



THE ENSLAVEMENT

C L NORTHBRIDGE

**The Ladies of Hera XVII – The
Enslavement
By C.L. Northbridge**

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The Enslavement

New Neighbours

May 7, 2247

Mike was tired and hungry as he made his way back home from the shop one spring evening. Yet he was in a good mood. It was Friday, and he did not expect any work this weekend. He looked forward to spend the evening with Rhea, his wife.

Mike walked as he always did. While Arncott did have a transport pod system, Mike preferred to use his feet and enjoy the warm spring weather even if it took a

little more time.

The route through the town was pleasant enough. Arncott, a small town of some 40 000 inhabitants was a relatively new town. Having been established in the early 22nd century as the populations of both the UK and the rest of the world grew rapidly with the spread of longevity treatments, Arncott did not have the charm of more established towns and cities, but it was clean and orderly, and some of the architecture could be described as original.

In about 15 minutes, Mike made it to his street at the edge of town. The houses here were all villas. Spacious and modern, they were surrounded by small gardens which were separated from each

other by white wooden fences.

As Mike neared the gate to his own garden, he noticed there was quite some activity at the neighbour house. The villa just next to Mike's, was quite a bit bigger than the other villas in the neighbourhood, and had been empty for almost half a year, after the couple who lived there split up and both moved out. Apparently, the place had finally been sold and new neighbours were moving in. Mike walked into his garden, and stopped to watch the activity across the fence for a few seconds. Half a dozen men in shorts and sweat shirts were moving sofas, bed, shelves and other furniture into the house. In front of the door, a buxom woman in jeans and a

black halter top seemed to be instructing the movers.

After a few seconds, the woman noticed Mike, smiled and waved to him before approaching. As she walked, she signalled for one of the movers to join her. A few meters before she came to the fence separating her property from Mike's, she greeted him.

- "Hi, you must be our neighbour. I am Alexandra Walker, and this is my husband Barry," she said and stretched out her hand.

She had a pretty face with small blue-grey eyes and high cheekbones, framed

by shoulder-length brown hair. She somehow struck Mike as very confident in her demeanour

Mike took her hand, and reciprocated the smile.

-”I am Mike. Mike Davies. Nice to meet you. Welcome.”

Mike then shook Barry’s hand as well.

Barry looked like he was a few years younger than his wife. He had short brown hair – almost a buzz cut, a rugged face, and a quite athletic body.

-”It is such a lovely neighbourhood you have here, and Barry and I were delighted to find this house available. It

is so much better than what we had in London.” said Alexandra.

-”I bet,” said Mike. The newly acquired villa was well outside Mike’s own price range, definitively one of the more expensive houses in town. “So what brings you to Arncott?”

-”Work,” replied Alexandra, and Barry nodded to confirm. “I am the governor of Bullingdon, and we wanted to avoid the commute from London.” She referred to the prison just outside town, which had reopened last year, after having been unused for decades.

-”And I do programming for the

correctional service,” added Barry.

–“Barry is essential for making our systems work,” said Alexandra and put her hands on her husband’s shoulders. Mike noticed she was a tall woman – almost as tall as her husband, who seemed to match Mike’s own 180 cm.

“So you work the same place...” started Mike, but was interrupted as Rhea had come out to join them. Mike introduced her to the new neighbours, and the conversation went on to cover Mike’s and Rhea’s occupations, and then to the attractions of the neighbourhood.

It was a cordial conversation, but after

ten minutes, Alexandra indicated they had to get back to the moving.

-”If you need any help, let me know,” Mike offered.

-”It is very kind of you to offer, but as you see our operation is well manned,” said Alexandra and sent a look in the direction of the five men who had continued working on the furniture as she and Barry had chatted with Mike and Rhea.

-”But let’s continue this when we have moved in properly,” she continued. “We would love to have you over for dinner - say on Sunday – if you are available.”

-”We would love to come answered

Rhea,” before Mike could beat her to it.

-”Excellent! We will see you then, if not sooner.”

May 9, 2247

Mike and Rhea arrived in the living room after Alexandra had given them a tour of the large house. It was the first time Mike and Rhea had been inside it; the previous occupants had been rather reclusive. The house was exactly as spacious as it looked from the outside, and tastefully furnished and decorated, even if Alexandra said there was still much to do.

In the living room, Barry waited with four glasses of white wine. He handed the ladies two of them, then he served Mike and himself.

The four of them toasted before Barry excused himself.

- "I better tend to the lamb in the kitchen. It should be ready now."

- "You have something to look forward to," said Alexandra. "Barry is the best cook a wife could wish for."

She kissed her husband on the mouth before letting him go to the kitchen.

- "You clearly made a good catch," said Rhea. "Where did you find him?"

- "We met at work." replied Alexandra.

- "Ah, yes, in the Correctional Service – I heard you're the governor at Bullingdon?"

- "That's right, though we met in London, before I got that position."

- "I heard Bullingdon is one of those experimental prisons – doing the Austrian stuff. Is that right?" asked Mike.

- "Yes, we apply the Leitner method," replied Alexandra. "The full name of the facility is now indeed Bullingdon Leitner. We have used the Leitner method since the it reopened two years ago."

-”So you have only female guards and you apply corporal punishment?”

Mike’s questions reflected what little he – and most others – knew about the Leitner method, the new philosophy for rehabilitating offenders in the penal system. Having been pioneered in Austria, it had been introduced in the UK on an experimental basis only a few years ago on demand from the minor Femdom party, as part of a deal to bring the current Conservative government in power. Developed by the Femdom movement, the Leitner method required male offenders to undergo a strict regime overseen by female authority figures, which meant an all female guard force.

-”Yes, most of our staff is female, and they can occasionally apply corporal punishments when necessary to maintain discipline with inmates who have volunteered for the program.”

Male offenders sentenced to prison had the option to choose between regular prison and a shorter stay at a Leitner style institution, thus making all inmates volunteers.

-”Well I don’t mind,” said Mike. “If you give them a good beating, I bet it is well deserved. If it keeps the hoodlums on the street from thinking about making trouble too, all the better.”

Alexandra smiled wryly and paused for a second.

-”Our methods work. Leitner prisons produce far lower recidivism rates than other correctional institutions.”

-”Anyway, let’s get seated. It looks like the food is ready.”

Alexandra indicated for the guests to move into the dining room, where Barry was about to serve starter – mushroom soup.

...

Two hours later, the four of them were still seated at the table, sipping wine and carrying on the conversation, after what

had been an amazing meal, in Rhea's opinion. Barry was, as Alexandra had boasted, really a terrific cook. He had worked all evening on serving his wife and guests food and wine, only intermittently allowing himself to sit down and take part in the conversation. Alexandra had picked up the slack in that department. She tended to dominate the conversation, but in a good, entertaining way. She had many stories and opinions that provoked interesting discussions, and a warm, infectious laughter that made for a jolly atmosphere.

It was midnight before Rhea and Mike strolled over to their own house, but not before inviting the Walkers for dinner at

their own place the next weekend.

...

A little later, Mike and Rhea were preparing for bed,

- "I think we were lucky with the neighbours," said Mike just before he started brushing his teeth.

- "Yes, I like them too," replied Rhea, standing next to him in front of the bathroom mirror while applying her moisturiser.

- "I do wonder, though, if they are one of those femdom household," said Mike as he spat into the sink.

The existence of femdom households –

households where the man voluntarily submitted to his wife's authority in most matters - had become known and largely accepted by the general population over the past two decades, though they were still relatively rare.

- "Yes, I got the same suspicion. I noticed how Barry seemed to do all the work, and Alexandra doing all the talking."

- Yes, that - and her job. Governor for a femdom prison. I bet she is a Femdom Party member. Or at least that is what she is voting.

- "You shouldn't be too unhappy with that. That party is backing the government."

- "Well, they are still nutters I think. But it

could be worse. At least it means they are not lefties. That would be an absolute disaster.”

After the existence of a gynarchy on the planet Hera became known in the early 23rd century, ideologies and political parties inspired by it came to develop also on Earth. In the UK, these had coalesced into the Femdom Party UK (FPUK) – a minor party with only 4% of MPs. But in a hung Parliament, these MPs were a crucial part of the parliamentary support for the current Conservative government – to Mike’s approval.

-”You always exaggerate when it comes to politics,” said Rhea. “It is not like the

government has done a splendid job on the economy.”

-”Well, it is at least doing better than it would have under the leftists.”

Unconventional Relationship

May 21, 2247

Mike jumped over the fence separating his garden from his neighbour's, saving him half a minute on his way to the Walkers' front door. He had promised to help Barry get their property serviced by the communal lawn mower robots that kept the gardens of the neighbourhood pretty. While such communal gardening systems were in use everywhere, the one that covered this part of Arncott was old and non-standard, and with Mike's help, Barry would save what was likely hours of frustration trying to add his garden to the system.

Mike jogged up to the front door. He had

not agreed a time with Barry, but with nothing particular to do this Sunday, it was a good time for Mike. Hopefully that was the case for Barry too.

He was just about to press the doorbell when Mike thought he heard what sounded like a deep groan coming from inside the house. He stopped, and seconds later heard it again. It was definitively a groan. It sounded like someone was in terrible pain in the house. Instinctively, Mike took the door handle. The door was unlocked, and Mike opened it.

As he did, he heard a loud crack, followed by a terrible moan of pain from the inside. Someone was in real trouble

in inside. Mike hurried in through the hallway, heading for the living room, from where the sound was coming.

Once Mike came to the living room entry he stopped, and his jaw dropped. In the middle of the room, leaning over an armchair, was Barry, fully naked. Behind him stood Alexandra, wearing heels, a burgundy mini skirt and a black crop top. Her long hair was set up in a simple pony tail. With one hand resting on her hip, the other was holding a long cane, which she was swinging towards Barry's backside with formidable force.

It cracked loudly as the cane hit Barry's buttocks, and Barry let out another of the

agonised groans that had led Mike to investigate.

-”Seventy five,” said Alexandra calmly, revealing little emotion, and raised the cane for another blow.

Mike froze. He said nothing, and just stared as Alexandra delivered another savage blow to Barry’s arse.

-”Seventy six,” she said between Barry’s groan’s of misery. His facial expression was one of utter agony.

Neither Barry nor Alexandra were aware that Mike was watching. Only after another three cane strokes did Alexandra see Mike in the entrance.

Alexandra's face did for a moment show how surprised she was to see Mike. But she only hesitated a second. Then she raised the cane for another stroke, which she quickly and forcefully unleashed on Barry.

- "Eighty!" she said a bit louder than the previous counts, as Barry howls with pain.

She immediately put the cane on the chair Barry was leaning over and looked at Mike. Mike noticed blood on the cane.

- "What are you doing here, Mike?"

Alexandra asked sharply.

- "I am sorry. I heard noises of distress,

so I came to see if someone needed help,” said Mike quickly, still shocked by what he had just witnessed.

-”You came through the front door? It was open?”

-”Yes.”

Alexandra cast a look of disapproval at Barry, who was whimpering while bending over the armchair.

-”Well, then I am sorry you saw this,” said Alexandra. “It is certainly not our intention to impose our lifestyle and marital private moments on others, and I apologise for our indiscretion. The door should have been locked.”

-”Lifestyle is what you call this?”

-”Yes,” replied Alexandra calmly. “Lest you think something else, what you just saw is fully voluntary from both of us. Barry needs my guidance and discipline to grow and become a better man, and a firm approach is what works best for him. Isn’t that right Barry?”

-”Yes, Mistress,” replied Barry meekly, still whimpering a little.

-”As you probably can make out,” continued Alexandra, “we are in a femdom relationship, where I lead, and Barry follows. This is what we have found works best for us. My disciplining

Barry is an important part of this, but that is not something you needed to witness. Again, I am sorry that we were not more discrete.”

Mike wanted to ask Barry if he was really fine with what was going on, but was not sure how to frame it. While he hesitated, he looked at Barry with a concerned expression. Understanding what was going through Mike’s mind, Barry said “I am OK, Mike. I really am.”

-”Uhm...Good. I should not have intruded. I just came over to help with the lawn mowers, but this is obviously not a good time. I will come back later.”

-”That would be good,” said Alexandra, and offered a smile as Mike quickly retreated the same way he had come in.

...

Half an hour later, back in his own house, Mike was reading on the sofa in the living room, when Rhea came back after having met friends downtown.

-”Still here?” she asked when she entered the room. He had been reading on the sofa when she left the house hours earlier.

-”Back here,” he corrected her. “I have been fixing a few things while you were away. And I went over to see the

neighbours and help with the lawn mowing.”

-”What did they say?”

-”What did they do is the question. They are a femdom couple, alright. I walked in on them while Alexandra was caning Barry. You wouldn’t have believed it. She absolutely thrashed the shit out of him. He was screaming. It looked like she was killing him.”

-”What did you do?” Rhea sounded both shocked and intrigued.

-”Nothing. Apparently, Barry was OK with it. So he said at least. That’s how

they like it.”

-”People have different tastes. Some like it rough.”

-”Yes, whips and leather is popular with the femdom crowd. But this was far beyond what at least I had expected. There was no sexual charge to it. It was just violence. She was beating him as hard as she could.”

-”But he said he liked it?”

-”He said he was OK.”

-”Well, it floats their boat... Not really any of our business. Whatever they are doing, it seems to work for them. It is not

often you see couples as harmonious as them. They clearly love each other.”

-”Hmmm..I guess. I just think it is weird, though.”

May 21, 2247

At seven o’clock that evening Mike heard the doorbell as he was looking for a snack in the fridge.

-”That would be Alexandra and Barry,” said Rhea from the living room.

“Alexandra messaged me half an hour ago asking if they could come and explain what you saw today.”

Rhea went towards the front door to open

as she explained. Mike closed the fridge and followed her

Rhea opened the door, and as predicted, Alexandra and Barry were waiting outside. Both looked a bit more formal than earlier in the day. Barry now wore clothes – a blue short sleeved shirt and light brown trousers. Alexandra wore a white summer dress that to some extent hid her curvy figure. In her hands was a bottle of white wine.

-”Hi,” said Alexandra with a smile. “We thought it would be good if we had a little talk about what happened earlier today....And enjoy some wine.” She handed the wine bottle to Rhea.

-”Of course,” said Rhea. “You are always welcome. Please come in.”

A few more pleasantries were exchanged in the hallway, before all four sat down in the sofa group in the middle of the living room. Mike noticed Barry seated himself gingerly.

Mike had picked up glasses in the kitchen on the way, and poured wine for all.

-”We thought what Mike saw over at our house this afternoon needs some explanation. It must have been shocking.”

-”No worries,” said Mike. “I shouldn’t have barged in on you.”

-”No, it is we who should apologise,” said Alexandra. “We should have been more careful and discreet.”

-”But now that you saw it, we would like you to understand what this is about.”

Alexandra paused for a second and continued.

-”As you surely have deducted, Barry and I live in a femdom relationship. I am the head of our household, and Barry obeys me. This is an arrangement we both want, and something that works for us.”

Barry nodded to confirm his agreement

with what his wife said.

“In this arrangement,” Alexandra continued, “discipline plays an important part. It is my duty to motivate Barry to be the best husband he can be, and we have found that Barry is very receptive to physical discipline, such as the caning you saw me giving him. It helps Barry keep his mind in harmony, focus on his tasks, and to maintain a generous and respectful attitude.”

-“Does it not, sweetie?”

Alexandra looked at Barry with a loving smile.

-“Yes, it does, honey”

Barry blushed as he answered.

-”So while what you saw may look brutal, it is a completely consensual expression of love between us,” summarised Alexandra. “One we should maybe be more discrete about, but nothing that should worry anyone.”

-“Of course,” said Rhea. “What you do consensually behind closed doors is no ones business. We live in a free country.”

-”Exactly!”

Mike found it hard to believe Barry really wanted the beating he had seen him take.

-”So with it being consensual and all... Barry, do you really enjoy being beaten by Alexandra like that?”

Barry looked at Alexandra for a second before answering nervously.

-”I don’t enjoy it. It was very painful. But I trust Alexandra to discipline me for my own good, and I consent to her doing it. I know I will be better off for it.”

-”How often does this happen? The discipline I mean,” asked Rhea”

-”Once a week,” informed Alexandra.
“Sometimes twice if he needs it. But never more than he can take.”

-”And how long have you been doing this?”

-”Since shortly after we became a couple. Four years. And it works. We love each other more than ever, don’t we sweetie?

Alexandra put her hand on Barry’s knee next to her and smiled to him.

-”We do,” concurred Barry, smiling back at her. It looked genuine to Mike.

-”But do understand,” said Alexandra addressing the hosts again, “the discipline bit is only a small part of our relationship. Most of our time together we spend exactly as non-femdom

couples. We socialise with others, we see movies, we take walks, we do house chores.

The main difference, I think, is that we never fight. As we agree that I decide important matters, there is never any need.”

–”Do you call each other Mistress and slave?” wondered Mike.

–”When we are in private, yes,” replied Alexandra. “As we said earlier, we seek not to impose our lifestyle on others. Some are uncomfortable with words like those, so we tend not to address each other that way when we are with others, like now.

-”From what I have read, I understand femdom relationships are becoming more common, at least in our part of the world, so I guess the rest of us will become used to it sooner or later,” noted Rhea.

-”Yes, the Femdom movement is seeking greater acceptance for our type of relationships. But until that is achieved, we will tone down some aspects of what we do in public.”

-”Sounds sensible. As long as you are happy!” said Rhea and had a sip from her glass.

New Politics

May 22, 2247

-”And this is where you activate it,” Mike explained to Barry as the two looked at a screen in the garden shed of Alexandra and Barry’s house. Mike had come over to help Barry connect their property to the communal gardening system. Unlike yesterday, they actually got around to do it this time.

”Thanks, I think I get it now,” said Barry. “Not the most elegant or up-to-date system I have seen, but at least it is working...”

-”Yes, you can thank our dear local

council for that. They are just incapable of modernising anything,” commented Mike.

-”You didn’t vote for them, I take it?”

-”Not at all,” replied Mike. “And I dread the prospect of their incompetence being repeated on a national level after the election.”

The local government of Arncott was dominated by Reformed Labour, the main opposition party on the national level and main rivals of the Conservative Party, which led the national government. Polling indicated Reformed Labour would eke out a victory in the national

election that were only days away, much to Mike's dismay.

- "And you? I suppose it is Femdom Party, isn't it? Mike asked Barry.

- "Yes," Barry nodded.

- "And that is Alexandra's decision?" Mike was sincerely curious.

Barry hesitated a bit before answering, looking uncomfortable.

- "We are in full agreement of what I vote."

It was not exactly a denial that Alexandra decided Barry's vote. Mike decided not

to dwell on it.

-”I see. Well, her – sorry, *your* – decision could be worse. While the Femdom Party is not my cup of tea, they are at least not jumping to bed with the leftists. And they do have some valid points on law and order. That Leitner prison stuff they introduced was a step in the right direction.”

-”Polling strongly too, I understand,” continued Mike. “Looks set to be the number three party.”

-”Yes, I think we can do well this election,”

May 26, 2247

It was early afternoon in an otherwise slow day when a first-time customer came to Rhea's nail salon. Alexandra had had a short day at work, and she was now at Rhea's for a manicure. Happily, Rhea did not have other customers when Alexandra came to the salon, and she guided Alexandra to the seat in front of her before any of the other girls at the salon could.

After a little small talk about work and business while Rhea was cleaning and filing Alexandra's nails, the conversation drifted onto a subject in which Rhea took great interest: Alexandra's relationship

with her husband.

-”It’s a nice salon you have. I was interested to give it a try,” said Alexandra. “I usually have Barry do my nails. He does a decent job, but he does not quite reach a professional standard.”

-”Wow. There can’t be many women who can rely on their husbands for manicure. On top of all the other stuff he does for you. You have been really lucky to find such a man.”

-”Yes,” said Alexandra smiling. “He is great. But not unique. This is how the male partner of a femdom union is expected to be. Any man can become

what he is. They just need the right training and conditioning.”

-”I doubt that. You hit the jackpot. One that loves you and will do anything for you. And who is into femdom, like yourself. That simply does not apply to most men.”

-”But it can be made to apply to them. That is what I mean with training and conditioning. It can make them love you and make them embrace femdom.”

-”How can you know?”

-”I have seen it happen hundreds of times.”

Rhea though for a second, as she started massaging Alexandra's right hand with cream.

- "At work? In the prison?"

Alexandra nodded.

- "I will not go into the details, but there is a reason why the Leitner method is so successful in turning some of the worst individuals out there into model citizens."

- "Do you brainwash them?"

- "Not a preferred term, and as I said, I can't go into details."

Rhea paused to think a little.

-”And Barry...?”

-”He has been through the system, yes. When I said we met at work, it was only me being at work. He was doing time.”

-”Not eager to please at all, back then,” continued Alexandra. “He has come a long way since.”

-”Wow. I had never imagined him having that past. What was he in for?”

-”Theft. Burglary and pickpocketing. He had the choice between 18 months in the regular prison system or 6 months in a Leitner institution. He made the right

choice, and here we are.”

-”You say that made him into who he is?”

-”Pretty much. I didn’t do to badly, did I?”

-”Not at all. I think you are really lucky to have him.”

June 1, 2247

Mike and Rhea were both sitting in the living room sofa, reading and watching each their pad. It was election night, and the results were now ready. Mike scrolled past the text to see the graphs,

which he found on the bottom of an article delivering the result. It quickly confirmed for Mike what the headline had already told him. The Femdom party had against all predictions won the election. The bars of the graph spelled out how.

The pink bar representing the Femdom Party reached above the dotted line marking the 250 MPs needed for a majority. With 274 MPs, it towered over a red bar with 100 MPs for the Reformed Labour, a blue bar with 95 for the Conservatives and a green bar representing 21 Eco Party MPs.

Swiping to the next graph, Mike found that the number of votes had been fairly

even. With 29%, the pink bar was only slightly higher than the bars for each of the other three biggest parties, all capturing between 18% and 26%. The even split of votes between several parties, had allowed Femdom to gain a majority with less than 30% of the total ballots.

- "This is insane," Mike mumbled to his wife, who surely was looking at the same thing.

- "Yes. Who would have thought this could happen two days ago."

- "That is one nutty bunch that will be in government now.... Well, it could always

be worse. At least it wasn't Reformed Labour... Or those Eco crazies."

- "I voted Femdom," said Rhea.

- "You did what?"

- "They just seem more competent. The government we have now just can't get the economy started. We need to try something new, and Femdom did well the last period, don't you think?"

- "OK, they do have some good points, and can be of use here and there. But you don't want them in charge, with their ideology and all."

-“I don’t mind it. I think we should give them a chance.”

Mike scowled at his wife.

-“You don’t mind it? Do you want to be my mistress like Alexandra is for Barry, or something?”

Rhea smiled deviously.

-“Maybe I do”

Mike was not sure how seriously Rhea meant that.

-“Good luck with that,” he commented.

Trying nicely

July 13, 2247

Rhea was over at Alexandra's one evening, as she often had been over the last weeks. They enjoyed each other's company, and spent quite a lot of time together. They had become quite close since Alexandra moved in next door two months ago.

This evening they were enjoying a few glasses of wine together in Alexandra's living room. Mike was out with his friends. Barry was at home, waiting on the two ladies. With Rhea fully familiar with their domestic arrangements, Alexandra made no effort to hide that Barry was her slave. This time she had

even ordered Barry to give Rhea a foot massage. And so, Barry was on his knees in front of Rhea's chair, diligently rubbing her bare feet as Rhea confided in Alexandra how much she admired her marriage arrangement.

- "I really wish I could have the same as you have. A husband who obeys me and put my needs first." She looked down on Barry in front of her as she spoke.

- "So you want a femdom relationship?" Alexandra smiled widely.

- "Yes!"

- "Brilliant! I am so happy for you. You

will never want to go back once you get it.”

-”But how do I get it? Mike has never been interested in these things.”

-”Not even a little? He didn’t seem too shocked when he learned about me and Barry.”

-”Oh, he tolerate it for others. And he is all for you thrashing prisoners over at Bullingdon – if that’s what you do there. But I don’t see him wanting any of it for himself.”

Alexandra only smiled at the insinuation of what happened in the prison.

-”All men can be made to accept femdom, as I told you earlier. You just have to find how. I suggest you try it gradually. Maybe start with it as a way to spice up your sex life. Tie him up a little, maybe. Tell him you get really hot when there is a little kink. See if you can get him onboard with that before you suggest anything more advanced.”

-”I guess it is worth a shot”

July 16, 2247

Rhea opened her eyes. Sunshine from the outside made the bedroom bright, making

the process of waking up faster. She looked over to her side, seeing Mike was not in bed. He must have gotten up already.

Rhea rubbed her eyes and looked at the time. 8.55. It was time to get up. She put on a robe, walked into the bathroom and brushed her teeth quickly. Then she went out to the kitchen.

Mike was sitting at the table, drinking coffee and reading.

-”Finally awake?” he asked with a grin. “Good thing, my tummy says it is time for breakfast.”

It went without saying that he expected

Rhea to make it.

- "Then breakfast it is," said Rhea and went first over to the coffee machine to pour herself a cup. She then put a pan on the oven and found eggs and bacon in the fridge.

- "You tried to tie up my hands last night," said Mike as Rhea was about to crack the eggs. "What was that about?"

- "I wanted to try something new, I thought it would be hot," replied Rhea.

As advised by Alexandra, Rhea had tried to introduce an element of light femdom BDSM as part of sex. But it had not been successful. Mike had thrown the ropes

away before she had gotten very far in her attempt to tie his hands, and a blindfold had been left on the bedside table unused. Their lovemaking had instead proceeded in its predictable vanilla way.

-”Does this have anything to do about to do with your recent interest in femdom?”

Mike had apparently guessed right away what motivated her. No point of hiding it.

-”Well, kind of...It is something I would really like to try.”

-”I don’t, so leave it please. I have seen how Alexandra treats Barry. That is just not for me.”

-“I would never be as harsh as she is. I am thinking something more gentle and fun. Something that could rekindle our passion.”

-”Save it. You have a husband, not a slave. Get used to it.”

Mike had effectively shut the discussion, Rhea sighed and started on the breakfast.

July 17, 2247

Rhea was once again over at Alexandra's as Mike was out with the lads. It was late, and the ladies were tipsy. They had already finished a bottle of wine between

them, and had started on the second.

Rhea had just relayed how Mike had shut down her attempt to gradually introduce elements of femdom.

-”Yes, sounds like you will have a hard time with Mike,” concurred Alexandra.

-”I don’t know what I can do.”

-”Well, there is another way you can try. It is not without risk, but it will get you where you want to be.”

Rhea stared at Alexandra, waiting for her to explain.

-”You can go straight to the advanced stuff, and convince him that way.”

-”What does that mean?”

-”It means you enslave him. Take away his freedom to resist you, and you can mould him any way you like.”

-”Can I do that?”

-”You can, but you need to prepare carefully. And you need to be quite tough with Mike.”

Alexandra measured Rhea with her eyes.
“Do you think you are up for that?”

Rhea hesitated a little while weighing the

thrill of making Mike her slave and the potential risks involved with doing something so radical, and even illegal. It would be a jump into the unknown. She could not even know for sure if it was possible to make Mike want to be her servant. But Alexandra clearly had a lot of experience, and she said it could be done. And Rhea would have her help. She might never have that opportunity again.

Rhea emptied her wine glass.

- "Yes! Let's go for it!"

Grinning, Alex refilled Rhea's glass, then clinked her own glass with Rhea's

- "Here's to a brave girl!"

Making Ready

August 5 , 2247

Rhea walked down the stairs to Alexandra's basement with careful steps. While she was full of anticipation, she was in no hurry. Projecting an image of confidence and authority was an important part of her role, and a rushed entrance would not do. She was informally dressed in blue jeans and a white cami, but matched with a gorgeous pair of high boots with heels, she looked elegant and powerful. That was certainly how she felt.

From the bottom of the stairs, she walked down the hallway ten meters, to the last

door and opened it. Rhea stepped in and closed the door behind her. She was in a somewhat dimly lit 6x5 meter room without windows. Two months ago, she would have been shocked to learn of its existence in the house next door. Now she knew all about it, and was thrilled to be in it: Alexandra's dungeon. Apart from a big chair – a throne really – the furniture of the room was limited to a few contraptions to restrain a victim for beatings. On the walls, all kinds of whips and canes were hanging easily accessible for use. And in the middle of the room, naked, on his knees and looking down, was Barry.

Rhea walked right up to him.

- "Greet me, slave," she ordered him curtly.

Barry bent down and kissed Rhea's boots – two kisses on each.

Rhea looked down on the slave with satisfaction before announcing what was going to happen next.

- "I am going to cane you, slave. Get on the spanking bench now!"

- "Yes, Mistress."

Barry obediently got on his feet, and placed himself over the spanking bench in one corner of the room.

Rhea followed him, and began strapping

his hands and feet to the device, making sure he would not be able to move for what was to come next.

Then she walked over to a nearby wall to pick up a cane from a quiver hanging from a nail. She flexed the 80 cm long black fiber stick, then made a few practice strokes through the air. Barry winced, and Rhea relished the feeling of the power she had over him.

This was the third time she would administer a beating to him, and it already felt completely natural to Rhea. Having seen Barry behave as a slave, and Alexandra treating him as one, for the past two months whenever Rhea was

over had probably contributed to that. For the last weeks Rhea had been ordering him around herself at times. So when Alexandra had suggested Rhea practice on Barry to prepare her for the task of controlling and training a male slave, Rhea did not think of it as weird the slightest. She had in fact enjoyed it the first time she had Barry under her lash, and now she would do so once again.

Rhea raised the cane over her head.
-”You will count, and you will thank me for it afterwards.”

-”Yes Mistress,” replied Barry meekly.

[SWISH...CRACK]

A second later, Rhea's cane impacted his buttocks, and he grunted.

- "One, Mistress!"

Satisfied with Barry's reaction, Rhea raised the cane for another stroke

[SWISH...CRACK]

Another grunt.

- "Two, Mistress!"

....

Four minutes later, Barry was howling, groaning and twisting his body as much as the restraints Rhea had put him in would allow with every stroke.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Forty nine, Mistress!”

Barry’s voice was cracking.

Rhea was highly excited. She loved everything about the situation. The whistling sound of the cane as it raced towards its target, the loud crack as it impacted, and Barry’s groans and cries. But most importantly, the feeling of absolute power over the male in front of her and his submission to her.

It made her wet, though she knew there would not be any immediate outlet for her sexual cravings. The man in front of her was another woman’s property, and she respected that. What she currently experienced with him was better than sex

anyway.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Fifty, Mistress!”

-”I think that will do, slave,” said Rhea. Barry’s ass was covered in angry red welts, and it was time to stop. It was merely practice, not punishment.

-”Thank you, Mistress,” answered Barry after his cries of pain were subdued.

-”Oh, you will thank me properly in a minute, slave.”

Rhea started unbuckling the straps that fixed Barry to the spanking bench.

Half a minute later, Barry was on all fours on the floor in front of Rhea.

-”Now, thank me for caning you,” she told him sternly.

Barry meekly lowered his head and kissed Rhea’s boot.

“Thank you for caning me, Mistress Rhea!”

He continued kissing her boot while Rhea admired what her cane had achieved on his back side and relished the moment.

Ten seconds were enough.

-”Thank you, slave, that is enough. Return to your owner.”

Barry crawled over to Alexandra, who stood in a corner of the room, smiling to Rhea. Like Rhea, she wore jeans and over-the-knee boots, but paired it with a pink halter top. Alexandra had witnessed the whole scene, and unlike previous times, that was all she had done. The previous times she had taken part and provided tips to Rhea as she handled Barry. Now Rhea had been all on her own.

-“You were great,” Alexandra beamed. “I love the way you display your authority and how you are in absolute control of the slave. You are a natural. If I didn’t know better, I would have thought you had years of femdom

experience.”

-”Thanks – you really think so?”

-”Absolutely. I can see how you are enjoying it – like a natural.

-”I do enjoy this, I admit.”

-”You are definitively ready for something more advanced. So in your next practice session we will step it up a notch.”

-”What do you have in mind?”

-”I will arrange such that your next practice will be over at Bullingdon.”

September 27 , 2247

Rhea paced back and forth in a large, mostly empty cell in Leitner facility outside Arncott governed by Alexandra. She wore thigh-high boots, a short leather dress and long opera gloves, all in black leather. In her hand, she held a coiled-up bullwhip. Her blond hair was in a tight pony tail, and she had taken her time to apply dramatic make-up, including dark red lips to complete her look. She was ready for another session to practice subduing males, and was eager to start.

Rhea heard heels clicking outside the room, and soon the door opened. It was Ayesha, one of the guards she had gotten

to know over the last month. As usual, she did not wear an official uniform, but rather a more provocative outfit. A long-sleeved shiny black patent leather body was complemented by equally shiny red boots. Her black hair was in a tight bun, and her fuchsia pink lips contrasted beautifully with her light brown skin. In one hand she had a riding crop. In the other she held leashes.

Ayesha wore a strict expression as she led the three males she had on leashes into the cell.

-”On your knees! In the middle of the room,” she bellowed to them.

The three men, all naked, except leather

collars around their necks and chastity devices fitted on their genitals complied quickly with her order.

-”This is Lady Rhea,” she said to her charges, introducing Rhea to them. “She has gracefully agreed to assist your rehabilitation, and she will be in charge of your training for today. You will obey her as you obey any female, and you will address her as ‘Mistress’. Is that understood?”

-”Yes, Ma’am” replied the kneeling males in unison.

Ayesha looked at Rhea with a much friendlier expression.

-”They are all yours.”

-”Thank you, Ayesha,” replied Rhea, smiling back at the guard before putting on a stern face for the benefit of the males in front of her.

She slowly walked around the group of males kneeling in the middle of the room, inspecting them. They were all slim men in their twenties. They were clean shaven – the full body, with all hair below the ears removed. The little hair they did keep was on the top of their heads, in the shape of short buzz cuts – a standard component of the prison regime.

The man on the right was half a head

taller than the two others. He was the slimmest, and what little hair he had been allowed to keep was blond. The middle one was the most fit. His upper body was tanned and well muscled, and Rhea had to admit he was handsome on second look.

The last man, on the left, was the least remarkable of the three. He was dark-haired by the look of his buzz cut, and was otherwise best described as average in every way.

While Rhea inspected the prisoners, Ayesha took position next to one of the walls to supervise the session and be ready to assist Rhea if she needed help in controlling the males. Judging by Rhea's

previous two sessions here at Bullingdon, that would not be necessary – she was quite capable handling the males, but protocol demanded that prison staff be present at all times. The protocols had been bent somewhat with Rhea's being here at all; they would not be bent more than necessary.

- "Where are your manners, boys?" asked Rhea when she had completed her inspection round and was back in front of the men. "Have you not learned how to greet a lady?"

Two of the prisoners immediately threw themselves prone in front of her and started kissing her boots. The last one,

the handsome one moved closer on his knees, but did not go down.

Rhea sensed rebellion. As Alexandra had told her, that would have to be stamped out immediately.

-”Do you refuse to greet your superior?” asked Rhea sharply.

-”No, Mistress, I am just waiting for my turn,” replied the prisoner.

The reply was not meek enough, and while it was a little crowded at her boots, surely the impertinent male could have squeezed in. He would have to be taken down a peg.

Rhea uncoiled her 120 cm long whip and launched it at the male kneeling a meter and a half in front of her. It hit his side and wrapped around to lash his back. He screamed at the impact.

-”Get down and kiss by boot, male!” boomed Rhea. “Squeeze in and show me the respect I am due.”

Rhea pulled back her whip and raised it again, to give him another lash. Meanwhile, the prisoner had quickly deduced his best course of action was to obey, and dived down between the two other prisoners to worship Rhea’s boots. But it was too late to save him from punishment. Rhea launched the whip

again, and hit his upper thighs as he delivered his first kiss on the pointed toe of Rhea's right boot. He groaned with pain.

But Rhea was not done. She gave him ten more lashes on his arse as the three prisoners did their best to show their tender affection for Mistress' boots, making him howl or groan with each. Rhea noted the handsome prisoner's buttocks, like those of the other two prisoners, were thoroughly welted from before – another courtesy of the prison regime – and this surely made the present treatment all the more painful for him. All the better, thought Rhea. It would make him think twice before attempting to

resist her.

-”It is time for you to do some work, males,” Rhea told them when she had had enough boot worship. “You will clean the floor of this room – using your tongues! And you better be thorough. If I am not satisfied with your effort, the whip is waiting.”

She cracked the whip in the air for effect.

-”What are you waiting for? Chop, chop!”

As Rhea cracked the whip a second time, the prisoners urgently started licking the floor.

Rhea watched as the prisoners found

each their patch of floor and diligently scoured it with their tongues, inching forward. They put their full effort into the meaningless task.

Rhea looked over to Ayesha, who silently watched as Rhea dominated the three males. They exchanged smiles, and Ayesha signalled her approval with thumbs up. Then she put up three fingers, pointed at the prisoners, moving her lips to say “three week” without using her voice, indicating the time these prisoners had been at Bullingdon. Enough time for them to get to know the regime, but not necessarily enough to break their resistance to it. Rhea commanding their total obedience, was testament to her

abilities.

Encouraged, Rhea paced around the prisoners to keep them metaphorically on their toes. The clicks of her heels surely made them nervous. And she noticed they tended to put in an extra gear of effort whenever they sensed she was lingering over them.

She decided some extra motivation was nevertheless in order. Standing over the tallest prisoner, she spit on the floor right in front of him.

-”Your mouth is surely dry now. Here is some extra moist for you.”

Not looking up, he quickly moved to lick

up the spit on the floor. Rhea gave him a second to respond, then kicked him hard with her pointy toe in his thigh, then landed a savage lash with her whip on his arse.

-”What do you say when I am helping you?” she shouted at the prisoner.

-”T-Thank you, Mistress,” stuttered the man after a howl of agony. “S-sorry, Mistress.”

-”Always remember your manners, male!” Rhea spat back, and delivered another vicious lash.

Rhea continued pacing between the prisoners as they worked the floor,

occasionally exchanging looks and smiles with Ayesha. After fifteen minutes the prisoners had visibly tired, and their speed and effort was somewhat lower. That meant all the more fun for Rhea.

She stopped next to the handsome slave, and watched with amusement his effort increasing as he sensed her towering over him.

-”I notice you are slacking when you think I am not watching, male!” she told him acidly. “You need to be taught a lesson!”

Rhea placed her boot on his neck and uncoiled her whip.

“Lie still, male!” she shouted to make

him take a pause from his work. “Put your arse up in the air.”

He froze, then slowly pushed up his rear end, making it an easy target. Soon after, Rhea’s whip impacted his exposed bottom with a loud crack, and he groaned.

She followed up with another nineteen lashes of increasing strength, and she had the strong man crying with pain at the last stroke.

-”Let this be a lesson for you! I want full effort all the time!”

The intervention had the desired effect. All three males upped their effort to

tongue clean the floor.

But the exhausted males could not keep it up for very long. Five minutes later it was time for another motivational intervention. This time, Rhea made “Mr Average”, as she had named him, that unremarkable grey mouse of a male, her victim.

With little warning, she kicked him hard in the side, sending him to the floor, and followed up immediately with two lashes of her whip on his back and arse.

“You will give me 100% effort! All the time,” she yelled at him. I will teach you what happens to slackers.”

Rhea brutally continued her assault on the

male beneath her. As she rapidly lashed him a dozen times, the prisoner tried to protect himself as best he could by assuming the fetal position and begging for mercy amid cries of agony.

When Rhea was satisfied she had made her point, she kicked him hard in his thigh.

-”Get back to work, male, and put some effort into it.”

-”That goes for all of you,” she added.

Rhea let the prisoners lick the floor for another 15 minutes, interrupted by a few more beatings, before deciding it was time for an inspection.

-”You have had more than enough time to clean this floor, males. Stop working and line up in front of the cages. On your knees!”

Rhea pointed with her whip towards two cubic-meter-sized cages next to one of the walls.

The prisoners hurried to comply, and all knelt on a line in front of the cages facing Rhea a few seconds later. They watched nervously as Rhea squatted down and ran her gloved finger over a patch of the floor.

Rhea inspected her finger, then looked at her prisoners, who looked down to avoid meeting her gaze. There was nothing on

her finger.

Rhea got up and walked over to one of the walls. Again, she squatted and ran her finger over the floor. This time an abundant amount of sand grains ended up on the finger.

Rhea walked over to the prisoners with firm steps. She showed her hand with sand on her finger to the nearest male, the tall one.

- "What is this, male!" she demanded.

- "It looks like sand, Mistress," answered the man anxiously. "Sorry, Mistress."

- "And why was there sand on the floor after I just had you clean it?"

- "S-sorry, Mistress. It is d-difficult to

clean it with just our t.”

[SMACK]

Rhea slapped the prisoner with full force on his cheek.

-”I don’t want your excuses,” she shouted at him.

-”You were lazy and incompetent, and now you will all be whipped!”

-”Please, Mistress.” The handsome prisoner unwisely attempted to plead for milder treatment.

[SMACK]

Rhea’s flat hand cut him off before he could make his case.

-”Silence, male!” she spat at him. “Now

you will be first.”

-”Position yourself under the ring there.
NOW!”

Rhea pointed to a large metal ring fixed at two meters’ height on one of the walls. She then looked at the two other prisoners.

-”You! Get in the cages!”

None of the prisoners tried to talk back and they urgently did as the were told. Rhea walked over to Ayesha, who unclipped a pair of handcuffs from the belt across her waist and handed it to Rhea. She then tapped on her wrist unit to lock two of the prisoners in the cages they had entered.

Rhea then walked over to the handsome prisoner, grabbed his right hand in a rough manner and clipped on the handcuff. Then she forced his hand up, such that the free part of the cuffs slid through the metal ring high on the wall. With her free left hand, she grabbed the prisoner's left wrist, and pulled it up to the ring, and cuffed it, fixing him to the metal ring.

- "Now you are going to get it," she told him and took a few steps back.

Rhea let the cracker of the whip fall to the ground and took aim. Then she launched a ferocious assault on the

prisoner's back. She lashed him rapidly with hard strokes of her short bullwhip for almost two full minutes until Ayesha indicated he had had enough by a nod. By then, the prisoner was crying and sobbing.

For Rhea it had been a massive turn-on. She dropped the whip to the floor, went over to the prisoner and uncuffed him. As he lowered his arms, Rhea grabbed his neck collar and tugged it such that the prisoner lost balance and collapsed on the floor. She then placed herself astride him and announced:

-”You will please me now, slave. Or I will whip you again.”

Rhea then squatted down over the prisoner's neck and began grinding her pussy against his face. She did not wear underwear under her dress.

- "Tongue out, slave!" she ordered and the prisoner obeyed.

It felt wonderful. Rhea was already wet, and grinding her sex against the lips and nose of the conquered male – raping him, really — only increased her excitement. Rhea moaned with pleasure.

It took Rhea only a few minutes to reach climax, and it was intense. She screamed with delight for fifteen seconds. As Rhea recovered, still sitting on the handsome prisoner's face, she considered what she

had discovered about herself.

It was in these prison sessions Rhea had discovered – and admitted to herself – that she was a sadist. She took true pleasure in whipping and humiliating males, and she relished making them cry. Earlier she had been well aware of her curiosity about and attraction to BDSM and femdom, but she had seen it as ways to improve her marriage and spice up the intimacy. But having now tried her hand in charge of males in a full femdom environment, she had been amazed by the thrill it gave her. It was so liberating, and she absolutely loved it. Reducing a male to tears with her whip was the biggest turn-on she had ever experienced.

And it blew her mind to learn that doing this was actually a paid job for some.

Ayesha and the other guards here earned their living keeping males under a strict regime that included whippings and sexual domination.

From Alexandra and the guards she had met at Bullingdon, Rhea had gotten a little more insight in the secretive methods and philosophy that made up the Leitner approach for rehabilitation of male criminals, and from what she could gather, the approach boiled down to an elaborate exercise in brainwashing inmates into submissiveness to females. The prisoners were subjected to frequent beatings and humiliations by female

guards, hard work under female supervision and female sexual domination. This was combined with drugs and some other measures unknown to Rhea that apparently made the males more receptive to female authority. Rhea envied Ayesha and the other guards for their job. True, they were not fully free to do whatever they wanted with the prisoners – Rhea knew she had more leeway in her Bullingdon sessions – but it did come close. And they could do it every day. Rhea was already considering a career switch.

That would have to wait, however. Rhea was here to learn how to handle enslaved males, and there was more to do and

more to enjoy. Two more prisoners were in cages on the other side of the room awaiting a whipping.

Rhea picked up her whip, arose and walked towards the cage with the tall slave and gave a nod to Ayesha. Ayesha unlocked the cage from her wrist unit, and Rhea ordered its occupant out.

-”Your turn! Get under the ring!”

The prisoner anxiously crawled out of the cage and towards the ring. It was not fast enough for Rhea. She grabbed him by his neck collar and forced walked him over to the ring, before handcuffing him to it the same way she had done the first prisoner.

Rhea stepped back and nonchalantly let the fall of her whip touch the ground. She then put her eyes on the handsome slave, still on the floor where she had brutally ridden his face minutes earlier.

-”You will lick my boots while I punish this slave,” she told him disdainfully.

-”Yes, Mistress.”

Rhea raised her hand to deliver the first lash of the savage beating the prisoner in front of her was about to receive.

...

Twenty minutes later, Rhea was elated, and she had not fully caught her breath after whipping and raping the two other prisoners, when Alexandra entered the room. She wore her uniform: A knee-length black leather skirt, a white blouse, dark stockings, and knee high black leather boots with heels. She also came with a big smile.

- "That was magnificent, Rhea," she told her friend. "You have heard it before, this comes natural to you. It looks like you have managed males your whole life."

- "Thank you," Rhea smiled back. "I just love being here."

- "Yes, I can see that."

-”Let’s go to my office and chat a bit more,” continued Alexandra and then addressed Ayesha.

-”Thank you so much for helping us out here Ayesha. Would you mind taking the males back to their cells now?

-”Yes, thank you a lot Ayesha. I really appreciate it,” added Rhea.

-”Not at all,” replied Ayesha. “It is my pleasure to see you growing into the strong Mistress you are.”

She then turned to the prisoners, and switched to a far harsher tone.

-”Enough fun boys. Back to the cells!”

A minute later, they entered Alexandra's office, and Alexandra closed the door behind them.

- "You are ready now. It is time to make it happen."

- "You mean a move on Mike?" asked Rhea.

- "Exactly! You have shown what you can do with the prisoners here. I am fully confident you can control Mike and break him. No doubt."

- "If you think I can do it, then I am ready."

- "You can do it," confirmed Alexandra.

“And I will help you.”

-Yes! Let's do this!”

-”Then we should maybe start with discussing more in detail how we should go about this. The when, where and how.”

-”I think I do have a good option for the when,” said Rhea. Mike and I have been planning a holiday in November. That will leave us plenty of time we will not be missed at work...”

Captured

October 29 , 2247

Mike spat after brushing his teeth and brought water to his mouth with his right hand to rinse. He spat again, yawned and went out of the bathroom. He stuck his head into the storage room next door to see Rhea bent over a suitcase.

-”It is almost midnight Rhea. Let’s go to bed.”

Their three week trip to the Caribbean was beginning tomorrow, and the flight was early. It would be good to get some sleep first.

-”I still have things left to pack,” replied

Rhea. “Let me finish it. Just go to bed, I’ll come when I am done.”

-”OK.”

Mike proceeded to the bed room alone. He never understood why women need to pack so much when travelling. But if Rhea wanted to prioritise that over sleep, that was her choice.

In the bedroom, Mike quickly stripped down to his shorts, throwing the clothes over a chair, and switched off the lights. Then he slid into “his” side of the double bed and yawned once more. Ten minutes later he was fast asleep.

October 30 , 2247

Mike slowly came to his senses. His head felt heavy, like he had had a little too much to drink the night before. But he had to get up. He had a plane to catch.

It was completely dark in the room and Mike could not see a thing, which was unusual. There was always some light managing to sneak past the bedroom curtains from outside. And it didn't feel like his bed either. He was under a blanket, not the duvet he slipped under when he went to bed. The realisation that something was wrong made Mike become fully awake rather quickly.

He sat up, and used his hands to feel out the immediate environment, making some

unexpected discoveries. He was not in his bed next to Rhea, he was on a mattress on the floor. His shorts were gone. Instead there was some metal contraption attached to his genitals, some sort of a cage around his penis. And worst of all, he wore a solid metal collar that was chained to the wall.

Mike made a panicked attempt to free himself from the collar, but it was locked and unbreakable. He tried to get up on his feet, but did not get far. The chain was too short to allow him to stand with a straight back.

Mike began considering whether it would be a good idea to shout for help and make

noise, but before he could reach a decision, a door opened, and the room filled with light from the outside. The light got even more intense as the lights inside the room were switched on shortly after.

Mike was blinded by the sudden light when he heard Rhea's playful voice - "Wakey, wakey!"

Mike's eyes got used to the light and he could see he was in a small room – maybe 3x2 square meters. The walls were white and there were no windows. The only features in the room were the mattress on which he was sitting, a bolt in the wall, to which his chain was

connected, and the door – a rather solid looking variant.

In the door opening stood Rhea in a dominant pose with her hands on her hips. She was wearing a corset and long tight opera gloves, both in black leather, figure-hugging black wet-look leggings and knee-high boots. In her right hand was a long horse whip. Her long blonde hair was in a tight pony tail, and she smiled at Mike with luscious, wine red lips. She looked intimidating, yet incredibly sexy.

-”What is this? Where am I?” asked Mike confused.

- "There has been a change in our plans, sweetie," said Rhea, not really answering his questions. "We will spend our holiday here, where you will be taught proper obedience,"

- "What?"

- "You are my slave. And you will address me as Mistress from now on."

- "Are you crazy? You know I am not into that shit. Stop this right now!"

- "You will be into it. And you will soon learn to enjoy it. Just accept it and do as I say."

-”Seriously, stop it. You can’t do this.”
There was anger in Mike’s voice.

-”Oh, I can and I am, slave. And you better start addressing me as ‘Mistress’, or you will be punished,” Rhea replied with calm firmness.

-”Fuck off! Release me right now!” Mike had lost what little patience he had left.

[SWISH]

Mike cried out with pain as Rhea struck his thigh with her meter long dressage whip.

-”This is your final warning.” Rhea’s spoke in a louder, but still calm and firm voice. “You will speak to me

respectfully, and you will address me as Mistress. Or you will be in a world of pain.”

-”You are fucking crazy, bitch!”

Mike looked disdainfully at his wife as he slowly pronounced the words.

[SWISH]

[SWISH]

[SWISH]

[SWISH]

Rhea reacted with a barrage of whiplashes against Mike’s naked body. Mike cried with agony and tried as best as he could first to protect the rest of his body with his arms and legs, and then to grab

the whip in order to stop the assault.

Rhea stopped beating him before he could do so, and instead made two taps on her wrist unit, which caused sudden and intense pain in Mike's neck and groin. It was unbearably painful, and Mike collapsed down on the mattress in a fetus position.

As the pain subsided, more was added as Rhea viciously started whipping him again, this time on his back and arse.

- "Please! Stop it!" howled Mike. "I can't take it."

- "I warned you. Now you pay the price

for disobedience.”

Rhea kept on lashing him, showing no mercy.

Mike tried again to protect himself with his arms and maybe grab the whip, but was immediately stunned by another shock of pain in his neck and groin. He returned to the fetus position, and screamed as Rhea kept delivering her savage strokes on his back side.

Half a minute later, Rhea stopped whipping him. Mike was whimpering as Rhea spoke to him in a stern voice.

-”How do you address me?”

-”M-mistress.” Mike snivelled.

-”And what are you?”

-”A s-slave.”

[SWISH]

Rhea’s dressage whip cut into Mike’s side.

-” That would be: I am your slave, MISTRESS,” Rhea corrected him harshly.

-”I am your slave, Mistress,” repeated Mike defeated. “Please don’t beat me any more.”

-”I can’t promise you that, slave,” said

Rhea with an evil chuckle. “But it will certainly be a lot less uncomfortable for you if you do obey me.

-”Now that you have gotten a little taste of what happens to disobedient slaves,” she continued, “I am sure you will strive to put on your best behaviour. Is that not so, slave?”

-”Yes, Mistress.”

-”And in any case I want you to know that both your collar and your chastity can provide a good voltage. Should you ever attempt to escape or attack me in any way, I can and will shock you. I am sure you have gathered as much already.

There is no way for you to resist me. Is that understood?"

- "Yes, Mistress."

- "Good. Now that you have calmed down, I will explain you what is going on. I have decided that our marriage will be a femdom relationship, starting today. I am your Mistress, and you are my slave."

Rhea looked straight into Mike's eyes as she towered over the man lying on the mattress. Rhea seemed like a completely different person to the one he had been married to for almost ten years. Mike had never seen this harsh and cruel side of

her. She was positively frightening.

-”Since it is clear you will need training and conditioning to properly accept and fulfil your role as my slave, we will spend our holiday accomplishing exactly that. You will taught to properly respect women as the superior sex, and to set women’s needs above your own. In particular, you will be taught obedience and servitude to me as your Mistress. You will be made into a proper slave, willing to do whatever I command. Do you understand?”

-”Yes, Mistress.”

Rhea seemed to have gone crazy, and Mike meekly answered what he thought

she would like to hear. He did not want any more of the whip or electro shocks.

-”What I want you to do now, is to kiss my boot and ask me to train you as my slave.”

What was the point of a humiliation like that? Mike just looked up at Rhea for a few seconds, waiting for her to make a more reasonable request.

[SWISH]

[SWISH]

Rhea rewarded him with two lashes.

-”I am waiting,” she said with an impatient voice.

It was enough motivation for Mike. He did not want more of those lashings. He crawled to the edge of the mattress, bent his head down and kissed Rhea's boots.

- "Please train me as your slave, Mistress," he said with a low voice.

[SWISH]

- "Can't hear you!"

- "Please train me as your slave, Mistress," Mike repeated a fair bit louder after a yelp of pain.

- "It will be my pleasure," replied Rhea with her evil chuckle.

Trained

October 31, 2247

Rhea carefully applied her favourite red wine lipstick to her lips in front of the bathroom mirror in Alexandra's guest room. Satisfied, she made a final inspection of her looks. Her face looked exactly as she intended. Perfect smooth skin, sexy smokey eyes and luscious red lips.

A dominant, attractive and provocatively sensual appearance was an important component when programming a male to accept female supremacy, according to Alexandra, and Rhea was happy to do her part on that front. She loved both putting

on makeup and dressing up in hot outfits. For today she had chosen the same outfit as she had used in that delightful last session at Bullingdon: Thigh-high boots, a short dress and long opera gloves, all in matte black leather.

Rhea was ready for action. She went out of the guest room, and hearing sounds from the kitchen, she headed in that direction.

There she found Alexandra. Like Rhea, Alexandra was dressed for action. She wore a short sleeveless burgundy leather body suit, with thigh high boots in matching colour. Her hair was in a bun, and she looked severe with a riding crop in her hand, towering in her heels over

Barry who stood next to her. He put a bowl of what looked like soup on the kitchen island in front of Alexandra.

-”Ready, Mistress”

-”Thank you, Barry. You can go back to your chores.”

-”It is slave food – an Amazon Island recipe. I had Barry make a good supply of it. I thought it would make an appropriate breakfast for your slave,” said Alexandra before Rhea could ask.

-”What is in it?”

-”Vegetables, fruits, a little meat and

some nutritional additives. Everything a slave needs. At least after I add this.” Alexandra produced a pill, which she dropped in the bowl, and then crushed it with a spoon and stirred.

-”This is a little something to make him more obedient and receptive to our messages,” clarified Alexandra.

-”Sounds very appropriate for him,” said Rhea. “He should be hungry by now,” she added, which was a fair assumption, since he had been locked up alone in a cell for the last 15 hours. Unlike the ladies, who had enjoyed Barry’s cooking twice in that period.

-”Oh, and I almost forgot the most important,” said Alexandra and uncapped a small bottle she picked up from the cupboard. “This will supercharge his libido. It will make him eroticise both us and whatever we do to him,” she continued as she sucked up a dose of the liquid in the bottle with a plastic syringe and discharged it in the slave food.

-”Which will be very beneficial for training him,” Rhea said finishing her friend’s sentence.

“Exactly! Now, let’s go give him some,” said Alexandra.

The two ladies, each holding with a

riding crop and the bowl of slave food went down the stairs to the basement.

Alexandra had offered Rhea to use her house, and in particular her basement, for the process of enslaving Mike, an offer Rhea had gratefully accepted.

Alexandra's basement was fully equipped – and sound-proofed – for femdom play, and was thus excellent for training Mike and holding him captive. It was much better suited than anything in Rhea's own house. And with plenty of space available in Alexandra's house, Rhea had moved into one of the guest rooms for the duration of Mike's training.

-”Why don't I introduce myself to him

with the breakfast?" suggested Alexandra when they were outside the heavy, soundproof door to the room in which Mike was held.

- "Please do."

Rhea unlocked the door and opened it, holding it for Alexandra, who stepped into the cell and turned on the light. Rhea followed her in. Mike, lying on the mattress, looked confused and tried to shield his eyes from the sudden onrush of light. He was naked, his neck collar was chained to the wall, and he was also handcuffed.

- "Good morning, slave," said Alexandra

and put the bowl of slave food on the floor.

-”Alexandra?” asked Mike, still looking a little confused.

[SMACK]

Alexandra hit his upper back with her crop.

-”Watch your manners, slave. That is Mistress Alexandra.”

-”Mistress Alexandra,” repeated Mike.

Alexandra waited two more seconds, than she gave Mike three more lashes of the crop.

-”Did not your Mistress teach you how to greet ladies yesterday? When you are in our presence, you will show us respect.”

-”Please, you can’t do this. You have to let me go...”

[SMACK]

Alexandra’s crop cut Mike’s pleading short.

-”Shut up and kiss our boots,” she said with a strict tone.

It was enough to break Mike’s resistance. He bent forward to kiss the ladies’ boots. First Alexandra’s, then Rhea’s.

-”Better!” said Alexandra. “Look, we

brought you some food.” She pointed to the bowl on the floor with her crop.

-”Eat it from the bowl like a dog.”

He was clearly hungry, and he crawled towards the bowl, which was just within the range of his chain.

[SMACK]

[SMACK]

Rhea’s crop landed twice on Mike’s arse.

-”We brought you food, slave. We expect a thank you!”

Rhea saw on Mike’s face that anger was boiling inside him, but he managed to suppress it.

-”Thank you, Mistresses.”

He then awkwardly put his face into the bowl and started lapping up its contents. Rhea and Alexandra exchanged smiles as Mike humiliated himself before them.

After two minutes, Alexandra cropped Mike's backside once again.

- "Faster, eat up!" she urged him. "We don't have all day."

Mike sped up a little, at least it looked that way, and after another minute he had almost emptied the bowl, and was struggling to lap up the remainder from the bottom of the bowl.

- "That's enough," said Alexandra and

kicked the bowl away from him.

-”You look like a mess. It’s disgusting. You will clean yourself right now,” she went on while grabbing Mike’s neck collar and unlocking it from the chain that connected it to the wall. “Go to the bathroom, relieve yourself, shower and clean yourself thoroughly. You have ten minutes, not a second more. And we better not find your hygiene wanting.”

Mike scurried to the bathroom opposite his cell, encouraged by a pair of whacks from Alexandra’s crop. He knew where it was, having been allowed to use it once the day before.

...

Ten minutes later, Rhea opened the door to the bathroom and barged in.

- "Time is up," she said and grabbed Mike by his hair and forced him out of the bathroom, through the hallway and into the play room, where she ordered him to kneel. He did not resist her, even if he was stronger than her. Rhea's demonstration the day before had clearly made its impression.

Still handcuffed, Mike knelt in the middle of the play room, while Rhea slowly walked around him, using her crop to poke him as she inspected him. Having completed her round, Rhea grabbed Mike

by the chin, forcing him to open his mouth. After spending a few seconds inspecting his mouth, she finally spoke.

-”Could be better, but I suppose it’s adequate.”

-”Well, let’s start then,” said Rhea.

“What do you recommend as the subject of today’s first lesson, Mistress Alexandra?”

Alexandra, who had kept distance as Rhea’s inspected Mike, stepped closer. She was flexing her crop.

-”Male etiquette for punishment and discipline should be learned early. Let’s start with that.”

-”Excellent idea,” concurred Rhea. “That will be so useful for him.”

She smacked Mike on his buttocks with her crop.

-”Pay close attention to Mistress Alexandra, slave,” she said sharply.

Alexandra started her lecture.

-”Males – even well-trained ones – need frequent punishment and discipline by their Mistresses in order to help them focus and become better servants for the superior sex. Therefore they should do everything they can to make the task easier for the lady who discipline them, and to show her the respect she deserves. As such, the male should always do the following, unless instructed otherwise by

his Mistress:

- 1) Immediately make himself available for discipline as best he can
- 2) Count strokes
- 3) Show proper gratitude afterwards.”

Alexandra paused a little before continuing.

-”These are simple rules, but considering the limitations of the male brain, we will now walk through the rules as Rhea is disciplining you.”

She turned to Rhea.

-”Why don’t you tell the slave how you would like to discipline him, dear?”

-”Yes, why don’t I....”

Rhea first smiled sadistically. Then she put on a severe expression.

-”Slave! I am going to cane you. Position yourself on the spanking bench.” She pointed the device with her crop.”

Alexandra, still in a lecturing mode, explained to Mike.

-”You immediately follow her instructions. Place yourself on the spanking horse, and make it easy for her to strap you to it. Go!”

She cropped Mike once to get him moving. He winced, and did as she instructed.

Rhea strapped Mike's arms and legs to the device, and also tightened two larger straps fixing his torso to the top of the bench to ensure his complete immobilisation.

-”Now your Mistress will cane you,” said Alexandra as Rhea selected a cane from a nearby quiver. “You will offer your help and respect by counting the strokes for her and thanking her after each stroke, unless she instructs you otherwise. That means, after the first stroke, you say ‘One, thank you, Mistress’. And so on. Do you get it, slave?”

Mike nodded.

Alexandra hit his upper thigh twice with her crop, and repeated louder.

-”Do you get it, slave?”

-”Yes, Mistress, replied Mike after a yelp of pain.

Rhea took position behind Mike. She could see his naked body was shaking with fear and anticipation as he was waiting for her strokes. Rhea smiled. It was exactly what she wanted to see.

She raised her cane, and swung it towards Mike’s rear end. Not a hard stroke, but certainly something he would feel.

[SWISH...CRACK]

Mike groaned.

-”One, thank you, Mistress.

Hearing Mike’s words was delightful. He was submitting to her. Accepting her cane, and thanking her for it. Even if it was forced. Maybe exactly because it was forced.

She raised her cane for another stroke.

[SWISH...CRACK]

This time it was harder. Mike groaned louder and longer.

-”Two, thank you, Mistress.

Again, the lovely sounds of the cane, followed by the sweet words of Mike's surrender. It wetted Rhea's appetite.

Another few strokes. Same strength.

[SWISH...CRACK]

- "Three, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

- "Four, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

- "Five, thank you, Mistress.

Mike groaned before each count. Rhea really enjoyed herself. She felt a tingle in her crotch. She was not going to stop.

...

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Nine, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Ten, thank you, Mistress.

Mike’s groans had transformed into cries of pain, and cane marks were becoming increasingly visible on Mike’s bottom. Rhea loved it. She wanted more and she wanted it harder.

[SWISH...CRACK]

She gave Mike a properly hard stroke.

The slave yelled out with agony, and took his time to recover.

-”Eleven, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

[SWISH...CRACK]

[SWISH...CRACK]

[SWISH...CRACK]

Rhea gave Mike four more hard strokes in quick succession, making him howl with agony, and fail to keep up with the count.

-”T-twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, Mistress” he gabbled, trying to catch up.

Alexandra had watched the caning with a serious mine. She resolutely walked to the front end of the spanking bench, lowered herself by bending her knees and grabbed Mike by his hair, forcing him to look her in the eyes.

-”Keep the count, slave,” she told him sternly. “Your Mistress is taking the time to discipline you. The least you can do is to help her keep count. Remember, the purpose of your existence is to please her.”

She slapped him hard on his chin.

“Do you understand, slave?” she almost shouted to him.

“Yes, Mistress,” he answered meekly.

Alexandra let go of Mike's hair and stood up again.

-“Start from twelve again, Mistress,” she said to Rhea.

Rhea loved the scene. Seeing Alexandra chastise Mike while she herself caned him was precious. She raised her cane again.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Thirteen, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Fourteen, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Fifteen, thank you, Mistress

Rhea kept going with hard strokes, and Mike screamed with each one. But with a more leisurely pace, Mike was just about able to count and thank Rhea for the strokes.

....

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Twenty two, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Twenty three, thank you, Mistress

Mike howled each time the cane impacted his behind, and snivelled in-between. For Rhea it was hot. Completely dominating her husband –

now slave – was heavenly.
She slid her free hand under her dress.
Like her previous time using this dress,
she did not wear underwear. She stroked
her pussy a few times. It was fully wet.
Then she raised her cane again.

[SWISH...CRACK]

She delivered a particularly hard stroke.
Mike yelled like he never had before.
-”P-please, Mistress. I can’t take this.”
Mike was almost sobbing as he spoke.
“Please stop this.”

Again, Alexandra walked over to Mike
and grabbed his hair, forcing him to look
up. She slapped him hard across his face.
One slap on each cheek.

-”Your job is to count for your Mistress. She is not interested in your whining. Stop thinking about your own needs. You should be trying to please her.”

Alexandra slapped him a third time.

-”Now apologise to her, and continue counting.”

Mike sobbed for a few seconds, then collected himself sufficiently to speak.

-”I am sorry, Mistress. Twenty four, thank you Mistress.”

-”We will continue till I say we are done, slave,” Rhea told the slave as she prepared for another stroke.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Twenty five, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Twenty six, thank you, Mistress.

[SWISH...CRACK]

-”Twenty seven, thank you, Mistress

Mike was sobbing, but managed to keep counting. His arse now had red welts. Rhea touched herself again. It was so fucking hot. Ten more strokes or so, she thought to herself, and then she would rape his face, just like she had done those prisoners in Bullingdon.

November 3, 2247

Mike was on the mattress in his cell, in pitch darkness. Alexandra had just chained him to the wall and locked him in

the cell after “training” him for a few hours in the “play room” as she called it. By training, she apparently meant, beating, humiliating and abusing.

This time she had caned his arse, then whipped his back before forcing him to lick her pussy. Alexandra had treated his backside harshly – as usual – and for that reason Mike was lying on his side to avoid putting pressure on his welts.

Welts in various stages of healing now covered most of his body. The ladies holding him captive beat him daily, and kept adding to his collection. His existence was now reduced to an endless cycle of painful training sessions

and cell time.

With irregular frequency, Rhea, Alexandra, or both of them would come to the cell, and send Mike to the bathroom before they took him to the play room for a training session that would last anywhere from 30 minutes to six hours by Mike's estimation. They did this several times per day. In-between they left Mike in the darkness of the cell.

Neither in the cell or outside did Mike ever see daylight, and the ladies never let him see anything that might indicate the time. So Mike could not tell how long he had been their prisoner. If he were to guess, he would say at least a week.

And this regime was having an effect on Mike. He felt ever more helpless and hopeless. The ladies had complete power over him, and there was nothing he could do to escape or resist them. He knew they were brainwashing him into becoming a slave, but he could not stop it. Their methods somehow worked even if he wanted to resist. He had noticed how he was finding the training sessions more and more erotically stimulating. It was an odd development.

But Mike was too exhausted to dwell more on it. He soon fell asleep.

November 5, 2247

Mike cried out as Rhea's short dragon tail whip licked his arse. Immediately afterwards he kissed the pointy toe of Rhea's black PU leather high boots.

He looked up at her from his position on his knees and elbows. She looked majestic towering over him wearing a red pvc overbust corset and black panties in addition to her boots. Her perfectly manicured hand nonchalantly held the whip with which she had just beaten him.

With a stern expression Rhea waited for Mike's words.

- "Women are superior. Men must obey," Mike repeated for the twenty third time

today.

[Crack]

Rhea's whip once again lashed across Mike's back side, and once again gave a short cry of pain to acknowledge it, before he kissed Rhea's boot. He then looked up at her.

- "Women are superior. Men must obey."

Mike tried his hardest to perform Rhea's instructions to her satisfaction. Both because he desperately wanted to avoid the punishment he knew he would receive if he failed, but also because he felt an inner urge to please her. He loved her, and he was immensely attracted to her,

and she was his Mistress. It was sort of odd, but that was how Mike was now thinking about his wife. She was his Mistress, his superior, and his owner. That was apparently how it went if they brainwashed him long enough.

Mike did not really know how long he had been in slave training, as the Mistresses called it; he had not seen day light since they brought him here. But it would have to be something like two weeks by Mike's estimation. He really wished it would be over soon, because the regime down here in Alexandra's basement (Mike had figured that much) was both painful and exhausting. Hopefully the Mistresses would conclude

it was no longer necessary if he kept doing exactly as they ordered.

[Crack]

Another lash, and Mike repeated the mantra.

-”That will do for now, slave. You may thank me for this lesson.”

Mike kissed his Mistress’ boots again, two on each foot.

-”Thank you for teaching me, Mistress,” he said meekly.

-”Very good, slave,” said Rhea in a far milder tone than she had exhibited moments ago.

She walked the few steps over to the throne chair that dominated the “play room”, and sat down.

-“Crawl over here, slave,” demanded Rhea.

-“Kneel in front of me. Closer,” she specified as Mike obeyed her command.

Rhea leaned forward, then put one hand behind Mike’s neck and the other under his chin. She guided his head closer to hers, and then kissed him. A deep, long tongue kiss, that almost stunned Mike. It was a gentle and loving touch from his wife and Mistress that stood in glaring contrast to all the harsh treatment he had received since he came here.

Rhea withdrew from the kiss and stared right into Mike's eyes. Mike was not sure if he was allowed to look back into her eyes, but could not really avoid it.

- "You know I am doing all this for us, Mike. A femdom relationship is what we need to be truly happy. Like Alexandra and Barry. Don't you think so?"

- "Yes, Mistress," replied Mike after a little hesitation.

It means I have to be harsh with you. But it is for the best. I do it because I love you. You understand that, don't you?

- "Yes, Mistress."

-”You will soon be a good and obedient slave,” said Rhea and patted Mike on his head. “Now you will have a reward. I get really horny from beating you, so you will now be allowed to lick my pussy.”

She let go of Mike’s head and slid her hand into her panties, touching herself for a few seconds. She moaned softly, then started to remove her panties.

-”It is all wet for you,” she whispered.

She spread her legs, giving Mike full view of her inviting shaved pussy. He could feel an erection growing.

Cunnilingus did not use to be a sex-favourite of his, but now, his Mistress

pussy was almost irresistible. He had just had confirmation that his wife/mistress still loved him, and that his obedience would be rewarded. He intensely wanted to please her, and continue the good track he was on.

He did not have to wait long. Rhea grabbed him by his hair and guided his mouth towards her sex.

-”Lick!” she commanded.

Mike eagerly started lapping her pussy.

[WHACK]

Mike felt the sharp sting of a riding crop impacting his buttock.

-”Gentler, slave, gentler!”Rhea

demanded firmly, but not angrily.

Mike slowed down.

-”And longer strokes. I wanted my whole pussy licked.”

Again Mike adjusted his technique accordingly.

-”Mmmmmh.” purred Rhea after a little while. “That’s it slave. Long, soft licks. Remember that pleasing your Mistress is your first priority.”

She was soon moaning.

Rhea’s words of approval instantly elated Mike. And he thoroughly agreed

with her. Pleasing her was his mission. And not being well experienced in pleasing Rhea, or any other woman, with his tongue, he resolved to pay particular attention to the instructions she now gave. He had a lot to learn.

After a few minutes, Mike again felt Rhea's crop on his arse. Two strokes announced her next command.

- "Focus on my clit now." She moaned deeply as she said it. "Lick it well!"

Mike did as she said, and Rhea moaned ever more. She was going to come. Mike was thrilled. Mission success.

Rhea climaxed – Mike recognised it from

her moans going a little more high pitched. Whatever he had done, it worked.

November 12 , 2247

Rhea was waiting with Alexandra in the living room while Barry showed in the guests – Ayesha and Olivia, both officers at Bullingdon.

Barry had taken their coats, and, like Alexandra, they wore their uniforms: Knee-length black leather skirts, white blouses, dark stockings, and knee high black leather boots with heels.

The guests, both of whom Rhea had met

when learning and practising male handling at Bullingdon, very much looked their part. Their close-fitting outfits revealed athletic bodies underneath, and eye-catching makeup emphasised their youth and beauty. Ayesha wore her black hair in a bun, and Olivia had her blonde hair in an elegant updo.

-”Thank you so much for coming. Your help will be invaluable,” said Alexandra as she greeted the new arrivals with hugs.

-”So good to see you again. I really appreciate this,” said Rhea as she too exchanged hugs with the two ladies.

-”I trust you brought everything I

requested?” asked Alexandra after the greetings.

-”Absolutely, Ma’am,” replied Olivia and patted a big handbag hanging from her shoulder. “We even brought a few extra dozes of ZR – in case you need it later.”

-”Excellent. Then I know that Rhea and Mike will be in good hands. I am off to Bullingdon.” Alexandra started walking towards the entrance. “See you in a couple of hours. Have fun.”

-”You too.”

Barry helped his Mistress with her coat,

and after a few goodbyes, she was out the door.

-”So, how are things going with the slave training so far?” asked Ayesha as the door slammed shut.

-”I think it is going really well,” replied Rhea. “Mike has responded really well as far as I can tell. He was a bit resistant in the start, but now he is really obedient. I am feeling really good about this.”

-”That’s great. So good to hear.”

-”So are you enjoying it? Training him I mean?” asked Olivia.

-”Very much. I just love being in charge and having him submitting to me. I wish I had tried this earlier.”

-”It is so liberating, isn’t it? The feeling of setting things right,” Olivia commented. “That’s how I felt when I enslaved my boyfriend.”

-”You have done this outside the prison too?” asked Rhea.

-”Sort of, but not quite. My boyfriend went into it willingly. But I did have him go through a rather harsh training period to mould him into the obedient slave he is now. That was two years ago. I had been with the Leitner program for a year, and I

had seen what the program could do with the prisoners, so I decided to implement it at home. I never regretted it.”

-”How about you?” Rhea asked Ayesha.

-”I do have a slave, but he was educated in the prison system, like the governor’s. So this is a first for me too. Exciting, isn’t it?”

-”So where do you keep the slave? We should perhaps get started with him?” asked Olivia.

-”He is locked up in the basement. I will show you. How do you want to do this?”

-”As we understand, the slave has developed well on his devotion to you, but there is still some improvement to be made on his submissiveness to women in general and his acceptance of female supremacy.” said Ayesha. “So our suggestion is that we give him a ZR shot, and then the two of us give him intensive lessons on the subject. Then you join us for the afternoon lesson.

-”Sounds good,” replied Rhea. “What is ZR?”

Olivia replied.

-”ZR is a really nifty aid for shaping the male mind. It is a drug that boosts forming and pruning of neural

connections in the brain for a short period, which makes impressions received during that period more powerful – often over-shadowing earlier impressions. Using it, we can effectively overwrite a male's previously held beliefs. We use it a lot at Bullingdon.”

-”It is similar to the stuff the Chinese use in their population management programs,” added Ayesha.

-”It should be effective then?”

-”Absolutely.”

As they spoke, Olivia produced a small bottle and a syringe, and sucked a doze

from the bottle into the syringe.

-”Looks like you are ready to go, so I should take you down to Mike,” said Rhea.

-”Let’s go.”

-”Oh, are you OK with us using your slave sexually?” asked Olivia as Rhea led them to the basement stairs. “That will allow our lesson to be more effective?”

-”Yes, no worries,” replied Rhea. “Do what works best.”

Rhea was not concerned over the prospect of Mike taking part in sexual

acts with Ayesha and Olivia. She knew it would all serve to enhance his submission to her, and for that reason she had already allowed Alexandra to use him a few times. In fact, Rhea discovered she found it exciting to casually lend her slave's services to other women. She knew both Mike and the ladies viewed him as property of Rhea, and they would never steal him.

-”Excellent!”

Down in the basement, Rhea showed Ayesha and Olivia around, first taking them to the play room, which the ladies had seen on earlier occasions, then pointing out the cell where Mike was locked up. She suggested the ladies wait

in the play room while Rhea brought out Mike.

Rhea unlocked the door to the cell, went in and turned on the light.

-”Time for your lesson, slave. Get up!”
Rhea commanded.

Mike, looking a little confused for a second, hurried to do what he had been taught to do whenever his Mistress came into his cell. He kissed her boots.. While he did so, Rhea disconnected the chain that secured his collar to the wall.

She grabbed him by the hair, and forced him to crawl out on the hallway and into the play room. Rhea pushed Mike down,

making him grovel in front of Ayesha and Olivia.

“Mistress Olivia and Mistress Ayesha have graciously agreed to assist with your training, slave,” said Rhea to him. “Greet them!”

Obediently, Mike kissed the boots of the two Mistresses.

They had already equipped themselves with riding crops, and looked severe as they towered in crisp uniforms over the slave beneath them. Both of them were tall women; standing in heels they were taller than Mike even if he had stood up.

Rhea gave her slave her final instruction before the lesson.

- "I expect you to give them your full obedience and take to heart every lesson they give you. Is that understood, slave?"

- "Yes, Mistress!"

- "I believe you can take it from here," Rhea said to Olivia and Ayesha.

- "Certainly, Ma'am," replied Ayesha, and then said to Mike in a far harsher tone.

- "On your knees, slave."

Mike nervously complied, and meanwhile, Olivia put down her crop on

the spanking bench, and replaced it with the ZR syringe.

As Rhea made her way out of the room, Olivia went over to Mike, grabbed his arm, and resolutely injected the syringe's content in his upper arm.

Back up again, Rhea was pleased to know she now had a good few hours to spend as she wanted. Even if it was highly enjoyable, it had been a busy two weeks since she started enslaving Mike. Of course, it was most exhausting for Mike, but it took its toll on Rhea too. She had to spend long parts of each day training her man to be her slave, which took time away from other things she

wanted to do. The spare time she did have was due to Alexandra, who had taken many “shifts” with Mike.

Though Rhea was curious about what was happening in the basement, she decided she should take the opportunity for a break when she had one. She switched on a screen to read some news and catch up on her messages.

Two hours later, Rhea decided she had had a long enough break from the slave training. She was just too curious about what Ayesha and Olivia were doing to Mike, so she had the screen she was

sitting in front of show the play room. Alexandra had installed cameras in both the playroom and in the basement cells, so that slaves locked up there could be constantly monitored, and Alexandra had shown Rhea how to access these cameras from the house screen system.

Rhea was at once intrigued by what she saw from the play room.

Ayesha, almost completely naked was lying on the floor with Mike in a scissor hold lock between her thighs. She wore only her garter belt, stockings and boots. Mike lay completely subdued in her hold. He was not resisting.

Behind Mike stood Olivia looking impatient with a flogger in her hand. She had also removed her blouse; she was in her bra, but had kept her uniform skirt and boots on.

Ayesha grabbed Mike by the hair while still keeping him in the scissor hold.

- "I have just raped you, slave. Do you know why I did that?"

- "To prove your superiority, Mistress?"

- "That is right, slave. As a woman I am your superior in every way that matter. Women are more powerful than men, and I could therefore force you to satisfy me."

- "What happens if you resist or disobey a woman?"

- "I will be punished, Mistress"

- "And why is that?"

- "Because I would have failed my duty to serve and obey the superior sex."

- "Sounds like he is learning," said Olivia to Ayesha with a snigger.

Ayesha continued the interrogation.

- "And what should happen to a male that falls short on pleasing a lady?"

- "He should be punished, Mistress."

-”And does not that mean you should talk to Mistress Olivia about something?” asked Ayesha and released the scissor hold.

Mike whimpered, then crawled to Olivia. He kissed her boots, and then looked up at her.

-”Mistress, please punish me for failing to please Mistress Ayesha.

Olivia looked at him disdainfully, but did not reply. She grabbed Mike by the hair, and forced his head between her thighs, having used her whip hand to pull up her skirt. She squeezed him with her thighs, thus fixing him in position on all fours.

Olivia then raised her flogger, and began thrashing the slave.

Rhea liked what she saw. It was hot. Seeing Mike beaten and dominated by two strong and sexy ladies wetted Rhea's appetite for some action herself. In the session after lunch, she was going to use Mike herself, that much was certain. Rhea slid a hand up her skirt and continued watching the screen.

Mistress and slave

November 19 , 2247

Mike was lying on the mattress in his cell. He was naked except for a chastity device, as had been the case since he had been enslaved. He had no idea how long it had been. And as always when he was in his cell, he was chained to the wall in pitch darkness.

He had had a good night's sleep for once and was now fully awake. There was nothing to do but wait for one of the Mistresses to take him out of the cell for a lesson. Though their lessons inevitably meant pain and humiliation for Mike, he was looking forward for it. He really

wanted to please the Mistresses – show them he could be a good servant for them. Especially he longed to serve Mistress Rhea, his wife. If he could make her happy, she could maybe eventually trust him with more freedom.

But even a cuddle or a kiss would be of great reward for Mike. One strange effect of the time he had spent in captivity was that he found himself immensely attracted to the women who were training him. With Rhea, it was in a way like back when he first fell in love with her. He appreciated her beauty like never before. He wanted to do everything for her; make her happy however he could.

But contrary to the first time he now felt submissive towards her. She was his Mistress, she owned him, and he had to obey her.

And it was not too different with the other ladies who he had seen during his captivity. Alexandra was somehow much more attractive to Mike now than when he first had met her. Earlier, he had seen her as a good-looking woman, but not spectacularly so. Now he was hooked on her curvy hips, ample bosom and her stern but alluring eyes. And her dominance was irresistible. Mike simply felt compelled to obey her.

Suddenly Mike heard the door opened.

He hoped it was Rhea, and his hopes were confirmed a second later. Rhea entered the cell and switched on the light. Today, she was not wearing fetish as she usually was when she called on him. Rather, she was dressed in blue jeans and a black blouse. But her knee high leather boots and a riding crop hanging from a loop around her wrist nevertheless gave her a dominant look.

Immediately, Mike got on his knees, and bent his head to kiss his Mistress' boots. He then looked up at her, and saw she was smiling.

- "It is a big day today," she said and started to unchain Mike's neck collar.

“Your basic training as a slave is now complete.”

-“Thank you, Mistress.”

After a few seconds of thinking, Mike asked.

-“What happens now, Mistress.”

-“Just come with me.”

Rhea took hold of Mike’s over arm with a firm grip and led him out of the cell, and then, for the first time, left towards the stairs rather than right towards the play room. She led him up the stairs, through the ground level hallway and into the living room.

There, in the living room, Mistress

Alexandra and Barry were waiting for them; both wearing big smiles. Alexandra had also skipped the fetish wear today. Instead, she wore a white jumper, black leggings and heels. Barry, who was next to her, on his knees wore only shorts.

-”Congratulations, Mike, for completing the training. You now know how to serve your wife as a man should.”

Surprised at the friendly tone, Mike, answered in a low voice.

-”Thank you, Mistress.”

-”Remember to greet her, slave. Show us you remember what we taught you,” said Rhea and put pressure on Mike’s

shoulder, indicating he should go down on his knees.

Snapping out of the confusion, Mike instinctively kissed Alexandra's heels.

- "Good morning, Mistress," he said.

Judging by the lights from the windows, he figured it was probably the first half of the day.

- "That's right, slave," said Alexandra.

"The rules you learned in the basement apply up here too. At least when it is just the four of us here."

- "But we will be easier on you than we have been so far, as long as you remember your place," added Rhea.

-”But now we should celebrate this milestone in your relationship,” said Alexandra. “I had Barry bake a cake for us.”

-”Looks delicious,” said Rhea.

Mike, now on his knees, saw a chocolate cake on the table behind Alexandra.

-”Take a seat,” Alexandra said to Rhea. “Boys on the floor,” she specified for the two men, as she and Rhea placed themselves in each their chair next to the table.

Alexandra cut the cake, and put pieces on

four plates which were set out on the table

When she was done, Rhea and Alexandra tasted from their plates. Mike, not sure if he could do the same looked at Barry. Noticing he held back, Mike did the same. He did not want to do anything of which the Mistresses might disapprove. Even if they said they would go easier on him, he did not quite know what was expected of him outside the dungeon. After all, Mike had eaten all his meals from a bowl on the floor like an animal for the last three weeks (a period he thought was much longer).

-”You may eat, slaves,” said Rhea,

solving the problem.

Mike began cutting a piece on his plate with the cake fork – a bit awkwardly, kneeling naked next to the table.

-”Your boy seems to have forgotten how to use cutlery,” chuckled Alexandra.

-”So it seems,” replied Rhea, also chuckling. “I guess he need some training for the topside world too.”

-”Seriously, that is something you should give him,” said Alexandra. “He will need primer on how to behave outside the dungeon. You can’t have him grovelling out on the street. At least for now...”

Forty-five minutes later, Mike and Rhea were entering the front door of their house – for the first time in three weeks for Mike’s part. He was fully clothed, wearing a blue shirt and beige trousers – also a first for a while. Just before they left Mistress Alexandra’s house, Mistress Rhea had allowed him to dress.

Almost back to normal, she had called it. But they both knew it was quite far from the old normal. Mike was her slave now. He had to obey her in all things and submit to her discipline. He was still wearing chastity under his trousers.

- "Welcome home, slave. It must be good to be back," Rhea said cheerfully.

- "Yes, it is, Mistress."

- "You will settle in in no time, and you have the whole weekend to adjust."

She gave him a kiss on the cheek, and it made his whole body tingle. Her touches of affection had that effect on him now.

- "I will, Mistress."

- "Now, Alexandra mentioned you need to learn how to conduct yourself as my slave outside the dungeon, and that should be a goal for this weekend. Lets talk about it."

Rhea led Mike into the living room. She sat down on the sofa, and indicated for Mike to kneel in front of her.

-”Our lives and our conduct will be much the same as they were before the training when we are outside the house or Alexandra’s house. You will go to work, talk to your friends and colleagues as you were before. Even go out with the lads from time to time. You will refer to me as Rhea, not Mistress in these contexts. The only change I expect is your absolute respect for women. You will never speak poorly of a woman or be rude. You will be polite, and you will be helpful when a woman needs help. Is that understood?”

-”Yes....Rhea”

-”That would be Mistress Rhea. We are still in the house.”

-”Sorry, Mistress.”

-”That is OK, slave. I know you were nice to women before, but you will be held to a higher standard now. Remember that. Take a cue from how Barry has been around us before you were trained.”

-”Yes, Mistress.”

Mike felt certain he would comply with that after having had the superior status of women drilled into his brain in the last weeks. His deferring to them felt like

instinct.

-”Then we come to how you behave when we are alone in the house, like now, or when we have femdom visitors,” Rhea continued. “We will then operate in two modes: Relaxed protocol and full protocol.”

-”Most of the time it will be relaxed protocol, which is what we have now, and when we had cake at Alexandra’s. You can expect most of the time to be on relaxed protocol. It means you can walk around as you want, work and speak freely. You will be clothed, like now. I do however expect you to address me as Mistress, and obey my every order. And you will greet me as a slave greets his

Mistress.

-”Yes, Mistress.”

-”You can plan how you spend your time yourself as long as it complies with any instructions I have given you, and you complete the tasks I have set for you.

-”And note, you will have many tasks. All household chores are now your responsibility. You will do all cooking and cleaning in this house from now on.”

-”Yes, Mistress.”

-”Finally, we have full protocol. That is what you experienced in Alexandra’s dungeon. You will be naked, you will

keep your eyes down and you will not speak unless spoken to. When you speak, it will be with abject submissiveness.

Apart from the acts of respects you have been taught, you will not go anywhere or do anything without explicit orders.

You can expect me to be harsh with you. Any failure to adhere to protocol will be punished on spot.”

-”Is that understood? “

-”Yes, Mistress.”

-”Any questions?”

-”Yes, Mistress. How do I know what protocol to follow?

-”As I said, we will most of the time have relaxed protocol. If we go to full protocol I will sometimes tell you, sometimes not. But you will quickly know. If I am dressed in leather or latex, you can safely assume it is full protocol. Whenever I need to punish or discipline you, it is full protocol”

-”I think I understand, Mistress.”

-”Good, that reminds me. I should show a little change I made in the house while you were at Alexandra’s. Come here.”

Rhea led Mike to the main bedroom. Mike noticed several floor-to-ceiling closets had been installed alongside the

wall on “his side” of the double bed.

But that was not what Rhea wanted to show him. Instead, she opened the door to the walk-in wardrobe on “her side” of the bed. Or former wardrobe it turned out.

-”This is now our little corner for discipline and play,” said Rhea.

The shelves and hangers with clothes that had been there before had been removed. Instead there was now the kind of equipment Mike had seen in Alexandra’s dungeon packed into the few square meters of the little room. Innermost was a cage, just big enough to hold a crouching

man. On the left wall was was a set of shelves that stored ropes, handcuffs, chains, collars, gags and some other equipment Mike was not acquainted with. Next to the right wall, a spanking horse was stored. On the wall behind it were hooks, holding crops, floggers and whips of various kinds. Just above the entrance, a pair of fetters was hanging from the ceiling.

-”As you can see, I have all I need to keep a male in line here at home. And to have a little fun.”

Rhea pinched Mike on his buttocks.

-”And we will have a lot of fun.”

Mike swallowed. As much as he craved

to please Mistress Rhea, he dreaded the beatings and punishments he had received in Alexandra's dungeon. And now it looked like Mistress Rhea would subject him to those also here at home.

Well, that was Mistress' prerogative. A male was only to obey.

- "But before we get that far, you may have noticed this room, and the rest of the house is rather dusty. No one has been cleaning here for the past three weeks. So I suggest you correct that right away. You know where the equipment is."

- "Yes Mistress!"

Mike's duty as Mistress Rhea's slave had begun.

December 2 , 2247

Rhea moaned loudly. She was in her bed face sitting Mike with her knees on each side of his head, and her damp sex straight above his mouth. Mike worked his tongue with gentle, long strokes, just the way he knew she liked it, and he could sense she was getting close to coming.

Mike had gained a lot of experience pleasing his Mistress this way. Since he

came home, she had him lick her pussy at least once per day, often more. Compared to their pre-femdom life, Rhea's appetite for sex had gone through the roof, and Mike thoroughly enjoyed this renaissance of their sex life. He only wished it would involve his penis more often, but Mistress Rhea's preference was to keep it locked in chastity for most of the time, as it was now. Only once had she released Mike to fuck him.

But Mistress knew best, and Mike had to accept that. After all, unable to relieve himself, Mike was constantly horny, which was not at all a bad feeling.

Mistress was now moaning with higher

frequency, and Mike knew she would come soon. He knew it was time to push her over the edge. He moved his focus to her clit, playing eagerly with it using his tongue. He kissed it and sucked it.

-”Yes! Yes!” Rhea’s high pitched cries of approval confirmed Mike’s success. She was seconds away.

Rhea went even louder and higher pitched with her moans. She was coming. Mike switched to lightly swiping her clit with the tip of his tongue to spike her orgasm. She moaned ever louder for another fifteen seconds.

-”Mmmmh” purred Rhea and sat down on

Mike's chest. "Not bad at all, slave." She patted his head.

- "Thank you for allowing me to please you, Mistress."

Mike meant it. Serving her in this capacity was pure delight. There was no bigger turn-on and joy than to see her come.

- "You are very welcome slave," said Rhea with lazy satisfaction.

- "Didn't I tell you we would be much happier as a femdom couple?" she asked a few seconds later.

- "Yes, you did, Mistress."

-”And was I right, slave”

-”You were right. As you always are, Mistress.”

-”Yes, I am.” Rhea leaned back, supporting herself by her arms, and enjoyed the post-orgasmic bliss for another minute.

Mike too enjoyed the moment. He had to admit that only two months ago, he would have thought anyone suggesting that he would enjoy femdom had to be crazy. But now he was enjoying being Rhea’s slave. It just felt right to obey her and serve her. Making her happy was surprisingly

satisfying. And the sex was awesome. He did not want to go back to how it was, even if would not mind skipping the discipline beatings she gave him twice a week to “remind him of his status.”

If he wanted out, he could go to the police instead of work one weekday, or simply run away. But he did not. Mike's place was at his Mistress' feet.

January 20, 2248

Mike carefully poured wine in the glasses set on the table in Mistress Rhea's living room. Sitting around the table were Rhea, the hostess, along with Alexandra, Olivia and Ayesha, the three

ladies who had taken part in training Mike as a slave along with Rhea herself. The occasion reflected that. Rhea had invited the other ladies to an evening dinner as a thank you for their help on enslaving Mike. It was a full protocol event, apart for the fact that Mike was allowed to wear clothes – dark trousers and a light blue shirt. With this in mind, Mike wanted to be extra careful not to slip up.

The ladies were all dressed in evening gowns and looked regal as they sipped wine and discussed the guardianship laws recently introduced by the Femdom Party in Parliament. Under the new legislation, a man and a woman could

elect to formalise their relationship as a so-called guardianship, in which the woman, with consent of the man, took control of his life. It meant she would control his finances, enter contracts on his behalf and vote for him. This largely amounted to public recognition of Mistress-slave relationships, and the proposed legislation naturally found a very positive reception with the ladies in attendance.

Mike, for his part, was not as negative to this as he would have been a few months ago. Back then he would have been implacably opposed to the Femdom Party's agenda of making slavery acceptable and to shore up its own vote. Now he had come

to accept his own slavery. But guardianship still sounded scary. For now, at least, he had the option to run away and start afresh if his preferences were to change. That option might become less feasible if Rhea were to become his guardian, and he knew it was no way to avoid it if Rhea demanded it. He was not sure if it would be possible for him to revoke her guardianship if he had first agreed to it, and even if it was, she would certainly retain all his assets. But Mike knew well not to voice these concerns. It was not his place to speak here, but he listened.

-“I am having white wine, slave”.

Alexandra’s sharp message told Mike he

had not been as attentive in his serving as he aimed to be.

-”I believe I told you I am not having red wine tonight.”

-”Yes you did, Mistress. I am sorry Mistress.”

There was fear in Mike’s voice. He knew there would be consequences for his mistake. He silently cursed himself for not being more careful.

-”Alexandra, why don’t you teach him a little lesson,” suggested Rhea casually. “My slave needs to learn that such sloppiness have consequences, or he will never improve.”

-”Oh, that would be my pleasure,” said Alexandra and stood up from her chair. The other ladies around the table giggled.

Alexandra turned towards Mike. With high heeled boots to go with her gorgeous long red dress, she was well higher than Mike’s 180 cm, And with her stern look, she made Mike feel even smaller relative to her.

-”Put the bottle on the table and assume the punishment position, slave” she told Mike with a calm voice that nevertheless made it clear she would not tolerate dissent.

Mike knew he had no choice but to

comply, and placed himself a little away from the dinner table, on his knees with his face pressed to the floor and with his rump sticking up in the air.

Alexandra walked past Mike to the vase in the corner. It held a few canes, and Alexandra picked up one of them. A black rubber coated cane of nearly a meter length. Alexandra had used canes in Rhea's house on earlier occasions, and knew where to find them.

She made one practice swing through the air with the cane. Mike watched with dread. He knew that cane was soon going to be applied to his backside in a frighteningly painful manner.

Alexandra walked back to Mike, with her curvy hip sways accentuating her femininity as she did so.

-”Face on the side,” she ordered.

Mike tilted his face towards her, still pressing his head to the ground. She placed her boot on his chin, and put substantial weight on it, making it very uncomfortable for Mike.

But that discomfort soon paled against what he felt on his back side.

The swoosh of the cane was Mike’s only warning to the stinging impact, and he had to muster all his willpower to contain his reaction to a suppressed

groan. Alexandra applied full force strokes from the start.

-”One, thank you, Mistress,” Mike uttered after two seconds later.

[SWOOSH...CRACK]

Alexandra immediately followed up with another full force stroke.

Mike groaned.

-”Two, thank you, Mistress.”

...

Less than a minute later it was over, to Mike’s relief. Alexandra had given him ten excruciating, full force cane strokes, but she had stopped at that.

She ordered Mike up on his knees.

Alexandra looked straight through Mike with her piercing eyes. She slapped his chin hard with her palm.

-”Next time you will pay attention to my instructions, slave. Is that clear?”

-”Yes, Mistress.”

Alexandra slapped him again.

-”Now apologise and thank me for correcting you.”

Mike bent down and kissed her boots.

-”I apologise for failing you, Mistress, and I thank you for correcting me.”

-“I hope you learned from this,” said Rhea from across the table. “Now back to work, slave.”

Alexandra sat down, and the ladies went straight back to discussing what they expected from politics this year.

Mike picked up the red wine bottle he had left at the table, and hurried to the kitchen to replace it with a bottle that would satisfy Alexandra.

July 6, 2248

Mike studied the woman sitting across the desk in the Arcott town hall office. In previous centuries she would have looked about thirty. With current medical

technology, it could be anything from thirty to sixty. With shortish brown hair and mild facial features she was attractive, but not overly so. She wore a pink blouse, and she held her hands, with immaculate red painted nails, folded on the desk in front of her. She smiled.

-”It looks like you satisfy all formal conditions for entering guardianship. So what remains is only for me to verify your consent to the new relationship.”

The official looked at Rhea, who sat next to Mike in front of the desk, wearing a beautiful short white dress.

-”Do you, Rhea Davis, agree to be Mike Davies’ guardian under the law.”

-”I do.”

Then the official looked at Mike.

-”Do you, Mike Davies, agree for Rhea Davis to be your guardian under the law?”

There was no turning back for Mike at this point.

-”I do,” he replied.

-”And with your electronic signatures we are all done. You are now Mistress and slave. Congratulations!”

Rhea turned in her chair and looked at Mike with a big grin and yearning eyes, and he smiled back.

She leaned over, put her hand on his neck to pull him closer. She kissed him as passionately as she could get away with in a public office.

-“I love you,” she whispered.

-“I love you too, Mistress”

There was little need to keep the nature of their relationship secret any more – it was now officially recognised.

Mistress was happy, which meant Mike was also happy, as he took the next step

into slavery.

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
clnorthbridge@protonmail.com