**Art Deco Part Two**

In the morning, Celeste dropped him off at his apartment to allow him to pack some clothes for the few days away;

‘Not that you’ll spend much time with them one!’ joked the spicy redhead. As he let himself in he found a laptop on the lounge table, with a note on top of it; a bright red lipstick kiss adorned the note; “This is for you; my new acquisition. I trust we are firing your imagination. You can tell me about it Friday” ‘Dolores’ XXX” He packed it with his things in a rucksack. And admired the apartment which he’d had so little time to enjoy! Though in this new life he was controlled, he was now really getting into living out his fantasies-he found himself constantly yearning for the next encounter. Celeste arrived back before he knew it;

 ‘This is a lovely apartment’ she said; ‘You must invite me to an evening in with you- alone- I think you owe me that from last night; I want to show you how to behave with red-headed women- we’re ‘different’ you know!’ He agreed, and thought of the way she’d handled that whip;

‘I promise!’ he said.

‘Good, when we get back from the ranch and Judy and Carole have updated Dolores on your progress and what’s next; I’ll tell you when you’ll entertain me, but we have the next couple of days to look forward to first!’ She grabbed his arm and tugged impatiently at him like an excited schoolgirl; as he locked up she giggled; ‘We girls ***so*** enjoy the trips to Carole’s ranch- you’ll be inspired after you’ve been and you’ll feel even more at home with the ladies on returning!’ He wondered what the next couple of days held in store, as he locked up the apartment and skipped after the delectable redhead through the hot morning sun as she led him to her car, ensuring he was in her charge- not that he was about to let her leave him behind.

They picked up Judy at her Meridian flat; she was dressed casually now with a soft silken blouse and tight lyrcra leggings; pointy heels as usual- she smelt delicious as she sat close to him; under her arm, several document folders, which she held on to after her rucksack was placed in the boot. He was more than pleasantly surprised by the preliminary sketches she had made after yesterday’s session; she had created pictures of he, Celeste and Agnes which were sublime-he could see instantly that the male depicted was him, and the two girls were almost photographic in quality- she’d used them many times before. Judy wrapped her arms about him and squeezed;

 ‘Now you’ll get an extra thrill when your book goes out; your buyers won’t know it of course, but every illustration of the male in servitude to women will be you, with subtle variations to suit each story of course!’ They drove up Drexel Avenue and there waving from the balcony of a pastel pink building was Agnes;

‘You took your time!’ she shouted, disappeared inside then emerged from a side entrance, overnight bag over her shoulder which was otherwise naked- wearing a pink strapless top, breasts seemingly trying to burst free, skimpy hot pants which allowed full viewing of her glorious shapely legs and purple spikey shoes. She sat in front with Celeste and they made their way to Opa-Locka. He marvelled at the diversity of architecture as they crossed the Venetian Causeway; Skyscrapers, modern hotels, then a bridge to the next land mass; Italianate and Hispanic themed luxury housing, then on to another bridge , yachts, boats , palm trees – he still had difficulty taking it all in. As they approached a very ornate toll booth, the women all looked at him and smiled.

‘This is the part of the trip that you pay for; we wouldn’t want you to think that you’re allowed this trip for free! We always have the man pay the toll- it’s symbolic’ said Celeste. He offered a note to the woman in the booth; she eyed the party with interest as she passed his change back;

 ‘Have a nice day’ she said, ‘Oh we will’ said Judy.

They cruised up Interstate 95 then did a left for the airport, a quick security check having been carried out they made for the executive area where they were greeted in the lounge area by Carole and Holly. ***The two were delighted to see the party arrive in good time and Carole beckoned to the stewardess who led them out for the short walk across the tarmac. Carole stood back and held him there; she wanted to savour every moment of this trip, as she recognised the potential business asset in this man who was now in her grip and she was going to thoroughly enjoy her dominant and his submissive nature- a perfect scenario. She had him under her control now.***

***‘Look at the women in front of you, leading you to the plane and on your next acts of submission to womanhood’ He viewed the rear vistas of these mature and dominant women and savoured himself just what lay in store.***

 ***‘Come now’ she said and walked him forward with a positive stride, the hot sun and breeze wafting her sweet scent all over him- she had a tight short dress on, with heels which made her nearly as tall as he. They reached the stair to the small white executive jet, Carole smiled wickedly at him;***

***‘Up you come, when we’re a mile high, you’re going to join a very special club- I shall have you pleasure me and the girls, but there’ll be no relief for you- you must wait till we get to the ranch for that!’ The interior of the aircraft was incredibly soft and plushly appointed; thick soft carpets inside; the seats were soft brown leather- the women had not sat down yet-they waited eagerly for him and ushered him toward the front of the aircraft to a seat on its own against the bulkhead of the pilot’s cabin which faced back down the aisle facing all the other passengers;***

 ***’Clothes off now!’ commanded Carole; the women grinned and giggled as he obediently removed his clothes- gagged with them.***

***‘Yes please Holly’ said Carole, looking at him with utter contempt- Holly came forward and passed her an object which was pointed at one end, grew bulbous and tapered in before bulging out again with a ring attached to the end- a cylindrical object about four inches long and made from what looked like vulcanised rubber- it was a butt plug.***

 ***‘Bend over boy; you’re going to be made to feel totally owned now I have you’- he did so, Celeste held his head down and Carole stroked his bottom. Agnes squirted a blob of lubricant from a tube into Carole’s free hand judy clicked away with her camera;***

***‘oh yes, yes- that’s perfect’ Agnes Holly and Celeste sneered as though they had been possessed by the supremely dominant Carole. She ran her finger up and down his crack, gently teasing and probing his rectum with her finger.***

***‘Relax, my slave- this won’t hurt too much if you just relax and accept that this will help you appreciate how a woman feels when violated- you do recognise our complete dominance, don’t you?’***

***‘Yes Mistress Carole’ he said- this new situation and extreme humiliation had his cock at 45 degrees which did not help relax his rear end. The women were patently aware of this of course, and they all felt a deep sense of satisfaction with witnessing his first ever application of a plug which was more than just symbolic- they knew it would keep his anus stretched and irritate his prostrate; a constant reminder that he was owned by women and his arse belonged to them. Carole made him lick the finger that had probed him, then liberally applied slippery gel to his back passage which was now quivering with anticipation as he understood and fully appreciated this act of domination. Carole took the plug and rubbed it between the folds of her labia; she then presented it under his nose;***

 ***‘you’ll have some more of that scent very shortly’ she said. -‘Now lick it clean!’ he licked and sucked at the plug, enjoying the salty feminine essence’ Celeste still held him there whilst Carole made him watch as she smeared the residual gel about the probing head of plug which was about to violate him. Carole stood behind him whilst Celeste held, Agnes grinned and Judy videoed his humiliation.***

***‘Now you’ll be ours’ said Carole scornfully, she spanked him once, which made him pronounce his buttocks, and with one deft movement she pushed the plug slowly but firmly right in up to the ring;***

 ***‘OOohhh’ he cried; it hurt like hell at first, but this soon subsided- The women clapped at the fitting, and this humiliation, along with this new feeling made his cock twitch with pleasure- he felt like he was half way through defecating, and the sharp end teased his prostate making him appreciate that gland for the first time in his life- it made his balls tingle and provoked his erection. Carole slipped off her panties and said;***

 ***‘Open wide!’- he was gagged with them , the women having had the benefit of his tortured groan he would now be silenced –Carole then posed dominantly with him bent over in a full rear view as Judy clicked away taking pictures of this new symbol of his submission to the women.***

He was then strapped tightly into the brown leather seat which sucked at his naked flesh ; his wrists were tightly bound and his ankles were tied tightly together- his bondage for the pleasure of the women completed when his ankles were tied to his wrists smartly, forcing his weight to centre on his buttocks, ensuring full penetration and teasing by the plug. Carole teased his erect cock; and he squirmed, so wanting to shoot his cream for this woman ,fulfil this recent humiliation and show her that he was well and truly hers;

 ‘Oh no, you’ll not have relief today ; you’ll learn denial and you’ll perform your tasks all the better for it’. Then she turned and bent over before him showing her glorious womanhood and plug-free anus before strapping herself into the seat opposite. The three women all sat cross legged enjoying the spectacle; then the cabin door opened and the Pilot and Co-pilot came out to say they were ready; both female of course-They looked at him and smiled

‘We’re ready for take-off and we’ll have you a mile high before you know it! They shut the door, the plane was taxied round, then burst down the runway and lifted up at an acute angle on its way to Dothan Alabama.

As the plane achieved altitude, the women unbelted and helped themselves’ to drinks from a cabinet in an open area behind the flight seats which resembled a small lounge; seating, though affixed to the floor, swivelled freely and a large flat screen television was fixed to the rear bulkhead. Holly and Agnes sat down smiling. Celeste looked at Carole as she walked casually to the far bulkhead and stood dominantly, striking the palm of her hand with a riding crop she had picked up.

‘Bring him to me!’ she said sternly, Celeste walked back, untied his bonds and unstrapped him. She then picked a collar and leash from her bag, smiled sweetly at him as she collared him nice and tight. Then tugged on the choker spitefully- he snorted as much air as he could through his nostrils; the panties were not to be removed by Celeste.

‘On your hands and knees!’ said Celeste and she led him like a dog down to Carole who was in her most dominant form. The mature beauty had broken many a man in her time, she had witnessed brutal whippings, castrations and snuffs, but this was a whole new pleasure for her- this was a submissive cur who she could torment to her heart’s delight, knowing that whatever she subjected him to, he would likely write into a story and earn her money. This was sheer heaven.

‘Kneel before me and don’t move!’ she said. She pulled the panties from his mouth, exposed the crutch area and rubbed it under his nose***.***

***‘Well?’ she barked- he looked at her not having a clue as to what she meant, still revelling in the sweet scent of that gusset- the fact that he was unable to sample that essence even though they’d been in his mouth was yet another small but painful denial. She glared at him and slapped his face hard enough to leave marks where her fingers had struck- the pain brought tears to his eyes which brought a smile to Carole’s face. He was conscious of the other women enjoying his obedient submission and the butt plug squirmed in his rectum. He marvelled at the mature beauty before him, he admired her finely lined face and weathered yet fit arms, her plump thighs and attractive feet, which gave her age away, but were not ugly; her blouse made it evident that her breasts may not now be as firm as they once were, but only sagged a little which seemed to make her even sexier as it enhanced the fact that this was a dominatrix in her mature and utmost prime. He wanted to be punished by this goddess and looked forward to whatever she had in store for him. She slapped him again with the other hand.***

***‘Did you think you could write those stories about women, have us teased by your fiction and think you could get away without paying for it? She rubbed the crop into her sweaty, juicy vulva and had him lick it clean-***

 ***‘Get used to the smell and taste of women mixed with leather- you’re going to feast on it at the ranch!’***

***‘Here Here! Said the others. She slapped his face again – it stung and his eyes watered uncontrollably, but he held still, hoping she’d do it again; he was almost ashamed by his own submissiveness, but the supreme woman before him who was the ultimate temptress of denial absolved him of any shame; she made it quite clear without any doubt that he was nothing to her and his only purpose in life was to please womanhood.***

***‘Oh’, she said; having noticed a light in the cabin door flashing; ‘I almost forgot-that ‘special club’-you must work your passage!’ she grinned and the other women laughed as he was led on all fours up to the door. Carole knocked-***

***‘Come in’ said a voice behind the door. Even on all fours he had a good view past the instruments at the clear blue sky they were racing through.***

***‘Auto pilot?’-***

***‘Confirmed, Auto-pilot’ said Pilot to co-pilot, then they swivelled round in their chairs. Both were naked from the waist down and he was struck immediately by the scent of their arousal in the confined space.***

***‘Have you ever licked a Texan girl whilst being caned by a girl from Arizona?***

***‘No’ he said as the co-piiot flexed the cane menacingly,***

***‘Well have you ever licked a girl from Arizona whilst be caned by a Texan girl then? –***

 ***‘No’ he said.***

***‘well I’m told that you haven’t paid your fare, is that true? The girl from Arizona was now positively drooling and stroked herself as she enjoyed the tease. Judy was there videoing it all. ‘ think you have just enough time to pay your way- We’ll teach you what happens to fare-dodgers’- he was pushed forward by Carole and the pilot lifted her legs- he was in like a shot and lapped at here succulent folds like there was no tomorrow; true to her word, the cane was brought whistling down, again and again, making him clench at the butt plug as the painful strokes were delivered by a virile woman who would soon have her reward from him, whilst he was caned by the sensual Texan woman he was now pleasing. He was pleasing all the women.***

 ***‘See how the butt plug works its magic’ said Holly; they were a favourite of hers and she had a vast collection.***

 ***‘Yes said Carole; ‘We’ll soon witness another denial of pleasure for him’ she sneered. Tex cried out in ecstasy; he’d done well and brought her off sharply; she was determined to make him pay for that with the cane! She pushed his head down to her sweet anal passage and had the spicy orifice licked smartly clean whilst she finished off. He could not help but notice that his cock seemed to be dribbling as it had never done so before- this was short lived as the eager Arizona girl threw the cane at Tex and virtually dragged his head into her midst- the smell of this 40 odd year old woman was intoxicating and he experienced new levels of pleasure as Tex brought the cane mercilessly down and he was now enjoying the sweet taste of mother Arizona, the sweet pain of Mrs Texas, humiliation in front of the women who owned him, and the new pleasure of the butt plug which added to the humiliation, and gave him a strange sensation as he clenched on it as the cane bit. Arizona bucked and wailed; she too had him lick her arse as she finished up; it matched he top hole in that is was delightfully sweaty and tangy- he was thoroughly enjoying his punishment and he had a strange sensation as he dribbled some more- They encouraged Tex;***

 ***‘cane him soundly, he’s about to ‘show’ He was in absolute heaven as he lapped at the tangy bottom and felt the sharp strokes from one of the unforgiving mistresses; he thought he would come-then the strange sensation came again, a very dull pleasure and he felt that his cock was dribbling out cream. The women clapped and cheered- Arizona pushed him away and Tex through the cane to one side. He’d come for the women but not experienced an orgasm-***

***‘You have just had your prostate milked; did you enjoy it? You’ve made enough mess’ said Carole wickedly. She slapped his face again. ‘Of course you didn’t enjoy it, but we all did; didn’t we girls?’ They all concurred and laughed at his prick which was as rigid as ever– oh how he wanted to come.***

***‘Lick that mess of my carpet’ said Carole, and he duly did so. She then slapped his face once more for good measure, then pulled his face into her wetness;***

 ***‘Sniff!’ she said ‘Sniff the scent of the woman on whose terms you will next be allowed an orgasm’ He duly sniffed with all his lung power- and even though he yearned to come, he would quite happily have died at that moment for this supreme woman.***

***Part Six***

He was allowed to tidy up in the tiny wash-room; when he came out Celeste and Agnes helped him dress, then took him back to his seat. Before he could get too comfortable, the signal to belt up was given and they started to descend. The plane was soon down on the tarmac at Dothan Alabama. As soon as the door was opened he noted that it was even hotter than Miami.

 ‘No sea breeze here’ said Agnes. They passed through the rudimentary checking station and were greeted by a couple of ladies with cowboy hats; one was a delightfully chubby brunette who wanted to constantly pet him;

‘I can’t wait to get him trained’ she said ‘He’s so cute!’ The other was nicely buxom too, but a little more taut; she said little but eyed him wickedly. They drove off in the two vehicles; he was sandwiched in the back between Carole and Judy. Carole kept her hand on the bulge in his leggings throughout the journey; she seemed to want to continually emphasise that he was hers for the next couple of days. As they swept out of the town, down endless dusty highways, after about 45 minutes they swept down a dirt track past a sign ‘Wiregrass Ranch’ –

 ‘Welcome to the wiregrass region’ said the chubby brunette in a gangly southern US accent. The vehicle slowed as they approached the main residence. In his English mind, it immediately made him think of the ‘Ponderosa’ and he expected to see Hoss Cartwright appear. He did not. What did appear made his eyes boggle; a jet black horse appeared from the corral behind the building, mounted by a totally naked woman, she waved as though this was the norm and started to canter toward the open country side; fleshy parts wobbling delectably.

‘There goes Tabitha- she’ll get sunstroke if she’s not careful’ said Chubby.

They all got out and he was taken into the building. The interior belied the outward appearance of the structure; it was luxuriously furnished and air-conditioned-he showered and was then taken to a dining room where they all sat eating. Or a brief period the dialogue was business-like and they all showed a healthy interest and voiced personal opinions as to how the final publication of his first compilation should look.

 ‘I don’t care, said chubby smiling- I only want to help inspire new stories in him; that’s my job’ she said in a very matter-of-fact tone and smiled sweetly at him. Carole has said I can show you my quad-bike before it gets too cool this evening; I’m going to help with your training and Sandy Ridge is one of my favourite parts of the ranch- it’s always warm down there, even way after dark. I’m the only one round here who’s allowed to be overweight, I’m going to make sure you staying tip-top condition; just like the stallions in my charge’ The women giggled ; The taut and quiet buxom one spoke out for once;

‘Yes, and we can all imagine what you get up to with those stallions!’ There was mild uproar at this statement and Chubby, whose name was Roseanne, blushed but was not deterred.

‘Oh, and I suppose you just take their temperatures when it’s stud-time I suppose? ,Miss Chrissie Ortino! The words ’stud’ and ‘Stallion’ left an indelible print on the mind which in this context conjured up visions of young ladies taking advantage of animals of a lesser intelligence, endowed with a physical presence much greater than their own species might provide. Needless to say, this is where that conversation ended

Having eaten and been well watered, the voluptuous Roseanne took him out into the hot sunshine; there was the quad-bike. The other ladies followed and watched with interest. Roseanne stripped naked; her chubby seraph like body was beautifully rubenesque. There was nothing about her which looked disproportionate; she was one of those females who was meant to be larger than average, and she looked formidable.

 ‘Off with your clothes too- NOW!’ she said. He did so without question. She unravelled a long length of silky rope and tied it about his middle. She then spread her ample legs and buttocks across the quad-bike and kick started it. Her lovely white buttocks shimmered as she revved the motor.

‘Let’s go for a run’ she said, then engaged first gear and slowly trundled forward; he was compelled to run behind. The women clapped and cheered at this spectacle of a voluptuous beauty on powered transport, making a male twice her age run behind – roped, he had no choice. Judy snapped away and shouted after them-

‘Careful please Roseanne, we don’t want him injured- well not too badly!’ she laughed. Roseanne waved in recognition and headed for Sandy Ridge with her prize running after her. As they disappeared over the horizon, a horse neighing behind them caught their attention. It was Carole, naked and smiling supremely upon a fine stallion; she trotted off in the same direction, her mature and beautiful rear end rising and falling upon the saddle with the movement of the horse.

Roseanne soon had her new charge at the desired place; she pulled the quad-bike up at the base of a cliff like ravine over which hung shrubs and lush vegetation. The wall of the cliff was very sandy as was the gully which ran before them, it was out of the wind and the evening sun made the wall of the cliff glow bright orange. He watched the voluptuous beauty; she knew he was looking at her ample white bottom as it spread across the hot black vinyl seat. She looked round at him and smiled, looked forward again then pushed forward on the handlebars, arched her back and pushed her lower parts into the soft seat. This action made the beads of sweat on her back roll down to the crack of her delectable bottom and past her sticky anus to the seat. Then she got up. She reeled him in on the rope till he was level with the bike;

‘Lick my seat clean!’ she commanded;

He looked down at the shiny and wet impression her glorious form had left. She held his cock as he went down;

‘Mustn’t have you burn this on the exhaust!’ she laughed;

Half-kneeling he licked clean the salty, tangy essence from the black vinyl; roped and now owned by yet another female, this one formidably built, his balls tingled at this new humiliation. She sneered at him, enhancing the feeling-

‘That’s it, lick up every drop!; when he’d done she picked up a short whip which was attached to the bike, then walked him down the airless gully on the warm soft sand. He enjoyed watching her soft bottom jiggle and so hoped he’d be allowed to do her seat justice as well. They reached an open spot and she played out the rope. The well –endowed beauty had him canter back and forth in circles on the rope, cracking the whip above his head menacingly;

‘I’ll soon have you broken in and ready to serve even the meekest woman’- she said , she then tied his hands behind his back and put the rope through his mouth; bridal fashion, walking him up and down whilst whipping his bottom sharply with her whip; this gave her immense satisfaction and he could not help but enjoy this new game- he was thoroughly enjoying his humiliation. At one point she sat her ample body on his back whilst he padded on all fours; this was exceptionally hard work but the feeling of her hot sweaty naked bottom and pussy rocking back and forth upon his back was devine. Oh how he was relishing being ‘broken in’ by her-he wished she’d whip him in earnest.

The sun was still bright but much lower in the Alabama sky now; she was just finishing yet another circling routine, when he noticed her smiling and looking down the gully. Up came Carole astride the stallion at walking pace. The gorgeous mature women’s body glistened with sweat from head to toe; she rocked gently back and forth in the saddle; she looked magnificent and he wanted to please her in any way she wanted, right there and then. The stallion was semi erect and snorted in the warmth and atmosphere of the gully; he could no doubt smell the sweet feminine scent too and though he did not understand why, his arousal was apparent. Roseanne licked her lips in anticipation; she knew what was to come.

‘Has he performed well?’

‘Oh yes Carole he shows good potential’ said Roseanne eagerly.

‘Good; he’ll please you now’ – she looked at him with contempt-

‘You shall please your trainer right now, whilst I watch’

Rosanne lay back in the soft sand, her head toward the mounted goddess; up went her legs; she was dripping with sweat and anticipation.

‘Lick her bottom first!’ said the dominant beauty in the saddle. He went in eagerly at the hot sticky prize and devoured the luscious salty residues. Roseanne grabbed his head and pulled him tight in to the soft warmth of her crevice, his nose now sampling the sweet scent of her moist pussy. Roseanne bucked and pulled at his hair impatiently; she was thoroughly enjoying having her rectal passage licked clean by this very interesting submissive, but oh how she wanted to come.

From her position, Carole could see his cock on occasion, as it bobbed like a stiff rubber lever and patted the sand as he vigorously worked his body in unison with his tongue as the chubby beauty enjoyed his attention and hummed, half with contentment, half with impatience as she waited for him to receive his orders to deliver her to ecstasy.

‘Look at me!’ said Carole; He viewed the supreme vision before him over the hump of Roseanne’s dripping wetness. The glorious naked image mounted dominantly upon the partly excited stallion now toyed with a long whip which she twirled down past her mature breasts, shapely torso and supple legs into the sand below.

‘Now pleasure her womanhood, but don’t you dare take your eyes off me!’ Roseanne let out a little cry of relief and nearly broke his neck as she hauled him forward up her sweet and slippery slope. He slotted his tongue into the luscious folds and Roseanne moaned with pleasure and lifted her chubby thighs making it difficult for him to keep his eyes on his true mistress who was now smiling wickedly and twirling the whip about her head. Her superb breasts giggled with the action, Roseanne whimpered, Carole jerked the whip smartly in the air above her head; ‘CRACKKK!! ; This made Roseanne pull his head in all the tighter; he could barely breathe, and her juices went down the back of his throat and up his nostrils making him splutter, but this did not distract him from either continuing to pleasure his trainer or allowing his eyes to stray from the one woman he wanted most to be allowed to pleasure. The stallion cantered slightly and turned in a circle, affording him a view of her seductive naked bottom which she lifted and sat back with an audible ‘slap’ as her plump and naked sweatiness mad a partly vacuumed contact with the smooth surface of the leather saddle. As she faced him the goddess cut the air once more with the lethal looking whip, wearing a wicked expression upon her face; ‘CRACCKK!! Roseanne cried out; humped her torso forward and all but crushed his head with her thighs;’

‘Ohhhhhhhhh!! Yes yes, yesss!’ cried Roseanne as she reached the point of no return and went eagerly beyond it. His cock pulsated at the sound of feminine ecstasy; oh how he wanted to come. Carole knew this. She wrapped the whip about her body and slid the handle beneath her crotch and bottom.

‘Tomorrow you shall taste this whip in more ways than one, and only then you shall be rewarded’ she said haughtily- ‘but tonight you will face further denial and will be brought to the very edge only to have your hopes dashed- I shall ensure it is so’. She pumped the stallions flanks with her legs, sending a ripple through her fleshy thighs and buttocks, and the horse duly started to walk, she smiled; ‘You’ll beg me to whip you tomorrow’. She turned the stallion and moved away at walking pace- ensuring he had a good view of her rear as she went. He was brought to his senses by Roseanne tying the rope about his waist once more;

‘Time to get you back to the ranch-house; you’ll need a nice cool shower and I’ll need a good wash down from you; you’ve made me all sticky and dirty!’ She started the quad bike and he padded after the freshly satisfied amazon.

***Part Seven***

Having been made fresh once more, it was obvious to the women he was now very tired. Celeste and Chrissie led him away to his room.

‘You’re to have a nice nap’ Said Celeste, as she followed Chrissie up the wooden stairway past the paraphernalia which adorned the walls; cow horns, stags antlers, old Winchesters’ aplenty.

He was taken to a room which looked like a set from a 50’s western; the bed had a typical brassy bedstead, but looked so inviting to him. He was drained by the hot sun and the afternoon’s events. His mind was nothing short of delirious with the implanted vision of Carole. The two women knew exactly what they must do. He was to sleep, and nothing else! They helped him off with his clothes then smiling, Chrissie produced some soft cord whilst Celeste held his arms behind him;

‘Oh you poor thing!’ she said; ‘We know how you’d like to relieve your balls of their burden- but we can’t have you waste yourself, can we?’ Chrissie sneered as she bound his arms behind his back. They peeled back the duvet and he was lain down on the bed. Chrissie the bound his ankles whilst Celeste watched. He did not care at all at this point and enjoyed the attention and control that the two women had over him. They then tied a cord from wrists to ankles, bringing his legs up to ensure he could not hump the mattress in his sleep whilst consumed in an adult ‘wet dream’ having been denied whilst witnessing so much erotica first hand. ***Having secured him, they were about to cover him with the duvet, when they turned toward the door as someone else entered the room. It was Carole.***

***‘Thank you ladies; you may leave him to me now’ the two smiled at her thoughtfully as they passed on their way out- they had not rehearsed this.***

***‘Hello my prize asset’ she said, as she lifted the flowing full length skirt she was wearing up to her waist and sat down close to his head, allowing him more torment with the sight of her bare thighs and the soft natural scent of her womanhood.***

***‘I’ve got something to remind you of me whilst you regain your strength over the next hour and a half, or so’; she smiled wickedly at him. ‘Can you guess what it is?’ she teased. Then she showed him the butt-plug he had been treated to on the plane.***

***‘Tell me you want it’ she said unsmiling.***

***‘Please mistress, let me have the butt-plug’ he said obediently. She smiled with satisfaction, leant over him, stroked his anus with her finger delicately and eased the plug in as he shivered and moaned with the discomfort. She took great pleasure in squeezing the plug home. This act of humiliation was a favourite of hers and the fact that this act might produce a new story from this slave gave her an extra kick.***

***‘Now you have a nice sleep and I’ll see you later, remember what I told you earlier; you’ll be made to perform for the ladies this evening in the most divine ways, but you, YOU will be denied. Tomorrow I shall whip you and you will know ecstasy like never before. You will realise once and for all that you are owned by all women and will pay dearly for your realisation’. She stood up and produced panties worn earlier, rolled them as before, and stuffed them neatly in his mouth, which he had automatically opened on seeing them. She then gently tucked her captive in;***

***‘Sweet dreams’ she said, and left. He lay there bound, the butt-plug stretching his rectum and tickling inside once more, gagged by used panties, tied and helpless; his cock pulsating. He yearned for relief but could not help but enjoy this torture. He was being controlled completely by dominant women; He was now looking forward to being whipped as he knew he would beg for mercy and receive none- he was owned by the women now.***

It seemed as though he’d only just closed his eyes. He was woken by Judy and Agnes; the latter pulled back the duvet and woke him, then she sat cross-legged on the bed next to him. The feeling of being bound and the tight butt-plug, along with the smell of the women now beside him awoke his cock also; his member had also been enjoying a rest and had been semi-flaccid whilst asleep, but was instantly aroused by his thoughts. Once again he was rigid and ached for relief. Judy snapped away whilst Agnes made many erotic poses; Judy was almost apologetic:

‘I’ll just make a quick sketch then we’ll take you down for some food and drink, and…’ she bit her tongue and smiled. Now done the two untied him. He was then treated to mild humiliation as the plug was removed; the girls giggled as he squirmed with discomfort as it was pulled from him – this was more painful than entry as the removal created a vacuum;

‘There!’ said Agnes as she finally pulled it free, making him wince. Judy smiled at him softly as she collared and leashed him. Then the two led him downstairs.

The main lounge was somewhat smoky and the women were all very casually attired in nightdresses and underwear. He was sat at a table and the two ranch-hands Roseanne and Chrissie spoon fed him with various morsels as though he were an infant.

‘Here’s a nice drink for you’ said Roseanne

‘And here’s a nice blue tablet for you’ said Chrissie

‘Now you drink it all up and take your medicine too!’ said the chubby one. He really did not want any more assistance with his blood pressure but did as he was told. Chrissie patted his lips with a napkin when he’d finished. The women were lounging around a central area and watching a large flat screen on one wall. They tittered and laughed lightly as they watched men being put through their paces in various equestrian guises; pony tailed latex clad women whipping out at the hapless males adorned with tails of their own, pulling various chariots, or being roped and whipped just for the hell of it. Chrissie led him through the throng;

‘I’m just going to the girl’s room-I’ve had too much liquid’ she said. As she did he stopped, thinking he’d be told to sit or kneel somewhere- a sharp tug on his collar from Chrissie told him otherwise;

‘Come on will you! I’m bursting’ and she led him to the girls room with her. The girls room was tiled and drained like a wet-room and the toilet pedestals were situated like stand-alone baths; not in a tight cubicle, but set proud with plenty of room which would allow observers a view from any angle. They could also observe what was happening within the toilet as these were transparent glass rather than porcelain. He’d never seen anything like this, and though he was not into ‘scat’ by any stretch of his imagination, the thought of watching a woman relieve herself suddenly made his cock twitch. Chrissie released his leash and slowly removed her panties; suddenly she had no urgency at all. As the panties dropped to her ankles, she moved one foot out, then bent over keeping her legs straight to allow him a full view of her rear as she went down to remove the panties from the other leg. She then went over to the pedestal and sat slowly down, allowing her cheeks to splay over the Perspex seat.

‘Come and lie down here!’ she commanded. He lay down facing her legs, which she held open far enough to allow him to view her glistening pussy through the underside of the glass bowl. His cock throbbed against the cool shiny tiles. She pulled his leash up to ensure his nose was virtually up against the bowl.

‘I want you to watch me pee, and then I’ll have you clean me up’ she said. He was none too sure of this but his raging erection and the constant denial meant he saw an erotic side to anything the women subjected him to. She sighed and he saw her vulva bulge then trickle and finally gush her hot golden liquid, obscuring his view when in mainstream as it swirled about the bowl before his eyes. As the flow ebbed, he was rewarded with a clearer sight of her womanhood as she emptied the remainder of her bladder.

‘mmm’ she murmured; ‘Did you like that?’; he had to admit it- though he wasn’t sure at first, he now felt a deep sense of eroticism at being made to watch her perform the most rudimentary of human actions.

‘Yes mistress Chrissie, I did like that’ he could not deny it, and knew that another humiliation was now due.

‘Would you like to lick me clean?’ she said, now smiling with utter contentment. Though he imagined that her urine would be acrid and odorous, he had so enjoyed watching her and wanted to enjoy the humiliation of licking her clean regardless of how her waste liquid tasted;

‘Yes please mistress Chrissie, I would like to lick you clean’; he almost begged to be of service to her, and she relished the control she had over him without so much as a threat of the cane or crop.

‘Up you come then’ she said, and he knelt before her. She moved forward on the warm perspex seat so that the prize protruded over the edge then lifted her legs. He golden droplets dribbled down her thighs;

***‘make sure you do a good job and lick every drop up!’; he went in without hesitation; though the smell was different to the aroused pussies he’d gorged on so far, the taste was not as unpleasant as he had imagined, in fact it was not unpleasant at all. He lapped at her and she rubbed his hair as he licked the thighs and juicy delicate folds of her womanhood, till she was shiny all around her pussy, his task complete. She sat back and then suddenly felt her stomach;***

***‘Oh, oh dear, I think I may have something else for you’ she said with a much sterner look.***

***‘Down you go!’ she said pushing him to the floor before the bowl once more. He did not need to delve too deeply into his imagination to conjure up what was about to happen.***

***‘Now watch my bottom’ she said, as she pulled her knees together but kept her lower legs apart. The prospect gave him butterflies in the stomach, but he found he was fixated by the sight of the beautiful pear shape above him, and he felt her calf muscles tense as something was happening further up her body. His cock twitched and squirmed against the now sweaty ceramic tiles. Once again he felt a deep sense of erotic satisfaction at the degradation being awarded him by this petit but dominant woman. Oh how he wanted to come.***

***‘You make sure you watch now’ she said- there was no chance he would look elsewhere. She giggled and he watched with anticipation as her sweet brown button bulged, gently at first, then dilated and she giggled with enjoyment again;***

***‘Watch me shit!’ she said coarsely to further emphasise the tease and enjoy his lowly predicament;***

***‘I bet you’d like to wank, wouldn’t you!’ she said ; his cock pulsed against the tiles, oh yes how he wanted to be allowed to give his all;***

***‘Yes Mistress Chrissie, I so want to come’ he almost wailed; Chrissie felt supreme;***

***‘Well you shan’t; you’re to be denied till you face the whip tomorrow, you’ll just have to enjoy my pleasure tonight’ she said wickedly, and in a voice which strained a little as she fought to arrest her bowel movement;***

***‘Now watch and enjoy as you suffer!’ ; he viewed her beautiful form once more and focused on the dilated rectal opening. She gasped a little and a little brown head started to ease from the bulging anus;***

***‘Yes!’ she exclaimed , ‘that’s oh so nice’; he watched, bathed in a deep warmth of erotic humiliation as his mistress of the moment eased a sweet brown cylinder from her bowels just for his delight; it plopped sweetly into the water below and he watched transfixed as her rectum squeezed closed again. She then pulled her thighs in tightly and majestically then repeated the movement. He could not believe the sexual satisfaction he was receiving from watching the feminine body expel its waste; he wanted to come more than ever. Even the smell of her excrement seemed sweet whilst he remained in his perilous and tortured sate of arousal.***

***‘You know you must lick me clean now don’t you?’ she said with great satisfaction. He looked up at her puckered little bottom which looked virtually clean and was almost disappointed- he WANTED to be degraded by this act and was relishing tasting her excrement.***

***‘Yes Mistress Chrissie, please let me clean your bottom with my tongue’; he enjoyed this extra servile moment and had chosen his words to please her. He knelt up and she rocked back on the seat and put her arm round the backs of her knees to afford him the most open access to her dirty anus;***

***‘Sniff it first!’ she said; she wanted him to get as much humiliation out of this as possible. He duly complied; he took in her scent and found he was not discouraged at all by the dank, almost chocolaty odour.***

***‘I bet you never dreamed you’d have to lick the shit from a woman’s ass did you?’***

***‘No mistress’***

***‘Well you’re going to now, after you’ve begged me to allow it! -Beg to lick my ass!***

***‘Please Mistress Chrissie, please allow me to lick your ass clean- I BEG YOU!’ -she chuckled at his pathetic submission;***

***‘Lick the dirt off me right now!’- he went in and his tongue scooped at the little mess she had left for him, it didn’t taste too bad after all and he simply swallowed as he licked and soon had her button clean. She revelled in the pleasure of his servitude and his nose could not help but notice a sweet and familiar scent coming from somewhere else; he noticed she was stroking her clitoris.***

***‘Up you get!’ she said and she also got up from the toilet and stood beside it.***

***‘You’ll need to wash your tongue and face before I allow you to pleasure me’ she said and then she commanded he kneel before the bowl.***

***‘Put your head in!’ she barked- he went down and faced the gifts she had produced earlier.***

***‘Now clean that tongue and face!’ she commanded as she pressed the flush. Oh how she laughed at him as he lapped in the torrent to clean his tongue and spluttered as it engulfed his face- the gifts somersaulted and danced before disappearing round the U-bend and into the sewer. She mopped his wet and thoroughly humiliated face with her used panties and he marvelled at this dominant creature and once again enjoyed the thorough humiliation he was being subjected to. She side-stepped across the bowl and sat back again, lifting her legs so that he may inhale her sweet pussy once more; she truly was the queen of the lavatory.***

***‘Now you may pleasure me’ she said tritely. His tortured cock bobbed and nudged the glass bowl he had so enjoyed as he brought his mistress off to a fitting finale. As she came she half sighed and half sniggered; then she pissed in his face.***

He cleaned up again and she led him out to the women, after giving him a quick kiss on the lips which was almost affectionate. She had been both very pleased and satisfied with his performance. As they emerged the women, who were all now either naked or next to naked, stood up and cheered and clapped. He saw himself on the big flat screen being led away; they had all witnessed and thoroughly enjoyed his toilet humiliation.

**Part Eight**

Carole was in a supremely dominant and indignant mood; she wanted to get every last morsel of pleasure from the humiliation and degradation that he had faced already and would face in the future. The lounge was now thick with the humid Southern atmosphere, enhanced by a mist of cigarette smoke and the scent of women’s perfumes mixed with their sweet natural aromas. Chrissie led him over to the hostess, and beamed with satisfaction as she walked the permanently erect and humiliated male through the throng of clapping women. One of the ladies ensured he was also kept fully aware of his recent act of submission as she rewound to parts of the video that were enjoyed most and then displayed them on the huge screen. He had shown once again that he was learning his place, and the obvious pleasure of the women made him tingle all over.

Carole sat in a prominent position in a large black leather chair; her full and mature figure, naked and cross legged, displaying her luscious white thighs which offered him a teasing hint of her sex. He felt she was magnificent, and she seemed have complete control over him just by nearby. Her dominance oozed over him like a mist. Beside her lay the vicious whip he had witnessed earlier-

‘Come and kneel in front of me, I want to enjoy your denial to the full tonight; it will make tomorrow all the more special for both you and I.’ As he knelt she held the leash with both hands for a time, playfully choking him and then releasing the pressure before he was too uncomfortable, taunting him as she did so.

‘I want you to write a nice long story about the equestrian adventures you had here; you can relate as to how you were broken like a badly behaved stallion by the females who are your natural superiors. You will have a tale to tell after your walk of submission tomorrow. All the ladies are relishing the spectacle; you will know your place forever after I have truly owned you.’ She then released the leash and picked up the huge whip by her side. He could feel the women moving in closer to get a good view; cameras clicked and camcorders whirred. Carole toyed with the last two feet or so whilst staring right into his eyes with a contemptuous look. He could not help but notice the vicious looking little knot and tassel which made up the last four inches or so. Carole smiled wickedly when she noticed this section had his attention.

‘You know I’m going to teach you a very important lesson tomorrow, don’t you?’ he gulped involuntarily and the women sneered and giggled.

‘Yes mistress’ he said, the whip being apparent but only guessing at the full extent of the humiliation which was planned by the goddess before him, a dominant woman who intended to be the goddess of his destiny. She ran he fingers over the little knot and tassel;

‘It’s very soft you know. In my expert hands it will cause you extreme pain which we will both enjoy, but will do you very little lasting damage- look, I’ll show you how soft it is’- and she placed the end of the whip under her, then sat gracefully down holding the last two feet under the cleft of her cheeks and her sex. She then deftly drew it forward slowly, and increased her grip between her thighs and buttocks as the last few inches were pulled through, ensuring the business end was nicely moist with her most womanly scent as the end was released. She dangled it before his nose and he could not help but inhale the sweet mixture of leather and dominant womanhood.

‘Now draw it through your lips and feel how soft your new mistress is’ she said in a commanding but reassuring tone which could not be denied. He took the last foot or so and his erection bobbed rigidly as he tasted the whip for the first time. It was very very soft and the taste of her served to make his balls ache all the more. The women laughed at his humiliation, and at what they knew was to come tomorrow. Oh how he wanted to be whipped right now and end this torment. But Carole knew this.

‘See, it’s nice and soft isn’t it?’ She said, as he licked his lips as though having just eaten a doughnut.

‘Yes Mistress’ she then stood up before him; the whip dangling from one hand which twirled it menacingly. He cowered on his knees before this epitome of mature and dominant femininity. She moved close into him so that he could take in her scent and then put her free hand under his chin and had him look up at her from virtually between her thighs. The cameras continued to click and flash, the camcorders continued relentlessly. She looked down at him as someone might view a dog or other less important object;

‘You want to be whipped into submission by me, don’t you?’ she said teasingly. ‘You know it’s the only way you’ll be allowed any reward’. He just wished he could have it now; he truly wanted to be owned by this woman and the sooner the better.

‘Yes mistress, I want you to whip me’. He sang out without shame; some of the women clapped at this admission of subservience- he was pleasing them no end.

‘Then you shall have your wish tomorrow’ she said, then pushed him aside and strode towards the stairs.

‘Bring him to me when you’ve had your pleasure of him- he’ll sleep with me tonight’. The ladies had their way with him for the next couple of hours. He was taunted mercilessly about the following day on the one hand, questioned and conversed with on an almost intellectual sense regarding his book compositions on the other, and at times simply treated to the most base and carnal acts with various women; all taking great care not to allow him to have any ‘accidents’ involving the spillage of his most masculine of body fluids – though he was taken to the edge on many occasions. He was then taken upstairs by Roseanne and Chrissie, who were careful to pick up the butt plug, lengths of cord and panties from a table at the foot of the stairs.

Carole was sitting up in bed reading a draft of one of his books through a pair of horn rim glasses which made he look even stricter than ever, she wore nothing else. The book was ‘La belle equestrienne’ in which a male is treated to all sorts of horsey pleasures by a group of upper-middle class women somewhere in Hampshire, England.

‘I can see that the whipping scene in chapter six is purely from your fantasy and not from experience. I’ll have you re-write that part after tomorrow. You’ll be so pleased with my decision’. She said this as the two female ranch-hands ushered him to the bed. Carole pulled back the duvet to reveal the whip lying next to her. He was made to lie down, trussed, plugged, gagged and then Carole picked up a patent leather belt from beside the bed. She did this up tightly about her waist. This accentuated the curve of her gorgeous rear end perfectly. His leash was passed between her legs and tied at the front of the belt, pulling his nose into the crease of her soft, warm bottom. The two younger women made sure he was in a reasonably comfortable position and the whip was bound around his cock and balls. Carole said;

‘Sweet dreams’ -and eased her arse into his face. With the panties gagging him, he had no option other than to inhale her sweet scent.

‘**Tomorrow I shall own you completely and you will beg me to end your misery. You will be broken and humiliated. You will surrender your will completely and this will be witnessed by all the women here. You will do as you are told by any woman without the slightest thought after I have finished with you. When I am satisfied you will be rewarded. You must sleep now; the next time you enter this bed you will still be in pain but you will be allowed to pleasure me.’ His cock twitched at the words; his sphincter clenched at the butt plug, his breathing increased involuntarily making him suck in the heady aroma of this mature and dominant woman who was to own him. His wrists and ankles felt the tight flex of his bonds. He was well and truly owned and he did his best to stay awake and enjoy this delectable humiliation for as long as possible, whilst also imagining the whipping he was to receive. It was no good; the soft bed and the warmth of the goddess soon enveloped him.**

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He awoke as the panties were being removed from his mouth by Roseanne. Carole was in the shower but he was not allowed to wash.

‘There’s no point’ grinned Roseanne;

‘you are going to get very sweaty, dusty and we hope there’ll be a little blood too.’ He was taken naked and dishevelled down stairs and made to drink lots of liquids- they made sure that energy drinks were forced down him; they knew he would not be able to cope with eating solids, such was the level of his fear and excitement. The women all gathered around and he was taken into a corral at the side of the ranch. Though still quite early in the morning, the sun blazed down and he was already beginning to sweat. Agnes, holly, Judy and Celeste were all there, as were Chrissie and Roseanne. They were accompanied by Tabitha, whom he’s seen naked on a horse when first arriving, and there were four or five other women there to; invited along to witness a spectacle which had become legendary amongst the dominant women here.

‘Ok Ladies’ said Roseanne; and they all joined him in becoming naked, stripping their clothes off where they stood. They all smiled knowingly at him. Then they all turned to see Carole naked atop her stallion as she walked him into the corral.

‘Hood him!’ she commanded, and Chrissie smartly placed a black hood over his head. This had eye-holes in it so as to allow him to enjoy the spectacle too. Then Carole cast down a rope which was tied to her saddle; this was tied around his neck.

‘You will now be taken to Hangman’s Hill where you will suffer for all womanhood!’ The women cheered and clapped and after his wrists were bound behind him, the horse walked on, and he was taken, hooded, naked, roped and tied to a stallion ridden by a naked and dominant goddess- before a group of ten or twelve naked and superior women who were to witness his punishment and utter humiliation. They walked out into the countryside along a hot and dusty trail; he watched the beautifully bodied figure before him and noticed the beads of sweat run down her back into the inviting crevice which sat sweetly upon the saddle. The whip wiggled around by the side of her steed and he was now almost relishing the thought of feeling that whip and disgracing himself before the throng of women as the middle-aged dominatrix tested his will with the whip. The well- worn trail which was soft and dusty underfoot slowly wound up an incline. He could soon view the surrounding landscape for miles around, though this was of little interest to him. Then as they neared the top he espied a ‘T’ shaped wooden frame looming closer. This was at the top of the incline and the padded frame set with shackle was set in a circle of smooth stone seating. This was ‘Hangman’s Hill’.

He was unleashed, unbound, and taken to the frame. Then his wrists were passed through the shackles and fastened with tight leather straps. His ankles were bound to the foot of the post in similar fashion. The women jostled for the best positions within the stone seating- they wanted to watch him suffer; some had a preference to watch his facial expressions, others wanted to view the whip exact its work on his body. Carole walked the stallion round so that he could watch her dismount with the whip; she wanted him to savour as much memory of her as possible, as she would be behind him for most of the proceedings. His cock was upright and rigid against the padded post and it throbbed as he marvelled at this glorious woman and the fate which she would deliver to him.

She dismounted slowly, keeping perfect poise, even though she was as eager as he was to start proceedings. She took the whip and walked around him several times.

**‘You have been brought here to pay for your masculinity and all the evils that representation has cast upon femininity over the centuries. Today you will learn that you are nothing in comparison to a woman and you will suffer at the hands of womanhood. Your cries will carry over a great distance and may be heard by people other than the women who will witness your punishment first hand. When I am satisfied you have been broken, you will be allowed relief which will be witnessed by all. I shall now whip you.’**

His cock quivered and twitched, as did his stomach and bowels as she started to move out of his vision to her station behind him. He thought of his dank flat near London, of his books, and of the predicament this had led him too. He then felt the tightness of the straps that bound him and squirmed as his erect cock pressed against the padded post. He looked at the women who were now licking their lips, smiling and craning their necks in anticipation of the sight of the first stroke; they started a slow hand-clap to help this on its way and increase his awareness to the utter humiliation he was about to endure. Then, by some unseen command, they fell silent. He noticed the women’s staring excited eyes; the silence was deafening but did not last for long. He tensed as he heard the whooshing sound of the leather demon being swirled around the head of his tormentor behind him… Then ‘CRACK!!-He winced in agony and yelped audibly as the whip bit him across the top of his buttocks. He heard it come again and again and cried out and moaned uncontrollably. Each time the vicious crack of the whip was preceded by the evil whoosh which announced its imminent arrival and delivery of exquisite pain. The strokes which left prominent marks or made him cry out in particular agony were greeted by cheers from the women. ‘CRACKKKK!!! The pain was unbearable and he tried to slump at the post but was held firm- there was no escape. He cried like a child as the women relished his pain and degradation. He felt the wicked tassel bite again and again, and his back and buttocks began to numb with the constant pain. ***His erection had died at the onset of the agony, but now it returned as a strangely erotic feeling penetrated the extreme pain he was suffering. Through his bitter tears, the crack of the whip, and the throbbing pain which followed the initial bite, he now began to feel that he was truly owned and wanted to die for the women; he was beginning to enjoy the pain. Crack! Crack! Crack! He snivelled and yelped and moaned in glorious submission to womanhood. Then everything went black.***

The blazing sun met his eyes as the opened once more; Carole had him by the hair and was pulling his head back. His arse and back stung like hell, his feet were warm and moist; he had released his bladder in fear.

‘Take him down!’ said Carole. He was released and fell to his knees before her. His eyes still dribbled tears as she used the doubled whip and placed it under his chin to lift his head.

‘You are truly the plaything of all women now, aren’t you?’ she taunted. The women all sniggered and he was amazed at how quickly his physical strength was returning, though he knew his male pride was diminished and beaten forever. He was theirs.

‘Yes mistress’ he sobbed. She then used the whip to taunt his erect cock.

‘Now we’ll watch you have your relief. You will now masturbate before the woman who has broken you.’ The women cheered and Carole again lifted his head with the whip and smiled victoriously. He needed no further prompting and began to stroke his cock as he looked up at the superb female who had delivered him to submission forever. He felt the eyes of all the women upon him and they once again started a slow hand-clap as he felt immense pleasure for the first time in what seemed to be an eternity. His rock hard cock began to pulse and Carole smiled wickedly as she saw the first signs of his approaching orgasm ; the hand-clap grew faster; he thought of the whipping and the smiling women- he had truly been owned and now he would willingly humiliate himself for them.

‘Yes! You are mine!’ said Carole as he convulsed and the women clapped loudly at random, wave after wave of intense pleasure coursed through his body as he disgraced himself before the women. Spurt after spurt shot over Carole’s legs and feet and dribbled down, emulating his tears. He moaned in ecstasy as he spent as though it were to be his last.

‘Now lick me clean.’ Said Carole softly; without any command or malice to her tone. He licked up the salty mixture of cum and sweat from her beautiful legs without any hesitation; he found this as enjoyable as putting it there. This made him realise that the day’s events had changed him forever- changed him for the better. He now truly knew he was owned and would worship any woman.

He was roped to the horse for the return journey but was not hooded, nor were his hands bound; two of the women whom had had never seen before that day walked either side of him to ensure he did not stumble or fall. They kissed and petted him in the way back and told him in a matter-of-fact way about how they had enjoyed his whipping and act of debasement afterwards. They both commented on how they wished they were Carole, as they knew both he and she would not be seen that evening; he was to be allowed to recover whilst pleasuring the beautiful dominatrix. He looked at the beautiful naked feminine shape in the saddle before him, whip hanging loosely- his cock which had being doing the same, suddenly became erect once more.

He was taken indoors and showered down by Roseanne and Chrissie. Though only superficial , what flesh wounds there were stung like hell at first as the two sponged him down. He was then taken back to Carole’s vast bed where Holly and Judy were waiting for him. The two elegant women both wore chiffon wraps; Judy in purple, Holly in cerise. They had covered the bed with a large vinyl sheet and had him lie down on it.

“You have had quite a day” said Holly; “we have also seen how you have performed and all the ladies are very pleased with you- I bet you have one or two ideas for a story or two now, do you not?” She gently rubbed some sweet smelling balm onto his tender back and cheeks as she spoke. His back tingled as the warming balm ran down the crack of his arse and around his balls, making them glow.

“I took thousands of pictures and hours of video; I will soon have enough for your first compilation-cannot wait till we get back” Said Judy, who like Holly, smelt divine.

“‘Let us have you face up now” said Holly. He turned on the now oily vinyl sheet. Judy passed him a glass of water and a blue diamond shaped tablet.

“Drink this down now; you have been a good boy today and you shall be comforted tonight.” He looked at the voluptuous Betty Page look alike and noted her erect nipples which poked enticingly through the chiffon.

“Yes” she said, you shall please the two of us for an hour or so, then Carole will take you on through the night” She said in a casual tone. She grinned at him, removed her wrap and sat on the moist surface next to him.

“Hold out your hand” As he did, Holly poured a little baby oil into his palm.

“Being as you are so interested in my breasts, you would not mind lubricating them for me, would you?” He applied the oil to her beautiful orbs, which soon glistened all over and the pert nipples bounced as they flexed beneath his fingers. He felt a warm oily hand on his balls, which then glided slowly up and down his erect cock. He looked down to see the mature hand of Holly teasing him.

“You enjoyed your whipping in the end, did you not?” Said Holly- “ I could see it in your face near the end- you certainly made me very moist”

“Yes Mistress Holly” he said, obediently and truthfully.

“You have given me a great deal of pleasure today, but I shall want a little more this evening. I want you to think about your whipping and the fact that you are now being pleasured by two mature and dominant women. I am going to wank you off, and when you are spent I shall have you lick me to orgasm”

Judy then gained his attention for a moment by holding the hand which had been oiling her breasts.

“I shall watch you pleasure Holly, then you will rub me all over with the oil. When I think you have done a good enough job, you will be ready to give up your cream once more. You have been especially good today, so I will allow you a special treat- I am going to let you fuck me. Though I have allowed you to do this, it is of course not generally allowed, so it will give me licence to punish you for your misdemeanour at a later date. I want you to bear that in mind as you perform for me”

“It will be a pleasure to be punished by you Mistress Judy” he said dutifully, and as he did, Holly smiled wickedly and began to stroke his eager cock in earnest.

“I cannot wait for my next evening alone with you- I shall give your bottom such a caning- I may even whip you myself” Holly said as he looked at the mature woman, her shapely tanned , and slightly saggy breasts wobbled delectably as she worked him quickly toward his first reward of the evening. Judy took a dildo and wiped Holly between the legs; the nub coming back up shiny and wet- she winked thankfully at Judy, who placed the dildo under his nose;

“Smell where you are to go in a few short moments” she taunted. He did and immediately began to convulse as he felt the first wave of sheer pleasure washed through his body. Judy pushed the dildo into his mouth;

“There; a taster for you!”

 Holly said “Good Boy!” as she felt his first pump in earnest- he looked at the wicked lady smiling victoriously as she knew her work was reaching the climax. He thought of her caning him- He bit onto the dildo as the ecstasy of release overcame him; he pumped and pumped -his hot sticky mess shooting all over the torso and hand of the mature dominatrix- he eyed her gratefully as she drained his balls of his first delivery of the evening.

She took the dildo from his mouth and offered her messy hand, smiling, but making no command. He readily licked the slender fingers and palm, swallowing the salty cream as he did so. The gorgeously aged beauty then lay back on the oily sheet, pointed at the sticky droplets around her middle as she relaxed, and he eagerly cleaned her with his tongue.

“Button first” she commanded; “Cannot be doing with having a sticky arse, when ones pussy is being attended to” she sniggered. He went down and lapped at her musty scented anus without any hesitation whatsoever, his flagging penis already stirring once more as he squirmed on the oily sheet. He then felt a foot on his bottom;

“Oh no naughty boy- you are not going to waste yourself like that” Judy was now stood on the bed watching the proceedings, and she was having his next offering-not the sheets! He probed and licked deep into the rectal passage of the older woman whilst she toyed with her pussy;

“Lick my pussy now” she wailed urgently- she had been thoroughly enjoying his act of submission in licking that most base and intimate of her orifices, but she wanted her pussy finished off with his tongue. He slid his tongue up the beautiful groove which had opened up before him; there was nothing quite like the scent and taste of the sex of a mature woman. Judy pressed down hard on his arse to ensure he did not give himself up to the oily sheet-this increased his pleasure as it enhanced his feeling of being dominated, and he worked at the older woman; sucking and lapping at her clitoris, eager to please her and hear her moan with pleasure. Holly duly obliged and moaned and shuddered as reached a satisfying orgasm. Her wonderfully aged yet lithe legs lifted and she pulled his head into her sex as she shrieked at the apex of her pleasure.

“Well done!” she said as she moved her thigh around his head to release him. She then made herself comfortable so she could watch Judy receive the attention she now needed so badly. She thrust the oil at him, smiling and almost panting with anticipation. She stuck out a foot;

“Suck my toes first!” he duly knelt before her and held her delicate foot, sucking on her toes one by one. He had never done this before, and had never really been attracted to the feet of a woman, yet he now found this gentle act of subservience very pleasing; his erection now back to full strength, he relished this simple act of dominance.

“Now the oil!”- he spilled some liberally into his hand and rubbed her gorgeously chubby legs, up to her thighs. She placed a palm over her sex;

“Uh uh” she shook her head; ”We’ll leave her till last”. She knelt up on the bead, her back to him, and he joyously applied the oil to her beautifully round and soft cheeks, and he small of her back. She caught hi arm and pulled her into her soft back. He smelt her soft hair as she rubbed his hand on her glistening breasts;

“Nearly done; you are doing very well, I shall let you fuck me in a moment .“ She said teasingly. She felt his cock at the crack of her arse and pushed backwards invitingly. Oh how he wished she’d one day let him take her that way. She giggled as though she was reading his mind;

“I know what you are thinking – just your tongue up there for now I think.” Holly was toying with herself once more as she was entertained by the two glistening bodies before her she watched as he applied the last bit of oil to her neck. She turned around and looked him deep in the eyes, placed a drip of oil on his fingers and lay back;

“Apply the last drop” she said as she spread her legs showing him the full warmth of her womanhood. He dutifully obliged; meekly at first as the whipping was still fresh in his mind and he was not convinced that some punishment would be unleashed upon him. She smiled warmly at him at helped his hand caress her mound;

“Make sure you oil my arsehole as well!” she giggled, and he slipped an oily finger into her softness, making her jump slightly; she pulled his hand away and grabbed his arms;

“Oh you sweet ,subservient little boy! - I did so enjoy watching you punished earlier, but I could not help feeling sorry for you either. I want to comfort you now, and you shall fuck me.” She pulled him down and put her arm around his neck, took his cock in her hand and slid him straight into her moist and inviting sex. She wrapped her ample thighs and legs over his back. She made it quite certain that she was still in control and he was hers until she had been satisfied. He groped and squeezed her soft and slippery body, his cock immersed in the hot depths of her wetness. She moved in a gentle rhythm;, her body undulating under him and those thighs ensuring the pressure was applied just so. He revelled in the sensual feelings and the intoxicating scent of the woman. He was as much in bondage at this point as he had ever been; he may have been on top, but she was firmly taking charge of him.

“You naughty, naughty boy; I shall take great pleasure in punishing you for this when I next have you alone” she sighed as she began to squeeze him all the more; “I shall suck every last drop of cream from your balls..ohhh!” She pulled him hard into her sex; his balls tingled and he began to spasm. Oh how he wanted to give her everything he had. She moaned in ecstasy and he shot his warmth into her folds as she held him till she had had her fill.

Holly sighed with relief, and lay there smiling, hand between her legs.

They kissed him and patted him, rubbed him down with soft towels and removed the vinyl sheet. He was left to sleep for half an hour or so. Carole would be next to comfort him.

He woke with a now universal erection; even in sleep his mind bounced back and forth with the visions of the wraiths and goddesses he had been confronted with. Being dosed with Viagra ensured the theme stuck with him. Now as he emerged into reality once more, there before him was the red haired middle aged dominatrix who had owned him in the extreme earlier on. Though she now smiled warmly at him, he still viewed her with some trepidation. From his first encounter with her at the office, through her speech on the lawn at Dolores’ house and her treatment on the plane and today, she has always been the most stern and relentless domme.

But tonight she seemed calm and tender; he fought to come to terms with this. Was it he or she that had changed? She put her hand on his cheek softly; where she had slapped him before on occasion. Her smile was a little more wicked now, taking him back to her former persona for just a moment. The truth was that as she had broken him earlier, she now had no need to be stern with him; he would do just as he were told without question, and she knew this.

“You took your whipping very well” She whispered as she pulled him gently on to his side and softly caressed his back and bottom where earlier she had left her mark.

“I see the girls have done a good job of soothing you; are you still very sore?” He found this strange mothering difficult to come to terms with, given her earlier ferocity;

“Only a little, Mistress Carole” he said almost apologetically.

“You did so enjoy giving yourself up to me though, did you not?” She removed the wrap she was wearing as she spoke and he was once again at the mercy of his carnal feelings as he eyed the splendid woman before him, who now continued to stroke his back, rear end and thighs, her delicious breasts wobbling teasingly with her movement.

“Yes Mistress, you hurt me very much at first, then I did not want you to stop” –he could not help but be honest with this marvellously dominant woman who knew full well that she had broken him.

“Aww, come to me” she purred as she got into the warm bed with him, pulling him into her soft warm grasp, and allowing him to appreciate her sweet scent up close. She toyed with his cock which was rigid again despite being put to good use twice recently already; the Viagra and the different women with their intoxicating scents had him performing like a fit and sexually depraved eighteen year old.

“You will be happy to visit my ranch again will you not? I have lots of ideas of an equestrian nature lined up for you!” She giggled like a sixteen year old, and he felt very relaxed with her now.

“You have performed well and all the ladies have been very complimentary about you; I shall reward you – what would you most like to do with me- or have done?” Her face suddenly took on the wickedness he was more accustomed to. He thought of those beautiful thighs and her generous bottom, he thought of how she had made him cower at the barbecue, and how she had whipped him into complete submission- he wanted her to know how much he had enjoyed submitting to her and was beside himself with excitement, his cock throbbed;

“Please Mistress Carole; I want to be allowed to come whilst licking your arse.” She smiled victoriously at him and kissed him full on the lips, smothering his face in ruby lipstick. She fully understood his willingness to perform another act of submission just for her. She had done her work on him well. She looked at him sternly to elevate his mood of submission and lay back on the bed. She produced a small flexible cane from behind the bedstead and beckoned him down between her elegant thighs as she lifted her legs, exposing the object he desired.

“Do not worry; I know you are sore- I do not intend to hurt you with the cane this time. I just want to help you along and remind you of the whipping you enjoyed earlier as you enjoy pleasuring my bottom. I shall make you lick the mess of my sheets when you have honoured me.” He went straight down to her sweet anus, enjoying the succulent tang it offered him. He looked up over her fingers as they worked her mound and the globes of her breasts to withes her smiling dominantly at him as he probed and licked. True to her word he witnessed her free hand flicking the cane across his buttocks, making him smart delectably and inducing his cock into a rhythm on the sheets under him. She had owned him earlier and now she would own him again-he was in heaven. He thought of his time at the ranch- the chubby vixen, Carole upon the stallion, his toilet training- and the whipping. Carole moaned as she worked her pussy into a frenzy, the cane flailing ; he looked over that sweet mound, felt the cane, then felt that luxurious ecstasy as he spurted his warmth in submission – his tongue deep within her anus. She bucked in ecstasy too; oh how she was enjoying his submissiveness.

She poked him with the cane, smiling and giggling, and had him lick his salty mess from the sheets. She then wrapped the duvet about the two of them and they slept in a warm embrace.

As they drove back to the plane the next morning all the women wanted to sit near him and cuddle him. He felt elated.

“Just wait till we tell Dolores about you” they giggled. He thought of Dolores too; he was looking forward to seeing her and Miami Beach once. They boarded the Jet and the return journey was more of a party atmosphere, everyone having enjoyed the ranch, but keen to return. After the short trip they arrived at Opa-Locka. They disembarked and there on the tarmac was Dolores.

“Come with me” she said, and he went obediently without hesitation.

*To be continued*