

THE QUEEN OF THE CASTLE

A Story of Complete Female Rule



MISS SAMANTHA STRONG

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By:
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Chapter I

The Beginning

Life has been good for me lately. I no longer worked, having quit the job I hated for so long. I had a large home in a very nice, secluded neighborhood where I didn't have to worry about any house cleaning or yard work. It was all done for me. Bills were never an issue and I was able to travel anywhere, anytime. And, to top it all off, I had basically an army of young men at my beck and call; just longing to worship the ground I walked on. How did I get to this point and come to enjoy this lifestyle? It didn't seem like something like this would, or could, ever happen to me.

I was 35 years old and life had gotten me down. I was married to my college crush, Michael, who turned out to be an asshole. He treated me like garbage shortly after our wedding. He would drink on a consistent basis and would rather hang out with his buddies than me. Some days, when he had way too much to drink, he actually became somewhat violent. He never hit me or beat me up but would occasionally shove me or throw something at me. I picked up a 2nd shift job at a factory just so I could avoid him at night. The job was terrible and didn't pay very well but I was able to stash away some money so Michael couldn't spend it on liquor. My car was a beat-up Toyota Corolla which barely got me from point A to point B. The only good thing is that my parents sold us their house for fairly cheap shortly after we wed as they decided to travel. It was a small house but it was cheap, which was perfect for a couple that was just married. All in all, I did not like the life I was living but felt stuck and hopeless.

About three years ago something happened which spurred a chain of events leading to my new lifestyle. I found out Michael was cheating on me and instead of denying it or ending it, he wanted to file for divorce so he could run off with her. Even though he made me miserable, I was devastated by this. The divorce was very quick

and left me with barely anything except the house. Michael made pretty good money working in maintenance and, since he made quite a bit more than I, he was ordered to pay alimony. Unfortunately, I never saw a dime from him. Luckily, I had my little stash of money but I didn't know if it was going to last long with how much I made at the factory. I was either going to have to pick up another job or find a better one. I also wasn't too keen on getting back into the dating scene at all. I was still attractive but the years of emotional abuse and factory work had taken its toll on me and I gained a few pounds that lowered my self-esteem even further. Getting a higher paying job and finding a boyfriend would take self-esteem and I had none whatsoever.

A few weeks after the divorce while feeling very sorry for myself, I decided to go out to a bar downtown. Maybe I was looking for what the dating pool looked like or just to wallow in my misery but, either way, I wanted a few drinks. While sitting at the bar, I noticed a somewhat odd couple a few barstools down from me. It was a woman, maybe mid-forties, dressed very nicely; much nicer than the other women in the bar as she wore a short black dress, black nylons, and very high stilettos. Her hair was elegantly pulled up. She wasn't the prettiest girl and she had an extra couple pounds but her demeanor made her more beautiful. The guy she was with was extraordinarily handsome. He looked very fit and had almost model-like features. He was also dressed very well in a sport coat and dark jeans. What I found odd is that this gorgeous man was doting on this older woman to no extreme. He bought her expensive drinks, always asked if she needed anything, and sat on every word she was saying. Was he an escort that she was paying? I couldn't keep my eyes off of them.

A few moments later, the guy left the bar to go do something, maybe visit the restroom. The woman looked over in my direction and gave me a coy smile. "Hello dear, how are you this evening?" she asked.

"Good!" I said. Knowing that she probably saw me staring, I quickly asked a question to cover myself. "I noticed your wedding ring. Are you two married?"

“Oh gosh no!” She chuckled a little “He is just here to serve me.”

A little confused by her statement, I questioned further. “To serve you? Is he an escort?”

“No, no no” again, she gave a little laugh. “Let’s just say we have an arrangement.” Seeing the still questioning look on my face, she crooked her finger in a gesture to come closer to her. I grabbed my drink and scooted to the open stool next to her. She leaned in close to me and said, “he’s my slave.”

“Your slave? I, I don’t understand.”

“He gets off on female domination. I tell him what to do and he does it. He likes to serve me.”

“And you pay him for this?” I asked, sounding so naïve.

“Quite the opposite. He pays me and buys me pretty much whatever I want.”

“That’s crazy, why?” I asked, changing my tone from confusion to fascination.

“It’s what he likes. Well, it also helps that I put him in chastity. He is not allowed to cum unless I say so. It’s a very powerful tool!”

“Chastity? You mean his dick is locked up?”

“Yes!” She said as she pulled a chain with a key attached from underneath her blouse. “As long as I own this key, I own his orgasms.”

“And what about your husband?” I asked, nodding to the hand with the wedding band on it.

“Oh, he is locked up as well, for almost 5 years now. He wasn’t as willing but I trained him” She saw that I was very intrigued with the situation so she continued “You see, my husband wasn’t the most attentive so I took actions into my own hands. With the promise of sex, I was able to put him into chastity. Now he does all the cooking and cleaning around the house. I don’t have to lift a finger. I only let him out once a month if he has done everything to my satisfaction.”

Just then, the man she was with came back. "And Jonathon here" acknowledging his return "He is just my boy toy that services me and takes me out. Isn't that right Jonathon?"

"Yes, Mistress Amanda" He quickly and obediently responded.

"Jonathon this is..." turning to me "I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name."

"Jessica" I said, barely able to keep my eyes off this beautiful man.

"Jessica! Jonathon, this is Jessica. You may say hello"

Jonathon turned to her with a bright smile. "Hello Miss Jessica" He grabbed a set of my fingers and lowered his face so he could give me a kiss on the top of my hand. Then, keeping his head lowered he added "It is a pleasure to meet you."

I almost giggle like a schoolgirl. Then I leaned closer to Amanda not wanting to talk so frank in front of Jonathon. "So, you have your husband at home that does all the housework and this young stud that pleasures you and takes you out? I wish I had that!" I said with a laugh but also showing disappointment.

"Oh, you can, darling! You just need confidence and" looking me over a little "a new look." I looked down at my frumpy clothes and felt a little ashamed. Amanda could sense that she may have upset me "darling, you are beautiful, much prettier and younger than I. You get some hot new clothes, do you hair up, and these idiot men will be falling all over you. In no time at all you can have what I have, maybe even more!" She glanced over at Jonathon.

"You think so!?" I asked

"Guaranteed! Listen, if you aren't doing anything tomorrow, I will take you out shopping. We'll have you looking like a true Mistress." I told her that I couldn't afford any new clothes right now and that things were tight with my poor paying job and house payment. "Oh, you don't worry about that." She looked over at Jonathon once more. "Jonathon, we are going shopping tomorrow. We will need your card."

Jonathon went into his pocket to get his wallet. Yes of course Mistress” and he proceeded to hand Amanda a credit card.

“See how easy it is? When you get into this lifestyle, you won’t have to worry about that house payment; or anything else for that matter.” She chuckled.

We continued to talk for another hour or so about being a Mistress and things I would need to know. All the while, Jonathon sat back quietly, only participating in our discussion when Amanda talked to him or asked to buy us another round. By the end of the night, I was giddy with anticipation and couldn’t wait to learn more.

The next morning, I got ready to go over to Amanda’s house. I decided to try and dress a little nicer and wore a summer dress that I haven’t worn for years. I added some ballerina shoes and headed out the door. I anxiously drove over to the house and noticed she lived in a very nice neighborhood and had a large 3 story home. I was thinking that she had done quite well for herself but then I saw an older Corolla parked in the driveway. It was similar to mine but a couple years older. Maybe she spent all the money on the house I thought to myself.

I rang the doorbell and a man answered the door. He was quite good looking for his age and was obviously in pretty good shape. I assumed it was her husband and greeted him. “Hello, I am looking for Amanda.”

“Yes, of course! You must be Miss Jessica. Welcome to her home, I am Patrick, Mistress Amanda’s husband.” I was immediately struck by his demeanor and words. I enjoyed how he referred to it as her home. Also, normally a man would say Amanda is his wife but he referred to himself as Amanda’s husband as if he belonged to her. “C’mon in, Mistress Amanda will be down shortly. Can I get you anything while you wait for her?”

“No thank you, I am fine”

“Ok but just let me know if you do. If you will please excuse me Miss Jessica, I need to finish cleaning the kitchen.”

I loved his manners and wanted to play along a little. “Yes, you go finish your chores but I will definitely call you if I need anything.”

“Yes Miss, thank you” and he turned and walked away. It was fun ordering him around for just a minute and felt that I could definitely see myself in this lifestyle.

A moment later Amanda came down the stairs dressed similarly to me. The only difference is that she wore a pair of red, high heeled sandals along with her summer dress. “Hello darling!” she called out.

“Hello Amanda” I got up to meet her at the bottom of the stairs.

“Have you met my husband, Patrick?” she asked.

“Yes, we met” I said looking over at him cleaning in the kitchen.

“Did he welcome you warmly and ask if you needed anything?” She asked, also glancing in the direction of the kitchen.

He looked up from his cleaning with almost a worried look on his face, wondering how I would answer that question. Again, for a moment, I felt the power that Amanda must wield as he looked as though his fate was in my hands. “Yes Amanda, he was a perfect gentleman.”

“Good, he had some troubles in the past about greeting my friends but I think he learned his lesson. Shall we go?”

“Yes, we have the option of my Corolla or yours.” I said smiling that we had the same vehicle.

“Oh, Patrick uses the Corolla. My car is in the garage. We will take that.” She began walking to the door leading to the garage but turned around a little and called out “Patrick! We are leaving now and will be back before supper.”

“Ok Mistress. I will have the house cleaned up by the time you get home.”

“Oh, and Patrick, since Miss Jessica said you were a perfect gentleman, why don’t you show your appreciation by washing her

car this afternoon?” She turned to me and said “Sorry, I just wanted to show off a little bit” And she smiled but not before we heard Patrick in the background.

“Yes, of course Mistress! I would be glad to!” I just turned to Amanda and mouthed thank you while trying to hold back a laugh. When we entered the garage, I understood why she had her vehicle parked there. Sitting inside was a brand-new Tesla!

“Oh my god Amanda, this is amazing!” I exclaimed “Did you get this from being a dominatrix?”

“No, but I am sure I could!” She laughed “Patrick is a hot shot lawyer and he is able to provide me with the lifestyle that I want. Everything he makes actually goes into my bank account and I provide him with a small allowance. Like I said, I control everything, not just his orgasms!”

“Wow, I am so jealous right now! I can’t wait to learn more and start doing this!”

“Be patient Jessica. It will take some work on your part at first. These guys are looking for strong confident women. If you don’t know what you are doing or they sense that you don’t know how to have control, they may run.”

I told her I understood but was excited at the prospect. We got in the car and took off.

The whole afternoon was fantastic with Amanda. We went into multiple shops to buy clothes and accessories. I ended up getting five dresses that were a lot tighter than I was used to but looked fabulous on me. We also bought 4 pairs of high heel shoes that I would definitely need to practice walking in to feel as comfortable as Amanda does in them. A lingerie shop was next on our list and I bought several pairs of stockings and pantyhose, bras, and panties, and even a couple corsets. Add in a few accessories and the total was well over \$1000, all on Jonathon’s credit card.

We had many conversations about female domination and Amanda gave me quite a few pointers. The main advice I received

was to be extremely confident and know that men are sex crazed idiots. Once I understood that, I would be fine. She also told me of some websites to look at and places to look for submissive men, just in case. It was a lot to take in but I was hungry for more. I promised myself that I would study my butt off.

Shortly before 6:00 we arrived at Amanda's house. I wasn't at all surprised to see that my car was sparkling with a wash and wax. I thanked Amanda endlessly for the time, advice, and clothes, told her goodbye, and headed back home. My mind raced all the way home. I couldn't believe that this was a possibility and I was just learning about it now. How many women were doing this? How many men out there wanted this? I wanted to know more!

For the next several months I studied relentlessly. I read over tons of articles on female domination, watched video after video, and began checking out websites to find possible candidates that could serve me. I couldn't believe how many men were looking to be dominated. Before I could begin my search, I needed to develop my self-confidence.

I would dress up in the sexy clothes that I bought with Amanda. It took a little while to get used to wearing the heels but, eventually, I got it. I would go out to the bars and act like a VIP. At first it seemed awkward and I didn't get much of a reaction but, the more I went out and practiced, the easier it became. In a few short months, I had guys buying me drinks and even asking me out on dates. It really boosted my confidence. I became more comfortable dressing up in sexy clothes and, more importantly, in my own skin. I felt beautiful and a bit powerful turning down guys that were younger than myself.

My next step was to get some first-hand experience in domination. For this, I called upon Amanda once more. She was more than happy to help and even offered to share Jonathon for the night and show me a few things. We picked a date and I told her I would feel more comfortable at my place and she agreed.

The day came and Amanda pulled up in her Tesla with Jonathon in the passenger seat. He quickly got out and opened the door for his Mistress. They walked up to the door with Jonathon walking two

steps behind and carrying a large duffle bag. I quickly opened the door to greet them.

“Hello Amanda! It is so good to see you again!”

“Hello darling!” She nodded behind her “You remember Jonathon, right?”

“Of course! Hello Jonathon”

Before he could reply Amanda butted in “You may call him slave tonight. That’s what I call him when we aren’t in public.”

“Oh, ok, I can do that. Hello slave.”

“Hello Mistress Jessica. I am very happy to serve you today.” He said with a bow.

Amanda motioned for the door “Shall we?”

“Yes of course, come right on it.”

Amanda entered followed by Jonathon. “Alright slave, you can strip and get on your knees in the living room. Leave the bag with us.” Jonathon quickly obeyed.

Amanda started showing some of the items in the bag while Jonathon was getting in his position. First, Amanda pulled out a pair of handcuffs. “Usually, I don’t use these unless I am milking him but for tonight’s demonstration, I figured it might be helpful.” With that she handcuffed his hands behind his back and went back into her bag. “We will start out with a whipping demonstration. Slave, bend over the coffee table there.” Jonathon quickly obliged and within seconds his ass was up in the air. Amanda pulled out a series of whips and floggers. She gave me a quick tutorial before she would hand me each implement. To muffle his screams, Amanda took out a penis shaped gag and wrapped it around the slave’s face. She guided me on how to properly hold and swing everything. We tried a variety of floggers, whips, paddles, and even the cane. After 30 minutes I was truly getting the hang of it and Jonathon’s ass was a different shade of red and purple, along with several welts. Tears were flowing down his cheeks as he was obviously in extreme pain.

Amanda decided we were finished. "Slave, come show Mistress Jessica how thankful you are that she allowed you to be her whipping boy." She removed his gag and he quickly got off the coffee table, legs wobbling, and dropped to my feet.

"Mistress Jessica, may I have the honor to thank you by kissing your feet."

Part of me felt a little bad for him but that was overshadowed by the exhilaration and arousal I felt having this strong, beautiful man kneeling in front of me, begging to kiss my foot. "You may slave." I said with a smile.

While Jonathon was kissing and licking my stilettos, Amanda turned to me. "Make sure you always have your slave thank you for anything you give him, whether it is pleasure or pain."

When I was satisfied that Jonathon 'thanked' me enough, I decided to stop him. He stayed on his knees, waiting for the next command. I couldn't help noticing that precum was dripping from his chastity belt and I was amazed that he was just as turned on as I was. Amanda then pulled out strapons. "Next we will fuck this little bitch." She said, staring Jonathon down. She ordered to crawl over to her. "Go ahead bitch, suck my cock!" I was amazed at how deep he could take it; obviously he had plenty of practice. Amanda also looked so domineering as she stood about him, her hand on the back of his head as he was forced to give her a blow job. She then had me try it. The power that I felt was indescribable. I was on the receiving end of this many times with my ex-husband and, although I never enjoyed it, I did love this new position.

Jonathon was then instructed to lie down on the coffee table with his legs up. He was still shaking from the beating he received and had to hold his legs up with his hands. After the proper guidance, I removed my heels so I was a little lower and more comfortable. I then placed the tip of the strapon against his anus. I could tell by his hole that he's had quite a bit of this as well. I gently guided the dildo into him, feeling like I was going to hurt him. Something I would later not care about so much. Once I got the whole thing in, I could hear him give a moan; a mixture of pain and pleasure. I slowly pulled it

out and then back in until I got the hang of it. I also realized that the other side of the strapon was rubbing against my clit, giving me just as much pleasure. As I became more comfortable, my speed became quicker. Soon I was full on fucking him and his moans became more rapid. His penis was trying it's hardest to break out of its cage but had nowhere to go. I became so enthralled with the act and so excited that I paid no attention as his moans became screams. Before I knew it, I was having a massive orgasm fucking this man. I've never felt that much power and pleasure all at once and I knew this was what I wanted from now on.

Once the orgasm faded, I looked over and saw Jonathon slumped on the table, spent from the treatment I gave him. Then I saw Amanda's face beaming with delight. "That was impressive!" she cheered. "We'll give our little slave a break while we have a glass of wine." Jonathon didn't move from the table but I did notice that he reached for his cock, trying to get some satisfaction from the ordeal I put him through. His arm dropped back down when he knowingly realized that no relief was going to come because of his cage.

After our wine and some more discussion, Amanda and I went back into the living room. She had me sit on the couch. Helping Jonathon off the table she said "Okay slave, Mistress Jessica is waiting for you. Show how much you like to worship a superior woman." Before he crawled over to me, she added "And you better please her. The decision to get pleasure or pain afterwards depends on it." Jonathon looked excited at what Mistress Amanda said and scurried over to me, still handcuffed which made it funny to watch.

I knew exactly what to do, I lifted my dress up a bit and spread my legs. "You may remove my panties slave." Luckily, I was wearing thigh high stockings with a garter instead of pantyhose. Once Jonathon removed my panties, he looked up at me waiting for my instruction. "You may pleasure me now"

"Oh thank you Mistress!" and he buried his face into my pussy. He continuously licked around my pussy and sucked on my clit. I just relaxed back into the couch, allowing the waves of pleasure to rush through me. He was remarkable and I couldn't believe how

quickly my next orgasm of the night was coming. Jonathon feverishly licked me until I was ready. I grabbed a handful of hair and pulled him closer to me, almost trapping him. I soon made sure he was going nowhere as I clamped my thighs around his head while forcing his head up and down with my hand. I finally climaxed and was in heaven. Two explosive orgasms in one night. I couldn't remember the last time I even had one. When I was finished with him, I pushed his head away and he crumbled down to the floor.

When I was coming down from the pleasure, I could hear Amanda say to the slave "it looks as though you pleased her."

"Thank you, Mistress Amanda," he said with his face covered in my juices. I sat back up, adjusted my dress, and looked down at the slave.

"What do you think Mistress Jessica, do you think our slave here has deserved a reward?"

I smiled at both Jonathon and Amanda "I think he did a good enough job. We will allow him a reward." Jonathon broke out in a big smile, lowered his face to my nylon covered feet and began thanking me while planting passionate kisses on every toe.

Amanda produced a key from her necklace and went over to unlock Jonathon's chastity cage. As soon as she removed the steel tube, his penis sprang to life and instantly grew to at least 9 inches. "Alright slave, show us what a slut you are and cum for Mistress Jessica's feet." I crossed my legs in front of him and he jumped at the opportunity for a release, frantically stroking his cock. I decided to play with him a bit and lifted my foot up to his face. He began kissing my nylon foot while continuing to stroke. I then pushed my toe between his lips, forcing them to part, and inserted my foot into his mouth. He did look like a slut with my foot jammed into his mouth while he was jacking himself off.

It only took about two minutes before I noticed his eyes start to roll back a little and hot cum spewed onto my legs and foot. I never saw so much come out of one man and I looked in awe at Amanda. "He hasn't had a release in over a month so he was pretty full!" she

laughed. Once he was finished, he automatically lowered his head down and began licking the cum off my stockings. Again, I looked at Amanda and she explained. "Always make your slave clean up his mess. He should always swallow anything that comes out of him. This slave already knows this but you will have to teach any new slaves what to do. Believe me, if they want to ever have a release again, they will practically do anything."

Amanda ordered the slave to clean up and get dressed, adding that he should pay me for ruining my nylons with his mess. He quickly got his wallet out of his pants pocket and handed me a hundred dollar bill. I took off the stockings and handed them to him. "Here, you can keep these as a memento of the time you got to worship me." He thanked me and started to get dressed.

Amanda stayed for another hour or so while Jonathon sat on his knees beside her. She told me some more rules Jonathon follows. She also advised me on some things I should do if I find a slave and how to treat them. All in all, it was a wonderful learning experience and I was truly grateful for the time we had.

After she left with Jonathon, I knew that I couldn't wait any longer. I needed a slave of my own, and not just one! I wanted several gorgeous men doing my bidding and I was going to have it. I sat at my computer to begin my search for the perfect slaves.

Chapter II

The Search

It didn't take long before I had an abundance of emails from potential slaves. My profile was fairly detailed and straight forward in what I was looking for:

My name is Mistress Jessica and I am looking for several devoted slaves for various positions. I understand your need to serve a dominant woman and I am here to help provide that. You will be put in chastity from the very beginning and released only when I see fit and when you have paid me the proper tribute for such a privilege. In turn, I will allow you to worship me, give me massages, bathe me, and even pleasure me. You will be there to serve me. I am not here to serve any specific fantasy you may have unless that involves you working for me. I only require slaves that are in shape, young, free from any family ties, and, above all, that can follow orders and know that my word is law. The following positions are available:

House Slave

You will devote a certain amount of time each week to take care of my house. This includes cleaning, laundry, ironing, picking up after me, cleaning my car, fixing any items that may need repair, and any other household chores I need. As a house slave, you will be in my presence most often and thus will be one of my most accessible slaves.

Gardner slave

As a gardener slave, you must tend to anything outside which would include mowing the yard, tending to the landscaping, painting the fence and/or house, and any outside home repairs necessary. During the summer months, I do enjoy spending time outside relaxing so you may be by my side when I am sunbathing in my bikini, rubbing oil on me while waiting on me hand and foot.

Errand boy

The errand boy is just that. They will run my errands whether it is grocery shopping, picking up my dry cleaning, and whatever else I need. The errand boy will have a unique opportunity to go clothes shopping for me, maybe help me pick out some lingerie or heels.

Cook

The cook position requires someone that has plenty of experience. I will be checking your credentials. If you are just learning to cook or just know how to grill out, don't bother applying for this. I need someone that can cook a variety of dishes.

Please fill out the application form along with a \$50 application fee payable to my PayPal account.

I attached a couple pictures of me in sexy outfits and a few with just my feet. I also included my PayPal account and the application.

Within two weeks I received an overwhelming amount of application, many of which did not include the fee. Those were immediately deleted and I only focused on the serious applicants. Altogether there were 36 paying applications which meant that I instantly made \$1800. I was already reaping the benefits.

I sifted through the candidates and selected 6 that were most deserving and hottest. I contacted Amanda to see if I could borrow Jonathon to assist me and also as some protection just in case. She was more than willing to loan him to me. I sent all six a congratulatory message and gave them instructions on their next step.

Congratulations on making it into my stable! I am sure you are very anxious to start your new position as my slave. Your next step will be to purchase a chastity device. You do not need to worry about buying a lock; this will be provided for you. You will meet at my house on Saturday at 11:00 am. The address is included at the bottom of this message. Along with the chastity device, you will bring \$250 as an initial key holding fee. You will be greeted by another slave, Jonathon, and he will give you directions on what you will need to do from there.

Mistress Jessica

When the morning of Saturday came, I was very anxious but told myself to be as cool as possible. Jonathon arrived at 10:00 and I advised him on the things I needed to get done and prepare a room for the slaves. I allowed him to kiss my feet as a reward for helping me and he got busy on his tasks.

I finished dressing and looked at myself in the mirror. I decided to go with a white silk blouse that opened up quite a bit to show plenty of cleavage, a black, leather skirt, tan stockings, and 5-inch, shiny, black stilettos with a chrome heel. I looked very hot and strict, exactly what I was going for. I accentuated the outfit with a short riding crop. Around quarter to 11, I peered out the window and saw that some of the slaves were already arriving. This was it!

As the slaves arrived, Jonathon instructed them to take off their clothes and kneel on the floor in the living room. I had 6 post-it notes with a number for each slave to kneel by. The slaves were also instructed to have their chastity device and their key holding fee lying on the floor next to them as they were to present it to me when I arrived.

It was a surreal moment when I walked in. In front of me were 6 beautifully sculpted males all naked and heads bowed, awaiting their queen. I walked up and down the line, my heels clicking on the wooden floor was the only sound heard. I made sure I walked close enough to them so they could catch a glimpse of the stilettos I was wearing. Confidence began exuding from me and I felt like the most powerful woman at that moment.

I stood in front of all 6 of them, legs spread apart and my hands on my hips. "Alright slaves, you may look up at your Mistress!" I barked

Instantly all 6 of the slaves lifted their heads to gaze upon me. "You may each put on your chastity device." Some of the men had trouble fitting it on as they were already partially erect but eventually all the cages were attached to the slaves. "When I call your name,

you will crawl over and kneel in front of me with your fee in hand. Slave Stephen!"

The first slave came crawling over to me. He handed the \$250 to me and I crouched down to his level. While doing so I needed to open my legs a bit because of my skirt. I could see the slave wanting so desperately to glance down between my legs. I took a lock from a small bag and locked up his chastity device. "From this day forward, slave Stephen, I own your orgasms and your cock. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Jessica!" He said with a little trepidation as the lock snapped shut.

I began caressing his balls and could see his cock already trying to get hard in his cage. "If you do a good job as my slave, you will have a chance to earn a release but that is my decision. Anything I say should be taken as a command and obeyed immediately; my word is law." I went from massaging his balls to slowly squeezing them as I added, "Any disobedience or defiance will be dealt with by either punishment, added time in your chastity, or, at the worst, dismissal. Is all that understood?" I emphasized this last part with a very tight squeeze.

Stephen yelped from the pain but respectfully answered "Yes Mistress Jessica".

I went on to explain his duties. Slave Stephen was to be my gardener so I gave him a brief overview of what I expected. When he agreed, I allowed him to thank me for being his Mistress by worshipping my feet. He quickly prostrated himself and began lavishly kissing the tips of my high heels. Once I deemed he did a proper job of worshiping my feet, I instructed him to go back and kneel at his place.

I continued this introduction with the five remaining slaves. Marcus was next and he was to be my cook. He was finishing school to be a chef and I reminded him how lucky he was to be able to practice his skills with his new queen. Erik, a younger man who already owned his own business, was to be my errand boy. The

remaining three, Gregory, Caleb, and Darren, would all be my house slaves. All three were successful businessmen so were only able to devote a certain amount of hours each week. Each one of my new slaves crawled over and handed me the key holding fee before I locked him in chastity. Even though I stood reserved and acted every bit like the queen I wanted to portray, I was exhilarated inside. The power I had over these men was turning me on so much I wanted to grab one of them and shove their face between my legs. The perfect opportunity for this came when Darren, the last slave I locked into chastity, meekly asked "Mistress Jessica, I have a present for you. May I go and get it?"

"Yes you may slave but stay on your knees." I said

Slave Darren quickly crawled over to where his pile of clothes lay and retrieved a box from his coat pocket. He crawled back to me and presented it to me with his head bowed. I took the box from him and opened it up. Inside was a small diamond necklace. Even though it was small, it looked very elegant and I could tell it was expensive. I did a very good job of not showing too much excitement and I thought back to my ex-husband Michael. Not once did he buy me jewelry and I knew right then and there that this was the life I wanted for myself. "It is beautiful slave Darren; you may put it on me."

Darren stood up and carefully attached the necklace to me. He came around and was about to kneel again when I motioned him to stop. Pointing to an armchair in the corner of the room I said, "go bring that chair over here so I may sit." He quickly picked up the chair and brought it to me. Once it was in place, Darren resumed his kneeling position. I lifted up my skirt a little, pulled my panties down, and sat down on the chair.

I opened up my legs and looked at Darren. "Slave Darren, for such a wonderful gift, you may have the honor of licking my pussy today." He excitedly crawled over to me and buried his face in my pussy. I glanced over at the other slaves and saw that they were disappointed. Giving them more reason for them to work hard to pamper me.

For the next 15 minutes I enjoyed Darren's tongue licking me. He definitely had a lot of practice but I still needed to guide him to show exactly what I wanted. I grabbed a handful of his hair and maneuvered his head up and down at the speed I determined. He continued to lick and suck on my clit as I firmly held him in his place. Once I started feeling my excitement coming to a climax, I wrapped my legs around his head and took in wave after wave of pleasure. I tightened my hold on both his head with my legs and his hair with no thought to his comfort. This pleasure was for me and I was going to enjoy it.

After a while I had a remarkable orgasm and let my euphoria show openly amongst the other slaves. I rested back in my chair letting go of Darren's hair but keeping him locked between my legs while I recovered. Once satisfied, I once again opened my legs, released him from his position, and ordered him back in his place. I stood up and straightened my skirt to address the slaves. Even though I allowed them to witness the pleasure I experienced by the orgasm to ensure that they know what indulgences await them when they are allowed to please me, I made sure I stood strong and resigned when I lecture them.

"You will report here at 9:00 in the morning to receive full instruction on what is expected of each of you moving forward. It will be a long day of training so I require you to be fully rested." I looked over at all six men and could tell that what I was saying or what they just witnessed had an effect on them. Each one of the slaves showed straining against their new cage and I thought this was going to be too easy. "If you are late by even one minute, you will receive a stroke of the cane and believe me, I will not show any mercy. Is that understood?" In unison, all six men nodded their heads and affirmed they understood. "I own you now! Your job is to please me and make my life as comfortable as possible. I am your queen and you shall treat me as such." Again, all six of them acknowledged my comments. "You may leave but, before you do, make sure you thank your new queen for providing you this opportunity.

One by one, the slaves crawled over to me and kissed my foot, thanking me before getting dressed and excusing themselves. I then

ordered Jonathon to clean up before he left and I retired to my bedroom. As I was sitting on my bed, I held the diamond necklace in my hand and thought of all the things I could do and get with these slaves. I started planning everything that I wanted done and how to go about it. I made lists for each slave on what was expected. It was going to be a long but fun night. My life was definitely going to change for the better as it should be when you are queen.

Chapter III

The Training

Around 8:45 the next morning, I saw the cars starting to arrive. I knew that none of them would even think about being late so I made sure I was ready quite a bit before 9 am. I wore a black blouse that opened to show my ample breasts along with a pinstripe skirt. I fastened a tight corset over the outfit which gave me a more hourglass figure and added some black thigh high stockings and the same stilettos as the day before. Finally, I put on the necklace Darren gave to me.

The doorbell rang but I waited until it was 9:00 sharp before I opened the door to my new slaves. I looked them over and saw eagerness on their faces. "Come in," I said as I strolled into the living room and sat at the chair, crossing my legs. The boys started to walk into the room but I stopped them. "Ah, ah, you should be on your knees when you greet me." All five men dropped to their knees. "Now, come crawl to me and greet me by kissing my foot."

One by one, they crawled over to me and placed a loving kiss on the tip of my high heel. After each one greeted me properly, I pointed to a spot on the floor where they were to stay. Once everyone was in their place, I addressed them. "I am glad that you were all brave enough to show up for the second day. It is going to be a grueling day for all of you and I expect you to pay close attention to all my instructions as I will not tolerate laziness, forgetfulness, or any disobedience. Please me and you shall be rewarded, displease me and the consequences will be extreme. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress" They all replied, conveying their comprehension.

"Good, now, like I said, it is going to be a hard day, so does anyone have any questions, concerns, or any comments before we start?" The men looked at each other for a moment, determining

who may have any questions. Then, when it looked like nobody had anything to say, Erik meekly raised his hand. I thought this was a little funny since Erik owned his own business and is used to bossing people around but he was scared to ask me a question. "Yes, slave Erik?" I called on him as if we were in school.

"Dear Mistress Jessica, I don't have a question but I brought you a gift." Erik said with his head bowed. "May I give it to you?"

"That is very thoughtful. Yes, you may present your gift." I was expecting another piece of jewelry or something but he pulled an envelope out of his coat pocket and crawled over to me. He handed me the envelope and waited patiently for me to read it. The letter inside was very official and stated something about being a shareholder in his company. I honestly didn't know what this exactly meant but I didn't want to show that in front of all these men. "This is very thoughtful; I will be sure to reward you for your present. You stay here for now." Then, I looked over to the other men. "While I reward this slave, I want the rest of you to start working. I will come by later to talk to each of you." I turned to Stephen first. "Slave Stephen, you can start by mowing the yard and pulling the weeds from the flower beds. You'll find everything you need in the garage." He acknowledged his assignment and got straight to work. "Slave Marcus, I haven't eaten breakfast yet. Familiarize yourself with the kitchen and then start preparing me a nice meal with whatever you can. I would like it ready in 30 minutes."

"Of course, Mistress Jessica" he replied as he scurried off into the kitchen.

"Slaves Caleb, Darren, and Gregory, you can start cleaning the bedroom and other rooms. Cleaning supplies are in the closet in the hall. I expect everything to be spotless." All three men took off together. I then looked down at Erik kneeling in front of me. "Slave Erik, I have read your letter but you will need to help me understand what this means. While doing that, I can also use a good foot massage."

"Of course, Mistress!" He carefully removed my high heel shoes and began rubbing the balls of my feet. "As you know Mistress

Jessica, I own my own company. It does fairly well but is growing each year. There are seven shareholders of the company, including myself. Each owns 5% and I own the remaining 70%. With this paper, I have given you 5% of the shares to you so you are now a shareholder in the company.” He explained this all while focusing directly at my feet

I looked over the paper again while he continued worshipping my feet. “So, what does that mean? I am part owner now?”

“Yes, you will receive 5% of the profits from the company. Like I said, it does fairly well but I guarantee it will continue to grow which will give you more and more profits in the future.”

“How much are we talking about?”

“Last year, the stakeholders that owned 5% made approximately \$8000 but it will definitely be more this year. You don’t have to do anything, just receive the checks.”

I didn’t want to show my excitement but \$8000 a year extra was a lot of money to me at the time; and I wouldn’t have to do anything! I could tell that he was getting excited by touching my nylon clad foot while I thought back to a conversation I had with Amanda. One thing she taught me was to find out their weaknesses and exploit it. It was obvious that Erik’s weakness was feet and I bet I could get more. “I want 10%” I said in an authoritative tone.

He stopped massaging for a second and I could tell he was trying to think what he should do. I lifted my foot so it was inches away from his face. “Would you like to kiss my foot, slave?”

“Oh god, yes Mistress!” he exclaimed.

“Go ahead, then bury your face in my sole.” He quickly grabbed a hold of my foot and began kissing and rubbing his face on the bottom of my foot. I took my other foot and gently pressed it against his cage, slowly working it up and down the chastity device secured on his cock. I then moved my foot under his cage and started wiggling my toes on his scrotum. His neck went slightly limp and his

eyes closed at the pleasure I was causing. "So, 10% sounds good?" I asked.

"I don't know if I can do that, Mistress." He exhaled out, still feeling the pleasure of my foot. "The other shareholders would not take it well if you had more than them."

I quickly removed my foot from his crotch and pulled my other foot away from his face. "I don't care what the other shareholders will think. You will do as I say. You're lucky I didn't demand more!" I barked at him. Then, moving my foot back up so it was hovering above his lips I lowered my tone. "You gave me such a nice gift. I would like to reward you and not punish you." Moving my foot a little closer. "Would you like to continue with your reward?"

"Oh, please Mistress" he said, practically salivating

"Only if you really think I deserve 10%"

"Yes, Mistress, you deserve 10%, thank you." he said and quickly took hold of my foot and smothered his face in it and I moved my other foot back underneath his balls. Seeing this man so eager to worship me and so willing to do my bidding turned me on so much. I let him enjoy a few minutes before interrupting.

"Good, you can really thank me in my bedroom, c'mon, let's go." I removed my feet from his cock and face and stood up. I pointed to my shoes for him to carry and I started walking to my room with him crawling close behind.

When we got to the room, I stood in front of the bed facing his kneeling body. "You may remove my clothes, slave." I turned around so he could undo the straps on my corset. He fumbled around for a minute before finally removing it. Then he unzipped the back of my skirt and let it fall to my ankles, exposing my thigh highs and panties. I unbuttoned my blouse and let that drop as well. I stepped out of the skirt and ordered him to fold it nicely and put it on the dresser. Once he was back, he kneeled down facing my backside. "You can begin by kissing my ass." He leaned over and started planting kisses on each of my butt cheeks, savoring the

feeling of my lacy panties on his lips. I turned around to face him. "Would you like me to keep my nylons on?"

"Please Mistress!" he begged

I chuckled a little "I thought so. But remove my panties and start worshiping my pussy." He didn't hesitate one bit and within seconds he had his tongue on my clit, licking away. I sat down on the bed and grabbed a handful of hair and pulled him closer while wrapping my legs around his head. I rubbed my nylon feet against his back while he continued to pleasure me. After a few minutes I felt a climax coming so I pulled him in closer and squeezed his head between my thighs. Moments later my orgasm came. I must have caused him some discomfort as I squeezed harder and heard a groan of pain come from him. I let the waves of pleasure cascade through my body. Where once I was shy, I became uninhibited. I didn't care if anyone heard me. I didn't care if I may have been causing Erik some discomfort. All I cared about was my pleasure and I definitely saw myself getting used to this.

While I was recovering, still holding Erik in place with my thighs, I heard Marcus lightly tap on the door. "Um, Mistress, your breakfast is ready. I hope you will like it."

"Great timing" I said "I am just finishing up here. Prepare the table. I will be down in a minute."

"Yes Mistress." He said before turning around and heading back to the kitchen.

I let go of Erik and pushed him back to a kneeling position. "Come down with me. I will have something for you to do while I eat and meet with the other slaves."

I got dressed, grabbed a riding crop, and walked to the kitchen. I sat at the table and placed the crop on the table next to the placemat. Marcus presented the plate of breakfast he prepared; a nice omelet and toast for me, along with a glass of orange juice and water. He then retrieved a napkin and placed it on my lap. "I hope you like it, Mistress. There wasn't much in the refrigerator so I did my best."

“Yes, we will take care of that. I want you to prepare a list of everything you will need for the kitchen and Erik will run to the grocery store to pick it up. It looks delicious though.”

“Thank you, Mistress! I’ll get right on it.” He found a piece of paper and began making a list. Once he finished, he handed it to Erik and Erik grabbed his keys and left.

The omelet was fantastic and when I finished eating, I called Marcus to the table. He came over and kneeled at my feet. “I am going to go over some rules for you. Starting out, I want to know your exact schedule. You will, of course, not have to be here when you are scheduled to work but, since I expect my meals to be prepared, you will come up with some dishes that can be refrigerated. Is that clear?”

“Yes Mistress, I can do that.”

“Good! I will give you a list of things I like and don’t like and you will cook based on that. I know my kitchen isn’t very big and you may not have everything you need at the moment so I want you to buy or bring over what you need. Also, any food you require, you should bring or make a list for Erik to get. The kitchen should be fully stocked.”

“Yes Mistress, that shouldn’t be a problem.”

“If you make me something that I do not like or I feel tastes awful, I will give you a warning. Do it again and I will punish you. But make me something extraordinary and you may get a reward.” With that, I brought my foot up to his crotch and started rubbing it back and forth. I could tell that he was getting excited as I could feel his cock trying to get hard in its cage.

I also explained that the kitchen must be immaculate at all times. I don’t ever want to see a mess. He is also not allowed to eat any of the meals unless he is tasting it. I went over more of the rules and then ordered him to pull down his pants and bend over the kitchen table. “Slave, the breakfast was great but I expect the food to already be ready, on the table, when I come. Also, unless I ask you

otherwise, I want you to kneel at my feet when I am eating. That is the proper place for a slave, don't you agree?"

He nodded his head against the table. "Yes Mistress, you are right."

"Well, I want you to be the best you can be so I will need to correct any errors. Since you didn't know this and it is the first day of training, I will go easy on you. But don't expect such niceness every time."

"Yes, thank you Mistress." I then swung the crop through the air and landed it harshly on his ass. I repeated this spanking 9 more times which led to a bright red tone on his skin. I could tell he was hurt a little but he better get used to it. When I had finished with his spankings, I rubbed his butt a little to soothe the pain.

"You can get up now. I need to check on the others. Pull your pants up and start cleaning the kitchen."

"Yes Mistress."

"Be sure to thank me for your corrections."

He dropped to the ground and began kissing my feet. "Thank you, Mistress, for correcting me. I will do better next time."

I let him continue for a while before I dismissed him and walked into the bathroom where I found Caleb cleaning the bathtub with a brush. He stopped what he was doing and acknowledged my presence. "I am almost finished with the bathroom Mistress."

He stayed on his knees while I walked around to inspect his work. He didn't say anything and the only sound was the clacking of my stiletto heels against the floor tile. I checked the cleanliness of the whole room while sneaking little glances at Caleb. He was nervously waiting for my approval and almost looked scared that I might find something. I knew I would always enjoy seeing these big, strong men cowering at my feet but I still thought it was funny that these men, who were almost twice my size, were scared of me. I could get whatever I wanted from them either through lust or fear.

“You may continue.” I said and walked out in search of Darren and Gregory.

I found Gregory in the spare bedroom dusting the furniture. I continued the same routine where I walked around checking for dust, dirt, or anything that might have been missed. I didn’t say a word to him as he waited for me to finish my inspection. Once I was finished, I looked for Darren who was filling up a load of laundry in the washing machine. Since he wasn’t cleaning anything, I could only check if he was using the washing machine correctly. Once I looked everything over, I told him to follow me.

We went into the bathroom to find Caleb again. “Caleb, stop what you’re doing and follow me.” He put down the brush and got in line with Darren. We walked into the spare bedroom where Gregory was. “Alright slaves, on your knees.” All three dropped down at my command. “We are going to go over a couple things. As the houseboys, you are responsible for making this place as clean as possible. And not just a quick dust and mop. I want this place to be spotless and, believe me, I will check everything. You will have a lot of work to do and it will be a tough job. I will be very picky about your work and will be quick to discipline you for anything missed or performed not up to my standards. Some days it may seem like hell but, if you please me, there will be plenty of rewards. If any of you think you are not up to the task, now is the time to tell me.” I waited to see if anyone objected to these conditions and no one spoke up. “So, you are ready to commit fully to being my house slaves then?”

One after another, the three men answered, “yes Mistress”, acknowledging their willingness. I showed a little smile at their commitment and the fact that they were definitely mine now. I ordered them back to work and decided to check on Stephen outside. I walked out and saw the lawn had already been mowed and Stephen was at the edge of the driveway, pulling weeds. He had his shirt off and his back was glistening with sweat already. I stood at the doorway to admire his body. I thought to myself that I would never have had a guy like this if I didn’t get into this lifestyle. If I randomly met him at a bar, he probably wouldn’t have even given me the time of day. But now, he was doing my bidding just to be

near me. I knew I couldn't keep thinking like this. Where once I would have thought of myself not worthy of their attention, I now had to show that they were the ones needing to prove themselves worthy. Even though they may have been gorgeous, successful men, I was still their queen and they would bend over backwards to serve me. It just goes to show how much guys just want a strong, confident woman to dominate them.

I walked over to Stephen and addressed him. He stopped what he was doing and turned on his knees to face me. "How are you fairing out here?" I asked

"It's okay Mistress" he said, not sounding too pleased with the job assigned.

"Just okay? What's wrong?" I asked, "speak freely as I really want to know."

"It's just that when I saw your ad, I was assuming that I would be closer to you. But all I've been doing is working for the last two hours and just saw you. I guess I was expecting something else." he meekly spoke.

"What were you expecting then?"

"Honestly, I am looking for a Mistress that is harsh with me. I guess I am a masochist and like pain. Trust me, I don't mind doing the work but I want someone that would also cater to my needs."

I stared down at this man, thinking on how to deal with this. I was prepared to discipline these men but to a certain degree but not really hurt them. And here was this grown man wanting me to inflict pain. I didn't think I could do it and cater to his needs. I continued to stare at him and then thought about my ex-husband. If it was him, I would have no trouble causing him pain. I continued to think of my ex and an anger began to brew inside of me. I took this as an opportunity to take out all the frustration I had with him onto Stephen. I quickly grabbed Stephen by the ear and pulled him up to his feet. I then dragged him into the garage, leading him still by the ear. I could hear his moans of pain but paid no attention. Once in the garage, I threw him against my car so his stomach was against

the passenger side window. I then moved closer to him, pressing my body firmly against his, pushing him further into the side of the car. I grabbed him by the hair and pulled his head back a little as I leaned my face close to his ear. "Listen here you piece of shit" I growled into his ear. "I don't care what you want. It isn't about catering to your needs, it's about catering to mine and right now, I need you to finish with the chores I gave you. Is that clear?" I continued to pull his hair tighter and tighter as he expressed his pain.

"Yes Mistress, I'm sorry"

"Oh, you don't even know what sorry is." I pushed his head towards the car as I let go of his hair. "Stay there!" I yelled. I searched the garage for anything I could use to spank his ass and found an old fan belt for the car. I grabbed it from the shelf and turned back to Stephen who did not move from his spot. "Pull down your pants, now!" I ordered and he quickly complied. I stepped over to his naked bottom and rubbed it with my hand gently. "It will be a shame to mark up this perfect ass of your slave but I can't have you thinking this whole thing is about you." With that, I swung the belt and it landed hard across his back side. He let out a small scream as a red mark instantly appeared. I swung again, trying hard to hit in a different spot. I had to admit that it felt good and I repeated the swats, each time hearing a yelp from Stephen. Each time he made a scream, it brought me back to the idea I was doing this to my ex. I started feeling a rush of adrenaline as I was whipping him and started really getting into it. My juices were flowing and I actually found myself getting aroused from beating this man. I continued my onslaught on his ass and was so lost in the moment and didn't even pay attention to his screams of agony. It wasn't until I actually saw a trickle of blood come from one of the welts that I slowed down. I heard Stephen crying from the pain I caused and I was a little worried that I went too far.

"Please Mistress," he sobbed, "I can't take anymore, please stop." he begged

I gained control of my senses and stopped the whipping. He was crying uncontrollably so I dropped the belt and put my hand on his

welt covered ass. It was hot to the touch and I gently rubbed in, trying to sooth him. Even though I felt sorry for the pain I caused him, I was still turned on. I wanted him right then and there. I turned him around to face me and looked at the tears streaming down his cheeks. He tried his best to wipe them away and I just brought him closer to me and hugged him, holding him tight. He wrapped his arms around me and whispered in my ear. "I'm sorry Mistress, I will never put my needs before yours. Thank you."

To hear him thanking me after I just made him cry like a baby put me over the edge. I broke the hug and put my hands on his face, looking into his eyes then gave him a passionate kiss. I drove my tongue in his mouth and controlled every moment of the kiss. I was going to have him. I stopped the kiss and pushed his head down so he was forced back on his knees. I hiked up my skirt and buried his face in my panties. I began rubbing my nylon and panty covered pussy over his mouth and nose faster and faster. My breathing became heavy and slowly turned into moans. I pressed his face harder into me and quickened the pace I was rubbing my clit across his nose. Soon I orgasmed and let go of his head but I wanted more. I lowered my nylons and panties and grabbed his head once more. "Lick!" was all I said and he moved his face forward and lapped at the juices which seemed to pour out of me. I kept him licking for a while when I felt the next climax coming. I quickly moved closer to the car, turned around and hopped up on the hood. He followed, trying to keep his tongue in me the whole time and finally caught up to me once I was relaxed on top of the car. "Faster!" I commanded and as he flicked his tongue across my clit. The second orgasm soon came as my whole body shuddered. I relaxed on the hood of the car feeling the pleasure slowly subside. I was in pure heaven and didn't want this moment to end but I knew I had to get up eventually. I slowly got up and looked at Stephen, his face covered with my juices. I noticed that I looked quite disheveled as well. I removed my shoes and took off my nylons and panties. My nylons had a few tears in them and my panties were quite moist. I was going to throw them away but then had a better idea. I put my heels back on and hopped off the car. "Open your mouth slave!" I ordered. Stephen opened his mouth and I stuffed my damp panties

in his mouth. "You will keep these in your mouth until you have finished pulling all the weeds, got it?"

"Yef Mifftreff" he mumbled.

I smiled at his attempt to speak then handed him my nylons. "And look at what you've done to my nylons! You will bring me some new ones next time you come. And none of those cheap ones. Understand?" Again, he muffled his acknowledgement. "Good, now get back to work." I said and shoved his face as I walked away.

Shortly afterwards, I saw Erik arrive with the groceries. His car looked full and he needed several trips to bring everything in. I left him to it as I went to the kitchen and advised Marcus that the groceries were here and he should start preparing lunch. I also let him know to make some small sandwiches for the slaves as I am sure they were starving. I went about the house and checked to make sure everything was clean and the others weren't slacking off. I have to say, the house was never as clean as it was now in the whole time I've lived here. I made sure to find things wrong just so they would stay on their toes and I could punish them a little. After a thorough investigation of the house, Marcus announced that lunch was ready. I went into the kitchen and found a nice sauteed chicken breast with asparagus and a salad prepared on the table and several sandwiches on the kitchen counter. Marcus stood next to the table. "What would you like to drink, Mistress?" he asked.

"Just water for now." I replied, taking a seat at the table, smelling the delicious aroma. "This looks very lovely."

"Thank you, Mistress, I hope you enjoy." he said as he poured me a glass of water and then sat down on the floor next to me as I instructed him to do this morning.

I crossed my legs in front of him. "While I am eating, why don't you take off my heels and give me a nice foot massage." He quickly complied and removed my shoes and began softly massaging my feet. I sat there, enjoying this wonderful lunch as he continued to rub my feet. As I finished, I looked down at him. "You must be starving?"

“Yes Mistress, I am quite hungry” he said, not taking his eyes off my feet.

“Don’t worry, you’ll eat soon enough but, until then...” I raised one foot from his hands and put it next to his face. “You can suck on my toes to tide you over.” I pushed my foot into his mouth, fitting my big toe and three other toes in. I leaned back in the chair and grabbed my water as he sucked on each of my toes. I took my other foot and rested it on his shoulder as I relaxed for a bit. After about 10 minutes, I switched feet and had him lick the toes on my other foot. After a while, I was getting a little tired so I removed my foot from his mouth. “You can call the others to eat and then clean up the kitchen. I am going to rest a little.”

I went into my room and called Amanda. “Hey girl!” she answered. “How is everything going so far?”

“Oh my god, it is going better than I could have possibly imagined!” I said, trying to hold my excitement in as much as possible.

“That’s fantastic, tell me everything.”

“Well, so far they have cleaned almost my entire house, cooked for me, got me groceries, and are taking care of my yard. I haven’t lifted a finger for anything.”

“That’s the way it should be! They are there to serve you, not the other way around. Remember, they take pleasure in it so don’t, for one second, feel guilty. This is what they want so you are doing them a favor.”

“It’s just so amazing that they want to serve me. To be honest, they are so much more attractive than me but yet they are begging to worship me and cater to any needs.”

“You cannot think like that. Look at Jonathan. He is half my age but yet adores me. If I showed him that I don’t deserve a younger, attractive man, he is going to start to lose interest. You have to show that, not only are they lucky to be serving you but you can find another slave in an instant if they don’t behave.” She instructed

“You are right, although I am showing it to them, I also need to convince myself.”

“Exactly!” she replied, “Anything else?” she curiously asked.

“Oh yes, aside from all of that, I’ve had three powerful orgasms so far and I plan to have a couple more before the end of the day.” I laughed. “If this keeps up, I am going to have to release one of them from his cage because I will also want some regular sex as well.”

“That’s understandable but remember, don’t let them out too much. Men can get a little lazy if they don’t have that constant reminder that they can only be released if you are pleased with them. I would suggest something like a double ended dildo gag. I’ll send you a link, they are wonderful. Or, you can just find another man to fulfill that need. You don’t always need to get it from the slaves.”

“Hmm,” I thought, “I like that idea. Yes, please send me the link.”

“Okay, now, we went over how they cleaned for you and pleased you. Have they gotten you any gifts?”

“Yes, in fact, they did. One got me a nice diamond necklace and another actually gave me some stock in his company!”

“Ooooh, tell me about that!” she excitedly said

“Well, he owns his own company and, from what he told me, he owns 70% of the shares while six other investors hold 5% each. He originally gave me 5% as well but I demanded he give me 10.”

“Oh my god, that is awesome!”

“Yeah! He said last year 5% received around \$8000 but it should be more. So, I should be getting around \$16 grand.”

“Keep an eye on him,” Amanda laughed. “Make sure he is working hard at his job. The better he does, the better you do. And, you know what, as time goes by, I would demand a little more each time. Maybe in a month or two, another 5%. Your birthday is coming up, that should be another 10%. Pretty soon you will be the majority shareholder!”

“Oh Amanda, I doubt he would ever do that.”

“Trust me, you get a man horny enough and desperate for release, he will do anything you tell him.”

“Yeah, I will!” I excitedly said

“Plus, what I would do is set some payment rules for them.”

“How so?” I asked

“Make them pay you a monthly fee to be your slave. Sure, they’ll give you gifts every now and then but you need to make sure they are paying you for your time. Training a slave can be hard work, not to mention 6 of them. I would do something like \$500 a month and add late fees if they are not on time.”

“Yeah, I will do that, thank you! Anything else?”

“I would also charge them if they want to cum. You can release them whenever you want but, if they want permission to cum when it’s not your decision, they should pay for that privilege. I would say something like \$1000 or higher. This will make them do it only out of sheer desperation and not just whenever.”

“Oh, I like that idea. Thank you so much! I am still learning some of this stuff.” I said, grateful for all her help.

“Not a problem. I love my husband and am happy with just one slave but, if I were in your shoes, I’d be doing the same thing as well. I can live vicariously through you.” We both laughed and talked some more before we said our goodbyes.

When I hung up the phone, I looked and saw it was already 2:00 in the afternoon. The day just flew by. I went to check on the slaves and everyone was busy working. Marcus was finishing cleaning the kitchen and he said he was going to get everything ready to start cooking dinner. Stephen was still working on the weeding and, since he was moving a little slower after the thrashing I gave him, Erik decided to help him out. Gregory, Caleb, and Darren were all cleaning separate rooms. I told them, once they finished, that they can start on laundry next. I told them all my delicacies must be hand

washed and hung out to dry. Everything else could be thrown into the washer. I sat down on the couch and grabbed my laptop. I started looking online for things that I will want and began putting together a wishlist. I was definitely going to get spoiled. I took a few breaks to look around at the men working away and thought how I was really going to start enjoying my new life. By the time I finished, it was nearly 4:00 and I thought I should let them get home after already spending 7 hours of their Saturday working for me. Plus, I wanted to go over a few things before they left.

I called all the men into the living room and instructed them to kneel on the floor while I stayed on the couch. "Alright slaves, your first official day of serving me is coming to an end but I wanted to explain a few things. First off, I hope you understand what a privilege it is that you were chosen to be my slave. I also hope you realize that it is going to take a lot of training to make you the perfect slaves for me. As such, I will expect a monthly payment for my time and energy. On the first day of every month, you will deposit \$500 into my PayPal account. Even though it is already the 20th of the month, I expect next month's payment on time. You will be charged \$50 along with 10 swats from my belt for every day you are late on your payment. Is that clear?"

They all responded that they agreed so I continued on. On occasion, I will want to unlock your chastity and play with you and maybe even allow you to have sex with me. This will be done at my discretion based on your behavior. If you want to be let out of chastity without my permission, it will cost you \$1500 for every time. Now, is that understood?" Again, they all nodded in agreement. "I will also require you to send me your weekly schedule. I want to know exactly when you will be working and when you will have off. This includes your vacation days as well. I may ask you to take the day off if there is something pressing I need from you. I also want you to write me an email with what your fantasies are. I may or may not indulge in them but I want to know what triggers you. I will be honest, I will use them to control you even more but, I guarantee, you will love every minute of it. There will be more personal information I will require you to give me as time passes but that is it

for now.” I looked at the men and studied their faces. It looked like none of them had any issues with what I just explained to them so I was satisfied but I wanted to make sure. “Finally, before you leave, I want you to go home and really think about everything. Make sure that, after today, this is truly what you want. I will give you one free pass. If you choose to leave, I will remove your chastity and you can leave freely. If, later on, you decide it isn’t right for you, I will not remove the chastity and you will be forced to try and remove it yourselves. And believe me, those locks are not some cheap metal, you won’t be able to just cut them off. I want your decision emailed to me first thing in the morning. Now, Darren, stand and come to me.”

Darren stood up and walked over to me. “Yes Mistress?”

I put my hands on his waist and pulled him a little closer to me so I could whisper in his ear. “I know I didn’t get to play with you much today but I promise you, we will have plenty of time for that if you choose to stay.” I breathed heavily into his ear and reached down to grab his balls, massaging them gently. “I think we can have a really good time, don’t you?”

I could tell he was enjoying the massage and my breath in his ear. “Oh god, yes Mistress, I do.”

“Do you want to kiss me?” I seductively whispered.

“Please Mistress” he eagerly responded and I gave him a nice long kiss. When I broke off the kiss, I dismissed him to get his things and go. I called the next five men up and did the same thing. I wanted to make sure everyone was nice and horny when they left and had something to dream about when making their decision.

After they left, I was ecstatic and really hoping that all of them would continue on. I was truly interested in getting to know them and being part of my life. Later that night, I was pleasantly surprised to receive an email from Stephen. I knew he was worried about his role but he was the first to write to me saying he would like to continue. He also sent over a list of his fantasies and work schedule. He worked as a real estate agent so his hours were very

flexible but unpredictable. I understood this and wasn't going to make any of the men lose their jobs because of this. If anything, I wanted them to be successful and I was going to make sure to push them to be the best they can be at their jobs. I started reading through his fantasies but he already gave me a good idea of what they were. The majority of them were scenarios where he was being spanked or whipped to the point where he was begging for mercy.

By the next morning, I received emails from the other 5 men stating that they would all like to continue. I went through each email, reading their fantasies. They were all fairly similar, with a woman bossing them around and taking control of their life while they served them in some way or another. A lot of foot worship and smothering. There were a couple other situations mentioned with strapons as well. I never used one but I am sure Amanda could give me some pointers.

I also checked all of their schedules. Marcus, as mentioned before, was finishing school to be a cook. He came from money so, once he finished school, he wanted to start his own restaurant. It didn't leave him too much time to serve me so I would have to get creative with the time he was able to come. Gregory was in sales for a large computer programming company. His schedule was fairly flexible but, once in a while, he would need to travel. Caleb worked as a financial advisor and Darren was an architectural engineer. Both pretty much worked 9-5 jobs.

I spent the remaining Sunday thinking everything over and went over everything that I would like to happen moving forward. The more I thought about all the benefits, the more I wanted. All though I had these six slaves, I still had my crummy job, this small house, and an old, beat-up car. These were the first things I was going to change. I first decided to quit my job. The \$3000 I would be receiving from the slave's monthly payments would be more than what I was making now. Plus, they would be buying a good portion of everything else I would need. As for the car and house, I will have plans for that in the future.

Chapter IV

My First Christmas as a Queen

Over the next several months, everything was going according to plan. All six slaves were working very diligently for me. I was getting three grand a month from their monthly payments but I rarely needed to spend it. Anything I asked for, I received. Whether it was clothes, spa days, new shoes, money to go out, or a gym membership, I got it. I also received my first dividend check \$7,000 from stock Erik gave to me. I was informed that I would get a check quarterly and to expect more each time as the company was doing very well. Within 4 months, my bank account grew from pretty much zero to almost 20 thousand. At the time, it was a lot for me and it was so nice to see it grow each month without even working. I was also presented with many gifts throughout that time.

My slaves were kept in constant chastity and I only allowed them a release once every three or four weeks. Whenever they were around, I would tease them as much as I could. I couldn't wait until I broke the first slave into paying the \$1500 to get released and I was sure it would be soon as they were definitely struggling. I, on the other hand, had the enjoyment of several orgasms a day. I ordered them to pleasure me so often that I could not see going a day without an orgasm.

I did put in quite a bit of work though. Training them was a challenge at first but it was getting easier and they were learning very quickly how to do everything so it met my standards. I was extremely picky with everything and didn't hesitate to administer punishments at the slightest error. They were certainly afraid of me yet adored my presence. Yes, everything was going as planned but, it was time for the next step. I wanted to strip them of any ounce of

identity so they only really knew themselves as a slave to me. I was going to be their whole world; I was truly going to be their queen. I knew this would take time but I was going to be patient and take small steps in doing so.

My first step was to get rid of my terrible car. As Christmas was coming up, I not only expected gifts from each one of them but I was going to make them buy me a car. One Saturday, when all my slaves were present and about to leave for the day, I called them together. They all knelt in the living room, naked except for their chastity cages as I addressed them. "I asked you here, together, to discuss something I have been thinking about. I see you drive up to my house each day and think to myself, 'there is something wrong with this picture'. Can anyone tell me what that might be?" I asked them. I could tell they were thinking very hard, trying to figure out what I was talking about but didn't understand. "Okay, let me see if I can help you. Darren," I drew my gaze over to him. "What kind of car do you drive?"

"A Lexus, Mistress." he answered

"And you, Gregory?"

"Uh, I drive an Acura RDX, Mistress"

"Now," I continued, "do any of you see something wrong with this?"

Marcus spoke up, "Yes Mistress, we all drive nicer cars than you."

"Very good! So, do you think any of you should be driving a nicer car than me?"

"No Mistress" they all said

"Good, that's what I thought. As Christmas is approaching, I expect this to change. I want all of you to work together to find a car that your Mistress deserves. Is that understood?" They all agreed. "I was thinking something like a BMW 8 series or Tesla model S but you can surprise me." I walked towards them and then walked back and forth in front of their kneeling bodies. "Also, this coming spring, we will start looking for a new house." I stopped in front of Stephen.

“Stephen, since you are a real estate agent, I will put you in charge of this. That also means we will need to fix this house up and make sure it sells for top dollar. Does that all make sense?”

“Yes Mistress, I will make sure everything goes smoothly.”

“Perfect, I know you boys won’t disappoint me.” I said and dismissed them for the day.

A month later, Christmas came and I spent it with Amanda and two of her other friends, Janette, and Liz. Both of them were in similar situations to Amanda’s as they were both married and also had a slave serving them. They were very interested in my story and I was the center of attention. It was an elegant get together so all of us wore evening gowns. I had one of my slaves buy me a nice black gown that went to the floor. It was slim fitting and I would have never worn such a dress before but I’ve been getting to the gym quite often and lost quite a bit of weight. I also wore black stockings and sparkly, black stilettos. I even decided to get my hair and makeup done before the event, all of which was paid for by my slaves of course. The three husbands were there but they stayed mainly in the kitchen preparing the meal and getting us drinks. The four of us spent our time in the living room, next to the large, beautifully decorated Christmas tree and fireplace. It seemed magical how Amanda had everything decorated, like it was out of a magazine. We sat around sipping wine as the men catered to us.

“So, Jessica, tell me, how is your little stable going?” Liz asked, very intrigued

“Oh my gosh, it is the best thing that’s ever happened to me! I feel so much more in control of my life.”

“Yeah, Amanda has kind of told us your story.” Janette added. I turned to Amanda and she just mouthed ‘I hope that was okay?’ I nodded to her and turned back to Janette as she continued. “It must have been horrible for you, being stuck in that abusive marriage.”

“It was! Looking back, I can’t even believe how much I put up with from that asshole.” I said, shaking my head. “It was a nightmare”

Amanda reached over and put her hand on my knee. "You don't ever have to worry about that again my dear." Then, turning her concerned look into a smile, "Look at you now. Within a few short months, you have changed your life around and it will only get better. I guarantee, your ex is not doing nearly as well as you are."

I laughed at the comment "Yeah, I can bet you he isn't. That man is the laziest piece of shit I've ever come across."

"Dear, all men are lazy." Liz said, shaking her head and smiling, just as her husband came in with a plate of appetizers. He, like the other husbands, only wore tight red boxer briefs and a Santa's hat. "That's why we have to train them. To make them better men. Isn't that right sweetie?", she slapped her husband on the butt, giving him a smirk.

"Yes, you're right Miss Liz" he said as he set the appetizers down on the table in front of us. He started to walk back to the kitchen but Liz quickly grabbed him by the elastic band on his underwear.

"No, no, no, tell our new friend Jessica, what I am right about."

Liz kept a hold of his underwear as her husband, Andrew, turned to face me. "Miss Jessica" he addressed me, "Us men are very lazy, if it wasn't for my wife training me how to work hard and be obedient, I would probably be just sitting on the couch, doing nothing but watching tv all day. She has taught me the value of hard work and I do my best that a man can be of good use."

I smiled at his thoughtful albeit rehearsed response. "You should feel very lucky to have a woman like Liz to help guide you and take care of you."

"Oh yes Miss Jessica, I feel very lucky to have her." he turned to Liz to see if he could go back to the kitchen with the other husbands but she just nodded her head towards the floor and pulled a little on his underwear. He knew what this meant and got down on his hands and knees in front of her. She lifted up her legs and placed her feet on his back.

“One thing that is nice for you Jessica is that your slaves were already happy to serve you. This one here,” she motioned her head down to Andrew “he wasn’t quite so willing at first.”

“Yes, I am happy that I didn’t have to deal with too much resistance. Although, there was still plenty of training involved.” I said, then, looking at Andrew “He seems to be very well mannered. I can’t imagine him being otherwise.”

“Oh, you have no idea. It took a lot of training to get him to this point. He was very opposed to becoming my bitch, weren’t you darling?” She dug the heel into his exposed back as she asked this.

“Argh, no Miss Liz, I didn’t like the idea at first.” he grunted out as she continued to dig her heel into him.

“But we needed to do it, didn’t we?” She talked to him like a child and I was enjoying every minute of it as he just shook his head to affirm her question. “And why did we need to do it? Tell Miss Jessica what you did to require me to train you?”

He lifted his head towards me, “I cheated on her, Miss Jessica.”

I adopted Liz’s motherly tone she was using when talking to him. “Oh, and why would you do that?”

“I don’t know Miss Jessica.” he said, dropping his head back down.

Liz commented quickly “I’ll tell you why. He was becoming this young, hotshot stockbroker, making a lot of money and thought he could get away with anything, including sleeping around. His firm is very big on family values and the last thing he needed was to go through a messy divorce so we decided to change a few things, didn’t we darling?”

“Yes Miss Liz” Andrew said, still being used as a footrest.

“The first thing we did was put him in chastity so he could never cheat again. I made sure that he truly suffered for his indiscretion. I would constantly tease him and wear more revealing clothing. Not only to get him excited and more docile but to also show him that

cheating was unnecessary when you have a gorgeous wife at home.”

“Exactly” Janette remarked “I don’t understand men. They have beautiful wives or girlfriends at home but yet they still want more.”

“That’s why they need to be controlled!” Amanda commented. “If not, they’d be trying to sleep with anything in sight, humping any leg they could find just like a dog. In my opinion, chastity should be enforced as soon as two people are married.”

Liz laughed “It’s been quite a while since Andrew’s last release so I bet he would jump at the chance to hump any of your legs right now. Wouldn’t you?” she looked back down at her husband.

“Yes Miss Liz, I would love to.” he eagerly replied

Liz looked at me as if asking with her face if I would let Andrew hump my leg. I nodded back to her. “Well, why don’t you go over to our new friend Jessica and show her what a dog you are.” She lifted her feet off of his back and Andrew came over to me.

I opened my dress, revealing my leg to him. He grabbed it tenderly with his hands and looked up to me. “May I Miss Jessica?”

“Sure, why not. Show me what a bitch you really are.”

He planted a kiss on my knee and moved closer so my leg was tight against his crotch. He began moving up and down slowly and eventually, leaned his head on my thigh and hugged my leg. He was rhythmically rubbing his chastity and exposed balls against my leg and I could see he was enjoying it. He began moving faster and faster. “Be careful, if you make a tear in my stockings, I will beat you senseless. You understand!”

“Yes Miss Jessica, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.” he said as he slowed down a little. I looked up and saw the other girls with looks of approval. They were happy with how forceful with him and putting him in his place.

I continued to let him have some fun but, eventually, I saw that he was getting a little too much pleasure from it so I stopped him.

“Okay, that’s enough.” He looked a little disappointed but that wasn’t my problem. He let go of my leg and kissed my foot, thanking me. “You’re very welcome and, while you are down there, you can give me a nice foot rub.” He didn’t hesitate for a second and removed my heels and began massaging my feet while we continued on.

“So,” Liz returned to her story “after teasing him for weeks, he was so horny that he could barely take anymore, that’s when I started his real training. It didn’t come easy as he was quite stubborn and set in his ways but, after several harsh punishments, he started to come around. Once he was starting to understand his new role in the marriage, the rest became fairly easy. We transferred everything into my name which was fairly easy since Amanda’s husband is a lawyer, he did everything for free. The bank accounts, credit cards, stocks, cars, house, everything, it was all in my name. He literally did not have a cent left to his name. I cemented his place by taking numerous photos of him in compromising positions and attire. If he decides to ever try to leave, not only will he not have any money, but he also knows those photos will be going to everyone he knows. Not that he would ever want to leave. He likes it much better this way, don’t you dear?” she asked Andrew.

“Of course, Miss Liz, I am much happier this way.” he commented without losing focus on my massage. I was amazed at how well trained he was.

“He should be.” Liz continued “He is doing very well at work since he is much more focused. With me in charge of all the finances, we’ve paid off my house a lot sooner than we planned, and he gets to be at the beck and call of a wonderful woman.” She smiled after saying this. “After that, it wasn’t a matter of what he wanted but what I wanted. He’s on a very nice routine and I haven’t lifted a finger around the house in god only knows how long. Now I just like to play games with him.”

“Like what?” I asked

“Well, I like to dress him up a lot of times. A nice French Maid’s outfit when he’s cleaning, a nurse’s outfit when he is doing my

manicure and pedicures. I even have him wear stockings and lingerie under his suit when he goes to work.”

I saw Andrew blush a little when she mentioned this. I’m sure it must be embarrassing for him as we openly discussed very private matters as if he wasn’t in the room. Eventually I was satisfied with his massage and had him put my shoes back on. Liz had no further use for him either so she sent him to the kitchen with the other husbands to continue with the meal. Over the next hour, the three women shared other stories about their husbands or slaves while the boys finished dinner and were preparing the table. I got so many tips and ideas that I was becoming more and more excited. “Oh my gosh ladies!” I said to them. “This has been so educational for me. I can’t wait to try a lot of this on my slaves.”

“Just wait, Jessica.” Amanda leaned close to me. Then, smiling at the other women, “we have a special treat for you tonight.”

“What is it!”

“You’ll see soon enough. Just a little surprise to welcome you to our little group.” she again smiled at the other two women.

Just then Patrick came into the living room, “Mistress Amanda, Miss Liz, Miss Janette, Miss Jessica, dinner is ready.”

“Great!” said Amanda, “Let’s go ladies and see the great meal the boys prepared for us.” We all got up and walked into the dining room. The table was adorned with all kinds of food with a glazed roast duck displaying prominently in the center. I saw that Amanda calculated exactly how she wanted everyone to sit by the chairs. There were four normal chairs, one on each side of the table and then three chairs that were several inches shorter, two on one side and one on the other. Amanda directed me to sit opposite of her chair at the head of the table. We all sat down and all three men looked a little ridiculous as only their chests reached the table so they looked like children sitting among the adults. You could definitely tell the women in this room held all the status.

Amanda stood up from her chair and gave a small speech about how she was so thankful to have us all at her home this Christmas

and how she truly treasures our friendships. She then carved the duck, symbolizing her as the head of the household. She passed the carved meat to the other women and herself and announced we could start filling our plates. The men each grabbed a very small piece of meat and filled the rest of their plates with salad. While we enjoyed a nice glass of wine, they had water in front of them. "Are you boys on diets?" I asked

"Oh yes" said Amanda, speaking for all of them. "Very strict diets. When men start getting a little older, it becomes more difficult for them to lose weight or stay in shape. Although they get plenty of exercise cleaning and running errands, we thought it best that they also eat very healthy. Plus, we've noticed that if they eat too much, they get a little sluggish when doing their chores." She said all this matter of factly as if she were talking about how they care for a pet.

Throughout the meal, we openly talked about the men in our lives. The wives talked about embarrassing things they've done to their husbands, how best to discipline them, and some of the amazing orgasms they've had with other partners. All of this right in front of them. In fact, at some point, I stopped noticing that the men were even there. It just seemed like a girl's night.

Once we finished the meal, the girls and I returned to the living room where the men brought us desserts and wine. We relaxed for a bit while the boys cleaned the kitchen. After they were finished, Amanda called her husband into the room. "Patrick, I think it is time for Jessica's gift. Run and get it for her." Patrick scurried off to the bedroom.

"Oh, Amanda, you didn't have to do this! I thought we agreed we wouldn't buy each other presents?"

"Oh hush, this is from all of us and we just thought it was something you will need soon." Amanda said, just as Patrick was coming in with a medium sized box wrapped in elegant paper. He handed me the present. "Open it up, I am curious to see what you think."

“Oh my gosh, I wasn’t expecting this.” I said with elation. I started unwrapping the present to find a plain, cardboard box. I opened it up to first find a harness type thing. I lifted it out of the box and all the ladies had a big smile on their faces. “Um,” I said, a little confused. “Not sure what this is but I am definitely intrigued.”

“Keep looking in the box.” Liz said

I pulled some paper out of the box which revealed an assortment of dildos of various colors and sizes and understood what the harness looking thing was for. “Oh wow!” I said

“It’s your first strapon!” Exclaimed Amanda. “I know we talked about it a couple times so the girls and I decided to help you get started.”

“Oh my gosh, thank you so much!” I went around the room and hugged each one of the women. “I may need your help showing me how to use everything correctly though.”

“That is the second part of the surprise.” Amanda explained “We know you don’t have experience with this so we thought it would be nice to give you sort of a tutorial. Boys! Come in here now.” She yelled out and the three husbands came rushing into the living room. “Pants off” she ordered and all three immediately removed their briefs. “Patrick, bend over the chair here.” she pointed over to a chair and her husband obediently followed her instructions. Then, turning to me, she advised me that it might be easier if I removed my dress. Liz and Janette took off their dresses as well which made me less inhibited. Amanda then grabbed the harness and showed me how to put it on. While she was doing that, the other women were also fastening on similar harnesses. “Now, let’s get a cock to put in there.” she said as she grabbed one from the box. “Patrick is fairly experienced so we will use a bigger one on him. If your slaves do not have any experience yet, you probably should start with the smallest one and then work your way up as they get used to it. She fitted the dildo through the ring in the harness and I could feel the back part rub against my clit a little. She got some lube and put a decent amount on the dildo and then rubbed a little against Patrick’s asshole. “Whenever you are ready.” she calmly said. I moved

forward and the tip of my dildo was pushing against his hole. "Again, Patrick is well versed in this so you don't have to be timid about it. With your boys, you might want to ease into it." I took her advice and thrust my hips further. I could feel a slight resistance at first but as I continued to push, I felt it go in all the way.

I moved my hips back and forth and started to create a nice rhythm. I could feel the dildo rubbing against my pussy and it was starting to create quite a bit of pleasure. "Ooohh, that does feel good." I said

"Feel free to use him how you like. Although this is good for him as he continues to learn his place, it is mainly for your enjoyment. Don't hold back, take him like the bitch he is."

I listened to her advice and started moving faster and faster. I grabbed a hold of his hair to give me more leverage and really started pounding his ass. I had nothing against Patrick as he was always very polite and well-mannered but thoughts of my ex filled my head which made me more and more aggressive with him. I looked over and saw Liz and Janette also fucking their husbands which provoked me even further. I turned back to Patrick; agony was clearly visible on his face but I didn't care. "You like taking my cock don't you!" I yelled at him.

"Yes Miss Jessica!" he said with gritted teeth.

"Tell me you want more of it!"

"Please Miss Jessica, please keep fucking me. I want more." he was almost in tears.

"Yeah, you do." I said back to him, pumping him harder. "You are my bitch now. Tell me, whose bitch are you?"

"I'm your bitch Miss Jessica, I am yours." he screamed.

The dildo was rubbing against me more vigorously and I was starting to feel the beginnings of an orgasm. I started to focus on that and paid no attention to the naked man at the end of my strapon. I was enjoying it so much; I had no idea how hard I must have been fucking him when I heard several loud groans of pain

come from him. "Shut up and take it you slut!" I ordered and went back to focusing on my orgasm. Soon, strong sensations tingled throughout my body as I felt an amazing orgasm. My body shuttered from the feeling and I rammed the strapon into him one more time. With the dildo still fully inside of him, I collapsed on his back, sweating profusely from the exertion of the event. I slowly calmed down and came to with a slight embarrassment from what I just did in front of the other women. I was afraid to even look but, when I did, I saw them beaming with smiles. When I pulled the cock out of Patrick, they congratulated me.

"Wow!" exclaimed Amanda, "That was amazing. I am so proud of you. I know I probably don't need to ask but, how did you like it?"

"Oh my god!" I said, "I had no idea it could be that good."

"Yes, it can be quite the feeling. I always get a nice orgasm from it. Along with a strong sense of power."

"Yes, I can definitely see that."

"If you want, I usually make him suck my cock when I am finished."

I turned to Patrick who looked a mess. "You know what, I will pass for now. I need to rest a bit."

"Understandable!" she laughed

Throughout the rest of the night, I received a lot of practice with the strapon and had a couple more orgasms. We would pass the husbands around and when we finished, we would take a small wine break and then continue on. I tried several different positions and, towards the later hours, was so tired that I rested on the couch and had Janette's husband bounce up and down on my cock while I just sat there. By the end of the night, the boys were completely wrecked. Their sweaty, sore bodies could hardly move but that was no excuse for them not to clean up everything. It was 2 am when we finally decided to call it a night. I thanked the women for such a wonderful evening and was so excited to see them again. Tomorrow would be Christmas and the slaves were coming over in the

evening. I would have all day to relax and recover but I also wanted to do some quick shopping as I had some ideas for the boys.

The next day, around 4:00, Erik called to inform me that everyone was on their way over so I started to get prepared. Earlier in the week I thought I would be a little festive so I bought a sexy Santa dress. It was a red, velvety dress with a large black belt. The dress ended about halfway down my thigh and had fluffy white cotton around the hem. I topped it off with black thigh high nylons and a garter belt. When I would sit, you would get a glimpse of the stocking tops and garter. I added 5-inch red stilettos and a Santa cap. I looked in the mirror and knew it would drive the boys crazy. The doorbell rang and I went to greet them.

"Merry Christmas!" They all said as I opened the door. They all had presents in their hands and were all dressed very nicely in suits. I could see they liked my outfit as well as they all were blatantly staring. I invited them in but Erik spoke up.

"Before we come in Mistress, there is something we want to show you. They created an opening in the doorway so I could walk through and, in the driveway, was a brand-new Mercedes Benz SL. I was overjoyed to see what they picked out for me and I quickly went to the car as Darren handed me the key. I jumped into the car and it was magnificent. I've never had anything so nice in my life. I told the boys to go into the house to drop off their presents and start getting the dinner prepared as I wanted to take a quick test drive. I drove all around the neighborhood, enjoying everything about the car. I was gone for about 30 minutes when I pulled back up into my driveway. Seeing my house compared to this car, I knew something needed to change about that soon but, for now, I was very pleased with my slaves.

As I came inside, I could smell dinner being prepared and heard Christmas music being played. Some of the boys were tidying up the house and lighting candles to prepare the mood. While the food was cooking, I sat down and enjoyed the atmosphere of the house. Watching them work, enjoying the music, and loving my life.

Marcus prepared a wonderful meal that we all ate together and, although it seemed a little odd, I was beginning to feel like they were my family. After dinner, we all went into the living room to exchange gifts. I sat down on the sofa as the boys all sat in a semicircle in front of me. "My boys," I said lovingly. To give them a little treat, I crossed my legs to give them a peak at my stocking tops. "I have been so pleased with you these past few months. You have all learned so much and have proven to me that you are loyal, obedient, and dedicated to your position as my slave. Not that there isn't room for improvement from all of you but we will work on those in the coming year. I bought you something to show my appreciation and my own dedication." I went to the Christmas tree and grabbed several small presents. I handed each one of the slaves two presents. "I want you to open the smaller present first."

They each unwrapped their first present and found a leather collar with their name on it. "I hope by accepting this collar, you will fully commit to my position as your queen and show that you will be dedicated to making my comfort and needs your top priority. I would like you all to wear these while you are in the house. I don't expect you to have it on when we are running errands or while you are away." Each one of them thanked me for the gift and put it on right away. I smiled at their eagerness to dedicate their service to me. "Now, you can open your second present."

They each opened the larger present and found an assortment of panties and lingerie. They all had a confused and worried look on their faces. "So, after my Christmas Eve dinner, my friends gave me the idea to dress you up a little. You will be wearing these under your regular clothes all of the time, even at work. I think this will give you a constant reminder of me and your status." I could see they weren't as thrilled about this present but it didn't matter to me, they were going to do as I told them to. "You each have 7 pairs of panties, one for each day of the week. You also have some nice little pieces of lingerie. If they don't fit, we can go back to the store together and find the right size for you." I knew this would be humiliating for them if they had to go to the store and find the right size of lingerie. I am sure they prayed that it fit.

After I gave them their gifts, they each brought their present to me. I first opened Erik's. He was definitely my favorite but I didn't want to show it. I could also tell he tried his hardest to impress me. I had a good idea of what he was getting me as I dropped several hints that I wanted another 5% of the company stock. I was pleasantly surprised when I opened his small box and found a letter transferring 10% more over to me. I now owned 20% of his company. While he still had 55 percent, I was determined to be the top shareholder soon. The next present I opened was from Darren. He bought me a beautiful diamond necklace and matching bracelet. Caleb got me two very lovely pairs of Louboutin heels and several pairs of Wolford nylons. He definitely had a thing for feet. I received a beautiful and expensive looking watch from Marcus, a jewelry box filled with earrings from Stephen, and finally, Gregory got me two all-inclusive tickets to Belize that I thought would be perfect for Amanda and me.

I was overly happy with everything that I got for Christmas. Never have I received so many expensive gifts and I couldn't be more grateful for these six men. I had one more surprise for them as I wanted to show how thankful I was and how happy I am to have them so dedicated to me. I asked Caleb and Gregory to follow me into the bedroom. Once we got in the room, I brought out two keys from my purse. "This will be your final Christmas present." I said as I walked over to each one of them and unlocked their cages. It didn't take long before their cocks grew to full erections. I sat down on the edge of the bed and informed them to sit down on the floor in front of me. I knew these two had huge foot fetishes so I lifted my feet towards them and told them to remove my shoes. They each did and I allowed them to kiss my nylon covered feet. After a few kisses, I moved my feet down and started playing with their exposed cocks. I was rubbing them in a slow, methodical movement and I could see the euphoric expressions on their faces. I could tell neither of them were going to last too long so I stopped for a second. I turned around on the bed and laid on my stomach. "You can kiss and massage my legs and feet but do not cum." I instructed. I relaxed for a while as both men worshiped me, planted kisses on my calves, soles, and toes. When I thought they had enough enjoyment, I

ordered them to kneel at the end of my bed. I sat back up and pressed a foot into each man's face. Wiggling my toes, I got them to open their lips and take my foot into their mouths. "Now, you can masturbate but only with one hand. You can use your other hand to support my leg." They each grabbed a foot and eagerly began to masturbate. They sucked on my toes and ferociously wanked their stiff cocks. Within about 2 minutes, Caleb's body started to convulse as semen spewed all over the floor. No more than 30 seconds later Gregory did the same. I let them recover for a minute before I ordered them to lick up their mess and get cleaned up. When they came back, I refastened their chastity cages back on and dismissed them.

Next, I called Stephen to the room. I ordered him to remove his clothes and to bend over on the bed with his ass up. I leaned over him and started gently rubbing his broad shoulders. I moved my way around to his chest and began fondling his nipples. Then I made my way down to his groin and caressed his balls. He was clearly getting excited so I knew I needed to remove his cage soon or it would be very difficult when his cock was throbbing too much. I located the lock and inserted the key. I carefully removed the tube around his cock and placed it on the side of the bed. I continued to play with his balls, massaging them and giving them quick squeezes now and then. He was fully erect at this point and I moved my hands back to his shoulders. I dug my nails into them and dragged them across his back, creating eight long red marks down to his ass. He arched his back from the pain but also let out a moan of delight. I let him stand like that while I went into the closet and pulled out a small cat-o-nine tail. At first, I softly whipped it back and forth across his backside, applying a little more pressure with each swing. After a few minutes, his moans of pleasure were turning into moans of pain. I stopped for a second to rub his backside which was already very warm from the whipping. I went over to my hamper and pulled out a dirty pair of panties. I grabbed him by the hair and yanked his head up so he could look at me. "I am going to allow you to masturbate while I continue to whip you but I don't want to hear you screaming." I shoved my dirty panties into his mouth. "That should keep you quiet." He mumbled a thank you as I stepped back and began

whipping him. He quickly moved his hand down to his cock and started stroking it. I continued to whip him quite hard and I could hear his muffled screams getting louder and louder. I could tell he was having trouble concentrating on pleasuring himself but it didn't concern me. I was going to whip him until he came. I didn't have to wait too much longer as he frantically wanked until his sperm coated the side of my bed. Once again, I made the slave lick up his mess, secured his chastity back on, and then ordered him to take my comforter and wash the rest of his cum off of it.

I continued with the next two slaves in a similar fashion. Playing to their fetishes, I allowed each of them a release. I would say it was probably the best Christmas present they have ever received. Then I got to Erik who I decided was going to get the ultimate treat, sex with me. I called him into the room and ordered him to strip. He immediately followed my command and stood before me with nothing but his chastity on. I moved closer to him and unlocked the small padlock and removed the tube. His penis started to grow from the freedom and even more when I started rubbing his body with my hands. He was thin but quite muscular and I enjoyed caressing his body. I moved even closer so his erect cock was brushing up against the velvety fabric of my skirt. I swayed back and forth, teasing his cock even more. I grabbed the back of his neck and pulled his head close to my face and then whispered in his ear. "Hold me slave." He quickly put his arms around me and pulled me closer to him so our bodies were tight. "I am going to fuck you tonight; would you like that?" I continued to whisper in his ear.

"Oh god, yes mistress!" he moaned as he pulled me even closer

"That's what I thought." I pushed him away a little. "Go lie on the bed." He did as instructed and laid flat on his back with his erection standing straight up. I seductively removed my Santa dress then continued with my bra and panties. He couldn't keep his eyes off of me as I stood there with just my stockings and garter belt. I moved closer to the bed to give him his last instruction and warning. "I will be the one doing the fucking tonight, you just lie there and do as your told."

“Yes Mistress”

“I know it’s been a while since you last came but I want this to last. If you cum too quickly, you will be very, very sorry you did, understand?”

“Yes Mistress, I will do my best.”

I climbed on top of the bed and straddled his naked body. At first, I moved my clit back and forth on the tip of his penis. I was already turned on from the other slaves so it didn’t take much for me to get wet. I slowly lowered my body onto his cock and saw Erik’s eyes roll back into his head from the pleasure. I moved up and down slowly enjoying the sensation of him in me. I grabbed his hands and brought them up to my breasts and directed him to massage them while I impaled myself on him. Erik started to moan a little and I was worried he wouldn’t last. “You better not cum, bitch!”

“I’m trying Mistress but I don’t know if I will make it.” he replied through gritted teeth.

I knew I had to do something so my pleasure wasn’t cut short. I raised myself up so his cock slowly slipped out of me and I scooted myself up to his face. He knew exactly what to do and started licking my pussy. He was gently flicking his tongue across my clit but, after a while, I needed a little more. “Stick your tongue out and keep it there.” I ordered. With his tongue fully exposed, I began fucking his tongue, bouncing up and down on his face. Within a few minutes the pleasure was becoming greater. I sat on his face with a little more pressure and started grinding my hips. My pussy was rubbing against his tongue and then his nose and back again. I did this for a while and looked back and saw that his cock was still at full staff. I could feel my orgasm coming but I wanted it to come with me fucking him so I slid back down and, once again, sat down on his member. With all the orgasms the slaves have given me over the past several months, I missed actual sex. I knew I needed to figure out something as I wanted more of this but I couldn’t allow them the luxury of fucking me all the time. I roughly rode Erik as his cock was going in and out of me at a rapid pace. The smacking sound of my ass bouncing on his hips was getting louder and quicker. I felt the

start of my orgasm coming. "Don't cum, don't you fucking dare cum until I tell you!" I yelled. His head went back into the pillow as I could tell he was trying his hardest when the first waves crashed over my body. "Oh god, yes. Cum now!" I ordered and immediately felt his hot sperm fill me up just as I climaxed. I rode him until the last of my orgasm fluttered away. I rested for a minute as his cock was still inside of me. Once I gathered myself, I scooted back up so my crotch was on his chin. "Now you can clean up." I said as I moved my cum filled pussy up to his mouth. Once he finished cleaning me out, I slowly got off of him. I laughed as his face was covered in a mixture of my juices and his cum. "Go clean up and come back here so I can put your chastity back on.

Once he was clean and the cage was securely locked back into place, we went back to the living room where the other slaves were patiently waiting. We sat down and relaxed, every one of us having a much-needed orgasm. We watched Christmas movies and drank some wine. I couldn't remember a better Christmas for me.

Chapter V

The Beginning of My Queendom

For the next several months, things were pretty consistent. My slaves were all doing their jobs very well and, even though they often received disciplinary action for not doing something properly, I can say I was very pleased with their work and dedication.

I was mostly pleased with Erik. He always went above and beyond what was asked of him and I slowly started to use him more and more as my personal sex slave. I did fuck the other slaves once in a while but Erik was my favorite. Aside from the sexual pleasure, he was also still gifting me with more and more shares of his company. Of course, I manipulated the situation and teased him to the point of desperation. I would tie him down and take off his chastity. I would then proceed to play with his cock until he was begging for release. I only allowed it if he would give me a couple shares each time. By the end of spring, I owned 33% of the company.

With Eric becoming more of a sex slave than an errand boy, I decided to find another slave to fill that position. As I did before, I posted something on the website I used previously. Erik helped me weed out anybody that didn't really seem serious and narrowed it down to a couple people. I looked through the candidates and selected three that I thought might be good and replied to them. I stated what my demands were, what was expected of them, and all the details surrounding their financial obligations. I had interviews with both men and finally selected Garrett, whom I felt would be the most dedicated. I also found out that he was an auditor for the IRS. I thought he would be good to have around to help keep my finances in order. He was a bit older than the other slaves but he seemed like

he was in good shape and was very excited to be one of my slaves. Erik showed him around and explained mostly everything that I expected. In time, I knew I would get more slaves but I didn't want to get ahead of myself and take on more than I could handle, seven would be perfect for the moment. I would joke with them and say I was Snow White and they were my 7 dwarves who did all the work and waited on me hand and foot.

Even though everything was going great, this power I was feeling was intoxicating and I wanted more and more. I knew I needed to build my queendom. One Sunday, when everyone finished their chores and I had no further use for them, I sent them home. Before doing so, I indicated to Erik that I needed him to stay a bit longer. I wanted to play with him a bit but I also had an ulterior motive that he'd soon find out.

I had Erik stay in the living room where I ordered him to strip and wait for me on his knees. While he was doing that, I went into the bedroom to put on something sexy to tease him with. I looked through my lingerie and, after some time, I decided to go with a tight, black corset that pushed up my breasts. I put on some lacy panties and a garter belt and then some thigh high nylons with black, leather stilettos. I topped it off by putting on a very sheer robe. I looked at myself in the full-length mirror. Although I felt my thighs were still a little thick and I wanted to gain some more muscles in my upper arms, the time I've been spending at the gym has given me a nice hourglass figure. What I really admired was the confidence that I exuded. A year ago, I would have never thought that I could get a guy like Erik, or any of my slaves for that matter, but now, not only did I know I could get them, I knew they craved my attention. I could get whatever I wanted from these weak men and that is exactly what I intended to do tonight. I looked at my watch and realized Erik has been waiting on his knees in the living room for almost 30 minutes now. I smirked a little as I knew he would wait for hours if I made him. He was too scared to disobey me. But I decided not to make him wait any longer and headed to the living room.

Just as I thought, Erik was waiting patiently, naked and on his knees by the couch. His desire for me was obvious as he gawked at

me while I walked over to him and sat on the couch. I moved one leg forward so my leg and foot slightly pressed against his cage. I lifted my foot a little so the tip of my stiletto touched his balls. I could see his urge to worship me but I knew he wouldn't move until I told him to do so. I leaned forward and lifted his chin up with my finger so he was looking directly into my eyes. "I wanted to talk to you about something, Erik. You have served me well and I have no doubt you will continue to serve me. I have rewarded you extremely well, don't you agree?" I asked as I pulled out the key to his chastity.

"Oh yes Mistress, I live to serve you and am grateful for any reward you allow me."

"That is good." I leaned over and began unlocking his chastity. "I am very happy to hear that. Now," I removed his cage and placed it on the cushion next to me. I began moving my leg up and down as I watched his cock quickly come to life. "As my slave, do you accept that I am superior to you?"

His eyes rolled back into his head a bit as he was enjoying my nylon covered leg and foot rubbing his cock. "Yes Mistress, I guess that is true." He moaned

"You guess?" I laughed. "I mean, look at you; naked, on your knees in front of me and I am completely controlling you with my foot."

"Yes, I'm sorry, that came out wrong. I am obviously your inferior, Mistress."

"That's what I thought." I removed my shoe and started tracing my toe up and down his thighs. I moved up to his chest and rubbed his nipples a little before moving my foot up to his mouth. He immediately started kissing each toe. I advised him to hold my leg up so as not to cause me any discomfort. He grabbed my ankle and continued to kiss all over my foot. I took off my other shoe and moved it to his erect penis and began fondling it. "Since we established where you stand and I am your superior, I think you should start addressing me as your Queen. Don't you think that is more suitable for my position over you?"

“Yes, my Queen” he appropriately responded with my foot still in his face.

“Then, in that case, there should be nothing where you are above me in any way, don’t you agree?” I increased the speed and pressure of my foot on his cock.

“No, my Queen,” he paused, having trouble concentrating, “I should be below you at all times”

I could tell he could cum at any moment now so I stopped stroking his cock. I took my other foot from his face and put it underneath his chin, lifting it a little. I really wanted him to focus on what I was going to say next. “I am happy that you truly feel that way. The way I see it, you having more shares in your company doesn’t really follow that.” I could see his expression change and knew what was coming. “Therefore, you will give me five more shares, making me the majority shareholder for the company.”

“No, I can’t do that. I built this company; I can’t give that up.”

“That wasn’t a question, slave!” I sternly said.

“No, I’m sorry.” he scooted back a little and got to his feet. “It is too much, I can’t do it, I’m sorry.” He got up and started to walk out of the room, his cock still fully erect.

“Stop right there!” I yelled at him. He immediately obeyed and stopped in his tracks but didn’t turn around to face me. I was pissed but also very pleased that, even without the chastity device on, he still followed my orders. I put my shoes back on and stood from the couch. I walked over to him. I turned him around and roughly pushed him against the wall. I leaned into him extremely close and grabbed his tight balls. I gently caressed them as I whispered in his ear. “Do you enjoy being my slave?”

He stopped any struggle and enjoyed my touch. “Yes, my Queen”

I moved my hand up his shaft and started stroking it. “Do you want to continue to be my slave?”

“Oh god, yes my Queen” he moaned

I quickly brought my hand down to his balls again and squeezed them hard. "Then do as I say you piece of shit!" I growled into his ear. He screamed and writhed in pain but I kept a firm grip on his balls. "Remember this feeling, slave. I can easily give you pleasure or pain. Which would you prefer?"

"Pleasure!" he cried. "Please my Queen, please stop. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I will do what you asked." He continued to plead as he tried to cover himself but I pushed his chin up against the wall and continued my assault. When I felt that he was sincere, I let go.

"Get on your knees!" I sternly ordered. He dropped down to his knees putting a hand on his balls to try and relieve the pain. "Now, what are you going to do?"

He looked up at me, a few tears streaming down his face. "I will make you the majority shareholder."

"That's what I thought." I smirked as I saw that his penis was still rock hard. I lifted up my foot and dragged the tip of my stiletto against his shaft. "You like this, don't you slave? You like my dominance over you?"

He hung his head, unable to deny this is what he wants. "Yes, my Queen."

"Why don't you thank me then for controlling you even more and kiss my foot." I said triumphantly as I knew he was now completely mine.

He lowered himself and kissed the top of my foot. "Thank you, my Queen, for letting me serve you."

Seeing him down there, groveling at my feet was turning me on. I unfastened my garter belt and removed my panties. They dropped to the floor and I stepped out of them while he was still prostrating himself before me. I grabbed a handful of his hair and lifted his head up to my pussy with no regard to his comfort. I looked at him now as more of a tool than a man. Something to satisfy my needs and pleasure me. I had his face pressed up against me, his nose rubbed against my clit and I began to move my hips back and forth. It didn't

take long for me to start getting pleasure from using his face. I rubbed his face against me even harder and scooted myself forward to get his face as close as possible. As I was getting more and more excited, I kept moving forward a little more each minute until his head was bent all the way back, his arms behind him holding him up, and me straddling his face. I grinded on his face for several minutes, focusing only on my pleasure. I could feel the rushes of an orgasm coming and I quickened my pace. I grabbed my breast and started massaging my nipples through the silky corset top. As I was riding him, my movements were too much for him and he fell backwards. I looked down at him, his face raw from the friction I caused. I just lowered myself back onto his face. "Keep going, don't you dare stop!" I ordered and he began vigorously licking me. I grabbed his arms and moved them up to my breast. He knew what he had to do and began massaging my breasts. I soon felt wave after wave of pleasure running through me. My body shuttered as I climaxed but I still felt something. I wanted more. I looked over my shoulder and was pleased to see that Erik's cock was still rock hard. I scooted back a little so I was sitting on his neck and my sex was on his chin. "Would you like to cum?" I asked

"Oh yes my Queen, please may I cum?"

"I am not sure. After your little defiant act, I am not sure you deserve it. Beg me. Beg your Queen to let you cum."

"Oh please, please allow me to cum my Queen. I am begging you. I will never defy you again. Please, please!" I smiled down at him as he begged but then my face got harsh again. I reached in back of me and grabbed his balls.

"Who do these belong to?" I growled as I gave them a squeeze.

"Ahhh," he screamed. "They are yours. They belong to you!" he yelled through the pain.

"That's right! They are mine; I own them just like I own you." I let go of his testicles and moved myself back. I positioned myself so the tip of his cock was brushing up against my labia. "Now, I suppose I can allow you to cum." I lowered myself on his cock and

he breathed out a thank you. I didn't move at all and I could feel his cock throbbing inside me. "Before I do, a couple things. Since I am now the majority shareholder, I will be coming to the office to check on my company from time to time. You'll be in charge of all the day-to-day activities but, if there is any important business, you must run it by me first. Understood?"

"Yes, my Queen, I understand." He moaned. I could tell he just wanted to fuck and was getting more frustrated by the second.

"Another thing, when I am at the office, you do not have to address me as your Queen. You can simply address me as Ms. Hendricks and you should make it obvious and known that I am your superior. As soon as we are out, you'll go back to addressing me properly." I slowly moved up and held the tip of his penis in my pussy. I studied his face and he looked down at my hips, waiting for them to come down again. "Finally, I want you to call an impromptu board meeting so I can introduce myself to the other stockholders. I know you mentioned they weren't pleased that I had more shares than them. I think they should know who is in charge as well. Agree?" I asked.

"Anything you want, my Queen," he answered.

"Good boy!" I knew he was dying to get pleasure but I needed to complete his submission to me. There was one final objective. "Last but not least," I continued. "I will be moving into your house. I know you have a very nice house with plenty of room which would be much more fitting for me." I could see his mind was frantically going over this last piece of information. "Don't worry, you will still be able to live there. You'll just sign it over to me and keep paying the mortgage, of course. I am sure Stephen can take care of all the details since he's a realtor." Again, I paused waiting for his reaction. "It will just be a lot more convenient and easier for you to serve me if we lived together, don't you agree?" I waited for any response and when I didn't get it in a timely manner, I slowly lifted myself so the tip of his penis slid completely out.

I started to get off of him when he came to his senses. "Okay, okay, I agree!" he desperately replied. I got back on top of him and

inserted his cock inside of me “Are you sure?” I asked as I slowly lowered myself back down.

“Ahhh, oh god yes!” he exclaimed as he felt my pussy around his throbbing cock.

“Very good boy! Stephen can prepare everything this week since he’s a realtor. Now, let’s not keep you waiting any longer.” I moved up slowly and back down again, enjoying his large member inside of me. I started fucking him at a slow pace for a short time when I felt that I could get another orgasm. I quickened my pace but I knew that Erik wouldn’t last too long. “You better not cum!” I yelled at him.

I continued for another minute when, through gritted teeth, Erik mumbled “I am going to cum.” I quickly got off of him and moved up to use his mouth again. That’s the only trouble with keeping men locked up. When I actually want intercourse, they can’t last too long. I moved my pussy up to him. “Lick!” I demanded. Once again, he began pleasuring me orally. I felt my orgasm was near so I moved back down on him and impaled myself on him. I bounced up and down on his cock for a few minutes when he informed me again he was about to cum. “Hold it slave! Not until I tell you!” I continued to fuck him hard while he was trying hard not to explode. Another minute and my second orgasm came. “Now slave! Cum now.” Within seconds his cock spewed out week’s worth of cum just as my pleasure peaked. His cock slowly went flaccid while I rested on him. Once he was totally out, I got up and retrieved his chastity. I turned around, sat on him, and backed my ass to his face. “Now clean.” I ordered. He started lapping up his mess while I relocked his cage. “You’ll have to clean this very well tonight” I told him as I locked him in place.

Once he was finished cleaning me out. I got up and turned to him while he was still on the floor. “Go run me a hot bath and you may go home. Let me know when the meeting tomorrow is set up.”

“Yes, my Queen, thank you!” he said as he got up and quickly went to the bathroom to prepare my bath.

The next morning, Erik phoned me to let me know he set up a shareholders meeting later in the morning for 11:00. That gave me plenty of time to get ready and drive over there. I put on a pair of nude pantyhose and a pinstriped, pencil skirt with the hem a few inches above my knee. I had on a black, lacy bra and added a tight, button-down blouse that not only showed a lot of cleavage but also exposed some of the black lace from my bra. I slipped on a pair of black Louboutin heels and tied my hair up in a ponytail. With a pair of dark rimmed glasses, I could easily be mistaken for either a sexy librarian or businesswoman. Either way, I knew I looked good and would definitely turn a few heads.

I got to the office a few minutes before the meeting was supposed to start and Erik greeted me at the door. "Good morning Ms. Hendricks." I was pleased that he remembered how to address me. "Everyone is already here and waiting in the boardroom."

"Very good!" I said as I motioned him to lead the way. After walking past a series of offices and an open area working space, we arrived at the conference room. I saw the other members already sitting at the large, oak table. They were randomly seated and I noticed that one member, an elderly gentleman, was sitting at the end seat. I was going to make sure I was placed at the head of the table so I casually walked over to him and put my hand on his shoulder. "I will be sitting there." He looked at me confused. "You can sit over there." as I pointed to another chair at the side of the table. He didn't move at first but I just stared at him and tapped my heel on the wooden floor. He finally gave in, said 'fine', and moved to where I pointed.

Once everyone was seated, I surveyed the room and, aside from Erik, they were all men in their 40's and 50's. I remained standing and addressed the room. "Good afternoon boys, my name is Jessica Hendricks but you shall address me as either Ms. Hendricks or Ma'am. I have slowly acquired stock through Erik and I am now the majority shareholder of this company. I will be taking over the company CEO position and Erik will now be the Chief Operating Officer. He will be handling all the day-to-day activities of the office but, any major decision will be run through me first. Any questions

before we continue?" I asked, knowing there would be several critical opinions.

It only took a few seconds before one man blurted out a question. "What do you know about running a company?"

I calmly replied, "I understand your concern." I paused for a second, "What was your name again?" I asked

"Richard" he said defiantly.

"Yes, Richard, I understand your concern but you have nothing to worry about. Erik, I am sure, will attest that I am very capable of running this company managing the men around here." I looked over at Erik's direction.

"Yes, yes Ms. Hendricks!" Erik quickly responded. "Gentlemen, I assure you, you have nothing to worry about. The company is in safe hands." This seemed to reassure some of the members.

I continued, "Yes, there is nothing to worry about. I see the stock for this company to continue to rise. Aside from a few changes I plan, everything will be business as usual."

Richard made his voice heard once more. "What changes?"

"Well, for starters, as I walked through the building just now, I noticed that very few women work here. I plan to remedy that. Since this is now technically a female run business, I would like to see more women in managerial and supervisor roles. As we grow, I think it is crucial that we move to a more equal hiring process."

"This is ridiculous!" Richard blurted out. "I trust Erik has always hired the most capable people, no matter if they are male or female. We can't just hire a second-rate candidate simply because they are a woman."

"I am sure Erik hired who he thought was best but believe me, there are plenty of capable women who can do this job. Diversity is great for business." I looked around the room. "Doesn't everyone agree?" Everyone nodded, some more reluctant than others.

Richard just slumped back into his chair, “whatever” and didn’t bother contributing the rest of the meeting.

The meeting went another fifteen minutes or so and, aside from Richard and a few reluctant looks, I felt that things went better than expected. I wanted to talk to Richard alone though to make sure he understood what me being in charge meant. I asked Erik where his office was and, after he pointed it out, I addressed Richard.

“Richard, I would like to speak with you in private. Erik offered to let us use his office.”

We got into the office and had him sit in the chair in front of the desk. I closed the door behind me and walked over to him, lightly putting my hand on his shoulder. Richard wasn’t a bad looking guy; a little older, maybe upper 40’s low 50’s, and had a little weight on him but not too bad. He was clean shaven and had a mix of dark brown and gray hair slicked back. He wore a nice suit and looked quite distinguished. I also noticed a wedding ring on his finger. With my hand still on his shoulder I spoke. “Now Richard, I can definitely sense your dislike with this recent change. I hope that we can work this out and help you feel much more confident in my abilities.”

“I doubt that. I don’t know what is going on but I’ve known Erik for a long time and he loved this company. I had so much faith in him that I was his first investor. Now, it looks like he is giving up.” he said while shaking his head.

“He hasn’t given up darling.” I said as I hopped up on the desk in front of him and crossed my legs, letting my pantyhose rustle a little. “Erik still loves this company, he just knows what is best, which is having me take over.” I began swaying my leg back and forth. I could see that he was having a little trouble concentrating and kept taking glances at my soft, shiny legs. I leaned over, allowing him a nice view of my cleavage as well. “I am sure in no time at all, you will come to the same conclusion.”

He didn’t know where to look as his eyes shifted from my legs then to my breast and to up to my face. He stumbled over his words as he tried to answer. “Well, um, yeah, I...I am not really...sure about that.” he finally managed to get out.

I smiled as I knew I had him. "It's a little difficult to talk when you are focused on my legs and breasts, isn't it?"

He shook his head as if to regain his focus, "No, no, I wasn't looking. I think you are mistaken."

"I don't think so Richard, it was clearly obvious you were staring." I laughed at his pathetic attempt to dismiss his gaze. "Don't worry, I don't mind." As I said this, I uncrossed my legs provocatively, giving him a brief glimpse in between my thighs before I recrossed them. All he could do was stare. I popped the heel of my shoe off slightly and began dangling it from my toe. A few seconds later, I let my high heel pump drop to the floor. He looked at it for a second as I stared down at him. "Who of us is going to get that?" I asked. Just like all weak men, he quickly got down to his knees to retrieve my shoe. As he started to put it on me, I uncrossed my legs once more, hiked up my skirt a little, and spread my legs apart, giving him a full view. He eyed in between my thighs with a hunger in his eyes and then looked up at me. I just nodded my head and he moved in closer. I helped him along and pulled his face closer until it was buried in my panty clad pussy. "Sniff it." I ordered and I could hear him make a couple very large breaths. "Does it smell good?" I asked.

"Yes, it smells lovely." he replied as he moved his hands up and down my legs. He then slowly moved them up above my hips. Once again, I helped guide him by grabbing his wrists and moving his hands to my breast which he began to massage while still rubbing his nose in my pussy. I opened my legs a bit wider so I could get a good look at his face. While he was busy, I grabbed my phone and took a couple awkward yet clear pictures of him. I then removed my blouse and unfastened my bra. Once I had it off, I lifted his head up slightly to show him I wanted him to move up to my chest. He didn't need much convincing as he moved up to kiss my nipples. Once again, I grabbed my phone and took a shot of him sucking away. He was completely oblivious and I wanted to get one good shot of his face. I stretched my arm out to the side as if I was taking a selfie. "Say cheese!" I said. He lifted his head up for a

moment and looked right at the camera. I snapped three quick shots which I am sure showed his face clearly.

“What the hell are you doing!” He yelled

“Just getting a little insurance that I won’t have any trouble with you.”

He quickly stood up, looking at the phone and then back at me. “You fucking bitch! Are you trying to blackmail me?”

I put my bra back on and started to button up my blouse. “It’s not blackmail dear. Just think of it as me letting you know who is in charge here.”

“This is absurd! What, is this how you got your shares from Erik?” He saw that I placed my phone on the desk while getting dressed and reached for it. Luckily, I grabbed it first. “Delete those pictures now or I will do it for you,” he said angrily.

“You can try but if you make any attempt to grab my phone again, I will scream and say you tried to hurt me. After your rude behavior in the meeting, I am sure that no one would question me.”

He was still visibly angry but he calmed his voice down. “Listen, I will be on board. Just delete the pictures and we can forget this ever happened.”

I hopped off the desk and walked towards him. I couldn’t believe the confidence I had as my goal now was to completely intimidate him. I walked right up to him so my face was only inches away from him. “No, you listen. Not only will you be on board, but you will also fully support any decision I make and you will acknowledge that I am completely in charge. Got it?” He was noticeably scared. I tried to look him in the eye but he kept nervously looking away. I took a step closer so my body pressed up against his. “I said, got it?”

“Yeah, I understand.” he reluctantly replied

“You will address me as Ma’am. Try it again.”

“Yes Ma’am, I understand.”

“Good.” I took a step back. “Now, give me your wallet.”

“My wallet?”

“Now!” I growled at him. He flustered with his pocket before pulling out his wallet. I looked through and pulled out his driver’s license. I then went and made a copy of it. Once I had the copy, I put the paper on the desk. “Write down your phone number and email address.” This time he didn’t question me and wrote everything down right away. Once I was satisfied, I put his license back into his wallet. Before I gave it back to him, I looked through it, took out whatever cash was inside and handed it back to him. “Sit down” I commanded and he obeyed right away. “If I ever need you for anything, I will contact you. If and when I do, I expect you to answer within an appropriate time. If not, these pictures will be sent to your wife immediately. Understand?”

“Yes Ma’am” he meekly replied

I hopped back on the desk and extended my foot. “Now, why don’t you kiss my foot and thank me as I could do much more damage if I wanted to.” He leaned over and, with a disgusted look, gave my heel a quick peck. “Kiss it like you mean it and I didn’t hear a thank you.”

He leaned over again and gave a nice kiss on the top of my shoes. “Thank you, Ma’am, for not doing more.”

“That’s better, now put the tip of my shoe in your mouth.” With hesitancy, he opened his mouth and slid his mouth over the toe of my shoe. While doing so, I took a couple more pictures. “Let’s get some pictures with my shoe off.” He took his mouth off my shoe and I rotated my ankle so my foot swiveled in front of him. “Go on.” I said. He took off my stiletto and kissed my foot. “In your mouth.” I ordered and he wrapped his lips around my foot as I continued to take more pictures. After a minute or two, I removed my foot and instructed him to put my shoe back on. I stood up and told him to kneel in front of me which he did without objection. “Now, do you still feel that I cannot run this company?”

“No Ma’am”

“And what about having more women in managerial roles here?”

“Yes Ma’am, I think that would be beneficial for the company.”

“Maybe we should have all the managers be women. What do you think?”

“If that is what you think is best”

“I think so. I mean, look at you. Within a matter of minutes, you went from a cocky asshole to a cowering little wimp who was sucking on my feet. I don’t see why you would think any man is capable of any position of power.”

He dropped his head in shame, knowing he was defeated so easily by me. “I see your point, Ma’am.”

I stood up and patted him on his head like a child. “Good boy, I knew you would see my way. I think we are done here for now.” I phoned Erik to let him know we were finished and that he could come meet me in his office.

Richard stood up and we both walked to the door just as Erik arrived. “You’re all finished here?” Erik asked.

“Yes, we are.” I said as Erik looked at Richard and saw a noticeable difference in his demeanor. “I would like you to give me a tour of the building now.”

“Of course, Ms. Hendricks.”

I then turned to Richard. “Richard, you can go now.”

“Yes Ma’am” he said as he walked past Erik and me.

“Wow, what is with him? What did you guys talk about?” Erik asked.

“That is really none of your business. Let’s just say he learned a valuable lesson on who is in charge now.” Erik nodded, having a pretty good idea what that entailed. “Now, show me around.”

“Yes, Ms. Hendricks.” he started walking down the hall showing me all the different offices and areas in the building. The whole tour

took only 30 minutes or so. It wasn't a very large office space but he told me they had plans within the next year to expand to the next floor because they were growing so much.

I was getting a little hungry so I decided to end my visit but not before I wanted to advise Erik on a few things. "I will be leaving but I wanted to let you know I was serious about hiring more women as managers. I expect you to hire one immediately and I will be heading up the interview process. In the next year, when you expand, women should account for over half of the managerial roles."

"Yes Ms. Hendricks, I understand. We just put out an ad for a new customer service rep. I will add a manager role to the job openings as well."

"Good, I will head the interviews for the customer service rep as well. The next thing is that I want to make sure there will be a nice office for me when you expand. Until then, I want you to move your stuff out of your office and find another. I will be moving into that office. I won't be here much but I want to make sure there is a space for me when I do come. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ms. Hendricks, I will get right on that."

"Finally, I talked to Stephen this morning and he will be listing my house up for sale this Friday. That means I will move in this weekend so I expect you to prepare the house for me to move in. I will let all the boys know. With seven guys, it shouldn't take long to move."

"Okay, I will have it ready," he said, looking a little deflated. I can see why; his whole life has been turned around. I felt a little sorry for him but, deep down, I knew he got off on it. I left and, on my drive home, I called all the slaves to let them know this weekend they would be busy moving. I thought it would be nice to pamper myself a little while the boys took care of the move. I also wanted to do a little shopping so I thought I would call Amanda to see if she wanted to have a girl's weekend. She was all in so I scheduled a 6-hour

package for us that included a massage, manicure, and pedicure, facial, and sauna.

As the weekend came, I met Erik at his house, which now became my house. It was a nice 4-bedroom, 3-bathroom house in a small, gated community. I walked through the house and instructed Erik on which furniture I would keep and which ones he would need to get rid of. I also instructed him to remove everything of his from the master bedroom. It was an enormous bedroom with a master bathroom and a large walk-in closet; plenty of room to fit all my new clothes and shoes. The smallest of the rooms, which he used as a study, would become his room. I gave similar directions to the other slaves on what to do with all my things at my old house. I felt confident they got all the necessary instructions to accomplish this without my supervision. Shortly after I told Erik everything, I needed him to do, Amanda knocked on the door. I had Erik open the door and greet our guest properly. He let Amanda in who looked fairly casual, perfect for a spa day. She wore a pink crop top, white capri pants, and matching pink stilettos. She had her hair up in a ponytail and sported designer sunglasses. "Good morning Ms. Amanda, please come in."

Amanda didn't say anything to him but just walked in right past him. I greeted her with a big hug and then turned to Erik. "Erik, I asked you to greet Amanda properly. That means you address her as Mistress Amanda and ask her if there is anything she needs. It might be wise to do it on your knees."

"I'm sorry my Queen." He dropped to his knees before Amanda, "Welcome Mistress Amanda, welcome to my Queen's home. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"That's better Erik. This is how I want you to greet all my Mistress friends."

Amanda looked down at him. "My shoes got a little dirty while coming here. I think you should give them a nice cleaning....with your tongue, boy."

“Of course, Mistress Amanda!” he said as he began to lick the tops of her pumps.

“He seems well behaved but needs a lot of training, doesn’t he?” she asked, looking back at me.

“Yes, he’s been a very good and generous slave but he is still learning. With me living here now, I will have plenty of time to train him properly.”

“If you ever need any help, you can send him my way. I am very particular about how my husband and slave do things and they learn quickly not to disappoint me.”

“I may take you up on that. Training seven slaves can be a little overwhelming at times.”

“Definitely, just send any of them my way. I am sure, after I get done with them, they will be begging to come back to their owner.” We both laughed and continued to talk about possible arrangements we could make, all while ignoring Erik. After a couple minutes, Amanda looked down at him. “You may stop.” Erik stopped licking but remained on his knees. Amanda lifted up her foot to examine the job he did on her heels. “Well, I must say, he doesn’t need too much training on cleaning shoes. I may have to bring him some more to clean.”

“Yes, he gets a lot of practice with mine. He would be more than happy if you brought some of yours to clean as well.” I then looked down at Erik, “What do you say to Mistress Amanda?”

“Thank you, Mistress Amanda, for allowing me to clean your beautiful shoes and for the nice compliment. I would love to clean any other shoes you may have for me.”

“Good boy!” She said as she rustled his hair a bit. Then, turning to me, “I think we should probably get going.”

“Yes, don’t want to be late. Erik, I will be back this evening. I expect everything to be finished with the move when I get back.”

“Yes, my Queen.” He said as we headed out the door.

The spa day was amazing! Amanda and I spent the day relaxing and being pampered. We had some deep conversations about our lives and what the future may hold. We discussed the best way to punish and reward our slaves and exchanged tips. Even though it has been a year since I originally started female domination, Amanda was much more experienced and gave me some good advice. Both her and I felt that I was taking it too easy on them, allowing them more rewards. During our pedicure, she told me she liked what I was doing to Erik and thought I should start taking similar steps with the other slaves. "The need to believe that you have the ability to control every aspect of their life if you wanted to. The need to feel completely dependent on you. This will make them both adore you and fear you at the same time." She advised.

"I agree but I also don't want to scare them away. What if I go too far and I end up pushing them to find someone else?"

"I get that but they contacted you originally to be dominated. That's what they want, that's what they need. If one or two of them leave because it's too much, I am sure there will be plenty of other slaves that would love to take their place."

I looked down and saw the two pedicurists look at each other then Amanda and I looked at each other and laughed, imagining what they must be thinking from our conversation. The rest of the day was so relaxing and we had plenty of great discussions. By the time we were finished, we decided to have a nice housewarming party to celebrate my new home. Amanda said she would set up everything and would call Janette and Liz. They knew plenty of humiliating games we could play with the boys. The four of us would have some fun with all the boys. We made plans to meet downtown the next day to do some shopping and she drove me home.

When I entered the home, I saw all the slaves working diligently moving items around. They were all pretty sweaty and looked exhausted. As soon as they saw me walk in though, they dropped to their knees and greeted me. Erik spoke up first. "My Queen, everything has been moved as instructed. We still have a few more things to sort out but it shouldn't take too much longer."

“I thought I said it should be finished by the time I got back?” I questioned him while looking at all the slaves. I could tell that they were very nervous by my reaction and fearful of what might happen.

They looked at each other, wondering what to say when Stephen finally spoke up. “Mistress, I am sorry, it is my fault. I had a couple calls about your old house and needed to leave for a few hours in order to show it.”

“I understand Stephen, that is fine but,” I looked at the others, “everyone else should have worked extra hard to make up for it. Tomorrow, you will all be punished accordingly. I don’t want to ruin my relaxing day by having to correct all of you.”

With some trepidation, Marcus raised his hand as if a schoolboy asking a question. “Mistress, may I have a minute of your time? Also, if you are hungry, I can prepare something for you.”

“Yes, that would be lovely. The rest of you may leave. I want everyone here by 9 am to finish the house and get yourselves familiar with everything.” Once everyone left, I sat down on the couch and Marcus knelt down before me. “What is it, Marcus?” I asked.

“A couple things Mistress. As you know, I finished culinary school a couple months ago. My parents, as a present, are renting out a space so I can get started with my own restaurant. I’ve started getting everything prepared and hiring people but it is going to take a lot of work. I hate to say this but, I don’t think I would be able to devote enough time for both you and this restaurant at the same time.”

I was taken aback by this. “What are you saying Marcus, you want to leave?”

“If you would let me, Mistress.”

I was very disappointed in what he said but I knew I couldn’t keep him from his dreams. “I am sure we can work something out, Marcus. You are a fantastic cook and I am sure your restaurant will be a hit.”

“Thank you so much Mistress. I know whatever you decide will be what’s for the best.”

“What was the other thing you wanted to talk about?”

“As we were moving items from your house, I noticed a letter addressed to Michael Brennon.”

“Yes, that is my ex-husband but you can throw the letter away. Why do you care?”

“As I mentioned, we did all of the hiring for the restaurant. We finished up this past week and one of the people we hired as a dishwasher was named Michael Brennon. I was wondering if it might be the same person.”

“Could be, what was he like?”

“He was probably around 40 or so, a little taller with dark brown hair. He definitely didn’t look like he took care of himself. We weren’t going to hire him but he seemed desperate and we needed someone who could work full time for minimum wage.”

I laughed at the thought of him working a minimum wage job while I was becoming quite well off. “I haven’t seen him in three years but that sounds like him. He was a real asshole.”

“Do you want me to fire him, Mistress? I can definitely do that.”

I thought for a minute and it would bring me so much pleasure to have me be responsible for losing his job. I was about to say yes but a thought occurred to me. I might be able to use this as some revenge for all the horrible ways he treated me. “No, don’t fire him. I will think about what I can do to him.”

“Of course, Mistress.”

“You can start preparing supper while I think. Go fetch me a glass of wine before you do though.”

“Whatever you want, Mistress.” He scurried off and came back with a glass of merlot.

I kicked off my shoes and sat back as I relaxed with my glass of wine. I pondered what I should do with both Marcus and Michael. I knew I had to let Marcus go but I couldn't just let him leave without some sort of punishment. I also realized that I grew fond of all my slaves and it was a little sad to let one go. After thinking about it for a while, I decided what I should do. I also thought of giving Marcus a special farewell. As far as Michael, I would need to come up with a plan to really humiliate and degrade him. He was going to pay dearly for all the years of torment he caused.

Soon Marcus announced that supper was ready. I put my shoes back on and headed to the kitchen. Marcus prepared a nice baked salmon in a garlic butter sauce along with asparagus and a nice almond, strawberry, and spinach salad. Everything looked delicious as the table was all set. "Marcus, why don't you set a place for yourself as well."

"Oh, thank you Mistress. I would love to sit and eat with you!" He was a little surprised as I never ate with the slaves as they were too busy either waiting on me or kneeling by my side.

"You are very welcome. I thought it would be nice to have a nice dinner together before you leave."

He brought out another set of silverware and dishes and filled his plate. As we ate, we talked a lot about his restaurant. What he was going to name it, what the design and atmosphere was going to be like, what the menu was going to consist of, and plenty of smaller details. I could tell he was very excited about everything and spoke enthusiastically about what the future will hold. All in all, it was very enjoyable to sit down and get to know him more.

After we finished the meal, he took my plate, "Here, I will start cleaning up."

I reached out for his hand that was taking my plate. "Before you do that, how about some dessert?" As I said this, I spread my legs open, inviting him to orally pleasure me. It didn't take long for him to get down on his knees and bury his face between my thighs. I took one hand and pulled my panties to the side and took my other hand

and grabbed the top of his head to push it closer to my pussy. I wrapped my legs over his shoulders as he began licking and sucking my clitoris. He slowly moved his tongue in and out of my pussy and I was becoming more and more aroused. I leaned back in the chair enjoying his mouth at work. I was getting pretty worked up and my body was tingling from the sensation. I tightened my legs around his head a little more and dug my heels into his back. I heard him make a small, painful cry as I did this but I could only focus on my pleasure at the moment. He continued to work his tongue vigorously when I felt the first small wave of pleasure course through me. "Don't stop," I uttered and leaned back further on the chair, pushing my hips closer to his mouth. I felt the first waves of an orgasm start. "Faster!" I screamed in passion as I grinded my pussy further. Soon I was in ecstasy as the full force of the orgasm came. I held his head tightly between my thighs as I let the feeling run through my body. Once it had passed, I let out a deep breath and opened my legs to let go of his head. "That was fantastic Marcus. I am not sure I am willing to let you go." I put my heel on his shoulder and pushed him back a little with my foot.

"I am glad that you enjoyed it, Mistress."

"I enjoyed it very much. Now, let's figure out what to do with you. I will let you leave my service but it will come with some stipulations."

"Yes, I understand and figured as much."

"In the beginning, I mentioned that if anyone left, I would not remove the chastity and you would have to figure out some way to get it off. But, after seeing how excited you are about your restaurant, I want what is best for you and will remove your chastity."

"Oh, thank you so much Mistress!"

"You're welcome. But there are some conditions."

"Of course, what is it?"

"First, I will definitely want to dine at your restaurant. I will expect free meals and drinks whenever I am there."

“I wouldn’t think of charging you ever, Mistress.” he quickly replied.

“Good! Now, the second condition is that I would like to receive 2 percent of the profits the first year and an additional 1 percent each year for the next five years. So, after 5 years, it would be a total of 7 percent and wouldn’t go up any further. If, by chance, your restaurant makes one hundred thousand dollar profit the first year, I would get two thousand dollars. I figure that would be fair.”

“Yes Mistress, I think that is reasonable.”

“Very good! I want this in writing and a contract ready. I don’t want you trying to back out of it.”

“I would never do that but I understand.”

“Perfect. Now, let’s take care of the next order of business. Take off your clothes. I will be right back.” I went to my bedroom and took a key out of my purse. When I came back, Marcus was standing naked except for his cage secured tightly. I grabbed his cock and placed the key in the padlock. With a small click, I was granting his freedom. I slowly maneuvered the cage off his semi erect penis. Then I carefully removed the steel ring around his scrotum. In a few minutes, he was out of his cage with a growing erection. “I know you were probably sweaty, why don’t you go take a nice shower.”

“Oh, thank you Mistress! Honestly, it feels a little weird without my chastity on. I’m going to have to get used to it.” he joked. I just laughed and he scurried off to the bathroom to start the shower.

I went into my bedroom and removed my clothes. I thought I would give him one last surprise before he left. I walked back to the bathroom and opened the shower. Marcus was lathering himself up with soap and was shocked to see me, stark naked. I stepped into the shower and grabbed the bottle of soap and a bath sponge. “You can wash me. Start at my feet and work your way up.” I turned around so my back was to him. Marcus got down and started washing my feet as the water covered my nude body. He slowly made his way up my legs and to my butt. I reached around me and felt that he had a full erection. I tugged on his cock and pulled him

closer to me so his erection was pressed up against my ass. "Now my breasts." He put his arms around me and began washing my breasts. I brought my hands up to his and guided him, allowing him to gently massage my breasts. I then turned around and advised him to wash my front. He moved the sponge down to my stomach and then to my crotch. Once again, he knelt down and cleaned the front of each leg. I made sure he didn't miss a spot. Once I was satisfied, I grabbed the sponge from him and hung it back up. I again turned around so my back was towards him. I found his hard cock and held it there as I bent slightly and backed up. In the past, I've always enjoyed sex but never thought of myself as driven by it. Within the last year, after receiving an orgasm at least once every day, I craved it now. I couldn't get enough and I was going to get more. I felt his cock slide under my ass and between my thighs. I bent over a little more and slid his member inside me. I straightened up a little and, in order to stay inside me, Marcus had to bend his knees a little. I continued to back up until I backed him up against the shower wall, my ass firmly pressed against his stomach. I moved my hips back and until he was all the way in me. I then slowly withdrew until his penis was slowly out and then pushed back, fucking him against the shower. He started to thrust forward but I backed him hard against the wall. "You just stand there. I will be the one doing the fucking." He stood still as I continued to move his cock in and out of me. I grabbed his hands once more and pulled them around me against my breast. I used his hands to run them over my erect nipples. The excitement was growing inside of me as I quickened my pace and became more aggressive. Each time I backed my ass into him, I slammed his body against the wall making a rhythmic thumping sound.

After a few minutes, Marcus, with heavy breathing and moans, couldn't last. "I'm going to cum Mistress."

"Not yet Marcus!" I said as I could feel my second orgasm of the night approaching. Shortly afterwards my body shook in pleasure. "Now Marcus, now!" I screamed. He finally moved and thrust his hips quickly until I could feel him cum inside of me. I stood there, still pressing his body against the wall as I recovered. When I came

back to my senses, I slowly moved forward as his dick slipped out of me. I let the water wash over me as I cleaned myself. I turned around, facing Marcus. "Very good! Did you enjoy your special night?"

"Oh yes, Mistress. Very much so. Thank you so much!"

"You are very welcome. Now, dry yourself off and you can be on your way." We both got out of the shower and dried ourselves off. I went into the bedroom and put on a nightgown as he got dressed in the bathroom. Once he was about to leave, I said my goodbye.

"Well, Marcus, it was a pleasure having you serve me. I hope you feel the same."

"Oh god yes. I am very sad to leave and will always think about you."

"Same here. But this isn't goodbye. We will see each other often. Also, you will hear from me in the next couple days as I decide what we will do with Michael."

"Sounds good," he said as he opened the door. "I will miss you, my Mistress." he said just before leaving.

The next day, as I shopped with Amanda, I got a message stating that an offer was put in on my house. It went for \$240,000 which was about 5 thousand over asking. I was very pleased and, since I didn't have to pay any realtor fees because Stephen was handling everything, most of it was going to be profit. I only owed about 60 thousand on it so after a few closing costs, I would be getting about \$175,000. This put me well over a quarter of a million dollars in my savings. And to think, just over a year ago, I barely could keep a couple thousand in savings.

Because of this good news, I thought I would treat Amanda to a couple gifts since she was the reason this all started. We walked past several stores as we talked and basked in the good news. It was definitely a good day. As we continued to shop, we started to discuss some of the possibilities for what we could do to Michael. Just thinking about him made my blood boil. I wanted to ruin him but, more than that, I wanted to humiliate him. Just as these

thoughts entered my head, we came across a costume store and I thought of something. I turned to Amanda and shared an idea. She loved it and we started to devise a plan as we walked into the costume store.

When I got home, I phoned Marcus and told him that he should invite Michael to a final interview at my place Tuesday at noon. I also called the other slaves to tell them they should be at my house at the same time. I let them know some of the details but would go over everything before the interview. I then had Erik draw me a bath and get me a glass of wine. I also wanted him to write up an employment contract for Michael. While he worked on that, I enjoyed my wine as I soaked in the bath, going over what I was going to do to Michael.

Chapter VI

The Final Piece

Tuesday came and all my slaves were at my house at 11:00 sharp. We went over the details and what everyone's role was supposed to be. By 12:00, everyone was up to speed and we waited for Michael to arrive. He was late and Jessica thought to herself just how much of a loser he was for being late to an interview and wanted to punish him even further for making her wait. Around 12:10, Michael pulled up to the gate intercom to announce he had arrived. I opened the gate and went into the other room where I could hear and waited for my cue. I could hear the doorbell and Marcus answer the door, letting Michael in.

"Come on in, Michael. I am glad you could make it. Please have a seat here in the living room." Marcus politely offered.

"Thank you, Marcus." Michael walked in the living room and saw Erik and Darren standing, dressed in nice suits.

"Don't mind them, they are just the owner of this house's security." Marcus said, seeing the worried look on Michael's face.

"Okay, so this isn't your house?"

"Oh no, this is one of my business partner's houses. Please, sit down as this actually pertains to the interview." Michael sat down on the couch and waited for Marcus to continue. "You see Michael, after going through your background check and weighing all of our options, I really don't know if it would be in the best interest of the restaurant to hire you."

Michael's face sunk. "But why? I really need this job. I don't know what else to do. Can't you give me a chance?"

"I don't think so. We called some former employers and it seems you were fired from a couple jobs. They mentioned that you had sort

of a drinking problem.”

“I can stop, I swear. I have been looking everywhere, I need this.” He started to get a little annoyed. “Did you call me all the way out here just to tell me that? Couldn’t you do that over the phone?”

“Yes, I could have called you but, the reason I had you come here is because I may have another opportunity for you.”

“I’ll take anything.” Michael quickly replied.

“Well, my business partner, the owner of this house, is in need of someone to help clean and do some minor chores, fixing things, painting, etc. Would you be interested in something like this?”

“Of course, that would be perfect for me.”

“Great, there are a few stipulations though. For starters, the owner would like you to stay here so you could be on call whenever you are needed. You would have your own room and access to the house.”

Michael looked around the large living room. “Yeah, this beats my crappy apartment. I could move in.”

“Before you agree to that, the owner is very picky. They will not want the house cluttered with your stuff though. You would only bring your essentials such as clothes and toiletries.”

“That is fine, I don’t have much anyways.”

Marcus looked out the window and Michael’s car. “They probably wouldn’t want that car parked in the driveway either. We would be prepared to buy it from you at market value and then pay for any uber or bus fare you would need should you need to go somewhere.”

Michael thought for a moment. “They would pay for all my Ubers? Wherever I wanted to go?”

“Yes, wherever you need to go.”

“And how much does it pay?”

“They are willing to pay \$15 an hour, cash.” Marcus quickly looked online and found a quote for the year and model of his car. “We can offer you \$2000 for your car right now.”

Again, Michael was thinking and, after a while, finally agreed. “Yes, I will do it.”

“Great, and one last thing. The owner does require you to sign at least a one-year contract. Will that be okay?”

“Sure, I can do that.”

“Perfect!” Marcus reached into a briefcase next to the chair and pulled out a contract, several pages long. He wrote down the price offered for the car and handed Michael the document. Michael started to read the first page but didn’t get far before started to flip through all the pages, not bothering to look at everything, which was Jessica’s plan. After only a minute or two, Michael took the pen, signed everything, and handed the contract back to Marcus. Marcus made sure everything was signed. “Now, if you will go get the title for your car, I will get a check ready for you.” He went outside to get the title out of his car and came back in. Marcus was waiting with \$2000 cash. “Here you go. Congratulations Michael. I am sure the owner will be pleased.”

Michael took the check and signed over the title. “Thank you very much! When will I meet him?”

“It’s actually a her and she is just in the other room. Here, let me call her.” Marcus turned towards the room I was in. “Jessica, come meet your new employee.”

I walked out into the living room, my other slaves following close behind. I had all the confidence in the world, ready to make this man’s life a living hell. The look on his face as I entered was priceless and I just grinned. “Oh, Michael! It is you!” I said, acting surprised.

Michael looked at Marcus and then back at me. “What is this?!” he yelled.

“I am the owner of this house and it looks like you’ll be working for me.”

“No way am I working for you.” he turned to Marcus, “I am not taking the job.” He started to walk towards the door when Darren and Erik stepped in his way, stopping him from going further. He sized up the two men but knew they were younger and stronger than him.

“Michael, you signed a contract. You’re not going anywhere.” I said matter of factly.

“Like hell, I’ll break the contract, I don’t care.” He again looked at Darren and Erik. They could sense he was going to try and break past them.

“I wouldn’t do it, man.” Darren said softly but in a firm voice.

“Michael!” I loudly called. He turned back again towards me. I resumed my calm manner of speaking. “You can try to break the contract but that may require you to get a lawyer which, based on your job searches, I doubt you can afford. Even if you do, there is the little matter of you not paying the court ordered alimony. I am assuming you couldn’t pay all the money you owe me so that might mean jail time.” A distraught look appeared on his face. “Now,” I continued, “I am willing to forgive the alimony. As you can see, I really don’t need your money and what use are you to me if you are in jail? So, I am offering you this position. What do you want to do, Michael?”

I could tell he was angry but already defeated. He humbly looked at me. “I’ll take the job.” he uttered.

“Great! Come sit down with me and we can discuss the details.” I sat down in the chair and, as I saw Michael going to sit down on the couch, I stopped him. “No Michael, you can sit down on the floor here.” I said, pointing to a spot on the ground in front of me. He hesitated for a minute but once my slaves moved forward to force him to the ground he complied quickly. I crossed my nylon covered legs and leaned back into the chair, looking down on this pitiful man.

“What the hell is all this? Who are these guys? I don’t understand.”

“You don’t need to understand Michael. All you need to know is that you are lower than me. You have always been. I just came to realize it. And these guys; these are my faithful servants and will do anything I tell them to do.” To illustrate my point, I looked over at Gregory, who was the biggest of my slaves, and snapped my fingers. “Gregory, come here.” Gregory immediately came to me and knelt by my side. “Gregory, if I asked you to kick the shit out of Michael, would you do it?” I asked, still looking at Michael.

“Yes Ma’am, in a heartbeat.” he said with his head lowered in my presence.

“Maybe another time. For now, why don’t you remove my shoes and give me a nice foot rub.” He gently removed both of my heels and began massaging my feet immediately. I turned my attention to Michael again as Gregory continued on my foot. “I am now your boss and you will treat me with the utmost respect. No longer am I your ex-wife and you will not speak with me in a familiar manner. Is that understood?”

“Yeah, I understand, Jessica.”

I leaned over and slapped him across the face. “What did I just say? I am not Jessica to you. I am now your superior, you will address me as ma’am.”

Shocked that I was so bold as to hit him, he sat there dumbfounded for a couple seconds before finally responding, “Yes Ma’am.”

“Good, now, on to your job duties. I expect you to do any maintenance this house needs in a quick and timely manner. You will do all the cleaning that is needed in the house. That means cleaning all the bedrooms, bathrooms, and kitchen. Each day you will have a list of what needs to be cleaned and must be completed by the end of the day. You will do all the laundry including all clothes that need to be hand washed and ironed. There will be several

chores as well which I expect you to do. This will include tending to me whenever I need you. Is that all understood?"

"Yes Ma'am" he said, fearing what he got himself into.

"As Marcus explained to you before, you will stay here. There is a small room in the basement that we made up for you. It should be more than enough space for what you'll need. I will get rid of your car since it is technically mine now. If, by chance, you need to go somewhere, I will pay for any transportation fares you may need. But I highly doubt you need to go anywhere much or have time for that matter."

I could tell he was getting angry but was afraid to say anything. I wanted him to be afraid of me, not just the other slaves. I continued on, "You will also be paid \$15 an hour as Marcus mentioned. This will be paid up to 50 hours a week, which is how much time it should take you to complete all of your job duties each week. I will still expect you to finish everything and any hours put in after the 50 will not be paid as that means you slacked off and will need to finish it on your own time. You will get paid at the end of each month once I subtract the fees."

"Fees!? Marcus never mentioned anything about fees."

"Well, if you would have been smart and read your contract, you would have seen. I am not going to pay to have you live here. You will be charged for rent and food."

"How much is that?" He asked, getting very annoyed.

"Well, rent will be \$1500 a month with \$200 for utilities. And food will be \$500 a month. Oh, and you will also need to pay for your uniform rental which will be another \$300 each month."

"A uniform! C'mon Jessica, this is ridiculous!" he yelled.

I pulled my foot away from Gregory who was still massaging it and stood up. I walked over to Michael, quickly grabbed a handful of hair, and slapped him hard across the face again. "That is your second strike, Michael. How do you address me?!" I growled at him.

He rubbed his face as I could see a bright red mark where I slapped him. "Ma'am, I'm sorry, Ma'am."

I stood over him, looking down at this pathetic male. I could start seeing the fear in his eyes that I was wanting. I knew it was time to take this to the next level. "That's better but one more strike and you will be severely punished and, believe me, you do not want that. Now, stand up!" I ordered.

He got to his feet. Without my heels on, he towered over me but he could not look me in the eye. He was intimidated and we both knew it. "Strip!" I commanded. He looked around the room but was getting no help from the other men. He didn't know what to do. "Now!" I yelled. He broke down and started to remove his shirt. Then his shoes came off, followed by his pants. I pointed to his boxers, "All of it."

He was so confused and didn't know what to do. He leaned closer to me. "Please, you made your point. I'm sorry for what I did to you but please don't make me do this, Jessica." Quick as a flash, I swung my arm and gave him another stinging slap across his cheek. His head flew to the side and I quickly grabbed his shoulders and brought my knee harshly up to his groin. My knee made a solid connection to his balls and he doubled over, eventually falling to my feet.

"Take his boxers off boys and move him over to the table. The slaves easily removed his underwear and hauled him to the kitchen table. I went to the closet and grabbed a small dildo. I was prepared for this moment and already had a harness underneath my skirt. I hiked up the skirt, exposing the nylon tops and my panties. I inserted the dildo into the ring and walked over to Michael who was bent over the table, legs spread. I took off my blouse, revealing a black lacy bra. I leaned over Michael as my breasts pressed against his back. I moved my lips very close to his ear and whispered. "My dear ex-husband, this is your punishment. Not only for disrespecting me earlier but for all the years of torment you brought me. I am going to take you now with my strapon. I am going to make you mine, a thing I will use and abuse, my property, and there isn't a

damn thing you can do about it.” I lifted myself off of him and lubed up my strapon. I slowly pressed the tip against his asshole and eased it in. He was very tight but eventually I managed to get the whole thing in. I started moving in and out of him at a slow pace in order to loosen him up a bit. Once I started to get a nice rhythm going, I leaned on top of him again. “Do you feel that?” I whispered in his ear. “I want you to focus on this sensation. That is the feeling of your ex-wife fucking you. That is me, making you my bitch.” I reached around and grabbed his cock, feeling it getting semi erect. I started to stroke it a little. “You like this, don’t you? You like having my cock buried inside you, you little slut.”

“Please Ma’am, no, I don’t like this. Please stop!” he begged.

“Your hard cock tells me otherwise. I will stop when I feel you’ve learned who the boss is, who you belong to.” I quickened my pace, moving the dildo out of his ass almost all the way and driving it hard back in. He let out a grunt every time I did so and I could feel his body tense against mine. His arms struggled to break free from the grips of my other slaves. “You will be begging me to continue soon enough.” I raised myself up and started to pound his ass hard. His grunts soon became cries of pain. “Tell me you’re my bitch!” I yelled at him.

“No Ma’am, please!” he cried

I continued the assault on his ass as I was starting to get worked up. The back of the dildo was rubbing against my clit and, with the thought of dominating my ex, I was beginning to get wet. I again quickened my pace with no regard to Michael. I saw his arms stop trying to break free and his body began to relax. He was sobbing by now and I could tell that he had given in to my feminine power.

“Boys,” I addressed the slaves holding his arms, “I can handle him from here.” They let go of his arms and he didn’t bother even trying to get me off of him. I grabbed his hair and pulled his head back, giving me more leverage to force the strapon harder and faster in him. I was destroying his ass all the while he was begging me to stop. “Keep begging, I want to hear you admit you are my bitch now.”

“Please, please stop!” is all he could get out from his sobs.

I was actually glad he wasn't admitting it. I was getting hot and I didn't want it to end. I was going to orgasm from fucking him and I wouldn't stop until I did. I kept sliding the strapon in and out of him as I pulled his hair back further. “Okay!” he screamed.

“Okay what?”

“Okay, I am your bitch. Just please stop!” he cried.

“Damn right you are.” I said, thrusting the dildo hard into him. “In fact, that is what you will go by from now on, my bitch. What is your name?”

“It's bitch Ma'am!”

“Say it again for me, louder.”

“IT'S BITCH! MY NAME IS BITCH!” he screamed as he continued to break down and cry.

“Yeah it is!” I could feel the first waves of orgasm coming. I was so exhilarated by breaking this man down thrusting my hips faster and faster. The bitch was screaming as I orgasmed. I slowed my pace as I embraced the pleasure. As my orgasm was subsiding, I pushed the strapon once more and held it in his ass. I let go of his hair and his head dropped to the table. I was exhausted but he was much more spent, a blubbering wreck just lying there. I wasn't finished though. I wanted to make sure he was truly broken. I leaned down again to his ear. “I am going to pull my cock out of you. When I do, I want you to turn around and obey every command I give you. Any resistance, any hesitation, and I will be forced to punish you again. Understood?”

He was still whimpering but managed to get out a “Yes Ma'am.”

I slid my cock out of his ass and took a few steps back. He gingerly pushed himself off the table and faced me. He didn't try to attack me or run away. He couldn't even look me in the eye. “Now, bitch, I need a rest.” I walked over and sat on a living room chair, my strapon pointing straight up. “I want you to come sit on my lap.” He

looked at the strapon and knew what I was asking. "No hesitation." I warned. He meekly walked over to me, stepped one leg on each side of me and straddled me. I could see the concentration on his face as he slowly lowered himself onto my cock. He had trouble getting it in and separated his butt cheeks a little in order to help. "Don't be shy" I said with a smirk on my face, knowing I had complete control over this man. After some work, he was finally able to get the strapon inserted into his ass. He winced as he impaled himself all the way onto my lap. "Now fuck my cock, bitch" He immediately started to raise himself up until the tip was almost out and slowly lower himself back down. I could tell it was hard for him but he would get used to it. I brought my hand to his semi-erect penis and started to gradually bring it back to life. His face bore the expression of one I've seen a lot of this past year. He was in pain from my strapon penetrating his virgin ass but was in ecstasy from my hand masterfully controlling his cock. I stroked his erection to the pace of his fucking. "Do you like when I stroke your cock?" I asked, knowing full well what his answer was.

"Yes Ma'am, I do." he replied through gritted teeth.

"Do you see what a bitch you are now? 30 minutes ago, you were an arrogant man, ready to fight your way out of here. Now, you are willingly bouncing up and down on a strapon while getting jerked off. Just remember who is doing this to you, a woman, your ex-wife, who now owns your ass. Do you want me to keep playing with your cock?"

"Yes, please, Ma'am." he said

"Well, here's the deal. The faster you fuck my strapon, the faster I will stroke your cock. You can stop right now and get off of me but, I will also stop jerking you off." I started massaging his hard on a little faster. "So, what do you want to do?" He didn't say anything at first and slowly stopped moving his body. As soon as he did, I let go of my hand. He thrust his hips forward a little, trying to push his cock towards my hand again but I just moved it away. His mind was thinking for a second as he raised himself a little. He stopped but then soon lowered down again. I smiled and put my hand back on

his cock. "That's it bitch, ride my cock like the little slut you are." He began moving faster and I also quickened my pace. After a minute or two, he was moving quite a bit faster and I could tell he was about to cum soon. "Don't you dare cum on me, bitch. Tell me when you are about to cum."

It didn't take long before he was panting out, "I'm gonna cum!"

I quickly pushed him off of me as he fell to the floor, the strapon slurping out of his ass. I got out of the chair and stood over him. "Finish yourself off. I want you to look at me while you do it." He opened his eyes wide and saw a superior woman standing proudly over him. He let out a small grunt and he shot a load of cum into the air which landed on his stomach. He laid on the floor, exhausted. I leaned over and scooped as much of the cum off his stomach and brought it to his mouth. "Clean up your mess." I said as I shoved my fingers into his mouth, forcing him to clean my hand off. "Get every last drop." He tried to move his head away but it caught him by surprise and I already had most of it in his mouth already. I wiped my hand off on his lips and stood up. "Gregory, get a washcloth. Clean this bitch up and put on his chastity." Gregory quickly complied and came back with a wet rag and a brand new chastity device I bought specifically for Michael. It was quite small and I wanted it to be as uncomfortable as possible for him. Michael was too weak and worn out to even put up a fight as Gregory put the chastity tube over his now flaccid penis. He put the pin into the device and locked it in place. While he was finishing locking Michael's cock up, I put on my blouse and heels and grabbed the key from Gregory. "Bitch!" I called out and Michael looked at me with tears in his eyes. "Stand up. I will show you to your room." He slowly stood up and took a look at the new contraption around his privates. I could tell he wanted to say something but I didn't have time to go over anything with him. He would eventually realize he was no longer in control of his precious penis. Plus, I was anxious to humiliate him even further. "Quite stalling. Come, follow me." We walked downstairs and I opened up the door to his new room. "This is where you will be staying."

Michael walked inside the small room. It was more or less a utility room about 6 feet by 10 feet. There was a small cot on the side where he would sleep and a clothes rack on the other side. I walked in after him and had to admit, there was barely enough room for both of us in there. "This is all you will need when working here." I told him as he looked in horror around the tiny room. He saw the clothes hanging on the clothes rack.

"What are these?" he asked as he pulled an item from the rack.

"These will be your uniforms you will be renting out while working for me." I pulled the first one off the rack, revealing a French maid's outfit with a short, frilly skirt that would only cover about half his butt. "This one you will wear when you are serving drinks and hors d'oeuvres when I am entertaining guests." I then pulled out another French maid's outfit that was much more simple in design. "This you will be wearing while cleaning around the house." Before I got to the next one, Michael interrupted.

"You can't do this to me. I won't wear those." he said in a voice more pleadingly than forceful.

"Oh," I cooed, "of course I can. And, trust me, you will wear them." I hung up the clothes I was holding and took a step towards him. "Unless you want another punishment?" I asked, taking another step closer so I was inches away from him.

He quickly backed up, tripping on the edge of the cot which forced him to sit down. "No, please, I'll wear them." I continued to stare him down and watched as he became more and more nervous in my presence. In a very short time, I achieved my first goal, to make him scared of me.

I continued showing him the clothes. I pulled out a pink negligee for when he sleeps, tight yellow shorts and halter top when he does work outside, and so on. I advised that he has two of each outfit for when he needs to wash one of them. I also showed him a few pairs of heels that he would need to wear with these outfits. "I couldn't remember your size so I guessed. I can take you to the mall and you can buy some heels that you like best later this week. Until

then, you will wear these. You can use the money from the sale of your car to buy some good, comfortable heels.”

“You expect me to wear women’s clothes and shoes while I work? I can’t walk around in heels.”

“Don’t think about them as women’s clothes anymore, think of them as your clothes now. I haven’t even mentioned how you will also need to buy some panties and nylons as well. This is how you will dress from now on so you better accept it. And you better start practicing walking in heels as that’s all you will have.”

He still had an ounce of defiance in him. “Fuck this!” he said as he turned and headed for the door. I quickly grabbed his wrist and pulled him back around to face me. I swiftly brought my knee to his groin. He doubled over from the impact of both my knee hitting his balls and then his balls getting pressed against his metal cage. I grabbed the back of his neck and pushed him onto the cot. I put the bottom of my heel against his face and forced him to stay. I started smacking his ass as hard as I could with my hand. I beat his ass for several minutes. He tried to get up a couple times but I just shoved my foot against his face, pushing him back down. I wanted to keep spanking him but my hand was starting to get sore. Besides, his backside was a bright red and he was begging me to stop. I released his head and stepped back. “Get up!” I yelled at him. He meekly got off the cot and stood before me. “Kneel in front of me, bitch!” Again, he complied right away. “This is how you will greet me whenever you are in my presence. You will look at me as your master from now on. If you are not kneeling, I will physically force you to and we both know I can do it. Do you get that or, do I have to punish you some more?”

“No, I get it.” he said, his head bowed in shame.

“Good, now I want you to go into the bathroom and take a shower, you’re a mess. While you’re in there, shave your legs and chest. I want you to look appropriate when wearing your outfits. Understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.” he said as he got up and started looking for the bathroom.

“When you are finished, I want you to wear your cleaning maid uniform and come back upstairs. You will start work immediately.”

I let all of the slaves go home except, of course, for Erik and waited for Michael to come back up. About 30 minutes later, I was sitting on the sofa in the living room with a small leather paddle in my hand when Michael appeared in his French maid’s costume. I couldn’t help but laugh at the site, and what made it even more comical was how he could barely walk in the 4-inch stilettos I had him wear. When he finally stumbled his way to me, I got more serious. “Now, you will find the cleaning supplies in the closet in the hallway. You will start by cleaning all of the bedrooms. You will mop, dust, and clean every inch of the rooms. I want them spotless. You will also remove all the bedding and wash them. Once you are finished with the bedrooms, you can move on to the bathrooms. I will periodically check your work and if I find that you missed something or didn’t do a good enough job you will be corrected.” I emphasized this last word by smacking the paddle against my other hand so he understood what ‘corrected’ meant. “Do you have any questions, bitch?” I asked

“No Ma’am” he responded

“Good.” I called Erik into the room. I wanted to show Michael that I had the same amount of control over these younger, stronger men as well. As Erik came into the room, I leaned back on the sofa and hiked up my skirt. I pointed to the ground and Erik knew exactly what to do. He dropped to his knees and crawled between my legs to start pleasuring me. I looked back at Michael. “You may start cleaning.” I grabbed Erik’s hair and pulled him closer to me. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Michael standing, watching in wonderment at my control over these men. “I said, start cleaning, bitch. Now!” He quickly wobbled out of the room to start cleaning and I smiled in triumph.

The next day, I gave Michael the clothes he wore to the interview and we went shopping to get some things for his new wardrobe. We

first went to a nice shoe store where I picked out several different pairs of heels that would match his different outfits. I advised that he shouldn't be cheap on shoes since he'll be wearing them all the time and they should be comfortable. I made him try on each pair and we got some odd looks from the ladies at the store and Michael was visibly embarrassed. I wanted to further his embarrassment and had him walk around to tell me how they felt. We ended up getting five pairs of moderately expensive heels for him in black, red, and pink. A couple were 4-inch heels but the rest were 5 inches. I felt a little jealous we were buying all these shoes for him so I picked out a nice pair of high heeled ankle boots for myself. I told him it can be his present to me for hiring him and taking him shopping. When we were at the cashier, I made a comment on how pretty he looked in the heels and how they would go so well with his dresses. The young cashier inadvertently laughed at this comment and Michael's face turned bright red. She rang us up and the total came to a little over \$1500. "Michael, pay the young lady." Michael brought out the cash from his car and gave her 16 \$100 bills. She started reaching in the cash register for change when I stopped her. "Oh, by all means, you can keep the change. I'm sure Michael here won't mind." I turned to Michael, "Won't you?"

A little disgruntled, he murmured out "No Ma'am."

"Oh my gosh, thank you!" she exclaimed

"No problem, buy yourself something nice." I said to her. Then turned to Michael again, "Thank the young lady for helping us."

"Thank you." he again mumbled.

"You're welcome, Michael." she snickered. "I hope you enjoy your new shoes."

"Oh, he will." I said as I had Michael grab the bags and we left the store.

I started walking over to a clothing store. "Now we will get some nice nylons and panties for you."

“Are you fucking serious.” he softly grumbled, thinking I might not hear him.

I quickly stopped and turned around. “What did you just say?” I asked angrily. He turned white as a ghost and didn’t know what to do. I loved seeing him so scared of me. “What did you say!” I said more forcefully.

“I, uh, I asked if you were serious, Ma’am.”

I took a couple steps toward him so I was right in his face. He was terrified as to what I would do. “Of course I am serious! This isn’t a joke. We aren’t playing around. This is your life now so you better get used to it.” I growled at him. “If you even think about complaining during our shopping trip, I will bend you over right now and punish you in front of everyone. Do you want that?”

“N...No Ma’am, please, I am sorry. I won’t complain anymore.”

“Good, because if you think that little interaction in the shoe store was embarrassing, I can do much worse. Now, get your ass moving.” I said as I continued walking.

Michael didn’t make another complaint or fuss as we shopped for some lingerie. I found the section of Welford nylons, knowing those would be the more expensive ones and picked out quite a few pairs. I got him several pairs of pantyhose in black, nude, and white. I also got a couple of pairs of thigh high stockings for him and some fishnets. I had about 15 pairs of nylons before deciding that was good for now and we headed over to the panty section where I picked out a variety of different types: from sheer black to frilly white to some lacy pink. I got enough so he would have for two week’s worth before he’d have to wash them. I also threw in some garter belts. It felt like a Christmas shopping spree as I just started throwing items into our shopping cart. By the time we went to check out, it was full and I knew we were way over the \$400 Michael had left. When we finished checking out, the total came to \$830. Michael sheepishly looked at me. “Ma’am, I only have \$400 left.”

“I will cover the rest but it will be coming out of your paychecks. I would be very careful with these. I don’t want you walking around

the house with snagged nylons and I don't think you will be able to afford buying new stockings every month."

"Yes Ma'am, I'll be careful. Thank you." he earnestly said. I chuckled to myself a little at this. Here I was forcing him to use all of his money to buy shoes and lingerie and he was thanking me for loaning him more money so he could buy more. I paid the remainder with my debit card and we headed home. In the car I had an idea and called Amanda on my cell. I discussed an opportunity I saw to show off my ex-husband. We talked on the phone and made plans while Michael sat in silence only able to hear half of the conversation. When I hung up with Amanda, I turned to Michael. "Alright bitch, this Saturday I will be hosting a small get together. Nothing big, just a small dinner party with my friends Amanda, Janette, and Liz. You will be serving us the entire evening so I want you to be on your best behavior, my friends are very beautiful and feminine but can be very strict."

I could see his mind going wild but he just answered, "Yes Ma'am."

"Over the next couple days, I will go over proper etiquette when serving us. I also want you to practice walking in your heels so, by the time we get home until the party, you will be wearing them all the time. The only time they should be off is when you are sleeping and showering. Understood."

Again, all he could answer was "Yes Ma'am."

I didn't bother telling him that there most certainly be some games we play at his expense and he will be fucked numerous times by our strapons. He will soon find that out.

We arrived at my home and I immediately ordered the bitch to get me a glass of wine and then put on his outfit along with the stockings and heels we bought and get to his work. He obeyed without question, got me a glass of red wine, and went downstairs to change. Erik would be getting home from work and I would have him prepare me a nice meal. I would call another slave over and have some fun but, for now, I sat down on the couch and rested. I

surveyed my surroundings and thought about all I had achieved this past year and a half. I was the majority shareholder of a very prosperous business, I would be receiving profits from a restaurant that I knew would be successful, and I was getting a monthly income from my slaves. I had more money in the bank account than I ever thought I would and it was constantly growing. I had a beautiful home in a gated community and a luxurious car. I had six slaves that are willing to be at my beck and call and serve me however I pleased. And, to top it off, I just made my ex-husband into a sissy maid who is scared shitless of what I can and will do to him. I leaned back, took a sip of wine, and basked in my new life. I had the world by the balls and the possibilities seemed endless. I was definitely the queen of this castle and planned for my queendom to keep growing.

