**Art Deco**

Synopsis: ’Publish and be damned!’ Said the Duke of Wellington, though this was in respect to blackmail; publish the truth about how you feel and you may find yourself living out those feelings as well by those who would wish to control you! This is a tale of a man finding courage to admit his desires and being ‘brought to book’ by lusty females in a sunshine setting.

**Part One.**

It had taken all his courage to send out copies of his lurid tales to a site on the internet. Though he had had a lifelong healthy respect for assertive women, he had not before applied his imagination to type and though glad he’d done so, was also apprehensive about the situation. He was middle-aged, redundant and living in a small flat which he owned outright in a small satellite town 15 or 20 miles outside London. The damp and often grim weather had helped to fuel his keenness to compile his book of short stories which all had the central theme of women in control, but varied from romantic and intimate one-on-one tales to outright torture and snuff by supremely dominant and sadistic females. He felt little shame about his work, as he could identify with the feelings of the captive/victim, and was happy to believe that the tales would only be read by those of a like nature who had gone to the trouble of seeking out certain sites. He sent out the compilation to his favourite site, and wondered if anyone would have the slightest interest and bother sending any feedback.

As the days went by, he clicked on to the site and viewed the internal reviews page; nothing. He checked his given mail site; nothing. He left and strolled to the local supermarket for provisions. As he walked the aisles he eyed various women of all ages, shapes and sizes; he wondered how many of them had a darker secret side to their lives and would return home to, say- a male tied to a ring just inside the front door, on his knees and dressed as a maid awaiting the return of his mistress –another tied face down on a bed , a whip laid out across his back, ready for the return of Madame- a male naked except for a pair of his owner’s panties, busily performing the entire household chores in the allocated time to avoid yet another caning from a stern and assertive woman…

‘Can I help you sir?’ said a buxom 40-ish woman with jet black hair, in her green supermarket uniform – she had noticed him staring into space and thought maybe he was actually looking for something; he thought, half in fantasy as usual, as he worked something into the woman’s character; oh if only you could help me!.

‘Errr... no, I’m ok thanks, I was just thinking’ she smiled and went back to what she had been doing and he imagined her bottom wiggling excessively as she went. Then back to mundane reality and the payment for food from what meagre resources he had.

He plodded back through the dull rows of Victorian and Edwardian houses that lined the suburban streets; a fine rain now blowing through with the wind, helping to arrest the dust and vagrant newspaper sheets which accompanied his steps. He arrived at his flat, went in and put some coffee on, then fired up his PC. On opening his mail he squinted at the ‘Inbox’; 4 new messages. One was about his house insurance renewal. One was about deals at a computer outlet. One was everyone’s old friend; ‘Get your Viagra cheap here’- ‘if only I had the luck to need it’ he thought as he pressed ‘delete’, he was about to do the same with the fourth, when the script hit him like a sledgehammer ; ‘ …would certainly consider publishing you book for a percentage…’ He read it over and over again. Even if it were a sales scam of some sort, at least there was a response of some sort from someone out there.

The mail was written in a very human tone and left a phone number with a US code, offering to pay the charge if he would please give them a call. The address was started with a house number which was ridiculously long by English standards; it was four numbers – the streets go on for ever over there he mused –he then went right back to his childhood ; ‘1313 Mockingbird Heights’ he smiled to himself- we hope no ‘monsters’ are at the address he now had in front of him! The number was on ‘Collins Avenue, Dade County, Miami Beach Florida’.

‘This has got to be a joke or scam’ he said out loud to the empty flat. He was very reluctant to call the number, mindful of receiving some horrendous phone bill for a million calls to unknown places, but something compelled him to brave the consequences. “Dolores Beecham at Ariadne Publishing” beckoned; a woman. He was a little sheepish about coming clean and talking turkey to a female when the content of his book will have been apparent to her. But he then thought, how hypocritical- I am what I am, it’s no shock to her; she’s in business… and he thought discussing it might even give him a slight erotic ‘kick’; as it was a bit like a confession. He dialled the number.

The phone connection clunked and murmured for about 15 seconds. ‘Great’ he thought; ‘it’s a duff number.’ Then, the purring of a call being received began: ‘Click-

‘Hi- good morning. Ariadne Publishing, how may I help you?’ A sweet American accent sang out- it threw him at first as it was mid-afternoon where he was.

‘Oh good morning, can I speak with Dolores Beecham please?’ -

‘Oh, I think she’s a little busy at the moment; who shall say is calling if you wouldn’t mind?’ He gave his name. There seemed to be a commotion at the other end; the sound from the receiver changed as though someone had put their hand over the mouthpiece, he could here muffled comments; the voice came back:

’ Oh she’ll speak to you right now sir; please don’t hang up’ Said the voice almost pleadingly.

‘Hello, Dolores here, thank you so much for calling me’ said a smooth feminine voice with the barest hint of an American accent- ‘I’ve read every word of your work and I’m enthralled with it; I have so many ideas about the format in which it should be published’ He was nothing short of astounded, but his pessimism kicked in; now hit me with some figures about how much you want me to pay upfront he thought to himself, but he continued ;

‘I’m really flattered; do you think there’s a possibility people will buy it?’ -

‘Oh, I’m 100% certain it will sell rapidly – there is a big market for erotic literature over here; I’d so like to meet with you and discuss it’. He laughed audibly; the nearest he could get to Florida was to view the ‘Green Giant’ vegetables at the Supermarket.

‘Oh he said casually, I’d SO like to meet with you too, but it’s completely beyond my budget; I’m not Dan Brown you know!’ he said almost sarcastically.

‘That’s no problem*,* ***I’ll send you the tickets***; I really need to get you before someone else does, and we need to talk at length about the format, possible illustrations to enhance sales etc.’ He was speechless. He rattled off his home address several times to ensure no mistake.

‘I’ll call you again in a couple of days to check you’ve got the tickets; don’t you dare go with anyone else, now!’ she said with a distinct air of authority.

Two days passed with nothing on the doorstep; he was already beginning to resign himself to having been the butt of some practical joke. Then on the third morning his doorbell rang; the postman greeted him with a pencil;

‘Sign here please, guvnor’ he took the envelope which had ‘Ariadne Fl’ emblazoned upon it. Inside was a flight ticket to Miami International from Gatwick on the following Thursday 7:30 AM –one way. What the hell he thought, even if something goes haywire, the British Embassy would help get him back one way or another, even if it were with a promise to pay over the odds for a return trip. He spruced himself up, had some breakfast and was about to leave on as shopping spree for some lightweight clothes when his mobile rang;

‘Hi it’s Dolores, how are you?’ ‘I’m just great thanks, especially as the ticket arrived today!’ he spouted, unable to contain his obvious excitement at the prospect;

‘Excellent!’ she replied. ‘Now, your flight is at 7:30 as you’ve seen, it takes 9 hours I’m afraid, but coming our way isn’t too bad as we’re 6 hours behind you. If the flight is on schedule you should be here at 10:30 our time. I’ll come see you personally and will have a card with your name on it; corny I know’ she giggled ‘but it’s the easiest way. Sorry to get personal, but what do you look like?’ He rattled off his description;

‘Middle aged, slightly balding grey gabled mid brown hair, slightly overweight, a smidgen under six foot- I’ll be the one with the uncontainable smile’ he laughed. She responded;

‘Safe journey; I can’t wait to get you into my clutches- see you Thursday!’

‘See you Thursday’ he said and rang off. ‘Can’t wait to get you into my clutches’ he thought. Hmm.

He decked himself out in his new apparel and made it to Gatwick in good time. The flight was on time and took off without hitch. As per usual when travelling by air he perused the female flight attendants and fantasised about the primly dressed women. He was in luck on this flight as a couple of them were over 40 and filled their tight skirts and blouses exquisitely; perfect examples to engender fantasies in a man who appreciated women’s natural superiority. He gave them a good hard look as their delightful legs and bottoms twisted and wobbled down the aisle in tall shoes. He closed his eyes for a good fantasy, and slept. He was there before he knew it. The warmth hit him as soon as the airliner’s doors were opened; the sunshine was glorious and he was forgetting about his dismal flat-dwelling existence in a temperate climate already. He passed through customs collected his one item of luggage and headed for the reception/exit area. His stomach rolled about inside him as he grew a little nervous about what awaited him.

Dolores stood with card in hand; she viewed the array of approaching males, looking for those obviously unaccompanied; there were lots of them. As men were generally vain and conservative with their descriptions, her mind has conjured up a vision of a threadbare man with comb-over, portly, and about 5 foot 9 and a half inches tall, with a plain face like everyone’s bank manager. There were lots like that!

He saw the women with the card. He faltered in his step as he took her in. She was middle-aged, slender with well appointed features, her face had sharp features to match. She was dressed ’Forties’ style a la Lauren Bacall; tight skirt and heels matching tight top, breasts elevated and with a small matching hat cocked sexily to one side. She was a picture.

Dolores viewed the tired looking specimens passing about her, bellies and shiny domes aplenty then looked dead ahead to see a man , not noticeably overweight- certainly not by Florida standards, hair slightly thinning on top perhaps if inspected closely, a smidgen under six foot at about five-feet-eleven and a half inches. And an uncontainable smile quickly growing across his face. Oh yes! You’ll go down very ,very nicely amongst the women I know, she thought to herself. They greeted; she eyed him sweetly and he did the same.

‘Hope you didn’t mind being greeted by someone from a pre-war movie, only your story; ‘Casting Couch Kitten’ is one of my favourites; I’d just love to be ‘Kitten West’ she really appeals to me’. He thought about the tale; the main character in the story had been taken advantage of by film producers and would be stars, upon whom she had sought out and satisfactorily gained retribution against; snuffing out two of the offending males in satisfyingly kinky fashion!; This choice of heroine made him twitch a little when he thought that Dolores found her a suitable role model! She took his hand and ushered him to her waiting car; this was a huge 1934 Packard convertible in a metallic pastel green. ***He placed his case in the back and they got in. She seemed tiny sat behind the huge steering wheel and her delicate legs stretched and shone in her silky stockings as she operated the pedals. She pulled out on to the open road and smiled at him.***

***‘I Think we’re going to have a wonderful business relationship, I know the girls at the office will be delighted with you’. She cruised away from the airport, past a huge dock complex with vast white tourist ships and plush private yachts, down past some ubiquitous American tower blocks, then down into an area which made the car feel at home instantly; this was the Art Deco district of Miami Beach. It was wonderful, He marvelled at the pastel and white buildings of varying shapes and sizes- no one too big or too small- chrome letters spelt out the names of the hotels and residences; ‘Tropical’ ‘Cordoza’ ‘Essex’; he smiled at the latter; ‘Walton-on-the-Naze’ this was not.***

She drove a fair way down Collins Avenue, then turned into a parking space in front of one of these beautifully styled buildings; ‘Ariadne Publishing’ read the chrome and illuminated sign above the glass and copper entrance.

‘Welcome to your new publishing agent’s office! Let’s go in and have you sign your life away!’ she said smiling wickedly.

**Part Two**

‘Sorry to bring you here before taking you to the apartment we’ve found for you, only I wanted to quickly introduce you to the girls. As soon as we’re done I’m going to make you comfortable at your new residence, and let you have a nice sleep. Tomorrow you’re invited to a barbecue at my house’. He was overwhelmed, both by her hospitality, and by the way she was allowing him into her life. He didn’t know at that point just how involved he was to become with the women he was about to meet. She walked him through plush minimalist offices, furnished with modern technology amid the interior which was conspicuously Art deco. He was taken to a lounge area where there were seven or eight women waiting with Champagne. On the wall were several depictions of how his book might look; the women had been working on it already in anticipation of capturing his business. He was sat down on a plush sofa and Dolores sat closely to him. Though air-conditioned the room was slightly warm and her sweet scent permeated his lungs. She removed her top to reveal a tight white blouse, which in turn revealed an ample cleavage; she leant across him to take a glass from the table and seemed to linger to allow him a good view. He couldn’t help but notice that an unclaimed glass sat dead opposite her***. The women were all dressed razor sharply, the youngest about 35 the oldest close to 60; all of them were worthy of one of his fantasies. They whispered in each other’s ears and smiled at him. They looked very pleased to see the man who had opened his emotions up to them by way of his fiction. They knew he could not write such fantasy if he did not relish the thought of being in the position of his fictional characters.***

He was introduced to them one by one; proof-readers, sub-editors, illustrators etc. Each woman seemed to know her responsibility ‘de rigueur’ and they were all so openly assertive in their manner. He loved this, he could not wait to work with them.

***‘You’re very privileged being allowed into the heart of our business like this you know’ said Carole Danziger, one of the sub-editors; a woman of about 55 in excellent shape and with flaming red hair.***

***‘We don’t normally allow male authors into our little fold, but as you have such a sweet English accent and you’ve shown already that you’re quite civilized for a male, we’re going to have some fun with you’. The others smirked and laughed at the comment.***

***‘She’ll give you a few ideas for a story or two when you get invited to her ranch’ said Judy Fontaine who was introduced as an illustrator; she was about 45, a little plumper than the others and with jet black hair, cut in a way that gave her a certain resemblance to a Miss Betty Page. The smell and talk of the women was beginning to excite him, he was now having trouble concealing this and sat awkwardly. Holly Eposito, a very stern looking proof-reader with brunette hair in a bun , horn–rim glasses and ample thighs and hips, very prim and sexy at nearly 60, seemed to notice this and sat erect, lifting her chin, as if to emulate what she knew was happening in his underwear. She smirked and gave him a wink;***

***‘I’m going to enjoy checking your work to make sure you’ve not made any naughty mistakes prior to publishing she said’, adjusting her legs to ensure he got a flash of her mature but supple thighs as she spoke.*** Dolores sensed that that he may learn more than he needed to at this first meeting and as they did not want to scare him off, not that this would of happened, she decided he needed a good rest and she and Judy, who lived nearby to where he was to be situated got into Judy’s car and he was taken to a beautiful Art deco residence complete with swimming pool. He could not believe this luxury; the lounge and bedroom both had views of the ocean. A huge fridge freezer had been stocked with food and beer. A drinks bar was also stocked with any alcoholic substance you could dream of. The main bedroom had a huge bed which looked extremely inviting as the jet-lag began to hit home. Dolores and Judy showed him the basics of the air-conditioning etc. and both hastily scribbled out their mobile-‘cell phone’-numbers ;

‘Just call if you want to discuss anything, or just want company’ they said ‘Never mind what the time is, just call’. They both were touchy-feely with him, and squeezed him and smiled when they left; he’d heard this was the American way and thought nothing of it. This was paradise; he had a nice long shower, dried himself down and collapsed into the sumptuous bed. He helped himself to a fantasy or two about the women and was asleep within three minutes.

Dolores and Judy were having fantasies of their own as they drove into the heart of the Art Deco district to where Judy had a plush apartment on Meridian Avenue;

‘I can’t believe our luck’ said Judy; ‘I so wanted to stay with him tonight and loosen him up a bit-he’s been like putty already, I can’t wait to get him to pose in position when we teach him how we like to illustrate; I do hope he’s as submissive as his work indicates’ –

‘Difficult to tell; said Dolores; ‘He’s English, and they are SO polite compared to the males we’re so used to- especially the moneybags guys in this area. Mind you, he did not bat an eye-lid at the fact that we’re an all women outfit, and he swallowed all the teasing he had at the office without showing the slightest sign of the usual male impudence; I think he’s as willing as his book characters- I may make my first move at the barbecue tomorrow, and order him to stay with me’ She smiled and Judy almost frowned;

‘well roll on Monday when I get my first hour or two with him; I’m going to break it to him easy fashion then tell him he must pose for me while I take the part of the woman interest- then I shall demand he comes back here to my apartment for some proper role-play!’ ***Delighted with the day’s events Dolores drove away to her suburban mansion and Judy clip clopped up the stairs to her apartment, She was so excited, she threw off her outer garments and somewhat moist panties , planted her plump naked bottom on the edge of her bed , and tried to imagine him kneeling before her as she removed her garter belt and slowly , methodically rolled her silky stockings down her ample thighs and calves and off the end of her feet. She looked into space smiling and imagining, then lay back and reached into a draw for a favourite vibrator, she pleasured herself several times with the gently buzzing phallus before curling up for a nap prior to preparing herself for an evening out. Dolores drove to her beautiful house on West 24th Street on Sunset Lake; this a was a drive away from the Art Deco area, but she knew he’d be just as impressed with the Hispanic design of this huge house. She too stripped off and browsed through the exploits of ‘Kitten West’ and could not quite believe that the man who had written this sweetly erotic homage to womanhood was now firmly within her grasp. She was now determined to keep him and ensure he poured out every last drop of his submissive fantasies into stories exclusively for ‘Ariadne’ –she had spun her web and she now intended to act out and enjoy many more fantasies with him which would earn her money, and he too, though she also intended to be much much more than his publisher. She got to one of her favourite paragraphs about ‘Kitten’ in which a male was despatched, and toyed herself to a satisfying orgasm.***

He awoke with a start and stared at the unfamiliar ceiling above him; his heart leapt as he recollected the prior day’s events, and felt the warmth of the sunshine. He donned his leggings and opened the glass doors to the balcony. The verdigris green tiles underfoot were warm and the guard rail across the white and green balcony even warmer. He could hear the surf crashing in the distance and the unmistakably saline air teased his nostrils. The horizon which went from bright green to the azure blue in the distance, set off by palm trees and was absolute heaven. Or so he thought at that point; though he was blissfully unaware just then, he was to reach another heaven very shortly! He made some coffee and sat watching women go by; with relaxation like this his imagination was sure to burn brightly, as he saw several sultry examples go by, he then thought of Dolores, Judy, Carole, Holly; oh how he hoped that one of them might show more than just a working interest in him –let’s face it, if they publish his sort of literature they must have at least a slight interest in the content- he remembered Dolores’ comment about ‘kitten’ and instantly found a bulge in his leggings. ***The door-bell rang; as if by magic, there stood Dolores. She had on a silky black dress set with a shiny crimson patent leather belt, the dress hugged her mature waist and hips and was cut at an angle showing a little thigh on one side and just above the knee on the other, She wore a tiny black choker and her auburn hair glowed in the sunshine, sexy black patent high-heeled sandals making her as tall as he. She was every inch the vision of a goddess to him and her scent wafted into the apartment, almost mesmerising him. ‘You’re late!’ she said looking at him sternly for the first time ever; this had him tingling with anticipation- she then smiled;***

***’Only joking’ she said teasingly. Oh how he’d wanted her to be genuinely angry with him for one moment; he was ready to drop to his knees and ask what he could do for her to allow him forgiveness. As it was he nearly fell over himself as he asked her in and stumbled to one side as she stepped primly past him.***

***‘***I’ve come to show you a few things which might interest you around our little community which might help you with the stories I expect you to write for me in future. The more I look at your stories , the more potential I see in you’. She said as she sat on a bar stool and carefully lifted the more exposed leg over the other. She smiled as she noted he’d watched the entire movement fixedly.

‘Sorry’ he said ‘….I’ She cut in assertively-

‘Don’t be silly, I intend to help your creativity in **every** way; please tell me you find me and the other girls attractive, I promise it won’t hurt our business partnership’. He swallowed hard and felt like a schoolboy confronted by a Headmistress offering him a choice of chocolates or the cane. He composed himself and smiled almost sheepishly at the confident beauty before him;

‘Of course I do, you’re all so delectable in your own ways’.

‘Good’ she said. I’d like you to bare that in mind when I show you round and especially when we go to my barbecue later this afternoon. I just know the ladies will all be trying to out-dress each other. I had no end of a job getting into this dress; I may ask you to help me out of it later!’ She giggled and smiled wickedly at him. ‘I think you should have your shower now’ she said whilst looking down at the protrusion in his leggings. He was now almost speechless and his mind boggled at what she’d said- did she mean it? Was she just teasing?

‘I,I,.. I shan’t be a minute he said, and had the quickest shower and preparation of his life.

He walked behind the superior female form almost obediently; he tried not to look at her glorious bottom as it giggled in the silky dress as she walked. ‘I must get a grip’ he said to himself, but he couldn’t help thinking that she already had him on a subliminal leash, and he was beginning to enjoy the feeling. The y got into her car and cruised to a residential block not far from where Judy lived. She led him into a complex adorned with all manner of climbing roses and hanging baskets. They went through the main doors, and she knocked at the door of a room called ‘The Anne Desclos Suite’ ; the door opened and the sight that met him took him right into a black and white movie. The room was full of women in their late middle-age, the air was full of smoke and the Art Deco theme was applied to every detail.

‘These ladies helped me with the authentic look I had yesterday’ they were all dressed, some fully, some scantily or casually, in clothes that Bogart would have appreciated and he found the scene very sexy somehow; they all seemed to be reading a similar book, and some were reciting to others as they lay back smoking. There was a sudden commotion as the women noted the presence of a male in their obviously feminine haven; the level of the commotion only quelled by the fact that Dolores was well known them. They quietened down and started to smile. Dolores just stood smiling.

‘It’s him isn’t it?!’ said a game looking woman in a full length pearl effect dress, her breasts heaving as she spoke.

‘Yes ladies, this is the man who wrote the stories you’ve been sampling for me recently’- this announcement engendered much murmuring giggling and cooing from the very experienced looking group. ***Dolores held his hand firmly as if to guard him from what she was about to say.***

***‘He’s going to answer some questions for you and will sign your copies; we hope you’ll treasure these ‘special editions’ I’m hoping they will quickly become collector’s items- and as promised we’re going to have a raffle and the winner will get to spend an evening with him at the venue of their choice’;*** He nearly fell over when he heard this, but felt compelled to obey these new instructions**. *She was beginning to control him*** and the matter of fact command along with the sight of these women made him relax somehow; he was beginning to enjoy it.

‘Now ladies, we only have an hour before I take him back from you, please be gentle with him’ and she sat down with a smirk as the women crowded about him. A very elegant women in a pink strappy costume which accentuated every curve of her mature body, took him by the hand; she was obviously high up in the pecking-order as no-one objected – the other women smiling mischievously as she led him by the hand she sat back in a large leather chair and crossed her legs dominantly; she shuffled a cushion across with her lower leg and said;

‘Kneel there and answer my questions’- he knelt automatically before her without hesitation or apparent embarrassment; the haughty Dom smiled at his obedience and this brought a round of applause from the women. They had him just where they wanted him. They knew he was submissive, but this was going better than they could ever have wished . As they clapped he instinctively bowed his head slightly in respect for this woman who had shown her natural superiority. His balls tingled and he felt pleasure at this first humiliation. She fired all manner of intimate questions at him; mainly at whether he had experienced the situations suffered by the males in his literature, and if not , would he like to? He was open and honest with his replies and after answering a few was happy to relive his burden in confessing to an obviously very dominant woman. The women gasped and giggled at his answers. Dolores listened intently. She was very, very pleased with him. When the Dom was done, she spiked his chest with her raised heel, allowing him a peep of her inner thighs and said;

‘I think I may buy all the raffle tickets- I’d love to have you alone to myself; if I don’t win, I may make Dolores an offer she can’t refuse’, the women chuckled and he was led away and made to entertain another and another with his confessions.

The women clapped in appreciation as the two left and closed the smoke behind them;

‘ I use these women to sample read prospective publications; they’re always a good guide to what will sell- I can guarantee you’ll be ok’. Dolores then looked at him expecting perhaps just a possible small complaint about some element of the surprise that had been bestowed upon him. He just smiled back; he was elated somehow, not just with the treatment he had received, but with the fact that they actually liked his tales;

‘Thank you Dolores’ he said. ‘You may kiss my hand’ she said triumphantly, as she offered it to him and he duly did so; then looked into her eyes in wonderment. He was really enjoying this new life.

Next she took him to a small café, which though not sited in the most prominent position- it was not facing the sea or any particular point of beauty- seemed to be frequented by an inordinate amount of people; there were ten or twelve people sat there, some couples, some individually. He had noted many cafes facing the ocean which only had three or four customers; there was obviously something different about this one. ***She looked at him with a sudden air of authority as a waitress came close-***

***’ll have a coffee now, see to it!’ she said sharply and audibly. His sphincter quivered at this command and was only stilled when she winked at him. The waitress couldn’t fail to hear the command as she passed behind Dolores and smiled smugly at the male who she could now see was owned by this woman.***

***‘ Can I have Two white coffees please’ he said in his normal polite English fashion.***

***‘Please MISS!’ said the waitress sternly.***

***‘Please ..Miss’ he said, mesmerised at the thought of being chided by a young waitress.***

***‘That’s better’- she said; and strutted off to get the coffee. Dolores smiled;***

***‘you must know your place at this café’ ; just watch that man over there- he espied a middle-aged man alone sipping at a coffee and pretending to read a paper, whilst looking furtively about the area. A hefty buxom madam appeared from behind him, making him almost jump.***

***‘Good morning’ he said as she hovered slightly, looking for some form of recognition though it was apparent that they had never been acquainted.***

***‘Well?’ she barked- he looked relieved-***

***‘What would madam like?’ With that she sneered at the little man as her vast bottom descended to the chair; her generous cheeks enveloping the entire seat.***

***‘Get me a black coffee immediately’ she said, and he stumbled off to beg the pleasure of the waitress. He came back and sat; she smiled at him.***

***‘You’ll pay here then you’ll come home with me and pay again’ she said as though broadcasting to the entire state. He smiled and so did she; blowing at the coffee to cool it in eagerness to depart. Dolores had been told of this café by one of the ladies at the ‘club’ they had just left- it was delightful. This was no tacky ‘call-girl’ situation; it was subtle, apart from the customary announcements made by the various ladies to ensure humiliation from word go- it was almost surreal, and none of the customers ever drank their coffee and left alone in disappointment.*** Dolores looked at him in a very different way now;

‘Barbecue time I think’. Then she put on her air of authority; ‘Pay the waitress and make sure you are polite and give her a good tip. I’m going to take you home and teach you how to talk to your betters’.

**Part Three**

As she drove him away from the South Beach area and its multitude of pastel coloured cake-like buildings, and drove North toward Sunset Lake, she talked business and spoke of her excitement in getting his book ironed out format wise, illustrated –with his direct help, and published asap.

‘Then we’ll start thinking about your next compilation; I hope you’re not homesick or anxious to get back quickly – I intend to keep you for as long as possible’ she said smiling but assertively . He too wanted to get his book published, but was certainly in no hurry to leave for the UK; the sun beat down on her modern Mustang convertible as they cruised to her home, she was delectable and was making it clear that she and her friends may have more than an interest in just his talent for writing.

‘No I’m not homesick, and there isn’t anyone or anything to rush back to; I’m only concerned at what it’s costing you to keep me’. ***She turned her head from the road and smiled at him seductively;***

***‘We own the property you’re staying in, and tourism is down due to the recession, so the cost there is minimal- we’ll be taking a percentage of what your book earns, and it will earn, trust me. So don’t worry about the cost of flights etc.; we’ll make you pay, one way or another’ she said in a tone that made him tingle, then she casually she placed her hand between his legs and stroked him; ‘I don’t want you to be shocked at what I will now tell you and what the ladies ask of you when a few drinks have loosened their tongues later- it’s quite apparent to us all already that you are as submissive as the males in your stories; you must know that we shall all take full advantage of you. I will tell you now, I shall be the first to enjoy your company intimately and you shall stay at my house after the barbecue. You would like me to dominate you, wouldn’t you? She said in a completely matter-of-fact tone. He had a lump in his throat to match that between his legs;***

***‘Yes, I would love that’ he said more calmly than he ever thought he could have in this position. He fought to come to terms with what was happening and what she had just said. As though she read his mind she continued in a sincere and firm tone without smiling nor with any menace in her tone;***

***‘You will pleasure me for taking your business on and I shall reward you for becoming my property in business and person, we’d had the notion on reading your books which is why you were invited over; on seeing you we were more sure than ever; I’ve wanted to keep you from the moment I saw you, and all the ladies agreed on Friday night that we would share you. This will be mutual as this will help you with the stories which we will demand you create’.***

She said this as they crossed the causeway to Sunset Island, she turned a curve and travelled a short distance to a huge white Hispanic house; she clicked a remote and the gates opened. She parked amongst several cars which were already there. He was weak at the knees as he left the car; she came to him smiling again. Then she pulled him close, she leaned teasingly into him with pursed lips and he moved to meet her…

‘Oh, she exclaimed; you see those two large windows at the top? That’s where you will become mine for the first time’. She then began to move forward- he was disappointed at the promise of a kiss and then denial. She knew exactly what she was doing. She stopped, smiled at him; ‘

‘Oh yes, I remember’ and embraced him in a soft kiss. ‘Don’t you get distracted by the other women tonight, I’m first and I intend to have more than my fair share of you!’

She took him through the beautifully furnished house and led him upstairs; he had trouble following at first; was she to have him entertain her before the barbecue? His emotions were confused by this; oh how he wanted to be allowed to please this woman, his eyes once again trained upon that gorgeous rear. His heart leapt as his imagination boggled; what would she have him do? She took him into a large bedroom. He trembled. She then picked up from the bed a white silky shirt with baggy sleeves, no collar, and a pair of loose leggings.

‘Now take your shirt, pants, shoes and socks off’ she said- he was somehow relieved at this, and extra relieved that ‘pants’ meant trousers in America.

‘As you can see, I’m dressed for the occasion, and the other women will have a thirties movie theme with their dress also – you’re going to be our leading man!’ He did as he was told and stood there in his pants which hid nothing; his manhood virtually protruding from up the waistband. She moved over to him ;

‘Take THOSE pants off as well; the ladies may wish to witness your arousal on occasion, and this will humiliate you nicely; your pleasure will be easier to fondle in these loose fronted leggings’. She smiled and moved up to him, his manhood rigid at 45 degrees; she let him feel her clothed body up against his nakedness, then gently cupped her hand under his balls and the lower part of his member- she licked his ear and whispered;

‘Later.. later.. I shall own you completely for the first time’. She was careful not to allow his excited manhood dribble it’s now visible lubrication on to her black dress. She had him dress in the shirt and leggings which were exquisitely comfortable and had him view himself in the mirror; I look like a cross between Zorro and Huckleberry Finn he thought, but the outfit seemed to lend itself to him somehow.

‘I think you look the perfect ‘Heathcliff’ she said; ‘a suitable waif at the mercy of his betters- you shall have many mistresses tonight’ she said with a wicked tone.

***She led him downstairs and down through a passage toward open French windows; a very elegant and very fit and curvaceous black lady stepped over and almost cheekily grabbed his hand, smiling at he and Dolores –***

***‘This is Margot; she’s my housekeeper’ She squeezed his hand and pulled him closer and kissed his cheek with her luscious ample, soft black lips;***

***‘I’ve read your stories too, and I’ve been promised I may keep you as well as the house, when an occasion comes and the ladies are on business; You and I are going to act out the part from ‘Southern Belles’ where ‘Charlene Blanchford’, gets the man into the ‘Pearl Bedroom’- that’s a promise!’ she said as she let go of his hand and stroked his chin, grinning with pleasure. He remembered the part in the book where a man is captured, trussed and made to entertain a superior black goddess. His manhood went rigid yet again at the thought as he took in the scent of this dusky dominant woman. He would look forward to that.***

Dolores smiled triumphantly as she led him out onto the middle of the lawn, barefoot. Most of the ladies had arrived by now; those that had arrived earlier had fired up the barbecue which was tended by several of them; the smoke scented with various aromatic chippings lifted softly up through the palms and out over the pool toward the lake. There were women there he’d not seen before; he was quickly introduced to ‘Arabella, Tina, Celeste, Agnes, Miriam’- each one a beauty in their own special way, each had their own part to play in the publication of his book, each of them seemed eager to get to know him under their terms . Then on to familiar faces; as he stood slowly surrounded by his new work colleagues they gave a round of applause at his arrival. ***Carole Danziger stood in front of him- she was suitably attired as the ranch owning middle aged dominatrix she was in her spare time; her lower body was intimately clad in skin tight jodhpurs which held firm her generous thighs and bottom; her vulva outlined nicely announcing her superior sex. A tight red silk blouse heralded the fact that she had no bra; her nipples pointing prominently at the promise of what she now had before her, though in her mid-fifties her breasts still remained reasonably firm; any sagginess only served to enhance her blossoming maturity. This was a dominant women who no man could dare refuse; as a naturally submissive male, he would be all too willing to please her fully at her slightest whim.***

***‘I take it you’ve told him that he is now owned by us, Dolores?’ –***

***‘Oh yes Carole, and he’s not made one single noise, gesture or any indication that he wants it any other way; isn’t that so? She said as she lifted his balls gently under the soft material of his leggings.***

***‘Yes Dolores’ he said nervously yet with some pleasure-***

***‘Yes what? TELL us you want to be owned FOREVER by the women of Ariadne!’-***

***‘Yes , Dolores, I want to be owned forever by the woman of Ariadne’; Those in earshot who had gathered round to hear this group humiliation, submissive confession and exercise in dominance applauded the oath, enhancing his humiliation and inert pleasure.***

***‘Kneel before me’ said Carole. As he did she moved forward. At first all he could smell was the rich leather of her huntress boots, then she put her hand behind his head and gently pulled his nose right up to the crease in the midst of her vulva. Camera’s flashed and clicked for posterity and titillation after the event. Her womanly scent, even through the material of her jodhpurs was intoxicating.***

***‘Tonight you have given yourself up for womanhood and we all shall have our pleasure of you; I personally will have you at my ranch next Thursday and you shall assume the position you are in at the moment once more- would you like that?’- he did not hesitate;***

***‘Yes Carole, I would like that very much’. The ladies giggled at his blatant submissiveness. Carole then pulled his head right into her crutch and he sniffed with all his might to take in as much of her superior essence as he could. She released him-***

***‘Thursday then’ She smiled and strutted off for a drink.***

Judy and holly then took their turns at teasing, and showing their pleasure at learning that he was now aware that this was a mutual business deal, but very much a one-way relationship when on personal terms.

‘We’re coming with you to the ranch; I’m going to create some lovely illustrations from the pictures we take of you there!’ giggled Judy Fontaine who was now every inch the plump Betty Page, though it was obvious she was trying to be ‘Betty Boop’ on this occasion; tight black skimpy skirt which did not hide her even skimpier panties; her heavenly haven just as apparent as Carole’s; she turned teasingly and bent over, pulling his head into her rear, allowing him a quick sniff at her ample bottom;

‘Oh I can’t wait for Thursday, we’ll have such fun on the plane,’ she said , turning back again. Holly looked at him sternly; the older woman had let her hair down and put away her glasses, she too had riding trousers on, but leather ones with baggy thighs, leather waistcoat and a baggy sleeved blouse not unlike his shirt. She carried a vicious looking riding crop which she toyed with as she eyed him.

‘Yes’ said Holly, a quick drive to Opa-Locka to our executive jet, then a quick flight to Dothan Field Alabama; just enough time on board for some ‘mile-high’ pleasures, then on to Carole’s ranch near Ozark. ‘I shall have time with you there, and I intend to tease some ideas out of you in my best School-mistress fashion. You WILL enjoy it!’

He was allowed to kneel at the feet of a group of the women, headed by Dolores as they ate and drank and talked about how the new book was to develop and how they would all play their part in encouraging his deepest darkest desires to allow his imagination to blossom and boost his creativity. He felt ecstatic as they teased him; he had a million ideas already. Suddenly there was a cheer from the women nearer the French Windows; he could not see why, being on his knees.

‘Oh, said Dolores smiling more wickedly than ever- look, it’s a lady from the Anne Desclos Suite we visited earlier- she’ll be the raffle winner! As though he were partly in a dream, partly in a nightmare, the Haughty, assertive mature beauty in the pink strappy outfit, who had shown him his place before women so commandingly and naturally earlier on, walked slowly and deliberately toward him, winning ticket in hand. She strolled right up and placed her hand under his chin.

‘You’ve cost me a fortune! I bought every ticket I could, then set about bribing the other ladies into selling theirs to me. I promised those who co-operated a treat if I won, and those who refused will be allowed to pay me back tenfold if they wish to be treated too; you see I’ve chosen the suite as the venue and I intend to make you pay dearly in return for my efforts; the other ladies will witness your ordeal and you will be allowed to pleasure them too!’ She bent down and squeezed his backside;

‘Oh you shall have such a spanking! Roll on Tuesday week!’. He swallowed as she finished; how the women laughed at his predicament. He had not so much as tasted the nectar of a women, felt the stroke of a cane, or been cursed at threateningly, yet he felt he was on the verge of ejaculating already. He noticed Dolores staring into his face with a gentle sneer on her face;

‘Tonight’ she mouthed at him silently. He was sure he’d disgrace himself the moment she touched him.

One by one the women filtered away, giving their regards to Dolores and each belittling or taunting him in some way or other as they left. Alone with him at last, Dolores stood before him dominantly.

‘You shall remain kneeling till I call for you, though I will take your clothes now’. She watched with satisfaction as he removed his shirt and leggings and resumed his kneeling position in the middle of her lawn. It was a little cooler now as the sun had gone down; the stars beginning to twinkle in a sky which quickly descended through darker shades of inky blue. He shivered slightly, more in anticipation than with the drop in temperature; the barbecue not far behind him, wafted the odd warm thermal as the embers slowed died out. Then an unmistakably feminine shape appeared; the bright lights from the French windows silhouetting the form of the goddess Venus before him; naked as he was. The figure stood there for a minute, teasing his imagination and anticipation. Then the serene vision walked slowly toward him, a loop of something on a string hanging by her side. As the figure got closer, the silhouette got no lighter; the pads of the feet were the only parts which showed any light- it was the housekeeper.

‘Hello white boy’ said the magnificent apparition before him; she was completely naked and was the image of any African fertility doll.

‘I’ve come to take you on the first part of your journey onto complete submission to womanhood’ she said- she moved up close and he was overpowered by the sweet smell of her femininity.

‘Lift your chin up and look at me’ she said; his eyes moved from her thighs up past her glistening ebony breasts to her smiling face. She then took the loop, which was a collar and gently secured it tightly about his neck. She then pursed her lips and smiled more wickedly as she gave a couple of tugs on the leash; he gasped as she revelled in her dominance over this white boy who was now in her charge.

‘You will remain on your hands and knees and will come with me-now!’ She tugged and he went down on his hands and obediently padded along behind her, taking in the beauty of her bountiful rear orbs which shimmered, glistened , and jostled as she walked.

‘I know what you’re looking at white boy; I’m going to plant that on your face the first time we get to spend some time together!’. The goddess walked him through a hallway and up a rounded marble staircase which was a little painful on his knees, but the figure before him and the thought of what lay ahead simply made him all the more anxious to reach the top. He was taken into a huge bedroom- there was Dolores, lying back on a soft leather sofa; she was also naked and she smiled sweetly at him – he noted that she was truly auburn; a tiny patch of red hair was carefully coiffured above her otherwise shaven womanhood. She suddenly looked at him with contempt.

‘Tonight you will begin your worship, but I lied when I said I would be the first; Have you ever pleasured a black woman before? ‘ Margot stroked his hair and said;

‘Would you like to?, would you like to be ***owned*** by a black housekeeper?’ Dolores smiled and leant over to a table and picked up her camera and then a large vibrator; ’ He glanced from woman to woman in absolute delirium; Dolores was as milky pale as Margot was seductively dark;

‘Yes Yes please I want to be owned by you’ he almost cried this out and both women giggled at his obvious torment; they knew he’d had a long day and had received some merciless teasing – now he would be rewarded.

‘I shall watch while you service my housekeeper, then I shall spank you for going with another woman and breaking your promise to me’ she sneered. His journey was about to begin.

***‘Yessss!’ said Margot as she tugged him to the edge of the bed- she spread her legs either side of him and tugged him forward to enjoy the spectacle up close as she slowly lay back lifted her legs up and out to allow him to watch her delectable black womanhood and sweet rear passage unfold before him; the scent of her arousal was overpowering and his manhood was rock solid as he knelt there, owned by the two women. The camera clicked away and he heard the gentle buzzing behind him. Margot commanded him-***

***‘Lick my pussy you worthless piece of shit’ and she tugged him down. He lapped at the sweet black folds like there was no tomorrow, exploring the luscious shiny jet black lips, probing deep into the superior woman’s depths , relishing every salty taste and aromatic tang that entered his nose and mouth***

***‘Oh, I shall cane you if you don’t bring me off within the minute’ she said, and he lapped and lapped at the little nub at the apex of her womanhood as she writhed and tugged at the leash, moaning with pleasure. His sphincter twitched and his cock pulsated as he relished this act of servitude and the possibility of being caned by this African goddess. He was to be disappointed on this occasion though, as she almost roared in a triumphal orgasm and squeezed him with her glorious thighs as her juices flowed – the leash being pulled ever tighter to ensure he understood that he was now hers. She sighed and grabbed his hair;***

***‘time to clean up my bottom’ she said. He needed no further prompting; he caught Dolores in the corner of his eye; she wanted some close ups of this; in to her tangy sweaty anus he went; the taste and smell was divine, like honey. Dolores took pictures of the smiling contented housekeeper, dominating the willing submissive and having her bottom licked clean in one of the ultimate gestures of submission. Though he desperately wanted to come, his outright obedience and humiliation in front of these women who now allowed him to service them, gave him deep satisfaction. As Margot decided he’d completed his task satisfactorily, she began to release her grip and slowly moved him away. She got off the bed and stood before him.***

***‘Now kiss my feet and thank me!’ she barked. As he went willingly down and kissed her sultry feet she announced;***

***‘Mistress Dolores will be away for a few hours eight days from now; I’ve decided I shall cane you then anyway- beg me to cane you when I next have you!’ He cowered before the lusty woman who was enraptured by every moment of this humiliation;***

***‘I beg you, please cane me when I next see you’ he said clearly and concisely; he was so glad he was not to be disappointed after all.***

***‘Goodnight Margot!’ said Dolores, as the dark virago left, without giving him another glance.***

‘Come here right now!’ barked the milky skinned auburn beauty-

‘What do you think you are doing? pleasuring another woman in front of me like that- Kiss my feet this instant!’ As he went down and kissed her sweet toes, she slapped him, not too hard, but hard enough to let him know she was going to punish him- she had found herself a sturdy hairbrush. He looked at her and she was sort of half-smiling as she grabbed the leash and reeled him in;

‘now you shall taste your true mistress’ she said sternly; his mouth was still wet with Margot’s juices but his mouth watered all the more as Dolores; the one woman he had really began to appreciate and obey lifted her sweet legs and gave him his second bout of ecstasy that night; the scent and taste of her aroused and succulent womanhood was totally different to Margot’s; she was delectably spicy and he was in absolute heaven as he probed and licked her sweetness for the first time; she did not allow him to make her come at that point, but did allow him to lick her beautiful anal orifice which was just as spicy and tangy as Margot’s , she moaned a little then stopped him;

‘Lay across me- I’m going to give you the brush!’ She sat hands on hips on the centre of the sofa with an extra cushion under that milky white bottom – this ensured he was elevated in the middle ensuring his bottom was proud for her.

‘I’m now going to give you your first spanking. This will thoroughly humiliate you and you will know your place whilst you receive payment from the woman that owns you- I shall then face-sit you and may allow you your first reward, if I think you’ve earned it’ – she proceeded to give him a vigorous spanking with the brush; it stung like hell and he was soon reduced to tears. Oh how he knew he was owned. After about twenty-five stokes she stopped and smiled at the teardrops which ran down his cheeks;

‘Thank me!’ –

‘Thank you …mistress’ he said as his bottom throbbed and he looked upon the woman who had shown him his place. She urged him off and stood up; she smiled at him and said-

‘look at the way you’ve made me mess the seat!’ – she pointed to where she had been; there was a nice sweaty, juicy outline of her bottom- more juice and secretion to the front;

‘Lick that clean now, you bad boy!’ . He licked the leather seat clean of her essence; he already recognised the spice of her anal passage as he eagerly lapped up for his mistress. She led him to the bed.

‘Lie down on your back!’ She climbed onto the bed and teetered above him; she stood for a while, allowing him to relish the beauty of one of many superior women who were to have their way with him ‘Then she decsended , slowly , arching her back and extending her glorious bottom she squatted just above him;

‘Sniff the bottom of the woman who has just spanked you!’ she said. She allowed him the luxury of about thirty seconds to inhale her sweet scent then she dropped onto him. His nose was pressed against her lovely anus and she rocked back and forth on his moth and chin, as he lapped and sucked her juices- she moaned and moaned and nearly suffocated him as she rode his face to a her first orgasm at the hands of the slave who was now hers.

‘Put your tongue in my bottom, where it belongs!’ she barked. Then he felt her hand on his balls and she then raked her nails slowly up his cock, torturing the glans delectably with their sharpness , she teased for a while then took his manhood in her grip;

‘Now you’ll have your reward- I want every last drop of your cream’ she stroked him and he felt pleasure like never before; he thought of the day’s events leading up to Margot, and to where he now was- owned, humiliated, at the mercy of a supremely dominant woman- his tongue probing her sweet bottom-he was in heaven;

‘Now you’ll come for me’ she said as she felt his first convulsive movements; waves of pleasure coursed through his body as he tasted her bottom and thought of the spanking, he was owned and he convulsed and spurted again and again in absolute ecstasy; this was truly the best moment of his life.

**Part Four**

He awoke next morning to find Dolores smiling sweetly at him and stroking his face; she nuzzled up to him and kissed him passionately on the lips. His member instantly rose to the occasion once more, she caressed it as it pressed up against her thigh;

‘Oh, I’m SO pleased with you’ she said. The venom of the night before had gone. She released his member;

‘Cuddles only, today- I’ve had my turn- I shall have you again soon, but you have an appointment with your illustrator, and I mustn’t spoil it for her!’ After the release he’d had the night before, he was happy just to feel affection from the woman who had so dominated him the night before and had made him spend like he’d not had an orgasm for three years. He took in her sweet feminine scent and enjoyed the soft warmth of her body. After another hour or so of dozing, she led him from the bed and into the shower room. ***Though there was no hint of threat or harsh command from her, she asserted her natural dominance by having him shower her; he thoroughly enjoyed smoothing the scented milks and gels onto to her body as she passed them to him. They both especially enjoyed it when he automatically knelt down and caressed the soothing mixtures into the lower parts of her body and down her sensuous legs; she looked down at him as he enjoyed being at her service;***

***‘You’re really beginning to genuinely know your place aren’t you ‘ she said sweetly.***

***‘Yes mistress’ he said and gently kissed her abdomen just above the sweet symbol of her womanhood that had been the ultimate object of his worship last night. Then he looked up at her;***

***‘I don’t want to leave you’ he said. She smiled;***

***‘Don’t worry, I intend to have you back on your knees in my bedroom within a few short days—I’d like to keep you all to myself, but I alone cannot prepare you for complete submission- besides, you’ve seen how lovely the others are; I want you enjoy their different tastes in domination, and as per your experience last night- this will allow me to be severe with you when you return; I’m already feeling too much affection for you. Don’t forget; they are also your business partners as well as your betters; we all need to be encouraged and inspired in our work and you are the catalyst. You must be brave and think of me waiting to chastise you when you pleasure them’.***

After he had softly rubbed and padded her dry, helped her apply her powders and perfume, they dressed and went hand in hand down the marble staircase which had tortured his knees the night before and went into the breakfast room. No sooner had they sat when Margot appeared with a tray of coffee and toast. As soon as he saw her, his mind went back to the gorgeous spectacle she had provided him with, the scent that had overpowered him, and the ease with which she had completely dominated him. She looked just as sexy in her plain white uniform. He was not sure what to say to her; he looked at her supple yet feminine arms and thought of the cane he had been promised. She looked him right in the eyes and smirked;

‘Good morning; you eat up some toast now, I’ve heard you’ll need your energy later’. Dolores smiled at both of them;

‘Did you sleep well Margot? You had plenty of wine at the barbecue last night; I don’t suppose you remember much about it?’ Dolores focused on him rather than her as she said this- she was enjoying the tease. Margot took in a deep breath which pushed her breasts forward and crossed her arms under them whilst looking straight at him,

‘Oh, I remember making a promise to someone’ she said smiling wickedly. She uncrossed and pushed more toast toward him;

‘you be sure to eat plenty next Monday morning, won’t you?’ –

‘Yes Margot’ he said obediently.

They walked to the car across the sun –drenched forecourt and then drove down to Collins Avenue. They walked into Ariadne and were greeted by several of the staff; they were all extra pleased to see him this morning, as he went by they whispered to each other and sneered- they knew she’d began the regime with him last night and they ached to know how it had gone. She took him upstairs past several offices and into yet another softly furnished lounge at the back***.***

***‘Judy will be here in a moment; she’ll want to get cracking with some ideas for her illustrations and will use this opportunity to educate you at the same time. I know you find her very attractive too’. He was tongue tied as she turned to leave him; he grabbed her arm and she turned back, pulled him into a kiss, then slapped his face.***

***‘I am in control, remember!’ then she squeezed him. ‘Just think of what I’ll have you do when I get you back – and think of what Margot will do when I tell her you stopped me from going about my business!’*** She smiled, pecked him on the lips and left. As soon as she had gone, Agnes and Celeste, whom he'd just met the night before came in and brought him a nice refreshing drink which tasted like sherbert; it was sharp and a bit powdery. Agnes, a brunette of about 40, sat invitingly on the arm of the chair he was in, allowing her skirt to rise up to give him a glimpse of her old fashioned suspended stockings.

‘Did you like the drink?’ she said.

‘Yes Agnes it was very refreshing’ he replied.

‘It’ll help you stay in touch with our work today; Celeste and I will assist you perform for Judy; we’re going to have such fun’ she giggled. Celeste was a copper-topped redhead of about 35; she had glossed her lips with a dark maroon lipstick which along with her deep brown eyes helped to accentuate her silky white skin. She had tight black leggings on, and from the rear her bottom imposed itself on the world beautifully; she took the glass from him and turned and bent over to place it on a low table, allowing him a panorama of her curves. She then sat herself in his lap and put her arm around his neck. She squirmed on him, much to his immediate embarrassment, as he grew hard with excitement.

‘The drink is beginning to take effect’ she said to Agnes. ‘we don’t want you going soft on us do we?’ smirked Agnes as she undid her skirt. Celeste stood up in the chair and undid her leggings.

‘You’re going to do just as we tell you when Judy arrives said Celeste who undid his flies and toyed with his now rigid manhood.

Judy arrived a couple of minutes later; ruby red lipstick contrasting with her pale skin and jet black bobbed hair. The girls continued to toy with him as though it were the most natural thing on earth. He tried to compose himself ready to speak clearly to the buxom vixen but knew he would squeak as the dominant redhead teased his cock.

‘Well , well, well! what have we here? It’s the Heathcliff who spent the evening on his knees in front of his superiors yesterday’ she said as she leant over and stuck a viciously sharp nail on the end of his member.

‘Did you like my outfit?’

‘Yes’ he said sharply as Celeste squeezed him in anticipation of his response.

‘Well, as you now know, tomorrow we’re all going to be treated with a trip to Carole’s Ranch for a couple of days, and I guarantee you will have the time of your life. So toady we are going to have a little preliminary and make some sketches of your body shape in various poses and positions; you know- as per your tales- at the mercy of various women. You’ll enjoy working with the three of us’. The two harpies stood up as though by some telepathy.

‘Bring him into studio 2 she said; we’ll start with a little bondage and foreplay’. The two led him through a large door in the rear of the room; this led to in which there were various light fittings over a huge bed, a large black padded area like a Judo mat, several strangely configured chairs and a couple of modified commodes. There were also several easels placed at various points and lots of photographic equipment.

‘You’ve been given Viagra to keep you perky, she smiled . If you perform well for the ladies we may allow you relief, but just the once. Today is in preparation for tomorrow and we’ll want you to be in tip top condition for then. Now off with your clothes.’

***He was led naked to the mat. From this angle he could now see a pile of assorted ropes and cords by the bed; Agnes had him kneel facing the pile and stood behind him, hand under his chin to make him watch as celeste slowly walked over to the pile, sorted a few cords and pulled them tight between her arms menacingly, whilst s staring at him with a stern look. She slowly sauntered back saying;***

***‘I am now going to truss you up and whip you till you beg for mercy’-All the time Judy was furiously working her magic with crayons at the easel and clicking away with a camera. The ginger dominant then stood for a moment, ropes in hand whilst Judy worked-***

***‘Ok’ she said; ‘Oh, said Celeste, we need gag him first- we don’t wish to hear his screams’. Both she and Agnes seductively eased their panties down their legs. Celeste neatly rolled her panties into a ball.***

***‘Open wide!’ she said. He quivered as he obediently opened his mouth and allowed her to fill his mouth with her sticky underwear.***

***‘now close.’ She said. Agnes’ panties were equally sticky and she tied them round his face, ensuring the crotch traversed his nose. Even without being bound he now felt helpless as he could no longer protest had he wanted to. Judy walked about taking in every angle with the camera. They then bound his arms behind him. Agnes smiled at him as she went over and wheeled a large semi- circular padded bench up onto the mat. He was eased over it and She then worked a lever which shifted it forward, lifting his feet clear of the floor. They bound his ankles then tied a cord about his neck and passed it under the bench and around his ankles.***

***‘Oh you poor boy’ cooed Agnes, as she moved the bench around to face large wall mirrors so that he may enjoy seeing himself at their complete and utter mercy. Judy clicked and pencilled away. Celeste strolled over to him.***

***‘I shall now make you pay for every injustice that males have inflicted upon women; I am going to whip the flesh from your body. You are a male and are inferior to women. You will bear pain on behalf of all males.’ She walked slowly away and he watched as she slowly approached a chest; opened it, and produced a fearful looking black leather bullwhip. She posed whilst Judy did her work then slowly walked to within ten feet of him. He quaked with fear and anticipation; he was completely helpless- he looked at the ginger beauty with the whip; he WANTED to be punished by her. She suddenly wielded the whip above her head and struck out; ‘CCraaccck!!! He nearly emptied his bowels with fear. She had deliberately missed him. Agnes stepped forward and pulled his head up; she could see he was in a strange state of combined terror and ecstasy .***

***‘I want to see the pain on your face as you suffer’ ‘CCRRAAACKKK!!! He felt the wind from the whip as it got closer- ‘CCRRAAACKKK, he winced as the slightest fibre from the tip touched the cheeks of his bottom. Agnes smiled and signalled to Judy and Celeste.***

***‘Well done’ said Judy as Celeste and Agnes untied him, giggling with satisfaction.***

***‘You didn’t think I’d really whip you did you?*** I’m sorry about that last stroke; that was a bit too close for comfort!’ He was a nervous wreck.

They bound him and teased him in various positions till they all grew tired in the late afternoon. Judy was pleased with her preliminaries and after they had all cleaned up in the shower room, the three women took him back to Judy’s place on Meridian Avenue. Her lounge was incredibly soft and fluffy for a dominatrix. She had a bed in her lounge as well as in the other three bedrooms. They all lay on it whilst surveying the sketches and hastily downloaded digital photos. He felt safe now, as the women had shown that they were not entirely merciless, though their wicked mind games were pure torture. They mused at the day’s events and spoke excitedly of their trip to the ranch tomorrow; Carole would not be so lenient with him tomorrow, they teased. His excitement was still apparent and the three of them looked at each other

‘We did promise’ Judy giggled. He was told to strip and lay face-up on the bed. The ladies tossed a coin.

‘Damn!’ said Agnes and she was passed a nice big vibrator by Judy , which she took almost reluctantly.

‘Yes’ said Judy,

‘Oh well’ said Celeste. The three looked at him- Agnes sat across his ankles facing up his body the vibrator began to buzz – she had drawn the short straw and would have to watch and pleasure herself, though she still played a part in keeping him ‘anchored’. Next Celeste hovered above his head, facing Agnes, though she would not see her for long; she eased herself on to his face. He took in her sweet scent and remembered how she’d teased him with the whip. He sniffed and slurped at her divine ginger pussy and tight little button. Judy applied the coup de grace; she took his aching erection and eased her silky wetness over it- he felt enveloped. Soon the three were jigging and moaning; he was completely helpless again but there was no threat of a whip this time. Agnes buzzed and whimpered, Celeste rocked and moaned, Judy bucked and squeezed, sucking the goodness from him. With almost choreographed timing all four reached a crescendo and he gave himself up to them in absolute ecstasy; pumping as much as he could as Judy bucked up and down in the depths of an orgasm, his legs bent up and down at the knees as Agnes did the same, his face nearly wiped off his head by the vigorous and wholesome orgasm experienced by Celeste. Spent, the four wrapped themselves about any part of each other that was available and drifted off to sleep.

**To be continued…**