth in that charge, but that did not mean that he was wrong about Katherine being a female supremacist and a threat to the colony. He had to make them see that. He needed more evidence.

Stephen was about to sit down at his desk when an idea came to him. He should talk to Alex, Katherine's secretary again. He was after all the one who had inadvertently tipped off Stephen on Katherine's femdom leanings. Maybe Stephen could get some more information out of him. Alex seemed like the weak link in Katherine's team.

Stephen left his office, and navigated the

corridors of the city hall building to the governor's wing, and to the governor's office.

As expected, Stephen found Alex in the lobby outside Katherine's office. Stephen knew just the excuse to use for his presence.

-“I'd like a meeting with Katherine,” he told Alex, knowing well the chances of that happening anytime soon was close to zero.

-“I am sorry, the governor is in a meeting, and her schedule is fully booked today,” Alex predictably answered.

-“I'll wait around then, in case one of her

appointments finishes early. I don't need long with her," said Stephen.

Stephen noticed Alex' uncomfortable expression as he spoke. Katherine had probably instructed Alex not to let Stephen meet her.

-“That is rather unlikely,” said Alex.
“She is very busy today.”

-“I'm feeling optimistic,” replied Stephen, and sat down in a sofa opposite Stephen's desk.

-“Very well, I will let you know in case she contrary to expectation becomes available. I can call you.” It was obvious

Alex wanted Stephen to leave. But that was not going to happen.

-“Thanks,” replied Stephen. “But I’ll hang around here.”

-“Very well.” Alex turned his attention to the screen on his desk.

The conversation ended for half a minute, before Stephen tried to restart it.

-“So, how is it like being you’re wife’s secretary?”

-“That is working out well, thank you, Mr Hird,” replied Alex not taking his eyes off the screen.

-“I mean, you have made quite a sacrifice, quitting your job in order to manage her schedule.”

-“I do my bit to contribute to her success,” Alex replied somewhat annoyed. “But if you don’t mind, I have quite a bit to do right now. I can’t be much of a conversation partner right now.”

It sounded like Alex was uncomfortable with the subject. While it was tempting to press it further, Stephen chose not to. Instead, he had noticed a pile of binders that attracted his attention.

-“Never mind,” said Stephen and rose to

his feet, and approached Alex' desk close enough to read the header of the top binder.

“Legislative agenda” it read. That might be interesting. This could be an early warning of what laws Katherine wanted to the Council to vote on.

-“I'll just update myself on this while I wait, said Stephen and walked over to the desk to pick up the top binder.

Before he could do so, Alex put his hand on the top of the pile.

-“I am sorry, but these are only drafts. They are not official yet.”

-“That’s no problem,” said Stephen. “It is still useful reading. I won’t go to the press with them.”

-“Sorry, but you can’t have it yet,” repeated Alex.

Stephen switched to more aggressive tone.

-“As a councillor it is my right. The legislative agenda is the Council’s business, and you cannot withhold this from me.”

-“I was told to keep this confidential. And you were not on the distribution list. I can’t give it to you” said Alex, stuttering a little. He did not sound

confident.

-“Well, I am a councillor, so I should be on your distribution list. Let me have a copy, now,” Stephen asserted firmly.

Alex hesitated and looked like he struggled to decide what to do. Stephen decided to convince him with a final argument.

-“Give me a copy! You don’t want your wife to find out how I identified her as a female supremacist in the last Council meeting.”

Alex looked at Stephen in despair for a few seconds. Then he took his hand away

from the binder pile. Stephen picked up the top binder, smiling.

-“Don’t worry. Nobody will know how I got this,” he told Alex.

Alex did not reply.

Stephen turned and walked towards the corridor.

-“I will read this one in my office,” he informed Alex, turning his head before leaving the lobby. “Call me when Katherine is free.”

New California City Hall, 152/4/07, 29:25

Alex hid his face in his hands after having watched Stephen disappear down the corridor. He intensely regretted

letting Stephen have a binder.

Katherine's explicit order had been to print them and distribute to people on a specific list, and no one else. Alex had now failed to obey that order.

That was bad enough in itself, but worse was that Stephen might use the copy he got to cause trouble for Alex' beloved Mistress. What should he do? It was too late to get it back now.

Alex despaired for half a minute before he took his face out of his hands. He had lot to do, and he had to get on with his work. But first he wanted to look inside one of the binders. He wanted to get an

idea of how damaging their contents could be in the wrong hands.

Alex grabbed the binder on the top of the pile, opened it, and started skimming the content pages. They stretched over three pages, as one could expect for a document of several hundred pages.

The document seemed to contain proposals for new laws in a wide range of areas. Administrative law, family law, criminal law, election law, property law all had separate chapters.

Alex flipped another page and found the introductory text. It explained briefly that the document contained a suggestion for

an overhaul of the laws of New California, to be voted on in the Colony Council.

Alex flipped another page and started reading the first chapter on administrative law. It was heavy reading, and Alex quickly lost motivation. The first page did not reveal anything unusual, and Alex concluded he did not have time to go through the rest. He had too much work to do.

And in any event, Stephen would have been due to get the document soon. It was for the Council to vote on, and he was a councillor. Was it really a big deal if he got it early?

Alex tried to rationalise, but he could not escape a nagging uneasiness that there might be something in the document that in the wrong hands could damage Mistress Katherine.

Regardless, he had to get back to work. Katherine would not be pleased if it looked like he was slacking.

New California City Hall, 152/4/07, 36:05
Stephen stood up from his seat behind his desk. He needed to stretch his legs after sitting for hours reading Katherine's suggested overhaul of the laws of the colony.

What he had read had shocked him. It

proved beyond doubt that Katherine was indeed a hard core female supremacist. What Stephen so far had insinuated to further his cause without knowing the facts, turned out to be true. This document made that very clear.

To be fair, most of the proposed law changes were reasonable and uncontroversial. But among them there were several pieces of legislation which would reduce men to second class citizens and make New California a light version of the Queendom.

The proposed election law was probably the most obvious example. It reserved all political elected offices for Women, and

it also restricted voting to Women only. But there were other examples. Amendments in the criminal law allowed for corporal punishment to be part of sentencing for male criminals, but not females.

And the proposed family law explicitly recognised the Woman as the head of any heterosexual marriage or partnership, with rights to act as the guardian for her male counterpart(s). It further decriminalised her use of corporal punishment of the male partner for the purposes of discipline.

The most shocking part was not the content of the proposed laws, however. Stephen knew well that there were many

Women, and even men, who wanted this, even in the Union Colonies. They were a small minority, however, and until now, Stephen had never considered them a real threat.

The fact that this was written under the oversight of the sitting governor, with the apparent intention of being presented to the Colony Council was what was really scary. It meant Katherine believed she could get this approved by the Council, which again meant there was a majority on the Council who shared her views. At least Katherine thought so.

That could explain why Stephen made so little traction in his bids to retain and

regain the governorship. The Colony Council was controlled by a conspiracy of female supremacists.

If this was the case, there was no point of fighting this in the Council. The gloves had to come off. He would need to appeal to the Street and to the other colonies.

Come to think of it, this conspiracy might not be restricted to New California. Also Atlantis had recently had an election where most incumbents had been replaced. Stephen decided to check with his contacts there, to see if there were further similarities in the political developments in the two colonies.

But most important, he needed to get out the message of what was happening in here New California. People needed to know what kind of femdom experiment the governor and the Council were about to subject them to. The sooner it could be exposed, the sooner it could be killed.

The best way to do this was leaking the document to the media. It would get instant attention. And it also had the benefit of keeping Stephen's name out of it for now. That would have Katherine and her conspirators in the Council guessing, and perhaps making a few mistakes.

Stephen started tapping on his wrist unit. He had a contact in the Union News Channel who he had used for leaks before, and he was just the man he needed for this situation.

**Katherine & Alex' apartment, 152/4/08,
00:10**

Katherine came out of the bathroom after finishing her preparations for the night. Makeup was off, her hair had been let down, and she was wearing panties and a t-shirt. It had been a long day at work, and Katherine looked forward to some rest.

Alex had been locked in his cage, and Katherine was about to go to bed when

her wrist unit signaled an incoming call. It was Dana, one of the Women in the Femdom Network.

Figuring a call at this hour was likely important, Katherine accepted it.

-“Hello Dana,” answered Katherine.

-“Hi Katherine,” said the voice in the other end. “Sorry to call this late, but I thought you should know this right away.”

-“My husband received a package from an anonymous source in the New California government. It is a copy of your administration’s law proposals. The more controversial laws were highlighted, and the intention seems to be to create coverage against these laws,”

she continued. Katherine remembered that Dana's husband was a journalist in the Union News Channel.

-“This is not good. I appreciate you letting me know,” said Katherine.

-“Needless to say, this leak will not make it to the headlines tomorrow, but I am afraid we can only delay it a bit. The source will doubtless find other ways to spread his message.”

-“We will have to assume that, yes. We will need to react quickly to this, so let me hang up so I can organize a response. But thanks again for letting me know so quickly.”

-“Not at all,” replied Dana. “Good luck, Katherine. Do call me back if you need anything more from me.”

-“I will,” said Katherine and hung up.

She then immediately started calling Sarah, while walking into the living room.

**Katherine & Alex’ apartment, 152/4/08,
00:20**

-“I think you’re right in your assessments of the situation,” concluded Katherine after having discussed the latest developments and courses of action with Sarah.

Katherine had always appreciated Sarah's insights, and knowing Sarah supported her intended course of action strengthened her confidence. They had to move up the schedule for voting on the new laws, and they had to ensure the administration, and especially the militia, was prepared for any backlash. There was at most a day before the proposed laws would become public, and they needed to be prepared at that moment.

-“Then there is also the issue of finding where the leak came from,” added Sarah.

-“I might have a lead on that one,” said Katherine. “I will let you know what

comes out of it in the meeting tomorrow morning.”

-“Sounds good,” replied Sarah. “I’ll hear from you then. Good luck!”

-“Good night,” said Katherine and closed the call.

She then headed back to her bed room and into the walk-in wardrobe next to it. Katherine was about to have a serious chat with her husband, and she wanted to add some apparel she felt was appropriate for the occasion.

Since the leaked material came in the form of paper print outs, and Alex had

been tasked to do the printing, Katherine suspected he would somehow have been involved in the leak. Alex could be very stupid some times, and Katherine was determined to find out if this was one of those times.

Two minutes later Katherine came back into the bedroom. Wearing a black leather body and a pair of thigh high leather boots, and with a crop, a short bullwhip and a pair of handcuffs in her hands, she was prepared for interrogating her slave husband.

She went straight to the closet inside which his cage was located, and opened the door. Alex was sleeping inside the

cage.

Katherine kicked the cage.

-“Get up, slave” she shouted to him.

Alex woke up. He turned his face slowly such that he could see out in the room, squinting. He looked confused.

Katherine unlocked the cage as he tried to orient himself.

-“Get up, I said,” she shouted at him after unlocking the cage. “Get out of the cage. NOW!”

Katherine hit the cage with her crop, dramatically emphasizing her last word.

Still looking confused, and now also scared, Alex complied and crawled out of the cage. As his head came out of the cage, Katherine grabbed his hair with her left hand and pulled, forcing him to move quicker.

She pulled him out of the closet and out on the floor on his knees. Then, after putting what was in her hands on top of the cage, she slapped his face hard three times. The smacks echoed in the room.

-“A copy of the legislative agenda ended up with someone who was not supposed to have it,” she told him. “What do you have to say about that slave?”

He hesitated, looking scared. Katherine could see instantly that he knew something.

<SLAP>

She gave him another hard face slap.

-“Tell me, slave!”

-“I am sorry, Mistress,” said Alex sniveling. “I made a mistake.”

Katherine picked up the crop from the top of the cage, and swatted Alex bottom twice with it.

-“Tell me what you did,” she commanded.

-“Stephen Hird came to my desk and demanded a copy,” he said. “He said he was entitled to one as a counselor.”

Katherine hit him again with her crop.

-“And you gave him one?” she asked sharply.

-“Yes, Mistress,” Alex said with a snivel. “I am so sorry.”

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Katherine hit his ass twice with her crop.

-“You certainly will be,” she told him angrily. “You’re such a stupid male. Did I not tell you specifically to only give it to those on the approved list?”

<SMACK>

-“Yes, Mistress. I made a mistake. He threatened me...”

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Three strokes from Katherine’s crop shut him up.

-“That’s no excuse! And in what way did he threaten you?” Katherine demanded.

-“He...” Alex started, and then paused.

Katherine could tell he was reluctant to

reveal it. But she knew he would tell if subjected to a dose of female authority.

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

-“He what?” she asked him while applying her crop harshly on his ass.

-“He threatened to tell you that it was because of me he knew you were a female supremacist,” admitted Alex. “I am sorry, Mistress.”

Alex could be so incredibly stupid sometimes. Katherine just wanted to punish him.

-“You are fucking unbelievable,” Katherine told him, and pushed his head

downwards. She then took a step forward, straddling his head, and locked it between her thighs. It left Alex immobilized with his rear exposed.

She raised her crop above her head and brought it down with full force on Alex' bottom. He groaned, but Katherine had no sympathy for him as she raised her crop again. He deserved it thoroughly.

She gave him around twenty strokes before continuing the interrogation. She released his head from between her thighs and pulled him up by his hair such that his eyes met hers. She slapped his face.

-“You told him I am a female supremacist? Did we not agree to keep that to ourselves and our friends?” Katherine asked.

-“I didn’t tell him,” whimpered Alex. “He inferred it from your preference for females in your administration.”

-“And you told him that?” Katherine asked while giving him another slap.

-“I was indiscreet, Mistress,” replied Alex, sniveling almost to the point of crying. “I failed you, Mistress.”

Katherine slapped him twice.

-“I expect far better from you, slave,” she

told him, while again picking up her crop. Katherine was not in doubt that her slave needed serious punishment. But she was not done with the interrogation.

-“And can you tell me how Stephen knew about the existence of the legislative agenda document when he demanded it from you?”

-“He saw the copies I had printed on my desk when he came to demand a meeting with you this morning,” replied Alex.

-“And then he wanted one and you just gave him one, like the imbecile you are?” Katherine continued for him.

<SMACK>

A stroke of her crop accompanied her insult.

-“Uh...” Alex started hesitatingly.

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

-“Answer me, slave!” Katherine demanded, furiously cropping his back.

-“He said it was his right as a counselor,” Alex tried to excuse himself, after a sob. “I thought we would be in trouble if I did not give him a copy.”

-“And he threatened to make a number out of my indiscretion,” he added after

another sob.

<SMACK>

-“Shut up, slave! Don’t try to excuse yourself.”

Katherine did not want to listen to his excuses, if they could be called that.

-“I gave you a direct order, and you failed to obey it. That means far more trouble for you than anything Stephen could have created. I am your owner, and I will not tolerate anything but absolute obedience from you. You need to learn that!”

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Katherine delivered five full force strokes to Alex' by now welted bottom as a pre-taste of the punishment she intended to give him. Alex groaned loudly as his body absorbed the force of her strokes. But she was not quite done with the chat yet.

She jerked his head backwards with the hand holding his hair, and bent down to position her face inches in front of his.

-“Why did you not tell me about your mistakes at once?” she asked sharply.

-“You were so busy today, and I did not

want to disturb you,” Alex stuttered between sobs. “And I didn’t think it was a big matter”.

Katherine jerked his hair again.

-“And I was afraid you would punish me,” he added.

Katherine let go of her crop and slapped Alex face as hard as she could.

-“Just as I thought,” she spat at him. “Protecting yourself is all you think about.”

She picked up her crop again and stood up

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Three hard strokes on Alex' upper back introduced Katherine's lecture.

-“If I punish you, it is because you deserve it,” she shouted at him. “Holding back information to avoid punishment is absolutely unacceptable!”

<SMACK>

-“I am going to beat that selfish attitude out of you!”

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Another three strokes landed on Alex' back.

Katherine knew Alex was not willfully making his mistakes. She knew he was

completely in awe of her, and tried as best he could to please her.

But sometimes he was so annoyingly stupid, and besides, she had not completely eradicated his male ego yet. She could not fully count on him setting his Mistress' interests above all else, including his own well-being.

To reach that stage, Katherine knew she had to continue her harsh regime of discipline and punishment. And for this episode, the punishment would have to be exceptional. Alex had by his disobedience and selfishness endangered the Katherine's governorship and the Femdom cause. Katherine was genuinely angry with Alex, and wanted to see him

suffer.

And suffer, he would. Katherine had heard enough from him. It was time to start his proper punishment.

Katherine grabbed Alex' hair and pulled him forward towards the door out of the bedroom.

-“You will be severely punished for this,” she told him.

Above the bedroom door was a bar Katherine used for cling-ups when she did not have time to go to a gym. It also served as a place to string up her slave for punishment, which was how she intended to use it now.

-“Get up,” she told Alex, who did as he was told. He knew what she wanted to do, and he stretched his arms up to the bar above the door to let Katherine fix him to it with the handcuffs.

With the slave secure in the doorway, Katherine returned to the cage in the closet to pick up the punishment instrument she had chosen, a vicious, short 1.5-meter bullwhip with a metal core.

-“You have disobeyed me, you tried to hide it, and now you will pay for it,” Katherine warned Alex as she took position behind him.

She threw the whip behind her shoulder and took aim at the slave in front of her.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The whip struck diagonally across Alex' back, and he howled with agony, just as Katherine had anticipated. It was one of her most painful whips, and she had used it with full force. A red mark on Alex' back showed up almost immediately.

Katherine took aim again.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Another full-force lash hit Alex' back almost exactly where the first had impacted. He let out another scream.

-“You know you deserve this, don’t you?” Katherine shouted to him, as she took aim again.

-“Yes, Mistre....” Alex whimpered before he was cut off by the whip’s impact, causing him to scream.

-“Say you deserve it,” demanded Katherine, launching another lash.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“I deserve it, Mistress,” replied Alex sobbingly after a howl.

-“Beg me to punish you!” Katherine continued

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“I deserve to be whipped,” he Alex sobbed. “Please punish me, Mistress.”

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“I most certainly will,” Katherine confirmed, emphasizing the final word with an extra hard lash on Alex red striped back. Her heavy whip marked his back very fast, and she knew he was in severe pain. As he deserved.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Katherine liked to hear Alex beg for his

punishment. He might be coerced by Katherine into doing so, but he probably genuinely agreed he deserved the whipping.

Yet he clearly found the whipping intolerable, as evidenced by his writhing and screaming, and this made it all the more satisfying for Katherine. She wanted him to suffer for what he did. And Katherine would make sure he would have his dose of suffering tonight.

<SWISH...CRACK>



**Katherine & Alex' apartment, 152/4/08,
00:35**

<SWISH...CRACK>

Another lash of Katherine's whip cut into Alex' back. It was unbelievably painful, and Alex intensely wanted it to stop. He whimpered and instinctively wiggled in a futile attempt to avoid the whip.

<SWISH...CRACK>

With his hands cuffed to the bar above

the bedroom door he could get nowhere. Katherine's whip easily and mercilessly found its target for what must at least have been the hundredth time, and Alex moaned.

His earlier screams and howls had degenerated into sniveling and moaning as Katherine's whip drained him of energy.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The lash struck Alex' upper back, and he let out a feeble cry as he absorbed the pain. It was absolute agony.

Then, as he prepared for another stroke, he sensed Katherine was next to him. His Mistress reached up and unlocked his

handcuffs.

-“This is enough for tonight,” she told him. “But don’t think we’re done. I am fed up with your mistakes, and I am going to teach you the consequences of failing your Mistress.”

Katherine release his hands, and Alex fell to the floor, exhausted and in agony. His back was fully covered in welts from her lashes, and there were several more other places on his body.

She placed her boot on Alex’ neck and pushed his head down.

-“This was only the beginning, slave,” she told him. Then she dug her heel into

his upper back, as she continued. “There will be much more of this until your performance improves.”

Alex whimpered. Her heel digging into his freshly whipped back was not pleasant at all.

-“Now, Kiss my boots, and thank me for your punishment!” Katherine ordered him, and took her boot off his neck.

Alex obeyed instantly, and started kissing her tall stiletto boots. Both out of fear and out of a genuine desire to satisfy her.

-“What do you say?” demanded Katherine after a few seconds.

-“Thank you, Mistress,” responded Alex

with a feeble voice. “Thank you for punishing me.”

He returned to kissing her boot. Alex eagerly kissed and licked her ankles, whispering “Thank you, Mistress” every few seconds.

Katherine did not say anything. She let him worship her feet for half a minute before stopping him.

-“Enough slave. Back to your cage.”

Alex rose slowly up on his knees, and started crawling towards the closet where his cage was.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Faster!” ordered Katherine, and gave him a lash across his bottom.

It was as painful as those that had preceded it, and Alex made an effort to move quicker.

He crept into the cage, and Katherine locked it as soon as he was in. She did not say anything, but gave Alex a look that reveled she was still angry with him. When she was done, she closed the closet door, muttering “useless slave”, and it was all dark for Alex.

Alex was miserable. Having been thoroughly thrashed, his body was aching everywhere, and particularly his back. But what was worse was the knowledge

that he had failed his Mistress and been a bad slave for her. As the shock of the physical pain receded, the thought of Mistress Katherine's disappointment in him weighed much heavier on his mind.

Despite his exhaustion, Alex found it hard to sleep.

The News Breaks

Stephen's apartment, 152/4/09, 08:40

Stephen switched off the screen in his living room. He was growing impatient. The Union News had made no mention of Katherine's legislative proposals, and neither had he seen anything on online sources.

He had expected something as controversial as this to be in the headlines within hours of it reaching a journalist. Now it had been more than 50 hours, more than a full Ledan day, since he leaked the documents.

What could be the reason? Had the

documents suddenly gotten lost? Or did the femdom conspiracy reach into the news media?

Stephen doubted the Union News suddenly had become more thorough on fact checking.

Regardless, Stephen had no patience for it anymore. The document had to go to the other news channels as well. If he had to sacrifice his anonymity as the source, so be it. The people needed to know about this conspiracy as soon as possible. If Katherine's femdom plans were not in the headlines by this afternoon, Stephen would go public.

In the meantime, Stephen would attend to

the chores of the day. There was a Council meeting in an hour, so it was time to head to city hall.

Stephen went to the entrance section and found a suit jacket in the closet there. He put it on, straightened his tie, and made his way out of the apartment.

New California City Hall, 152/4/09, 09:50

Stephen took at a seat at the round table in the middle of the Council Chamber. He was a bit early, a reflection of his eagerness to get it over with, and to get to the real business of the day – exposing Katherine's conspiracy.

There was no point of bringing that issue

up in the Council, as most of it was probably part of the conspiracy. Stephen's few trusted allies on the Council already knew – he had spoken to them yesterday.

Stephen scanned the news using his wrist unit while he waited for the other councillors to arrive. Still no sign of the conspiracy in the media.

After a few minutes, the other councillors started arriving. Stephen nodded and smiled to greet them as they found their places around the table. The seats around the table filled rapidly.

Finally, at 10.00 precisely, Katherine arrived. She walked into the room with

confident, fast-paced steps, looking business-like with her long brown hair in a bun, and wearing a knee-length black business dress.

Following her, was her secretary, Alex. Dressed in an average-looking blue suit, and carrying a big pile of binders, he very much looked like her underling.

Their behaviour did nothing to correct that impression.

-“Place the binders on that table, Alex,” Katherine instructed her husband and pointed to a table next to wall.

-“Yes, Ma’am,” replied Alex, and unloaded his haul as told.

-“You may leave us,” she then told him,

and took her seat at the round table in the middle.

-“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied again and left the room.

There was no doubt who was in charge of that relationship, thought Stephen as he watched them. It was so obvious now that he was aware of it. Alex almost behaved as if he was Katherine’s slave. And they were husband and wife. She probably also treated him as her slave, from what Stephen knew of the female supremacists. Poor man.

That was how Katherine would treat all men if she and her co-conspirators were not stopped.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting,” said Katherine as her husband left the room. “We had a lot of material to prepare.” -“I can see that,” interjected Cecilia Porter with a smile.

Katherine continued.

-“I will get straight to the main issue. As you know, it has been my intention to introduce reforms to improve the governance and quality of life in our colony. As part of this, I would like to amend parts of our legal framework.”

Stephen attention sharpened. Was Katherine putting the proposal to the Council now already?

-“Over the past weeks, my advisors and I have produced a proposal for changes in our legal code to support our reform agenda. I would like to present this to the Council, and get its consent to the changes.”

It seemed like she was. Was it going to be the same as what Stephen had read?

-“The proposed changes are laid out in the binders I brought, and I will of course also supply electronic versions. I would like you all to familiarise yourself the material and to discuss what you think about it once you have read it. We will aim to vote on these changes in the Council meeting on the 19th this month.”

-“Then, to the other agenda items...”

It was clear to Stephen what Katherine's plan was. 19th was only 10 days from now. She wanted to ram this through the Council before wider resistance could be organised. That was not going to happen if Stephen had anything to say about it.

Outside City Hall, 152/4/09, 12:30

-“What we are witnessing here is nothing less than an attempt to make New California a female supremacist dictatorship, like the Queendom of the Heran invaders,” Stephen told the interviewer.

It had not taken long for the news of Katherine's laws to break after the Council meeting ended, and Stephen had received quite a few requests for interviews. He was now doing the first of several interviews planned for this afternoon. The wider he could spread his message, the better.

-“The government of this colony proposes to completely disenfranchise the male half of the colony population and to purge the government of men. It is absolutely disgusting, and it shows a complete disregard for the democratic principles this colony and the Union was founded on. And if this government is not stopped, I fear this is only the beginning,”

Stephen continued.

-“How so,” asked the interviewer, a Woman who had interviewed him a few times during his time as governor. As on previous occasions, she was cute and friendly, but left Stephen curious to where her sympathies were. She had perfected the art of being neutral.

Given the nature of the issue, Stephen would have felt more confident of a sympathetic presentation of his view if the interviewer was a man. A neutral presentation would be all he needed in this instance, however.

-“You need only look at the Queendom,” replied Stephen. “That is where the

female supremacists take their inspiration from, and judging from that, they will not stop until all males in this colony are reduced to slaves. We need to stop this before it is too late.

-“As a member of the New California Council, are you not in a position to stop this proposal yourself? After all, the Colony Council can block changes to the law with only five votes.”

It was a question Stephen had expected.

-“I wish we could. But I fear too many of my fellow council members share the Governor’s horrible vision for our Colony, and that the laws may pass. That

is why it is so important for the people to show what they feel about this.”

Before the reporter could follow up, Stephen appealed directly to the camera. -“People of New California, get out on the streets, and show the Council and the government what you think about these laws.”

-“How do you see what is happening here in New California in relation to the developments in Atlantis?” asked the interviewer.

An hour earlier, Stephen had seen in the news that the Colony Council in Atlantis had been presented proposals that

appeared to be of a similar nature to those now being debated in New California.

-“I have not seen any details of what is being debated in Atlantis,” he replied.

“But if what I hear in the media is correct, it looks like Atlantis is being subjected to a similar kind of coup as we are seeing here in New California.”

-“Do you think there is a connection?”

-“I think that is obvious. We are dealing with a conspiracy of female supremacists that are seeking to gain power over as much of this planet as possible. The Union needs to stay united in rejecting

their power grabs.”

**Linda & Philip's apartment, 152/4/09,
19:30**

Linda was relaxing in the living room, having just come home from a late university lecture. Lying comfortably reclined on a chaise lounge, she was watching a screen on the wall tuned in to the Union News Channel, while Philip was massaging her shoulders.

Philip was good with his hands, and with Linda wearing only a camisole, he had ample access to do his magic. Linda was still a little tense, however. Today it had become publically known that New California had a government that

supported femdom, and from here on the campaign of the Femdom Network would surely become tougher. While Linda was not part of the government herself, she felt the pressure as if she was. She had a slave that was part of the Council, and bringing New California under female rule was the cause she had devoted herself to for the last few years.

Her conversation with Philip naturally revolved around the events of the day. He had given his first hand account of what happened in the Council meeting, and they also discussed the reactions they had seen in the news media during the day. It seemed like Stephen Hird, the former governor, was going to be the loudest

opponent of their cause. In his statements, he had gone far in advocating a popular overthrow of the colony government.

-“What kind of threat do you think he is?” Katherine asked Philip.

-“I think he will be a challenge,” replied Philip. “He is relentless, and he is a popular man in this colony. And femdom is very unpopular with many, especially males.”

-“I know, but then, there is not much of a tradition for street protests here in NewCal.” Linda used the local slang for her home colony.

-“I guess we get to see after the sleep break whether he manages to create a new tradition,” said Philip.

On the screen, the news presenter announced the imminent start of a live interview with Governor Katherine Lana. Both Linda and Philip stopped talking in order to hear what Katherine had to say.

The image of Katherine filled the screen, and she was smiling confidently as the male reporter delivered the usual courtesy phrases before getting to the interview itself.

-“Your proposed law changes are, to put it mildly, controversial. Do you stand by all of them,” asked the reporter.

-“Yes, I do. They are an essential part of

my comprehensive reform agenda that will make New California a better place to live. I can understand some of the new laws may seem extraordinary, but I urge everyone to be open minded...”

-“You take away men’s right to vote, and you block them from government,” interrupted the reporter.

-“That is correct,” replied Katherine. “And it serves a good purpose. As we can all see, from the example of the Queendom, female-run colonies are safer and better governed colonies.”

-“But at the costs of freedom and democratic rights for its male citizens,”

the reporter interjected. He didn't challenge Katherine's assertion that the Queendom's colonies were well-run and safer. This was nearly universally accepted in the Union colonies. Anyone who had visited the Queendom would agree.

-“If my proposals are approved by the Colony Council, they will have been supported by at least two thirds of the representatives elected by the citizen's – both male and female,” responded Katherine. “And any male – or female for that matter – who disapproves of the new laws are free to move to other colonies.”

-“Should they really be forced to leave?”

-“No one will force them. I would on the contrary encourage all to stay, and see for themselves how this turns out before they judge it. If it turns out well, which I am confident it will, we have made New California a happier place. Should it fail, we can reverse the changes, and when election comes, also replace me.

Remember, experimenting on how we organise ourselves is central to what the Union is about. We are 31 colonies who each are free to adapt their own model of governance. We learn from each other, and we pick the ideas that works best, and reject those that fail.

Our Heran neighbours have developed a

model that has proven itself to work very well in many regards, and I think it is natural that we learn, also from them. My reforms are therefore an attempt to take the best of the Heran model, and adapt it to New California and the rest of the Union.”

-“Do you think New California should model itself on the Queendom?”

-“Up to a point. I think we have a lot to learn from the Queendom, but we need to adapt those lessons to our local context, and to the charter of the Union.”

-“And what exactly are the lessons you want to adapt to New California?”

-“What I think is key to the success of the Queendom, is that it has created an environment where Women are fully liberated. Male egotism has been eliminated as a problem for them, and this allows more Women to reach their full potential.

Similarly, the Queendom provide men with the structure and discipline they need to reach their potential, with the added benefit of female leadership to direct their considerable energies and creativity where it is best employed,” Katherine explained.

-“I want to create some of the same dynamic in New California as well. The Queendom relies on male slavery for

this, but I don't think it is necessary to go this far. Still, it is necessary to empower Women relative to men, and I think the changes in my proposal will do this sufficiently."

Linda thought Katherine did well as she watched the rest of the interview. She explained her reforms and the purpose behind the proposed laws well, even if the interviewer seemed somewhat hostile to her ideas.

But it remained to be seen if it would be enough to stop the protests Stephen Hird was urging. Linda had her doubts.

Protest

New California City Hall, 152/4/10, 16:40

Katherine stood in her office looking out the window and down on the plaza in front of the city hall building. There were hundreds of agitated, mostly male protesters out there. Apparently shouting abuse, and holding up placards with texts such as “Fuck Femdom” and “Kick the bitch out of City Hall,” Katherine doubted there was any point trying to reason with them.

Between the protesters and the city hall building, a detachment of about thirty uniformed militia soldiers blocked the protesters from entering the building. The

protesters did not try to force their way past the soldiers. Katherine suspected that had something to do with the soldiers being armed and the protesters not. Instead, the protesters settled with shouting their slogans and abuse at the soldiers. At least for now.

-“Should we not have more soldiers watching them?” Katherine asked Madelaine, the Militia commander, who stood next to her. Madelaine was, like the soldiers outside, dressed in the khaki uniform of the New California Militia. She had a grave expression on her face.

-“I would like to, but it is too risky,” she answered. “All the soldiers I know I can

trust to stay loyal are on duty. And I do not want to arm anyone who might join the protesters.”

-“I see your point,” agreed Katherine. She surveyed the soldiers. She recognised quite a few she knew as members of the femdom network. Almost half were Women, a far higher proportion than in the Militia overall – surely a side effect of Madelaine’s cautiousness on who to rely on.

-“As it is now, we are sufficiently strong to protect all vital buildings, but we just can’t guarantee order on the streets,” Madelaine explained.

Katherine knew what that meant. Earlier

in the day, a counter demonstration had approached the plaza outside City Hall to show support for Katherine and her government. Parts of the crowd demonstrating against the government had turned on the newcomers, physically blocking them from entering the plaza, and then, after a while, attacking the pro-government demonstrators. Outnumbered and overpowered, the mostly female pro-government demonstrators had dispersed and fled.

The skirmish had happened too far away from the city hall building for the Militia to intervene without jeopardizing the safety of the building, and Katherine could do nothing but watch her

supporters being intimidated and beaten.

There had also been several reported incidents of anti-government activists harassing Women and sometimes also men they suspected of sympathising with the government. The streets of the colony were not safe right now.

-“If any of the other Girls in the network or their slaves have any militia experience, now would be the time to re-join,” said Madelaine. “We could use more reserves.”

-“I will pass it on right away,” said Katherine.

New California City Hall, 152/4/11, 14:05

-“Go right in, Ma’am. She is waiting for you,” said Alex, and turned his head towards the door to Katherine’s office.

Madelaine smiled to the governor’s secretary. He clearly knew his place as a male, and that was something she appreciated. There were too many men in this colony who did not.

Madelaine opened the door and entered the office. Inside, she found Katherine, standing in the middle of the room. Wearing a blue top, black pencil skirt and boots, she looked impeccable as always. She wore her hair in an elegant

updo, and her make-up was perfect. However, it did not hide a serious expression on her face.

Next to her stood Sarah, the intelligence liaison from the Queendom. Madelaine had only met her a few times before. Madelaine found her somewhat enigmatic, but she was in no doubt she had an impressively sharp mind. She looked equally impressive. With long blond hair in a ponytail, an attractive face with gentle features and dark red lips, she was very beautiful. The black pencil dress, she wore enhanced her appearance further.

Madelaine herself wore her khaki

uniform. Not the most elegant outfit, but definitively the most appropriate under the present circumstances.

Outside, beyond the window on the other side of the office, the protests continued unabated.

-“There you are,” said Katherine. “I was meeting Sarah to discuss how to react to the latest developments, and I thought you should be part of it.”

-“Thanks,” said Madelaine, and greeted Sarah with a quick smile.

Sarah smiled back, before her face resumed a more serious expression.

-“As you may have seen on the news already, we have had a serious setback in Atlantis,” she told them. “The Militia revolted against the government, and has arrested the governor. The colony is pretty much lost to us, and this will surely embolden the protesters here.”

-“That’s awful,” said Madelaine. “Are the Ladies there ok?”

-“Too early to tell,” replied Sarah. “We will do what we can to help them, but right now, the priority is to keep control here.”

-“Of course.”

-“I think we can be very glad you were cautious on who to arm in our Militia,” said Katherine.

-“Yes,” replied Madelaine, still a bit shocked of learning the fate of the Femdom Network in Atlantis.

-“The anti-Femdom crowd is going to concentrate all their efforts on New California now. We know many of the protesters come from other colonies, and we suspect more will come now,” continued Sarah.

Madelaine knew that to be true. The protesters had grown more aggressive, and a few had been detained. Most of

those had been from out-of-town.

-“I think we need to be more forceful from now on, to make sure the protesters do not get the upper hand,” concluded Sarah.

-“What do you suggest?” asked Katherine.

-“You should consider declaring a state of emergency and enforce a curfew. We need to disperse the protesters before they become too many and too aggressive. Otherwise, this will only grow worse,” replied Sarah.

-“Can we request support from the

Queendom?” asked Katherine.

-“Not at this point,” replied Sarah.

“Nothing with Queendom fingerprints on it, anyway. We don’t want a war with the Union.”

-“I see,” said Katherine. “Would the Militia be able to enforce a curfew?” she asked Madelaine.

Madelaine thought for a few seconds before answering. Truth was she did not really know. She had never experienced this situation before – mass demonstrations, threatening to overthrow the government. How the protesters and the population at large would react to

more forceful law enforcement at this point was hard to predict. But there was really no other option than trying.

-“I cannot be certain, but I believe we can,” she answered.

Katherine considered the response for a moment.

-“Very well,” she said after a few seconds. “I will do as you suggest, Sarah.”

-“Will you be ready to clear the protesters from the plaza after the sleep break?” she asked Madelaine.

-“I will,” replied Madelaine.

-“And avoid using deadly force if you

can,” added Sarah.

-“Of course,” replied Madelaine, and cast her eyes on the rowdy crowd outside the window, not sure if that would be possible.

Like herself, both Sarah and Katherine was on deep water, realised Madelaine. None of them had been in this situation before, and none of them knew what the outcome of their actions would be. But Sarah’s suggestions were reasonable enough, given the lack of other options. It was what they had to do. That, and hope for the best.

New California City Hall, 152/4/11, 19:10
Katherine looked into the camera that had

been placed in front of her desk while she continued to read the prepared statement.

-“....Over the last few days our beautiful colony has been marred by clashes and violence unworthy of our democracy. Peaceful political protest is a right I cherish, but the current protests are no longer peaceful. The demonstrations have been hijacked by thugs and hooligans, who have attacked both our law enforcement and ordinary citizens. They are stretching the resources of our police and militia, and our streets are no longer safe, especially for Women. Their actions are absolutely reprehensible, and it is only luck that no one has been killed yet. This has to stop!”

Katherine took a breath and continued.

-“It is with regret I have to declare a state of emergency which will last until the end of this month. Under the current circumstances, I can no longer allow the protests to continue, and all protests in public areas are now banned for the duration of the emergency. The Militia has been authorised to enforce this ban, as well as a curfew lasting from 0.00 to 08.00 and 22.00 to 28.00 each day.”

-“I urge all residents of our colony to respect the new provisions while they are in force, and to participate in the political debate in a peaceful way. The great majority of us all want what is best for

New California. We may disagree on what that means, but we are ultimately all on the same side. Let us settle our arguments in a civilised way within our political system, not as street brawls.

With this I wish you all a good evening.”

Katherine looked at Johanna, her media advisor.

“-How was that?” she asked her.

-“Perfect,” replied Johanna. “I will just make some final adjustments and then notify the news networks. We can have it on the air in thirty minutes.”

Outside Stephen's apartment, 152/4/11, 37:20

The last month had without doubt been the most dramatic in Stephen's political life. A little over a month ago, he was still the governor of New California. Now he was emerging as a resistance leader. The gravitas that followed from his long time as governor, and the fact that he was the first to identify the new governor as a female supremacist, made Stephen the natural leader of the protesters.

With the growing strength of the protesters, it looked ever more likely that they would topple Katherine's government, something that surely would

bring Stephen back in the governor's office. At least it had looked that way until this afternoon. Now the game had changed again.

That bitch in City Hall had declared an emergency and sent the Militia to force back protesters. For now it looked like she had succeeded. After resisting for much of the day, the protesters had now been forced away from City Hall, with quite a few arrested.

But it had been a costly victory for her. Pictures of Militia soldiers beating protesters would not do her any favours in public opinion, neither here in New California nor the rest of the Union.

And this was something Stephen was determined to exploit, as he stepped up on a little podium on the street outside his apartment to give an improvised press conference. With the most important news networks in the Union present, his message would reach far.

In front of him, closest to the podium, were five journalists with cameras. Behind them, a crowd of more than hundred supporter cheered and applauded.

Stephen signalled with his hand for silence, and he got it.

-“This has been a sad day in New California’s history,” he started. “Our governor has taken another step towards the female supremacist dictatorship she desires. The emergency measures she introduced earlier today, erode our democracy and our rights as citizens, and they serve no other purpose than shoring up our illegitimate governor’s hold on power.”

He paused a little and continued.

-“We have all seen the tragic pictures of our own colony militia attacking and beating innocent protesters outside City Hall. And I am afraid this is only the beginning. Katherine Lana will stop at nothing to keep power and to protect her

female supremacist agenda. What we have seen is only the beginning of the repression she will unleash upon us if she is not stopped.”

A few shouts of agreement came from the crowd.

-“She is against everything the Union stands for, in both her methods and in her goals. Freedom and equality will soon be things of the past if she is allowed to continue.

I have heard the Union government is discussing to suspend New California’s vote on the central level. This is a start, but I urge them to go far longer. The people of New California is being subjected to dictatorship and repression.

We need your help urgently. We need your protection. As our own colony militia will not provide us this protection, I ask that other Union colonies take responsibility, and authorise their militias to end this tragedy.”

New California City Hall, 152/4/11, 37:30

“That bastard,” thought Katherine as she watched Stephen Hird’s “press conference” on the screen in her office. He had called for other Union colonies to send armed forces against New California to remove its lawfully elected government. It was nothing short of treason. Katherine was furious.

He had to be removed. Katherine tapped

her wrist unit a few times to call Madelaine.

-“Did you see the news just now?” she asked Madelaine as soon as she answered.

-“You mean Stephen Hird?”

-“Yes. I want him arrested. He is a traitor. He called for other colonies to attack us, and we can’t let that go unpunished.”

-“Very well,” replied Madelaine. “I will see to it.”

“Thanks,” said Katherine. “I’ll speak to you in the morning.”

Ordering Stephen's arrest helped slightly on Katherine's mood, but not much. If the other colonies were to follow Stephen's call, her government would be in serious trouble. The Militia might not be able to keep control of the colony while simultaneously confronting external aggressors. He had created some real trouble this time. Trouble that Katherine really did not need.

She wished she had Stephen in front of her. Tied up and ready to be thrashed. She would love to give him a severe whipping right now. Make him pay for what he had done – and for what he was still doing.

That was unfortunately not an option right now, but Katherine had an alternative. Alex, whose carelessness had in fact assisted Stephen, had still not fully paid for his misdeed. He was right outside her office, and Katherine could use blowing off some steam.

Katherine tapped the quick call button to Alex on her wrist unit.

-“Alex, come in here at once,” she told him.

Five seconds later, Alex opened the door and entered.

-“Yes, Ma’am?

-“Close the door behind you!” Katherine

ordered with a strict voice.

While Alex did as he was told, Katherine opened the bottom drawer under her desk. It contained a small selection of punishment implements. Katherine picked up a dragon cane and a ball gag.

When punishing her slave in the office, Katherine thought it safest to prevent him from making too much noise. Even if it was unlikely that anyone would come by at this late hour.

Katherine stood up behind her desk.

-“Slave, you will take the next instalment of your punishment now,” she told Alex. “Strip your trousers and bend over the chair.”

She pointed her cane at one of the chairs in the other end of the room.

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied Alex meekly. She could see fear in her eyes. He realised what was about to happen now. That alone was enough to raise Katherine’s spirits a little.

Alex removed his trousers as well as his underwear. He correctly assumed Katherine would not allow him to keep his shorts on for this, and he did not want to anger her by keeping them on just because they had not been mentioned specifically. He then bent over the office chair as instructed. Katherine went over to him, and rammed the ball gag into his

mouth, before tightening the buckle behind his neck.

Katherine then took position behind Alex, and made one test swing with the cane through the air.

<SWISH>

While heavy, it was a very flexible cane.

She then placed the tip of the cane on Alex buttocks. They were already well marked with welts and bruises from the punishments she had given him over the last days. He had deserved it.

-“This is what happens to disobedient males,” she told him and raised the cane over and behind her head.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Katherine used her full might, and the cane instantly left an imprint on Alex butt. He writhed uncomfortably, and whimpered behind the gag.

Katherine raised the cane again.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The full force stroke created another mark on the slave's ass. His movements and whimpering made it clear it was as painful as it looked.

-“Stand still!” Katherine ordered. She raised the cane for a third time.

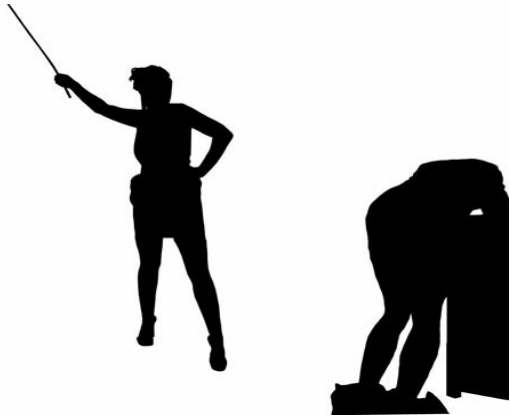
<SWISH...CRACK>

She hit him across his upper thighs, and Alex let out a muffled scream.

Katherine watched with satisfaction as another mark of two parallel red stripes appeared where she hit him. Katherine already felt better. Thrashing a deserving male was the best stress relief.

She raised the cane again.

<SWISH...CRACK>



**New California Militia HQ building,
152/4/11, 38:40**

-“He’s not here. He must have fled,” said the voice in Madelaine’s ear.

Juan, one of her soldiers, were reporting from Stephen Hird’s apartment.

Madelaine had sent a squad to capture the protest leader, but it was now clear that

they had not been successful.

-“Very well,” replied Madelaine.

“Return to HQ.”

Capturing Hird was not going to be easy, realised Madelaine. She had sort of hoped he would let himself be captured in order to present himself as a martyr, but it was clear that was not how he was going to play it.

He had gone into hiding, and it would be difficult to find him if he stayed in the parts of the colony controlled by his supporters. They were numerous, and in some cases armed. It would be impossible to go after him undetected.

Madeline called up Katherine to pass on what had happened.

The Vote

**Linda & Philip's apartment, 152/4/16,
15:40**

Linda sat down on the sofa in her living room. She was alone in the apartment. Philip was in City Hall.

She took a bite from the sandwich she had just made in the kitchen as an afternoon snack, and switched on a screen on the wall opposite the couch. It was time for a little break from the reading. While New California was in the middle of political upheaval, Linda was not going to let that get in the way of completing her degree.

But she did most of her studying at home these days. Linda did not feel fully safe on the streets, and therefore avoided going out if she could. Since Katherine's reform proposal had become known, the streets of New California were no longer safe.

There were regular confrontations between anti-government protesters and the militia, and also a general lawlessness in parts of the colony. The Militia did not have the numbers to patrol the whole colony, and in practice, the protesters controlled large parts of it. There, the more radical protesters could do pretty much anything they wanted, which included intimidating and

harassing those they deemed to be supportive of the government, a category to which they assigned most Women.

During the first days, there had also been counter demonstrations in support of the government, but no longer. Linda had herself taken part in a few of them. However, they had suffered physical attacks as well as abuse from the more numerous male anti-government demonstrators, and it soon became clear that the Militia was unable to protect them. The Militia had enough with protecting government buildings and holding its own against the crowd.

Now there were only anti-government

protesters on the streets, with the Militia trying to contain them. Most others tried to avoid the streets, at least outside the central areas where the Militia was more visible.

Linda opened the local news menu on the screen. A list of four headlines appeared: “Governor Lana defiant”, “Ex-Governor Hird continues to avoid arrest”, “More attacks on women in New California,” “Central Government on the crisis in New California”.

Linda clicked on the third option. It was the news she least wanted to see, but

somehow she could not avoid it once she knew it was there.

A female reporter in front of the hospital appeared on the screen, and started speaking.

-“The crime wave in the wake of the crisis here in New California continues. Last night and this morning, four Women were assaulted in separate incidents in the colony; three of them were reportedly raped. All are currently being treated in the hospital behind me....”

To Linda, this was the most disturbing effect of the current crisis. Rapes were reported every day now, whereas before the crisis there were years between such

incidents. The protesters were bad enough as it was, but the fact that they let sexual predators roam in their ranks made them absolutely detestable. Their presence was terror in itself.

Linda shuddered. The atmosphere of fear was somewhat reminiscent of the situation a decade earlier, when the radical group Stop Femdom abducted and terrorised their perceived enemies in the Union around the time the Queendom was established. But this was much worse. Back then, the incidents were weeks apart, and no one challenged the authorities for control of the colony. Now there was a situation of daily attacks that at times almost made Linda wonder if the

project of the Femdom Network was a mistake.

But Linda knew the Network was doing the right thing. They would ride out the storm and push through the reforms. And then it would be time to bring to justice the hooligans now terrorising the Women of New California. At least that was what she hoped.

New California City Hall, 152/4/17, 30:45

Katherine was walking through City Hall's corridors towards a meeting room on the opposite side of the building when she saw an incoming message from Sarah on her wrist unit. She tapped on the device to open the message. Messages

from Sarah were usually worthwhile to read.

“Updated intelligence assessment from Helena indicate no Union colony will intervene at this time, at least not before the Council vote. They still hope the situation will resolve itself without outside intervention. I will update you in meeting tonight.”

Katherine felt relieved as she read it. It removed one worry, if only temporary. The situation was still manageable.

She hurried to the meeting in a much better mood.

New California City Hall, 152/4/19, 12:00

-“I count 11 votes in favour, and 2 opposed. The proposed amendments have been approved,” announced Katherine.

The Council had just voted on Katherine’s new laws, and unsurprisingly, they had passed the hurdle. Stephen’s two remaining allies in the Council looked despairingly on the other councillors as they smiled and expressed their satisfaction with the outcome.

Stephen himself, along with another ally were absent all together, fully aware that their presence would not have changed the outcome, and in Stephen’s case, led to

his arrest.

Phillip had in effect voted himself out of the Council. The new laws mandated an all-female Council, and Philip would occupy his seat only until a by-election to replace him could be held sometime next year.

Philip did not mind this at all. He was in the Council to help bring about a female dominated New California, a goal that was now being achieved.

This vote was a major milestone. Next year, which was only four days away, the new laws would take effect, and Women's hold on power in the colony

would be cemented in law. The next steps of Katherine's reform agenda could be set into motion.

Of course, there would likely be some trouble ahead. The protesters that had made life so difficult in New California for the last ten days were unlikely to accept this result. More protests were a near certainty. But with a mandate from the Colony Council, Philip was certain Katherine would be able to assert control.

Intervention

New California City Hall, 152/4/19, 30:15

It had been 18 hours since the Council had voted in favour of the new female-friendly laws, and it already looked like the colony was descending into civil war.

From her office window, Katherine could glimpse large crowds in the streets a few blocks away from City Hall.

The anti-government protesters had taken to the streets as soon as the result of the vote had become public. Their numbers were higher than at any time before, with many activist coming from other colonies to join the protests. The Militia had

managed to keep them away from the area around City Hall, but the protesters rioted in other parts of the colony, and there were several reports of looting.

Militia patrols trying to venture into parts of the colony controlled by the rioters had been attacked with firearms, and had taken casualties. In response, the Militia had pulled back in order to avoid further casualties on either side.

Katherine was deeply concerned. The situation was getting out of control. She could order the Militia to crack down on the protesters with lethal force, but that could quickly become a bloody PR disaster. And with some well-armed

elements among the protesters, it could well become a protracted affair of outright civil war. Not to mention it would likely trigger an intervention by other Union colonies. On the other hand, if not confronted, the protesters might topple Katherine's government and end the femdom experiment before it had started.

Katherine's wrist unit signalled an incoming call. It was Sarah. Katherine tapped accept.

-“Hi, Katherine,” said the voice in the other end.

-“Hello, Sarah,” answered Katherine.
“Any good news?”

-“Actually, yes,” replied Sarah. “But first I have to give you the bad ones.”

-“Go ahead.”

-“We believe the other Union colonies are now preparing to intervene in support of the rebels. Pontus and Cairo are mobilising their militias. And we believe others may follow.”

This was starting to look like a worst case scenario. The New California militia was not in a position to defend against an outside attack right now.

-“I hope the good news are really good,” said Katherine.

-“They are,” said Sarah. “The Queendom

is also willing to intervene, if you request it.”

-“Finally! What made them change their minds?” asked Katherine.

-“I think they came to the conclusion that the other Union colonies will not let New California have any influence on the central government while under your leadership. And they realised intervention needs to happen now before the other Union colonies get properly involved.”

-“In the nick of time.”

-“Shall I inform Helena that you will ask

for the Queendom's protection?" asked Sarah.

-“As soon as possible,” replied Katherine. “I will inform Madelaine.”

Apartment in Northern District, 152/4/19, 35:30

Stephen was in an apartment in the northern part of the colony, in which he could feel fairly safe. The government and its militia did not venture in this part of the colony. The protest movement was in full control here.

Still, he could not be too careful; that was why Stephen never slept in the same place twice in a row. As the protest

movement's de facto leader, he was the number one target of Katherine Lana's regime, and they had twice attempted to arrest him.

Fortunately, with the protesters in control of much of the colony, it was not hard to find new apartments in safe areas.

Stephen was sitting in a sofa, next to his old ally Peter, who had joined Stephen and the protesters in their quest to topple Katherine and her mad plans. They were watching a screen on the wall opposite the sofa, waiting for an announced statement from the Governor.

While Stephen did not approve of

Katherine's messages, he was careful read or hear them when he had the chance. It gave some indication of her intentions, and it also provided ammunition for his own rhetoric against her.

This time, however, Stephen was genuinely interested to hear what Katherine had to say. The situation on the streets was very tense, and some reaction or new course from the government was bound to come soon. Indications from the news media was that the statement tonight would be of major significance.

-“Do you think she will throw in the towel?” asked Peter as they waited.

It was what Stephen hoped she would do. But he didn't really think she would. She just seemed too stubborn to do that at this point.

-“Not really. But we can hope,” he answered.

Katherine, sitting behind her desk appeared on the screen. Her long wavy hair fell on her left shoulder. She looked calm, smiling gently. She was an attractive Woman, Stephen had to admit. Attractive but evil.

-“Dear fellow citizens,” Katherine started, with her warm and pleasant-sounding voice. “As you all know, this is

a time of crisis in New California. A small, but very loud, and increasingly violent minority has thrown our once peaceful colony into chaos.”

As usual Katherine described the protesters in derogatory terms. She was clearly not going to offer peace.

-“Their goal is to topple the government elected by the representatives of a large majority of New California’s citizens, and to end the reforms it has introduced. To this end, they have taken up arms, turned much of our colony into a war zone, and terrorised the citizens of this colony. As our colony suffers from their deplorable actions, we receive little

support from our fellow Union colonies. The terrorists are indeed supported by elements from the other colonies, and this support is growing. The threat to New California and its citizens is greater than ever.”

Katherine paused, and lowered her voice.

-“This has to stop. We cannot tolerate their actions any longer. They need to respect the laws of this colony and its democratic processes.”

-“Order will be restored, and I am willing to take drastic measures to see that happen. I have asked the Queendom of Leda for military protection, and today

this request has been approved, making it clear that the Queendom is the only outside power that care for the well-being of New California's citizens..."

-“Shit!” said Peter. “Can she do that?”

-“She doesn't care,” replied Stephen.

“This is bad.”

The Queendom's army was the preeminent military force on the planet, and had a fearsome reputation. It had recently fought both a ruthless campaign against anti-slavery activists and a full scale war against the Chinese colonies, and had emerged victorious from both.

The protest movement would have a very tough time if the Queendom were to intervene in New California.

Even worse, this sounded like a giant step towards joining the Queendom, something which would make Katherine's reforms look positively gentle. Joining the Queendom, would mean slavery for every man.

The two men turned their attention to the screen again.

-“....Furthermore, in order to stop the flow of terrorists and weapons to our colony, I am instituting a ban on travel in and out of New California until the situation is under control. The rail station and the airship dock will be closed effective immediately, and individuals

trying to leave or enter will be arrested....”

-“Fuck!” Stephen almost shouted.

This went from bad to worse. Not only was the colony going to be overrun by Amazons, the escape routes were being cut. Unless Katherine was somehow bluffing, the members of the protest movement, and Stephen in particular, were in real danger now.

-“Maybe intervention from Pontus and Cairo can counter this,” suggested Peter. He didn’t even sound like he was convincing himself.

-“We can hope,” said Stephen. “But we

need to decide what to do. We need to talk to the others.”

For the first time in this crisis, Stephen was genuinely scared.

**South Gate, New California Colony,
152/4/20, 04:35**

Madelaine watched as five battle transporters entered the modestly lit gate facility. Outside it was dark. This was the advance guard of the protection force the Queendom was sending to New California, a platoon of Amazons, the Queendom's elite military unit.

Madelaine knew their presence would be a complete game changer in the confrontation with the anti-government

protesters.

Next to her were three militia soldiers whose task it was to guard the gate facility and enforce the recently instated ban on travel. Madelaine had ensured the soldiers on duty here were all female when she knew this was where the Amazons would arrive. The Amazons were unlikely to tolerate armed males.

The battle transporters all touched ground nearly simultaneously, their doors opened, and fifty soldiers stormed out, quickly establishing a defensive perimeter inside. They looked impressive. Each and every one of the Amazons were at least as tall as

Madelaine's 190 cm, heavily armed and wearing the black catsuit-like combat armor the Amazons were known for.

The Amazon Commandress bellowed a few orders, and about half her soldiers ran out of the gate facility towards the colony itself, moving the defensive perimeter outside the building.

Madelaine and her militia Women merely watched.

Twenty seconds later, the Lady in charge was apparently satisfied the place was secure, and started walking towards Madelaine and her colleagues.

Two meter tall, statuesque, and with a

very fit body that her tight, body hugging armor did little to hide, she was an incarnation of female strength and superiority.

Her face was attractive, but displayed a very no-nonsense expression. She wore her semi-long black hair in a tight pony tail, and like all her soldiers, she wore black lipstick – a trademark of the Amazons.

The Amazon stretched out her hand as she approached Madelaine.

-“Good Morning!” she said. “I am Artemis, Commandress of the Amazon Guard’s 2nd platoon.

-“Good Morning!” Madelaine and took

her hand. “Madelaine Mace, Commandress of the New California Militia.”

-“Excellent,” said Artemis. “Just the Lady I need to speak to. Thank you for coming down here to meet us”

-“Thank you for coming so quickly,” replied Madelaine. “We can really use your help here.”

-“That’s why we’re here. Just let us know what the situation is, and we can address it right away.”

Madelaine liked the can-do attitude of the Amazon Commandress.

-“Please, come with me to my HQ, and I

can give you a complete view of the situation in the colony,” suggested Madelaine.

-“Sounds good,” replied Artemis, and turned her head towards her soldiers.

-“Ann, Kate! Come with me!” she shouted. “Sabine, you’re in charge here until I get back.”

Two Amazons hurried towards Madelaine and Artemis. When they arrived, Madelaine shook their hands, and the four Ladies started walking towards the Militia HQ, 400 meter up the road.

Madelaine felt relieved that the Amazons were finally here. She had begun to doubt

how long the New California militia could hold out against the growing protests and possible external aggression. Now she was confident of success. With the backing of a platoon of Amazons, the best soldiers on the planet, and further reinforcements on its way, she knew the protesters were about to be crushed in short order. It was only a question of how.

**Apartment in Northern District, 152/4/20,
38:40**

Stephen could not help but feel despair as he discussed options with the other leaders of the protest movement. They were trapped, and it looked increasingly

unlikely that they could avoid capture.

All gates and transport terminals of New California were closely guarded by the Militia and the Amazons. The street protesters and fighters who had ruled half the colony until today had melted away as soon as the Amazon had started operations to clear them from the streets. Wearing armor that was impervious to most weapons in possession by the protest movement, resisting the Amazons was a hopeless task, and the few who tried, had quickly been neutralised by the female super-soldiers.

Fortunately, they used non-lethal weapons, but capture by the Amazons

was scary enough in itself.

Only the hard core of the protest movement was now left, and it was mainly made up of activists from other colonies. They were split, between a majority, who wanted to escape and a minority who wanted to martyr themselves.

Stephen was firmly with the majority. Blowing themselves up and parts of the colony with them would do their cause few favours. It was not going to get the Queendom to back off, nor would it provoke intervention from other Union Colonies.

No, New California was lost for now. It was better to withdraw, and work to make sure what happened in New California would not happen in any other Union Colony.

The problem, however, was that getting out of New California was no easy task. An attempt earlier in the day of taking over an exit point by force had failed. A group of ten anti-government fighters had managed to kill the militia soldiers guarding the colony's North Gate, but before they could open a way through the gate facility, a squad of Amazons had counter attacked and driven them off, capturing most of them in the process. Stephen had himself been minutes away

from capture at that point.

The efforts of the protesters now focussed on tunnelling out. To Stephen it seemed to be the only half-way viable option. But could they manage to do it before the Amazons caught up with them?

**Linda & Philip's apartment, 152/4/21,
27:30**

Linda and Philip were in the kitchen eating breakfast after the midday sleep break. As usual, Linda was seated, while Philip stood on his knees next to the table. Linda did not allow him the privilege of using a chair when they were alone in the apartment.

-“I am so glad the streets are back to normal,” said Linda. “Staying in the house all day was driving me crazy.”

-“Me too,” said Philip. “Those rebels were a disgrace. I hope they get the justice they deserve.”

He was genuinely angry with the men that had caused so much trouble for Linda, Katherine and all the other Women of the Colony.

Fortunately, their reign of terror was over. Amazons from the Queendom now patrolled the streets, and the anti-government protesters were nowhere to be seen. Many of them had been arrested, and those who were left had probably fled or were desperately trying to hide.

The streets of New California had returned to normal.

-“Yes, I wouldn’t mind dispensing some of that justice myself,” said Linda.

-“I hope you get the chance. I would love to see you whipping one of those thugs to tears.”

-“I bet you do,” noted Linda with a smirk. “Maybe there is a chance that can happen now that the Amazons are in town. Everything became so much better once they arrived.”

-“It certainly did, Mistress,” agreed Philip.

As he said it, Philip started wondering how widespread that opinion was.

Amazons patrolling the streets would certainly not have been favoured by a majority of New Californians before the crisis. But the thuggery of the anti-government side had alienated many people, particularly Women. And few could argue the Amazons had not been crucial in restoring order.

-“How do your friends at the university view the arrival of the Amazons, Mistress? Your vanilla friends I mean. Do they favour it?” he asked Linda.

-“They love it,” she replied. “They were as fed up with the rebels as we were. At

least those I hang out with. But I think it goes for most of the rest too. Especially the girls. I suppose some of the guys are a bit apprehensive.”

Philip knew well why. The Amazons had on more than one occasion put men they deemed insufficiently respectful of Women in their place. In a delightful twist of irony, it was now men who risked harassment on the streets of New California.

-“Are there anyone who support the rebels?” Philip asked.

-“Not many that show up,” replied Linda.
“There were quite a few of them earlier, but I think most of them joined the rebels

or are staying home. I have heard quite a few of them ended up in jail, where they belong.”

-“At City Hall, it is much the same. Those who supported the rebels disappeared long ago. Virtually everyone were relieved when the Amazons arrived,” Philip noted.

-“That bodes well for our cause,” said Linda. “Female supremacy is the future.”

She finished her cup of coffee.

-“And it is certainly your future, slave,” she added with a strict tone. “Tonight is discipline night, and you better keep that in mind when you go over the floors. I

want this place spotless when I return.”
She stood up.

-“Yes, Mistress,” replied Philip. He loved her sudden reminders of his status as her slave.

He crawled over to her and kissed her boot.

-“I live to serve you, Mistress,” he said.

-“I’ll be back at 32.00. Have fun serving me,” said Linda and headed for the door.

Captured

**Apartment 322, Western District,
152/4/22, 24:10**

Stephen dried himself in the small bathroom next to his room. He had just had a quick shower, and was about to go to bed, after another day in hiding from the Amazons.

Mark, a friend of Peter, had offered sanctuary to Stephen, Peter and two other activists from the remnant of the protest movement. Mark's apartment had two guestrooms, each with its own bathroom. The activists shared the rooms two and two, with Stephen and Peter sharing one of them.

The rooms were rather small. Originally they contained only a single bed each, a small desk and a closet. An extra foldable bed had been added in each room to give sleeping space for all.

While it was not exactly luxurious, Stephen was happy with the arrangement. He couldn't be picky under the present circumstances. He and the others had a reasonably safe place to stay while they waited for an opportunity to get out of New California, that's what mattered most.

They would most likely have to stay in the colony for a while yet. The plan of

tunnelling out had to be abandoned. It was impossible to get hold of the necessary machinery and equipment. And should they somehow manage that, it would still be hard to avoid detection by the Amazons.

So Stephen saw no other way than waiting it out. At some point the travel ban would be relaxed, and at that point it might be possible to sneak out. There were plenty of sympathisers around to assist, both inside and outside New California.

It wasn't a much of a plan, but it offered hope, and it made Stephen feel somewhat better about his prospects.

Stephen finished drying, and put on a pair of shorts, his standard evening attire. He opened the door to the main part of the guest room. It was dark, with only a small night lamp lit next to Stephen's bed. Peter was already sleeping in the other bed.

Stephen walked quietly towards his bed when he heard some noise from outside the room. He stopped for a second to listen if he could determine more accurately what it was.

He could not tell for sure, as the apartment was reasonably sound proofed. But it faintly sounded like voices from

the main living room – female voices.

Stephen immediately went into alert mode. He checked his wrist unit. There was no warning of any Amazon razzia. But Stephen could think of few other explanations for hearing those voices at this time of day. It was better to be on the safe side.

He quickly went over to Peter's bed, and shook his sleeping friend.

-“Peter, wake up,” Stephen whispered as loud as he dared.

Peter slowly turned towards Stephen and squinted, looking very dissatisfied with being woken.

-“We need to hide,” Stephen told him.
“We need to go in the closet.”

The room’s closet was fitted with a fake back wall behind which there was just enough space for two men to hide. This was where Stephen and Peter retreated whenever it looked like Amazons or other agents of the government might enter the house.

Stephen’s message had a rapid effect on Peter. He got out of the bed immediately.

-“Come on,” whispered Stephen as soon as he got on his feet, and moved towards the closet.

-“I need to make my bed,” replied Peter. He had a point. An empty, but recently used bed would look suspicious to anyone who checked.

-“We don’t have time,” said Stephen. “They are already in the house. Come on!”

Suddenly, the door to the hallway burst open. Two tall, black clad Women, stormed inside. They were armed and aimed their guns at Stephen and Peter.

-“Get down! Get down!” the first one, a blonde, shouted. Like her red haired colleague following right behind, she

wore the distinctive uniform of the Amazons.

Stephen hesitated for a second, desperately looking for a way out. Peter was already on his way down on his knees.

-“Get down on the floor, male!” the blonde repeated impatiently.

There was no way out. There was nowhere to run, and trying to fight the Amazons would be suicide. Stephen slowly bent his knees and lowered himself to the floor.

-“Now, male!” shouted the redhead and

rushed towards Stephen.

She stamped Stephen with her boot on his shoulder, pushing him backwards.

Stephen landed on his back, but the Amazon was not done with him. With a furious expression on her beautiful face, she bent down to grab Stephen by his neck and his right thigh. She flipped him over on his front side in one move that left no doubt of her strength, and slammed Stephen face down on the floor in the process.

Stephen felt the impact in his nose and forehead. It hurt a lot. What a bitch, thought Stephen. But before he could react further, he felt the full weight of the

Woman on his back, as the Amazon placed her knee between his shoulder blades. She grabbed his hands and forced them together on Stephen's back, and put on handcuffs.

-“Stay down!” she told Stephen before she removed her knee from his back. She moved over to Peter, who was already lying on the floor, and handcuffed him too.

The red haired Amazon then went back to Stephen, and grabbed the short hair above his forehead. She yanked it backwards, forcing Stephen to look up, in the direction of the blonde Amazon, who was still aiming her gun at the prisoners.

- “It’s him, isn’t it?” the redhead asked.
- “Definitively,” answered the blonde.
- “Let’s get them outside. I’ll call for transport”

The red head let go of Stephen’s head, and stood up. She started tapping on her wrist unit.

- “They will be here in two minutes,” she said after a few seconds

-“Get up on your feet, males!” The blonde Amazon addressed the men on the floor.

Stephen and Peter got up from the floor.

They moved a bit awkwardly with hands cuffed on their back.

-“Move!” ordered the red haired Amazon as soon as they got on their feet.

-“We need to get dressed first,” protested Stephen. Both he and Peter were naked except for their shorts.

-“I said MOVE!” repeated the Amazon, and delivered a powerful kick to Stephen’s thigh. Stephen almost fell over, but managed to stay on his feet.

Stephen had felt anger building since she slammed his face in the floor. Now he could not hold it back anymore.

-“You have no right to treat us like this!

You have no authority here in New Cal...”

He was interrupted by the Amazon taking hold of his head and shoulder with her hands. She then forcefully pushed his head down, ramming it against her rapidly upward moving knee.

It went black for Stephen for a few moments. His whole head hurt. But worst was the nose. If it wasn't broken it had been close.

The Amazon had no sympathy for him. -“You do not talk back to me, male!” she angrily instructed him. “When I say move, you move.”

While Stephen tried to regain his orientation after the blow he had received, the Amazon pushed the gun, which was hanging from a strap over her shoulder, behind her back. She then opened a holster on her belt, and produced what turned out to be a telescopic crop.

She pulled it out to full size and smacked Stephen twice on his thigh. Stephen groaned from the sharp stinging pain it produced.

-“MOVE!” the Amazon once again ordered with a loud and authoritative voice.

Stephen did as she said, fearing he would be beaten to death if he didn't obey.

Stephen and Peter were marched out of the house. The red haired Amazon directed them with her crop, while the blonde one trained her gun on them.

When passing through the living room, Stephen saw the other two anti femdom activists who had been hiding in the house. They were being led out of the house by two Amazons, just like Stephen and Peter.

On the street outside the house, Stephen saw their host, Mark. He was lying flat on the ground. Unlike the activists, who

were all wearing just shorts, Mark wore jeans and a t-shirt. He must have been awake when the Amazons came, but he had not managed to warn the Stephen and the others.

Two Amazons guarded him, and they smiled when they saw their colleagues lead four more captives out on the street.

-“Nice catch, Girls!” said one of them.

The four activists were ordered to lie flat on the ground. They all did as they were told without hesitation.

For Stephen it began to sink in what was happening. He had been captured by the

Amazons, the armed forces of a state that was based on female supremacy and male slavery. He had just lost his freedom, and he could not be sure if he could ever regain it.

Stephen had no appetite for becoming a slave. But right now, that fate was a distinct possibility. If these Amazons shipped him to the Queendom, there was nothing he could do to stop them.

Half a minute later, a police transport vehicle appeared next to the Amazons and their prisoners on the street.

-“Move them in,” ordered the Amazon who appeared to be the leader of the

group.

-“Get up! Move!” shouted the blonde Amazon who had captured Stephen and Peter to the five males on the ground.

They all wiggled to get up on their feet without using their hands.

<SMACK>

Stephen felt a sharp sting on his buttock as he got up. The red haired Amazon had given him a stroke of her crop. She hit all the prisoners to spur them on.

The police transport was, like all vehicles on Leda, self-driving. It looked mostly like a small container on wheels,

with the container being the passenger and goods compartment.

The doors of the vehicle opened and the five captives were led in by the Amazons.

-“Get in the cages! One each!” ordered the redhead Amazon pointing her crop to the back wall of the compartment.

Eight small cages, just big enough for a man to crawl inside had been fitted there. This was where the Amazons intended for the prisoners to stay during transport.

<SMACK>

Stephen again felt the sharp pain from the Amazon's crop.

-“Get moving,” she warned him.

Stephen reluctantly crawled into one of the tiny cages. He could only hope his destination was in New California, not the place these bitches came from.

New California City Hall, 153/1/1, 14:00

It was the first Council meeting of the new year, and the first Council meeting after the Amazons had restored order in New California. The mood was very different from the previous meetings, where the serious threats posed by demonstrators and intervention by other colonies had weighed heavily. Now the mood was much lighter, and the meeting had an informal tone throughout. It almost felt like a celebration.

It was also the first meeting under the new laws approved last year. As a consequence, all male councillors had been dismissed, and with them the last of Stephen's allies. The rump Council was made up of nine Women, all of them female supremacists.

Sarah had just finished briefing the Council of the situation in New California and in nearby colonies. With only female supremacists in the Council, her presence was uncontroversial.

What Sarah conveyed was mostly good news. Katherine had already been briefed, but the rest of the Council was

reassured that the presence of Amazons in New California had deterred all plans of intervention from the rest of the Union. The colony was safe.

The Union had of course strongly objected to the presence of Queendom troops in New California, but was not willing to start a war it was likely to lose over it. The fact that the troops were there on the New Californian government's request was used as an excuse for backing down.

New California was unlikely to be allowed to use this victory to influence the rest of the Union, however. Its voting rights in the central government had

already been suspended, and there was talk of expelling New California from the Union completely. That was a small price for freedom, thought Katherine.

After Sarah had finished and answered a few follow-up questions from the Ladies present, Katherine moved on with the agenda.

-“The original main item on the agenda for this meeting is organising an election to replace the dismissed male councillors,” said Katherine. “But before we get to that, I think we should consider a move that would render this election unnecessary.”

The Ladies sitting around the table listened attentively.

-“As we are unlikely to wield any influence in the Union, I see no reason to hold back in our mission to empower the Women of this colony. Let’s go all the way. I propose we seek to become part of the Queendom of Leda.”

The Lady Councillors all voiced their agreement, but had a few questions.

-“Will the Queendom accept us at this point,” asked one of them.

Sarah answered.

-“Helena is very positive to this. They will approve as soon as you apply.”

Katherine had raised this idea with Sarah and her superiors in Helena well before this meeting, and they had all been positive. They had earlier hoped to use a friendly government in New California to manipulate Union politics in their favour. But with New California about to be expelled from the Union, they had no reason to block the Queendom's absorption of the colony.

Another Councillor wondered if they would consult the voters on this decision.

-“I think it is important that we do secure a mandate from our citizens on this,” replied Katherine. “I would therefore

like to arrange a referendum on making this colony part of the Queendom.”

The discussion continued for a little while, focussing on the best time to arrange it. Eventually, all agreed it was best to move quickly, such that the thuggery of the anti-government activists would still be fresh on the minds of the voters at the time of the vote.

The Council meeting was concluded by a unanimous vote of approval for Katherine to apply for annexation by the Queendom of Leda and to put the annexation treaty to referendum in New California.

It was a satisfying conclusion of the

meeting, but Katherine was eager to move on to her next appointment. Madelaine had promised her a special treat, something that would fulfil a desire Katherine had had for a long time.

Police station basement, 153/1/1, 14:45

Stephen had now spent at least 100 hours in captivity from what he could figure. He could not know for sure, as he had not seen daylight since he was arrested.

It had been a rough experience. From the moment he was taken away from the site of his arrest, Stephen had been kept in a small cage. Only once had he been taken out, and then only in order to be beaten and interrogated.

Stephen was still in New California, however, and that was the only thing that gave him a little hope of at some point regaining his freedom. The Amazons who arrested him had taken him to the combined militia HQ and police station building, right next to City Hall. He had not been brought to the Queendom itself, as he was afraid he would be.

But having spent a few days in the basement of the building, Stephen feared it made little difference. Slavery might not be allowed in New California, but that did not stop the Guardesses here from treating Stephen and the other prisoners like livestock.

And the scale of the imprisonment was massive. From what Stephen could gather, there were hundreds of men locked up in this building. It looked like Katherine Lana and her Amazon allies had imprisoned almost every male opposed to her rule. And they were all held in the storage rooms in the basement under the militia HQ.

In the room Stephen was in, a 6x8 square meter compartment of grey concrete walls, a total of 75 men were held in cages identical to the one Stephen found himself in. They were all naked, like Stephen. The cages were tightly packed on three-tier shelves that covered three of

the walls of the room, with the door being on the fourth wall.

From what Stephen could glimpse and hear whenever the door was open, there were at least four other similar rooms, filled with caged men, in the immediate vicinity. He could only assume they were as packed as the room he was in.

The cages in which the prisoners were held, measured about 80 cm cubed. They were much too small to let the prisoners do anything except sitting or lying in a curled up position, and made for a very uncomfortable existence.

Stephen recognised most of the prisoners

he could see from his position on the lower shelf, alongside the middle of one of the long walls. They had all been part of the protest movement, which was no doubt the reason why they were here. If there were as many prisoners in this place as Stephen feared, it could mean almost the entire protest movement was now locked up.

While Stephen was surrounded by fellow protesters, he had not had the opportunity to have any meaningful communication with them. Stephen, like the other prisoners, wore a ball gag, tightly fixed by a strap around his neck and secured with a lock. It effectively suppressed any articulated sounds.

And what unarticulated noises the prisoners could make, were deterred by the Guardesses. The Guardesses who had locked Stephen up in the cage, had told him in no uncertain terms that communication between prisoners were prohibited, and any disobedience by the prisoners would be severely punished.

It had not taken long before the Guardesses had demonstrated just what that meant. One of the activists who had been arrested together with Stephen had tried to say something through his gag shortly after the Guardesses left the room and closed the door. Less than a minute later, two of the Guardesses returned,

carrying a caning horse with them, which they placed on the middle of the floor. They then opened the cage of the offending prisoner, dragged him out, locked him to the caning horse, and gave him a severe caning – as bad as anything Stephen imagined went on in the Queendom.

When they locked the poor prisoner back in his cage he was a sobbing wreck, with a severely bruised and bleeding bottom.

-“We know about everything you do,” one of the Guardesses told the prisoners before they left the room again. “No talking!”

This episode made it quite clear to

Stephen that the prisoners were somehow monitored, and that keeping silent was the smartest option.

It was also a chilling taste of what Katherine's regime of female dominance really meant. As bad as it was to watch a man being so savagely thrashed in front of him, it was made worse by the fact that it was not the Amazons doing it. Stephen would half expect that from the Amazons, given their reputation.

But most of the Guardesses were from the New California militia. They were Union citizens, Women Stephen had met on the streets of the colony, and in some cases were acquainted with.

And now they were treating the men standing up to Katherine Lana in the same way the bitches in the Queendom treated their prisoners. They were keeping men in cages, and beating them half to death for the tiniest infraction. That they were female supremacists of the most sadistic sort was beyond doubt.

Stephen did not know if this was something the Amazons had taught the Women of the militia or if they had had this inclination all along. But it meant the same. The number of New Californian Women prepared to support the new regime and its vicious methods was bigger than Stephen had thought.

Stephen's observation of the Ladies of the militia had been reinforced a day later, when he himself had been taken out of his cage. Two Guardesses had marched him out of this room and into another, empty, storage room nearby, which apparently functioned as an interrogation room.

There, the Guardesses had fixed his hands to a pair of manacles hanging from the ceiling, and his ankles likewise were put in fetters attached to the floor. As they did so, a beautiful blonde Lady that Stephen had not seen before entered the room. Dressed in a skirt and a blouse, she rather than a uniform, she did not

appear to be part of the militia or the Amazons.

She was however the interrogatrix. She asked Stephen question after question on the whereabouts of various others in the protest movements. Whenever she was dissatisfied with any of Stephen's answers, she signalled one of the Guardesses to whip Stephen. It was the first time ever Stephen had experienced a whip, and it was dreadful.

The single tail whip of the Guardess tore into Stephen's back with a horrible sting, and he was completely helpless. He could not escape and he could not cover himself. He just had to take the

excruciating pain. He had tried to say as little as he could get away with to the interrogatrix, but Stephen found it impossible to not give up some information in exchange for temporary relief from the pain.

When Stephen was finally put back in his cage, he had given up much of what he knew about other activists' efforts to escape New California. His only comfort was that he knew most of them had probably been captured already.

Fortunately it had only been that one interrogation so far. On the other hand, that meant Stephen, like the other prisoners, spent day in and day out in a

small, uncomfortable cage, with nothing to do, and no interaction with anyone.

What Stephen had experienced in captivity over the past few days more than vindicated his warnings against Katherine Lana and her regime. But that was of little comfort now.

Stephen was dozing when the door out to the hallway opened. It woke Stephen immediately, and he saw two Guardesses entering the room, both dressed in militia uniforms. One of them was the brunette who had whipped him during his interrogation. The other one was that black bitch who was now head of the

militia – Madelaine Mace was her name. She had a riding crop in her hand.

They surveyed the cages for a few seconds without saying anything, before their eyes locked on Stephen's cage. They headed straight for him with firm steps.

They are going to interrogate me again, thought Stephen. That must be why Madelaine was here.

The brunette unlocked Stephen's cage, and Madelaine ordered him out. Stephen complied right away. He was glad to get out of the small cage, even if he might be headed to another interrogation.

As soon as he was out of the cage, the brunette was over him, and pushed Stephen flat on the ground by putting her knee on his back and applying her full weight on it. She then handcuffed Stephen's hands behind his back.

She then dismounted him, and grabbed his left arm to help him on his feet. Madelaine grabbed his right arm and did the same.

-“Get up,” she told him.

They walked Stephen towards the door. From outside the door, Stephen heard what sounded like screaming between the

sharp cracks of a cane or a whip. Another victim was being tortured by these bitches. Stephen felt a chill as he realised he might soon get the same treatment.

The Ladies led him out in the hallway outside. It was four meters wide and well lit, with light grey walls. There were three doors on each side, including the door he had just come through. Stephen suspected all of the rooms behind the doors housed prisoners like the room he came from.

One of the doors were open. That was where the screams came from.

As he was led down the hallway, with one Guardess firmly holding each of his

arms, Stephen turned his head to see what was inside as he passed the open door.

What he saw, was much like he had expected. The room was filled with prisoners, held in small cages on shelves, just like Stephen's own confinement. In the middle of the room, bent over a caning horse, was a man. Next to him was a Guardess, savagely thrashing him with a thick cane. Her victim was bleeding from his bottom, and he let out muffled screams with her every stroke. Stephen could not see if he was, but it sounded like he was gagged.

The Guardesses led Stephen onwards and rounded a corner. They then went past the

door to the room where Stephen was interrogated a few days ago, and instead rounded another corner before they pushed Stephen through a door on the right.

The room to which they had brought Stephen was a storage room like the ones where the prisoners were held in, except this was mostly empty. There were no shelves and no cages. There was just a small table and a chair in one corner.

Laid out on the table was a selection of punishment implements. Half a dozen whips, and the same number of canes. There were also what looked like chains and manacles there.

In addition, there were a few ominous-looking fixtures. A pair of fetters were hanging from the ceiling, with another pair attached to the floor directly beneath them.

In another part of the room was what looked like a neck iron, connected to a bolt in the floor with a short metal chain.

It did not look like Stephen's stay in this room was going to be pleasant.

Madelaine pointed to the neck iron with her crop.

-“We will place him there,” she told the brunette Guardess.

The two ladies walked Stephen to the restraining device, and pushed him down on his knees. The brunette placed the neck iron around Stephen's neck. It snapped shut. She then removed Stephen's gag, and put it on the table in the corner.

-“Don't go anywhere,” said Madelaine and chuckled. She then walked back to the door, and left the room, followed by the brunette Guardess.

Stephen had braced himself for the interrogation to start right away. It now seemed he would have to wait. But he knew they would be back soon enough.

They probably left him like this just to mess with his head.

Ten minutes later the door to the room opened again, and it was Madelaine entering. She smiled and looked straight at Stephen, sitting naked on his knees on the floor.

-“Someone is here to see you, prisoner,” she said. “Someone you know.”

A second later, another Lady entered the room. It was Katherine Lana. She had a different and more intimidating appearance than Stephen was used to, but it was an appearance that reflected very well what she stood for: Female Dominance.

She was wearing a sleeveless black leather pencil dress, and tall, high heeled boots, also in black leather. Her hair was pulled back in a tight pony tail, and as always, she wore impeccable make-up with wine red lips.

Katherine took two steps into the room and stopped to scan the room and its prisoner, resting her hands on her hips in a dominant pose. The dominant impression was reinforced by the crop she was holding in her perfectly manicured hand, with wine red nails matching her lips.

-Perfect, Madelaine. I owe you a big

one,” Katherine said.

-“Enjoy,” said Madelaine and left the room again.

As the door shut behind her, Katherine walked over to Stephen, and positioned herself directly in front of him, less than a meter away from his face. She did not bend down, and Stephen had to look up to meet her gaze.

Stephen hated the Woman in front of him, and she was now within reach. He was tempted to lunge forward and make her pay for what she had done to New California and to his life. But with his hands cuffed and with his neck on a short chain, Stephen knew he was unlikely to

achieve much, so he held back.

-“Now is the time for you to apologise for all the trouble you have caused me, Stephen,” Katherine said with a haughty tone. “And from now on you will show me the respect I deserve as a Woman.”

Her arrogance made it snap for Stephen.

-“I will do no such thing, you bitch,” he shouted back. “You have no right to hold me here like this, and you know it. Even under your new bullshit laws, which I have read....”

<SMACK>

Stephen felt a sharp sting on his left thigh, and his ranting was broken off by an

“Ouch”.

-“The correct way to address me is ‘Mistress’,” she told him with the same haughtiness

She had hit him with her riding crop. Stephen was enraged. He lunged towards her feet, hoping to knock her over. He was not going to give her the satisfaction of humiliating him like this unopposed.

It did not go as Stephen had hoped, however. With his hands on his back, he failed to accelerate himself properly, and Katherine easily avoided him by taking a step back. He landed flat on the floor, face down. Stephen did however succeed

in angering Katherine.

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Katherine hit his back and ass furiously with her crop almost as soon as he landed. It was horribly painful. Katherine was putting all her force in the strokes, and the pain almost paralysed him for a few seconds.

But Stephen was not giving up. Groaning with agony, he tried getting up on his knees again. He did not get far. As soon

as he lifted his head from the floor, it went black for a few seconds as Katherine's boot forcefully connected with Stephen's chin. She had kicked him in the face.

Not waiting for him to recover from the blow, Katherine launched another barrage of lashes with her crop.

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

-“You need to learn your place, male,” she stated angrily between the strokes.

In-between the sharp stinging pain delivered by the crop, and the dazing after-effect of her kick, Stephen could focus on little else than his agony, and he failed to detect that Katherine had left him for a moment.

When he collected himself after a few moments, he saw Katherine walk back towards him with resolute steps. She had a rope in one hand, and a long cane in her other hand.

Stephen scrambled to get up on his knees again. But he failed to move as quickly as

he wanted. Again he was slowed by being denied the support of his hands, fixed on his back.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Katherine gave Stephen a full-force stroke as soon as he came into the range of her cane. It hit across his upper thighs, and it was immensely painful. Stephen shrieked. It was worse than anything had felt so far. Stephen fell flat again.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Another stroke soon followed, this time right across Stephen's buttocks. He screamed again. It was as painful as the first blow

-“Fucking bitch,” he swore as he absorbed the burning sensation.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The next blow followed immediately.

-“How dare you?” Katherine shouted.

“You *will* show me respect!”

The pain was insufferable. Stephen screamed again, and instinctively started to wiggle. He knew more was coming.

<SWISH...CRACK>

And he was right. The next stroke hit him on the side of his left buttock, but was nevertheless very painful.

-“Lie still, male” bellowed Katherine.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The next lash struck home, despite Stephen's squirming. It produced the same intense burning pain as the preceding strokes, and Stephen continued to scream.

-“Are you sorry,” demanded Katherine sharply. “Are you going to beg me for forgiveness?”

<SWISH...CRACK>

Another stroke punctuated her question, even if it only hit him on the side due to wiggling. Stephen howled, but did not answer. Katherine paused to give Stephen a chance to reply.



Stephen's agony was intense, but he was not going to give Katherine the satisfaction of breaking him. He could withstand her. He said nothing.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Not yet?” asked Katherine. “It will be my pleasure to teach you some manners.”

Stephen screamed again and braced himself for the next blow. It did not come. Instead, Katherine tied the rope she had brought to the handcuffs on Stephen's back. She then threw the rope into a hook hanging from the ceiling directly above him, which Stephen had not noticed until now.

Katherine then pulled the rope, forcing Stephen's hands upwards.

-“Get on your knees, male,” she ordered her prisoner.

Stephen half-heartedly tried to resist at first, but as her pulling his arms upward made it painful, he gave in and rose to his knees. She was a strong Woman. He still

had to bend his head forward, however, since his neck iron did not allow his head to be more than half a meter or so from the floor.

Katherine kept pulling the rope, however, before finally tying it to a hoop on a nearby wall. It left Stephen in a position that was both uncomfortable and exposed, and with little leeway to move.

He was standing on his knees, bent forward, secured by a chain from his neck iron to the floor. His arms were stretched upwards behind his back, held there by the rope and the handcuffs.

Katherine picked up the cane, and walked

to a position behind Stephen, a little to his left. He could just about glimpse her boots between his own legs.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Stephen howled with agony as she began caning him.

<SWISH...CRACK>

She did not give him time to recover from the first before the next one tore into his ass.

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

Katherine continued with a series of strokes, leaving only a second or two between each. Stephen tried to wiggle, but it was completely ineffective. His tight restraints gave him little room to move, and every one of Katherine's strokes found its target.

The pain was continuous and unbearable.

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

But Katherine continued mercilessly. And Stephen screamed continuously. It was too painful. He could not take this.

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

But he had to. There was no escape.

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

Stephen had to make it end. He was desperate. His determination to resist had evaporated.

-“Please! Please stop,” he cried between howls of pain.

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Please what?” Katherine shot back.

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Please, Mistress,” whimpered Stephen after a pause that gave Katherine time to give him four more strokes.

<SWISH...CRACK>

She landed another extra hard stroke on Stephen’s battered ass.

-“Are you ready to apologise, and to treat me with the respect I am due,” asked Katherine icily.

-“Yes,” replied Stephen, almost crying.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“Yes, what?” demanded Katherine.

-“Yes. Mistress,” whimpered Stephen after a shriek of pain. He was breathing heavily after all the screams and agony.

-“Very well,” said Katherine.
She walked up close to Stephen.

-“The proper way of showing a Lady respect is to kiss her feet,” she told Stephen as she untied the rope attached to his handcuffs. “I expect you to do exactly that when you apologise.”

It was the kind of humiliation Stephen was determined to avoid a few minutes

ago. Now he was too focused on avoiding pain to care anymore.

With the rope untied, Stephen could lower his arms down on his back again. He let his hands feel the upper part of his bottom, trying to get an idea of the damage she had caused him. His ass somehow felt rather bloated. The skin felt rough, and heavily welted. Stephen had no experience being beaten with a cane like this before, but this had to be bad.

In the meantime, Katherine had positioned herself in front of Stephen. -“What do you have to say to me?” she asked him haughtily.

Her attitude once again provoked Stephen. But not enough to make him change his mind on avoiding the cane.

-“I apologise for opposing your Governorship,” he said and bent down to kiss her boot.

-“And?” she demanded.

-“And for causing you trouble,” he said and kissed her boot again.

-“And?”

Stephen looked up at her, hoping to get a hint of what she wanted him to say. He saw her raise her cane above her head.

<SWISH...CRACK>

It impacted Stephen's ass a moment later.
Stephen groaned.

-“How about apologising for all the suffering you caused hundreds of Women by leading a rebellion of misogynistic misfits against the lawful government? Did you forget the rapes and violence?”

<SWISH...CRACK>

Another stroke painfully emphasised her point.

Stephen did not feel responsible for what a few idiots among his supporters had

done. But he realised it was no point trying to argue that.

-“I apologise for the suffering I have caused Women,” he said and kissed Katherine’s boots again.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“You better be sorry. What you did was despicable!” she chastised him as he groaned.

-“Now, kiss my boots, and beg me to punish you for your crimes.”

Stephen hesitated. The last thing he wanted now was more punishment.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Another very painful stroke hit Stephen's behind.

-“I am waiting,” Katherine said impatiently.

-“Please, don't...” Stephen started

<SWISH...CRACK>

<SWISH...CRACK>

Her cane cut him off.

-“Beg me to punish you!” she ordered him sternly.

<SWISH...CRACK>

-“And address me properly,” she added.

Stephen hesitated again. Her cane was so horribly painful, and he would agree to anything to make it stop. But it didn't seem like any such option was on the table.

<SWISH...CRACK>

A final stroke from Katherine convinced Stephen what to do.

After a yelp of pain, he bent down and kissed her boots.

-“Please punish me, Mistress,” he whimpered.

-“Why should I punish you?” Katherine asked.

-“I should be punished for all the suffering I have caused Women,” Stephen said meekly and kissed her boot again. He much preferred humiliation to her cane.

-“Do you accept the superiority of Women and your duty as a male to obey Women in all things?” Katherine was really out to humiliate him.

-“Yes, Mistress.” Stephen was not going to give Katherine an excuse for additional punishment.

-“Very well,” said Katherine with a wicked smile. “It shall be my pleasure to give you the punishment you so richly deserve.”

Police station basement, 153/1/1, 15:20

Katherine enjoyed the sight of Stephen in front of her. She had him just where she wanted him. Strung up naked, hands shackled to the ceiling, feet shackled to the floor. He was ready for a good whipping. His ass was already covered with fresh red welts, imprinted by Katherine’s cane. His will to resist her was broken.

Breaking him had gone much quicker than expected. Less than fifteen minutes with

the cane, and he agreed to everything Katherine demanded of him. It was so satisfying to see this once powerful male, her chief enemy over the last half year, conquered and reduced to a frightened whipping boy.

She was not done with him yet, however. Katherine had broken him; now it was time to give him a proper punishment beating, and Katherine was going to enjoy it. Katherine could not think of a better way to unwind and de-stress than dispensing punishment to a well deserving male. And the setting was perfect. The leader of the resistance to her rule strung up in a secluded room. And plenty of time and punishment

implements available.

Katherine looked at the selection laid out at the table next to her. She wanted something extravagant. She picked up the biggest and most vicious looking whip – a 3.5 meter bullwhip. There was enough space in the room to use it properly, and it was excellent for both intimidation and inflicting pain. It was the perfect tool for the occasion.

Katherine walked over to Stephen, and then around him to his front side, such that he could see her. She placed the whip coil under his chin and pushed upwards, thus forcing him to look into her eyes.



Katherine could tell he wanted to look away, uncomfortable to meet her stare, once again confirming he had been broken. Still, Katherine wanted the satisfaction of intimidating him. Instilling fear in the male who was about to be punished was half the fun.

-“I am going to whip you,” she told him

sternly. “I will give you a thorough lashing with the bullwhip.”

Stephen was visibly shaking as she spoke.

-“Please,” he pleaded. “Please don’t do this.”

<SLAP>

Katherine slapped his cheek hard with her left hand.

-“Shut up!” she ordered him. “You asked to be punished, and you deserve to be punished. You will take your whipping.”

She took the whip away from his chin, and let it fall to the floor next to her feet such that Stephen could appreciate the

powerful appearance of her tool to punish him.

-“Please...” he started, before Katherine cut him off.

-“If you continue trying to tell me not to whip you, I will only go worse on you.”

Stephen did not say anything more, and Katherine walked around his back again to position herself for the whipping. As she walked past him, she thought she detected a snivel.

Katherine stopped three meters behind the prisoner, turned towards him, and threw the whip backwards such that the fall ended up behind her on her right side.

She was ready to begin.

She moved her hand forward in a horizontal half circular motion, thus launching the whip towards its target. It crashed into the side of Stephen with a delightful crack, and wrapped around his front side.

She threw the whip backwards again, and as she did, she heard another snivel from Stephen. It made Katherine smile behind his back.

When the whip was in position, Katherine immediately launched the next lash. It hit his side again, and this time it produced a yelp from the victim.

Katherine continued. Ten lashes later, much to Katherine's delight, Stephen was screaming like he had when he caned her. He had several red marks on the sides and front of his torso to complement the cane marks on his ass.

Katherine took a few steps backwards. She wanted to decorate his back. Katherine took aim and launched the whip again.

<SWISH...CRACK>

The whip cracked loudly on Stephen's back as it cut across his shoulder blades, and he let out another howl of pain.

Katherine continued the circular motion of her whip arm over her head such that the long whip stayed in the air before she launched it again on Stephen's back with a flick of her wrist.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Another howl from Stephen followed, but Katherine took no regard of it. She continued whipping him in the same way, continuously swinging the whip over her head.

Katherine relished the feeling of power that wielding such a big whip gave.

Soon Stephen's back was covered in red stripes. He howled when each lash

impacted and snivelled in-between.

Katherine kept whipping him like this for several minutes. When she was satisfied, she let the whip fall to the ground, and walked around Stephen to his front side. Now she wanted to see his face as he took her whip.

Katherine placed herself three meters directly in front of Stephen. He looked at her, snivelling quietly, but turned his eyes away as soon as she met his stare. He was broken, subdued and terrified of what she would do to him. Exactly how it should be, thought Katherine.

She threw her whip backwards, before

launching it against her victim, this time from the front.

<SWISH...CRACK>

She hit the middle of his side, The fall of the whip wrapped all around his back, and its tip lashed Stephen's nipple on the front side. He screamed with agony.

Katherine threw the whip back again, preparing for the next lash. She noticed a petrified look from Stephen as she again launched the whip.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Like the previous lash, it wrapped around his back to hit his front side again, leaving a small red mark.

Katherine threw the whip back again, before swinging it forcefully towards Stephen.

<SWISH...CRACK>

Stephen screamed even more intensely than before. This this time, the whip wrapped around his ass before lashing his cock. Katherine chuckled. She took pleasure in the humiliation and pain she inflicted on her foe.

And she did not stop. Katherine had plenty of time today, and she was determined to enjoy the power she had over him and to make Stephen suffer like he deserved.

It was more than half an hour later before was she satisfied. When Katherine rolled the whip back up in a coil, Stephen was covered in red marks and welts. The cane marks on his ass were slowly turning purple, and on his upper body there was hardly a piece of his skin that was untouched by her whip. Red stripes and even scars where all over. He was sobbing quietly, utterly devastated by the harsh punishment.

Katherine felt great. High on the power-rush from dominating her male opponent, even if a little tired from wielding canes and whips for close to an hour. It was just what she needed to release tension

and to celebrate the milestone they had reached in the struggle against the patriarchy.

She put the whip down on the table, and took one more look at the prisoner strung up in the middle of the room to admire her work. He was covered in whip marks and sobbing. A well punished male.

-“This was but a fraction of what you deserve for your crimes,” she told Stephen as she headed for the door. “Trust me, there will be more.”

**Linda & Philip’s apartment, 153/1/1,
36:30**

In the household of Linda and Philip,

things had returned to normal after the upheavals last month. Linda was doing her studies, and Philip was no longer part of the Colony Council. With the female empowerment laws taking effect from yesterday, he had to vacate his seat, and was about to return to his old job. He would however enjoy a few days off first, which he spent serving his Mistress.

Linda was having a lazy evening on the sofa in the living room, chatting with her girlfriends on the wrist unit messaging service while watching a show on the screen. On the table next to her, she had a glass of wine from which she occasionally sipped.

She was also enjoying her slave. Philip sat on his knees next to her sofa, with his head between her legs, licking, kissing and caressing her pussy with his tongue. With Linda wearing nothing but a pink camisole, he had easy access. He had been licking her for an hour straight already, and he would keep doing it for the entire evening. He was under orders not to make it too intense. His job was just to tease her and keep her aroused until she told him otherwise.

Linda loved the pleasant feeling of his gentle tongue on her sex for hours on end, and she often utilised her slave like this when relaxing. It made for a deliciously enjoyable evening, and when she finally

decided to let the orgasm come after hours of build-up, it would be spectacular.

Linda knew these evenings made Philip excited too. She kept him naked, and he sported a constant erection. Now she could feel he was getting more eager. His licks became firmer, and his tongue brushed over her clit more frequently. Linda closed her eyes and moaned softly. It was heavenly.

But it was also too early. Linda did not want to come yet. She picked up her riding crop, which was lying on the table next to the glass, and gave her slave two whacks on his ass.

-“Don’t get too eager yet,” she told him.

Philip’s tongue became more cautious right away. He was such an obedient slave. Linda put the crop back on the table and turned her attention to her wrist unit.

A new message from her friend Therese popped up. “Interesting stuff on the News Channel right now,” it said.

Linda immediately switched channel on the screen. The image of Katherine in her regular business-like appearance filled the screen. She was apparently giving a live statement.

-“...In the face of boycotts and continued hostility from other Union colonies and the central government, I see no future for New California as part of the Union. The last few months have shown us who our real friends are, and they do not include the Union. The one state that supported us throughout, and helped us overcome our troubles is our neighbour to the south, the Queendom of Leda.

They share our values, respect our choices, and they are the only power willing to protect us from our enemies in the Union. Our future lies with the Queendom of Leda.”

Katherine paused and she continued.

-“My Government has therefore

requested the Queen of Leda to accept New California as part of her Queendom, and to make our colony part of her realm with all the duties and privileges that entail. I am confident that is the right path for us, and I hope you all agree.

This is of course a major decision, that will require approval by the people of New California, and a referendum will therefore be held as soon as the terms of the accession treaty can be hammered out.”

She paused again, smiling.

-“This is all at this point. I am ready to take questions.”

Linda noticed Philip had stopped licking

her. He too had wanted to hear what Katherine said. Disobedient, but understandable.

Linda grabbed Philip's hair and pulled him out of her crotch.

-“Did you hear that, slave? Linda asked him. “New California is going to be part of the Queendom. *We* are going to be part of the Queendom.”

Linda could feel herself becoming excited just saying it.

-“I did,” replied Philip. “That is excellent.”

-“This is what we have struggled for so long. I am so happy,” said Linda. “And

you did your part.”

She pulled Philip up close to her, and kissed him passionately.

-“We are going to celebrate this later tonight,” she whispered as she slowly pulled him away from her half a minute later.

Then her voice turned stricter

-“But now, get back between my legs and worship me,”

Philip did as he was told. Linda then picked up her crop and lashed him three times.

-“That is for taking a break without

permission,” she told him.

She felt his soft kisses on her labia. It felt just right. He was such a good slave.

Annexation

New California City Hall, 153/1/20, 36:00

Once again the citizens of New California had voted on how the colony should be governed. Less than a year ago they had chosen their Colony Council. This time it was a referendum on joining the colony to the Queendom of Leda.

Crowds of mostly Women had gathered in the main hall of the City Hall building to witness the announcement of the result and to celebrate.

The outcome had never really been in doubt. A vast majority in favour of joining the Queendom was what everyone expected. The legacy of the anti-

government protests of last year made it hard for the no-side to make any headway in the all-female electorate.

The Queendom was seen as the only power that could be trusted to provide safety and security for Women, and to protect their new-won rights. With most of the other Union colonies and the central government appearing to back the protest movement, many Women, even those who were not femdom supporters, had cooled to remaining in the Union

The annexation treaty also had provisions that soothed those concerned about the conditions faced by males in the Queendom. Free men were given a grace

period to leave before formal annexation if they wished to do so. And all men in relationships with New Californian Women would automatically become the Women's property upon annexation. This would allow Women to protect the men they held dear from treatment they deemed too harsh.

All this served to bolster the significant segment of voters who were female supremacists and Queendom sympathisers in the first place.

Alex was in City Hall this evening to serve drinks. He had been volunteered as a waiter by Katherine, his Mistress, and he dutifully delivered drinks ordered by

thirsty and festive Women.

Alex did not feel quite as cheerful as the Ladies in the room. His feelings were mixed. In one way he was as happy about the event as the Women surrounding him. He believed in female supremacy, and New California becoming part of the Queendom was something he had really wanted, not to mention the victory it represented for his Mistress.

Nevertheless, he also felt apprehensive. When the vote came in, it would likely represent a point of no return for his slavery. Alex could not leave New California before formal annexation if he wanted to. As Mistress Katherine's husband, she was his guardian, and under

the laws passed last year, he could not leave without her permission. And with the increasing harshness of Mistress Katherine, the prospect of Queendom-style slavery now seemed scary.

Looking at the crowd in the room, Alex could see that some of the social norms of the Queendom had already spread at least to the New Californians that were gathered in City Hall. Men were not the equals of Women in this room. The serving staff was all male, and those men that were there as guests, were all there with a female guardian. They were behaving submissively, and did not speak unless spoken to. None of them took any of the drinks Alex and the other waiters

offered. A few were even kept in leashes by their guardians who were soon to become their Mistresses.

The Ladies were correspondingly more dominant. They did all the talking, many casually ignoring the men around them, be they serving staff or male guests. They somehow looked more confident.

A few Ladies even carried riding crops, which would have been outrageous on a public event in New California just a week ago. Now it looked like it was accepted.

While Alex pondered the changes he saw, he suddenly noticed the chatter in

the room had died down, and everyone were looking at the huge screens on the walls. Alex turned his head to look the same way.

He saw the final numbers in the countdown to end of voting. Immediately after the counter hit zero, it disappeared and was replaced by a table showing the result of the vote. Much as expected, a majority of 71% had voted in favour of joining the Queendom.

A loud cheer erupted from the Ladies. All were celebrating. The 29% who voted no were clearly not represented in this room. Cheerful Women in elegant cocktail dresses were clinking glasses

and applauding.

Alex noted the tray of champagne glasses he was holding was nearly empty, and headed towards the bar. While he navigated through the crowd, the sound system started playing an upbeat, celebratory tune.

As he reached the bar, the sound volume lowered, and a Woman started speaking. Alex looked to the scene on the opposite side of the room, and saw a Lady wearing a purple evening dress. It looked and sounded like Council Woman Cecilia Porter.

-“Congratulations everyone!” she almost

shouted. “We can all be proud. A well run referendum, and the people of New California has spoken decisively!”

She spoke a few more words while Alex replaced his nearly empty tray with a new one filled with new champagne glasses in the bar. He then walked cautiously back into the crowd.

On the stage, Cecilia finished with the words:

-“It is a great honour for me to introduce the true heroine of the day. Let me give you your Governor, soon to be your Duchess: Katherine Lana!”

The crowd erupted in applause,

accompanied by the rhythmic chant of
“Lana! Lana! Lana!”

New California City Hall, 153/2/3, 10:40

Katherine was behind her desk in the office when her earpiece beeped. It was Alex, she saw on her wrist unit. She accepted.

-“Mistress Sarah is here for you, Mistress,” he informed her. She had instructed him to now address all females as “Mistress”, in line with Queendom practice.

-“Send her in,” she instructed him.

Almost immediately the door opened, and

Sarah entered. Katherine got up from behind the desk to greet her.

-“So good to have you back, Sarah,” she said and approached her.

-“I am happy to be here. It’s going to be exciting to get to work with you again,” reciprocated Sarah. The two Ladies exchanged hugs and kisses on the cheek.

Sarah was now in New California in an official role as advisor to Katherine during the transition of New California from a Union colony to a duchy in the Queendom.

-“How was it being back in Helena?” asked Katherine and gestured for

Katherine to take a seat.

-“Wonderful. It was really good with some time off after the last couple of months,” replied Sarah.

The two Ladies exchanged a little information from their respective home fronts before the conversation moved on to business.

-“Have you made any more thoughts on how to handle the enslavement of the males?” asked Sarah.

-“I have,” replied Katherine. “We will accept the offer of transferring them to other parts of the Queendom for training, like you suggested earlier.”

There were more than a thousand males in New California, and only a fraction of these would be allowed to leave before the colony became part of the Queendom. The great majority were either prisoners from the recent conflict, or under guardianship of Women who did not intend to leave. These males had no choice but to remain in the colony and be legally enslaved as it became part of the Queendom. That meant there was a significant number of men who would need to be taught their place in the Queendom and trained as slaves on accession in 12 days' time. Fortunately, the other colonies of the Queendom had offered assistance in this area. With

prison services with significant experience in preparing large number of males for slavery, they had exactly what New California needed.

-“All of them?” asked Sarah.

-“To start with I was planning just to send the prisoners,” said Katherine.

“Then later make an offer for those owned by citizens.”

Katherine was referring to the men who now had their wife or girlfriend as their guardian. They would become slaves of their significant others when the annexation of New California was completed, and it was expected that some

of the new slave owners would want their slaves broken in and trained.

“Good. That should make the numbers somewhat easier to cope with. If we train too many at once, quality might suffer.”

-“That’s what I thought too,” said Katherine. “Which was why I was thinking of having the prisoners sent as soon as possible. We can do it before formal annexation, if we just treat it as a transfer between detention facilities. The prisoners can then be educated while they formally await trial.”

-“Great idea. And then you will drop charges after annexation, when they can

formally be enslaved anyway?”

-“Exactly. Except for the worst offenders. We need to see some public retribution for what went on during the protests. But that can wait until after their enslavement.

“Of course,” nodded Sarah.

Katherine’s was aware that many of the protesters being held in the basement of the next door police station had not done anything that would mandate detention under the current laws. But by delaying proceedings against them, they would be held until Queendom law would apply, and they could legally be enslaved. Regardless of what they had done or not,

they deserved it as far as Katherine was concerned. They had supported the thugs who committed the crimes. She did not want any of them escaping slavery.

Her approach would surely cause anger in the Union colonies, especially those that were home to those protesters that had arrived from outside. But Katherine didn't care. What could they do? Take on the Queendom Army?

-“How many prisoners do we have at this point?” asked Sarah.

-“469,” replied Katherine. “But I want to make it 470.”

**Katherine & Alex' apartment, 153/2/05,
37:35**

-“Sorry Mistress?”

Alex looked up to see his Mistress' impassive expression. She had just told him matter-of-factly that he would not be going to work tomorrow. He would instead be sent to a slave training program in Helena.

-“Your performance has been lacking lately, slave, and I believe the program will be just what you need. They will not let you out before you have shown the discipline and devotion of a proper slave,” said Katherine.

-“But will you not need me to serve you?”

Both here and at the office I mean?” Alex asked hoping to change her mind.

-“You are replaceable, slave,” she replied bluntly. “I can easily purchase trained slaves from Helena to cover all needs when you are gone.”

That hurt. The prospect of other males taking his role as Katherine’s slave, was awful. That she so casually suggested that was what she was going to do made it worse.

-“But, Mistress...” began Alex

He was cut off by a hard slap on his cheek.

-“I don’t want to hear it, slave. I have decided, and I don’t need a slave who thinks he is entitled to second guess me,” Katherine told him sternly. “You need only obey. If I hear one more word from you on this, it will be the cane for you.”

-“Yes, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress,” said Alex meekly. He knew he could not sway her.

Katherine just looked at him with an icy stare.

-“You will go to your cage, now, slave,” she said after a few seconds. “I don’t need you anymore this evening.”

-“Yes, Mistress,” acknowledged Alex.

He started walking towards the bedroom, dejected by yet another rejection from Mistress Katherine.

Katherine followed him into the bedroom, and waited for Alex to open the closet and crawl into his cage. Once he had done so, she locked the cage and closed the closet door.

Alex was left alone in the dark, mulling his prospects. It was depressing that Mistress Katherine was so dissatisfied and that she wanted so little to do with her slave. Being sent away for a month or more and having him replaced by other slaves was the last thing Alex wanted. It could become permanent. What if Mistress sold him?

Adding to that, the prospect of being trained in a prison in Helena was in itself scary as heck. Alex knew from what he had heard that they ran a very harsh regime. It might well be harder than he could cope with, even if he normally would relish being under the command of strict Women. There was no choice, however. Alex would have to go through it, hoping that Mistress Katherine would take him back afterwards.

In the Queendom

Helena Slave Prison, 153/2/6, 17:00

Alex was in Helena. He had been to this colony before, but never without Mistress Katherine. And that made it a quite a bit scarier. Both because Alex was afraid of Katherine acquiring other slaves while he was away, and because he was now outside her protection in a place where males had no rights.

And in Helena Slave Prison, this was particularly true. A place known to be a harsh experience for any man.

The trip to where he was now had taken most of the day. Mistress Katherine had

taken Alex to the police station in New California in the morning, where she had left him with a Militia Woman.

The Militia Woman had ordered Alex to strip, taken him down to the basement of the building, gagged him, and put him in a cage in a room that contained scores of other caged men. Men who had been part of the protest movement of last year from what Alex could gather.

After an hour or so in that room, the journey to Helena had started. A group of five militia Women had entered the room where Alex was caged, and opened eight cages and ordered their occupants out. Then they hand-cuffed the prisoners, and

herded them out of the room with riding crops.

After a minute, they came back, and repeated the procedure with another batch of prisoners.

The third time, it was Alex turn. He recognised the militia Woman who unlocked his cage. She had been a colleague in his previous job. He knew she was a militia volunteer, but he had never known her as a female supremacist. But she certainly looked like one now. After Alex had crawled out of the cage, she had roughly cuffed his hands behind his back, before whacking his ass with her crop and ordering him to move.

Alex and seven other males were lead through some corridors before they had come to the building's access point on the colony's goods transport net. This was an underground rail system that covered the entire colony, and enabled easy transport of physical goods within the colony.

In this case, Alex and the other prisoners were the physical goods. The Guardesses drove them into a small boxcar with their whips, and then closed its doors.

Shortly after, the car started moving. After a few minutes in complete darkness, they arrived at their stop. The door of the car opened, and the sight of

three fully uniformed Amazons met them. They had ordered the prisoners out of the car, and into eight cages lined up on a goods elevator nearby. The Amazons did not use force. The men knew there would be no point in trying to resist them, and all obediently crawled into the cages as instructed. The Amazons had then locked their cages, and sent them upwards with the elevator.

From here on, robots had handled the journey. When the elevator had reached the top, it was clear to Alex that they were in the airship port, and about to be moved into the cargo hold of an airship.

A robotic arm did the work, lifting one

and one cage up from the elevator, and stacking them inside a cargo compartment. The compartment was already nearly full of compactly stacked caged males when Alex' cage was placed among them.

Once all the cages from the elevator had been loaded into the cargo compartment, its door shut, leaving the prisoners inside in the dark.

After what was a long wait, the airship started moving. It flew for what was maybe two hours before it docked at the destination, which Alex had later gathered was the airship port of Helena. The door to the cargo compartment had

opened, and a robotic arm had started transferring the prisoners' cages directly from the airship to cars on the Helena transport net.

The unloading process was efficient, and Alex was soon on his way in a dark car with twenty other prisoners. Only a minute later did they arrive at what seemed to be the end destination: Helena Slave Prison.

On the transport network access point, the cages had been unloaded by yet another robotic arm, and placed in a storage area. From there, Alex and eleven other prisoners had been moved with their cages into the room where

Alex now found himself.

The slaves who had moved them had left the room. Alex studied his new environment. It was a large room, at least 10x10 meters. It was reasonably lit, but with dark red walls and no windows, there was a certain dark atmosphere in the room. The fact that the room was abundant with restraining devices probably also contributed to this.

Multiple pairs of shackles were hanging from the ceiling alongside one of the walls, with matching sets attached to the floor underneath. Alongside a neighbouring wall were three spanking benches. This was clearly a room that

had been furnished for the purpose of punishment.

The twelve cages in the room were stretched out on a curved line near the middle of the room, with half a meter or so between the cages. Alex looked at the other prisoners with whom he shared the room.

They were all naked, like Alex himself. Unlike Alex, they looked unkempt. Their facial hair indicated they had not shaved for a day or two, though their hair was still short. In fact, all had the same crew cut. Alex guessed they had all had their head shaven on the same day while imprisoned in New California. The

prisoners were also somewhat skinny-looking. They had clearly not been overfed in their month-long confinement. Two of the prisoners had visible whip marks on their bodies, but the rest did not bear any signs of corporal punishment.

The prisoners looked apprehensive about what would happen next, much like Alex felt himself. They did not make any noises and did not try to say anything through their gags, they were just scanning the room with worried eyes.

Looking at their faces, Alex recognised about half of them. They were people he had seen in New California, although they didn't count anyone he really knew.

The rest he had never seen before.

Then Alex saw one prisoner who was somewhat more familiar to him than the others. His face had until now been obscured by one of the prisoners between them, but now he could see it. It belonged to Stephen Hird.

It was strange to see this once mighty man reduced to where he was now, naked in a cage. And Alex had to admit he also felt some satisfaction to see him there. There was justice to it. Stephen Hird was the man who had caused so much trouble for Mistress Katherine and the cause of female supremacy. He was also at least part of the reason Alex was now

embarking on a harsh training program away from his Mistress. Had not Stephen bullied him for information, Mistress Katherine's view of Alex' performance might have been better, and he might not have been sent to this training.

While Alex was studying the ex-governor in the cage a few meters away, the only door in the room opened. Two Ladies – Guardesses - entered the room and walked right to its center; the clicks of their heels echoing in the room.

They both looked stunningly gorgeous and intimidating, as the Ladies of the Queendom were known for. And also very sexy.

The first Guardess, a tall, slender Woman of East Asian ethnicity first caught Alex' attention. She wore a body hugging black latex body with long sleeves, matched with a beautiful pair of thigh high boots in patent leather. Her tight outfit left little to fantasy. Her ample breasts – big for her otherwise slender build – protruded, with the nipples clearly visible through the fabric.

Her face was pure beauty, even if her expression was most stern. A round mouth with full lips, in a perfect glossy dark cherry colour. A small, cute nose. And alluring, slightly narrow, smoky eyes that nevertheless conveyed an

authoritarian attitude.

The equipment she carried reinforced this impression. In her hand she held a dressage whip, and attached to a belt around her waist was a menacing-looking snake whip.

The other Guardess was equally stunning. A brunette of European decent, she was tall, and curvier than the first Guardess. She showed off her forms well wearing thigh-high boots, a short, tight mini skirt and a bra that barely contained her sizable breasts, all in black leather. Like her colleague she had a dressage whip in her hand.

She wore her hair in a long pony tail falling on her back, which kept the hair away from a striking face with a straight nose, high cheek bones and full lips with poppy pink lipstick.

Her piercing blue eyes scanned the prisoners while her lips formed a faint, arrogant smile.

Alex had heard the Guardesses in Queendom prisons exploited male sexual desire to turn them into obedient and devoted slaves, and this certainly seemed to be part of these Ladies' plan. Alex' member started to grow just by looking at them. He knew these Ladies were going to cause him a lot of pain, but he would at least have the pleasure of admiring their

beauty while they did so.

The Asian Guardess spoke up with a clear voice.

-“Slaves! I am Mistress Alexandra, and this is my colleague, Mistress Justine! We will be seeing a lot to each other over the coming weeks.”

The prisoners all stared silently at the dominant beauty lecturing them.

-“Our job is to turn you into obedient and productive slaves, devoted to serving the superior sex. We will teach you how to behave, how to speak, how to think and how to provide your superior with the service she deserves. And we are going

to keep you here until you learn this. When we are done with you, you will know your place and obedience to females will be second nature to you”

Mistress Justine then took over.

-“You need to pay close attention to everything we say. We expect you to be respectful, to listen carefully to our instructions, and to follow our every order without hesitation. Any disobedience will be punished.”

She struck one of the cages with her dressage whip for effect. The occupant jolted fearfully.

-“We will start with the basics,” she

continued.

-“As males, you are expected to show Women the utmost respect. Any Woman is your superior, and must be obeyed. You exist to serve her. You will never raise your voice to a Woman, never ignore her or disobey her in any way. You are always courteous and gracious. This means when you greet her, or thank her, you do this by kissing her foot.”

-“Is that understood?” she asked, raising her voice a notch.

Most of the prisoners nodded, and a few tried to affirm through their gags, but it came out rather muffled. All the prisoners knew about the boot kissing. The Queendom had been around long enough

that many of their practices were well known on the rest of the planet.

And in Alex' case, it was something he practiced daily at home with Mistress Katherine.

Mistress Justine continued.

-“Communication: You will only speak when spoken to, or when otherwise permitted by a Lady. When you speak you will do so respectfully. This means you address any Woman as ‘Mistress’. Communication between slaves is strictly forbidden.”

The prisoners listened in silence.

Mistress Alexandra then took the word again.

-“You will receive regular discipline during your stay here, to remind you of your place and to reinforce an appropriate slave mindset. You are expected to receive your discipline willingly and gracefully, and to thank us for it afterwards. It is for your own good.”

-“Is that understood, slaves?” she asked. The prisoners nodded.

-“We will now practice what you have just learned,” said Mistress Alexandra. “Mistress Justine and I will take you out of your cages. You will then greet us

properly and ask to be disciplined. Remember, any disobedience or poor performance will result in punishment.” Her voice was resolute and clear.

Mistress Alexandra walked over to Alex’ cage, which at the end of the row of cages was a natural starting point. She tapped her wrist unit to unlock it, then opened the door. She reached inside to release Alex from his gag.

Alex felt her rich and sensual perfume as she did so. It was intoxicating. Combined with her breath-taking looks and dominant presence, Alex felt immensely attracted to her.

-“Crawl out and greet me, slave,” she ordered.

Alex did as she said. It felt very natural to obey her.

He kissed her boots. One kiss on each.

-“I am at your service, Mistress Alexandra,” he said.

The Prison Guardess smiled as she looked down upon him.

-“Very good,” she said. “This is how a male greets a Lady.”

She ran her dressage whip slowly across his back while studying the fading whip marks on it.

-“It looks like the Guardesses in New

California have taught you a thing or two before you came here,” she said. “Good for you!”

The marks were from the last whipping Mistress Katherine had given him, but Alexandra most likely did not know Alex was not one of the imprisoned protesters. Alex didn't respond. It was not his place to correct her.

-“Then I expect you know how to ask for discipline,” said Mistress Alexandra.

-“Mistress Alexandra,” said Alex with his most subservient voice. “Please discipline me so I learn to be a better slave.”

-“Your wish is granted, slave,” replied Alexandra. “Crawl over to the bench,” she said and pointed to a spanking bench with her whip.

Alex crawled on his knees to the bench, and climbed on top of it when Alexandra tapped the top side of it with her whip. The device consisted of a chest rest a meter above the floor in the front and two leg rests in the back, somewhat closer to the floor. It made Alex’ bottom fully exposed when he lay on top of it.

Mistress Alexandra fixed Alex to the device using its straps and fetters, leaving him completely helpless and

unable to escape.

-“I strongly suspect you will struggle to take your first discipline in a very dignified manner, so we will tie you up to help you, said Mistress Alexandra, addressing all the prisoners rather than Alex in particular.

She then placed herself to Alex right, a meter and a half away and flexed her whip a little, before placing its tip on Alex’ bottom.

She raised the whip over her head, and a second later, brought it down again on Alex exposed rear end.

It carried a horrible sting. Alex let out a little yelp and shut his eyes tightly, absorbing the pain.

Alexandra lifted the dressage whip and struck again. It was agonising even if she didn't use much force. But Alex managed to suppress his urge to scream.

She raised the whip again.

<SWISH>

She used a bit more force this time, and another painful stroke tore into Alex' ass. Again Alex had to squeeze his eyes shut to absorb the pain. But he managed to keep quiet.

-“This one show some promise,” said

Alexandra to her colleague Justine.
“Let’s see if the others hold the same standard.”

Alex relished the implied praise from Mistress Alexandra. It felt like a shot of motivation – something he surely needed.

In front of him, Alex could see Mistress Justine open the cage on the opposite end of the row and order its occupant out to kiss her boots, which he did without resistance.

<SWISH>

The searing pain from Mistress Alexandra’s next stoke reached Alex’ brain. He bit his lip to avoid screaming.

<SWISH>

The Guardess relentlessly continued. Stroke after stroke rained down on Alex ass.

After a minute, Mistress Justine had fixed her prisoner to another spanking bench, and started giving him the same treatment as Mistress Alexandra was giving Alex.

It was a powerful sight. The strong and very sexy Mistress Justine was thrashing a male right in front of Alex. Yet, with Mistress Alexandra thrashing his own bottom, Alex could not enjoy the sight as much as he otherwise would.

While Alex struggled to keep his composure under the Guardess' whip, the other slave failed completely. After a minute of whipping, he was screaming with pain and begging Mistress Justine for mercy.

He got none. His pleas were only met by Mistress Justine's mocking him for his weakness. He was kept on the bench and whipped for five more minutes. He screamed and begged throughout.

Meanwhile, Alex suffered Mistress Alexandra's discipline. It was a thoroughly agonising experience, and Alex ass felt like it was burning by the time it ended. He had received almost a

hundred strokes. But Alex was very satisfied that he had managed to maintain his composure. He had not screamed apart from a few yelps, and he had not resorted to begging of any sort.

Mistress Alexandra released him from the straps that fixed him to the bench, then grabbed Alex by the hair and pulled him forcefully off the device. Alex hit the floor uncomfortably, with his shoulder taking the main impact.

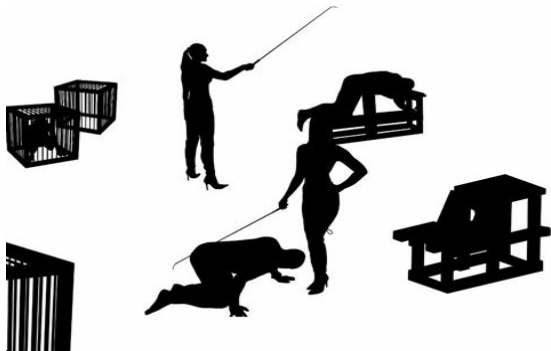
He looked up at Mistress Alexandra. She towered over him, with her hands resting on her hips in a dominant posture. -“You may thank me now,” she told him with a loud voice cutting through the

screaming of Mistress Justine's victim.

Alex knew what to do. He kissed Mistress Alexandra's boots.

-“Thank you, Mistress Alexandra,” he said. “Thank you for disciplining me.”

Alex meant it. He was already developing a certain devotion for her. He just wanted to please her and be near her. It was similar to his feelings for Mistress Katherine. Mistress Alexandra had made a powerful impression on him.



-“It was my pleasure, slave,” replied Alexandra, smiling briefly. “Now get back in your cage.”

Alex obediently crawled back into the cage he had been released from seven minutes earlier. Mistress Alexandra followed him, and locked the door behind him as soon as he was in the cage.

Alex felt great. Although his rear end felt

very sore, he knew he had performed well in front of Mistress Alexandra. He had even earned her praise of sorts. His apprehension about spending a month in this place was fading.

A meter away, Mistress Alexandra opened the neighbouring cage, and ordered the occupant out. It was a guy he recognised from New California, but he couldn't exactly remember where from.

Alexandra removed his gag.

-“Greet me, slave, she ordered him with a stern voice.

He nervously complied, and kissed her boots, looking very uncomfortable.

The Guardess looked at him disdainfully.
-“I am waiting,” she told him impatiently.
He looked up at her.

<SWISH>

She hit his ass with a quick flick of her whip. The male beneath her groaned.
-“Beg for discipline,” she almost shouted at him.

-“P-Please discipline me, Mistress,” the man whimpered, sensing that he was already off with a bad start.

-“Get on the bench!” Alexandra demanded.

The man started crawling towards the bench, with Alexandra following behind.

She gave him a few lashes for moving too slowly.

Alexandra ordered the prisoner on top of the spanking bench and started fastening her victim.

Alex then turned his attention to the other cages. The prisoners had now seen what awaited them, and they were looking distinctly more nervous and uncomfortable than earlier.

On the other side of the room, Mistress Justine had completed the discipline of her prisoner, and locked him back in his cage. Now she opened the next cage on the opposite side – Stephen's cage.

-“Get out!” Justine ordered Stephen

sharply. He reluctantly crawled out, and bent his head to make it easier for Mistress Justine to remove his gag.

As soon as she had removed it, Stephen bent down to kiss Mistress Justine's boots. He kissed each several times, taking his time. He had seemingly understood that submission was his best course of action here.

-“Well, slave?” asked Mistress Justine impatiently after a few seconds.

-“Please, Mistress...” Stephen hesitated.

-“Beg for my whip!” Mistress Justine ordered him sharply.

-“Please discipline me, Mistress,” said Stephen quickly, followed by a snivel, as Justine raised her whip.

He was terrified by Mistress Justine and what she was going to do to him. He looked pathetic, thought Alex. No longer the bully he knew from New California.

Justine spared him for a minute longer. She lowered the whip.

-“Get on the bench,” she ordered Stephen.

Stephen crawled quickly over to the bench and mounted it. Mistress Justine strapped him to it, making sure he could

not move.

Closer to Alex' cage, Mistress Alexandra was steadily whipping the prisoner she had strapped to the other bench, indifferent to his groans of pain. However, as appealing as it was for Alex to watch the beautiful Guardess mercilessly lash her victim, he was more focused on what happened on the other side of the room.

Mistress Justine had raised her whip, poised to deliver a well-deserved dose of pain to Stephen. Alex wanted to see Stephen whipped and humiliated. Forced to accept his rightful place as a slave in a female-rule world. It would serve him

well for all the trouble he had caused Alex and his Mistress.

<SWISH>

Mistress Justine brought down the dressage whip on Stephen's ass. He howled.

Indifferent to the noise he produced, Justine raised the whip again.

<SWISH>

Another howl followed.

<SWISH>

And Justine continued. She methodically whipped Stephen, who howled and screamed increasingly agonised with every stroke. After ten strokes or so,

Stephen broke down.

-“Please, Mistress. I can’t take this. Please stop it,” he begged her.

<SWISH>

Her immediate answer was with the whip. Stephen screamed yet again as it cut into his buttocks.

-“You will take it, slave,” Mistress Justine told him with a disdainful look. “Shut up, and accept your discipline.”

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

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She gave him ten lashes in quick order, not letting her prisoner recover between the strokes. Stephen screamed continuously.

-“Please stop. It is so painful. Please stop” Stephen sobbed amid his screams.

It only made Mistress Justine hit him harder. It looked like she was applying nearly full force on the next set of lashes.

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

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<SWISH>

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-“Shut up you pathetic male!” she barked angrily while lashing him. “You need to learn to take discipline. I am going to give you extras until you learn.”

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

<SWISH>

Stephen did not manage to say more.

Mistress Justine applied her dressage whip to his increasingly welted body too frequently for him to compose himself sufficiently to speak intelligibly. His attempts to do so drowned in screams and sobbing as the magnificent looking Justine gave him the treatment he deserved.

Alex found it fascinating and scary in equal measures to watch Mistress Justine unleash her power on Stephen. It had not taken her long to break him. She had reduced him to a sobbing mess in about a minute.

Stephen had made a pathetic showing of himself, crying and begging almost from

the start of his discipline. Alex could with some satisfaction see that he would do far better than Stephen in this reality of complete female supremacy.

**Linda & Philip's apartment, 153/2/15,
19:00**

Philip held open the door for his Mistress as she entered the apartment. They were just back from the square outside City Hall, where they had taken part in the accession ceremony and celebrations. New California was now officially part of the Queendom of Leda.

Both Philip and Mistress Linda were excited by what they had witnessed. Seeing the Queendom flag flying over

New California was the culmination of what they had struggled for over the last few years; their efforts finally being crowned by victory.

And they were also excited over what it meant. The Queendom's laws now applied in New California. Philip was now legally Mistress Linda's slave and property. That probably did not mean so much practically in Linda and Philip's case, as their Mistress-slave relationship had been going on for years. But having it recognised by the society around them was something they relished.

Female dominance was now the norm in New California, and Linda and Philip no

longer felt they had to hide the nature of their relationship. Linda had carried a crop as an accessory at the ceremony, and even such an overt signal of her dominance did not raise an eyebrow. In fact, Philip had spotted several other Ladies doing the same. Philip loved it.

Philip admired his Mistress as she stepped inside. Her short red cocktail dress showed off her heavenly rear end perfectly. She wore it in combination with a gorgeous pair of knee high leather boots, which together with her whip radiated dominance.

-“I had a really good time,” she said to Philip with her delightful smile as Philip

entered.

-“Me too, Mistress,” said Philip.

-“And now I want to have an even better time,” Linda said, with her smile taking on a more sinister character. “And you know what that means, don’t you slave?” She place the tip of her crop under Philips chin, pushing it a little up.

-“Of course, Mistress,” replied Philip. He knew this was going to be a spectacular evening, even if a bit painful.

Linda took a step towards Philip, put her hand behind his neck and pulled him closer to her. She aggressively kissed him on the mouth. Her sweet tongue

forced itself past his lips and touched his own tongue. It was wonderful. Philip kissed her back. He embraced her with both hands and they started making out.

Several minutes of hot kissing followed.

The sharp sting of Linda's crop on Philip's thigh signalled the end. Linda withdrew her face from Philip's slowly.

-“Get naked, slave!” she told Philip with a low, sensual voice, almost whispering.

Philip obeyed as fast as he could. He quickly removed his shirt and trousers, followed by his underwear, then folded his clothes and put them on a chair in the

hallway next to the entrance section. Mistress Linda might temporarily tolerate him making a mess right now when she was horny, but she was guaranteed to hold him to account later, so Philip spent a few extra seconds on keeping it tidy.

Mistress Linda, meanwhile kept her outfit on. She refreshed the lipstick on her delicious scarlet lips and fixed her hair a little in front of the mirror.

When she noticed Philip was naked and ready, she ordered him to the bedroom. Philip complied and walked with fast steps to the bedroom. Just before he went through the door, he turned his head to get a glimpse of Mistress Linda. She

followed him, wearing a confident, wicked smile, like she always did when she was about to use Philip for her pleasure. It was a sight Philip loved.

Inside the bedroom Philip went down on his knees two meters from the door. As he did, Mistress Linda came through the door. She immediately grabbed him by his hair, and pulled his head forward and downward, thus exposing his backside more.

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Linda's crop struck three times on Philips

ass. Philip took a breath to absorb the sting.

-“First you need to feel my power. You need to be put in your place before you can worship me,” declared Mistress Linda.

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

<SMACK>

Another three strokes followed before Philip could answer “Yes, Mistress.”



Mistress Linda held him in this position, on his knees, bent forward and continued cropping Philips ass. It was hard but bearable. Mistress Linda's was not punishing Philip, she was indulging her sadism. She wanted to dominate him and to demonstrate her power over him. And she did it perfectly. She beat him hard, but not too hard. Philips cock,

already hard, remained so. And his desire for her could not be higher.

-“Kiss my boots while I whip you,” ordered Linda after having beaten Philip for a minute. She let his hair go.

Philip bent down and kissed Mistress Linda’s ankles. Immediately he felt the sting of her crop on his backside yet again. The beating continued, but it was now a little easier to take it, as Philip could concentrate on his Mistress boots.

Linda beat Philip for another few minutes while he kissed her boots. It was an intoxicating experience. The smell of the boots’ leather mixed with the scent of

Linda's perfume was irresistible. The sharp sound and burning pain caused by her crop impacting his rear vividly impressed upon Philip Mistress Linda's superiority, and put him in an ever more submissive state.

Philip could hear Linda was breathing heavily and moaning softly as she whipped him. He knew she was touching herself with her free hand, but he didn't dare look. She had ordered him to kiss her boots, and obeying her was his primary concern. Philip continued worshipping her boot, while obediently receiving her lashes. His ass was red and sore.

Suddenly, Mistress Linda gave the order Philip had been looking forward to.

-“Lick me, slave! Lick my pussy!”

Philip looked up at his Mistress. She looked down on him with the eyes of a predator. She wanted him and she wanted him now. Her black hair fell on her back, looking a little ruffled. The hem of her cocktail dress had been pulled up, and revealed she was not wearing underwear. He had full view of her beautiful, shaven pussy.

Her right hand held the crop she had just used on him, her left hand moved straight towards Philip. She grabbed him by the hair and pulled his head into her crotch.

-“Lick, slave!” she repeated.

Philip did just that. Enthralled by Mistress Linda’s power and sensuality he eagerly started lapping her sex. Letting his tongue run over her labia felt wonderful. She was wet already.

Linda moaned. She took a few steps backwards and sat down on the bed, all the while holding Philip by his hair, not letting his head out of her crotch. Philip kept on licking.

<SMACK>

Suddenly Philip felt the stinging impact of her crop on his ass.

-“Please your Mistress!” ordered Linda.

Philip wanted nothing more than to obey that order. He kissed her pussy, and followed up with long, gentle swipes of his tongue. Linda moaned with pleasure.

Philip was going to give her all the pleasure she could handle

**Linda & Philip's apartment, 153/2/15,
19:45**

Linda moaned with delight as she felt Philip's tongue brushed across her clit. She lay in the middle of the big double bed in the room, resting her head on a pillow. She was naked, as was the slave lying between her legs. She had enjoyed

him like this for more than half an hour, and she had had two orgasms. It was now building up for a third.

Philip knew how she liked it and was skilled with his tongue. She had trained him for years, and this was her reward.

<SMACK>

Linda hit Philip's ass with her crop. It made a delightful crack as it impacted. He had not done anything wrong. It was just a lovely reminder of their status as Mistress and slave, which was such a turn-on for them both. It served as extra motivation for Philip.

He responded by gently sucking her clit.

It was delicious. Linda moaned loudly and gave him another lash.

He went on, and it was getting even better.

<SMACK>

Linda hit him again, a little harder.

<SMACK>

And then again, even harder. The sound of the crop was almost as arousing as what her slave did with his tongue.

Philip's continue to suck, kiss, and play with his tongue around her clit. It was heavenly. Linda was on track for another orgasm.

But she wanted it a different way this time.

-“I want to fuck you now, slave,” she told Philip. “Turn around!”

Philip did as she said. He pulled out of her crotch, and placed himself face up on the bed. He was rock hard, as he always was when allowed to worship his Mistress. He was never allowed to come while serving Linda, and he never asked. So he remained hard throughout and eager to please her.

Linda mounted him and slid his cock inside her pussy. She was wet, and her slave's member came in with little resistance. Linda shivered as she felt him fill her inside. It felt so good.

Linda took Philip's hands by the wrists and held them down over his head, and started to ride him, with slow, firm movements. His warm cock moved rhythmically inside her generating a wonderful sensation.

She moaned softly and continued. She loved the sensation of Philips hard big hot cock pressing against the walls of its confinement. She enjoyed it for several minutes before the urge for even more pleasure drove her to increase the rhythm a little. She let go of his hands and leaned back in a more upright position on top of him. She could feel Philip's cock pulsing. It was intensely pleasurable.

She looked down at him. His eyes were closed but his facial expression revealed he was almost enjoying it as much as Linda herself. She knew he was fighting the urge to come.

Linda grabbed her crop, and struck his thigh twice. A little pain would help him concentrate. And it was such a sexy sound.

Just after she hit him, her pleasure reach a new height. A wonderful warm flushing feeling spread throughout her body. He had hit her G-spot.

Linda could not help but moan loudly. The pleasure was too intense to resist.

She was reaching climax. Waves of intense pleasure rolled through her body. Linda was in ecstasy. Everything around her just faded away. It was just her, her slave, and all-consuming pleasure.

After a minute, Linda came to herself again. She was breathing heavily and feeling thoroughly relaxed. Philip's cock was still inside her, as hard as before. It was pleasant, but Linda knew she would not be able to top the experience she had just been through.

She leaned forward, and kissed Philip on the mouth for a few seconds.

-“That was wonderful, slave” she whispered to him.

Then she carefully withdrew her pussy from his member.

Linda had had a most delightful first day as a citizen of the Queendom of Leda.

Author contact

If you have any comments on the books in this series, questions about the Ladies of Hera universe or even requests for particular parts of this universe to be explored in future books, please contact the author on
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