



# Training Kevin

Ms. Barbara's  
Exploration  
of  
Female  
Supremacy

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# **FEMDOM BOOT CAMP**

## **About The Author**

Ms. Victoria West is a 40-year-old Woman of German descent residing in Arizona who is a Female Supremacist. She has been active in the BDSM, D/s lifestyle for over 10 years and has decided to write about her exploits of the submissive male, his body and mind.



## **Introduction**

Kevin had agreed to serve me. As I had explained to him, he had to endure and pass an extensive boot camp before I would except him as my submissive slave.

I discovered what a creative imagination I had and also discovered that I had no problems transferring what I imagined into reality. I wanted Kevin to be shaped into a completely obedient servant that would say, “How high Mistress?” when I told him to jump.

He did very well and as you shall see he was completely mine in every way shape and form by the end of boot camp.



### **Boot Camp Begins**

“Today begins your training.

I am going to begin putting you through my own rendition of a military boot camp. Very soon you will act, speak, move, think, dress and react just as I want you too.”

Kevin remained silent.

“You will eat what, where and when I want you to eat.

You will speak when I give you permission to speak.

You will dress how I want you to dress.

You will go to the bathroom when and where I tell you to go.

You will be my leather butler, maid, masseuse and sexual servant.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara. I am grateful.”

“Rule number one? “If Ms. Barbara is happy, slave is happy. This is to be your mantra. You are to say it out loud

50 times before you go to sleep.

50 times after you awake.

50 times before you exit your car on the way into the building where we work.

50 times on the way home from work if you’re not speaking with me on the phone.

You will also say it when you are questioning yourself about a task I have told you to complete that you may find painful or uncomfortable. Do I make myself perfectly clear?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. You have made yourself clear. Thank you, Ms. Barbara.”

“Let the games begin my dear. Let the games begin.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you, Ms. Barbara.”

I left him kneeling in the kitchen while I went through my home and drew all the blinds. If he happened to get a peak from beneath his blind fold I didn't want him seeing where he was. From my living room was a beautiful view of Camelback Mountain and very well-known landmark here in the valley. If he saw that, he'd know exactly where I was located which wasn't something that I wanted him knowing at this moment.

I then went into the living room and sat down in my favorite cushy down filled arm chair. Kevin remained kneeling in the kitchen.

"Get down on all fours and listen. Crawl to the sound of my heel tapping on the floor."

He cautiously crawled towards me while I tapped the heel from my shoe on the tiled floor of my living room. As he was about a foot away I commanded,

"Stop!"

"Yes, Ms. Barbara."

"My first action is to give you a slave name. I am going to call you #3. I picked that number to put you in last place, a bronze metal if you will. I will give you the opportunity to work your way up to a gold medal but you have to complete my training to get to Gold."

"Yes, Ms. Barbara. I understand."

"What is your safe word?"

"I am a stupid freak", Mistress."

"I am going to change it. From this point forward, you will say "RED". When you say red I stop and you are dismissed for that day. You will gather your belongings and return to your home.

Is that perfectly clear?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I understand.”

“What is your new safe word?”

“Red. Ms. Barbara.”

“Very good. Now, do you have anything you need to attend to at home, with friends or family this weekend before I commence?”

“No, Ms. Barbara. I don’t.”

I barked,

“On your stomach #3, face to the floor, hands at your sides, feet together and say your mantra after every command that I give you!”

“If Ms. Barbara is happy slave is happy.”

“Very good. Don’t move an inch. I am going to get changed and when I return you better have your nose pressed to the ground as it is now, hands at your sides and feet together. Are we clear #3?”

“Yes Ms. Barbara. Very Clear. If Ms. Barbara is happy slave is happy.”

With that I marched out of the living room down the hall to the master suite. Little did he know that I had wireless cameras throughout the house where I could monitor each room. After I arrived in the master suite and brought my computer out of sleep and clicked on the living room camera so I could see if he could follow orders.



I sat down to watch the video screen. After a few moments the little bastard reached up with his right hand and scratched his nose. Then he put his head to the side. So much for following orders.

I went to my 800 square foot walk in closet and got my Franco Sarto knee high black leather riding boots, skin tight Huntley beige knee patch riding pants, white button-down blouse and wrist length black leather riding gloves out. First, I put on a white long-sleeved blouse. Then my skin-tight riding pants and my black, black knee-high riding boots that I wore when riding at the local equestrian farm where I rode prized stallions went on next. Lastly, I pulled on the leather gloves and pulled my hair back tight and secured it with a black silk scrunchie.

Out of the dresser drawer I pulled my black satin floral cross spurs and strapped them to the heel of each boot. Finally, I put on my tight black leather wrist length leather gloves. I loved how they fit every contour of my fingers and hands. When I made a fist, it made my hands look powerful and menacing.

I walked back out to the living room and #3 was in the position that I had instructed him to be in when I left for the bedroom.

“Nose itchy? Neck stiff?”

#3 lay there in silence.

“I asked you a question #3!”

“Ms. Barbara? I don’t understand the question.”

“Oh, I see. Now you want to play stupid. Did you know that I have security cameras throughout my house? Did you know I saw you move when I specifically told you not to move at all?”

“Ms. Barbara, I.. No. I did not know that.”

“On your knees.”

#3 got up off the floor and got on his knees. I walked over to where his clothes were folded in the kitchen picked them up and walked over to him.

“Take off your blind fold.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

Once he had taken the blind fold off I threw his clothes and hit him in the face with them.

“Get dressed. You’re going home.”

“Ms. Barbara, PLEASE, I am sorry I moved. PLEASE don’t send me home. PLEASE!”

“I said, get dressed. You’re, going, HOME. If you can’t follow even the simplest of rules than how can I expect you to follow complex rules or even be loyal?”

#3’s head lowered and he put his clothes back on but I left his leather hood and collar locked into place. I picked up my cell phone and pretended to call #3 a cab.

“I am calling you a cab. You’re going home wearing your leather hood locked into place.”

Kevin started to recite his mantra:

“If Ms. Barbara is happy slave is happy.

“If Ms. Barbara is happy slave is happy.

“If Ms. Barbara is happy slave is happy.

I pretended to be speaking to the cab company on my cell phone.

“Oh yes, Green Taxi. Yes. I need a cab at.... I made up an address.”

“15 minutes? That’s perfect. Please call my number once you’re at the gate. Thank you.”

#3 was fully dressed.

“Get on your knees and follow me to the garage.”

#3 dropped to his hands and knees and crawled behind me as I walked to the doorway leading to the garage.

“Kiss the heel of my boots as I walk bitch.”

#3 attempted to kiss the heel of each boot as I walked in front of him. My spurs were catching him under the chin, he winced each time his chin was struck.

“Not easy, is it?”

“No Ms. Barbara but I love how you treat me. Please don’t send me home. PLEASE.

“You should have thought of that before you moved. For every action there is a reaction. You must learn to think before you act.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

#3 was breathing quiet heavily as we reached the garage door and I opened the door.

“Wait for the taxi inside the garage. Kneel next to my car, head bowed, hands behind your back. Do not move at all, in any way shape or form. I don’t care if a scorpion stings you. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

I slammed the door shut leaving him in the dark kneeling beside my car. I walked back my computer in the master bedroom and watch him through the security camera that I had inside the garage. He remained motionless while kneeling next to my car. So, I walked back to the door to the garage and pretended to be on the phone with the taxi company.

As I opened the door to the garage I said the “taxi driver”,

“Oh yes. Just punch in the gest code 9785. My house is at the end of the drive.”

“Your taxi will be here momentarily. I will call you on Monday after work if I am feeling generous.”

I pressed the button for the automatic garage door and the door slowly began to open.

#3 cried out,

“Ms. Barbara! Oh my God. Ms. Barbara. Please! Please forgive me. I won’t move again. Please do dismiss me. I need you and will do ANYTHING to make it up to you. PLEASE!”

The garage door was all the way up. He was kneeling on the hard-concrete floor next to my BMW looking absolutely pathetic in the eerie yellow light of the incandescent light bulb from the garage door opener.

“He’ll be pulling in the driveway any moment. Have a good night.”

I began to pull back into the house and close the door and #3, without permission, with the swiftness of a cat crawled over to me and grabbed onto my leg and began to sob and beg.

“My beautiful and powerful Goddess. PLEASE! Please don’t let me go. Please! I won’t move. I won’t breath. I won’t talk I won’t speak. I will suffer whatever you wish me to suffer so I can stay with you.”

I reached up to the garage door button, pushed it and closed the door.

“Come inside.”

“Thank you, Ms. Barbara. I am grateful.”

“Crawl into the living room and lie face down between the couch and the ottoman, hands at your side, legs together.”

He was trembling and panting as he quickly crawled and lay on the floor. I followed him into the living room and sat on the couch. Placing my boots onto the small of his back I then turned on the TV but muted the sound.

“Do not speak. Just listen. When I tell you not to move you, are, not, to move. At all. In any way shape or form. When I say “JUMP” you are to scream, “I will jump to the moon for Ms. Barbara”

When I say don’t breathe you hold your breath.

When I say don’t scream I will not hear a scream from your lips.

Do I make myself perfectly clear #3?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

“Jump!”

“I will jump to the moon for Ms. Barbara!”

“When I say it now I want you to jump up like your trying to touch my vaulted ceilings and scream it.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Jump!”

#3 jumped to his feet got in a low crouching position and jump up into the air and yelled at the top of his lungs,

**“I will jump to the moon for Ms. Barbara!”**

“Jump!”

**“I will jump to the moon for Ms. Barbara!”**

“Very nice. Now, assume your position back on the floor in front of me on the couch.”

#3 three immediately lay face down parallel to the couch as instructed. I stood up and pushed the ottoman out of the way the stood over him with my legs on either side of his abdomen.

“Up on all fours. I grabbed his leash that was clipped to his collar and lowered myself onto his back like he was a pony. With all of my weight on his back I pulled back on his leash, and brought my spurs up and made one quick stab with them into his thighs. He winced.

“Forward #3. Take me for a ride.”

“He lumbered forward struggling to move with me on top of him. He made five steps and I commanded,

“Stop! Turn right and carry me to the garage.”

He continued to labor as he crawled with me on top of him over the hard-white tiles of my floors through the kitchen to the doorway that led to the garage.

“Stop.”

He stopped and I got off of him and went into the garage. In one of my built-in cupboards I had horse tack supplies. I opened the cupboard door and pulled out my prized long braided black riding crop. I walked back to him kneeling in the doorway and mounted him like I would a horse. With a quick jab of my spurs into his thighs I commanded,

“Back. Go backwards”

#3 was panting and trembling as he moved backwards.

“Turn around and take me to the hallway and then to the master bedroom door.”

#3's arms were shaking as he continued his slow methodical crawl down the hall towards the master bedroom door. I swatted him on the thighs and his ass as I commanded,

“Go faster you old pathetic nag. I don't have all day. Move it. Faster!”

He attempted to pick up the pace but his arms were shaking so badly that they almost gave way.

“Don't you dare drop me. Don't you dare.”

He seemed to find some internal strength and carried me to the doorway of my master bedroom and I dismounted him.

“Your pathetic and out of shape. An old nag that should be put out to pasture.”

#3 did not speak.

I stood over him and whipped his back with my crop. He tried to pull his arms and elbows back to protect himself but I was too quick with my whip. I got back on top of him and commanded,

“Carry me to the bed.”

He slowly crawled along the floor of my bedroom and carried me to the foot of the bed. Again, I dismounted.

“Lay on the floor as you were instructed to do in the living room, parallel to the foot of my bed.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you, Ms. Barbara.”

He lay face down at the foot of my bed on the carpeted floor attempting to catch his breath as if he had just run a marathon.

“If Mistress is happy who is happy?”

“Slave is happy Ms. Barbara.”

I then sat on the edge of the bed, placed my arms behind me leaned back and placed my feet on his back. I stretched out my legs and dug the spurs on the heel of each boot into the side of his rib cage and slowly drew my legs back towards the bed rolling the spurs through his flesh across his back.

As I dug my spurs into his back I said,

“If Mistress is happy who is happy?”

#3 screamed,

“Slave is happy Ms. Barbara. Slave is VERY happy. Thank you Ms. Barbara!”

“Very good #3. Very good. Now, if #3 is told not to move what should he do.”

With that question I moved my feet back and started the process of slicing across his back with my spurs again.

He screamed,

“#3 will not move Ms. Barbara. I will not move at all ever unless given permission to move.”

“How bad does #3 want to be owned by Ms. Barbara?”



“Ms. Barbara. #3 would give anything to be owned and controlled by you. Anything.”

“You’re body mind and soul belong to me. Unless we are at work you do not make a move without my approval. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

“Crawl over to the computer table next to the sliding glass doors and bring my computer out of sleep. We are going to create some rules for you.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

It was amusing to see him crawl away from me because the chastity device made his cock hang straight down like a little tail between his legs. His cock strained against the chastity and pre-cum drizzled out of him like a thin strand of honey onto my carpet.

“Stop and turn around.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Do you see the snail trail of pre-cum you have left trailing behind?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Crawl back here and lick up every last drop of it. It’s disgusting.”

He crawled back to where the trail began and lowered his head and began to lick up the slimy trail of pre-cum, dust balls and all. He followed the trail and completed his task. I took him a Kleenex to wipe up what remained from his cock cage and to spit the dust balls that were in his mouth out.

“Now, back to the computer.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

#3 brought my computer out of sleep mode and I had him open Word.

“Create a new document and title it, #3’s Code of Conduct and Rules to Live by.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

‘Begin typing.

**Rule 1.**

I, Ms. Barbara, other than work, come first in all of your thoughts. You must say to yourself. Ask yourself at all times, “Is this how Ms. Barbara would want it done?” or “What can I do for Ms. Barbara today?” or “How can I make Ms. Barbara’s life easier today?”

**Rule 2.**

I am to be referred to as Ms. Barbara at all times when we are in private.

**Rule 3.**

You will recite your mantra, “*If Ms. Barbara is happy slave is happy*” 50 times after you awake.

50 times before you go to sleep.

50 times before you exit your car on the way into the building where we work.

50 times on the way home from work if you’re not speaking with me on the phone.

**Rule 4.**

In private, behind closed doors you will be referred to as #3.

**Rule 5.**

In private, behind closed doors you will remain naked hooded and collared at all times.

**Rule 6.**

You will wear your chastity device 24/7 /365 and only permitted to remove it when I give you the key to bath or to stimulate yourself to completion. You will not stimulate yourself unless I give you permission.

**Rule 7.** Any ejaculation that you that I give you the pleasure of having will be consumed by #3 in any way I choose to have it fed to you.

**Rule 8.** You will eat what, where and when I want you to eat.  
You will speak when I give you permission to speak.  
You will dress how I want you to dress.  
You will go to the bathroom when and where I tell you to go.  
You will be my leather butler, maid, masseuse and sexual servant

**Rule 9.** You are not to speak to me in any way shape or form at work unless I ask for your assistance. When you do I am Barbara.

**Rule 10.** You will report to me every hour on the hour during the day through text messaging. When you are asleep it is not required.

“Now, create two signature fields at the bottom of the document. First field at the bottom of the page will have my full legal name, which I know you discovered from working with me, my mistress name, Ms. Barbara and then your legal name and slave name last. Then save the document and print two copies”

#3 three saved the file and printed it. My printer came to life and printed the list of rules. He took them from the printer, took a pen from the pen holder on top of my desk and handed them to me.

I signed it and then had him do the same. I then placed the signed copy on top of my desk and had him the unsigned copy.

“Take this second copy with you so you can study these. I want your rules memorized by the end of next week. You should be able to recite them to me verbatim and without hesitation by 7pm next Friday.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Now I am going to give you a tour of my home. On your hands and knees.”

I mounted #3 and commanded,

“Forward! Turn to the right and to the closet.”

Breathing heavily, he slowly lumbered forward his arms shaking as he carried me to the closet. My walk-in closet was my pride and joy. At 800 Sq. Feet it was almost as big as some people’s apartments. I had a custom-made shoe shelf built into the back wall. It contained hundreds of pairs of shoes and boots I had collected over the years. The wall to the left had all of my carefully pressed blouses hanging on the top row and on the bottom were all of my pants and skirts. There on the right wall hung all of my dresses, jackets and some professional attire including the dreaded pant suit.

“Take me inside the closet. These are going to be your “slave quarters” for this weekend until I can have an arrangements made for you.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“I will give you a blanket and a pillow and you will sleep with the door closed.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Take me to the hall and I will show you the rest of the house.”

We walked down the hall and I pointed out the other bedrooms. I then had him take me to my office.

“This is my office. You are not to be in here unless I am in here. I am in the process of starting my own clothing line and selling my products online. You can assist me as my accountant in outlining a financial plan.

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

I then had him take me to my heated outdoor infinity pool on my patio. It had four-foot-high stucco walls so #3 was unable to see over them. The floor to my patio was covered with nature stone which I loved but apparently his knees did not.

“Ms. Barbara, please. My knees.”

“Shut up. You will only be out here for a minute. This is where you will service me on a regular basis. I love my pool and I have a *thing* for fooling around in and around water. I guess it’s a fetish but nothing like the fetish you have for leather.”

“How are your knees #3?”

“They hurt Ms. Barbara.”

“Good! They should. Nothing should be easy for you, every and it won’t be easy for you.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

I dismounted #3 and stood beside him.

“Kiss my boots!”

“Yes Ms. Barbara.”

#3 turned and lowered his head and slowly began to kiss the toe of my left boot.

“Very good freak. Now, get on your stomach, legs together hands at your sides and kiss my boots.”

#3 dropped to his stomach and put his legs together, hands at his sides and kept kissing my left boot.

“Kiss the right one but don’t use your hands to move sideways, crawl like a worm.”

He scooted to the right by lifting and moving his shoulders like a little helpless seal and started to kiss my right boot. As he kissed it I moved my foot back and away from him.

“Crawl and get my boot but no hands. Crawl like the pathetic little seal you are”

Like an inch worm he pulled himself forward with his upper chest and pushing with his toes.

Just as he reached my right boot I said,

“I’ve changed my mind, lick the heel of my left boot.”

He squirmed and wiggled over to my right boot and extended his tongue to lick the tip of my boot. Just as he was about the lick I put my feet together and shuffled six inches backwards and #3 crawled like a worm to catch my feet.

“Lick my boots bitch or you don’t get to cum this weekend.”

Again, after he crawled the additional six inches and just before his tongue could touch my boot I shuffled away from him. #3 was completely out of breath and breathing heavily. He turned his head to the side and remained motionless for a few seconds before he pleaded,

“Ms. Barbara. Please. Please let me lick and kiss your boots. Please!”

“You’re going to do better than that. Crawl like you really want to kiss my boots. You’re pathetic and you need to get in shape. Crawl. Crawl like the worm you are.”

#3 then moved his head forward and pushed with his feet and heaved his chest forward, his chin bounced off of the toe of my right boot, his chin thudded on concrete patio floor. He licked my boot once and then stopped to catch his breath.

“Very good. Very, very good #3. You desire and passion to please me is showing through brightly. You really want to please me. Now lick my boot until I tell you to stop.”

#3 licked the toe of my boot as if his life counted on it. The leather became shiny with his saliva and little spit bubbles formed on the edges of the wet area.

“Get up onto your knees.”#3 got up on to his knees, put his hands behind his back and lowered his head.

I stood before him with my gloved hands on my hips. I reached my right hand out and gently placed my hand under his chin and tilted his head back.

“Look at me. Look into my eyes.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Look deep into my eyes and listen to me.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you for allowing me to look into your eyes. I am grateful.”

“I own you. I own your heart, mind, body and soul.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. You own my heart, mind, body and soul.”

“You will please me any time I want without question.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. #3 will please you any time Ms. Barbara wants without question.”

I then sat down on one of my pool side lounge chairs.

“Crawl over here and take off my boots.”

#3 crawled over to me and placed his hands on the heel of my right riding boot and pulled it off. Then he did the same with my left riding boot. He neatly placed them side by side at the foot of the lounge chair. I stood up.

“Pull off my riding pants,”

He reached up with both hands and placed his fingers on the waist band of my pull-on riding pants and began to roll them down off of my hips towards my thighs. I then set back down onto the lounge chair and stretched my legs out strait and he pulled the pants off of my legs. He made sure that they were right side out and then folded them neatly and placed them on the lounge chair beside me.

“Now, crawl inside the house, go to the kitchen and get your blindfold.”

“Yes Ms. Barbara.”

#3 quickly crawled into the house and quickly returned with his leather blind fold and I put it over his head and covered his eyes.

As he knelt in front of me I grabbed him by the laces on the back of his hood tightly covering his head and sharply pulled his head back.

“Open your mouth!” I snapped.

#3 quickly opened his mouth. He looks so pathetic, like a newborn baby bird waiting to be set by his mother. I then gather some spit in my mouth and leaned toward him and placed my mouth twelve inches from his and let a long string of spit drop into his mouth and onto his tongue.

“Swallow it.”

#3 closed his mouth, swallowed and then shuddered.

“That my dear is the closest you will ever get to kissing me.”



“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Remove my panties.”

#3 reached up and pulled my panties down and let them drop towards my ankles. I stepped out of the panties.

“Pick them up, fold them and place them with my pants.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“How many times have I cum this weekend #3?”

“Ms. Barbara, you have cum twice.”

“Very good and how many times have you cum?”

“I have not cum Ms. Barbara.”

“Correct. I said you could cum and you will but you have to service me at LEAST one more time.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

“Get up onto your feet and give me your hand.”

I took his hand and led him to the edge of the pool. I turned him so he was facing the pool.

“Sit down on the ground and stretch your feet out in front of you.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

“Now move forward until your feet are in the water.”

He moved forward and put his feet into the water.

“We are at the shallow end. Can you swim?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I do know how to swim.”

“Good. Get into the pool but do not go under the water and ruin that hood. Don’t worry, it’s heated.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”

#3 slid into the pool The water came up to the middle of his stomach. I then sat down on the edge of the pool and dipped my legs into the water. I splashed some pool water onto my thighs and pussy.

“Turn around and come towards me.”

He turned around and waded toward me. I positioned him so he was between my legs.

“Do you know why I put the blindfold over your eyes again?”

“No, Ms. Barbara.”

“You are about to service me with your mouth again and you don’t deserve to see my beautiful pussy. You will have to earn that and earn the right to see me in the nude.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. I understand.”

“Come forward and starting at the bottom, working your way up kiss my pussy.”

Once he was in-between my legs I draped my legs over his back. He began to kiss my pussy lips and the bottom. Slowly and methodically he worked his way up to the top. With each kiss I became wetter and wetter.

As he got to the top I said,

“Back to the bottom but this time kiss and lick.”

He kissed my lips with his tongue darting in and out. Kissing and licking all the way back down to the bottom. My juices were dripping down and gathering in my ass crack and onto the edge of the pool.

“Suck it you bitch. Suck my clit.”

I closed my eyes and tilted my head back as the slower worked his lips and tongue in-between my pussy lips. I placed both of my hands on the back of his head and pulled him towards me.

He encircled my clit with his lips and began to suck. His tongue slowly began to lick the tip of my clit up and down. Then his tongue started moving quickly in a circular click wise motion and I let go of his head and spread my pussy lips for him. then I crossed my legs behind his back locking his head in place. He was holding onto the edge of the pool and treading water with his legs as he serviced me.

He was sucking so hard on my clit it was as if he had an inch of my flesh suctioned into his mouth. His tongue danced and frantically darted around my clit. I pushed my pussy into his face and began to make humping motions with my hips. His chin was on the edge of the pool.

A deep tightness began to build from deep within my pussy. The tightness turned into a bright glow and surge so powerful that a flash of light filled my closed my eyes.

I grabbed his head and pulled him forward.

“Oh God. Suck it bitch suck it harder!!! Suck it. Lick it.”

He squirmed, sucked and licked desperately trying to please me when my body was rocked by a deep convulsion like I had never felt before. My body erupted in the most explosive orgasm I had ever felt. I shuddered and demon like guttural sounds crept out from deep within me.

I screamed,

“Oh my God. YES. Sweet God you’re amazing.

My screams were so loud my voice seemed to echo off of the desert mountains in the distance.

Then as soon as it came it was gone. My voice began to trail off as I repeated,

“You’re, you are ama—zing.”

I released my vice like grip my legs had around his head and fell back onto the deck of the pool, my legs dangling in the water. As he stood in the water with his arms on the edge of the pool he fell into a momentary dreamy sleep. After a minute or so from what seemed like a million miles away I heard #3’s voice.

“Ms. Barbara? Ms. Barbara? Are you ok?”

I slowly opened my eyes and looked towards the beautiful sapphire blue cloudless desert sky. My eyes searched the sky but did not know what they were looking for. I tried to answer #3 but I couldn’t speak. I couldn’t form a thought. My body and my mind were suffering temporary paralysis. After a few more moments I managed to utter,

“Yes, #3. yes. I am very well.”

“I am glad Ms. Barbara. I am grateful that you permitted me to please you.”

I lay there for another minute then told #3,

“Get out of the pool. Walk, don’t crawl, walk into the house and get my purse and bring it to me.”

#3 quickly got out of the pool and scampered into the house while I lay there. He returned and I sat up and took my purse from him.

“You, have done very well. I know our weekend is far from over but I want to reward you.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

“Lay down on the patio. Lay on your back, legs together hands at your side.”

#3 quickly lay on his back on the patio next to the pool. His dick was semi-hard so, I crawled onto of him and knelt over him placing my legs on either side of his arms which were alongside his body. With the upper part of my body facing his feet I placed my ass on top of his face so his nose was firmly stuck in my ass crack and reached beneath my legs and grabbed his nipples. He screamed.

“How bad do you want to cum today bitch. Scream it.”

“Ms. Barbara! My most beautiful Goddess, PLEASE! PLEASE LET ME CUM. PLEASE!”

I twisted his nipples and pushed my ass into his face and said,

“Scream it louder. So loud they can hear you in Tucson.”

“MS. BARBARA PLEASE LET ME CUM. MY SWEE GODDESS PLEASE MY GODDESS PLEASE LET ME CUM!!”

He screams were slightly muffled by my ass but they echoed off of the wall of my home and bounced off the desert mountains in the distance.

I opened my purse and removed a condom I kept inside for an occasion like this. But this time the condom was not going to be used in the traditional way. I ripped open the wrapper, took out the condom and rolled it down over his now throbbing and dripping cock. He shivered and moaned.

“Stroke it bitch but do not cum until I give you permission.”

He loudly exclaimed,

“YES! Yes Ms. Barbara.”

He put his left hand around his cock and slowly began to stroke it. The inside of the condom was completely moistened with pre-cum.

“Stroke it faster but don’t cum.”

As he increased his pace I reached beneath me and stroked his nipples.

“Faster<sup>1</sup> but don’t you dare cum. When you feel you are about to cum I want you to ask me for permission to let “MY COCK” cum.”

As he stroked faster I twisted his nipples and he screamed, ‘

“Oh, my Goddess. PLEASE LET ME CUM!! PLEASE GODDESS!!”

I commanded,

“Cum bitch. My cock can cum.”

With that command his stroking at a feverish pace his thighs lifted up off of the patio and he started to moan. Then as his entire body became rigid, his right hand reached up and clawed at my right thigh. He ceased stroking and then his moan turned into a scream.

As I looked at “my cock” sperm squirted and then oozed out filling the end of the condom.

Then his cock which was pointing directly towards my chin began to retract, fall and go limp. Cum oozed from the bottom of the rubber. As he slowly relaxed all his muscles.

“Put your legs down and lay flat. Put your arms at your side and be quiet but do not fall asleep.”

He was in a trance like state as he said in a dreamy voice,

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

With the thumb and forefinger of my left hand I pulled his cock back then encircled the bottom of the rubber with the same fingers so no cum would escape as I pulled it from his member. With my right hand I pulled the rubber from his cock and then tipped it upside and held it from the opening with the reservoir pointing towards the deck.

“Hungry?”

“Ms. Barbara? I am sorry, what do you mean?”

“Do you know how much cum I have had to swallow in my life to make some man happy?”

“No, Ms. Barbara.”

“Open your mouth bitch.”

I stood up then knelt next to his leather clad head. With his mouth open wide I took the rubber filled with his cum and tipped it upside down pinching the opening closed with my fingers. I placed the rubber two inches from his mouth release my fingers from the opening let it's slimy white contents ooze and drip into his eager mouth.

I then took the thumb and forefinger of my right hand and starting from the reservoir end and in a pulling and squeezing motion down towards the opening squeezing any residual cum from the rubber and into his mouth.

He gagged.

“Swallow it bitch!”

#3 reluctantly closed his mouth and made a hard swallow. He shivered.

“Let me give you something to wash it down. Open your mouth again.”

He opened his mouth and I spit in his mouth and tossed the rubber so it and its remaining slimy contents were draped horizontally over his lips.

I stood up.

“Suck the remaining filth out of it.”

With his left hand he picked the rubber up and out of his mouth and face put his lips on the open end of it and began to suck on it.

“Tongue it.”

He stuck his tongue inside of the rubber and began to make a gagging and choking sound.

“What’s wrong pussy. Don’t like the taste of your own cum?”

#3 did not answer.

“Get used to it. You’re going to be eating a lot of your own seed.”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara. Thank you Ms. Barbara.”

“You’re training has begun and it will continue and get more intense. I have devious plans for you that will put you even keep you under my spell. One thing to remember, you are free to leave at any time. You can go to work. You can speak to family and friends but the minute you say you can’t take it anymore or you want out I am gone for good and will not speak to you again in this capacity.

“Do you need your safe word #3?”

“No Ms. Barbara.”

Did I make myself perfectly clear?”

“Yes, Ms. Barbara.”



Some say, the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I aim a little lower and say the quickest way to his heart and his mind is through his pants. Obedience can be taught to any man when you control his desires and his wants.

Sincerely,

Mistress Victoria

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## **Other Books Written by Victoria West**

Ms. Barbara's Exploration of Female Supremacy (Four Book Series)  
Make Him Work for It

The Interrogation

Leather Slave

Chastity Games