**The Mistress of Holt House**

*As we all aware, the world in the 1880's was a very different place. Though a great era in the advancement of industry and technology for mankind in general; for womankind the world was much as before. It was still considered that females should 'know their place'- somewhere beneath the male. For some women though, this could never be.*

Percy Blandish-Wright was typical of Victorian upper-middle class gentlemen.  He owned his own building and textiles business with his own small army of tradesman at his beck and call, each individual paid just enough to keep them alive but never enough to keep them happy.  Business was booming and today he had an appointment at a large Georgian residence on the outskirts of town; 'Rendelsham'; Holt House.

He stepped from the carriage and passed through the impressive gateway between two white pillars and ascended the marble stairs to the front door and pulled the bell lever. He had a rudimentary scrape of the sole of his boot on the foot-scraper, and looked up and around the grandiose whitewashed building as he awaited the response.  A smartly appointed maid in a starched uniform pulled back the heavy front door. He puffed himself up arrogantly before he spoke.

"Morning, Percy Blandish-Wright; Is Mr Rendlesham available? He has required my presence."  The maid smirked slightly at the approach of the pompous male, and at his assumption that a 'Mr' should be head of household.

"Miss Rendlesham is expecting you; she is Mistress of Holt House, the request for your services will have come from her.  Please come in."  The portly gentleman coughed in a slightly irritated fashion; his flabby jowls flapped as he did so.  Like most businessman of that era he was unaccustomed to speaking directly to women unless they had been introduced by their masters.  He had rarely discussed business directly with women; on the few occasions he had, they had been elderly widows.  He was led into a drawing room by the servant, where he expected to be confronted by a vinegary old maid.  He was quite taken aback by the presence of the woman who awaited him.

Miss Marcia Rendlesham was a very prim and shapely woman, her tightly corseted bodice accentuated her full breasts, and her tight blouse buttoned at the collar was complemented by a black choker with cameo about her feminine neck.  She was resplendent with bustle under her long velvety skirt.  Her face was worthy of any music hall or opera starlet, and her warm brown hair was neatly tied in a bun.  Though obviously in her late forties at least, she was every inch the picture of womanly perfection in the eyes of any male.  How could this creature possibly have remained a 'Miss'? He thought to himself. Nonetheless, as a woman she would be easily swayed into agreeing to no end of superfluous work – or so he thought.

He was ushered into a maroon chesterfield and she sat opposite, her piercing blue eyes surveying the bumbling male before her.  It rankled with her that in this age of progress within the many booming industries, there were never any females to converse with when requesting necessary services.  For his part, the meeting was a strangely sobering experience, he did not understand quite why, but he felt humbled by this woman.  Even her maid seemed to ooze certain contempt for him as she served the tea to them both.  He soon found that she was not to be fobbed off with agreeing to any work not specifically required.  She would also remain in residence whilst the majority of the work on the required extension was carried out.  It was apparent she would wish to keep her eye on the progression of the work and would not tolerate any attempt to prolong it and thus extend the cost.

After some studied deliberation and inspection of his estimates in which he was made to feel very small indeed, they agreed on the cost.  The work would commence tomorrow and he bade her good day and felt himself hurrying down the steps on the way out.  He glanced back at the house and wiped the perspiration from his neck; he'd done good business, but would not want to cross that woman in a hurry.  As he climbed back into the waiting carriage the horse relieved itself, as though sensing his anxiety.  They pulled away leaving a steaming pile as testament to the visit.

Within a fortnight the ground work and main structure had been added to the house; having been plastered it was now down to the decorators, carpenters and finishers to make their completions.  The situation was a hive of gossip amongst the tradesman who readily extolled the virtues of the beautiful mistress of the house who regularly made her presence felt.  Some had purposely not applied themselves in producing their best quality work simply so she would question them about it to ensure whatever inadequacy was made good; such was the thrill of engaging this siren in conversation.

He had many aspirations as a working man, though of humble origins he had an artistic flair, and had spent a great deal of time in London's museums and galleries taking in the works of many famous artists, architects and writers.  He had expressed himself down by the Thames embankment in chalks and pastels on the cold grey paving stones and had received much acclaim from those who had witnessed his work; particularly those upper middle class people who liked to promenade there.  Unbeknown to him, it was likely he had a far greater knowledge of art than did they, though he accepted their praise and the few extra coppers.  He particularly enjoyed the praise received from some of the ladies; especially those who were well spoken and confident in manner, and who towered over him as he knelt.  He was not really sure why, but these sort of women strongly appealed to him.

He had been engaged by Blandish-Wright as a decorator initially, and he had noted his artistic talent. He now earned the odd extra shilling where some artistic finishing was required.  His fat employer had managed to convince Miss Rendlesham of the need for a little of this, knowing his pavement artist may encourage her to request even more.  This would also suit the artist as his love of literature meant he had to find extra money in order to acquire copies of the latest books he's read or heard about , some of which were regarded as somewhat risqué and did not come cheap, even when second or third hand.  He had heard of a book called 'Venus in Furs' and knew this would be both hard to come by, and expensive in any condition.

He was hard at work in the extension, applying the base emulsions to the walls; the plaster now nicely dry, he glanced through the window at the sun drenching the fine gardens and had a moment of grandeur fantasy.  He imagined being at home in this house and enjoying the company of women there.  He was just beginning to venture into a more carnal dream when he was rudely interrupted.

"This is the man I told you about; he will prove his worth when the basic decoration has dried." He removed his painter's cap and stared into the eyes of the Mistress of Holt House for the first time. He was immediately struck by her commanding presence without her uttering a word, though the warmth of her smile made him feel at ease.  Even so he subconsciously accepted that she would be very much in control.  Though he was very modernistic and progressive in outlook, this was still an era whereby a working man was supposed to know his place, and this eased the situation for him.  She inhaled sharply before she spoke, suspecting she would be more than happy to make the acquaintance of the male before her.

"Mr Blandish-Wright has shown me some examples of your work from his portfolio; I am sure I will be very pleased with your work. You won't mind if I come and watch you from time to time, will you?"  He would be delighted.

"I really wouldn't mind at all; it would be a pleasure." He said, being sure to pronounce each word as delicately as he could.  She gave him an interesting smile and grasped his hand in acknowledgment; he squeezed it gently, and she and his fat master moved on.  He inhaled deeply to keep the scent of her with him for as long as possible. She glanced back as he did so, making him feel foolish, though she smiled again reassuringly.

He attended his duties each weekday and commenced his artistic tasks toward the end of the week; carefully hand painting swirls and small motifs at various points.  He and a contemporary worked alone in one of the large rooms of the extension; at the appointed time, the other retrieved his hat and bade him farewell till after dinner break.  This was fifteen minutes longer than the 30 minutes allowed lesser tradesmen, as 'Finishers' were considered halfway to becoming craftsmen.  As his associate left he felt the waft of the door swinging behind him, no sooner had he left than he felt the waft from the door once more; he assumed the tradesman had forgotten something, and then he noticed the sweet scent. He turned on his knees to see Miss Rendlesham stood before him, looking radiant in a purple dress and blouse.  She wore a contented smile.

"So, I have you alone at last , I do so like to watch you work and it's so much nicer when no-one else is here to eavesdrop.  You can tell me all about you now, without worrying about anything being passed on. Mr Blandish-Wright tells me you like to 'Scribble chalk pictures on footpaths' at weekends; I don't think he fully appreciates or approves of the Passions of a pavement artist the way I would, for instance."  She stood with her hands on her hips, her knee visibly to one side beneath her flowing skirts in a way which would have been considered very Avant garde for a Victorian woman in any situation, never mind alone with an unrelated male.  He found her very exciting indeed and he sensed she knew this already. He summoned up the courage to respond to this vivacious woman.

"I've always had an interest in the arts, and find the embankment is a way to experiment at low cost and obtain the opinions of a mixed audience first hand.  Though it may be perceived as a form of 'begging' by some, the small amounts of change I receive in appreciation of my work allows me to purchase books by contemporary writers."  This made her raise an eyebrow provocatively and she placed a hand on his shoulder.

"What sort of contemporary literature do you like to read?"  She smirked in a subtle way as he blushed visibly and struggled to think of something recent which would not offend a lady; the little he knew of the lurid book by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch taunted him as he his brain whirred… Dostoyevsky!

"Err… The Brothers Karamazov is one I've finished recently." He stuttered out attempting to appear nonchalant.  She smiled knowingly at him.

"I'm sure someone as obviously artistic as you have read many books of a more exciting content. I'm sure you will tell me about those at some other time."  The fact that she had said 'some other time' made him tingle, as it seemed she were intent on speaking to him again.  This thought kept haunting him through the days.

Saturday came and warm sunshine bathed the artists as they applied their talent to the flagstones above the Thames.  He had drawn her in pastels from memory and he had her depicted in a romantic style against a backdrop of fountains.  The work received much acclaim from passers-by as they enjoyed their promenade; he had received Nine pence in his cap by 11 o'clock, which was very good going indeed.  He heard the heavy chink of another coin and looked to the cap; a silver florin had been cast there; two bob!   Two shillings was more than he could earn on some days.  He looked to one side to see feminine boots at the base of a black skirt and then he looked up.  Miss Rendlesham was smiling down at him.  She was very pleased with the work in itself, and even more pleased of the fact that it was obviously her in the picture.  She sighed with satisfaction.

"Will that be enough to allow you to call it a day and accompany me?  I really should like to take tea somewhere."  He was dumbstruck.

"Why of course, if you'll just wait a minute or two, I'll change." She smiled and sat on a bench close by as he hurriedly changed in the nearby public convenience. Discarding his chalky trousers and after a very quick wash which had the attendant using some choice Cockney slang terms as he splashed the floor in his haste. He passed him his bag of chalks and dusty clothes and a three penny bit to keep them for him and launched himself back out into the sunshine. She stood as she saw him approaching. He could still not quite believe it. She passed her soft gloved hand and took his as though they were a couple and smiled at him. He could not help but look about himself to ensure that no-one he knew had seen them; though he had done nothing wrong, it felt as though he were doing something illegal; to take the hand of a woman in such a fashion was something he was not used to. Once again she had shown him just what a daring woman she was to come all that way on her own without a chaperone or companion. She sensed his discomfort and squeezed his hand.

“Relax you silly man; I have taken charge of you now. I intend to see you have a thoroughly enjoyable day. Let us take one of those open top buses to Piccadilly; I’ve always wanted to do that.” He nearly fell over, but relaxed as he was told. To think of such a lady on a bus with the hop polloi! This was almost unheard of, but he sensed the humour in the situation and warmed to her sense of adventure. They waited with a motley bunch of Londoners, from the lower-middle class scribes to the downright threadbare working men. The omnibus arrived with a clatter of hooves and she took the lead, ascending the steps past the enamel advertisements to the rear of the vehicle; ‘Borax’, ‘Lipton’s Tea’ and ‘Brasso’ etc. She took a seat near the front and pulled him down beside her. The omnibus pulled away and made its way through the noisy streets to Piccadilly.

“This is such a thrill for me” she said as she took his hand and held it with both hers on her lap. This was a thrill for him; he had an involuntary rise in blood pressure and hoped his trousers would conceal it. They alighted at Piccadilly and went into a Tea House on one of the corners. They drank tea together and talked about art and architecture and he told her all about his general life as a single working man. She carefully avoided talking about literature at this point; she was saving this for him.

“I like your work very much and have been very impressed by the way you work also. I would like to obtain your services on a private basis. I feel the need for some artistic work in my library, and have friends who would also require your services; I’d pay you a little more than I pay Mr Blandish-Wright, and that will be considerably more than he passes on to you. I would rather not involve that awful man who presently employs you.” His heart leapt. He was speechless, literally. This was not helped by two dainty booted feet squeezing one of his beneath the cloth covered table. Was there no end to the mischievous streak of this woman? He smiled and found his voice.

“How could I refuse you; I would love to spend more time on my artistic work; how can I ever repay you?” She smiled at him with sweet satisfaction and clasped his hand.

“I intend to make very good use of you; I have lots of female friends with interests similar to mine and can assure you, you will never have to work as you did before.” This struck him as a slightly strange statement and made him shiver somewhat, but he was still enthralled with the proposition. Just being close to her regularly was bonus enough.

“When shall I start for you?” She released his hand and pursed her lips in a way which did not help his blood pressure, and opened her clutch-bag. She produced two train tickets.

“If it’s ok with you, I’d like you to accompany me home today; you can start tomorrow; I’ll pay you double time of course. I would like to show you my library when we get back, and we will toast our little arrangement. I will have my maid prepare one of the spare-rooms for you.” She held his hand again, firmly; “You’ll come without making any fuss. I’ve made up my mind.” He just smiled at the control she had over him, she was supremely confident and with the promise of working directly for her, he would do anything she asked of him, anything. She asked for the bill and made sure everyone in the tea-room knew she was paying it.

“Well I never!” said the proprietor, “whatever next?” They left for the station and she kept a tight grip on his hand throughout the journey. He was going to go wherever she wanted him to go.

When they arrived back at Holt House the maid took his coat and smirked at him when Marcia advised he would be staying indefinitely and that she should prepare one of the better and larger rooms.

“The room to the south side would suit him.” She said, winking at the maid as she walked on up the stairs to freshen up and change for the evening. This brought about an even bigger smirk from the maid; that room had an internal door which allowed discrete access to Miss Rendlesham’s room. She would not tell him that yet though- even though she had been forewarned of this eventuality happening; she allowed her mistress time to disappear into her room before taking him up to freshen up also. She showed him into the room which was three times the size of anything he’d lodged in before and seemed incredibly plush, even with a bare mattress. There was even a sink in the room with running water. As if this were not overwhelming enough, the maid smiled at him and opened a wardrobe.

“You’ll want to be comfortable for the evening”; she produced a pair of silk pyjamas wrapped in brown paper, fresh from a tailor’s outlet, and a three quarter length woollen dressing gown.

“Madame has made every preparation to ensure you are comfortable; the wash room is opposite, I’ll show you.” She took him into the white marble and tile wash room and showed him a strange apparatus which looked like a pipe leading up to an upturned sieve.

“This is my favourite; it’s called a shower.” She turned the taps and he was amazed as warm water rained down.

“It’s so much quicker than a bath and is so refreshing; you can rub some of this bath oil on as well to make you smell nice!” she giggled. He had not lived in a house with an internal bath before, never mind this. She left him to it and he put it to good use. He dried himself down and donned the pyjamas and gown. He felt very strange about being in the company of a woman dressed this way, but also felt very comfortable and relaxed in the silk. He had not smelt so nice in a long time either. He ventured back into the room before going downstairs; the bed had now been made and looked incredibly soft and inviting, it was a double so appeared huge to him. He then noticed there was a door handle in what appeared to be the middle of the side wall; closer inspection showed it to be a door which was decorated as per the rest of the wall, though curious about it he did not open it and went downstairs.

The maid met him as he reached the foot of the stairs; her appearance had changed too. Her hair was down and she wore a green gown which left her ankles showing and her feet were adorned with what looked like Roman sandals.

“You may call me Mistress Belinda, I expect we’ll be seeing a lot of each-other from now on” she said, as she showed him to the Library. She sat him in a large leather sofa and wheeled a small round table bedecked with various alcoholic drinks in his direction. He felt like a king and was finding it difficult coming to terms with it all. The library was filled with books wall to wall; this in itself was paradise to him. Belinda giggled as she left. The door opened and Miss Marcia Rendleshaw entered the room. His jaw dropped and he swallowed hard at vision the before him.

She had on a full length black silk gown which was tied in the middle. It was apparent she did not have much else on underneath. He could see the full shape of her breasts; the nipples were evident through the silk. He tried not to look but could not keep his eyes from her. Her hair was down and she wore deep maroon lipstick. He had great difficulty in concealing an unwanted but inevitable full erection. She was magnificent and he thought he must be in some sort of dream. He had not seen anything like this since a work mate had produced some rather lewd Daguerreotypes of women from a working trip to Paris. She sat down softly next to him. She smelled as good as she looked, crossing her legs showing him a beautiful white calf and delicate ankle. Her small and feminine feet wore soft golden sandals with large heels. She smiled softly and inhaled deeply taking in his scent; her breasts moved under the silk as she did so and she smiled as he could not help but look at them.

“Please don’t be shocked. I have a good idea already how you feel about women. You have given me all the right signals so far and I know we will be very close. I want you to choose a book and read to me; open that closed cabinet section just there by the end of the sofa and choose one.” He leaned over and opened the door. Several books hit his eye immediately; ‘Justine’ and ‘Juliette’ by De Sade, and there right in front of his eyes- Leopold von Sacher-Masoch; ‘Venus in Furs’; he was amazed. He faltered for a moment but was compelled to choose that one. She smiled wickedly at him.

“Good choice; you ARE my kind of man. Now take your gown off; you’ll be much more comfortable in your silk alone- it’s so warm tonight.” He removed the gown and was deeply embarrassed as he could not hide the prominent bulge in his bottoms. She carefully and casually ignored this and pulled him close to her. He was close to erupting as he felt her breast up against him.

“You will read to me now.” She said commandingly; “I know you’ll like that book; it’s a favourite of mine. You’ll love the woman in it.” He read many pages from the book; she made him skip parts and knew the page numbers of particularly explicit sections. As he got to a certain part he felt her hand caress his penis; he had had relationships with a couple of women before, but this had never happened. She smiled at him.

“You like the idea of a woman being in control of you, don’t you?” She said with a straight face and in a matter-of-fact manner. He could not deny it. She got up, and turned her back to him ensuring he had a good view of her round and silky bottom. She then pulled several more books from the cabinet section and sat down with him again. She passed a large book; this was full of pictures of ladies in commanding positions, some with whips and canes, very much in charge of males who were generally at their feet. As he viewed them goggle eyed, she removed her gown and sat naked before him. His erection was now rigid.

“You may take you pyjamas off now. I intend you shall understand your Mistress fully before the hour is out. Don’t be scared; you know you want to be naked for me.” As he stood shakily, he struggled with the buttons on the shirt but found the single one which held the bottoms undid alarmingly easily; the silk slid over his legs to the floor. She took a pillow and placed it on the floor in front of her.

“Now kneel before me; I shall begin to teach you how to worship women-your superiors- this will be your main task when in the company of my friends.” He went down on his knees on the pillow before her. She crossed her legs and he marvelled at the beautiful white thighs before him and wondered at what lay between them. She looked down at him victoriously and his cock bobbed as he truly began to enjoy the feeling of being controlled completely by a woman. She waved he foot at him.

“Take off my sandal and kiss my foot.” He did so; even the firm top of her foot had him feeling ecstatic as he readily kissed it many times. She slowly drew it away from him.

“Now you’ll have to do the other.” She smiled softly at him and slowly and deliberately crossed her legs in the opposite way. He had his first fleeting glimpse of her womanhood. His cock glistened with his lubrication, he was almost panting with desire now. She waved her toes under his nose to regain his full attention to the task in hand.

“You must learn to be patient at all times when you are taken by a woman.” She said softly, “some Lady’s will punish you if you even look as though you are thinking ahead of the task you have been commanded to perform.” He was close to exploding and fought to control his urges and take in everything she taught him; he so wanted to please her.

“I’m so sorry; I just want to please you. Forgive me, please.” She smiled kindly at him and pulled his head toward her, kissing his forehead sweetly.

“You are doing just fine; I know you only want to please me and are new to the way of life you will lead from now on. I know what it is you desire to do most for me. You will be rewarded at the end of your lesson if you have pleased me sufficiently.” She put her foot down between his legs and gently rubbed the end of his cock with her toes. His balls pulled tightly up and his cock pulsated with pleasure.

“Oh yes, I know exactly what you want to do.” She then had him slowly lick her calves and thighs; he strained to peep over the top as he neared her torso and had the first delicate whiff of her arousal. He was now ready to beg for relief. She was also beginning to feel impatient inside. She had yearned to have him like this since she first had that subtle signal that told her he might be submissive to women. She deftly toyed with her nipples as he licked and worshipped legs he could not have dreamed he would even see. Now was the time. She softly pushed him back and lifted her feet to the chair, holding her ankles back. Now he could see her womanhood in all its glory. His cock dribbled pre-cum, a tear ran down his cheek. She smiled at him from between her knees.

“Now you will learn how to please a woman. Have you heard the term ‘cunnilingus’?” he had, but this was something akin to Eldorado in his life; he could only dream of such an act whilst in the wilds of masturbation over some lurid novel. He would readily have allowed her to castrate him first, just for the chance to attempt this. He shook visibly.

“I have Mistress, but have never... Please let me try, I beg you!” She laughed teasingly then beckoned him forward.

“You must use your tongue delicately and start at the bottom of my womanhood and work slowly upwards, if you wish to be invited back again by any woman. When at the top you must lick the little button there. I assure you, you will know if you have pleased your mistress. Come and lick me now!”

He was on the verge of ejaculating as he moved toward her soft warmth and took in the full scent of her superior femininity. He was intoxicated by the sweet scent and she rippled with pleasure at the first delicate touch of his tongue. She was very moist and the taste of her would stay with him for ever. Such was the pleasure he was enjoying in being allowed to do this for her, he forgot about his own bone hard member. He licked and probed the delicate flaps like an expert; he was in absolute heaven. She cooed and sighed; he was doing really well – this was definitely the tongue of a submissive artist- he would please many of her friends. He found her button. The little nub of her clitoris made itself very prominent as he fluted his tongue vigorously about it. Her juices dribbled as she viewed her latest acquisition on his knees in heavenly worship of her; she tensed and moaned in victorious ecstasy putting her hand behind his head and pressing his face deep into her luscious folds as she came with gusto. She collapsed back and enjoyed a few moments as she recovered. He knelt there, wondering if he’d done well whilst licking his lips as he wanted to savour that taste forever. She picked up a bell and rang it. Then she looked down at him and held his face with her hands.

“Oh you wonderful creature! You shall be allowed your pleasure now, but your training must continue.” She smiled wickedly at him. She was so pleased. As he knelt there naked and submissively before the mature woman he had just pleasured, the maid Belinda walked in. She was also naked and beamed at him. She carried a tray with a small towel and a small metal contraption on it. The two women smiled knowingly at each-other. Belinda knelt down and put the tray on the floor. She placed the towel between him and his new Mistress.

“Now you will show us how you worship all women; my maid Belinda has earned her right to watch by simply being female. We will both enjoy your futile act of wasting your seed before women. Begin! We want to see you enjoy your humiliation.” He readily began to masturbate in front of the two women. This would have been a very humiliating act indeed, had he not surrendered himself to the women already; he was beyond caring having been treated to sexual delights beyond his wildest dreams. Marcia pulled her legs back again so he could view her satisfied womanhood, now glistening slick with his saliva. She smiled at him expectantly; she knew he would not keep her waiting. The Maid Belinda toyed gently with herself and eyed both his erect manhood and the contraption; she would have the last pleasure of the evening. She was also warming to the new male’s company. He did not know it, but he would keep the maid warm tonight.

He gritted his teeth and took in the full extent of his submission to the woman before him who he knew would now control him forever; he also glanced at the delicate young maid who also witnessed his deep humiliation.

“Give us your seed now. I want to lock you for the night.” She whispered. He moaned in absolute ecstasy as he willingly spurted stream after stream of his milky semen onto the towel and floor between he and the gorgeous mature woman he had worshipped with his tongue, The pleasure warped through his body as he stroked over and over, eking out the very last spasm of enjoyment . He knelt there, spent. Marcia dropped down and kissed him on the lips. Belinda took the towel and wiped his satisfied member, which rapidly shrank. She then took the metal device and eased a ring about the top of his scrotum. His flaccid penis was inserted into the cage like device and it was locked shut with a tiny padlock. There were two keys; one was given to Marcia, Belinda kept the other. Miss Marcia Rendlesham kissed him again.

“Your manhood belongs to me now. You shall not use it without my permission. Please do not fret, you will understand as time passes that this is for your own benefit; you will worship me and the women I choose you to service all the better for being denied. Trust me; I promise you will be richly rewarded on many occasions due to my control.” Belinda cupped the cage in her delicate hand and looked impatiently at Marcia, who smiled back.

“I would have liked to have held you captive in my bed tonight, to allow you to contemplate the full realisation of your submission to me and to your new life of servitude to women, but I have been that pleased with your progress I feel I must write to my friends to advertise your availability immediately. You will go with Belinda and do as she pleases as a guest of her bed tonight.” He looked at her, his eyes tinged with disappointment. She kissed him fully on the lips.

“Tomorrow, I promise.” She said. Belinda produced a collar and leash from somewhere, and had it about his neck in no time. She stood and yanked the leash.

“You’re mine now, and I need my bed.” She led him away for his first night at Holt House

As he was led eagerly away by the young maid, he looked back with some disappointment as he was taken from the woman he most desired; she smiled and blew a kiss at him as though he had just attended an appointment about a decorating job with her, he smiled unsurely back – she seemed so nonchalant about what had just occurred -he watched her beautiful bottom wiggle as she bent to open her writing bureau. His cock bulged in its new home. He realised for the first time that he was now the property of a woman and with his cock confined and he being on a leash to a lowly maid gave him a deep sense of erotic pleasure. Belinda led him up several flights of stairs to her room in the attic, she had kept a sweet smile of satisfaction all the way up and he had been transfixed by the view of her delectable and youthful thighs and bottom as they ascended; he could still not believe what had happened to him; his life had gone from the odd chance of the quick enjoyment of hand relief over a lurid book or cheap newspaper article to direct contact with the very flower of a magnificent and mature lady. Now he was the slave of her maid.

She took him into a toilet opposing her room and the ones next to it.

“We must make sure you can pee” she said giggling, “I need to clean you as well; you must always be fresh when invited to a lady’s bed.” She stood and watched as he leaned over the pedestal and leaked his urine from the cage; it dribbled somewhat, but he could manage it. She stroked his bottom as he did so, which hindered him a little as this made his cock want to grow in the confinement. When he’d dripped out the last, she walked him to a conveniently positioned basin over which he could hang his cock and balls. She cupped his balls and the cage in her soft hand and bathed him in warm soapy water. She giggled as they both looked at the reflection in the ornate looking-glass suspended on the wall; he could now witness his humiliation and he noted how beautiful her erect nipples looked as they poked from her creamy white delicate breasts. She caressed his balls with one hand as she sponged his trapped penis with the warm liquid, making it bulge against the restraining cage.

“You really are a nice obedient male, aren’t you? I shall enjoy my part in your training; tonight you will understand denial for the first time. You will do for me what you did for Madame.” She smiled sweetly in the reflection “I had a very good view through the keyhole; she knows I always watch her with gentleman, she likes me to learn from it”. She dried him off and led him out into the corridor.

“Those are Lottie and George’s rooms; they’ll be very pleased to meet you when they come back from their summer leave – I’m sure you’ll like them too. Miss Charlotte Pendleton and Georgina Grantham are both orphanage girls taken in by Miss Rendlesham; Lottie will boss you wonderfully but George is quite timid and you will find her in your bed seeking refuge from the ghosts she imagines!” She led him into her room, which was not as per what you would imagine of a Victorian maid’s sleeping quarters; it was very spacious with dormer windows, fancifully decorated in purples, lilacs, and pinks. Soft and luxuriant rugs covered the floor, thick drapes hung from the windows, and her large double bed was bedecked with soft satin and silk pillows; it was more boudoir than berth. She smiled and tugged on the leash urging him to a position central to the foot of the bed, about four feet from it.

“I want you to kneel there and await my command” she said in as authoritative a tone as she could muster. As he knelt she turned and wiggled her bottom in his face, then paced slowly toward the bed, showing him her sex as she climbed slowly onto it on all fours. She turned and sat nestling amongst the mass of soft pillows.

“I want you to tell me how you really feel about women; are you keen to see us take over the roles of men? I think a female Prime Minister is a nice thought” she said laughing, knowing this could never happen; “what sort of women do you like most? Blonde, brunette, auburn?” He thought for a moment as he viewed the sweet young maid naked amongst the silks.

“I like all women; red-heads have always turned my head though, I have to admit.” She sat up in the bed.

“Lottie and George will both be pleased then; Lottie is a soft auburn and George is truly ginger. We always tease her about it. Mrs Carmichael, the cook, likes to spank her simply because she is ginger. She says that all ginger girls are spiteful and a spanking helps keep her in check. George isn’t so keen on it though.” She pulled her legs up at this point and slid her slender fingers up and down her sex.

“Have you ever been spanked or caned by a woman?” She said in a provocative tone.

“No; well, not since school anyway.” His cock bulged in the cage at the thought. She smiled knowingly.

“Would you like to be spanked or caned by a woman?” She sighed softly as she stroked at her sex.

“I’m not sure; I like the idea of it-the threat of it thrills me- but I’m not sure about the pain.” He said honestly. She giggled and smiled wickedly at him.

“You’ll learn to like it; you’ll have to! Some of the ladies Miss Rendlesham is busy writing to will cane you for breakfast, dinner and tea! Some have had a bad time of things at the hands of men and will make you pay dearly for it. I’ve seen men punished by Miss Rendlesham too; she may cane you whilst we girls watch. She likes to humiliate like that, though it’s always enjoyable for us as we are allowed to stay and watch the male rewarded afterwards.” She started to moan softly under her breath; “I want you up here now. Come and lie face down in front of me.”

He stood and got onto the soft inviting bed and lay face down; his face was very close to her and he could smell her sweet arousal. His cock pulsed in the captivity of the cage which was not too uncomfortable, though it did squeeze down on his balls in this position. This served to remind him that he was enslaved by the women and he enjoyed the feeling in an erotically perverse way. She stroked his hair and pulled on the leash, lifting his head to look into her mischievous eyes.

“You’ll lick me to satisfaction now, but you shall have no reward. I want you to think of that while you service me. You are to learn that your position in life is to serve women and we will choose when you are to be rewarded. I have the key and could easily unlock you, but I shall not. I want you to think of how your cock would rub and slide nicely on my silk sheets if it were free. I want you to think of how nice it would be to give up your cream to the sheets as you pleasure a dominant female with your tongue. When I’ve had my pleasure you will be allowed to hold my body throughout the night, but your manhood will remain locked and unsatisfied. You will learn to be a better man for it.” She slapped his cheek to assert her dominance over him, slid slightly forward and pushed his face down into her luscious sex. Her scent and taste was delicious on his lips and tongue, his nose sniffed away automatically as his mouth was engulfed in her beautiful warmth and sticky wetness. He lapped and sucked within her sweet folds as he explored her womanly flower with his tongue seeking out her youthful nectar. She pulled her legs back and whimpered in ecstasy. His cock felt like it would be shredded by the constrictions of the cage, which occasionally bit at his scrotum as he writhed on the bed. He truly knew denial, but felt the better for it already; serving a woman submissively and knowing he would not be allowed satisfaction made him tingle with erotic pleasure.

She squealed in ecstasy and thrust her legs skyward as she triumphed in a glorious orgasm, fortified by her dominance over him. He lapped and swallowed her juices as he milked the last elements of orgasm from her. She pulled him up and shuffled down next to him in the bed. Her eyes were watery as she thanked him and kissed his messy lips, giggling girlishly. Her hand went down to his crotch and he felt her little finger rubbing what little part of his restricted glans was available.

“Poor, poor, boy! No milking for you tonight. But you still enjoyed that did you not? I promise you, I will have you again at some point and I will have you spend on my sheets whilst you lick me. I shall have to cane you afterwards for making a mess though!” she sniggered, as she squeezed him tightly. The promise made his cock all the more painful, though he was consoled by the affection of the soft and warm girl; fresh from her orgasm she now wanted to mother him rather than dominate and he took in the scent of her hair as they dropped off to sleep in the comfort of her bed.

The next morning, Belinda led him down to his first breakfast with his new mistress. She curtsied and gave Miss Rendlesham a broad grin before leaving. Miss Marcia came over to her new acquisition and kissed his forehead before placing a bundle of letters in front of him between toast rack and teapot.

“I would like you to post these into the pillar box down on the corner whilst I prepare for a little trip out today; I know I suggested you’d do some work for me today, but I felt you could do with some rest after last night. I want to take you somewhere which will show you what can be achieved by someone of your talent. We will visit a friend’s house on the way back; I know she will be pleased to meet you, and you her. I am anxious that the letters are posted by your own hand; that way there is poetic justice in that you personally will have had control over your destiny in summoning the ladies I have written to.” She poured him and herself another cup of breakfast tea and sat next to him; it was as though he’d always been there. As they finished their breakfast she passed him the bundle of letters.

“You take these and post them, I shall be ready when you come back.” He left by the front door and skipped down the steps to the street. Though Sunday, there was still a fair amount of people out and about, the good weather having brought them out. He found the red hexagonal pillar box easily enough and looked at the letters before posting them through the mouth of the box. He had thought of what the maid Belinda had told him about some of the women, and had looked at the addressees to try to put characters to the names, then with some trepidation had dispatched them and was now at the mercy of the Royal Mail. Miss Marcia Rendlesham was right in that he had controlled his own destiny; her act of making him post the letters further emphasised her complete control of him.

When he returned, a cab was waiting by the house. She was ready as she had suggested on his return. She looked him in the eye and smiled.

“You posted the letters?”

“Of course, you asked me to; I was pleased to carry out that simple task for you.” She smiled all the more and took his hand;

“Come, let us have another nice day in each-other’s company.” They got into the cab and as they sat there she squeezed his hand and looked at him with some satisfaction. They went first to a vast museum which was packed with artistic paraphernalia; she mused over some of the artefacts there and commented on how the efforts she had witnessed being completed by him were in essence at least the equivalent of what was displayed there; she knew he was an asset to her for more than the intimate reasons he had displayed the night before. He too was gaining inspiration from the experience, but the assistance he could offer her with his public artistic talent paled into insignificance when he thought of what he would be allowed to offer her on the personal side of things. He could not help but notice how passers-by deftly eyed her; she was a magnificent woman and he was proud to be hers. She obviously felt the same way about the personal situation as well; when in a secluded gallery where classical nudes were depicted, she stroked his crotch to feel the cage which confined part of the property which was now hers.

“I hope he’s not too uncomfortable in there; we shall let him out tonight as promised, but first there is somewhere else I must take you before we visit my friend.” She whisked him away and they caught another cab which trotted off to a street which was filled with shops and outfitters. The cab driver looked a little puzzled when they alighted there; as it was Sunday, the street was deserted. Likewise, so was he. She smiled as the cab departed and she walked him down the empty thoroughfare, and then turned into an alley with a side door to an outfitter’s. She rang the bell four times in uniform amounts of time. Shortly after someone knocked on the inside of the door four times; Marcia repeated the task – the door opened and in they went. A prim and attractive looking woman looked furtively out from the door then closed it again.

“Ah, Miss Rendlesham, and a friend! Let’s go down to the stock-room.” The woman smiled saucily at him as she led them through the outfitters shop with its grey and drab suits, coats and hats on show.

“He’ll look good in all sorts of things “she said as she opened a door at the end of the shop and they went down a flight of stairs to the basement. She opened another door and they entered a brightly lit room which was at least twice the size of the shop above them. All manner of costumes, uniforms and accessories were on show. The walls were covered with canes, whips, crops and all manner of chains and manacles. There were sections for Nurses, Headmistress’s, governesses and varieties of capes and hoods; it was like some erotic fancy dress outlet. Marcia and the woman smiled at each other as she picked up a cage identical to the one he was wearing. The woman smiled at him with deep satisfaction, knowing he was wearing the one Marcia had purchased last week. The look made his cock bulge instantly.

“It’s so nice to meet yet another male who knows his true place in life. You must let me borrow him when new lines come in; it’s so much more satisfying to see them posed by a genuine submissive – he’s cute, I would so love to tease him in various outfits- I’d give you generous discounts of course.”

“We’ll see” said Marcia as she looked at some silky oriental costumes “he is going to be very busy with my friends and I over the coming months; we’ll need to order lots of outfits for him.” The shopkeeper smiled and squeezed his bottom.

“I take it this will involve his feminisation with at least one of the outfits?” she said both teasingly and enthusiastically.

“Oh yes” replied Marcia as she looked him in the eye “I intend to walk him out in public dressed as a woman; I want to both humiliate him, and have him experience first-hand how men treat us. It will give him a full understanding of why it is necessary for him to be punished by females and he will enjoy that punishment so much more.” He swallowed hard and his cock pulsated in its confinement; the idea scared him a little, but he loved the idea of being controlled by women. He knew he would thoroughly enjoy the deep sense of humiliation he would endure.

“Oh, before I forget” said the shopkeeper “the other accessory you wanted when you purchased his cage has arrived” she strutted off to a counter and returned, passing a smooth ceramic object to Marcia; it was egg shaped at one end, tapering back and flat at the other with a brass ring at the base.

“Wonderful!” said Marcia she hung it in her finger by the brass ring and waved it in front of him “We shall fit it here and have him wear it to my friend’s house; he can tell her how it feels.” He was bemused by the conversation and had no idea what the two women meant. The shopkeeper looked at him with a deep sense of satisfaction and self-gratification at what she would now tell him.

“What you see before you is an anal plug. It will be greased and you will have it inserted into your bottom by your mistress. It will be a nice tight fit, and will give you the most exquisite reminder that you are owned by the woman who has placed it there. It will constantly stretch your anus at all times fabricating the sensation you experience when in fear of a caning etc. It is the perfect companion to your cage, and I will present madam with a little link chain which will run from the ring on the plug to your cage; this will tickle your scrotum adding that final pleasure and will symbolise the unity of ownership by Madame of all that was once yours.” He was not sure at all that he would like this, but knew he had no choice in the matter; the woman’s speech made him all the more aware of his position and he went meekly to an available changing room as his dominant mistress took his arm and led him in.

“Strip!” said Marcia, as the woman gathered some outfits that she had previously ordered for him; now she had seen his dimensions she expertly found the appropriate sizes for him. She dropped them into the large changing room and then sat on the seat by the mirror and smiled at Marcia as she produced a small pot of lubricating grease from her pocket and passed this to Marcia.

“Lay over the lady’s legs; I’m going to plug your bottom.” He could see she was in one of her wicked moods at the moment. He lay naked over the woman’s legs and she gave his cheeks a rudimentary spanking, laughing as she did so.

“Oh, if only all men were submissive like you! Life would be heaven!” He saw Marcia approach; the woman held his legs down with one of her legs and spread his cheeks with her hands.

“You must relax and not tense and we’ll have you nicely plugged before you know it” she said giggling “There’s nothing quite as rewarding as plugging a male who’s already been caged and is about to be feminised.” His cock was fit to burst in its mean confinement as he felt Marcia’s soft hands on his rear; he whimpered a little as he felt the cool enamel plug being pressed home-it hurt like hell at first as his anus was stretched by the alien object; the shopkeeper tickled his ball making him jut his arse backwards, and Marcia pressed the plug firmly home. The shopkeeper passed the silver chain to Marcia who linked it from the brass ring to his cage as promised. The shopkeeper smiled with wicked satisfaction; she was the most ardent of dominant women and loved to see her products put to good use. She suddenly remembered an upcoming event with which she could tease this submissive male.

“He’ll need a shorter chain if he’s to be ‘modified’ of course; I take it you will attend Lady Barbara Hapsley’s event in the week-there’s nothing more satisfying than witnessing a modification?” Miss Marcia smiled back at her.

“Oh, I’m well aware and we shall attend. I want him to witness first hand just how devoted to a superior woman a lowly male can be; it will be a lovely surprise for him.” She touched her nose to emphasise that she did want him to know, anticipating that the shopkeeper was feeling at her most wicked and would have delighted in telling him what ‘modification’ entailed. The two women looked down at the newly plugged male and smiled in anticipation of witnessing his face at Lady Barbara Hapsley’s event. Miss Marcia gently pressed on the plug once more to ensure he was retaining it properly. He squirmed, half in discomfort, half in pleasure and wondered what a modification was.

“There! Now will know your place every minute of the day. You will truly know the meaning of humiliation and submissiveness to womenfolk by the time we get you home this evening; let’s dress him now.” He stood for the first time and felt his sphincter clench against the smooth and now warm porcelain plug which served to stimulate his attempted erection within the cage. The shopkeeper smiled contentedly as she knew he would now respect every woman, every moment of the day. She cupped his balls, making him clench all the more.

“Oh I’d love to give you a good caning right now, to ensure you remember this moment.” He looked at her and Marcia and hung his head; a caning would not be necessary, and he was beginning to enjoy the feeling the combination of cage and plug. He would almost be reluctant to have the cage removed tonight, though the humiliation he was about to endure would ensure his balls would spend like never before when Marcia allowed this later.

First he was corseted; the two women tugged the stays home with such vigour he nearly defecated his new friend. They then made him wear loose silk bloomers; this would allow free movement of the chain against his scrotum as he walked. He was fitted with a padded bra; this was the point at which he almost panicked as it dawned on him just what the women were doing. The shopkeeper taunted him mercilessly when she saw the concern on his face.

“There’s no going back now; you look sweeter with each item. You are leaving this shop as a girl and I will thoroughly enjoy your humiliation! You will know your place as a submissive male and should be proud to be allowed to wear the clothing of your superiors.” Marcia smiled warmly at him.

“I’ll be so happy if you do this; you know what pleasure it will give me. Remember your promise of a reward tonight; I should hate to have to cane you instead and make you wear the cage for another week. You would not want to displease me. Tell me you want to walk the streets dressed as a woman.” Though a grown man, the stress and wickedness of his tormentors had him close to tears. The shopkeeper wished to herself that this would happen; she loved to see men broken, whatever the method. He suddenly found the resolve.

“Yes Mistress Marcia, I will do anything for you.” She smiled and squeezed his arms. He was fitted with ankle boots which were specially and cleverly designed to hide the size of his masculine feet. Extremely tight black gloves helped give the illusion that his hands were feminine. A long flowing dress was fitted tightly at the waist, and a silk blouse and tiny pink jacket were put on him. After donning a deep auburn wig, a hat with several full lace veils was fitted, hiding his face almost completely; the bright red lipstick they had applied shone vaguely from behind the lace. The two women smiled with triumph and the shopkeeper crossed her arms and nodded her head. Marcia pulled a curtain back to reveal a mirror. He was every inch the perfect Victorian woman.

He was made to carry a very feminine bag in which other items had been packed. Marcia carried another with some of the outfits for him. He trembled as Marcia signed her account ledger in readiness to leave. The shopkeeper could not contain herself.

“You make such an adorable sissy! I bet you’ll come in your cage before you get home!” She fondled his bottom as he carefully ascended the stairs in the ankle boots. Marcia held his hand firmly. There before them was the door; the shopkeeper went round them and opened it with a broad smile. The corset made it even harder for him to breathe as he panted with anxiety. Marcia pulled him through the door; he stood there outside for the first time, frozen and staring at himself in the reflection of a shop opposite. He could only see a woman.

Marcia adjusted his veil and hugged him.

“You will draw less attention to yourself if you casually walk with me. I am so wet between my legs at seeing you like this; I shall ensure you know pleasure when I get you home, but first we must go to my friend’s; she lives no more than a mile from here – we shall walk there through the park.” With this she took his hand and walked, he had no choice. Her pleasure encouraged him and he suddenly felt his cock bulging once more. He looked at the dominant woman who had led him to this position and marvelled at her , as he got used to walking the plug excited him no end; he did not know why but would learn that it was massaging his prostate as he walked. The humiliation of being dressed as a woman, whilst being led by the woman that owned him as he clenched on the plug and the chain tickled his scrotum, was becoming enjoyable. His cock pulsed with pleasure in the cage; he hoped that what the shopkeeper had said would not come true – he wanted to save every drop for his mistress. As they walked through the park, women smiled and men doffed their hats; he was so scared that someone would ask him something. After leaving the park, they walked for another 15 minutes or so through a residential area, stopping eventually at a large Georgian terrace. He was sweating with a mixture of fear, humiliation and pleasure. She hugged him again.

“We’re here now. I’m so pleased with you.” She smiled at him in her most wicked way. ”But you were reluctant; I shall spank you in your girly outfit when we get back. Then we’ll take your cage off.” They went up the steps and were invited in by a maid, who was curious about Marcia’s companion, when she did not speak at all.

“She has a bad cold.” Said Marcia, and the maid did not show any further interest. The two ‘women’ giggled. Then they went into a very comfortable parlour and were called over to a table by a woman with jet black hair in a bun. She took Miss Rendlesham’s hand and eyed her partner.

“Marcia! You are unbelievable. You’ve had control of your latest male for no longer than a few days and already you have him fully feminised. If he’s to work for you and the other girls during the day with the art work you told me of, you must not rush him sexually; you may break him more than you intend.” She took his hand “you come and sit by me; if Marcia is too nasty to you, you just come and see me. I shall keep you locked up somewhere here and you’ll be dominated in the most sensual ways.” She pulled him close. “You do look sweet though! I have lots of work for you, both here and at my country house. You’ll be pleased to know I won’t expect you to attend as a woman. You will enjoy being entertained in my tropical hot-house conservatory; my colonial girls will so enjoy being pleased by you- after you’ve done some art work for me of course.” She showed him some plans and asked for his opinion about what sort of styles would fit in with her themes; she was suitably impressed with his input, and he felt at ease with this woman. She lifted the veils and looked him in the eye.

“It’s so pleasing to have a male at your beck and call; I’m glad you are submissive- I shall tease you in some very exquisite ways when you are in my charge. You know your place and that is good enough for my girls and I; you’ll wear no nasty cage when with me, you’ll have nothing left for Marcia after a day in my house.” She lifted a leg and pulled her skirts back as she said this, showing him a gloriously mature but supple pair of silky clad thighs and suspenders “I’ll have you down there within 15 minutes of your arrival” she laughed. She turned to Marcia.

“I take it we’ll see you on Monday night at Lady Barbara’s? As beautiful and gratifying as those occasions always are, I trust you don’t have those plans for him in the foreseeable future – it could affect his artistic drive you know.” Marcia smiled and squeezed up against him before answering her friend.

“Yes, we’ll be there; I’m sure he’ll find it just as gratifying as we do, but to answer your question, I intend to enjoy him for a long, long time. But if his artwork slacks; who knows!” the two laughed at their private joke as he puzzled over what Monday night may reveal. They took a cab back to Holt House. Marcia could not keep her eyes of him throughout the journey and fondled his crotch endlessly through the skirts.

“We’ll soon be there; Belinda will be so pleased to see you like this- she can watch while you’re spanked, and I’ll allow her to unlock you; this will give her control over you. You will both enjoy that.” The cab arrived and the cab driver, a regular there, was puzzled at the new girl “Mind your step darlin’.” Marcia laughed and paid him; they went in. Belinda was there and was beside herself at the sight.

“I’m going to take you shopping at least once a week like that; we’ll buy you some nice scent to put behind your ears.” She laughed. The shame and humiliation he felt from the younger woman was even more intense and yet enjoyable somehow and there was worse to come. Belinda said she had a surprise, and opened the study door; out walked two primly dressed even younger ladies; Charlotte and Georgina had returned. They kissed Marcia and turned their attention to him. They were aware of the attitude of males who were their Mistresses guests, but this was a real treat. He was utterly humiliated. Marcia beamed with satisfaction.

“You’ve arrived just in time to see his first punishment young ladies.” She looked at him with a mixed expression of grin and stern menace. “Into the parlour now; I’ll show you what happens when you show reluctance!” He was led to a large leather chair and made to stand. Marcia pulled the hat and wig from him; he was now a man in women’s clothing; a man with red lipstick. Belinda was asked to retrieve his key; she did so eagerly.

“Lift your skirts!” He did so and a wet patch at the front of his silk bloomers was apparent. The girls giggled at his abject humiliation. Marcia pulled down his bloomers to reveal a pathetic little protrusion in its metallic confinement. She unhitched the chain and her finger went smartly into the brass ring. She gave it a quick twist and smiled as she pulled it from his rectum. He gave a moan as anus retreated back slowly to its normal circumference; the girls laughed at his pain. Marcia showed the once white and now streaked object to the girls, and then she showed it to him.

“Lick it clean now!” he closed his eyes and duly sucked the plug clean of his own mess. Belinda appeared with the key. He was to be spanked before release. He was mad to lie over the arm of the big leather chair; skirts up, bloomers around his ankle boots.

“Watch girls; this is how a male should be treated” She slapped his arse till it glowed red. The girls grinned and laughed as he yelped with the pain; his cock bulged in the cage yearning for release, her hand came down smartly again and again and he watched the girls enjoying the show; he too began to get a deep sense of eroticism from the punishment. As the tears began to streak down his cheeks the girls clapped in approval; this was something they had been taught to do as they had witnessed this before. Marcia pulled him from the chair and undid his skirt. Belinda was summoned to unlock him; she turned the small key in the tiny lock and pulled the cage from him. His cock began to expand immediately, looking tortured with the red lines the cage had impressed upon it, even as it reached its maximum. Marcia made him kneel before the girls and placed the plug back in his mouth and stroked his erect and eager cock. She then smiled at Belinda who eagerly stroked him for a while.

The two younger girls, who were only 18 and 19 licked their lips in anticipation. Marcia nodded her head and Charlotte, the older of the two commenced her turn. His cock pulsed with pleasure as the teenager smiled spitefully at him and rubbed up and down the full length of his yearning cock. Marcia stood closer then nodded to Georgina. The beautiful red-head clasped her sweet hand on his willing cock and commenced her part in the ritual. Marcia smiled.

“Dressed like a woman and being milked by a teenage girl; you look so sweet. Don’t keep her waiting; she wants your cream and I want you in my bed. When I’ve had my fill you’ll please my maids. I’m sure they’ll wait up for you”. She smiled and the girls came closer, grinning as he began to spasm.

“Oh yes!” said Georgina “I shall have him now.” He thought of the events of the day and looked at the women about him. From down on his knees he looked into Georgina’s eyes and jerked back and forth releasing his seed plentifully as the pleasure warped his body.

“He’s mine!” shouted the excited girl as he left his mark on the parlour floor; he put his head in her arms as she relaxed from his limp cock. She kissed his head.

“I shall see you later” she giggled. Marcia smiled and pulled him to his feet; she was now in need of some urgent attention. He was to return the favour before being allowed any rest.

She led him by the hand up the stairs like a chastised child being sent to bed. The maids followed behind and teased all the way up; a male naked from the waist except for women’s ankle boots- the top half adorned with blouse and false breasts was an opportunity not to be missed. Georgina said little however, she was still wide-eyed at the memory of his erect organ in his hand as he moaned and pulsed his seed through her tight grip. She wanted a quiet moment on her own in bed whilst this was fresh in her memory.

When they reached Marcia’s bedroom, the maids were invited in to help undress him, not because he was incapable of doing so himself, but simply to complete his humiliation. The two older maids walked keenly in, but George hesitated and fumbled between the legs of her dress. Marcia smiled sweetly at her, knowing exactly what she wanted.

“Up you go Georgina; I can see you need your bed.” The sweet ginger haired girl blushed a little and disappeared up the next flight of stairs. Belinda and Lottie did not miss her; they were intent on teasing their new prize. They knew he would be theirs when their mistress had had her fill of him and hoped George would be sound asleep when the time came.

“Stand there and take those shoes off; mind he doesn’t bend his knees girls!” She passed Lottie a cane, and a mean look came over her face immediately. He went down as stiff legged as possible but made the mistake of slightly bending a knee; Lottie did not hesitate and smiled with wicked satisfaction as she brought the cane down hard across his cheeks. He reeled and yelled with pain and a red line swelled across his bottom. Much to Lottie’s disappointment he did not make the same mistake again. She fingered his anus as he bent.

“I shall make you sore later, one way or another.” She said in a bitchy tone. As he struggled with the laces her finger excited him and he looked at the dress, boots and cane hanging from the dominant apprentice next to him. He felt his cock begin to swell once more. The girls removed his blouse and bra and he stood naked before them. Belinda gently caressed his cock till it was virtually rigid again; it did not take much coaxing.

“He’s nearly ready for you again Mistress.” Said Belinda; he could not deny it. Marcia stood hands on hips and looked down at him.

“Now kiss their feet and beg to be allowed to please them later.” He willingly went down and kissed their feet, then knelt before them. His cock was proud again and he was truly beginning to enjoy his humiliation. He was eager to sample the intimate tastes of the superior woman behind him and dearly relished being made to know his place by these supple young women. He looked up the girls earnestly.

“I beg you both; please allow me to pleasure you later.” Belinda twitched her nose and smiled; Lottie looked meanly at him and nursed the cane.

“Head down and bottom in the air!” He did so without hesitation and she gave him a second stripe; it stung like hell. She laughed before replying.

“Yes you may; I intend to have a least five orgasms.” Even under the strange and open circumstances he had experienced at Holt House, he found Lottie’s bawdiness unbelievable. The two left for their rooms and left him to nurse his sore arse. He was alone with Marcia once more. She sat at the end of her luxurious and huge bed; the expensively furnished and richly decorated room managed to make Belinda’s room look like the servant’s quarters they were. She bounced softly on the silk covered mattress and beckoned him over. He knelt before her and she played with his hair.

“Those nasty girls are gone now. You are going to undress me, I shall have you pleasure me, and I may even reward you again if you perform well. Then we shall have a little sleep together before you do your duty with the girls. It’s a good job cook’s not here; otherwise you’d be awake till dawn.” She pushed her boots forward and he commenced undressing his mistress. She hummed with satisfaction as he released the myriad buttons and removed her dress and blouse, untied the stays to her corset and removed her bra. He knelt between her silk bloomers as she offered her breasts to him.

“You may suck my nipples now.” She put an arm around his body and pulled him close as he sucked on the plentiful fleshy orbs which were sweetly scented, and tongued the pert firm nipples. His cock bobbed rigidly.

“You may remove my bloomers now; I’m afraid I’m a little messy after today’s rigours.” He pulled the soft silk garment from her and witnessed her total femininity once more; she was glistening like a glazed peach. He knelt before her awaiting her command. She giggled at his obedience as his cock stood proud and free from its cage, knowing he would impatient to have his tongue deep within her womanly haven. She shuffled back onto the bed while he knelt there. She lay back and looked at him from between her breasts. Then she lifted her legs so that he could see the splendour of her legs curving into her beautiful round bottom, her heavenly womanhood glistening, ripe in need of immediate attention, and the soft fawn button of her anus which also glistened invitingly. He wavered on his knees as his cock pulsed; he would readily have masturbated for her had she not allowed him contact, such was the vision before him.

“Up you come.” She said softly. He climbed as gracefully as he could on to the bed. “Down you go.” She said smiling sweetly. He nestled his nose down to the glistening folds of her sex; the deliciously unique feminine scent of her arousal was absolute heaven. He slotted his tongue into the moist and slippery crevice and she purred with pleasure. She opened up like a silky Venus fly-trap and her juices flowed as he probed enthusiastically at her; his face sliding back and forth as she enjoyed his devotion to his task. She thought of the teasing he had suffered and thought even more of the treat she had in store for him tomorrow. He lay submissively with his arms back; his only purpose in life at that point was to please his dominant mistress; she knew this. Though his cock bulged and slipped on the silk he held back – he would not come without her permission. He pressed home with his task and sucked at her clitoris as her legs tensed and her toes pointed at the ceiling. She was going to come now and he had performed his duty splendidly; she almost screamed as wave after wave of ecstasy overcame her. Her legs splayed and stretched in a combination of absolute pleasure and triumph. He was just where she wanted him and he was hers. She pulled his face deep into her as she moaned and whimpered till the last sensations of pleasure ebbed away.

He was left rigid and wanting but still pleased as he had obviously pleased her well. She recovered and stroked his hair once more; he lay at the hub of her femininity, now slick and sweetly satisfied. She rubbed his face as he squirmed impatiently on the sheets.

“Now you shall have your reward. I will let you lick my bottom; you will show your submission to me by coming whilst you do so, we shall both enjoy your act of worshipping my dominance over you.” She pulled her legs back once more; this time so that her anus was nicely poised for his tongue. She giggled girlishly.

“I shall thoroughly enjoy your submission.” He went to her again, his nose teased by the delights offered at the base of her freshly satisfied pussy, he probed the soft puckered dimple and his cock bulged with the excitement of the tangy taste it offered his tongue. The warm orifice offered little resistance as he dutifully licked that arse clean. She sighed with wicked pleasure at his obedience and the feel of his submissive tongue deep within her anus. He rocked back and forth on the sheets and looked up past the sex of the woman that owned him. He was truly in heaven as his cock moved gratefully back and forth on the silk. She decided she would help assist him with this act of submission.

“I do not want you to be scared by what you witness tomorrow. I want you to know I am enjoying your worship just as it is, and will have nothing change it for the world. I like you just as you are and will continue to tease you in the way I did today. You will enjoy the outfits I make you wear, you will enjoy wearing your cage and plug, you will be punished when it pleases me, you will suffer the pleasure and humiliation of coming for me whilst licking my arse.” He listened to her sweet but commanding voice as he squirmed his rigid cock between the silk and his belly, he eyed the smiling and dominant woman as he probed her arse dutifully; he was hers and now he would confirm it. She felt him start to spasm and his tongue lost its rhythm. She would bring him to the point of no return.

“You will come for me right now. I want you to empty your balls whilst your tongue is where it truly belongs; you are my property and will do as I command!” He bucked and spurted again and again and slid on his mess on the sheets. She laughed wickedly to ensure he had the utmost enjoyment, now it was his turn to be in complete ecstasy as he writhed in pleasure and in honour of her. She squeezed him with her legs as he lay there recovering.

When he was sensible again she poured water from a ewer by the bed into a basin and dabbed his face clean with a wet flannel. He just sat there looking at her in wonderment. She poured more water into a glass and stirred a powder into it.

“Flush your mouth with this, then come and cuddle me, I am in need of comfort now.” He spat out the wash into the basin and gratefully met her outstretched arms. She kissed him fully on the lips and they nestled against each other.

“It is also your duty to keep your Mistress warm and safe.” She said as she squeezed him close. Within five minutes they were asleep.

\*

An hour or two later he suddenly woke with a start. She was half awake too; she had been admiring her property which she was very pleased with.

“Don’t forget your promise to the girls; I know you want to stay with me, but you must not let them down-you’ll find they’ll be tired too and easily pleased. I’ve told them you have a busy day tomorrow. You’ll spend all night with me tomorrow; I shall want to comfort you more than ever after the event at Lady Barbara’s.” He knew not to ask of her as to what lay ahead; he knew she’d tell him if she had wanted him to know, but it played on his mind just the same. They kissed goodnight and left her bed and went upstairs. He quietly opened the door to Belinda’s room and found her and Lottie asleep in the large bed; he squeezed gently into the side with the most room and closed his eyes. Just as he was dozing, a hand felt the inside of his thigh and then caressed his balls. He opened his eyes to see Lottie looking at him. He put his hand in a like position between her legs and gently ran his fingers into the warmth he found. She closed her eyes and smiled. As he stretched his legs to ease the action, his toes found something in the bed; cylindrical and rounded at one end from what he could make out. It seemed the girls had made their own entertainment. Lottie pulled herself close in her semi-consciousness and softly moaned as she was pleased; evidently not for the first time that evening. She lapsed into the arms of Morpheus once more, and he joined her.

The next day he found himself returned to his rational life, he was honestly grateful of the break, and finished his work for Blandish-Wright for the last time. He took a long hard look at the new extension at Holt House and peered through the window as he had done on that day when he first met his Mistress and had fantasised about living there. A dream had come true for him, but not in a way he could ever imagine; his loins tingled as he pondered his new life. He then returned to the library to mark out the designs he had agreed with his new employer. As he concentrated on an area below one of the vast bookcases he heard footsteps behind him, and a sweet scent announced the arrival of Miss Marcia Rendlesham. He turned on his knees as he had before and bade her ‘good morning’. She simply smiled knowingly; she held a paper knife in hand and a bundle of newly delivered correspondence.

“It looks like being a very good morning; it would appear that you are going to be very popular!” she sliced away at the tops of the various envelopes; there were even a couple of small parcels, Marcia laughed aloud when she opened one of these;

“Theresa Prendergast-Hume is such a forward and progressive woman, so daring! She has sent a photographic print of herself, just for you. She’s added a little message, has sent me a five pound note in order to book your services over the next six months and has sent you another memento too! Come and sit with me, and you shall see what she has for you, and we’ll see who else has required your services.” She chuckled as she handed him the picture; his cock rose immediately as he viewed the tin-type photograph.

It was a full bodied woman with a black corset and short black silk knickerbockers of the recent ‘French’ type. She stood looking very stern with whip in hand, one leg raised with her foot pressed down on a naked male laying prostrate at her feet in submission. Marcia handed him the package that came with it; it was the black silk underwear in the picture. He read the message on the reverse:

*‘I shall introduce myself as Mrs Theresa Prendergast-Hume; you will address me as ‘Madame Tara’. You will report to my house one day next week-the date will be confirmed with your Mistress. You will take in the scent of my underwear every night until we meet; as you will determine from the photograph, they will have a very sweet aroma as they were worn as I whipped a male into complete submission, and became very excited whilst doing so. On the night before we meet, you will abuse yourself and leave your mark on them. You will present them to me when we meet and confess your weakness; I will decide then how you shall be punished. Madam Tara X.’*

Marcia smiled at him and stroked his crotch.

“You enjoy that erection while you can. In a few hours I shall summon you upstairs where you will be prepared for tonight’s event. I shall want you to be feeling at your most submissive, so you will enjoy your new friends, front and back. I shall then decide what new outfit you shall wear.” His cock throbbed as he listened to her commanding tone. His sphincter tingled at the thought of what tonight might bring and in anticipation of being fitted with the plug and cage by his Mistress.

Marcia continued to open the post in a ‘just-so’ manner; she showed him the names of various elegant and wealthy sounding women, and read out some of their wishes for him on meeting, as per ‘Madame Tara’. Marcia squeezed him as he listened, goggle eyed and with an erection like a broom-handle.

“What you must understand is that some of these ladies have had a very torrid time with Husbands, some of whom still reside in the same household- from time to time. They have Mistresses and show the women no interest whatsoever, but expect them to be there at functions as the loving and obedient wife. Those that have managed to rid themselves of their husbands would never consider taking another. Mrs Theresa Prendergast-Hume is just such a case; her husband met with a very unfortunate boating accident. She was devastated- for at least ten minutes. She will be at the event tonight and you can confirm receipt of her orders. I want you to remember this when you witness the scenes tonight, it will help you to understand the women’s attitudes.” He was really beginning to look forward to tonight.

The time passed quickly as he worked on the library articles. He washed and tidied up to make himself presentable. Marcia appeared at the door, naked.

“Upstairs now!” He followed humbly and watched her glorious bottom once again as they ascended the stairs. She had him strip and made him dangle his cock and balls in a basin of icy water to allow the fitting of his cage; he was a little over excited. She gently fitted the cage, snapped the retaining ring shut about his scrotum, he was hers once more. His glans bulged tightly against the cage in a futile attempt to erect; he was beginning to really enjoy this feeling, which was magnified by her contended smile at his being caged. She made him watch whilst she greased the plug and then had him lay astride her silky thighs. She took great delight in easing it home as he did his best not to squirm and tense. She tapped the ring at the base when she was satisfied it was tightly in and squeezed the cage to ensure it was on correctly. She stroked his balls as she showed him the chain which went between the two. As she connected the two symbols of his submission to her she whispered to him.

“Remember what the shopkeeper said about the length of the chain.” She said teasingly. He was puzzled at the time, and it was still so with him. He would know what was meant by this soon enough. She had him kneel naked and viewed his submissive form in the cage as she stood dominantly before him. She laughed at him and bent over, her arse in his face.

“There, you have a good long sniff to get you in the mood.” He did so willingly and his cock strained in the cage as he sampled her womanly aromas. He had been in the cage not five minutes and already he yearned to be allowed to come. He was put to work in fetching the clothes she pointed out and dressing her with them. She wore a black outfit much as per Madame Tara in the picture. His cock was dribbling by the time she was done, and he had the added thought of those knickerbockers which would require sniffing when he returned. She dressed him in silk stockings which came up to his thighs and white slippers. His arse and crotch were left exposed so that all could see his cage. His top was covered with a white silk shirt with a frill around the waist and baggy sleeves. The frill accentuated his nakedness below and was designed to make him seem virginal and vulnerable. He was collared and leashed to emphasise that he was owned; his hands were tied behind his back to complete his submission. Belinda appeared at the door with riding gear on and horse whip in hand. She was to take them to the venue in the carriage kept behind the house which they used for special occasions. She could not help but tease him and threaten him with the whip.

“Oh! You shall enjoy what you see tonight; I can’t wait till I can get you in my bed again to hear you describe it!” They left for Lady Barbara Hapsley’s residence.

Hapsley Hall was a large country residence just a couple of miles outside town. When they arrived there were many cabs and carriages coming and going. Both he and Marcia had loose fitting capes which were passed to the cloakroom assistant at the door. The young woman in attendance looked him in the eye and smiled knowingly but did not give his mode of dress a second glance; this was the norm for her. Marcia introduced him to all sorts of gorgeous looking stern and wicked females. Many of them had enslaved males with them; they were all dressed similarly to him, some had cages which were encrusted with precious stones and glinted, drawing all the more attention.

The women fussed for seating at the front of a huge auditorium which faced a raised stage on which was a strange looking padded seat and bench affair with stirrup like objects to the sides. The women sat whilst their male property knelt before them facing the stage. The shopkeeper and the glorious Madame Tara beckoned to them at one corner.

“Here, we’ve ensured you will see all from this position.” Marcia thanked them. Madame Tara smiled warmly at him and Marcia had him kiss her feet. As he began to rise she pulled his head into her crutch and sniggered.

“You’ll smell that again later my boy and I shall confirm a date tonight for when you may disgrace yourself on my silk.” She pulled him up by his leash and eyed him with contempt and impatience, licking her lips. He could see and sense that she was a superbly dominant woman and he yearned to face her having soiled her underwear as she had commanded. The shopkeeper fondled his balls and played with the connecting chain which ran along the seam of his scrotum. She had another chain in the other hand which was about half the length of his. The women laughed as she displayed it to him. He was made to kneel and face the stage. A woman appeared on the stage, naked except for red corset, and leading a man on a leash who was made to kneel and face the audience. He was also naked except for a white silk shirt much the same as all the males in attendance had been made to wear. They were followed in by two other women dressed in tight white uniforms with white gloves. One carried a case; they looked sneeringly down at the male. The women clapped and cheered as the male bowed his head. His face had a look of utter defeat. Marcia leaned forward and whispered to her property.

“That is James Fortescue; he was once a very proud, arrogant and chauvinistic male, who had a reputation for abusing women; several of whom are here tonight. He was coaxed into meeting the lady in the red corset for a bet; her name is Ruth Chesterfield. You can see that she is around twenty years his senior, though I think you’ll agree she is stunning for her age.” He could not disagree; though the woman must have been close to sixty, she was beautiful in every respect-absolutely radiant in her maturity.

“Once the trap was set, he was soon made to see that all men are inferior to women, and soon recognised his submissive side when faced by Ruth’s utter dominance. He has been trussed, whipped, caned and humiliated in ways that you have yet to experience, not just by Ruth and her immediate associates, but also by the women he formerly abused. The lady in white on the left with the red hair and glasses is Miss Sonia Peterson; she was virtually raped by Fortescue and will play a special part in tonight’s proceedings. I must impress on you that He is here by his own request and she has been invited here by him. Though the idea will have been put into his head by Ruth, who has seen many males attend this venue.

Ruth pulled on his leash and he stood trembling; she curtly slapped his face. The women clapped and cheered this. Ruth smiled and took a key from a pocket in the corset and undid his cage. His cock unfurled and the blood pressure soon had him erect. Ruth placed her palm under it and a woman passed her a riding crop; she brought the flat end down sharply with a crack on the end of his cock. He winced in agony and she smiled with satisfaction as the women applauded. He was made to lie on the padded bench and a block was placed under his chin forcing him to look forward. A queue of the women he had met initially under entirely different circumstances formed before his eyes. Some winked and smiled to say hello, some just grimaced as they toyed with the rattan canes they had been presented with. Ruth moved into his field of vision.

“James Fortescue, you have come here of your own accord to face permanent modification before your superiors. Once the caning begins there will be no stopping the process. Do you wish to continue?” there was stony silence in the room for the one time only.

“Yes Mistress” he snivelled in the broken voice of a broken man “I want to give my all to you and be free of my own enslavement to my urges.” The women cheered and applauded louder than ever. This truly was sublime humiliation. Ruth took her rattan cane and wiped the end in her moist pussy, then placed it under his nose. He sniffed hard at the bouquet, which must have seemed like a vintage wine. She talk two steps back and the women clapped in time. Watching from the side-lines as Marcia toyed with his hair, he envied Fortescue’s position; such exquisite humiliation.

The cane came down again and again; each woman was to have seven strokes each; he bucked in agony and cried like a baby as the fierce rattans cut his backside and legs, leaving bloody red lines. Each woman made sure he knew who they were and not one showed an ounce of mercy; each woman made each of their seven strokes tell and the watching women revelled in a deep sense of satisfaction. And ensured their slaves watched avidly, as their Mistresses appetite’s for punishment later would be honed sharply. Fortescue sobbed and dripped tears as the last of the women delivered her punishment with absolute relish. His cock slid to one side from the rounded bench and this was dripping visibly too. Marcia purred into his ear as his cock bulged and pulsed in the cage.

“The best is yet to come; I think you’ll enjoy a caning later too, when we have your cage off again.” He turned to smile at her; she acknowledged and then forced his head back to watch. The two women in white coats came over and help Ruth adjust the snivelling Fortescue. They placed his knees on the flat stirrups which raised his bottom, leaving his cock and balls hanging and accessible. One of the women in white placed a pair of black silk knickerbockers under him between his belly and genitals. Marcia turned her slaves head momentarily toward Madame Tara, who stared back at him and licked her lips.

Mirrors were wheeled into position by some of the women to ensure that he might see what was to happen, even though he was to face his mistress and pleasure her. A mirror was held on Ruth’s belly by an eager smiling woman. Fortescue was not to miss his own divine gift to the women. The woman in white with the case stepped forward; she opened it and passed a huge syringe with a menacing needle to Sonia Peterson. Fortescue wept as he lapped at his mistress’s bottom- she was to deny him and please herself- and eyed the various mirrors. The women clapped as she deftly held his proud balls. She moved to one side to ensure he could see, and then smiling, she injected him in six different areas about the top of his scrotum. He jumped at the first, but did not feel the rest. Sonia then placed the needle down and grabbed his willing penis. She knew she had to work fast.

“Now you will come for me under my terms. It will be your last. I want you to remember the first time you came in my presence and of the occasions involving the women that have caned you. Now I shall have my pleasure of you and you will pay the penultimate price in deference to the superiority of womanhood.” She stroked him back and forth as once again the women started a sow handclap. He felt his balls numbing as he moaned in ecstasy and knew he would never experience this beautiful feeling again as he generously spattered the black silk with his cream. The other woman in a white coat, who worked in an asylum and routinely castrated unruly males, deftly took his balls and smiled sweetly at Fortescue’s on looking reflection to ensure he had a good view of what was happening. Her delicate hands displayed a sharp scalpel to him and the audience. She sliced expertly through the sack, eased out each ball and cut the tubes near to his body before tying them. She cut the scrotum to ensure not too much was left flapping and sutured the wound. His balls were handed to Sonia who then showed them to Fortescue. Ruth then pulled his head down to her sex and enjoyed a well-timed orgasm as Sonia displayed the trophy to the applauding women. There had been little blood and the wound was simple and would heal very quickly; Fortescue had wanted this. He had been a slave to his balls all his life, and Ruth’s dominance over him had crushed his egotistical will and he had learned that pleasuring his mistress was the ultimate in life.

Sonia held his balls triumphantly and then presented them to Ruth who put them in a jar which had been made ready. The women clapped and cheered. Another male had been emasculated; this was absolute heaven for them.

Fortescue was allowed down from the bench and knelt before his Mistress and the women who had taken great pleasure in removing his masculinity forever. He was made to thank them in turn and kiss their feet; they smiled contentedly as he did so. Ruth towered dominantly above him, the jar which contained his balls in hand. She stepped to the black silk on the bench and took a large drop of his cream on her finger. She made him lick it off.

“There, that’s the last time you shall taste your own cream, but not the last time you’ll taste others.” The woman laughed and applauded. Ruth would ensure he would now endure continual humiliation. He would be made to watch other males service his mistress and she would delight in having him lick her clean afterwards. His mind went back to the first time he had performed with Ruth, before he had been tricked into the recognition of his submissiveness. He had serviced her cockily and witnessed another male willingly clean her after; now he was to become that male, and no doubt he would taste the semen of males who would succumb to Ruth and find that the bench and scalpel were to become their ultimate mistresses. Ruth had used Lady Barbara’s facilities on many occasions and her enjoyment of ’modifications’ increased each time.

Now the shopkeeper would add to his humiliation and the delight of the women. She strode eagerly across to Fortescue on the stage, picking up his discarded cage from near the bench. He was made to watch and face the audience as she let it hang by the chain, then she hung another next to it with a ring upon it with internal spikes; the women clapped and cheered in recognition of it being a good three inches shorter.

“Stand before me” she commanded “No need for a cage anymore, you’ll not mess your mistress’s sheets again.” the women laughed cruelly at him. She attached the short chain to the ring on his plug, which Fortescue was only allowed to remove once a day- every morning, and she clamped shut the hinged ring; the teeth of which bit teasingly into the base of his now limp and useless cock, making him wince a little.

“the pain of those teeth will make up for your lack of anxiety from the balls which you once proudly owned and serve to remind you that you have paid the penultimate price in honour of womanhood.” Though the ultimate may have been seen as the male giving up his life; and this event had been witnessed by the shopkeeper and many of the women in attendance, what Fortescue had suffered was arguably the ultimate. Though some of the more wicked women there had indulged in the deeply gratifying and satisfying pleasure of seeing a male dispatched, the dead do not suffer; emasculation allowed continual spite and humiliation and the owner of the male could witness the general deterioration of the once masculine subject as the removal of testosterone played its sweet tricks. The shopkeeper laughed in his face as she teasingly played with his limp cock; half an hour before, Fortescue would have had a bone hard erection at this point. He automatically tried to urge the muscles that assisted this process, but nothing happened. He was impotent now and she had wickedly made sure he fully understood his predicament. Ruth smiled softly at him in a way he had not witnessed since they had first met, on that fateful occasion when it had been arranged that he would ‘bed the older woman’ and had arrived arrogantly at his destiny. Now he had given his manhood to her. He went down on his knees and kissed her feet.

“Thank you Mistress Ruth, thank you for releasing me from my torture.” Ruth held him close as he knelt and wept. Over time, Oestrogen would take command and increase his femininity; he would get increasing pleasure from being loaned out as a maid to dominant women who would take great pleasure in humiliating his emasculated body. His plug would be removed more than once a day now, as he would be serviced with many a strap-on and enjoy having his prostate stretched and massaged as he bowed to his submissiveness. He would be used the way he once used women. His tiny dick would be left to add to the humiliation, and he would soon yearn to be a woman. As promised he would soon witness the thrill of seeing his mistress serviced by males, taste their semen, and know they would inevitably follow him to that complete and utter ownership by superior and glorious womanhood.

Ruth triumphantly led him away by his leash; his shiny new ring dominating his limp cock, to thank Lady Barbara. Another woman had pushed her way forward to arrive at the same time, to ensure that she now received maximum attention. She spoke with Lady Barbara and pointed to her slave who knelt and kissed her feet, displaying a handsome pair of balls. Lady Barbara smiled and nodded. He would not be keeping his balls for much longer. The women would soon receive another invitation to the venue.

Marcia allowed him to stand once more and looked him in the eye, kissed him and fondled his cage which was dripping.

“Would you like that to happen to you?” she said not smiling at this point. He was unsure and though he had got a strange sense of enjoyment at witnessing another male give up his balls to the women, the idea scared him. Without him answering she kissed and squeezed him again.

“Good! You must understand that what you have witnessed is never forced upon the male; Lady Barbara will only allow this to happen if she is happy that the male has requested that this should happen. A time may come when you feel as Fortescue did, though his masculine traits made him a little dangerous to women and I know you are not the same. You have always been gentle and I shall thoroughly enjoy your being a slave to your balls for as long as possible; I will allow you temporary release from that slavery as soon as we return to my bedroom, whilst the show we’ve just witnessed is fresh in our minds.” She fondled him lovingly, then re-asserted her dominant persona as she addressed her friends; she was anxious to get him back and have her pleasure of him. Madame Tara stroked his bottom with one of the rattans that had been used on Fortescue.

“Remember those knickerbockers won’t you? I will expect to see a display worthy of Fortescue’s efforts tonight when you present them to me, or I may have to cane your balls for you!” He looked at the formidable women and was sure he would not let her down. The thought of being engulfed by those huge thighs made his cock want to burst from the cage. Marcia laughed.

“My maids and I will watch him to ensure he does his duty properly before he attends” promised Marcia. As they went the shopkeeper could not resist dangling a short chain in front of him.

To be continued