**The Hidden Chamber**

A submissive male takes a holiday but is invited to alternative accommodation by the female proprietor of the apartment he rents. She has discovered his sexual preferences by chance, and finds him a perfect candidate for her ‘hobby’ which she shares with her dominant female associates.

He had arrived at the resort apartment, the stress of his work routine far behind him. The relaxation had immediately stirred his sexual feelings and he had fantasised about every air hostess and smartly dressed female airport worker as they had strutted primly about their duty; the clack of the one woman’s spikey heels on the marble floor; her tight fitting skirt and blouse accentuating her blissful authoritative form, the woman in her 40s gave him a sweet smile as she passed – he thought of how he’d love to have been down on his knees to her; awaiting her pleasure. On the plane another prim lady- perhaps advanced in years for a hostess- had shown her worth in chastising a rowdy youth worse the wear for beer- he had seen the stern look she gave the lad, her command to behave immediately obeyed, and imagined her with cane or whip. His member had risen to the occasion at the thought. Now encamped at his destination he had tried to take a quick nap but found the woman’s face on his mind- why not? He thought, and reached for the copy of Stanton’s ‘Dominant Wives’ he had treated himself to; how he loved those illustrations of the haughty, busty women within – *he* *yearned for a woman like that and wished he were one of the poor submissive males tormented and punished within the pages.*  He found one which bore a resemblance to the hostess and treated himself to relief; careful to mop up every drop of the sticky mess which he grunted out with extreme pleasure upon the floor, before showering and treating himself to a dip in the hotel pool.

On returning to apartment seven, he was confronted by a maid who was just leaving his room – a wave of infantile fear shivered through him; *he remembered that he’d left the book on full view*! The maid gave him a glowing smile and remarked that the he needn’t worry about ‘that book’ – he had automatically tried to look over her shoulder and made it patently apparent to her why he was flustered-

‘we get lots of gay people here’.

 Gay? He thought; he couldn’t be further from gay! The maid noticed that her feint of ignorance seemed to have worked, she knew all too well that men who like to be dominated by women are seen as ‘sissies’ to some men and had used this untruth. She also knew someone who might be very interested in this man if the circumstances were right.

‘At least you won’t be bothering me like some of the other male guests’ she said.

 ‘Actually I’m straight’ he blurted at the departing slender teenage girl.

 ‘So where’s your wife then?’ she quickly retorted.

 ‘I ‘m a widower’ he replied as he tried to regain some credit in the maids mind.

 ‘Oh I’m sorry’ she said; ‘that’s very sad’*. It’s also perfect she thought*, and hurried back to the reception desk, already feeling slightly aroused with anticipation.

A moment later she was at the phone-‘Madam…. I think I’ve found one’- she quickly relayed the story

‘Excellent’; came the reply from the other end; a ring of pleasure in the voice. The maid was instructed what to do.

At the master fuse box, a slender hand with sharp and shiny painted nails pulled the fuse to number seven.

He had just plugged his camera in to fully charge it, when the flashing indicator ceased; he leaned up and tried the room lights…nothing. At reception he was greeted by the maid again.

I’m so sorry sir, I’ve asked maintenance to look into it, this is so embarrassing –we are fully booked and don’t have another room. The owner is about to visit and she may have to arrange accommodation for you elsewhere’

…. Just then a large black limousine pulled up and the driver stepped out. This chauffeur was like no other he’d seen. This was a woman no more than 25 with full length boots, skin tight leather trousers and matching blouson- a small peaked cap complementing the outfit. She stepped smartly to the rear door and opened it.

‘Oh here is the proprietor now’ said the maid sharply, ensuring he heard. Out of the rear of the car stepped an absolutely stunning woman, who though obviously judging by her exquisite facial features was in her late fifties, had retained a beautiful hourglass figure which though considered by modern standards as ‘plump’ was the image of some of the women who were displayed on the ‘retro’ sites of 50’s soft porn. There was nothing ‘pornographic’ about this woman, though he sensed something deeply erotic when he looked at her. She strode forward with perfect poise on black stilettos. Her heavenly legs teased her tight skirt as her ample thighs and hips swayed. The tight top she wore cradled her proportionately ample breasts; her cleavage displayed teasingly, through a black chiffon over-garment. He did not know it at this point but this woman was to become the realisation of all his fantasies… and more. The maid curtsied in a strange way and gave the woman a knowing smile. The chauffeur also half smirked as she crossed her arms and looked down upon the guest.

‘My name is Hortense Bradbury, I own this building and several others. I understand that this is the very first day of your holiday and cannot allow you any further discomfort’.

The scent of this divine creature was driving him wild, and he struggled to make any response- the scene seemed such an over-reaction to something and he felt embarrassed about causing this delectable woman any trouble-

‘It’s probably just a fuse or something’- he suggested.

The maid needed all her composure not to give away any sign. Hortense looked at him with her glorious dark brown eyes, her well coiffured auburn hair waving gently under the foyer fan.

 ‘I don’t care; you’ll come with me now and we’ll treat you to something special’.

 There was positivity in her tone which was in reality a simple command. She then turned and strutted back to the car giving him his first chance of a rear view of her glorious femininity. The chauffeur ushered madam into the vehicle and she faced him, patting the luxurious leather seat to beckon him in.

 ‘What about all my things?’ he asked.

 ‘Don’t worry, my maid will take care of that and bring them along for you’.

He got into the car and sank into the soft upholstery, in came the driver, the glass internal screen was swished shut behind her, and the central locking clunked the doors shut, giving him a feeling of very comfortable captivity. He wasn’t sure why, but his sphincter clenched slightly and he was sure that the formidable woman beside him had a look of achievement on her face.

As the car cruised on, he couldn’t help but notice the sharp blue eyes of the chauffeur looking at him as she adjusted the rear view mirror more often than was necessary. He also noted that the hotel area was coming to an end and they were heading further along the coast road.

 ‘Are your other hotels at another resort?’ he asked timidly.

 ‘After what you’ve been through, I shall take you to my personal residence*. I know you’ll enjoy it more’.*

She smiled in a very satisfied manner – the blue eyes squinted in the mirror as the leather clad vixen at the wheel obviously smiled as well.

 ‘You note that all my employees are of the fairer sex; this is because I like to have special relationships with men, I could never work with them. Most of them believe a woman should know her place and are very jealous of my wealth. I understand that your view of women may be a little more relaxed?’

 Suddenly the booted beauty at the wheel swished open the dividing glass and handed something in a velvet bag to Hortense;

‘I believe this is yours?

 ***She then produced the Stanton book over which he had masturbated earlier!***

‘My maid took it from your room shortly after she removed the fuse from the main box; I was pleased because I’m a big fan of the late Eric myself, and I thought we might discuss our preferences more intimately; I trust you’ll indulge me, after all, it’s only a game of fantasies’.

 He was speechless, but overwhelmed with mixed thoughts, thoughts which gave him a very apparent erection-the bulge at which Hortense stared down at.

 ‘Good boy’ she purred, and both the women giggled at his predicament

. At that point the car swept up a driveway and approached a luxurious villa surrounded by high marble walls. An electric powered wrought iron gate whirred open then banged shut again after the car passed. He could see that the walls were all clad in shiny marble adorned by the odd rambling rose – the walls would not be climbed without the aid of a very large ladder. *The beautiful house was would make an effective prison if the gate mechanism remained unknown.*

Hortense commanded he follow her as the chauffeur put the car in a huge garage. As he walked obediently behind the woman he tried to speak out and make some sort of protest, but something willed him on in silence and his curiosity gained the upper hand as the sensual figure before him left him mesmerised. Hortense’s heels clip clopped on the path to the house and the sudden gust of a warm breeze lifted the pleated side of the elegant woman’s skirt revealing the length of her leg and voluptuous thigh. Another maid opened the huge oaken front door and greeted the two inside. The door closed. ***He was hers.***

The décor of the room he was led into was minimalistic; the leather theme continued with sprawling black leather sofas with seating at different levels- many had padded leather mats before them. Hortense pointed to a chair in the corner where he would have a full view of the room ‘You will sit over there’ she barked- he now began to realise that he was about to realise someone’s fantasies. He sat quickly like a scolded child. She turned to the maid-

‘You may now bring us the special iced coffees we prepared earlier’. The maid reappeared shortly, as did the Chauffer and the maid from the hotel. Hortense passed the drink to him and sat opposite him on a large sofa. She had a drink too; hers looked like a conventional iced coffee, but his had as much blue powder sprinkled on top as the brown you would normally expect. The blue substance was evident throughout the glass.

‘I want you to take a nice long swig of your first drink in my house’ she said firmly.

 He hesitated **–**

**‘Do** **it!’**

 – he gulped the liquid at the command; his erection now involuntarily rock hard.

 The drink definitely had coffee in it but tasted as though there were some form of alcohol too, and the blue powder was both dusty and gritty as it went down.

‘ I trust you don’t have a heart condition of any sort?’ she asked.

‘No’ he replied.

 ‘Good, then you’ll find the Viagra very useful over the next day or so; you’ve had enough for two men already!’

 The maids all sneered and giggled at the comment; he also noticed that the blue-eyed vixen was gently rubbing herself against the corner upright of one of the larger backed chairs. He also noticed that pictures on the wall were somehow familiar but not quite right; one was of a sexy looking female with tight beige jodhpurs who appeared to be dancing –the picture was typical thirties style. Hortense noticed the direction of his gaze and asked if he had noticed the sharp tang the drink had? Continuing-

***‘It’s called Amobarbital- ‘Truth Serum’- and I will ask you about that picture very shortly, and you will tell me all about it. In fact you will tell me everything about your deepest desires, and they will be influenced by that blue nectar which will help enslave you’.***

 Then it dawned on him; Bernard Montorgueil ***-*** the raised hand of the girl was minus a vicious whip; the naked , lashed, hooded and tethered male also absent. He had now finished the drink and felt strangely trance like – Hortense noticed this and knew that the minimal amount he’d been given would keep him open to commands as long as he received attention and stimulation.

***‘I know that you are now at your weakest and will do just as you are told; these young ladies are my maids, but you are a male and inferior to them; you will obey their every command too, and you will be at their pleasure without the aid of the drug when you have learned your place. I will now change for your first session and my maids will instruct you in the few minutes I am absent - PREPARE HIM!’***

The younger women leered menacingly at him. They had now removed all their lower garments with the exception of their silken panties.

‘Come here!’ beckoned the first maid he’d met.

 He wobbled over and stood before him…’SMACK!!’, she slapped his face.

‘I’ll teach you to look on me as an ignorant girl – I can’t wait till the first time you’re left alone with me! Now pick up that mat!’

 She motioned that she wanted it placed in front of the one already at the foot of the chair where Hortense had been seated.

‘Now take your clothes off!’ said his driver from earlier, who made it clear by her tone that she was very much in the driving seat now! He fumbled with his clothing and though he felt fear and his rear clenched and unclenched convulsively something inside him told him that this was his destiny and a strange sense of carnal pleasure was beginning to overwhelm him.

 ‘KNEEL!’ Commanded the maid who had opened the door; he has not really noticed her before as he had been captivated in more than one sense by Hortense on his approach to the house***. The maid was perhaps the youngest, at about 16. As he knelt he looked up her. She was one of those glorious yet always spiteful true redheads, her fiery ginger hair contrasted with her silky, milky white skin, daintily freckled , She looked down at the mature adult male and said, unsmiling, with utter contempt-***

***‘I’m going to cane you at the first opportunity I get’.***

He knelt there as the words played on his mind- the air was beginning to dance with the gentle unmistakable scent of female arousal. These were perhaps the youngest women he would meet at the house and he was completely under their control. His erection bobbed rigidly as he awaited the return of their, and his, mistress.

Then she arrived through the doorway he faced whilst kneeling – they had been careful to arrange that he would have a full view of her as she made her first entrance in earnest. My god! She was the perfect image of dominance to this submissive male; his hand moved automatically toward his member –‘SMACK!’-his face stung again as a hand with fingers whose scent gave away where they had just previously been, caught him-

‘Oh no you don’t’ said Ginger-

‘That is Mistress’s property now!’ the sight which had prompted his motion was pure ecstasy; **Hortense was now completely naked save for a full length black chiffon trouser suit, which as she slowly approached with a wicked, dominant smile, revealed openings which gently caressed at her womanhood, her shrouded vulva apparent with excitement, her ample breasts nestling in the shimmering material- the tallest black patent stilettos he’d ever seen, and a small cane with which she cut the air menacingly. She stood before him on the first mat.**

**‘From now on you will address me as ‘Mistress’. You have made it quite clear that you are a submissive male and I have decided to own you. Tonight you will tell me what you most desire and you will pleasure your mistress for the first time’.**

She then slowly nestled in the sofa before him, the chiffon parted and he had his first glimpse of her womanhood. He couldn’t help but notice that it was glistening already. Oh how he wanted to lick her there and then, but first he must earn that pleasure.

 ‘Tell me what is missing from my picture’- he blurted out; ‘Her whip and a man who is being punished’ ... ‘Is he enjoying the punishment?’ …’Yes he...’THWACK!’ – she stung the side of his buttock with the cane…

’YES WHAT?’…

’Yes **Mistress**’. He remembered - he was learning fast-‘

‘He must be- he has a huge erection’.

Hortense asked; ‘would you like to be him?’ The girls all sniggered.

‘Yes I would, I yearn to be punished and humiliated by women, **I would die for a woman**’.

 ‘Oh yes’ chortled the girls now openly pleased with their catch; he had given ALL the right answers.

‘Good boy!’ said Hortense as though addressing a puppy.

‘You will now get to know your mistress’. A collar and leash were fitted to him.

***She now adjusted the luxurious sofa so that his face was level with her most feminine parts of that superior body. She tugged on the leash –***

***‘Come and sniff your new mistress’. He eagerly moved onto the closer mat and was pulled gently down toward her smoothly shaven sex.***

 ***‘Don’t you dare lick until I command you! I want you to take in the aroma of the woman who has taken charge of you, who will completely and utterly dominate you, you are to pay for all the wrongs inflicted by men on women, you will suffer on their behalf and will know pleasure only when I choose to allow it-here, put your nose right to my pussy and take nice long breaths’***. He did so as she toyed with herself with one finger. Her scent was intoxicating, he thought about her words while he took in the well-seasoned aroma of her beautiful womanhood. He now realised that this was his rightful place and he was willing to accept any punishment at her slightest whim. His member felt like it would burst and he longed to ejaculate.

‘Mmm’ she quivered ever so slightly.

 ‘Now lick my womanhood!’ She commanded-

‘I want you to start at the base of my vulva and ensure that you lick every fold before you approach my clitoris’. Oh heaven; as though the scent had not been enough…the tangy musky taste was delicious, he spent some time doing just as she had commanded, worshipping every fold before arriving at the apex of her sex, she rocked gently as he lapped at her sweet smelling fruit. Just as he thought she was to come, she gently pushed his head away.

‘Girls, I think we should treat ourselves to some sunshine –our new toy can finish the job beside the pool in full view of our property; he’ll see where he’s to spend his time’. The girls smirked at each other –

‘Oh, and one of you bring my phone would you’. Still firmly erect, he puzzled at this move, why was it so important that he view the building? They had made it quite clear that he was not a standard ‘guest’- did she simply wish to gloat at her wealth? His leash was tugged and he followed behind his mistress. The sun shone down making her gorgeous body all the more evident as the bright light penetrated the chiffon. They walked round to the other side of the pool where suitably placed furnishings had been arranged. She lay down on a couch which offered shade from the wall behind, her head facing the house. It was at this point that he noticed that the girls who had followed were looking up toward the eaves of the second floor with knowing smiles, they then glanced at him and he felt uneasy- he did not know why. As he looked he saw for the first time that there was a large circular structure above the second floor. Though there were skylights from which the sun glinted there were no windows , the space would be far too big to simply house air conditioning etc. - it was a third floor.

 ‘Down you go’ said his new mistress, having given him plenty of time to survey the structure.

 As he moved toward her sweet sex, she allowed him just a few licks to regain her arousal then pushed his head back again. She then removed the chiffon outfit while he knelt there and lifted her legs back a little further.

‘You will now sniff my bottom!’ Down went his nose to the wonderfully puckered dimple that was her anus. He was to find himself there on many occasions.

‘You know the routine’. As with her sex he inhaled deeply through his nose

 ‘Does it smell nice? I’m afraid I’m a little sticky ‘. The girls giggled.

‘Yes mistress’- he was not being untrue, in his aroused state the tangy bottom of the goddess that now owned him smelt like honey. She lifted his head

‘In a moment you will lick my arse! I want it thoroughly cleaned. The girls had been doing something behind him – they had pulled the couch out to allow him to lie down rather than kneel – whilst she held his head back he saw her smile at Ginger.. and hand her the cane. The other girls had smeared a little baby oil on the couch -he was allowed down to her bottom, the two other maids held an arm each, his member squirmed under him on the oiled leathery couch- he was to receive punishment and pleasure at the same time.

 ‘LICK!’ -and lick he did, the taste was tart and tangy, he moved his tongue round the inside of her cheeks before penetrating the luscious orifice, his member squirmed under his belly and he felt its pleasure.

 ‘Cane him!’- he heard the whoosh of the cane as it came down- it stung like hell as it creased his buttocks but did not deter him from his duty- his member was being induced into a rhythm underneath him as whoosh after whoosh came down. Hortense moaned with pleasure as she toyed herself to the inevitable- her juices trickling down to add to his pleasure as his tounge went in as far as he could manage. ***He was licking the arse of a mature and dominant goddess whilst being caned by a spiteful sixteen year old dominatrix, and held to pleasure by two more young beauties- he was in heaven- now the pain became pleasure and the butterflies in his stomach signalled his oncoming orgasm- Hortense moaned in ecstasy as she reached hers, splaying her legs and allowing him a view of her satisfied pussy and heaving breasts, ‘whooosh!’ went the cane as he moaned and grunted and gave up his seed for glorious and supreme womanhood-his complete submission was beginning and he stared fixedly at the third floor as the last spurt was teased from him by Ginger’s cane and his mistress’s fragrant bottom.***

As he squirmed in his mess, he was told not to stop licking until mistress was ready; she now had her calves resting on his shoulder blades, making it difficult for him to enjoy her bottom, but this was purely symbolic for her now. She was on the phone to someone;

‘Yes… Oh he will… he’s perfect… tomorrow then… tell the others’. The maids looked at her with expectancy; she told him;

‘Tomorrow you will be introduced to some friends of mine, it will be a lovely initiation party for our slave. You girls have done very well today and you may take him to your room upstairs on the second floor-remember he needs to be in good condition tomorrow so try not to damage him’. With that he was led away, Ginger having the honour of his leash- she was going to make him pay for ruining her panties, which he was going to lick clean for her.

Part 2

The young ladies made their most of him in a room on the second tier; it was a large room with a huge circular bed. He was teased and tormented in many ways; each of the girls often leaving the room to retrieve a favourite article of torture or pleasure from elsewhere and making a point of closing the door behind them when they left and again when they re-entered. As the evening wore on and he had been made good service of, the last maid to make an excursion came back with a bottle of drink and casually left the door ajar. The girls consumed the drink and all three began to doze….. After about half an hour he listened intently to their breathing, which had become soft and uniform – he was sure they now slept. Whilst there were few lights on in the building, a full moon shone brightly through the windows, illuminating the interior with soft silvery rays. He carefully eased himself from the bed; he had conveniently found himself at the edge when the girls drank. He had not the slightest intention of escaping but was curious to see what the circular structure contained. He moved stealthily out of the open door without making a sound; ***the girls opened their eyes and lifted their heads slightly, winked and smiled at each other, and nestled down again- now they could sleep knowing what he would- and would not- find.***

As he moved slowly down the hallway he noted that the doors to each and every room were open; he peeped in to each as he went by in his quest for a staircase to the final tier. Each of the rooms were furnished differently – some were simple bedrooms, others looked like wicked places of exercise- adorned with leather and wooden benches; the array of canes and whips upon the wall giving away the true purpose. One had a huge crucifix with shackles. Though this excited his tired and tortured member, it was no more than he would have expected given the lady of the house. He went the full length of the floor, found no stairs or lift in either the rooms or the hallway , and worked his way to the other end on the opposite corridor as he turned he found an end room with a large archway but no door- he entered with anticipation. It was a stark, bare room with no furnishings other than a leather- clad post- like a punch bag which protruded from the very centre of the floor, with a single shackle atop of it. At about five feet tall this would make a nice ‘comfortable’ whipping post, but there was nothing, ***nothing,*** in the room to keep it company- sheer white marble walls in the cube-like room, only two bland light fittings parallel to each other at the end of the side walls. ***Where was the way to the third tier?***

 Dejectedly he returned to the bedroom and softly slipped into the bed; two of the girls were close to snoring, but Ginger was now facing him and was silent. Suddenly her wicked eyes flew open:

 ‘You must ask permission to go the toilet in future- I will overlook your misdemeanour just this once, did you find it OK?’ she said smugly –

‘Err yes I…’

‘Yes MADAM!’ She retorted***-***

***‘You will address every maid as madam – I cannot believe the rudeness you show to your superiors! A lady who is coming tomorrow will teach you humility; she is teaching me her skills- I can’t wait for the morning!’***  His sore member swelled at the thought.

‘Do you like the way the house is set out?’ She asked, coaxing a response about the real reason he had left the bed –

‘Yes… **Madam**’ he put in hurriedly- remembering her command-

 ‘I had err…wondered what might be upstairs?’ She smiled and put her arm forward under the sheets and cupped his balls in her silky white hand, and softly jostled them as she felt the tip of his glans touch her wrist as his cock rose to attention –as if to listen to the answer- She replied;

***‘Oh, there are only two floors here, there is nothing above you….. but heaven’.***

As the next morning came and he was kept in the bed till around ten o’clock by the maids, who teased him with their tales of how they liked to inflict discipline on lowly males, then he was ushered to the bathroom by the three and into a huge shower room which issued warm inviting water from several ornate sprinklers- he was invited to wash each of them down with sweet smelling gel and a soft sponge whilst they applied shampoo, and was then allowed to wash himself. They watched him as they dried themselves to ensure he did not relieve his aching balls, as this duty had aroused his member once again. When he had dried he was led to the bedroom window by his three captors.

‘Oh! Today is going to be one to remember, I think!’ Said the blue-eyed maid . He looked down and was taken aback by the multitude of women who were arriving; ***had they all come simply because of him? Why? He considered he was nothing ‘special’ as men go in women’s eyes.*** Hortense mixed among them, as ravishing as ever-this time clad in a full length one-piece pencil skirt made of silk. Her hour-glass shape and the bottom he had worshipped accentuated delightfully by the costume. Even from here he could see the majority were middle-aged women, some older, the youngest in their late thirties-there was not one male present-he could not fix his eyes on any one woman as they were all very, *very,* attractive in their own way. At one end, away from the pool, a huge barbecue blazed; a full size oxen carcass sat on a spit, slowly roasting.

He was taken to the breakfast room, naked but for a freshly fitted collar and leash, he was virtually force fed some very fatty foods and eggs, which at any other time would have been most appetising. He found each mouthful difficult to swallow as his stomach churned at what may await him, and the maids teased him like a baby, cooing at him and wiping his lips with a spoon-

 ‘There, there, you must eat your breakfast like a good boy’. It was obvious he was going to need all his strength for what he was to endure. Then he was made to swallow a pint of a bright blue liquid. In came Hortense.

 The magnificent woman looked at him sternly without smiling:

***‘Today you will please my friends and will learn that all women are superior, you exist only to please womanhood and you will not be the same male when you are released to your bedroom at the end of the day- now come and kneel before me!’ He did so without hesitation- she placed her hand behind his head and pulled his face into her crutch to allow him to sample her delectable scent once more. Her tone softened:***

 ***‘Oh you poor creature, today you will know suffering as never before and will disgrace yourself in many ways, you will beg for mercy but none will be given. Your deepest submissive cravings will be realised-prepare to be completely and utterly dominated. Now come with me…’*** he was led out into the sunshine on his leash, naked in front of at least 40 women whom he had never seen before, but some of whom he would never forget. He was taken on a circuit of the pool then told to kneel down in a position facing the house***. In a perfectly choreographed act, every woman present became silent and they turned their heads from him and gazed at the upper part of the house, then turned back to face him with wicked smile.***

***‘Let’s begin!’ announced Hortense- and the women applauded at the prospect- of just what, he was not sure, but he was now beginning to yearn for his fate.***

He was introduced to his first guest; she was a very stern looking woman with her dark brown hair in a tight bun, she had a very pale complexion and wore pointy horn-rim glasses. She wore a Victorian style blouse with a stiff collar; the bodice of which was tight and her shapely breasts jutted forward, buttoned in tight with no sign of a cleavage. By contrast, the sleeves were puffed out, tight only at the wrists-allowing her arms the greatest dexterity. One hand was on her hip, the other held a wicked looking rattan cane- twice the length of the instrument with which Ginger had inflicted her torture. Her breasts were further accentuated by the six inch belt around her waist which held her like a corset; it also emphasised her womanly hips which were shrouded in a full length pencil skirt, finished off with a glimpse of black stockings and high heels.

‘My name is Martha Hunter, I am 62 years of age and the Headmistress of a private school set up by the dominant women’s community. As we are private, Corporal Punishment is not just allowed, but used at the slightest whim of the all-female teaching staff. Though the staff are exclusively female, the pupils are mixed. Males born to unfortunate Dominatrix’s are sent to us to learn their place; likewise girls are never caned but witness the submission of the males to ensure they are both aware of their true positions when adult. There is nothing I like more than to cane adolescent boys to tears whilst naked before a class of eager girls***. I’ve heard you brought a filthy book onto my dear friend’s premises- it’s obvious why you were viewing that particular literature isn’t it? -Tell me what you do with a book like that!’ she yelled at him. He hesitated- ‘’Whuupp!!’’- she cut the air with the beautifully flexible cane-***

***‘Confess IMMEDIATELY!’ A lump came into his throat but he could not deny her, and how he wanted to be humiliated by this very fit and mature woman, he was also aware of all the other women gleefully tittering..***

***’I, I masturbated Mistress’ She smiled :***

***‘I didn’t hear you boy, speak up!’- He spoke audibly:***

***‘I masturbated, Mistress’. Some of the women now laughed openly, others sneered, all the time he was aware of the clicking of camera’s and the scene being videoed.***

***‘Boys who have been caught masturbating at school are given 15 strokes of the cane; how many should I give a grown man?- You shall receive 30 strokes!’ The women cheered and clapped at the judgment.***

He was strapped to a padded bench by two volunteers who were eager to slap his bottom and taunt him. One strap around his arms and back, the other behind his knees, neither too tight as he was to be allowed to squirm as he endured the punishment. The bench was aligned so as to allow the maximum amount of women to view his face during the punishment. Two large mirrors were strategically placed to allow the victim to witness the vastly superior woman administer his deserved caning. He noticed some of the women were already toying with their gussets with assorted buzzing devices; they were going to enjoy his pain. In the centre, ***Hortense stood dominantly, her face beaming with her success at capturing this slave who would now be broken before her eyes. Martha stepped up:***

 ***‘I have paid good money to have the privilege of being the first of this party to begin your ordeal, tomorrow I shall be the last before you end your time with us’. The other women had all found a glass and in unison they raised them and chanted:***

***‘Tomorrow!’; Martha continued:***

***‘You are a male who shows promise in that you already recognise that you are inferior. Over the next two days you will submit to womanhood completely, your fate is sealed; after tomorrow you will be enslaved forever. The fun is over; your punishment will now begin in earnest.’***  Was he to be released tomorrow? Perhaps sold to one as a slave? What did this mean?

Martha stepped to the front of him, she lifted the split in her skirt and drew the cane across her sex whilst squeezing her legs together, then she lifted his head by grabbing his hair and placed the end of the cane under his nose.

‘Smell the scent of the woman that’s about to dispatch you into a world of complete submission. I guarantee you’ll not forget my scent or the experience!’ Yesterday he had been caned by a teenager, now he was to receive the same for a woman who could be her grandmother. The Punishment began. Whuuupp!!!; down came the cane- the pain was unbearable, he cried out and took a sharp intake of breath, Whuuuppp!.......................Whuuupp!..................Whuuppp!, each stroke seemed more intense and he could not help but squirm and howl at the searing pain being inflicted by the vicious woman, ohhh!! the pain! His eyes welled up and tears began to run down his face- WHHUUUPPP!!!..............WHHHUUUPPP!..............WHUUPPPPP!

 ‘Ohhhhh, please Mistress’, he looked around for some sign of mercy but there was to be none; Martha was taking steps back, then forward as she delivered each stroke and bore a grim, sadistic smile of contented satisfaction, all the other woman either had the same look or were giggling and gesturing at him with ridicule. Three of them cooed out at different intervals

 ‘Cry slave’, ‘’Cry for us’, ‘we want real tears!’. WHHUUUPPP!!!!!!......................WHUUUUUPPP!!!!!....................WHUUUUPPPPPP!!!!!..... as more and more searing, agonising, strokes came down , he bawled like a baby- many women took advantage of this scene in utilising their toys , and between the strokes and his agonised cries he could hear them moan with pleasure as they achieved orgasm on enjoying the sight of his torture. ***He squirmed about in a futile attempt to somehow avoid the stroke but his was to no avail, as he cried and viewed Martha’s wicked deliveries he reached a point of no return- and cried incessantly without any feeling of shame- she had broken his spirit completely.***

***WHUUPPP!!!................WHHUUUUUPPPP!!!................WHHUUUPPPPP!!!! Now he realised he could do nothing he was beginning to enjoy the pain, the blows continued , he sobbed, then felt that welcome stirring in his balls as he squirmed- he was to disgrace himself- he looked at Martha’s handywork in the mirror and looked at the glorious, victorious, females smiling and sneering at his pain-***

***‘OOOOrrrgghhhh!!!!’ –his face contorted in a different way as his orgasm began-***

***‘He’s coming!’ shouted several of the women, Martha openly laughed as she relentlessly went about her business- he MUST have 30 strokes- the cane came down and he writhed and convulsed in ecstasy and submission; he now wanted the caning to continue forever.*** WHUUUPPPP!!...

’Thirty! Said Martha, and viewed the recipient; he was in complete disarray- two women were drying his tears with a dry corner of the panties they had readily discarded , making sure that the moist and highly scented parts flapped around his nose and mouth. Ginger applied an antiseptic cold cream to his buttocks which were now a mass of bright red weals. He was made to thank Martha and kiss her feet. She then received a copy of a video of the session on a DVD which had been hastily prepared, and strutted off to enjoy it in private, as older dignified women often do.

He was leashed to a post and allowed to lie down and recover. He was given food and water, and slept for about 15 minutes after his crushing ordeal. His next introduction was to a delectably buxom ebony goddess. He was asked to kneel on a mat about five feet from her, whilst she lay feet first toward him on a large double sized leather sun-bed – he found the required distance from her a little puzzling. He noted that lots of other women had squeezed in to gain a similar angle to view things, and they all had their cameras, camcorders, and dildos at the ready. ***The Afro-Caribbean lady was lightly clad in golden silk wraps which could be discarded at any point. She sat up and viewed him with contempt.***

***‘Well white boy, I’m going to show you your place in the pecking order of life, which is at the bottom! Not only are you an inferior male, you are an inferior white male. I am going to humiliate you on behalf of all the black people of the world who have been mistreated by whites. You will witness the true superiority of black people and your submissiveness to womanhood will be doubled when you attend to your first black mistress. Now you wait there with your tiny white cock until I command You!*** Though he was not racist himself- he had had many a fantasy about African women – he fully understood what she meant, but what was he to wait for? Just then there was a round of applause from the women who smiled gleefully; down the poolside from the house entrance strode a large black man. Naked, his member swung between his legs as he approached- it was the size of a child’s arm! He turned to the goddess without giving him a glance.

‘Hello Chester, let me have that knob of yours’ Chester swung it up and she licked at the glans with her succulent brown lips. Chester’s approval was heralded by his cock growing larger and stiffer, like some dark brown python. The goddess threw her wraps aside and lay back with her legs apart to reveal her beautiful ebony pussy, her labia almost jet black. She enticed his enormous cock in to her, the bulbous head was squeezed in, and it seemed to take an age for his entire length to slip in as he made his first penetration. A woman next to him moaned ;

 ‘OOhh Yesss!’ and was consumed by an orgasm at the sight, even before they had really got started. Now they were beginning to rock together rhythmically, her vagina seemingly stretched to the limit by his girth. Then her legs splayed out and up and she moaned with delight.

This triggered Chester who began to pump, his large balls seemed to retract like an aircraft’s undercarriage and he gave out a grateful moan which was as dark brown as his skin; he bucked and she bounced as he delivered his no doubt ample gift. He then withdrew, squeezing the end of his weapon as it slid out, allowing the last dribble to drop down on her satisfied pussy.

‘Thank you Chester- your money’s on the hallway table as usual’ She said,

‘Thank you Ma’am’ Said Chester, and without giving the ‘white boy’ even a cursory glance he strode away to a round of applause from the ladies – his flaccid member swinging as he went. The goddess returned her attention to the captive, he had an idea what was to come- and he was already feeling the humiliation without even having been involved. His erect cock-all five and a half inches or so of it which he had been reasonably satisfied with till that time- now only served to accentuate his undoubted inferiority. ***He could not help but marvel at the size of that black cock. He had no homosexual tendencies whatsoever but he had enjoyed watching that marvellous weapon go about its business! Oh how he yearned to have a cock like that. Even so, he reasoned his submissiveness to women may not have been as it was if that were the case and he realised he was actually enjoying being inadequate. His bottom tingled in anticipation of his next humiliation.***

‘Well boy, did you enjoy watching a real man havehis way with me?’

‘Yes Mistress’.

‘Did you see what a real man’s cock should look like?’

‘Yes Mistress’.

‘You have seen a male from a superior race allowed to pleasure his superior. You have seen him do his duty. Are you now ready to do yours?

‘Yes please Mistress’- Oh how the women laughed at his involuntary “Please”- it was obvious he was a cur who knew his place and the beautiful ebony goddess was about to help him realise it.

‘Come and kneel before me, you worthless white girl- I’ve seen clitoris’ which would put your tiny inadequate prick to shame. You could never be worthy of entering my womanhood in that manner, but you will be allowed to assist when it has been used in the correct fashion- can you see where Chester has been?’ The women giggled as he viewed her beautiful, still engorged vulva-creamy white spunk dribbling in perfect contrast to her almost black most feminine parts.

‘Now have a good long smell at where he has been!’ He dutifully bent his head to the task and took in the sumptuous aroma. Though there was a faint smell of masculine ammonia, this was overwhelmed by the heady scent of her deliciously aroused womanhood and its delectable juices with their own strong musky odour. He had never had the privilege of pleasing a black woman before and now he was to do so under very special circumstances. He had been captured, taunted, humiliated and caned; his sprit broken before superior women. He was in heaven. Now, his deep craving for the sense of humiliation at the hands of a woman was to take another step. ***Though he could escape the smell of the seed of the superior cock which had enjoyed his mistress, he knew he would not be able to escape the taste. He knew what the next command would be.***

***‘Enjoying the smell? Now enjoy the taste! I want every last drop licked up!’ he viewed the silky black folds and the cream topping which garnished it- his tongue started at her tangy anus where globules of cream and her nectar had collected in the dimple; the taste was very salty and tart with the concoction of her juice and sweat. He lapped and lapped, swallowing his reward without hesitation. He was aware of an assistant to the goddess moving behind him- she fingered his anus and then inserted a buzzing phallus into it. The women giggled, sighed and approved of the spectacle. This only served to distract him from his task for a moment as he licked deep within the folds of this beautiful dusky creature; the epitome of dominant superior women.***

 As he worked his tongue in, seeking every last morsel, she began to heave and sigh; though she had enjoyed Chester’s cock, this was standard fayre for her- the deep satisfaction she was now receiving in humiliating a white male in front of white women could not be compared. He lapped at her clitoris having reached the zenith of his duty and the apex of her pleasure. She almost screamed as waves of pleasure wracked her body and squeezed her silky black thighs about his face, almost suffocating him. God, how he wanted to come at that moment and god, how he wished Chester would come back and oblige with a second course. This servitude to Black womanhood was Shangri-La and he would have willingly died between those vast black thighs. The women clapped and cheered.

 ‘Good Boy!’ said a familiar voice behind him. Hortense then produced the dildo and had him lick it clean. The delectable symbol of mother Africa composed herself after the enjoyment.

***‘Now we’ll have a look and see if you have done your duty correctly! If you have missed just one speck of that nasty male mess, I shall put you across my knees and spank you’. The woman all laughed and sneered in the usual knowing fashion and some made symbolic gestures as though looking through a magnifying glass. He looked at her shiny clean inner thighs and voluptuous torso which had been licked spotless, framing her beautifully licked, polished and lubricated vulva. Oh how he yearned for a speck to exist; he longed for the extra humiliation from this woman, but feared he had performed his task too thoroughly.***

***‘What’s this? She yelled and the women clapped looking at him for his reaction. She produced her hand; she had deftly pawed a globule of Chester’s gift before the slaves performance- the cream wasn’t where he had expected to find it, her fingers were never offered to him- but he had still missed some! He almost smiled with relief.***

‘Lick those fingers and get up here now!’ He licked the salty manicured black fingers the wickedly sharpened nails painted a glossy jet black. He was arranged so that he straddled her; seating slightly lower than the level of her ample thighs giving support to his lower legs, the upper part of his body likewise the other side- the whole attire was elevated some four feet high, giving the appearance of a regal throne for the black goddess and affording the 40 odd women a full clear view. She squeezed his rigid cock between those sweet black thighs to which she had applied some baby oil.

‘You have failed In your task and you will now be punished. I will now spank you. I will not stop until you have given up your tiny cock for me’. ‘Slappp!, Slappp! Slappp! She beat his sore arse with her beautiful black hand, he tried to hold back, but the bouncing between those muscular thighs ,the thoughts from earlier, and the view from up there of all the women watching his humiliation was just too much- she felt his torso convulsing all too soon and she slapped him with all her might. He savoured this heavenly moment as his now obviously inadequate genitalia spurted in the announcement of his heavenly orgasm into the makeshift vagina that was the black goddess’ thighs. ***The women cheered and he was led down from the throne by his superior. Hortense waved the freshly cleaned dildo at her with a smile as if to remind her of something, she smiled back wickedly; she had no need of a reminder.***

***‘Oh, there’s just one more thing, She reached into her bag and produced a curious butt-plug with a ‘tail’ of shimmering rigid gold strands tipped with little baubles which made the tail bounce with the slightest movement. She held it aloft and all the women cheered wildly and made another choreographed uniform glance at the upper parts of the building, as they looked back, he was asked to bend over, the plug was inserted, and the black woman led him on a circuit of the pool- the tail bouncing, and the plug teasing his prostate as he went.***

***This was accompanied by a slow hand-clap by the women, whose faces beamed with joy. What was the significance of this seemingly innocuous act? What was the interest in the building? As they completed the circuit he was asked to bend again and the plug was removed.***

***‘You’ll have the chance to wear this again tomorrow’ smirked the magnificent creature. Oh how he wished she could own him.***

PART THREE

After the women had feasted and drunk some more, having stood and sat around in small groups chatting about the events, he was summoned again from his tether. Hortense walked him over to two ladies who had decided to entertain the slave –and the other women- as a partnership. The fact that the day was wearing on and the Oxen on the spit was about ready, also added to prompt their decision. Once again, these were both mature ladies in their early fifties who were very well proportioned. One with auburn hair and brown eyes, wearing a short sleeved leather tight leather top which allowed the view of a curious small tattoo on her right upper arm; this was of a knot in a rope. He’d never been in the scouts and hadn’t a clue of its significance. She was adorned by a short skirt which set off her mature but fit legs perfectly. The other lady was blonde with bright green eyes and was taller but just as voluptuous. She wore a crimson satin outfit, set off by ruby red lipstick. She was toying with lengths of silky white cord, and sneered at him teasingly.

‘This is Marie Decker and Blanche Monroe’ –

‘No relation to Marilyn!’ cut in the blonde, smiling. Hortense continued,

‘They have both inherited similar business’s from former partners, now sadly deceased’-she smirked-

 ‘Marie has a hemp and silk business which produces quality heavy duty ropes for various industries worldwide; natural rope is still preferred in many industries, haulage, shipping etc. as it helps with their token ‘green awareness’ brownie points. She also makes softer, more attractive ropes for certain other specialist interests’. This seemed to evoke some soft giggling amongst the on-looking crowd of women for some reason.

‘Blanche has a similar cord making industry, for bindings of all descriptions- what more can I say? With this, Hortense left him to the women, who let him to a padded area like a Judo mat***.***

***‘Kneel down slave! Today you will learn how it feels to be in bondage, as women have been to men for far too long. You will be tied and teased painfully until we are satisfied that you understand that you can never be anything but subservient to women’. The other woman continued –***

***‘You will also be choked and strangled till close to death, in symbolic retribution for the strangulation of women’s rightful place by males over the centuries, you will suffer on their behalf!’***

His soft collar and leash was removed; he now felt strange without it, even though he’d only had it two days. Swiftly Blanche worked her magic with astonishing speed with lengths of silken cord, round his wrist’s ankles lower neck she bound him tightly enough to cause pain. In a trice he was trussed and helpless, lying on the mat ‘hog-tied’ Blanche standing by him placing one foot on his back in a dominant victory pose. Struggle as he may he could not move- the cords cut him the more he wriggled. The women gave a huge round of applause at this swift act which left him at the complete mercy of anyone. Then he notice Marie approaching with a menacing smile; there was chatter amongst the women- they knew what was coming.

‘Oh sweet slave, you’ll not be whipped or spanked on this occasion. I will take you to the point of heaven and back’.

 She then showed him the tattoo and then the silky rope she was carrying- they were the same-

 ‘This my poor dear is a slip knot with which you will now experience the most exquisite strangulation’. He panicked a little as she noosed his neck, she stood haughtily, the grin slowly drained from her face to and to one stern look of utter domination. She deftly tensioned the silky rope – he gasped as it got tighter and tighter and tighter the silken rope felt like a steel band about his neck, he fought for breath but was allowed none. Marie wickedly dug one of her high heels into his shoulder as she applied the pressure relentlessly. This allowed him a view up the woman’s short skirt. The evil bitch had no panties and he could see her pussy glistening with arousal. His head pulsated with pain and he thought it would explode.

‘Oh how I’m enjoying your suffering’ she taunted. The crowd of women gasped as he started to go blue, everything started to go black- did she intend to kill him? Then release- he coughed and spluttered as he was allowed air again. The mat under him was wet; he had emptied his bladder in fear. He was rolled into various positions and the same sadistic ritual was repeated 3 times. Though he felt the usual deeply gratifying humiliation at the hands of the women, this was new and he was that scared he feared he may defecate before the throng of dominants. Then, as quickly as he had been bound, he was untied again. But there was to be no relief for his wrists and ankles. Blanche bound his ankles together and his wrists behind his back. A tall backed couch was wheeled onto the mat which Blanche stood next to, handed a final piece of cord to Marie, and leaned over it. He was shuffled to her rear, his erection between her calves, face in the crack of her lovely sweet scented arse. Still wearing the noose, the final rope was tied round her middle and held his head in the sweetest possible place***. Marie tugged at the noose and pushed his backside with a sharp heel, urging him to masturbate between Blanche’s tight calves. Now as he awaited each release and the allowed intake of breath it was accompanied by the musky aroma of the woman’s anal scent. He moved back and forth, he was bound and certainly understood his position, he was strangled and knew pain, he was humiliated like never before. The rubbing against sheer stockings and the scent, pain and position, brought him to a long and luscious orgasm as the noose seemed to squeeze the spunk from him, which he gratefully spurted between the delectable legs.***

They untied him and he collapsed to the mat. The women said-

 ‘see you tomorrow’ and walked off to the barbecue.

When he recovered the maids returned to him, replaced his collar and leash, and led him to a special spot before the oxen on the spit. It was then that he noticed that the animal was slightly different to the Ox roasts he’d seen before- this one still had its huge cock and balls attached. Albeit they were a bit withered now, as the genitalia had been nicely cooked as was the rest of the animal. Hortense appeared, she moved just in front of him, she showed him a mean looking ornate carving knife, then she moved over to the Oxen. With great dexterity, she looked at him straight in the eyes with that knowing smile, and with a swift cut of the knife removed the oxen’s cock and balls and held them aloft to be greeted by the cheers of the watching women. She seemed to take great deliberation in ensuring he took in the scene – it were as though she wished she were castrating him rather than the beast.

He was fed and watered at the spot during the evening. Then at a given point the women filtered away,

‘Tomorrow’, ‘tomorrow’, they grinned at each other, whilst he was led away to his rooms, showered and put to bed with the maids.

This morning felt different somehow. The maids bore contented smiles, but said little. Hortense appeared after he had had his shower and he was led along with the maids into another room, where equipment which resembled a hospital’s saline drip was located; a large bag of liquid with rubber tubing coming from it, hung on a wheeled stand. Ginger felt the bag;

‘It’s nice and warm still’ she said. He was made to lay down on a bed and a nozzle was inserted into his anus; he was to have an enema. Hortense grinned-

 ‘We can’t have you having any accidents today, can we?’ the maids chuckled. The bed he lay on was lowered at his head end to assist with the operation. Each of the maids took turns in gently pumping the liquid into him. It was a peculiar sensation which made his insides swell as the bag was slowly emptied, but was not too unpleasant. The bag empty, the maids took great delight in switching the tubing from pump directly to anus; now they could circulate the liquid by pumping him tight, then releasing to allow the pump bag to fill. Their simple actions of playing nurse with him and showing that they were in control, along with the strange feeling of the foreign body in his anus and sensation of the warm liquid flowing, gave him a nice erection without his daily dose of Viagra which was yet to come. When they were satisfied he was cleansed, the tubing was tied up and he was assisted with his heavy bulbous belly to the toilet. All three crowded in with him and they enjoyed watching his discomfort as the plug was pulled and the copious amount of oily water and discharge whooshed from his intestine. It left him feeling strangely empty inside. They showered his bottom half off again and he was led downstairs for breakfast. There was to be no fatty sausage beans and eggs for him today. There was his bright blue drink; today it sat between a large jug of almost clear yellowy liquid and a large beaker to decant it in to.

‘Just liquid energy for you today’ said Hortense.

 ‘We can’t have you getting fat’. The maids laughed loudly at this comment; he wasn’t sure quite why, but the butterfly sensation of foreboding haunted him as they did so. The sensation was quickly gone when he sampled the liquid breakfast; it was refreshing and sherbert like –he wasn’t sure if it were banana or peach or what, but he finished the entire jug and downed the blue drink as well.

The ladies had already arrived when he was led out to the poolside. Strangely, not a single one of them was seated. He also noted that the women all seemed be be wearing their dominatrix equivalent of ‘Sunday Best’- every one of them looked stunning and were at their sexiest, adorned with their favourite canes, whips, and crops. Their faces were all made up to perfection. They must have taken the trouble of getting up very early to prepare. ***As he walked out they began a slow handclap and smiled at him, then they turned and looked up at the building. He was not told to stop by the pool as per yesterday; they walked to the other end of the building and took him back inside! Hortense led him on his leash up the main stairs and he was entranced by the movement of her fabulous bottom and legs as she moved positively to wherever the destination might be. They walked, as he had done on that night, down the far corridor to the end of the building and around into the marble cube with the central post. He was tethered to the shackle. What was the purpose of this room? There was not room here for all the women. Hortense walked over and took a position in one of the far corners, Ginger stood opposite her. He then heard a multitude of clicking and clacking as the entire entourage of guests lined up by the walls; those that could not enter waited patiently outside the room. They all looked at him warmly. Hortense and Ginger then nodded at each other, put their hands behind the light fittings and pulled down hidden levers; their followed an electrical whirring noise and the entire back wall slid down into a recess in the floor.***

***There before him was a staircase up to the circular structure. Ginger moved up and stood before him. The delightful redhead now extra beautiful with hastily applied make-up, adorned by a leather lattice outfit. She looked at him square in the eyes and taunted him with the words;***

***‘There’s nothing above you but heaven’ whilst Smiling wickedly. The women all filed past him and Ginger up the cold white marble stairway into the hidden chamber. As they went by, some chuckled, some just grinned, some made comments like;***

***‘Oh, are YOU in for a treat!’, some cut the air with their canes as they went by. Ginger stayed till they had all climbed to the room of his destiny. Smiling sweetly, the alabaster skinned teenager with the flaming hair untied his leash with her nubile fingers.***

 ***‘Now you will come with me’. She walked him very slowly step by step up the stairs; the women had filed on either side of the entrance in two long lines and he was able to see more and more of them the more stairs he ascended. The air was already perfumed with the scent of female arousal. As he climbed the last few stairs, Ginger stepped smartly to one side; at the far end of the circle was a raised stage, and from the ceiling hung a silky white noose!!! HE WAS TO BE HANGED!***

As soon as he passed into the hall, the marble wall rose up behind and sealed the circle. There was no escape. He was then led, stumbling, by Ginger to a spot just before the stage. The women were silent and all had contented, determined, looks upon their faces. None of them actually smiled; they all looked smug. They had him where they wanted him- he was going to pay with his life for being a submissive male. Then Hortense stepped out again.

 ‘Kneel!’ she screamed. He fell instantly to his knees before this goddess who had cruelly tricked him into captivity; he was glad to do so as he legs had turned to jelly. He was trance like, not quite able to believe what was happening to him. Tonight she had a thick spiked collar, a tight black leather corset and very short flared black skirt. Her legs were bare and she stood on the tallest stilettos he had ever seen. Several women turned on camcorders mounted on tripods at this point- every moment of his final time with the women was to be captured at many different angles and sold on to thousands for their pleasure***. Hortense began:***

***‘You have been selected to give your all for womanhood. We have seen how you have lusted after humiliation and punishment at the hands of your superiors. You came to me willingly and have never tried to escape. You have already told me in all honesty that you would willingly die for a woman. Now you will realise your ultimate fantasy, but not before you have pleasured each and every woman in this room in their desired way. Every woman here is a dominatrix by nature and has a tale to tell. Our little game is run like a business and every woman has paid a fee to watch you being despatched. The funds are pooled to assist with luring our prey. Special privileges are granted to those who pay the most and the one who has made the capture. I will be the last woman to speak to you before you die’.*** He was left kneeling there trying to grasp the situation as the women formed a horseshoe shape, looping from the stage at one side, back round past where he had come in, and back up to the stage at the other side. They wheeled, dragged and shuffled the available furnishings into their preferred positions. He noticed that Martha Hunter was at the very end of the line at one end, behind her was the ebony goddess, and behind her were Marie and Blanche.

‘I’ve paid good money’ Martha had told him. His sphincter quivered at what her special privilege may be.

The three maids who had looked after him rather well, and indulged his fantasies to their utmost, continued to do so. The three came to him with a large liquid concoction which could quite easily have been a cocktail.

 Ginger put the short cane under his chin to gain his attention and assert her maturing dominance.

 ‘I told you that heaven was above, but first I will enjoy watching you go through hell to reach it!’ The blue eyed chauffer teased his cock with the leather gloves he’d seen her wearing in the car;

‘Have I helped to drive you to the edge?’ She giggled . The hotel maid taunted him with her original fabricated suggestion;

 ‘Are you sure you’re not gay? I watched intently as you eyed that black boy’s weapon, you seemed to be very interested in it- pity he won’t be here tonight. Don’t fret though; I think the African lady has kept that situation in mind!’ Just what the maid meant by this he could not be sure. As he gazed around at the females who would all wish to be sated in some way by him; Slender, voluptuous, chubby, late teens, 30’s, middle aged, and older, blonde, brunette, auburn, ginger, and black haired, black, white, Asian, Hispanic, he was assured he was not as the hotel maid had joked- they were all so attractive in one way or other-but as he eyed them; the noose, and thought of the situation his extreme heterosexuality had got him into, part of his mind wished he had batted for the other side! He downed the curious liquid the maids had given him. He was given five minutes for it to take effect. It seemed to take away any fear in him, and had a cannabis-like effect on his senses.

He began the queue; each woman would take their little piece of him. They all taunted him on one way or another. Some would simply tell him how they had received abuse from males and simply slapped his face-hurrying him along as they were eager to see his fate. Others took their time, treated him cruelly with various implements then had him lick them to orgasm. One thing was uniform; they all said they wanted to see him suffer. The further he got round, the more the women seemed to want their money’s worth. Some of these women were the epitome of a submissive male’s dreams; Haughty, forthright, assertive and in beautiful physical condition, he was treated to the most sumptuously scented pussies and bottoms he could ever have dreamed of. How he wished he could be taken away and owned by some of these women, and for the first time since he’d been there, he saw in the eyes of some of those women nearing the end of the queue that they wished that scenario too. He knew though, that this could never be pity for him, but simply a selfish point of view from those women; they wished they could afford a private slave and to snuff him out all on their own.

So far, despite the Viagra and the cannabis-like substance accentuating the sensitivity of his member, he had not been allowed an orgasm. He now approached the two bondage mistresses.

‘You took your time’ said Marie, ‘We haven’t all day you know. We were hungry the other day and distracted by the barbecue, you never finished the job- we’ll both have our pussies licked now if that’s ok- he duly obliged, but still did not receive any relief.

‘We’ll see you again in a minute’ they smiled having had their fill of him. His cock was rock hard and the noose beckoned.

He moved on to the ebony goddess; the penultimate dominatrix. She sat back and had him kneel before her. She pulled his head into her sex and had him sniff and lick both her glorious holes until she moaned with pleasure. She then had him lie bent over a bench whilst she retrieved something from her bag; her back to him. He saw her fiddle with some straps, she turned; she now had a member which might have made Chester feel inadequate. She deftly greased his arse and the enormous phallus and eased it into his anus; this was the most pain he had experienced that evening. She forced the phallus in and out of him and toyed with his cock as she did so. Just as he was beginning to come, she stopped and drew the phallus from him. He was to be denied.

All the women had drawn closer now, as Martha Hunter stepped up to the stage to retrieve the foot-stall. The magnificent sexagenarian now wore a see-through blouse; her breasts still pert and erect, black panties and tights, black stilettos. She had dressed daringly for the occasion, and wanted as many men as possible to masturbate over her whilst watching the video. She took him to a raised couch which faced the noose. ***She took off her black stilettos and placed them with the footstall at the edge of the stage so that they were in his full view with the noose behind them. There were to be no mirrors, no women in his view.***

***‘I will now deliver the final caning of your life. You will come quickly and you will then be hanged!’ She was not wrong; the women all clapped in time as she struck down with the cane; she had no need to be as vicious as she had been the day before. This was more like Ginger’s caning. He squirmed on the couch and eyed the Stilettos, the stall and the noose; inanimate objects which were now deeply erotic. He kept no-one waiting , he was bursting before this session and he convulsed violently, now yearning to feel that noose about his neck- he grunted in deep satisfaction at what he thought would be his last orgasm ever.***

He was now led to the noose. All the women now had their favourite toys to hand, in anticipation of the spectacle which was now about to unfold. Their seats all clustered close to the stage to allow them the closest view. He now realised in a stronger sense than ever that he was to die for these women and they would all without exception enjoy watching him suffer. He was told to stand on the stool. Then the prior day’s events began to reveal their reasons when Marie the noose mistress who had tormented him the day before, now stepped up to the stage.

‘Do you like my silk and hemp rope, product number 420? We sell a lot of these to countries who still have the sense to hang criminals. If only they’d bring back public hangings!’ She placed the silky yet firm noose about his neck. She then went to the tensioner at the rear of the stage and took great delight in winching it up a couple of inches so that he teetered on tiptoe on the precariously small stall. This was not as tense as she would finally want it, but taught enough to be able to adjust the knot to its perfect position. It also gave her the opportunity to taunt her victim. ***She returned to him and firmly twisted the noose so that the knot was directly behind his neck. He felt the serrated edge to the rope as she did so- the purpose of this was to ensure that the noose tightened by degrees and would not simply strangle him immediately on his body being suspended. She toyed with the knot;***

***‘There, we must have it there and not to one side. We wouldn’t want it to snap your neck and kill you within eight seconds like a conventional hanging, would we? I want to see you suffer. Oh, by the way, can you guess how my husband died’? She then produced a photo; it looked like a sepia tin-type photo of a nineteenth century hanging- a man in a white shroud-no hood-hung lifeless. There was only one other person in the picture; a woman in Victorian style costume.***

***‘Can you make out her face?’ It was Marie.***

***‘I had this specially made as a keep-sake. I only show it to special people’. She went back to the tensioner and winched another inch. GGrhhh!- it bit his neck ; he was on his very toes now and wobbled his arms to gain balance ‘Click’ went the rope as it tightened another notch exquisitely.***

***‘Goodbye’ Smiled Marie as she left the stage to a round of applause.***

Blanche now approached him.

‘Feet together please’. She deftly bound his ankles.

‘We can’t have your legs flailing about, can we? That would be most undignified’. She took her time in doing this. She wanted to savour his fear and wanted to emphasise the bondage issue.

‘Trussed like a turkey by a woman! I bet you never thought that would happen!’ She then held his arms behind his back and bound his wrists tightly.

‘We wouldn’t want you to grab the rope and spoil your and our fun would we? ***‘There, you’ve been rendered helpless by a woman who is eager to witness your death. Because of my bindings you are guaranteed to suffer and will have plenty of time to think of me as you slowly strangle’. Her words and his perilous position which would shortly worsen gave him a handsome erection. He began to savour the humiliation and his worthlessness in the eyes of these women. He was to die for them and he hoped they would not be disappointed.***

***‘I’ve a photograph of my dead husband too, but I’ll leave that to your imagination’.*** Blanche left the stage, a damp patch evident at the front of the skin-tight white satin jodhpurs she wore.

Next, the ebony goddess stepped up. What was she to do? He had an idea who was to make the final gesture, as Martha sat patiently before him. The African Beauty wore baggy slacks which did nothing for her figure and did nothing to excite him. She laughed and pulled at a waist draw-string with one hand, whilst the other was already within the waist band of the slacks. All was revealed when they fell away; Black panties, black fishnets and…… her hand held the golden-tailed butt plug. She held it aloft and the women clapped and cheered. He remembered;

“You can wear it again tomorrow” she had said. The goddess leered at him and said;

‘Well white boy, it’s a pity I can’t take you home with me; I really enjoyed your clean-up job. Guess I’ll have to settle for watching you swing. I think you’ll find this little toy most helpful’. With that she squeezed the plug into his already taught anus. It hurt like hell going in, but provoked his prostate sweetly. She took the fingers from which he’d made the final clean-up yesterday and fondled her crotch. She then allowed him to sniff her aroma and lick them clean. Take my scent with you white-boy, perhaps we’ll meet again in about 40 years or so!’ He watched those delicious shiny black thighs walk away and leave him to die.

Finally, Martha stepped slowly up to the stage to the ubiquitous slow hand clap from the women. She looked gorgeous. **It was fitting that a woman of her years should be the one to deliver him to his destiny. He was ready to die for womanhood, and this woman, dominance in its perfection, was to have the last tease.**

**‘I told you I’d paid good money. This is because I’ve always longed to execute a male. Whilst caning you to submission was exciting, there is nothing that can touch this moment. But when is that moment? I shall decide just when you are to die. I will take that final task. I will be ultimately responsible for your death.’ The wicked sneer on her face made him want to die all the more.**

**‘I want you to beg me to kill you’. She cut the air with the cane she carried; whoooosh! His response need no prompting- He WANTED to die.**

 **‘I beg you, please kill me mistress’. He complied with her wishes. God how he worshipped this woman, death at her hands would be bliss. She walked teasingly slowly behind him once more then returned to the front;**

**‘Now you will die!’ She kicked the stool from under him and smiled as the noosed tightened a notch or two about his neck; oh! how it hurt!**

The women whooped and screamed, cheered and clapped as his body danced delectably at the end of the silken rope; the women had done their jobs well- he was visibly seen to be struggling, the butt plug tail shimmered and bobbed as his body twisted and wobbled at the end of the rope which was slowly bringing death to him. He fought for breath, his head felt it would burst, ‘click’, ‘click’ the noose got tighter and tighter and he could hear the women taunting him;

‘Oh look at him suffer’- ‘Excellent’- ‘I’d love to whip him now!’ as he wriggled the butt plug nursed his prostate, he felt the bindings about his wrists and ankles, the noose suddenly felt luxurious. Seconds seemed like minutes, minutes like hours.

***His ridiculed manhood twitched with excitement- his torso bubbled- he was going to come just one more time! Though in his death throes the eroticism of the scene could not be escaped; he felt the warm sensation of ecstasy, convulsed at the end of his rope and spurted his last in honour of womanhood; he shot his cream skyward in several thoroughly enjoyable deliveries and though the women whooped and cheered at his final disgrace, he could still hear his seed splatter against the floor which his feet could not reach.***

He was all but gone when Hortense ascended the stage. Hortense; the beautiful woman who had captured him, and arranged his death. He could just make her out; she held the knife from the barbecue up for all to see. There was immediate Silence.

 ‘Now I will take your manhood- I will keep your balls as a trophy’. She moved toward him and with one deft stroke sliced the cock and balls from him. She then wiped the dribble of seed from the end of his member across his protruding tongue and lips; he tasted his own seed for the first and last time. He felt little pain, in fact the blood which spurted forth served to end his suffering. He quivered for another minute or so, then was gone. Hortense held her trophy aloft; another male had gone to his rightful place. He had paid homage to women all his life and now he had paid the ultimate price. They had ensured he enjoyed his journey.

Though he could not witness it, this was not the end to his humiliation; The dommes posed in chairs arranged before the stage and took turns in being photographed, one holding his now separated cock, the other his balls. Fixed focus was used to capture his lifeless castrated corpse hanging behind the women with their trophies. Hortense, by tradition as the captor, would keep the balls which were to be pickled and displayed in her favourite glass cabinet. To generate more funds to assist in financing the search for the next victim and facilities, his cock was grilled and sliced- raffle tickets were bought tenfold by the women, for the chance to win a morsel-gaining them bragging rights amongst their fellow dominatrix’. His luckless but satisfied corpse was put to good use; Women of the whip demonstrated their expertise and gave lessons to those who would wish to become proficient. The flesh was flayed from his wretched body as various experts and novices tried their luck. So many of the women that did, tried to imagine that he were still alive and his imagined screams and agony served to excite them no end. His body would eventually be burned at the huge barbecue site; his bones ground and dusted about the sweet smelling roses which adorned the three tier building. Even his last remains would serve to please womanhood as they adored the beauty of those roses.